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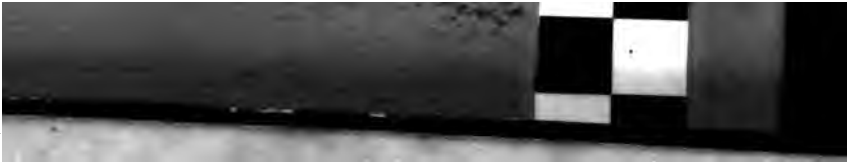
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THE  
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**JULY TO DECEMBER,**  
**1821.**

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Why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the  
variety is able alone to refresh and repair us ?

*BEN JONSON'S Discoveries.*

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PLATE.

NATURE BLOWING BUBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN,  
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# SPRING 1964

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

THE Lion's Head is determined on having a paw in the Coronation: It has serious thoughts of putting in its claim to sit on the right side of Britannia (if Britannia intends being present), its old established place, as the earliest pocket-pieces testify. The Lion's Head can pledge itself, that the Unicorn will not be there, so that there will certainly be nothing to apprehend from that old and graceless broil about the Crown: at any rate, Lion's Head will fight for nothing so little as a Crown; and Mr. Dymoke would be by to settle all squabbles, as in duty bound. Lion's Head, or some part of its family, attended heart in hand, at Richard Cœur de Lion's Coronation; and it will certainly prowl its way into Westminster Hall, on the approaching splendid day, and bear a watchful eye upon the ceremony. Lion's Head is not a Dandy-lion, but its mane will be carefully cut and turned for the occasion; and it will go ruffled, like a true British Lion. The readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE, in fine, may rest assured, that Lion's Head will, on that day, seek its own food, and not trust to the established Jackalls of the diurnal press.

We promised a Plate in the present Number, from Mr. Hilton's picture, of "Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children;" but being disappointed in the Engraving, we are compelled to defer the fulfilment of our promise till next month.

Table Talk, No. XI. and the Buccaneer, will certainly appear in our next Number.

We really cannot commend such poetry as the following, and say with our Correspondent — that it "mingles delicacy, tenderness, and sprightliness, and is among the prettiest that has been written on that poetic favourite, the *Nightingale*."

The Nightingale, pent in his cage,  
 Cleora, is musical still;  
 He *harps* on the wires in his rage,  
 And his sighs in soft melody trill.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Oh! hear how he warbles! each note  
 Is a mystical, soft *billet doux*,  
 Sent *post* to the woods, from his throat,  
 With the sweetest and saddest adieu.

We wish the Author of the "Ballad to his Mistress," had been near the postman of the woods, mentioned above, as he might have compassed a cheaper delivery. Surely this "earnest of future, and more valuable contributions," was never written in earnest.

The "Public Office Clerk" must share the fate of many of his brethren, and be *dismissed*.

---

"Two Sorts of Men" shall be carefully considered. We will, as a learned personage says, "take the papers home with us, and give judgment on a future day."

---

J. W. G. must excuse us if we decline inserting the "two more little efforts of his unfledged muse," which we the less regret, as he says, "they cost no effort."

---

Our respect for the *original* of Mr. R——'s "poetic paraphrases," impels us to refuse his friendly offer. *Non hæc conveniunt lyrae*. And if it were not so, the lyre he aims at holding is too heavy for his hands, judging from the specimen he has sent us.

---

"The Lawyer, a Picture," is quite to our taste; and we promise our poetical readers a treat, by the insertion of it in our next number.

---

The paper of A. W. upon the encouragement of Autograph-Epitaphs—(a species of writing to which we never particularly applied our minds) partakes rather too much of the sombre sobriety of its subject. We are obliged by the offer of it for our pages; but, like young ladies at an offer of another description, we really cannot yet make up our minds.

---

The Translation from Earl Conrad, of Kirchberg, in Praise of May, will appear in our next. We may answer our fair Correspondent's proverb of a "day after the fair," with another: "a miss is as good as a mile." The season, however, seems to have put itself off to oblige her.

---

M. A. will see that we have availed ourselves of one of his papers. We cannot promise as to the rest, for we have really not yet had time to read them.

---

E. R. and Zara, and the author of the versified Epistle on Poetical Deception, are unavoidably deferred.

---

The proprietors of the following signatures must frame excuses the most pleasant to their own feelings for our omission of their several contributions. We sincerely thank them one and all for their kind intentions; but the public is a dainty personage, and we are obliged to cater cautiously.—Ensign S.—H. L.—Jack Straw.—J. J. W.—Beta.—Chevalier.—James with his Pocket Book.—Singultus.

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Our Publishers desire to say a word or two, but we have not room for them this time: they shall have a fair hearing on a future opportunity. In the mean time, the Public are assured, that all the former Contributors to the LONDON MAGAZINE are earnest in giving it their powerful support; and the contents of the present Number are, in our minds, a more substantial recommendation than a thousand promises.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XIX.

JULY, 1821.

VOL. IV.

WARWICK CASTLE.

*The castle I do give thee,—here's the keys.* Old Ballad.

If any one would choose to pay Antiquity a visit, and see her in her grand tiara of turrets, see her in all her gloomy glory,—not dragging on a graceless existence, in ruined cell, with disordered dress, and soiled visage; but clad in seemly habiliments, bearing a staid, proud, and glowing countenance, and dwelling in a home that seems charmed, and not distracted by time:—let such a one go to the wooded solitudes, the silent courts, the pictured walls, and rich embrowned floors of Warwick Castle. There dwells Antiquity like a queen! There she holds her sombre state, amid spear and sword, and battle-axe and shield: there she keeps rich and solemn revel through all time. The air takes a more hallowed softness from her presence; and the paintings which hang in her halls, appear to warm and brighten under her mild care and sovereignty. Time breathes patiently upon them, and they ripen in his breath, like fruit in the rich mellowed airs of autumn. The Titian cheek deepens and glows into rich perfection; the black hair becomes more black, magnificent, intense. The velvet garmenting, and crimson robe, and gloomy fur, seem filled with thought. All around looks sacred, and dedicate to Time. Warwick Castle is sure the palace of Antiquity: and here let me tell how I found that gracious and queenly creature, when I last was in her presence. I will minutely describe my

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visit, for unless I go regularly through the pictures of my memory, and point them out in their proper lights and sequent courses, I become confused and wandering, like the powdered guide of Hampton Court, who drags along his aged silken feet, from painting to painting, day by day, and hour by hour, with a rigid and tedious precision—pointing out to every comer the same picture, from the same spot, directing the visitor (*every* visitor) to “stand there and admire the perspective,” and never failing, winter and summer (I have been there I know not how oft), to select a brass pan in the picture of the Deluge, as a thing that “is reckoned very fine:” Leave him to his own course,—and he knows a Rembrandt from a Guido, a Titian from a Raphael, a Vandyke from a Sir Peter Lely; but take him up on the sudden, and call him back to a picture past in his description, or to one considerably a head of his narrative, and you ruin his knowledge, lay waste his recollections, pillage his pictorial saws and ancient instances, and plunge him into a tumult of names, from which he cannot easily extricate himself. I have his trick to a nicety, and must be allowed to “begin at the beginning,” or I shall confound oak with myrtle, shade with sun light, and vase with cauldron. Let me proceed “orderly, as it is meet,” or you get nothing true of me. I must, if the reader

C

love me, take up at the gate, and then my description will be sure to prosper.

No—I must begin with the bridge that leads the road over the river (the Avon! Shakespeare's Avon!) from Leamington to Warwick,—because I once beheld from it one of the finest scenes of evening-quiet and beauty that ever blessed me in my poetical days. The sky all around was cloudless; so much so, as to appear thrice spacious over my head; and the set sun had warmed it, and tinted it with a soft pink lustre, that made it extremely calm and reposing to the eye. Peace “sailed upon the bosom of the air.” I leaned against the parapet of the bridge, and gazed in lazy wonder and delight at the castle. It crowned the river, and looked proudly down from its nest of trees and ancient rock, as though watching and brooding over its image in the water, silver bright beneath it. Nothing could be more strangely still and clear; not a leaf thrilled on the trees; not a wave, not the shudder of a wave, arose to break the mirrored smoothness of the charmed Avon! Every sound and moving object even confirmed the silence; for the long low evening moan of the cattle, in the level meadows by the river side, took a deep far-off echo, as though no other sound was alive to disturb or break it; and the passing of a sparrow across the air was most distinct, and apparently most solitary. I never shall forget this scene,—and when in a morning of last spring, I crossed the bridge anew, that evening arose before my eyes in its placid splendour and beauty, and the past revived, with all its warm and slumberous lustre. How poor does the scene appear in this colourless description, and yet it seemed to contain at the time the inspiration of a thousand glowing pages! Why did I not “write it down” at the moment I saw it, as a landscape-painter colours from nature; then should I have had a sketch worthy the possessing: but the opportunity is gone by, and such evenings do not occur frequently in these degenerate days. I can but exclaim with master Shallow, “Ha! o' my life, if I were young again!”

The reader will admit that I have

not staid on the bridge longer “than one with moderate haste might count a hundred.” I proceed. The gate of the castle is walled, or rather rocked, deeply in; and the transition from the coarse road, meagre gravel, and barren wall, to the verdant riches of the garden, to its soft shades and tender lustres, is high enchantment. You pass the gate, and the world is shut out!—You enter,—and Adam's banishment seems reversed. I would only recommend, and this earnestly, that all lovers of the picturesque rush onwards immediately, and that they dally not with a sleek modern porter, who does antiquity great disservice at her very portal. He may be a worthy man, but he should not stand there yet. He is old—a trifle—but not old enough for his situation. He ought to be *infra-annuated*.

The garden, or park, for I know not which it should be called, is pleasantly relieved with hill and slope,—distance, and sweet bounded dells; and clumps of trees—not of those slim, young things,—saplings, I would call them,—which usurp the name of trees in these impoverished times,—but of old solid family trees, trees of character, and long standing,—break the prospect grandly and irregularly, and vary the green expanse of grass and shrubs, with beautiful strewings of light and shade. The castle stands at no great distance from the gate, but you are purposely and cunningly perplexed with a winding path, that will have its own way, and will not let you have yours; and, it is therefore a work of time to reach the foss and solemn walls of this noble building. To be candid, I must own that my shrewdness and ingenuity adopted an erring path, and maintained it contrary to the advice of two young creatures (women-kind, as my friend Jonathan Oldbuck hath it) who accompanied me; and thus we were carried far beyond the castle, and, indeed, were brought to the greenery before its time. Greatly were my associates disconcerted, and, as my powers as a guide were considerably disordered, I attempted no excuse, but sought by other topics to divert the minds of my friends from the recollection of my perversity. We

talked of the beauty of the day, the charm of fine scenery, the pleasures of a picturesque solitude—of all those delights, in short, which so romantic a place never fails to suggest, but we entered the greenery, and my errors were instantly and utterly forgotten. The tall and beautiful myrtles, the wide-spreading geraniums, the graceful and delicate roses of every variety, plants of the most rare flower and odour, were disposed around us in the most cunning order, and arranged, so as to set each other's beauties off, like "jewels in an Ethiop's ear." We admired in silence,—save that one of us (I will not disclose the name of the Extravagant) wished for the possession of the tallest and handsomest geranium, and that another hinted at a certain mother going mad in such a paradise of plants. In the midst of the most delicate stems and tender leaves, which crept and twined around, as forming a verdant nest, stood the far-famed vase, presented to the Earl of Warwick by Sir William Hamilton. This noble piece of antiquity, with its silent Bacchanalian emblems, and fair shape of white marble, seemed to us a fit urn to hold the ashes of Anacreon. Its decorations of the vine-leaf, and the grape, would fain remind us of joy, and life, and love,

and  
 ———the wine,  
 Brought from the gloomy tan with merry shine.

But there is in the pale cold stillness of the white marble, a mystery that touches the imaged joy to sadness. The heart becomes awed under the strange and tomb-like quiet of the vase, and scarcely dares to ask

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about its shape.

We gazed upon it in silence, until we departed from its magic presence, when I could not help uttering those beautiful lines, which the most original poet of the age hath consecrated to an imaginary vase.

———Cold pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou  
 say'st,  
 Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

A gardener now joined us, and proceeded forthwith to fasten himself upon us as a guide. He led us back into the green-house, from which we had slyly and quietly oozed at his approach, and with tedious officiousness went into a prose account of the vase, *hocing* up all our little previous poetical feelings, and plainly telling us that the handles were formed of interwoven vine-branches, and that the basin would hold one hundred and sixty-three gallons, wine measure. He then descanted on the plants, and on the prospects, and contrived to take us out of the greenhouse, in a far more perplexed and ignorant state, than that in which we entered it. In spite, however, of the cruel learning of our guide, we forgave him in the open air. He was an old man, lame, and clothed in a grey dress, a shade darker than his hair. His garments and general appearance were remarkably neat and placid, and he might have been mistaken for a quaker of the forests—a romantic sectarian. I myself could not but conceit him to be a kind of lay-gardener, let loose by the Earl to ornament the grounds more by his presence, than by his labour: to be sure, he picked a weed from the walk, as he toiled idly and relaxedly before us, and rooted up a stray daisy or so, but he did no more; and he had no spud, no spade, no hoe, no hook, no blue apron, no curved clasp knife, to mark him a man of garden-occupation. He stood before us an ideal gardener only! His long grey locks curled loosely and irregularly over his grey shoulders, and around his dark healthy neck, which, being slightly kerchiefed, was deeply embrowned by the united efforts of the air and sun. His step was heavy and solemn, as though he dragged at his heels all his past years, the withered weeds and brambles of existence. I thought his aged face handsome, and my companions detected in it a kindly and benign expression: and I have, indeed, remarked or fancied that men who associate with plants and flowers only become as simple and as pure as they; that their faces ever speak of the gentleness of pleasant plants. So country schoolmasters are touched with the simplicity of childhood, and become un-

fitted to compete with the difficulties and crafts of the world: and we all know and love the artlessness and kindness of good old master Isaac Walton, and he had but rivers and brooks, and silly fish, for his companions.

Descending the few steps of the green-house, it was impossible not to be struck with the superior odour, foliage, and shape of the plants around us. The nobility of the family seemed to have passed into leaf and blossom,—and the myrtles and geraniums grew as of stately birth. They were luxuriant, without a sign of decay; and they spake to my mind of the ladies under whose smiles they might have flourished. I fancied that I detected the hand of one of the youthful countesses of the house among the shining leaves; and I at once imagined her bending over a *sight* of myrtles arranged on the marble steps, in her silken attire, and with her pearl-bound hair; while an Italian greyhound was looking up at her eyes, and the flowering roses clustered fondly over her head. I have seen old pictures after this fashion,—and all before me seemed complete, and pausing only for the presence of such a lady and her milk-white hound.

We were now conducted towards the castle; and the silence deepened as we approached the grassed dell (a foss of old) and the iron gate that led into the courtyard. We trod our way with timid feet, loth to disturb the mid-day serenity that held reign there. The spacious court had a cold quiet about it (warm though the day might be), resembling that which surrounds a forest spring, or a cloistered abbey. My usual sagacity in castle-hunting conducted me to a wrong gate, which I discovered to be as utterly a “*no thoroughfare*,” as locks, bolts, and bars could make it. This second conviction under the *Perjury Act*, found no mercy in my

fair judges—and I was admonished and sentenced accordingly. The gardener had deserted us, for his dominion was over leaf, and stem, and blossom, and twig,—and extended not to gate, buttress, or window. He had set us in the right path, previous to his departure,—and had duly touched his shilling and his hat at our separation: but this same “right path” *forked* in course of time, and my unfortunate sagacity recommended the wrong *prong*. I dared not call aloud, for I knew Echo, with her hundred tongues, would reproach me from every angle and nook of the castle; and indeed the locks and bolts had a resolute rust of age and disuse about them, which sadly discouraged all hope of their relaxing for our admission. We retraced our steps, and ultimately succeeded by another path.

But as I returned, I should not, I cannot, omit to mention,—that a trifling circumstance sent my mind suddenly back on a boyhood journey. By what slender threads are the thoughts bound each to other!—and how light and strange are the airs that waft the mind on its varying and mystic voyages! A cluster of trees, resembling one that frowned over my school-playground, carried me there on the instant,—and all the idleness, and luxury, and pastime of boyhood, burst in *full cry* upon my heart. I used to read old ballads in my playground, out of a torn and miserable book, and I have never read with such delight since. This clump of trees reminded me at once of Gilderoy, and Childe Waters, and Earl Percy, and a thousand other names of glory and green song; and I love to be so reminded. My reverence for antiquity was, perhaps, born of these early, ancient, and sweet histories; and therefore am I pleased when I am reminded of them, and of the days when they were first taken into my heart.

#### OLD BALLADS.

##### 1.

I loved the ballad of Gilderoy,  
 Dear, dear was it to me;  
 I read it when I was a boy,  
 Under the play-ground tree:—  
 I read it in those happy hours  
 When the setting sun was on our towers.

2.

Oh, many and many an evening fled  
 O'er me and my ballad-book ;  
 And the antique tale I deeply read,  
 To the voice of the lofty rook :—  
 I read of Gawaine, that name of pride,  
 And of famous Yarrow's bonny bride.

3.

How well do I remember yet,  
 Reading and reading on,—  
 Or looking up at the sweet sun-set  
 Asleep on the turret-stone ;—  
 And wishing the sun should be ever so—  
 Though why I wish'd it, I could not know.

4.

Then too, in darkness or in moon-light,  
 When others were all at rest,—  
 I told the tale of gallant or knight,  
 The tale I loved best :  
 And my school-fellows—half in joy and fear,  
 Lay wide awake in their beds to hear.

5.

And they heard how Lord Percy a hunting went  
 In the noble Douglas' wood ;  
 And how his cloth-yard bow was bent,—  
 And how arose that feud  
 Which laid the proud Earl Douglas low,  
 And loosen'd for ever the Percy bow !

6.

I told at night, from my pillow, the tale  
 Of the young Plantagenet ;  
 And how he was led by a man in mail,  
 To where the watch was set  
 By the loftiest tent, while the moon did reign  
 In glory pale over Bosworth plain.

7.

And when I came to speak how the Childe—  
 The unknown Childe—was met  
 And caress'd with a rapture sad and wild,  
 By Richard Plantagenet !—  
 My hearers thrill'd in their beds, and sigh'd  
 That Richard in Bosworth battle died !

8.

Those nights are over—those nights are gone !  
 And the towers I ne'er shall see—  
 While the sun-set gilds the old grey stone,  
 Nor sit by the play-ground tree !  
 The rooks are dead—long, long ago—  
 And I have been in the world also.

9.

But I love the old, old ballads yet,  
 Of Percy and Gilderoy,—  
 And of gallant Richard Plantagenet,  
 The obscure and kingly boy.  
 And when I read them, I seem to be  
 Young, and under the play-ground tree.

But to leave this idle verse, and to proceed in that sensible and direct style of prose, which best becomes the faithful and unaffected historian—I turn my Pegasus loose, dismounting at the proper entrance to the court-yard of Warwick Castle. We entered at a *pannel* of the iron gate, if I may so express myself, for the enormous worked leaves of the gate itself seemed “not easily moved;” and, indeed, from the repose of the bolts and hinges, I should guess that when moved, they would “be perplexed in the extreme.” A *sixteenth*, however, made gate enough for such as myself, and I entered with a stoop of the head, not perhaps from any great necessity, but from a disinclination to appear so very a dwarf as this diminished aperture would endeavour to make me. We all crossed the court-yard, with great diffidence—gingerly, as Sterne would more aptly express it,—as though we were likely to meet a group of the early inhabitants of the castle, walking forth in doublet and hose, in ruff and hood: for my own part, I can safely say, that I had some such feeling; I was, indeed, conscious that my blue coat had no business to bring its abominable gilt buttons into so venerable and ancient a place. My *Wellingtons* were on a trespass. Had Guy, accoutred in the armour, or even in the stately undress of his time, met me in the court, he might have run me through with one of his eyelashes; so very a nothing did I seem to be in that spacious, awful, and noiseless square. We spake in whispers, or in respectful undertones, lest some of the dead Earls might overhear us, or the Countess of two centuries ago overtake our steps in the glory of her brocade, and have our modern bodies unceremoniously put out. A domestic of the castle, as we approached the entrance door, came from a small side portal, and crossed to some other part of the building. This was, as heretofore, an old man. I beckoned him to me, and begged him to procure us admission to the interior, which he very readily and respectfully undertook to do. He had what may be called “a silver look.” His manners, however, I thought, had much of the courtesy of the earlier ages, when *servants were indeed servants*, and

kept their stations with a becoming and worthy humility. He entered the castle, to procure us the guardianship of the venerable housekeeper, and we patiently awaited his return.

Methought the voice of antiquity was audible in the space around me,—the pavement had a stainless and aged look,—and the trees stood around, beautiful, and full of years; seeming to muse over the mystery of time, or to utter, as they stirred in the wind, the awful language of the past. It has been said, and greatly said, “stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.” I heard their voices now! Every thing about me awed the present into nothing—and the days of old came trooping forth in all their pomp, circumstance, and pride, to take their solemn march through the mind. While we waited the return of our aged messenger, our imaginations peopled the empty court, and called from many a nook and angle, the figures of Butler, and Groom, and Squire, in all the antique costume of the best days of the castle. “Who cannot behold,” said one of my companions, “an armed Earl cross that white and regular pavement, and even now, methinks I see him enter that left wing, and hear the ring of his iron heel, as he is lost in the long, dim, and intricate passages.” “Look,” cried I, “at that low door, in the corner of the castle—and you will see two antique cooks, with larded beef, and the butler with his full flagons, staggering along in stately order, to the servant’s hall.” I could have schemed a life away in these antique speculations, and my companions were no less inclined to abandon their thoughts to such aged whimsies, and delectable illusions; but the return of our grey-haired Mercury put a finish to these our little Essays on Population, and recalled us to “the business in hand.” The old man came forth, followed to the door by a most venerable lady, clad as becometh her office, and whom he quietly motioned us to approach. We advanced accordingly to the presence of Mrs. Hume (I love to speak her name), and beheld the aged and comely housekeeper of Warwick Castle. Well worthy was she to hold the keys—but not at the fag end of a period must she be de-



scribed. Her merits claim a mended pen, and a new paragraph.

We saw before us a very aged, but a very hale and intelligent looking lady, somewhat a-kin to the healthy and comely antiquity of the castle committed to her charge. The keen sensible expression of her countenance, the easy, yet respectful familiarity of her address, and the pointed and pretty neatness of her laced cap and silken garments, quite recommended her to my favour. She made no formal and marked curtsy; her whole manner was subdued, quiet, and extremely polite, being quite of the *old school*. Her body seemed to have settled into a perpetual curtsy; and time had crystallized her politeness. I guessed Mrs. Hume to be of Scotch extraction, if not a native of Scotland, for several reasons:—her features had a lined seriousness and acuteness, which you in vain look for in our foolish southern faces—then her speech had not lost all its original music,—and finally, she herself was *not* in Scotland. These are reasons “plenty as blackberries,” and I give them without compulsion.—Oh that the reader could, on the pleasant June morning in which I am writing this, (June is my favourite month,) turn from my idle and imperfect description, and contemplate the pleasant and orderly visage of kind Mrs. Hume, nested in its white laces, and gleaming placidly along from picture to picture, as though she herself were a happy work of the old masters, and partook of the kindness of Time! Would that I could cast aside my pen, and be of her company! She loves the place—it belongs to the Earl of Warwick; or rather, “to the Earl,” for to her there is no other Earl!—She is proud of the inlaid and ancient cabinets—things of India—ebon-black, with brass birds, and leaves, and clasps,—huge, grand, and (thanks to the inventors!) useless!—She prizes the glowing canvas, more on account of its station in Warwick castle than for its bearing the magic hues of a Rembrandt or a Titian. The lofty rooms, the cedar-lined walls, the glossy wainscots, all speak to her of patient and never-dying grandeur. What to Mrs. Hume is the meanness, the modern noise, the foppery of

this working-day world?—she knows it not!—She travels from Rubens to Titian, from Titian to Guido, from Guido to Vandyke—and there is no change. As were the colours when she was young, such are they still, if not brighter: and it may be, that she scarcely finds her own change a whit different from them. She speaks of the “late Earl” as of some spirit that haunts her,—and of the present Lord as of some crowning power with whom she communes, but whom you cannot look to meet. Observe that bust, that is “the Earl.”—You ask whether the family is at the castle, so much is there of the invisible in true greatness, and she answers in a lower tone,—awed, it may be, by the subject, or fearing lest the nobility of the place should over-hear her,—that “the Earl was down last week!” And you seek to know no more.—But I must not keep Mrs. Hume at the entrance of the castle;—she has lifted the key, and is pointing it to the armour—so pray, good reader, let me proceed.

The hall is paved with stones, white and black, alternately:—it is a noble place, and hath a baronial look. The arranged arms, decked with branching antlers of the deer, give that mingled tale of war and chase which at once speaks the lives of the castle’s early inhabitants. There was a dreariness about the gloom and haughty silence of this huge place, unbroken, save when the passing of a distant foot disturbed the spirit of the spot for an instant:

As when, upon a tranced summer night,  
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest  
stars,  
Dream, and so dream all night without a  
stir,  
Save from one gradual solitary gust,  
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,  
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

After passing an ante-chamber, in which is a whole-length picture of my Lady Brooke, with a boy on her knee,—you come to a room lined with carved cedar. The floor is of polished oak, and your image is reflected at your feet, as though you were walking upon water. But Mrs. Hume discourages your stepping off a strip of carpet, by intimating that it is sadly dangerous, though I have some reason to conclude that she does not

choose to have the polish molested. This room is very rich and solemn, and the furniture is costly and massive, to suit it. Among the pictures, the only one I recollect is a Circe, by Guido;—but I *do* recollect this. Other rooms follow, with the same *intensely* bright floors,—filled with curious cabinets and fine pictures,—and confirming the magnificence and space of the castle. The picture that made the deepest impression on my mind, was one of Ignatius Loyola, a whole length, by Rubens;—but it was not the beauty of the colouring, or the name of the master, that worked this impression—it was the sweet and sainted expression of the features,—the lustrous resignation of the lifted eyes,—the placid virtue of the bald and passionless forehead; and, perhaps, I should not have felt all these so deeply, if they had not been recognized by others with me, as forming the perfect resemblance of a lost friend of ours.

From a small room or cabinet at the end of the building, a window gives you a most romantic view over the Avon, and the country beyond it. My recollection of this part of the castle is, however, rather treacherous. A gallery, with a whole length of Charles I. on horseback, at the one end, leads to the chapel. I was much struck with the neatness and quiet of this place of prayer:—and, indeed, the heart seemed to repose in such an oratory, as in a place of peace, for which it had become fitted by the previous solemnity and magnitude of the castle. Many a prayer hath been *felt* there, though perchance not uttered, by those who might not be suspected of indulging in devotion at the time.—We parted with Mrs. Hume at the door with great reluctance, for her intelligent conversation, and engaging manners, had quite delighted us; but she had other visitors to gratify,—and it is not very likely that she shared in all our feelings at the separation.

Before quitting the park, we ascended the mount at the west of the castle, accompanied by a *new* old gardener, and reached the tower, which is a Gradus ad Parnassum for the number of its steps. Endless, indeed, did seem our upward travel:

—it was the journey of life in miniature! In this tower, it is believed, that the lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, sojourned,—making it a melancholy but secure abode. There are, indeed, many interesting stories and magnificent recollections attached to Warwick Castle. In the reign of Henry III. we are told, “that the extraordinary strength of this building was alleged as an excuse for particularly prohibiting the widowed Countess of Warwick from re-marrying with any other than a person attached to the King.”—George, Duke of Clarence, was, by his brother, Edward IV. created Earl of Warwick, and lived here in great splendour. The Dudleys followed the Plantagenets, and possessed the earldom. The accomplished Sir Fulke Greville, at length, succeeded to the title, and from him the present Earl descended.

But not the least famous of the names which Warwick Castle suggests, is that of Guy—the great Sir Guy—of whom Chaucer speaks,—

Men speken of romancis of price,  
Of Horne Childe and Ippotus,  
Of Bevis and Sir Guy.

The celebrated ballad thus mentioned was, as Dr. Percy informs us, usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bride-ales: it is, as may be expected, quaintly written, and bears marks of great antiquity: in proof of which, the following description of the dragon, which Sir Guy demolished, may suffice.

He is black as any cole,  
Rugged as a rough fole;  
His bodye, from the navill upward,  
No man may it pierce it is so hard;  
His neck is great as any summere;\*  
He renneth as swift as any distrere; †  
Pawes he hath as a lyon:  
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
Great winges he hath to flight,  
That is no man that bare him might,  
There may no man fight him agayne,  
But that he sleath him certayne:  
For a fowler beest than is he,  
Ywis of none never heard ye.

Guy, after all this bitter exposition of the dragon's character, settles his business. He also conquered and slew five terrible princes, two giants, another dragon, and a lion, and tri-

\* A thick beam of timber which formerly tied the upper walls of a house together.

† A war-horse.

umphed over the magnanimous Dun Cow. These are facts, or I would not record them. It should not be forgotten that Sir Guy was a determined lover.

Was ever knight for lady's sake,  
Soe tost in love as I Sir Guy,  
For Phillis fair, that ladye bright,  
As ever man beheld with eye?

This ladye, ladye-like, put her lover to much trouble, and compelled him to many difficulties before she would look favourably upon him. For her, he killed "a bore of passing might and strength," near Windsor, and his bones are yet somewhere in Warwick Castle. Sir Guy says, that he returned from all his dangers, and died with Phillis at Warwick Castle, and we must give credence to the words of a dead man. The porter at

the gate of the castle, as you go out, checks you for a few minutes to show you the cauldron, the flesh-fork, the spear, &c. of the renowned Sir Guy; —and you go away convinced that he was a real hero, and thus give him an advantage over many other heroes.

I have thus "said my say." I have conducted the reader safely over the castle and the park; and wishing him goodly rest after his fatigues, and praying that he will, if I have proved a tedious guide, forgive me for the true wish I had to please him with what has pleased me—I take my leave in fair humility. Should my description fail of interest, I pray the reader not to be discouraged, but to go the first fair summer, and banquet his imagination in the baronial halls of Warwick Castle.

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### ON GRAY'S OPINION OF COLLINS,

WITH A SONNET FROM COSTANZO.

I HAVE often felt a strong desire to know what men of genius, who have lived in the same age and country, have thought of one another. It is a curiosity, that, as ill fortune will have it, does not stand much chance of being gratified. For whatever opinions they have recorded on this subject in their published writings, we may generally suspect of having been influenced either by personal partiality on the one hand, or a spirit of rivalry on the other. There remain only their letters to friends, in which they may happen to have declared their undisguised sentiments, or such casual hints as have dropped from them in familiar conversation, and been preserved by the zeal of biographers and writers of memoirs. It is from the latter source we collect that Milton thought of Dryden as little more than a man of rhyme, and that he highly esteemed the poetical abilities of Cowley. Posterity has not ratified the award; for it is probable that where Cowley has now one reader, Dryden might reckon not fewer than ten. It should be added, however, that the author of *Paradise Lost* did not live to witness the last effort of Dryden, his *Fables*, in which, though the produce of his

old age, his imagination is more exuberant than it had before been.

In the letters of Gray, certainly never intended to see the light, there are many passages, in which, without the slightest reserve, he passes sentence on the merits of his contemporaries; and as he was entirely free from that *esprit du corps*, to which authors are to the full as liable as any other description of mortals, and always strictly maintained the character of a dilettante, no more concerned in the petty jealousies and factions of his poetical brethren, than the gods of Epicurus in the affairs of this lower world; there is no reason to suppose that his mind was under any bias on these occasions. In the earlier part of his life he met with Southern, the dramatic writer, who was then seventy-seven years old, and whose memory had nearly deserted him. With the enthusiasm, natural to a young mind, Gray found him "as agreeable as an old man could be, or at least persuaded himself so, when he looked at him, and thought of Oroonoko and Isabella." Some years afterwards we find him speaking his mind very freely on *Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination*; then just published according to its first model. "I

will tell you," says he to Doctor Wharton, who had the rare felicity of being a friend to both the bards, "though I have rather turned it over than read it, that it seems to me above the middling; and now and then, for a little while rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutchinson jargon." (It must be recollected that Gray had early shown his aversion for metaphysics.) "In short, its great fault is, that it was published at least nine years too early." What follows, is in a strain of modesty, that I would beg leave most earnestly to recommend to the notice of our professional critics. "And so methinks in a few words 'à la mode du Temple,' I have very pertly dispatched what perhaps may for several years have employed a very ingenious man worth fifty of myself."

Of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, when that poem, so worthy of the author of the *Seasons*, first made its appearance,—he contented himself with saying very coldly, that "it had some good stanzas in it." But as he grew older, his reluctance to be pleased increased. "Dodsley's two last volumes were worse than his four first, and particularly Dr. Aken-side was in a deplorable way."

To the excellence of Sterne, who, perhaps on the whole, may be considered as the most original writer of his day, he was, however, still alive; and even thought his sermons, "in the style most proper for the pulpit," as they were marked by "a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." Cowper has since put this mode of pulpit oratory,—which indeed was somewhat too much in Friar Gerund's taste, entirely out of countenance; and will allow no preacher to be merry, till he can discover a jest in St. Paul's Epistles for his text. With the humour of the *Bath Guide*, where, to say the truth, humour was more in its place, Gray was not less de-

lighted, and pronounced it to be "of a new and original kind." Of Lyttleton,—Matthew Green, the author of the *Spleen*,—Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*,—Johnson's *London*,—Dyer,—and several of the "Poetæ Miinimi" in Dodsley's *Miscellany*, he has past a tolerably fair judgement, (with the exception perhaps of *Lowth*), in two of the letters to Walpole.

But what was his opinion, what his feelings with respect to a writer, who in the eyes of the next generation, was to be regarded as his rival, and either to contest or share with him the supremacy of the lyre?—Had the name of Collins escaped him, or did he think it fit to be past over in silence, when he was thus pointing out to his friends, so many writers—good, bad, and indifferent—among their contemporaries?—Was the character of Collins of too high a species even for Gray himself to estimate on its first appearance? or was he too much disgusted with its faults to attend to the beauties?

These were questions, which I could never satisfactorily solve, till, happily for my peace of mind, some few years back Mr. Mitford gave the world those parts of Gray's correspondence with Dr. Wharton, which had been omitted by Mason. Guess, reader! if thou art not thyself a perfect non-conductor to this kind of fluid, guess,—I say, how pleasingly it glided through me, when the following paragraph presented itself to my view:—"Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton\* and a Mr. Collins, both writers of Odes? It is odd enough that each is the half of a remarkable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not." So then one of the few copies of the odes, descriptive and allegorical, which had got abroad before their author, in his indignation at the cold reception

\* The Warton here spoken of is Joseph, the elder brother, whose Odes were published about December 1746, the time when this letter was written. Of Thomas, the younger, it is probable Gray thought much more highly.

given them by the public, committed the remainder to the flames, fell into the hands of Gray. How much it is to be regretted that poor Collins did not know the favourable sentence, but without the ill-boding and falsified prediction that was attached to it, passed upon them by so competent a judge. "A fine fancy modelled upon the antique! great variety of words and images." Such praise as this, and from one who was himself to bear the proud title of Britain's Pindar, among the sepulchres of her poets! It might have been enough, if he could have known all, not only to encourage the writer, then in the "morn and liquid dew" of his youth, to put forth new and yet more beautiful blossoms, but to have saved him from that fatal "blastment," which not long afterwards blighted and withered the whole plant.

Seldom has there been an instance of more just and appropriate criticism conveyed in so few words. It was indeed "a nice fancy, modelled upon the antique," so that an Englishman, who would form some conception of the lyrical parts of the Greek tragedians, and particularly Euripides, without going to the original sources, has nothing to do but to take up the Odes of Collins, and he will meet with as true a likeness of them as his own language can supply. He has not, like Gray or Chiabrera, taken entire pieces out of the ancients, and stuck them among his own workmanship. He does not

—Talk in a high sounding strain of the stars,

Of the eagle of Jove, and the chariot of Mars;

but he fills himself with the divinity, which breathes from their labours, and then goes home and works in the spirit that he has caught. It is for this reason, I suppose, that we have no editions of Collins, favourite as he is amongst us, stuffed with parallel passages from the bottom of the page, that sometimes rise so high as scarcely to leave room for the text to float on over their surface. We easily discover to what land he has traveled, as the pilgrims in the middle ages showed they had visited the Holy Sepulchre by the palm that was wreathed round their staff; but he brings

home with him no relics to make a display of, no nails drawn out of the crosses of martyrs, no dry bones pilfered from tombs of Apostles and Saints.

The opening of his "Ode to Liberty," to which we have scarcely any thing that is equal in its way, reminds us, it is true, of the beginning of a noble chorus in the Iphigenia at Aulis of Euripides, v. 1036; but it is merely in the manner, with which the music strikes up in each.

Who shall awake the Spartan life?

I could not be quite so sure in what follows, that he had not lately been reading Statius; though it is likely, that if he had, the images only remained in his mind, unaccompanied by any consciousness of the quarter from whence they came.

And call in solemn sounds to life  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,

Applauding Freedom loved of old to view!

The "hyacinthine locks" were as old as Homer; and Milton, we know, has given them to Adam; but that with all their beauty they "shed the breath of fear," when overshadowing the brow of the young Spartans, had been observed by Statius.

Simplexque horrore decoro  
Crisis et obsessæ nondum primoque micantes  
Flores generis. Talem Ledæo gurgite pubem  
Educat Eurotas. Sylvæ, l. 2.

In the "Ode to Mercy," again we might suspect him of having borrowed from the same writer, if the ornament were not carried with so much freedom by its wearer, as to take away all doubt of his having come honestly by it.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,  
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,

Thy form from out thy sweet abode  
O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away,

I see recoil his sable steeds, &c.

————— adhuc temone calenti  
Fervidus, in lævum torquet gradivus habenas.

Cum Venus ante ipsoe nulla formidine  
gressum,  
Fixit equos; cessere retro, jamjamque ri-  
gentes  
Suppliciter posuere jugo.—Theb. l. iii. 265.

But it is not only on the banks of the Iliassus, or the Tyber, that Collins has left us tidings of himself; we may sometimes hear notes from him that he has caught in other fields. Thus, in his Ode on the Poetical Character,

I view *that oak* the fancy'd glades among,  
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,

From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal  
dew,  
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains  
could hear,  
On which *that ancient trump* he reach'd  
was hung.

we are reminded of an Italian writer, Angiolo Costanzo, in one of those sonnets which the historian of their poetry has called the "Ideal of good sonneting." It is a little presumptuous to be sure; but, for the sake of our subject, I will venture on a translation of the one in question,

*Quella cetra gentil, &c.*

The harp, that whilom on the reedy shore  
Of Mincius, to the listening shepherds sung  
Such strains, as never haply, or before  
Or sithence, mid the mountain cliffs have rung  
Of Mænalus, or on Lycæus hoar;  
And sounded next, to bolder music strung,  
The gifts of Pales, and what perils bore,  
What toils achiev'd, that Phrygian goddess-sprung,—  
Now on an aged oak, making the gloom  
More awful, hangs; where, if the wind have stirr'd,  
Seems as a proud and angry voice were heard:  
"Let none with unwise hardiment presume  
To touch me; for, once vocal at command  
Of Tityrus, I brook no meaner hand."

As to what Gray has said of "the bad ear" of Collins, and "the no choice at all of his words and images;" the latter, as far as the imagery is concerned, is plainly inconsistent with the praise he has bestowed on him. For his want of ear, the same charge has been brought against him by Johnson, who tells us that "his lines commonly are of

slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants;" so I suppose there is an end of the matter; though I would fain put in a word on his behalf even on this point. Thomas Warton pronounced the same judgment on Milton, but has surely merited the punishment of Midas for his pains.

NOEMON.

SONNET.

(MILTON VISITS GALILEO IN PRISON.)

Oh! master, who didst lift thy watching eye  
Unto the moon, and through thy magic glass  
Beheld'st her and the wheeling planets pass  
On their bright ways,—making the midnight sky  
A common road through which all stars might fly:  
Thou must have had great joy,—great as a lover,  
Whene'er some lustrous world thou didst discover,  
Not known before,—from off thy mountains high.  
Oh! starry sage, return, return!—Again  
Come thou and view the pale moon from thy hills;  
And say, if when she wanes, or when she fills  
Monthly her round,—or while the stars are clear,—  
Thou ever hadst such large delight, as when  
Great MILTON clasp'd thy hand in prison drear.

11th May, 1821.

B.

## THE HEROES OF NAPLES.

## A NEW BALLAD.

He who in battle runs away,  
May live to fight another day.

At Naples, the folks  
Who are fonder of jokes,  
Than of bayonet, musquet, or powder;  
Leaving tweedle-dum-twee,  
And resolved to be free,  
Wax'd, day by day, fiercer and prouder.

The army first ran  
To arms, and each man  
Demanded a new constitution;—  
There were none to oppose,  
So they conquer'd their foes,  
And effected a grand revolution.

In Parliament speeches,  
The storming of breaches  
Was talk'd of, as pastime inviting;  
The brave Lazzaroni  
Ate no macaroni,—  
No stomach had they but for fighting.

They hurl'd hot defiance  
Against the Alliance  
Term'd Holy—(religion to slander);  
And scorn'd all advances,  
To Frederick,—Francis,—  
Or even the great Alexander.

Fierce Filangieri  
Bade Frimont be wary,  
Or he soon should have bullets for grey pills:  
Cried bold Carascosa—  
"I'll dig for our foes—a  
Grave on the frontiers of Naples."

Pepe, swearing an oath,  
Out-Heroded both,—  
For he vow'd—when he pull'd on his boots—he  
Would spit man and horse,  
Of the Austrian force,  
In the passes they call the Abruzzi.

By his language and air,  
Every officer there  
Was a sort of a Cromwell-Protector;  
And to judge by his swagger,  
And flourish of dagger,  
Each man was Achilles or Hector.

Those coal-heaving Bruti,  
Carbonari, men sooty,  
Swore deeply (as most of that trade do)  
To call o'er the coals  
The poor Austrian souls,  
And their Teutonic hides carbonado.

They march'd from the city,  
 All shouting a ditty,  
 Comparing themselves to our island;—  
 "The English by sea  
 Are the bravest, but we  
 Are the doughtiest heroes on dry land."

But in marching along,  
 To this valorous song,  
 They somehow received an impression,—  
 That the fat English knight  
 Said undoubtedly right,  
 "The best part of valour's—discretion."

So at war's first alarms,  
 They threw down their arms,  
 And manœuvred their legs with such cunning;  
 When th' invaders drew nigh,  
 They fought—but 'twas shy,  
 And vanquish'd them fairly—in running.

Not a battle was lost  
 By th' invincible host,  
 Which, as nobody fought, was no wonder;  
 Some were knock'd up in flight,  
 But none knock'd down in fight,  
 So eager were all to knock-under.

Thus they made pretty dupes  
 Of the Austrian troops,  
 By their fierce gasconading and banter;  
 All the glory they hoped  
 To achieve—had eloped,—  
 So they march'd into Naples instanter.

Neapolitans spoke  
 Of these troops (what a joke!)  
 As doom'd to mince-meat and dissection;—  
 Those they threaten'd to kill,  
 Carbonado and grill,  
 In the end, they devour'd—with affection.

They might take a kick,  
 But why they should lick  
 The foot that bestow'd it—I'm puzzled;  
 And I can't understand,  
 Why they fawn'd on the hand  
 By which they were chain'd up and muzzled.

Should they think fit to rise  
 Again—it were wise  
 To exhibit less talk and more fighting;  
 Freedom's perils to brave,  
 Or still crouch like the slave,  
 And not show their teeth without biting.

So God save the King,  
 (Him of Naples I sing,)  
 Who ran from one oath to another;  
 May he long live to reign,—  
 For the people, 'tis plain,  
 And the monarch, are worthy each other.



## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. VII.

## THE DEATH OF WALTER SELBY.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,  
 To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;  
 Else the proud name of Selby, which gladden'd us long,  
 Shall pass from the land like the sough of a song. *Old Ballad.*

BEFORE dame Eleanor Selby had concluded her account of the Spectre Horsemen of Soutra-fell, the sun had set—and the twilight, warm, silent, and dewy, had succeeded—that pleasant time between light and dark, in which domestic labour finds a brief remission. The shepherd, returned from hill or moor, spread out his hose—moistened in morass or rivulet—before the hearth fire, which glimmered far and wide, and taking his accustomed seat, sat mute and motionless as a figure of stone. The cows came lowing homewards from the pasture-hills; others feeding out of cribs filled with rich moist clover, yielded their milk into a score of pails; while the ewes, folded on the sheltered side of the remote glen, submitted their udders, not without the frequent butt and bleat, to the pressure of maidens' hands. Pastoral verse has not many finer pictures than what it borrows from the shepherd returning from the hill, and the shepherdess from the fold—the former with his pipe and dogs, and the latter with her pail of reeking milk, each singing with a hearty country freedom of voice, and in their own peculiar way, the loves and the joys of a pastoral life. The home of Randal Rode presented a scene of rough plenty, and abounded in pastoral wealth; the head of the house associated with his domestics, and maintained that authority over their words and conduct which belonged to simpler times; and something of the rustic dignity of the master was observable in his men. His daughter, Maudeline, busied herself among the maidens with a meekness and a diligence which had more of the matron than is commonly found in so young a dame. All this escaped not the notice of her old and capricious kinswoman Eleanor Selby; but scenes of homely and domestic joy seemed alien to her heart. The intrusion too of the churlish name of

Rode among the martial Selbys, never failed to darken the picture which she would have enjoyed had this rustic alloy mixed with the precious metal of any other house. It was her chief delight, since all the males of her name had perished, to chaunt ballads in their praise, and relate their deeds from the time of the Norman invasion down to their final extinction in the last rebellion. Many snatches of these chivalrous ballads are still current on the Border—the debateable land of song as well as of the sword—where minstrels sought their themes, and entered, harp in hand, into rivalry—a kind of contest which the sword, the critic's weapon of those days, was often drawn to decide. Much of this stirring and heroic border-life mingles with the traditional tales of Eleanor Selby. Her narratives contain, occasionally, a vivid presentment of character and action; and I shall endeavour to preserve something of this, and retain, at the same time, their dramatic cast, while I prune and condense the whole, to render them more acceptable to the impatience of modern readers. She thus pursued her story.

“I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low—it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind—and the life's-blood of Walter Selby was no common blood to me. The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away—and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning—as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a

small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult; and we were obliged to go a sinuous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far a-head as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon, large and bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: 'Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?' 'Truly,' said I, 'most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valour may re-instate me in my ancient domains—or else win for me some new and princely inheritance.' 'Thou speakest,' said the youth, 'like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dragoons—nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off—for we go on a journey of no small peril.' To these sensible and considerate words, I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavouring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: 'Nay, nay, mine own sweet and gentle cousin—my sweet Eleanor—I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,—and our horses' heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. 'That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still, to oblige thee, his hallad told more

truth than I reckoned a minstrel might infuse into verse. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us, or with us,—and now for the game of coronets and crowns—a coffin, coz, or an earl's bauble—for we march upon Preston.' Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them without emotion, and I looked with an eye on Walter Selby that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. 'Now do not be afraid of our success, my fair coz,' said he, 'when to all the proud names of the border—names thou hast long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them—we add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the setters-up and pluckers-down of kings—even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and sedate errant damosel.' This conversation obtained for us the attention of several stranger cavaliers who happened to join us as, emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green and wide moor or common. One of them, with a short cloak and slouched hat and heron's feather, rode up to my right hand, and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted, but antique, style:—'Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart—and, fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy—and there be such in our company—may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bowne on such a dangerous and unwonted journey.' I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, 'I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task.' 'And, fair lady,' continued

he, 'if Walter Selby be thy protector, my labour will be the less.' My cousin, who during this conversation had rode silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, 'Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of the pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and as proud as the lordliest of his ancestors, feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman.' I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter Selby; he had a brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold, martial-looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chattered with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny toys and trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper;—'Fair lady, these be not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed,

summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride aneath an earl's pennon.'

"Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the gray day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen—young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a gray mantle or plaid, and all the while looking stedfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice, to assist my recollection,—and I shall never forget the verses the old man chanted with a broken and melancholy, and, I think I may add, prophetic voice:

OH! PRESTON, PROUD PRESTON.

1.

Oh! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry  
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky;  
Thy richness, a prey to the spoiler is doom'd,  
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed;  
Thy sage with gray locks, and thy dame with the brown  
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,  
Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them: the hour  
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.  
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—weep—  
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy sleep.

2.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy cry,  
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die?  
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust  
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust?

My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are fair ;  
 Where the battle is hottest my sword's shining there ;  
 And my sons bow their heads, and are on their knees kneeling,  
 When the prayer is pour'd forth and the organ is pealing :  
 What harm have I wrought, and to whom offer'd wrong,  
 That thou comest against me with shout and with song ?

## 3.

What harm hast thou wrought ! list and hearken—the hour  
 Of revenge may be late—but it's certain and sure :  
 As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,  
 So sure is the time of destruction to thee.  
 What harm hast thou wrought !—haughty Preston, now hear—  
 Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the spear ;  
 And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foaming and hot,  
 And I hear thy horns sound, and the knell of thy shot :  
 The seal of stern judgment is fix'd on thy fate,  
 When the life's blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

## 4.

Oh ! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword's braving  
 The foes of thy prince, when thy pennon is waving ;  
 The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land ;  
 The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand ;  
 The Maxwells shall live, though diminish'd their shine,—  
 And the Scotts in bard's song shall be all but divine ;  
 Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,  
 Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme ;  
 But the horn of the Selbys has blown its last blast,  
 And the star of their name's from the firmament cast.

“ I dropt the bridle from my hand, and all the green expanse of dale and hill grew dim before me. The voice of the old man had for some time ceased, before I had courage to look about ; and I immediately recognized in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border—where the strong, lively imagery, and familiar diction, of the old ballads, still maintain their ground against the classic elegance and melody of modern verse. I drew back a little ; and shaking the old man by the hand, said, ‘ Many years have passed, Harpur Harberson, since I listened to thy minstrel skill at Lanercost ; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leatest my father's hall.’ ‘ Deed, my bonnie lady,’ said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightened his face for a moment, ‘ sangs of sorrow and dule have been rifer with me than ballads

of merriment and mirth. It's long now since I rode, and fought, by my gallant master's side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate ; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand sae steeve at the steel, as it was in those blessed and heroic days. It's altered days with Harpur Harberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selbys, and won the cup of gold. I heard that my bonnie lady and her gallant cousin were on horseback ; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again ; and it's better for an auld man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, streaked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause.’ He drew his hat over his brow ; while I endeavoured to cheer him by describing

the numbers, resources, and strength, of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him 'there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave.' He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe, for a moment, against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—it was but for a moment. 'Deed no—deed no, my bonnie, bonnie lady, it canna—canna be; glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to

such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horseman could never urge a steed,—and that the forms and semblances of living men were visible to me in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather, old minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words; they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,  
 To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;  
 To follow no banner that comes from the flood,  
 To march no more southward to battle and blood.  
 League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording  
 The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—  
 To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—  
 Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—  
 And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,  
 While eagles love Skiddaw—and soldiers love glory.

"These are the words of my ancestor—what must be must—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston.' As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

"It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner,—with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by touch of drum. It was soon broad daylight; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancaire, from the south of Scotland

and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Cumberland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed.—There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol and carbine—the latter with gun and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days—some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail; others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests—and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmure, marched in front,—singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,  
 Kenmure's ou and awa,  
 And Kenmure's lord is the gallantest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.  
 Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band ;  
 There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,  
 E'er rode by Kenmure's hand.  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,—  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie life's blood  
 Afore the battle drap.

“ Such were some of the verses by which the rustic minstrels of those days sought to stimulate the valour of their countrymen. One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded ; those of Lord Derwentwater followed—a band numerous, but divided in opinion—unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril—like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed : a band of warriors—strange, and even savage in their appearance—brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle—with plaid and bonnet and broadsword—bare kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity—compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being—a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents ; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many ; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot. No serious attempt was made to impede us : some random shots were fired from the hedge rows and groves ; till

at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston ; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising grounds, leaving our entry into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face showed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies : this passed not unobserved of the cavalier at my side, who said, with a smile, ‘ Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against us ; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet garb and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who measure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our own little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup. There's my Lord Kenmure—a hot, a brave, and a self-willed, and the Scotch maidens say a bonnie Gordon ; his sword had stuck half-drawn from the scabbard, but for the white hand of his wife : but he that lives under the influence of bright eyes, Lady Eleanor, lives under a spell as powerful as loyalty. And what would the little book say of my Lord Nithsdale, with whom ride so many of the noble name of Maxwell ? Can scorn for the continual cant and sordid hearts of some acres of psalm-singing covenanters, who haunt the hill-tops of Terreagles and Dalswinton, cause the good lord to put the fairest domains on the border in jeopardy ? or does he hope to regain all the sway held by his ancestors of yore over

the beautiful vale of Nith—humbling into dust, as he arises, the gifted weaver who preaches, the inspired cordwainer who expounds, and the upstart grocer who holds rule—the two former over men's minds, and the latter over men's bodies? There's my Lord Carnwath——' At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets, and the rushing of horses behind us; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character,—' Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's troopers come to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes—and now for the onset, Walter Selby.' The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head; swords were bared in a moment; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back—the clashing of swords, the knelling of carabines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle shout of the living, came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me. I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which at first had only extended to a few blows and shots, becoming bloody and dubious; for the enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held up my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, 'O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him—they'll slay him!' An old highlander, at almost the same instant, exclaimed, in very corrupt English, 'God! she'll no stand and see the border lads a' cut in pieces!' and uttering a kind of military yell, flew off with about two hundred men to the assistance of his friends. I was not allowed to remain and witness the

charge of these northern warriors, but was led into Preston, and carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies, who followed the fortune of their lords in this unhappy expedition, endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. But I soon was the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby, and his companion, the former sprinkled with blood, but the latter soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom, and sobbed with joy; he kissed my forehead, and said, 'Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott, but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are.' I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, 'Accept, Sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance.' 'Bless thee, fair lady, said the knight, I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought.' I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips; and washing the blood from his hands, removing the soils of battle from his dress, and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most chearful of the company.

"It was evident, from the frequent and earnest consultations of the leaders of this rash enterprize, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons. As the danger pressed, advice and contradiction, which at first were given and urged with courtesy and respect, now became warm and loud; and the Earl of Derwentwater, a virtuous and amiable man, but neither warrior nor leader, instead of overawing and ruling the tumultuary elements of his army, strode to and fro, a perfect picture of indecision and dismay, and uttered not a word. All this while, Sir Thomas Scott sat beside Walter Selby and me, calm and unconcerned; conversing about the ancient house of the Selbys; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court, and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the

melody of music to the old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds. In a moment of less alarm, I could have worshipped him for this; and my poor Walter seemed the child of his companion's will, and forgot all but me in the admiration with which he contemplated him. The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous; when Lord Nithsdale, a little, high spirited, and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, 'This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love; betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both.' Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmure, returned to us, and said, 'Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals and major-generals has been laid before our leaders as turns them pale; a mere muster roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmure, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's counsel now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return.' So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to every step in the porch, till their return, which happened within an hour. They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were hacked and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them: 'Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned ought of their numbers.' 'We have done more,' said Sir Thomas; 'we have learned, and that from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely await for dawn to attack you.' This announcement seemed to strike a damp to the hearts of several of the chiefs; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. 'I would counsel you,' said Sir Thomas, 'to make an *instant* attack upon their position,

before their cannon arrive; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage; let some of our border troopers dismount, and, with the clansmen, open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops which line the hedge rows and enclosures; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory.' Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; and the precious hours of night were consumed in unavailing debate, and passionate contradiction. This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet, and the rushing of horse; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the courage to go into the street; and had not proceeded far, till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at the gallop; but their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword; and the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horsemen with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled; assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up, to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe. The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent Colonel Oxburgh with a message to General Willis, to propose a capitulation.

"Sir Thomas Scott came to Walter Selby and me, and said, with a smile of bitter scorn, 'Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what the good green wood will do for poor outlaws; I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this.' We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered upon an extensive common or chace, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and



birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to hear the trumpet summons, and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston. As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his head to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations, he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature and half of man's hand, which divided the chace or waste in two; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain, with about twenty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush upon us, calling out, 'Yield! down with the traitors!' Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carbines were flashing, and both parties spurred, alike eager for blood. Of this unexpected and fatal contest, I have but an indistinct remembrance; the glittering of the helmets, the shining of drawn swords, the flashing of pistols and carbines, the knell of shot, the rushing of horses, and the outcry of wounded men, come all in confusion before me; but I cannot give a regular account of this scene of terror and blood. It was of brief duration. I laid my bridle on my horse's neck, and wrung my hands, and followed with my looks every motion of Walter Selby. He was in the pride of strength and youth, and spurred against the boldest; and putting soul and might into every blow, made several saddles empty; I held up my hands, and prayed audibly for success. A dragoon, who had that moment killed a cavalier, rode to my side, and exclaimed, 'Down with thy hands, thou cursed nun, down with thy hands; woot pray yet, woot thou;

curse tha then;' and he made a stroke at me with his sword. The eyes of Walter Selby seemed to lighten as a cloud does on a day of thunder, and at one blow he severed the dragoon's head, bone and helmet, down to his steel collar. As the trooper fell, a pistol and carbine flashed together, and Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropt his head, and his sword; and saying, faintly, 'Oh, Eleanor!' fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprung to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him; and oh, I doubt I upbraided the Eternal with his death; but Heaven will pity the ravings of despair. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged, over us. Ere the contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this. Haste, Frank Elliot, haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs, cover it thick with our mantles, place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks; ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it; and you, minstrel Harber-son, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady.' All these orders, so promptly given, were as quickly executed; and we recommenced our journey to the north; with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter; which, alas, became a bier, ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen; a grave was prepared; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiems, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. 'The dust of our young hero,' said Sir Thomas, 'must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth.' The minstrel of the ancient name of Selby stood gazing on the grave, and burst out into the following wail or burial song, which is still to be heard from the lips of the maids and matrons of Cumberland:

## LAMENT FOR WALTER SELBY.

1.

Mourn, all ye noble warriors—lo! here is lying low  
 As brave a youth as ever spur'd a courser on the foe:  
 Hope is a sweet thing to the heart, and light unto the ee,  
 But no sweeter and no dearer than my warrior was to me:  
 He rode a good steed gallantly, and on his foes came down  
 With a war-cry like the eagle's, from Helvellyn's haughty crown;  
 His hand was wight, and his dark eye seem'd born for wide command;  
 Young Selby has nae left his like in all the northern land.

2.

Weep for him, all ye maidens—and weep for him, all ye dames;  
 He was the sweetest gentleman from silver Tweed to Thames.  
 Wail all for Walter Selby, let your tears come dropping down;  
 Wail all for my young warrior, in cottage, tower, and town.  
 Cursed be the hand that fired the shot; and may it never know  
 What beauty it has blighted, and what glory it laid low;  
 Shall some rude peasant sit and sing, how his right hand could tame  
 Thy pride, my Walter Selby, and the last of all thy name?

3.

And mourn too, all ye minstrels good, and make your harpstrings wail,  
 And pour his worth through every song, his deeds through every tale.  
 His life was brief, but wond'rous bright: awake your minstrel story!  
 Lo! there the noble warrior lies, so give him all his glory.  
 When Skiddaw lays its head as low, as now 'tis green and high—  
 And the Solway sea grows to a brook, now sweeping proudly by—  
 When the soldier scorns the trumpet-sound, nor loves the temper'd  
 brand—

Then thy name, my Walter Selby, shall be mute in Cumberland."

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

## MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it *should be among near relations*. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our *common reading-table is daily fed with*

assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a *story*—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native distrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original—

brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when she was a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an aukward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters, which are not *stuff of the conscience*, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in

wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheat-hampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. *I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible.* The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who, or what sort of persons, inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure

which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that did'st appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation!\*

Bridget's was more a *waking bliss* than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous, at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty, which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers, and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature, that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this *adopted Bruton*, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a style. But the name of

kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, *loving* Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted, as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. *No Christians should call one another.* To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two Scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget, with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, *almost the only thing that was not a cousin there*,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a *friendly warmth*,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

ELIA.

\* Wordsworth, on Yarrow Vindict.

## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

## No. II.

Naples, February 13, 1821.

RETURNING from a convivial party the other evening, about ten o'clock, by Santa Lucia, we were struck by the brilliant appearance of Vesuvius: we had for some days past been interested by a singular change that had taken place in the source and direction of its *lava*, and had indeed resolved on an excursion to the smoky, sulphureous summit of our old friend. The night, though cold and windy, was rather fine; there was moonlight enough to light us up the rugged ascent, without torches—the virtuous bottles of *Capri rosso* we had drunk, had kindled a light and warmth in our spirits that rendered us quite *en etat* to dare hazardous, and investigate curious, things; therefore, we determined at once to go up; and, calling a hack, in about an hour were rolled to Resina, the little town which joins Portici, at the foot of the mountain, and in which is the entrance to the too confined excavations of Herculaneum.

At Resina, according to custom, of “time immemorial,” we hired asses and guides: this operation, which one would think easy enough, was in this instance (as it has been in several others) to me attended with much difficulty; a crowd of fellows, at the sound of our approaching carriage, rushed out with their asses and mules, and surrounded us in a most clamorous manner. Scarcely had we set foot to ground, when about half a dozen of these half naked rough rogues seized upon me as an object of contest; first, I was pulled by one, who declared by his patron saint that his ass never stumbled; then, by another, who with great warmth of asseveration, gave me to understand that all the *Milordi Inglesi* took his mule, which was the best mule ever created; then, another, who protested that if his ass made one false step with me, he would suffer me to throw him (id est, the master, not the ass) into the mouth of the volcano; then came another, who swore they were all liars,—that his was the only good animal—then “another, and ano-

ther, and another.” Tired of this squabble, and seeing that my companions were already mounted, I drove two or three of these bellowing rascals off my arm, and choosing an ass of a “comely appearance, and stout withal,” caught hold of the rope, and put my foot in the stirrup. My tormentors, however, were too tenacious to resign me so quietly; one of the most forward again caught hold of me, and pulled me in his arms to his own *chucha*: the master of the ass I had mounted was no chicken; he followed up the enemy, retiring with the prey, and began to pull me back again. This game of “pull devil, pull baker” continued, no way to my satisfaction, until I contrived to get one of my arms free, and bestow on the intruder an Englishman’s fist on “that feature which the human face embosses.” This testimonial of wrath, arrested his bold perseverance, and at last I found myself in saddle, and trotted after my friends, to the no small triumph and heart’s content of the owner of the ass, which so nobly bore me. You remember how rough and laborious the ascent of the mountain is, being nearly all steep, and over rough old lava; we arrived, however, safe at San Salvatore, so very improperly called a hermitage, as it is, in fact, nothing but a *taverna* (low inn) and the old fellow who wears the hermit’s garb, nothing more than a *tavernaro*; and a fleecing and insolent one too, he is, as I have several times experienced to my cost.

Here we found a company of Englishmen (composed chiefly of officers from the fleet now lying in the Bay of Naples) who had just returned from the crater: while we were discussing some boiled eggs and *Lacrymæ Christi* (for so the old rogue persists in calling his bad wine) another company arrived, consisting of three English gentlemen, and two ladies; the dear eyes of the latter had been reddened by the heat of the lava, and the violence of the wind; their white faces and hands, and “snow white” drapery had been

sadly smoked and blackened in the regions of sulphur they had just quitted; and I was particularly touched, by observing the sad derangement of Spanish leather boots; "for surely," thought I, "the sharp lava that has treated them so roughly, can hardly have respected the tender feet they inclose."

Well! let our enemies say what they will of us, they never can deny that we are a curious enthusiastic people—always the first to run in crowds where information is to be had, or curiosity to be satisfied, whatever be the sacrifices required, or the price to be paid. What feats have been done, even by our ladies!—Within these few years, how many a white gown and straw hat, made in Bond-street, the Arcade, or some other of the purlieus of fashion, has floated on the summit of this flaming mountain, glanced among the pillars of Grecian ruins, or glided along the bases of the tremendous pyramids! For one of any other nation that comes to this mountain, I suppose there are at least three Englishmen; and perhaps only the Germans and Russians come so near as one to three. I never ascended the mountain but twice, without meeting some of my countrymen. Two years ago, on the first of January, I passed a cheerful night on the mountain, with twenty Englishmen, and four ladies; we cooked some tolerable good beef steaks and pork chops over the lava, whose heat and light sufficed us: whilst seated in groups, we drank to the success of our distant country, and distant friends. But let me return to the subject.

We left the hermitage about one o'clock—the wind, which had tormented us considerably during the ascent, now blew so violent and so cold as to be almost irresistible. You remember when you ascended the volcano, there was a path by which you could approach within a few paces of the cone within which, for some centuries, has been the grand crater—this path continued practicable until lately, but we now found it destroyed, and covered with rough masses of hardened lava, at a short distance from the hermitage; here, therefore, we were obliged to dismount. We began immediately to cross the lava, accompanied by one

old *Cicerone*. This was an enterprize of considerable difficulty: the lava had cooled in very rough, irregular masses, and many loose knobs, affording an insecure footing, rolled from under our feet, as we bounded from one to the other; each of us sustained several falls, and even the long pole and longer practice of our guide, could not at times keep him on his feet. After walking in this fatiguing way for a little while, we turned off to the left, and continued along a sort of valley or ravine, which separates the cone of *Vesuvius* from the rugged *Monte di Somma*. This direction soon brought us to the present mouth, which opened about six weeks ago. As we approached, we were struck with its tremendous and horrid grandeur—we could wish for a pencil all genius, and fire, to delineate it, for we feel with particular force, just at the moment, the difficulty of describing with words grotesque shapes, tremendous figures, awful glaring lights, murky and blue sulphureous shades—the intricacies of form, and the *nuances* of *chiaro oscuro*.

A cone about twenty feet high rose up in the ravine; it was flattened in part, on the side towards the sea, and on this side opened a chasm in the form of a parallelogram, rounded at the top; this mouth has never thrown out lava, stones, or ashes, so that we had no hesitation in approaching to its very sides. In looking inward, we saw at about twelve or fifteen feet below us, a broad deep stream of lava, in its most liquid state, rolling on slow and silently, emitting a heat and brilliancy which almost blinded us as we gazed. We saw—

A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed.

I know nothing to which the lava might be compared, excepting, perhaps, a large stream of molten gold. It is common to compare the flowing lava to founded iron, but in this early part of its course (no doubt near to the primary source) it is too glittering, and has too much of a yellow hue to resemble that metal. The cone (on which we now stood) was hollow, indeed the incrustation which held us from fire and destruction, was very thin: from the top of the

interior of the cone hung strange figures, all red-hot, resembling in shape the incrustations of a cave, or the forms of large icicles; laterally were other figures equally glowing and capricious, which a heated imagination might easily have converted into infernal fiends, and damned sufferers. While we stood, the wind as it passed the dreadful orifice, roared deep and awfully, a few sparks and small particles of fiery matter issued forth; now and then a piece of matter breaking away from the sides of the hollow, fell upon the flowing lava with a strange tinkling noise, that chilled one's blood, and at times a low murmuring was heard, as if proceeding from far within the mountain. We had stood in this critical situation some time, holding by the side of the mouth, and hanging over the deadly stream, when a sudden gust of wind, which caught my plaid cloak, and almost hurled me in, warned us to depart.

How dreadful would be such a death! or rather, how horrible is its aspect—for such a fire, and the sulphur, and the smoke, no doubt would stupify and destroy one in a few seconds; but, perhaps, death itself is nearly, in every case, equally mild; it is the preparation which is tremendous,—it is the path which leads to the bourne, and not the bourne itself, that is occupied by anguish and despair.

Be this, however, as it may, but two nights before our excursion, an unfortunate Frenchman threw himself into this mouth. He ascended with only one guide, a lad; when at the terrific spot which he had chosen for his destruction, under some pretext he sent the youth away to some little distance; after a few minutes the lad returned; he found a coat and hat—he gazed (we may suppose, stupified with horror) into the mouth, but of the resolute victim, not an atom was to be seen. It appears he had arranged all his affairs, and

written several letters, one of which, to the police at Naples, to prevent suspicions, imparted that he died by his own deed—another was to his mother—unhappy woman!

It is said in Naples, that a hopeless, cureless disease urged him to the commission of the dreadful act.

On descending from the perilous eminence, we proceeded to examine the course of the lava. It continued to flow for about twenty yards from the mouth, under an incrustation in which several apertures allowed us to see the fiery flood beneath: from this covered passage it emerged in a bold wide torrent, which, running for some time along an inclined plane, came to a steep descent, down which it precipitated itself with headlong fury. The effects of this tremendous cataract, were seen for some distance in the hurried pace of the lava—"the waves of torrent fire inflame with rage," the stream widens, and rushes rapidly on.

Qual torrente allor, che gonfio, e altero  
D'acque non sue, fuor dell' antica sponda  
Torbido uscendo impetuoso e fiero  
Le cittadi minaccia e i campi inonda.

We continued to *cotoyer* the flood, until we came just below the elevated ridge, on one point of which stands *San Salvatore*; here the stream had divided itself into another branch, and from a hillock of lava, we saw it continue its course in two large currents, until it was lost in some of those deep hollows which fortunately former eruptions have made, and left between the often destroyed town of the *Torre del Greco*, and the sides of the mountain.

But should the present eruption continue with vigour for two or three weeks, or should another considerable one in the same direction succeed it, these hollows will be filled up, the stream will roll onward to the sea, and some of the inhabitants of the lava-built *Torre del Greco*, will once more be obliged to abandon

\* Nearly all the materials of the buildings of the *Torre del Greco* are lava. This town has been destroyed several times, and built up as often with the very lava that had destroyed it. The grand road that traverses the town, is in one place sunk twenty feet in the lava, whose dark rough sides close the passenger in on either hand. Every thing in this neighbourhood is of lava—Vesuvius is an inexhaustible mine—"cut and come again," is the word. The streets of Naples are paved with lava: the fine road that leads from Naples, as far as the *Torre del Greco*, is flagged with lava. All the

their homes, and see their houses and streets buried beneath their old enemy.

We stood awhile, on the before-mentioned hillock—the scene was too novel to some of us, and too interesting to all, to be speedily abandoned. I have seen the *volcano* under many and various aspects, for we are old friends; and on this night, I wrote my name in the book at the hermitage for the thirteenth time: I have seen it belching out flames to the clouds, and throwing out red-hot stones to overtop the flames; I have watched those innumerable stones as they fell, and observed immense fiery masses chase each other down the declivities: I have stood by the brink of the lava, which poured rapidly down the steep sides of the cone—I have seen the mountain nearly in all its humours, but I never saw it more impressive than on this night. The broad burning streams came down, slow, silent, and majestic—at times, pieces of lava were broken away from the banks, and slid into the current with a slight tinkling sound; not unfrequently large pieces of lava (carried away in a similar manner) came floating, like horrid black islands, down the stream, and at intervals ghastly vapours, some of a bright blue colour—some yellow—some of an angry red, played over the scorching waves. There is a tall hardy sort of weed grows in the crevices of the lava; at the foot of the hillock on which we were, there was a large clump, on a sudden the winding stream approached it, and it was soon in a blaze. We observed many of these conflagrations while watching the course of the lava.

We at length left the little height, but before I leave it, I must attempt a description of the scenes that spot commanded. The moon was shining pretty clearly—just above us, in front, was a bold precipice, on whose edge lay the white buildings of San Salvatore, its chapel and its large

bell, the fine high trees before it, the little avenue of white pillars, terminating on the brow of the steep with a large wooden cross; on our right hand, at some distance up an ascent, we saw the fiercely burning mouth already described, and the streams of fiery matter rolling down—further on, the rugged cliffs of the *Monte di Somma*, mournful and sombre: on our other hand, we saw the lava continuing its course, and getting paler and paler, and slower and slower, until it reached the hollows—still farther down was the Bay of Naples, darkened at intervals by dense clouds, which were scudding across the sky, and roughened by the strong night wind: behind us,—

There stood a hill not far, whose grialy top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke—

the lower part of the cone lay in a thick shade; for the small flames which were playing above, only illuminated the head of the mountain.

As we were already sufficiently fatigued, and there was nothing of much interest to invite us to undertake the difficult climb up the cone, we determined, when we left our hillock, to make the best of our way to the hermitage. To shorten our way, we descended a little to where the stream was less wide and rapid, and with hasty steps crossed over the burning lava; the other stream which lay in our way, we crossed in the same manner, and after a most laborious walk of about half an hour we reached the hermitage. Here we got on our asses and began to descend, “highly gratified” of course, but somewhat less gay than when we mounted; for the spirit of the good wine was evaporated; we felt fatigue, and that lassitude which always follows exhilaration, and exertion. Each of us was very glad, when, a little after sunrise, he found himself in Naples at the door of his own lodgings.

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walls which close in the road and separate the gardens, are of lava—the rocks on the sea shore are lava—there is more lava than any thing else in the houses of Portici and Resina, under which, “full fathom five,” lies Herculaneum buried in lava.



## RODOMONTADES ESPAGNOLES.

IN the novel of "The Abbot," where Queen Mary is offended by the taunts of one of the rebel lords, she asks her attendant for the "Rodomontades Espagnoles." A rebuke which the peer feels sufficiently for her purpose. The passage reminded me of a little adventure.

It may be now six years since I found myself one evening in the heart of a forest in Lorraine. My business was not with the world, or the men of the world,—so I avoided the high road, where I should have found nothing else, and generally took up my rest for the night in the houses of the farmers. Nature is the same every where, but in Paris; and I found decent hospitality for my civility, and for the trifling contributions which I could prevail on pride to accept,—and which it seldom accepted without a look of half-courteousness and half defiance,—that to a painter, or even to a mere wandering collector of the curious shades and shapes of the human heart, was worth twice the money.

It was a delicious evening, one of those in which Autumn puts on all its beauty, as if to make us grieve for its departure. But I leave the setting sun, and its radiance upon forest, and lake, and mountain, to those whose pens are dipped in poetry. My business is to talk of other things. The path which had been pointed out to me by a red cheeked *garçon*, with hair as brown as the chestnuts that he was gathering, seemed leading deeper into the forest. I was rapidly losing sight of the sun, among oaks and elms that might have made the "mast of some great Admiral." Stories of banditti came lucklessly over my recollection. I listened for the baying of a dog,—the whole canine race seemed to have been struck with sudden dumbness. I plunged on, but what had been a path was now a thicket. A glimpse of the sky through the vault of branch and leaf above showed me that the sun was down; it was twilight without the wood, and night within. I suddenly remembered what I had heard from my last host, that I was in a royal forest. My next step might

then be on the lair of a wild boar, and I might be, like Polonius, at supper, not where I ate, but where I was eaten. My powers were now fairly tasked, and after a consultation with the two most perplexing advisers in the world—*anxiety and ignorance*, I fired my only pistol, without knowing whether my signal might not invite a banditti. The report of the pistol was answered by hallooings and the sound of horns on every side, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by half a dozen robust, dark-featured men with *cousteaux de chasse*, and rifles in their hands. They were the gamekeepers, who were on the look-out for intruders on the king's venison,—and my pistol had put the forest on the alert. I soon proved myself guiltless of poaching, and after a good deal of coarse humour on all sides, was led to the house of the chief farmer of the district, the *Sieur Bourdeille*, who received me at his door, and, with the profusion of bows and compliments, which a Frenchman in his hour of civility lavishes on every thing human from his mistress downwards, introduced me to his mansion. He was a venerable and handsome old man, with long white locks. Yet age had come gently upon him, and "his eye was not dim, neither was his natural force abated." He had *served*,—and when we fell into conversation, our talk was of "hair-breadth scapes" the imminent, deadly breach. Above the fire-place,—a huge hearth piled with wood, that lighted up a circle of bright faces of sons and daughters,—hung an old picture of a cavalier, somewhat obscured by the hospitable smokes of this hall of breakfast, dinner, supper; but evidently painted by a superior hand. The figure was in the costume of the age of *Henri Quatre*. He was lying on a sofa, with a little table beside him; a manuscript was on the table,—and from the pen still hovering over it in his hand, and his look down the leaf,—that certain, indescribable look of authorship, the grave complacency—compounded of doubt and delight—he was obviously its author: yet the smile was on a pale

countenance, and the handsome and manly features were worn thin by pain and confinement. A few pieces of armour were laid against the walls,—and a sword, with a handle in the shape of a cross, hung beside his pillow. The sun was sinking, and a long, rich ray fell upon the yellow hair of a page sleeping beside the couch, with his head on his knees. Like Brutus's page, he had fallen asleep to his own minstrelsy,—for a guitar was sliding from his hand to the floor. The room was filled with that sweet and tempered golden light, which comes from the sky of a continental sun-set, dyed and softened through casements thick with vines and roses. As I expressed my admiration of the picture—"You are looking," said the old man, "at my ancestor, a man of famous name in his day, and as gallant in the field as he was gay in the bower. That picture was painted by an Italian artist in the suite of our good *Henry*; and has been handed down as a treasure from father to son ever since. You see Bourdeille, the famous Lord of Brantome; he is in his sick chamber, writing the *Rodomontades Espagnoles*."

I remained under this hospitable roof for some days, and might have remained there during pleasure on condition of talking of the accomplished forefather of this fine old man. My extracts from his work are taken at random. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century were the foremost troops of Europe, they had been formed by a succession of distinguished generals,—and Charles the Fifth, by his stern regularity, had given discipline to their native valour. The possession of the new world had inflamed the national spirit to its highest exaltation,—and the Spanish soldier had no equal for boasting and bravery.

"When I was with the French troops at Malta, about twelve thousand men were sent by the king of Spain under Pescara to the Grand Master's assistance. I asked one of the Spaniards how many troops had arrived, 'Why, sir,' said he, 'we have three thousand Italians and three thousand Germans, but we have only six thousand soldiers.' He reckoned the Italians and Germans for nothing."

"When Antonio di Leyva was made governor of Pavia, in expectation of its siege by Francis I. four hundred Spaniards were appointed to compose a part of the garrison. The officers and men flatly refused. 'The Spanish companies (said they) have nothing to do with watching walls. Their business is to be *invincible* in the field. They must be reserved for emergencies; for the strokes that turn the fate of war.' A fine rodomontade, and yet they made it good at the battle of Pavia, where they entered the field shouting, 'Here comes the Marquis (Pescara) and his Spaniards.'"

"Another fine rodomontade.—I met in Madrid a soldier walking about without his sword; he was a Frenchman, but had served a long time in the Spanish companies, and was now completely Spanish. I asked him why he walked without arms. His answer was, 'I wish to keep on good terms with the law, for my sword is so fond of fighting, that I should have the trouble of drawing it at every step, and when once it was drawn there would be no stop to its slaughter.'"

"One soldier said to another, 'If I lay hold of you, I will fling you up so high, that you will be dead before you come to the ground.'"

These lofty projections seem to have been a favourite boast.

"'I cut off,' said a Spanish soldier, 'the head of every Moor that I kill, and toss them so high, that before they come down again, they are half eaten by the flies.'"

"At the revolt of Sienna, which was taken by Henry the Second of France, three Spanish soldiers posted themselves in a turret, from which nothing could dislodge them. They defended themselves desperately. The French general, M. de Termes, moved by their bravery, offered them a capitulation, and told them, that as they had been four or five days without food, they had only to come down to be fed and set at liberty. One of them answered from a loophole. 'We are afraid neither of fire nor sword, and as for hunger, when our provisions are gone, we have plenty of tiles, and we will grind and eat them.'"

"At the battle of Sienna, between D'Estrosse and Marignan, the Spa-

niards gave great credit to Astolphe Balion. 'He made,' said they 'such slaughter, that it was enough for him but to touch a man with his sword, and the fellow tumbled down a corpse.'

"They boasted of two of their captains, Leon and Espinasa, that, during the battle, they never touched the ground, but continually walked on the bodies that they had killed."

"A Spanish prisoner, brought before the king, after the loss of Cambray, was asked, what did the Spanish army say of him. 'Nothing,' was the bold answer, 'but that by looking for thirty thousand ducats in Franche Comté, you have lost Cambray.' And the answer was true, for the king had wasted his time in Franche Comté."

"When the Prince of Parma was marching to the succour of Paris, he besieged Lagny, to draw off the king from the siege of the capital. 'What,' said the king, 'will he attack a town at my very beard.' 'Go tell him,' said the duke to a French prisoner, 'that I will take it, if it were on the point of his moustache.' The king sent to let him know that he would throw mountains of steel in his way. 'I wish to Heaven,' was the prince's retort, 'that they were mountains of gold, we should be only the richer.' The prince took the town and relieved the capital."

This man of observation attributes the superior bravery of the Spanish troops to their high rate of pay, and to its certainty, though it might be occasionally delayed. It was the opinion of the ancient military men of the day, that no king, but the king of Spain, could keep an army long in a state of discipline, and that his secret was in the wealth arising from his vast territory. The extent of his dominion was prodigious, and unrivalled in Europe since the Roman empire. Philip the Second was at the same time sovereign of Spain, the Two Sicilies, Portugal, Sardinia, Corsica, the Canaries, Austria, Burgundy, the Milanese, Flanders, the Tyrol, and the New World:—an overgrown dominion, to which no human wisdom was equal, and yet, which was shaken, not by the tendency of unwieldy authority to break into fragments, nor by war, but by

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pastors and preachers, and the art of printing; Luther and Calvin were the true conquerors of the Spanish empire. The Spanish army was a model of internal regulation. But no troops were more apt to burst out into sudden mutiny. Yet in this they proceeded by system. They usually began with a cry to their officers. "Off, off with the gentlemen! Let them retire, because we intend to revolt." They then proceeded to fix on a commander, whom they called "*the chosen*," and who must not refuse the appointment on pain of death. They paid him regular obedience, and marched to take some town, which they pillaged. But those mutinies were, in general, rapidly brought to order.

One of the extravagancies of national prejudice is the mutual contempt of the Spaniards and Portuguese. The Spaniard's character of a nation, separated from his own applauded country only by a rivulet, with the same common ancestry, religion, habits of life, and nearly the same language, is "*pocos y locos*;" "*few, and the few are out of their reason.*"

Some of these anecdotes are pleasantly illustrative of the prejudice and boasting on both sides.

"The Portuguese observe the anniversary of the battle of Aliuvarata with great rejoicings. The king said to a Spanish monk, who happened to have arrived at court during the ceremony, 'What do you think of our fête? Have they such in Spain for their victories?' 'By no means,' was the answer, 'for if we were to celebrate every victory of ours, every day would be a holy-day, and the working people would die of hunger.'"

The Portuguese were not inferior to this pleasant rodomontade, and sometimes the blow was directed to even a more tender part than military vanity.

"On another anniversary of this battle, a Portuguese cordelier preaching on the event, thus described the position of the parties: 'we, the Christians, were on this side the river, and the Castilians on the other.'"

"One day in Lisbon I went into a silk-mercant's shop; there was only a young girl in the shop, and as I

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spoke good Spanish, I asked 'where was the master?' The girl on this called out, 'Here is a Spaniard who wants you.' He came, and perceiving that I was French, turned his rhetoric upon the girl. 'Ignorant fool, are you not ashamed to call a gentleman like this a Spaniard?'"

"But the Spanish boasting was sometimes elegant and satirical. When the French lost Naples, and D'Aubigny their general was taken prisoner, the Frenchman, to show that he did not feel his defeat, applied to the Spanish general for a set of stout and good horses, 'that he might return.' The equivocal phrase struck the Spaniard, who replied, 'That he might return as soon as he pleased, and that he should be always treated with the same liberality.'"

Some of these rodomontades are pleasant from their boundless extravagance. They are *chefs d'œuvre* of boasting, fine displays of the *genius* of bombast.

"I was," said a Spanish captain, "in the battle of Lepanto, in Don John's galley. We attacked the Turkish admiral's galley. I gave a thrust with my sword, it went into the water. I did not give it with my whole force, but down it went, deep as hell, and *split Pluto's nostrils*."

"Go," said a soldier, "if you know that fellow just past, or if you have any regard for him, say prayers for his life. He has displeased me."

"D'Estrosse and I once asked a Spanish soldier in Italy, whose name was Don Diego Leonis, what was the reason of this grand appellation. 'It was given,' said he, 'because I killed three lions in Barbary.'"

"A young Spanish soldier was asked, how he had contrived to have his moustaches so large. 'These moustaches,' said he, 'were made of cannon smoke, and it is that which has fed and cherished them so fast and so long.'"

That brief and famous speech of Pescara, the favourite officer of the Spanish companies, is more than a boast, it was the noble speech of a gallant warrior.

"The army was drawn up to at-

tack Alviano the celebrated Venetian. Pescara dismounted, and advancing to the front with his pike in his hand, turned to his troops with these words: 'Gentlemen, if it is my chance to fall in this battle, let me not be trampled on by *any feet but your own*.' The soldiers on this gave a general shout, charged, and won the field."

The last anecdote I shall give is one interesting to our English pride.

"When Philip II. equipped his grand fleet against England, I frequently met Spanish soldiers and officers, who, after their shipwreck, were making their way homewards. They were full of lofty stories. Among the rest they told me that there were in the fleet 120 ships, the least of 300 tons. That they had forty or fifty of 7 or 800 tons, and twenty of from 1000 to 1200, and of those four or five of the most incomparable kind. Then came on the rodomontade. 'The king had ordered the ocean to be ready to receive throughout his realm, his ships, or rather not ships, but mountains of timber. He had, in the same way, ordered the winds to be quiet, or to blow fair, without any storms, for his fleet; whose shade, he declared, would darken and overtop, not merely the trees and masts, but the weather-cocks on the steeples in England.' This was certainly a grand rodomontade. But the Armada came to nothing at all; partly by the vigilance and courage of that famous commander *Drap*, (for thus the Frenchman mutilates *Drake*) one of the greatest officers that ever fought on the seas, or, perhaps, ever will; and partly by the storms and waves, probably too much offended by all this threatening, as, we well know, they are extremely proud, and by no means pleased at being insulted in any way."

Thus simply and plainly does the old Cavalier give the recollections of his brilliant period, with the vivacity of a Frenchman, the poignancy of a court wit, and that mixture of pleasant garrulity and diligent minuteness, that makes the chronicles of his age the most delightful of all reading for the idle of the earth.

## THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

“Come like shadows, so depart.”—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,  
 Hid like a buried star may lie  
 Where foot of man must never tread,  
 Seen only by its Maker's eye ;  
 And though imbued with beams to grace  
 His fairest work in woman's face,  
 Darkling, its fire may fill the void,  
 Where fix'd at first in solid night,—  
 Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,  
 Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,  
 Expands into a perfect flower ;  
 The virgin-daughter of the mead,  
 Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower ;  
 In loveliness beyond compare,  
 It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;  
 Train'd by the secret hand that brings  
 All beauty out of waste and rude,  
 It blooms a season,—dies,—and sings  
 Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,  
 Lends the light Nautilus a form  
 To tilt along the Atlantic waves,  
 Careless and fearless of the storm ;  
 But should a breath of danger sound,  
 With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,  
 And far beneath the tempest's path,  
 In coral grotts, defies the foe,  
 That never brake, in all his wrath,  
 The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,  
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,  
 Yet, while in Paradise he sings,  
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,  
 Where flutters in his little nest  
 More love than music e'er express'd :  
 Then, though the nightingale may thrill  
 The soul with keener ecstasy,  
 The merry bird of morn can fill  
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,  
 Coeval with their trees might seem,  
 As if he drank, from Indian floods,  
 Life in a renovating stream ;  
 Ages o'er him have come and fled,  
 Midst generations born and dead,  
 His bulk survives,—to feed and range,  
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires,  
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,  
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,  
 Of every kind; occult or known,  
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit  
 Its humble lot, and that alone.)

Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,  
 Unconsciously, their Author's will,  
 Who gave, without their toil or thought,  
 Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;  
 While through the whole his pleasure wrought  
 Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,  
 Man in his Maker's image framed,—  
 Though kindred to the valley's clod,  
 Lord of this low creation named,—  
 In naked helplessness appears,  
 Child of a thousand griefs and fears :  
 To labour, pain, and trouble, born,  
 Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he ;—  
 Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,  
 And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound  
 To do what others did before,  
 Pace the same dull perennial round,  
 And be a man, and be no more !  
 A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,  
 Just as the lion is, by birth ;  
 To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,  
 His father's joys and sorrows share,  
 His niche in nature's temple keep,  
 And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between  
 The motley millions of our race ;  
 No two the changing moon hath seen  
 Alike in purpose, or in face ;  
 Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;  
 The least, the meanest would be great ;  
 The mighty future fills the mind,  
 That pants for more than earth can give ;  
 Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,  
 Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high  
 To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;  
 If man be only born to die,  
 Whence this inheritance of hope ?  
 Wherefore to him alone were lent  
 Riches that never can be spent ?  
 Enough—not more—to all the rest,  
 For life and happiness, was given ;  
 To man, mysteriously unblest,  
 Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,  
 That one so gloriously endow'd  
 With views that reach eternity,  
 Should shine and vanish like a cloud :  
 Is there a God ?—All nature shows  
 There *is*,—and yet no mortal knows :  
 The mind that could this truth conceive,  
 Which brute sensation never taught,  
 No longer to the dust would cleave,  
 But grow immortal at the thought.

## ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC OR TEUTONIC RACE.

IN the former essay on this subject,\* after some general observations on the intimate relation which always subsists between the character of a people and their ballads and songs; and on the resemblance in character of nations of the same race to each other,—we proceeded to illustrate those observations, by an examination of the ballads and popular songs of the people of Gothic or Germanic origin. We briefly noticed the early ballads of this country, gave a few specimens from those of Germany, and broke off, rather abruptly, in the account, on which we had entered, of the ballads of Denmark.

Writers of considerable acuteness in other respects, conceiving that in poetry the effect produced should correspond with the degree of effort displayed, have often been at a loss to account for the powerful manner in which men are generally affected by the rude and artless strains of ancient ballads. Thus the Abbé Forti, an intelligent mineralogical traveller, who, among other specimens of Morlackian poetry, communicated the affecting ditty of "Asan Aga's Bride," the subject of which is the divorce of an affectionate wife, from some imaginary neglect; her marriage to a second husband; and journey past the house of the first husband, on her way to that of the other,—wonders at the impression which it and similar ballads produced on the hearers. "I have often," says the Abbé, "seen the hearers burst into tears at passages which produced not the smallest effect on me." It ends with the following passage.

But when they near to Asan's dwelling  
came,  
The tender daughters and the little boys  
Saw their fond mother from the battle-  
ments,  
And hurried down: "O dear, dear mother,  
come—  
O come again to us, come to thy hall  
And eat with us thy evening meal!—O  
come!"  
With sighs, the sorrowing spouse of Asan  
Aga,  
On hearing once again her children's voice,  
Turn'd to the first of the *Suati*: "O my  
old,

My fondest brother, let the horses stop  
Before this house, that I may to these or-  
phans,

The children of my bosom, give some sign  
Of love." The horses stopt before the  
house,

The mournful house of Asa, and alighting  
From off her horse, she presents gave unto  
The children of her bosom,—beautiful  
Half boots, embroider'd round with gold,  
she gave

To her two boys, and to her daughters dear  
Two dresses which from head to foot did  
clothe them;

But to the suckling who still helpless lay  
Within the cradle, she sent a little coat.

The father at a distance seeing this,  
Call'd to his children: "Turn, dear little  
ones,

Turn back again to me; your mother's  
breast

Is hard as iron, and she knoweth not  
What pity is." The sorrow-stricken wife  
Hears Asa's words, and falls with pallid  
face

Convulsive on the earth, and her afflicted  
Soul from her distressed bosom flew,  
Seeing her children turn and flee from her.

Shakspeare, however, who, though he knew less of shells and rocks than the Abbé, knew more of the secrets of the human heart, would have accounted to him why "old and plain songs," which

The spinners and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,

Do use to chaunt,

and which,

—dally with the innocence of love,

Like the old age,

will always, so long as human nature is human nature, continue to agitate men more powerfully than more laboured and ingenious compositions.—Their effect depends on their very artlessness, and the absence of every thing like pretension; and one might as reasonably wonder why the innocent smile of childhood gains more on us than the studied airs of an old dandy, as wonder at this phenomenon.

We have already observed that the ballads of the Teutonic nations are like the people themselves, more cordial and homely, than fervid, graceful, or animated.

We have nothing which in wild

\* London Magazine, February, 1821.

sublimity will compare with the Celtic remains,—nothing which in insinuating sweetness will compare with the

Chi bussa alla mia porta? chi bussa al mio portoth,

or the

C'erano tre zitelle, e tutte tre di amor

of the Italians.—Our ballads present themselves under a less imposing and less alluring aspect: but whatever their merit or demerit, they are our own; and as parents, however plain-looking themselves, are always well pleased to see their features reflected in those of their offspring; children carrying with them such strong proofs of their filiation as our old ballads possess, will never address themselves in vain to us. Besides, independently of all considerations of mere literary merit, the ballads of the Teutonic nations, connected as they are with the essential character of the people, have a separate claim on general attention, derived from the importance of these nations. The Teutonic, Germanic, or Gothic nations, have long been the leading people of the world. Distinguished above every other European race by their size and bodily strength, by their cool intrepidity, their steady perseverance, and the phlegm and moderation of their character, they succeeded in conquering and subjugating all their neighbours, and they are now masters of the best part of Europe and America, and of some of the finest regions of Asia.—Soon after their first appearance in history, we find their arms spread terror throughout the whole of the west.—A Gothic empire formerly extended from the Wolga to the Baltic. In Thrace, Mæsia, Pannonia, Italy, Gaul, Spain, and even in Africa, various Gothic, or Germanic tribes, at different times, formed settlements and founded kingdoms.—It was they who mastered the Romans, Saracens, Gaels, Cimbri, Lapps, Finns, Esthonian, Slaves, Kures, and Prussians, —who founded, and who continue to rule in, all the existing kingdoms of Europe, and who everywhere introduced their government by estates, and their own laws.

The whole of the people in whom Germanic blood preponderates (ex-

cluding the French, and other nations who were only conquered by Germans) may be divided into two great classes, which though they both have many common points of resemblance, yet, from the earliest times of which we have any record, seem to have differed considerably from each other in habits, customs, and in dialect; namely, the upper, or inland Germans, and the maritime, or low Germans. The chief of the former are the Swiss, Austrians, Swabians, Bavarians, and Alsatians; and of the latter, the Netherlanders, Frisians, and lower Saxons, the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, and the English and lowland Scots. It may be remarked, as a peculiarity of the latter, that they can all pronounce the consonants *b* and *d*, which the former uniformly pronounce *p* and *t*.

If we did not, historically, know that England was settled by emigrations from Holland, Friesland, Lower Saxony, and Denmark, the similarity of language, popular superstitions, manners, and customs, and other unequivocal tests, would place the matter beyond all doubt.—But in no circumstance is the relationship more strongly marked than in the similarity of the old ballads and old music of these countries.

We have already noticed the very great resemblance of the old Danish to the old English ballads, not merely in tone and cast of sentiment, but even in subject and mechanical structure.—This great resemblance is not confined to the Danish ballads, but extends to those of Sweden, Norway, and the Scandinavian islands, for in all these countries the same ballads and songs are current among the people.—Nothing, indeed, is more curious, than the wonderful coincidence between the Danish ballads, published nearly two centuries and a half ago, and the ballads in a recent collection in three volumes, derived, with few exceptions, from the recitations of the peasantry of the different provinces of Sweden.—This collection from tradition, exhibiting the variations of the different provinces, with an accompanying volume of tunes,\* was finished in 1817, and forms a very valuable

\* To be had of Bohte, York-street, Covent-Garden.



addition to the stores of our ballad literature.

There is one peculiarity in almost all the Danish and Swedish ballads, the real import of which has lately been the subject of a good deal of discussion, both in Denmark and Sweden, and in Germany.—We allude to the burden.—In some of the oldest English and Scottish ballads, and in the parodies of them, to be found in *Shakspeare*, the second line and the fourth of every stanza form the burden; and sometimes it has, but often it does not seem to have, a particular connection with the subjects. The following instances, among others, will explain what we mean:

When daffodils begin to 'poer,  
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—  
Why then comes in the sweet of the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winters  
pale.

When that I was a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

Thus in the following lines from a Danish ballad:

Early in the morning the lark she sung,  
All under the hill side so green,  
Sir Charles from his bed he quickly sprung,  
For the king of Denmark will revenge  
it all.

He first put on his shirt so sheen,  
All under the hill side so green,  
Then his jacket broidered with silk so green,  
For the king of Denmark will revenge it  
all.

or in the following, from a Swedish ballad:

To the lake-wake must go the maiden good,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
So she took the way to the darksome wood,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

And when she came to the wood so drear,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
The grey wolf before her did appear,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

O dear, dear wolf, O bite not me,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
My silk-sewed sark will I give to thee,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

This peculiarity only appears in our oldest English and Scotch, and the oldest Dutch ballads: there is no trace of it in the German ballads, properly so called.—Few of our collectors have considered the subject worth much of their attention.—Mr.

Jamieson, however, has some observations on the apparent want of connection between the burden of several of the ballads and the story, and concludes this has arisen from the transference of the burden of one song to another on a different subject.

The following elaborate observations by Gustavus Geijer, one of the editors of the Swedish collection, though, perhaps, too systematic, and in some of the general positions not strictly borne out by facts, appear to us to give, upon the whole, a very ingenious account of the origin and nature of the peculiarity to which we have been alluding.—“Narrative poetry,” he remarks, “is the first poetry of every people, the first preserver of their recollections.—Its subject is deeds, not feelings.—But as there can be no poetry without a lyrical element, for it belongs to its essence, this is found in music, which is inseparable from the infancy of poetry.—Song is the expression of feeling, the lyrical element in the narrative.—This is the epic age of poetry, and the first in its history.—In the next, feeling has found its own expression independent of the narrative.—Poetry has itself taken possession of the lyre, which hitherto merely accompanied it.—The soul of song has broken its prison, and, for the first time, understands how to express itself, and the lyrical beauty bursts on us like odour from the opening rose.—In the same manner as poetry itself becomes musical, a distinction first takes place between it and music in the proper sense, and the possibility of the development of the latter as a separate art, is now seen.—Fancy also, which before was merely the handmaid of memory, now obtains her freedom; and poetry, in the proper sense of the word, comes into life.—Instead of an external truth, or a poem, in which nothing farther is attempted than the relation of what is true, an internal truth is sought after, that is, the truth of the expression of feeling.—The human mind has begun to look back on itself.—An inward world has arisen, for which the whole external world is merely a symbol; and in this treatment of every thing external merely as an image for what is internal, fancy first knows herself,

and becomes conscious of her creative powers.—Then comes dramatic poetry, which may be considered as connecting the two former, by representing the transition from the one to the other.

“ If we consider these three periods of the natural development of poetry, it is obvious, that it is in the second or lyrical period that art, properly speaking, first begins to appear; for fancy now first becomes acquainted with her own powers.—The internal feelings, which form the nutriment and the subject of lyrical poetry, are in their nature common to all.—How else could this poetry be an enjoyment accessible to all, and the true enjoyment of a lyrical piece be, properly speaking, a re-composing of it in our own soul? But these feelings have, at the same time, in each person, their individual expression.—The great national forms for poetry, in the epic period, fall asunder, therefore, as the lyrical ingredient obtains a preponderancy.—When every poet follows his own impulse, he takes or creates for himself the form which best coincides with his own peculiarity; and now we have authorship, properly so called.—We do not mean by this to say, that in the epic period, nothing like this,—no art exists; but merely, that it has still no individual character.—As poetry itself, in this period, is merely the expression of the living national recollections, there is, in like manner, for this common subject, only a common and national form.—Thus we have authors, but no separate authorship,—an art without artists; because this art is always identical.—Hence, from the epic age of a people, we have accounts of many singers and sayers, but either of no authors, or of one who passes for many, or if several, each so like one another, that they might almost pass for one.—With the dwelling on the internal of lyric poetry first arises the possibility of a true organic diversity and dissimilarity, which are afterwards fully developed through dramatic poetry.

“ Let us now apply these considerations to our subject.—We say then, that the old Scandinavian ballads stand precisely on the transition between the epic and lyric periods.—To the former they still belong from their narrative nature,\* and from the circumstance, that a common national form still passes for all.—But on the other hand, they already begin to separate themselves through their subjects.—The epic age knows only two subjects for poetry: *sagas* (says) or narratives of gods, and narratives of heroes; which again are both connected by relationship, for the heroes descend from gods.—But the poets of this age, present themselves to the eyes of posterity in the same relation to each other as their subjects.—They are not independent, but united together like a family; the union is not an agreement, but a natural tie.—One works into the hands of another, each relating what is newest and most wonderful; and thus have originated, as it were, of themselves, those great circles of sagas,† which comprehend the destiny, the conflict, and the final destruction of a whole heroic world.—But in the old ballads the epic connection is already dissolved.—They do not connect themselves in larger cycles (smaller cycles sometimes occur), and with their subjects they have a lower and more common range.—This range is not the heroic life, elevated beyond measure above common life; but human life in general, with its destinies, sufferings, and enjoyments. The wonderful, which in the remains of the epic age displays itself boldly, and, as it were, boldly, withdraws itself now more into a deep back-ground.—But still, however, the whole of this world of song in like manner rests,—as does real life, in so many respects,—on a dark and wonderful ground.—The nature on which the northern ballad dwells, is still peopled with its peculiar wonderful beings; powers of nature, driven, indeed, from their former throne of majesty, but still

\* That the narrative in the ballads is at the same time so often *in presenti*, is a remarkable peculiarity, which shows that in connection with the lyrical element, the narration begins to assume a more dramatic character.

† Originally poetical, not merely in their subject, but even in their form. The poetic *saga* is later, or a remodelling of the older poetical sagas.

interfering by stealth, as it were, in various ways, with the concerns of men.—Through all this, the poetry in question has a general connection with an older poetry, separate parts of which it even presents to us.—For single forms from the gigantic world of the old *sagas* still cast their shadows into this new and more cheerful circle; separate recollections have found their way over—recollections of former heroic races, and of the mythology of the Edda.—All this, however, appears in a new dress; it has lost much of its original meaning, and moves, as it were, in a new and foreign element.—What is then this new element which it has entered?—It is the lyrical element, which has now begun to display itself in poetry; for all these ballads rest on a lyrical ground.—They almost all betray a separate poetical intention, which we in vain look for in the epic age.—They display, each separately for itself, a peculiar vein of mind, for which the narrative merely serves as a clothing or expression.—It is feeling, which has not yet found its own language, which has not yet learned the lyrical flight, but which amid all the recollections selects those which most coincide with itself, gives life to them, and expresses itself in the separate narrative, satisfied therewith, without art, without pretension, and without name, and so allows its story to wander on, till, seized on by new lips, it is made by them an interpreter for the same purpose.—Thus the separate songs, no one's property, and every one's property, float about from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, the expression of the hopes, sorrows, and recollections of the people, foreign and yet near to every man, centuries old, but still never obsolete; for the human heart, whose history they represent in such various shifting images, remains like to itself in all ages.—Many are merely a sigh, a single wailing,—an infinitely-moving sound, but still they never quit the narrative form, and seem to lay claim alone to be simply related.—Among many of this character, I need only refer to No. 71' (Little Kerstin's wedding and burial). It does not show the lyrical nature of the narrative ballad, merely in this, that it has the *tone*,—I mean not

only the melody or musical tone, —which was originally inseparable from all poetry,—but also the lyrical tone, a tone of feeling which runs through the whole (whence in another place I observed, that the music of these ballads merely unfolds the song, which is in-born in them):—beyond this, I say, its lyrical nature displays itself expressly in a distinct peculiarity of most of the older Scandinavian ballads; and this peculiarity is the *burden*.

“From its contents it may be divided into three kinds.—It recalls, first, either the principal person, the principal action, or some principal circumstance in the relation.—This kind of burden occurs too often to render it necessary to adduce any examples of it.—Or, secondly, it merely expresses, in general, a poetical disposition of mind, either by an excitement to song and poetry, or still more often in a significant manner by images.—The flowering summer has here in particular been an image for the inward summer, which arises in the soul and puts the fancy in flower.—It is named either expressly, as in the following burdens: *In summer, — At mid-summer tide, —In summer, when the small birds sing so well,*—and the like;—or by some of its attributes, as, *For now the wood it stands in flower, —While the wood comes into leaf, —In the rose-wood, —In the grove*; and a thousand others of the same nature.—We must not wonder that these short, constantly recurring propositions, do not appear to have any visible connection with the subject of the ballads:—they are, as has been said, merely the expression of a poetical disposition of mind in general, as *I also was in Arcadia*, simply (and we may almost say, with a striking unskilfulness) indicated in a constant recitation of the most general and most obvious images.—But these indications are not limited to images of spring and summer, lilies and roses.—We find also single objects, which in the fancy of the people had once a poetical signification, and are, therefore, applied in the same sense.—The *Linden*, or lime-tree, has in particular such a poetical signification.—It occurs in the burden of many ballads, without our being able to assign any other cause for the

circumstance.—For example, *Under the Linden*,—*But the Linden grows well*,—*The Linden tree shakes in the wind*,—*The Linden grows in the island far*, &c. Mr. Afzelius has remarked, that the Linden, which occurs so often, not merely in the burdens, but also in the subjects of the ballads relating to witchcraft, is still invested by the people with a sort of sanctity, and is considered a tree of particular signification, under which elves, hobgoblins, and lind-worms (annulated snakes) are not fond of being seen.—Thirdly, and lastly, the burden expresses, not only that the singer is in a poetical mood, in general, but more definitely the particular feeling which prevails in the ballad.—Examples of this are too general to require to be cited.—I will only observe, that the burden is in this respect occasionally ironical.—This irony is sometimes of the nature of banter or raillery, but more often it is serious.—There is frequently an aim at something deep in it, as, for example, in the burden: *Ye rejoice yourselves every day*, in the melancholy and truly admirable ballad (No. 6.), where the earth's joys and sorrows are represented in so moving a manner as penetrating into the dwellings of the beloved dead.—This same ballad has also a burden: *Who breaks the leaf from the lily stalk?*—which by a pleasant and singular image seems to indicate the power of sorrow over all that in innocence and beauty is the most prepossessing, in the same manner as the former transports us in idea amidst the joys and delights of the mere moment.—And this leads us to say a few words respecting the *double burden* in general.

“In a number of ballads there occurs, not only a burden towards its end, but also another in the middle of each strophe.—We will call the latter the *middle burden*, to distinguish it from the concluding one.—For the most part they have both a reference to each other.—This is either so that the one strengthens the other, or that it contains something in the same sense.—Occasionally the concluding burden merely concludes a sense which was begun in the middle one: for example, in the ballad (No. 17), where the complete burden, *Young is my life—and hence is all my grief*, is distribut-

ed, so that the first half of the proposition comes in the middle, and the latter in the end of each strophe.—Sometimes the two burdens are in opposition to each other; and this opposition is never without signification in respect to the contents of the ballad.—Thus, to take the first example, which now occurs to me, the two burdens in No. 16, *O could we well bethink ourselves!*—and, *Sir Bold he will go over the path*, oppose thoughtful reflection, and the raving of passion, which is the cause of the sad catastrophe, to each other.—Oppositions of this nature between the two burdens often occur; sometimes they are merely symbolically indicated; and sometimes such an opposition is expressed through the change in the burden itself, especially when the subject of the ballad from being cheerful becomes melancholy, or the reverse.—However, the two burdens are not always exactly in the relations of connection or opposition to each other here specified. They may even be each separately of a dissimilar kind, according to the arrangement we have laid down. In this manner the connection of most of the burdens with ballads is intelligible.—When we cannot discern it, on the principles here stated, we may, without hesitation, lay the blame on the uncertainty and confusion of tradition, whence a number of burdens have been assigned to ballads to which they originally never belonged.

“We say now, not merely that the burden is a lyrical peculiarity prominently displayed in the ballads, but that in the three kinds of burdens which we have described, this lyrical nature always expresses itself more and more, and in regular progression.—It is, in general, a lyrical peculiarity; for in the first place, it does not belong to the narrative, to the epic element in the ballads, but contains, on the contrary, a reflection on it; and this constant returning, this repetition in the form and contents of the burden, can only have a lyrical object; namely, the retention of a certain impression.—But this retention, this fixing of a given impression, or feeling, is at once both the condition and the object of all lyric poetry.—Further, this burden's lyrical nature always discloses itself

more and more in the three kinds of burden specified by us, and in the order in which we specified them.—A poet's reflection on himself lies at the bottom of all lyric poetry.—This betrays itself already in the first kind of burden named by us, but its unity seems to be more external than internal, and shows itself merely in the comprising of the subject of the narrative in a few constantly returning traits: the burden is still epic in its contents, though lyrical in its object.—In the second kind of burden there is already expressed in this reflection something internal, a disposition of mind, but with a universality and indefiniteness. In the third kind, this disposition assumes a de-

finite expression; and appears in a sort of individual connection with the subject of the narrative itself.

“The burden of the popular ballad seems to be peculiar to our north (if we include Scotland); but in the north, so far as I know, the burden is never sung in chorus. Neither I, nor any of my friends have ever heard any thing of the kind. Indeed, if it were to be sung in chorus, it would, in most cases, produce an injurious and disagreeable effect, for it often consists of short symbolical indications, which are only intelligible in the most intimate connexion with the ballad and the singer.”

Thus far Mr. Geijer. We shall resume the subject in a future number.

### ALPHABET STUDIES, AND CHINESE IMITATIONS.

Who has not made himself merry at the expense of the poor Chinese? Their babyish arrogance, — their laughable solemnity, — their stately submission to be pummelled and bastinadoed, — and their never-ending manoeuvres of absurd and ludicrous ceremony; but, above all, their gravely employing their whole lives in the study of their alphabet, — have stamped upon the nation the same character of frivolity and presumption, which seems to be natural to our dancing, fighting, and philosophising neighbours — the French.

Was it this similarity of character, that drew from Voltaire such high eulogiums on Chinese civilization, and Chinese philosophy, by which, in spite of Mr. Barrow and his facts, European opinion is still deeply influenced? Barrow is but a traveller, and the memory of Sir John Mandeville is not yet forgotten; but there is no end to the ramifications of a philosopher's sway: Aristotle has now held the scholastic throne for more than two thousand years. Voltaire, then, we think, it must have been, who, by ignorantly praising the Chinese, and leading some to admire them, paved the way for the numerous imitations of their alphabet studies, which have since prevailed, and are now rapidly increasing, among our philosophers.

Nothing can be more evident, than that in all science, and in all acquirements, there is an alphabet to be

learned, — rudiments to be mastered, which *rationaly* ought to be held subservient to higher advances in study. In China, however, it would be quite heretical and unlawful to advance a step beyond the A, B, C; and in this it is that our philosophers are their humble imitators; for it is now become fashionable, in almost every branch of learning and of philosophy, to esteem the acquisition of the mere rudiments, or horn-book alphabet, as the consummation of perfection.

Are proofs demanded? — They crowd upon us. The republic of letters is peopled to an overflow with alphabet-mongers, who have ingenuity enough to persuade the world of the profundity of their scholarship. For example: a man is accounted a profound Greek scholar, not because he possesses skill in the usage and force of words, and in the idioms and anomalies of the language; nor because he can enter deeply into the spirit and character of the Grecian classics; nor by having an intimate and extensive knowledge of the manners and political constitution, and of the nature and spirit of the religion and the poetry, of Greece: — not by any, or all of these; but by being able to measure the long and short syllables of the language, and to assign long, hard names to their arrangement in verse. But though this is certainly mere alphabet learning, yet it is now, by

almost universal consent, made the summit of perfection.

Would it not be equally wise—and equally *Chinese*—to denominate a man a consummate musician, who was not an adept in either composition, or the art of producing effect; but who had a ready knack at naming the notes, whether long or short, and of bestowing learned terms and phrases on the various arrangements of them in bars? To this pitch of alphabet-learning musicians have not yet arrived; but the rising credit of the alphabet or gamut exercise of difficult execution, and, above all, that of the chiroplast and mechanical drilling of Logier, show a rapid advancement towards *les modes Chinoises*.

These, however, are not the most flagrant examples. The contagion rages with the most marked symptoms in Natural History, in which we have manifestly improved on our masters, the Chinese; as they have scarcely yet begun the study. It is among our *soi-disant* naturalists, indeed, that abecedarian knowledge flourishes in all its glory and magnificence. For he is now esteemed the most profound and celebrated naturalist, who is master of his alphabet of names with which he loads his remembrance; and there he stops, and would look upon one who would go farther,—who would study facts and utility,—as vulgarizing his sublime science of names, by descending to matters, of importance only to the ignorant mob of mankind.

That such is the case in Botany, and, in a great measure, in Zoology, any person may satisfy himself, by looking into any of the works lately published, such as Smith's Grammar of Botany, Hooker's *Flora Scotica*, Lamark's *Animaux sans Vertebres*, or the long articles, Botany, Entomology, and Mazology, in Brewster's *Encyclopedia*. In all of these there is absolutely nothing but names,—for the greater part, too, of recent manufacture. This also is *Chinese*; for as the studies of that nation are confined to the alphabet, it is one of the highest aims of *Chinese* literary ambition to add new letters to the former catalogue. In this, however, our naturalists have far outdone them. Dr. Leach,—if we mistake not,—has coined more names

than would fill a dictionary by themselves.

In justice, however, to both the Eastern and *Western Chinese*, it should be stated, that their alphabet has a meaning, and indicates facts. The letters of the one, and the horn-book names of the other, always stand for something; but it is always something of little importance, or small value, which nobody besides the alphabet-monger cares to know: similar to the antique lore of old Hearne,

Who loved to teach what no man loved to learn.

Mineralogists were long uninfected with this *Chinese* mania; but now we think they bid fair to follow in the train of our Botanists and Entomologists, notwithstanding the efforts of some, who wish to get out of this nursery alphabet of names, and to rise to something of important deduction and useful inquiry. Professor Jameson, and M. Mohs, of Freyberg,—are the chief of the *Chinese* mineralogists. Dr. Macculloch, and Mr. Greenough, are the most distinguished opponents of the innovation.

Chemistry also, which a few years ago was, though an imperfect, yet still a wonderful science, and full of interesting information, is now becoming every day more lifeless and unintelligible, by the multiplication of names and petty discoveries, which seem to have nothing but their name and their insignificance to recommend them.

These are only a few specimens of our progress in imitating the *Chinese*; a few examples from many in which the alphabet and the names are all and every thing; and the useful facts—the sublime speculations, which raise the thoughts to God, and cast down the pride of human aspirations—all these are vulgar;—and those who pursue utility in their researches are looked upon by your man of names, your profound alphabet scholar, as vulgar and low. In a word, every science appears to a thorough-bred *Chinese* to be quite contemptible, which is not tricked up with a frippery of uncouth and unpronounceable names. We have by us a list of our *Chinese* philosophers and artists, of which our readers shall by and by have the perusal.

## FUGITIVE LITERATURE.

THE pursuit of pleasure and happiness, like that of moor game, is often replete with livelier delights, than bagging of the prey can afford us. What with shy birds, and luckless shots, the cost of labour and ammunition is very seldom defrayed by flesh and feathers: and, even in the common pursuits of life, at the close of a long and arduous chace, when sipping the sweet, and eating the fat of a favourite object; on balancing accounts, we usually find that the fair fruit of our toil, the banquet of our hopes, has already been enjoyed by anticipation. But when chance administers to our necessities—when a windfall of goodly tidings, or a seasonable supply of what the soul loveth, comes upon us like manna in the wilderness, then it is that we enjoy indeed and indeed.

It was my good fortune, the other day, to be overtaken by a smart shower, the very instant an elderly gentleman crossed the street. On mending his pace, to seek shelter from the pattering rain that descended rather more copiously than the man could wish who leaves his umbrella at home, his foot slipt, and down he went, full length. Up came a modern *Blood*, on his gallant grey, spurring at a furious rate, and certainly would have trampled the fallen pedestrian under foot, had I not sprung forward with a kind of instinctive alacrity, and laid hold of his bridle with both hands. "Prance at leisure, my good lad," quoth I, "and don't ride down your betters." The whisker'd dandy looked exceedingly fierce, saluted me with a volley of fashionable imprecations, and twirled his whip into a position that betokened no good to my shoulders; but on perceiving the decisive measures I was about to adopt, and feeling his collar in a firmer grasp than personal safety was accustomed to, the caloric of his eye began to glimmer, the whip descended in peace to the pummel of his saddle, and he lowered his pennon with becoming resignation, turned him aside, and gracefully cantered away. The truth is, I had hastily put on my best military face, and was proceeding to unhorse him *sans ceremonie*, when his

dandyship so very prudently declined hostilities. On wheeling about to befriend the old man, whose safety I had much at heart, I found him on his legs, bemired and agitated exceedingly. I laid hold of his arm, without hesitation, and hurried him out of harm's way, with a promptitude and celerity that excited the admiration of a gentleman haberdasher, who beheld the whole affair from first to last. This prudent man stood in his own shop door, calmly balancing the profit and loss of a speculation that just then flashed on his mind; *to wit*, whether the satisfaction administered to his feelings, in delivering a fellow creature from peril, would, or would not, remunerate him for the defilement of his silk stockings, and the spoliation of his glossy shoes; but the affair was settled before he had time to sum up. We approached his house, and he welcomed us in. Soap, towels, and water in abundance, were readily supplied by this good Samaritan; and in a trice our patient might have made his appearance at either church or market. During the process of cleansing his garments, and bringing the old gentleman to himself, I fully recognized a face that had been familiar to me, when a glimpse of *Blucher*, and a nod from *Platoff*, fully recompensed the virtuoso for his afternoon's excursion; and I also remembered the anxiety he manifested for pedestrian safety, when his coachman was about to push through the motley multitude that encompassed him on every side. "Now, my good people, have a care—keep clear of the wheels, I beseech you—move on, *Joc*, and look well to the horse's feet, lest a stray child should happen to pop in the way," was the warning usually given by this good old man—a warning that new-dubbed knights would never have troubled their heads to publish—but our philanthropist was a knight of the old school.—"What a congregation of fools!" exclaimed a bystander; "I really had no idea that London could furnish such a squad; and here comes old *Sir Gideon Moubray*; who would ever have dreamt of seeing him in the park?"—But to return to our narrative. The

baronet assured us both, with great good humour, that he had sustained no personal injury whatever—a declaration that afforded much satisfaction to me; and then proceeded to acknowledge the Samaritan's civility, in a strain of native politeness, that never emanated from any other than a gentle heart. "As for you, my brave fellow," continued the knight, "one good deed will certainly be noted down this day to the credit of your moral account; namely, the saving of a fellow creature's ribs from being crush'd;" "and the shins of another from pollution," added I, in an under tone: "but there are duties, my good Sir, alike incumbent on you and on me; and miserable indeed must be the state of that man's feeling, who could deny himself the gratification of fulfilling them." "These topics," replied the baronet, "we can discuss more at our leisure, if you will have the goodness to accompany me home, and accept of *pot-luck*." The invitation was, indeed, welcome to me; and I freely confess that my whole catalogue of excuses could not even furnish the semblance of a modest denial; so I qualified my compliance, as well as I could, by observing, that though I had intended to visit the British Museum that very afternoon, yet would I not lose the opportunity of enlarging the stock of my acquaintance; and added, by way of *rider*, that *pot-luck*, and homely welcome, had allurements too fascinating to be withstood. "The British Museum," observed Sir Gideon, "certainly possesses many valuable curiosities; but still we meet with rarities, here and there, whose merits have evidently been overlooked by the foraging parties of that celebrated institution. In my collection, for example, there are many curious specimens of British craft, not to be found in the national store; consisting of literary fragments gathered in certain districts, hitherto deemed barren of instruction and amusement. Their intrinsic value has, indeed, been disputed by the over fastidious; but still the portion of originality they possess, induces a stray connoisseur, now and then, to put on his spectacles; and you, my good Sir," concluded the baronet, "being a frequent-*er of museums*, will have no objection,

I should think, to put on yours." My reply was neither brief nor otherwise. I politely thanked him for the great kindness he had manifested; and jocosely declared that his soul might safely rest in peace, for I certainly would not fail of rummaging his literary pantry. So we took leave of our gentle haberdasher, with many professions of respect; and he, in return, complimented each of us with his card; obligingly observing, that should any little matter be wanted in his way, he would most cheerfully send it to our respective mansions, on better terms than any other house in town.

I had once some thoughts of cantering over a whole sheet of foolscap, in sketching the many jostlings, and *by your leaves*, and *how d'ye do*, that we experienced on our way to the baronet's residence; as also the agreeable politeness of his lady, and her amiable grand-daughter, Mrs. Halliburton; together with a full and faithful memoir of their worthy butler, Mr. Dennis O'Shaughnessy, a grey-haired domestic, who fully verified the old adage, "like master, like man;" but on examining the complexion of the matter more gravely, and well weighing every item thereof in my own mind, *pro* and *con*, I very prudently abandoned the idea altogether; and left the vacuum to be furnished in such manner, and with such materials, as the reader's own creative fancy might deem meet. He will, therefore, have the goodness to fill up the blank at his leisure, and attend to the sequel of my narration. On discharging our glasses to the memory of "*Auld lang syne*," I arose from the old elbow chair, wherein I had so plentifully partaken of the good things of this life, and followed the baronet into his

#### LITERARY MUSEUM;

An apartment of very goodly dimensions, elegantly furnished with carpeting of the first manufacture; chairs, tables, sofas, &c.; and the walls thereof hung round with handsome wooden frames, partially gilt; and all of them accommodated with rolls of brown Holland, tightening pulleys, cords, and tassels, complete. "Now, my good friend," quoth the knight, as he rolled up one of the screens, "this piece of literary patch-



work will abide inspection ; better never enveloped the goods and chattels of a confectioner." On examining the frameful of rarities, I certainly did pronounce it one of the greatest curiosities I had ever beheld. Fragments of letters in various hands, and on various subjects, remnants of marriage settlements, wills, memorials, verse, and blank verse, all arranged in admirable order, and carefully pasted on canvas, formed at once the strangest medley of style and subject that ever excited the smile, or summoned the gravity, of a beholder, either ancient or modern. Indeed, whatever tended to awaken merriment, sympathy, amazement—in fine, every native emotion slumbering in the breast, was to be met with amongst this wonderful assemblage of originals. "In the name of wonder," quoth I, "how came you by all this?" "Why, truly, my dear fellow," replied the collector, with a smile, "that question has been so very frequently propounded for these last fifty years, that really I felt the necessity of composing a kind of set speech for the occasion, and you will therefore have the goodness to refrain from smiling at the formality of a studied reply. Know, then, that all my frames on the left were furnished by a neighbouring confectioner, through the medium of my children, grand-children, and great-grand-children. Every cake brought me a morsel of wisdom or folly ; and every ounce of candy a crumb of sense, or a scrap of nonsense. To the poulterer and cheesemonger, I stand indebted for my literary treasures on the right ; and the barber and tobacconist claim my grateful acknowledgments for those in the front and rear ; but you will please to observe, that from the crude materials supplied by these gentlemen, I winnowed somewhere about ninety and nine parts of chaff, a task that little minds would boggle at ; but *patience and perseverance* is my motto. The residue I carefully examined, re-examined, and classified in the manner you see for the inspection of my friends. But," continued the baronet, "I have lately fallen in with a real leather trunk maker, whose contributions appear to be of a superior quality, and much less mutilated

than those of his brother tradesmen—you shall see a specimen presently." So saying, he opened a large drawer, wherein was deposited an immense number of manuscript writings, and invited me, in his own free and easy way, to partake of the intellectual treat. I complied, without hesitation ; but O, reader ! what were my emotions when I descried the first-born of my youthful muse, looking me wistfully in the face—the dear little song that she brought forth to commemorate the first of my loves. *Martha Crosby*, the sweetest of all our Nithsdale songsters, took the smiling innocent to Dumfries ; and so delighted were the bards of that good town, with the comeliness of its complexion, and the simplicity of its dress, that all of them fell in love with my little Artless, curled its hair, flounced its frock, and Londonized the fashion of its pinafore. In like manner, the pastoral poets of Irongray, Glencairn, and Penpont, got a glimpse of its loveliness, and declared individually that my sweet little firstling was their own only begotten. In short, the modest fame of my lisping wanderer spread far and wide. Seven parishes contended for the honour of its birth ; and seven pitched battles were fought, to support the claims of their respective bards : the clanking of their oak sticks will never depart from my memory. I lifted up my voice, and calmly expostulated with the young men on the vanity of their pretensions ; but no one amongst the people arose, and bore testimony to the justness of my remarks ; so they wagged their heads, and laughed me to scorn. This ungentle treatment stung me to the soul : I put a shirt in one pocket, a pair of grey worsted stockings in the other, and, with staff in hand, forsook my native glen, to sojourn amongst strangers, where I have long followed my favourite calling, but with a success that makes me

— curse the light I first survey'd,  
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming  
trade.

I am perfectly satisfied as to the identity of my dear song. The family features are very distinguishable, and much of the dress retains its primitive simplicity—besides,

*Martha's* thumb marks are still visible on the margins; so, without farther ceremony, I'll fall-to in earnest, and transcribe the contents of that wonderful drawer; giving precedence, as a matter of course, to mine own offspring.

## THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Yestreen, among the new mawn hay,  
I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
The linnets lilted on the spray,  
The lambs were lowping o'er the lawn;  
On every howm the sward was mawn,  
The braes wi' gowans busked braw,  
And gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn  
Out o'er the Hills o' Gallowa.

With music wild the woodlands rang,  
And fragrance wing'd along the lea,  
As down we sat the flowers amang,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
And saftly slade the hours awa,  
Till dawin coost a glimmering ee'  
Upon the Hills o' Gallowa.

It isna owsen, sheep and kye,  
It isna gould, it isna gear,  
This lifted ee' wad hae, quoth I,  
The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;  
But give to me my Julia dear,  
Ye Powers, wha row this earthen ba',  
And O sae blithe through life I'll steer  
Amang the Hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin danners up the hill,  
Wi' our gudeman, to bught the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill,  
That o'er the moorland murmuring rowes;  
Or tint amang the scroggie knowes  
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
And sing the streams, the heights, and howes,  
The hills, and dales, o' Gallowa.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs, and jovial swains,  
Her brawling burns, and wimpling rills,  
Awake nae mair my canty strains;  
Where friendship dwells, and freedom reigns,  
Where heather blooms, and moorcocks craw,  
O howk my grave, and hide my banes  
Among the Hills o' Gallowa.

The next in succession is an epistle from a fellow travelling the country with a dancing bear, to his agent in London. It appears to have been written from Norfolk, somewhere about the year 1800; a season when agricultural hilarity was much livelier than now-a-days. The manuscript is perfectly legible throughout, with the exception of a few lines at the beginning; and, when considered as a private wicket in real life, it

certainly affords a very curious glimpse of the back ground, as the following verbatim transcript will fully testify:

“ \* \* \* \* \*  
and tell Tim that I say so. The Whitechapel Barber must exercise his patience a little longer. I have shaven the bear, and he is now, thank God, a sea lion. The fellow offers five-and-thirty shillings for him—liberal, indeed!—Why, Sam, it would

not defray his travelling charges to London. Besides, I bear this very harber an old grudge on the wig score—he may go to the devil for me, and seek stuff there to promote the growth of hair and whiskers. The truth is this. My poor old bear has been many years in the family. We had him as a legacy from *Jem Woodieson*, when betrayed by the unnatural appearance of his disguise wig, and exalted at Maidstone—curse the fingers that made it. Jem was a lad, whose skilful address in the withdrawing of pigs and poultry will be long remembered, and requires no eulogy of mine. In gratitude to our benefactor, we treated his favourite with much kindness and respect, both on Jem's account, and his own; for, truly, he was a noble animal. But trudging about from fair to fair, with the two monkeys, and dancing to every group of Johnny Raws that came in his way, gradually impaired a constitution, naturally delicate, until he became a down-right cripple; so I took compassion on the poor soul, and, with the assistance of my nephew, *Bill Felcher*, had him clean and comfortably shaven. We now exhibit him in a large water tub at one end of the caravan; and really the grateful brute looks uncommonly fierce, and roars well—I freely use the expression, as nine-tenths of our visitants know not the difference between a roar and a growl. By this speculation, we netted 47*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* last week at Lynn mart—all clear clink.

“I know not what to think of this Holborn affair. Property of that description is becoming every day more and more precarious. What with vagrant acts, and societies for the suppression of mendicity, and lions in the path of every denomination, both civil and religious, I verily do believe that the whole breed of street solicitors will, sooner or later, become extinct. No calling, within the range of my knowledge, is so very liable to be overhauled, as that of the *cross-sweeper*. He becomes a local character in a few days—the very nature of his profession requires him to vibrate from side to side, like a pendulum, and then comes *Duncan Campbell*, in all his terrors, demanding a scrutiny. No movement that I know of is more likely to

tempt the curiosity of that mighty persecutor. Moreover, it is generally believed that charity, and loving kindness, and compassion, are on the decline; and, that a new-fangled system of education will very soon render mankind too sagacious and circumspect for the best of us—but what the deuce do I boggle at? History assures us, and daily experience corroborates the fact, that the same portions of sapience and stupidity, dulness and discernment, have been annually meted out to human nature, from the creation, down to the date hereof; and that mankind will continue to breed in the usual way—nine tenths geese, and the rest poulterers, in spite of Joseph Lancaster's teeth; so we'll dismiss all apprehension of the evil day, for the present, and proceed to business.

“A recollection is just now flickering in my mind, like the lights and shades of a three-year-old dream. One evening, somewhere about four or five years ago, when chattering over a couple of rummers, with old *Ben*, at the *Bear and Fiddle*, he became, all of a sudden, exceedingly communicative; and as there could be little harm in asking a civil question or two, ‘Now, *Benjamin Skipstocks*,’ quoth I, very gravely, ‘solve me a problem. How comes it to pass that the *parish beadle* pursues the tenor of his way, and the *street-keeper* passeth by, without reconnoitring thy position, or even saying—evil thou doest?’ ‘Aye, that I will, my boy, and frankly too;’ replied the facetious old buffer, ‘so lend an ear, and listen unto me—at the commencement of the season, a *crown wet* and a *crown dry* cures their bark; but O, Ned, Ned, that Suppression Secretary is a sad dog.’ Now, Sam, before you broach the subject, sound this secretary, and if his per centage is any way moderate, offer the old fellow, in my name, to the tune of 75*l.*, say guineas, as an equivalent for his right of sweeperage. The truth is, I have it in contemplation to do something for my uncle *Robin*. Poor man, he has been in an ailing way ever since his neck had that confounded twist in Lincoln pillory; and the sweeperage of Holborn Bridge would just suit him to the nines. Should you close with the old man, and I really think there is

little doubt of it, as I believe the incumbent is seriously disposed to sell off and retire to Cheltenham; get the deeds of conveyance drawn up by Thursday week; and I can safely make a bolt for a few days, to do the needful.

"Your son Bob has commenced operations against the enemy. By the coach, you will receive three prime Ringstead turkeys, all withdrawn in one night, by his own hands—what a haul for such a gosling! Truly, Sam, he is a sweet little fellow, and promises fair to shine amongst us, a star of the first magnitude. You exercised a sound discretion in taking him away from school. Another year, in all probability, would have ruined the lad. Education, my dear Sir, notwithstanding all the assertions of old prejudice to the contrary, is absolutely necessary in our profession; only care must be taken to remove the student before his ideas of what the enemy calls *morality*, begin to consolidate. This was a favourite maxim of my worthy father's—all his children were removed from boarding school, before they had completed their fourteenth year. He then fell to work, modelled their minds to his liking, and carefully turned the portion of learning they had acquired into the proper channels. Hence arises the wide difference, in point of adroitness, between our family, and many others I could name, whose children's education was stunted to the rude construction of a St. Andrew's cross.

"A fresh supply of tambourines is absolutely necessary, our drunken farmers having demolished my whole stock. One guinea a kick, hit or miss, is quite the go; all yellow lads down on the nail. They certainly are prime fellows. What can be more delightful than walking on the dilapidated ramparts, of an evening, or sitting on the old Watch Tower, and listening to the overflowings of their joy as they gallop home from a rising market; hallooing with all their might, and lashing the Johnny Raws who presume to dispute their right of cantering on the highway foot-paths. I humbly hope that the day is far distant, indeed, when ne-

cessity will compel them to ride at leisure.

"The result of your inquiries, and all other particulars, relative to the Holborn business, I shall look for every post. Dear Sam, I have much to say,—but a pressure of business requiring immediate attention, compels me to haul my wind, and subscribe myself,

"Thine truly and faithfully,

"EDWARD GALLOWGATE.

"To Mr. Saml. Cuddiecowper,  
Kent-street, Boro', London.

"P.S.—All our endeavours to save Scotch Andrew were unavailing.—Thirteen indictments preferred against him;—nine substantiated by point blank evidence; and his clergy allowed at the last Derby Assizes, were a phalanx too firm to be shaken. What, in the name of Folly, could have tempted the man to commence pick-pocket; a profession so very far beyond the range of his abilities.—The bag-pipe was Andrew's forte, and tune-making his delight. I never knew a young bear refuse to obey the voice of his chaunter. Poor Andrew!—Five of us visited him the night before his exaltation; and such a five never before acknowledged the mastery of bolt and lock. Old adventures, new schemes of ways and means, and ludicrous anecdotes,—soon screwed our conviviality to the highest pitch. Andrew was the first to recollect himself. All of a sudden, and in the very midst of our hilarity, he wrung his hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of sorrow that will ever haunt my remembrance, 'O sirs, this wearifu' hanging rings in my head like a new tune!' Poor man, he fell a martyr to his own indiscretion. Adieu. E. G."

Then follows an entire letter from a young man on the eve of burying his first wife.\* This epistle abounds with much original information; inasmuch as it proves, beyond the possibility of doubt, that a certain class of men, hitherto deemed untameable as the wild ass's colt, have at length been reduced by the manufacturing system, and fairly brought under the yoke.

\* A cant phrase used by apprentices when about to be released from their indentures.

“ *Garland Crescent*, 23d Dec.  
1820.

“ Dear and honoured Father,—As my apprenticeship is now drawing to a close, I beseech you to jog Uncle *Barnaby's* memory, and remind him of his promise. Something must be done to put me in business; for I do declare that the thoughts of journey-work freeze my very blood. Master employs no less than fifteen hands,—nine of them ballad-makers—the rest attached to the dying-speech and elegy departments. Poor fellows, it grieves me to see them. Figure to yourself fifteen men of sublime genius, pacing to and fro on the factory floor; holding up the semblance of nether garments with one hand, a sketch-book in the other,—and all of them ‘rapt in meditation high,’ or haply standing by the inspiration tub, partaking of *whiskey toddy*, brewed by our indulgent foreman. But their best endeavours, owing to the badness of the times, are insufficient

to fill their skins, and clothe their emaciated bodies. Were it not for the exhilarating beverage liberally supplied by our benevolent manager, I verily do believe, that all their fancies would have perished long ago. Since I last wrote you, master has taken on another journeyman, through sheer compassion,—a fine young lad of promising talent. He has the heels of all his shopmates, in sentimental tenderness; and the pathos of his elegy is much admired—but he positively refuses to taste the *toddy*,—and dissuades me from putting my lips to the ladle with which it is distributed. To him I stand indebted for much valuable information. The following ballad, founded on the story of poor *Helen Græme*, that grandmother used to tell with so much feeling, was sketched by him. He gave me the skeleton, and I clothed it with flesh and skin.—Master says it's poor stuff,—but I think otherwise: judge for yourself.

HELEN GRÆME.

A spirit glides to my bed-side,  
Wringing it's hands of virgin snow;  
Loosely it's robes of floating light,  
Loosely it's golden ringlets flow;  
All in a shadowy mantle clad,  
It climbs my blissless bridal bed.

“ Thou airy phantom of the night,  
Unveil thy face, and gaze on me,  
Until my shivering heart is cold,—  
And I'll arise, and follow thee.  
Oh! Helen Græme, celestial maid,  
I commune with thine angel shade.

“ Ill omen'd was this morn to me,  
The woeful morn of my wedding;  
*Matilda* heard a death-bell toll—  
When on her finger glow'd the ring.  
My cold hand clasp'd the blushing dame's,—  
But O! my heart was Helen Græme's.”

“ Arise, *Lord Auchinlea*, arise,  
And wrap thee in this shroud of mine;  
Turn from thy softly slumbering bride,  
And press my shivering cheek to thine.  
On forest glade, and naked wold,  
The wind is keen—the dew is cold.

“ I know thee well, deserving youth;  
Fair honour clothes thy gentle brow;  
The rage of feud withheld thy hand,—  
But hand and heart are Helen's now.  
Another lock'd embrace, and we  
Will hie us to eternity.

“ An angry father’s scowling brow,  
 A lady mother’s wrathful eye,  
 Will never more our loves divide—  
 Will never more our peace annoy.  
 In one wide bed, beneath the yew,  
 There will we sleep—and sweetly too.”

His young bride woke in sore affright—  
 Pale as the cold, the lifeless clay ;  
 She saw her lord in Helen’s arms,—  
 His quivering corse beside her lay.  
 Wrapt in a mantling blaze of light,  
 They vanish’d from that lady’s sight.

Green grows the birk on Laggan burn,  
 And fair the opening blossom blows ;  
 But greener is the sacred grass,  
 And ruddier too, the wild-briar rose,  
 Where dew-bath’d flowrets gently rest  
 Their bloomy heads on Helen’s breast.

“ On comparing this sample with the piece I sent home last Christmas, I hope my dear father will find an alteration in my versification for the better. My application to study has indeed been most arduous ; and, happy am I to say, attended with a success seldom experienced by lads of my years—at least I think so. Many thanks to aunt for the fine collection of old psalm tunes she sent me. They suit my style of composition admirably well,—and in due time will make their appearance, accompanied with the very best lyrics that I can produce. My dear father, let me again entreat you to keep uncle in your eye. I well know that he has bowels, though somewhat difficult of access ; and a kind warm heart,—though, like the best of coal fires, it requires poking now and then. With kind love to all my kindred, acquaintance, and inquiring friends, I ever remain, my dear and honoured father,

“ Your dutiful and affectionate son,  
 “ BARNABY DANDELION.”

These gleanings of Fugitive Literature fully justify an opinion I have long entertained ; viz. that much curious information, amusement, and even knowledge, is annually consumed by cheesemongers, barbers, tobacconists, &c.—and strange as it may seem, neither literary philanthropists, nor book-making publishers, so far as I know, with the exception of Sir Gideon Moubray, have hitherto taken compassion on the forlorn fugitives,—or even availed themselves of a fund, untouched by speculative fingers. Being a little man,

and slow of speech, perhaps it would be deemed presumptuous, were I even to dream of a *Society for the Preservation of Literary Scraps* ; but a word to the wise is sufficient. The hint may possibly fall into abler hands,—and though I should neither enjoy the honourable and lucrative situation of Secretary to the Association, nor even be deemed eligible to fill the no less useful one of Beadle, yet will I not complain. The internal satisfaction of having been the humble means of providing a Refuge for the Destitute, will amply recompense my loving kindness.

Many and various are the sources whence the dealer and chapman draws a supply of waste paper, at per lb. The early and unavailing struggles of indigent genius to behold the light, baffled, and trodden under foot, perhaps, by the underling Mentor of some fat publisher, whom success in business has rendered too indolent, or nature too stupid, to judge for himself—The wailings and gratulation of desponding and successful love, in prose and verse—The high-seasoned resolves of public meetings, Catholic, and anti-Catholic, radical, and anti-radical, together with all, and sundry the miscellaneous offspring of the mind—But where am I wandering ? To the formation of an establishment, whose component parts I have neither sagacity to select, nor influence to consolidate. I shall, therefore, close the subject, and leave my observations to shift for themselves.

LAUCHLIN GALLOWAY.

## THE GARDEN OF FLORENCE, AND OTHER POEMS;

BY JOHN HAMILTON.\*

THERE are two sorts of poetry which have grown up and flourished in this our excellent age. The one is good, solid (even when airy), unassuming,—wholesome diet for the mind. The other is frothy, noisy, and vain-glorious, dealing in big words and puffed phrases, in fustian and folly; and of this let every man take heed; for though it maketh somewhat of a show, and allureth the eye like an omelet soufflée, yet is it indigestible, unsubstantial, and unwholesome.

It has been thus with every age. The spirit of poetry has always had its attendant shadow, larger than itself, but empty, monstrous, misshapen—

Monstr' horrend' inform' ingens cui lumen  
ademptum.

Lear was preceded by Tamburlaine (the shade is thrown forward when the sun is behind);—Pope had his imitators and enemies; and Lord Byron is not without his satellites, who catch a transient notoriety from his brightness, though they reflect neither lustre nor credit upon him.—Wordsworth has but few followers; although he has contributed more than any man of his time to free poetry from its shackles, and has mixed an unpretending beauty of diction with a more profound insight into the philosophy of nature than any other cotemporary poet. Mr. Shelley has excluded himself from imitators, by his exposition of a very questionable system of morals (probably “unquestionable” were better), but his ear is, perhaps, finer than that of any poet since the time of Milton, and his command of language is unrivalled. In Wordsworth there is a studied avoidance of sounding phraseology; so much so, in fact, that he at times betrays an absolute baldness of diction; yet he too can rise, when occasion suits, and clothe the neck of his Pegasus with thunder. Mr. Shelley's elevation of style is more sustained; but his mastery of words is so complete, and his magnificent and happy combinations so

frequent, that the richness is obscured by the profusion.

With such men as these (Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley—we say nothing of the *subjects* on which they write) high phrase is well; but we hate to hear a Pistol of a man let off his matchlock close to our ear with nothing but blank cartridge in it,—like an empty barrel, the more noisy from its very vacancy: this is vile, and not to be endured: it affronts us while it perplexes our taste.—It was well said by a friend of ours (an eminent critic) that Mr. — had nothing but a ‘verbal imagination,’—that all his feats were in words; though this might have been well enough, but unluckily there were no ideas amongst them. Words were not the mere drapery of this person's imagination (if he had any), but they were the substance, the body and soul, of his works: if they had not words, they had nothing;—they were the chaff and husks of literature, in short, to be blown away by a breath of criticism,—a mere dictionary matter, and no more. Now such a man as this would have done well to let the muses alone: they never could have returned his affection; nor would they, indeed, have understood him, for the language of Cambyzes is not spoken on the slopes of Parnassus:—but the author before us is entirely of a different stamp. He is as free from bombast and pretension as the infirm nature of poets will allow. There is, besides, a great deal of fancy and deep pathos in his volume,—a good deal of original (verging occasionally on fantastic) expression; and much of that old fashioned love of what is good and beautiful in nature, with all that is gentle in expression, and correct in thought,—too seldom to be met with in the poetry of the present period. Let not our readers, young or fair, be alarmed: there is nothing didactic or repulsive in the book: it is simply a collection of tales, lyrical poems, and songs, pleasantly varied, and delicately touched; among which are many passages of

\* Warren, London, 1821.

great beauty (some we shall have occasion to extract); and to these may be added three or four sonnets of undoubtedly first-rate merit.

Were we inclined to quarrel with any thing in this pleasant book, it would be an expression in the dedication. The author says, in reference to his writing verse,

Think not with this I now abuse my powers.

Now it is *not* an abuse of any man's powers to employ them in writing poetry. To write fine poetry is to do something better than to write (or speak) fine prose. It is doubtless absurd enough, when a man continues to scribble bad rhyme, long after he (or the world) has discovered that he has no talent for it,—when he himself is essentially a piece of prose, without fancy, or mind, or music, or spirit: but our author has none of these disqualifications to plead in excuse for his under-rating the "peerless" art. It is a common error with persons who (unlike Mr. Hamilton) know nothing of poetry, save that it generally ends in rhyme, to think slightly of it, and to place all reputed poets on a level. The facility with which indifferent verse is manufactured naturally generates such a mistake. Hence it is, that poetry is called "light reading," and is spoken of as "only verses," and so forth, in terms of ignorant and undue disparagement. An instance is within our own personal knowledge of a merchant who requested a friend to select some books for his library: among others, he purchased Shakspeare; but the honest trader was dissatisfied with the bargain: he said, turning over the volumes, that they were "only plays," and desired that they might be exchanged, choosing, in their stead, Hervey's Meditations, and a few other matters of print and paper resembling that serious performance!

But poetry has been the employment (and the delight) of the first intellects of the world. It contains the germ of all that is good, and great, and wise. "Light reading," as it is called, inculcates more original and profound truths than were ever found in the whole region of *prose*;—not laboured and wrought

to tediousness, indeed, but struck out in the heat of genius, bright, and self-evident, and lasting. It teaches sometimes by precept, but chiefly by example. From it the king may see how to govern, and the subject to obey. The soldier may learn temperance, the pedant modesty, and the conqueror moderation.—Folly may be advised, and vanity reproved.—Beauty may see her likeness, and her defects.—It is the glass wherein *all* fashions, all forms, may be seen; all manners, all moods of the mind:—the birth, the progress, and the last consequence of things, both good and evil, are there, fine practical lessons of wisdom and pure morality. There is often more meaning (and there has often been more thought exhausted) in one single epithet of poetry than in a whole page of dissertation. Shakspeare alone is more than sufficient to prove all that we have said. Be it remembered, however, that these observations apply to writers of *poetry*, and not to writers of rhyme only. There is as much difference among the people so called (yet this is by no means generally supposed) as between the house-painter who scrawls a thing like a wreath on your ceiling, and Titian who crowned the twelve Cæsars with laurel,—or as between the daub of a red lion at a country public-house, and the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, or the "First Created Man" of Michael Angelo.

Having said thus much, we do not know why we should detain our readers longer from Mr. Hamilton's poems. They are much better than any thing which we could hope to entertain them with in prose; and accordingly we shall, without more ado, enter on our consideration of the book. There is a short preface to the volume from which the following is an extract:—

The stories from Boccaccio (The Garden of Florence, and the Ladye of Provence) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, intended to have been written by a friend;—but illness on his part, and distracting engagements on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time; and death now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it for ever.

He, who is gone, was one of the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder perhaps to me, than to others.



His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly believe, have done the world some service, had his life been spared—but he was of too sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, and that is to me now the most pathetic story in existence!

The poet here alluded to is, we conjecture, the late Mr. John Keats. We feel tempted to say something on that point; but it will, perhaps, afford us matter for a future paper; and it is altogether of too melancholy a nature to be mixed up with the consideration of any living writer. We pass, therefore, without further comment, to "The Garden of Florence."—This poem is founded on one of the tales of Boccaccio, and is simply the story of two young lovers, "Pasquino and Simonida," who are poisoned successively by tasting some leaves plucked from a bed of sage, at the root of which lay an enormous toad that infected the whole. The lovers are sporting, on a summer morning, in a garden near Florence; and Pasquino chews a leaf which causes his instant death: Simonida is overwhelmed with grief, and in this state is carried before a magistrate, by some persons who saw her lover fall. Being accused, she denies the guilt of murdering Pasquino, but is disbelieved by the populace, who are anxious (as usual) for summary justice. The magistrate, however, has some pity for her, and some faith in her distress; and the inquisition is adjourned to the place where Pasquino's body lies. Here the poor girl tells her tale again; and in showing the manner of her lover's death, she casually chews another leaf of the sage. The people send up "their most sweet voices" in derision, and while they are shouting she drops down dead before them. The lovers are buried, and the poem ends.—There is not much incident here, as the reader will see; but the tale is told gently and sorrowfully, and is not decked out with too much ambition. Mr. Hamilton has wisely left Boccaccio's simplicity to work its effect on his reader's heart.—We will quote one passage from this poem, to show the very pleasant and delightful style in which it runs. The extract refers to the period of the first meeting of the lovers, (in the "Garden of Florence,") after

they are acquainted with each other's affection.

They met—and kiss'd a welcome.—The first morn

On which their lips seem'd for each other born!

She lean'd within his arm, on that new day,  
And look'd content to lean her life away!  
Their eyes in married lustre could not part,  
But, lighted by the radiance of the heart,  
Shone on each other:—thus,—they idly

cast  
Their shadows on the laurels as they pass'd!

And sweet the laurel grew—that hallow'd tree,

With leaves that seem the leaves of song to be,—

Which never loseth its appareling,  
But looketh constant of the undaunted spring.

And flowers were in that silent garden growing,

Of pleasant odours all and lustrous blowing,

That did enrich the air on which they fed,  
And far around a light and fragrance spread.

The lofty foliage lent a tender gloom,  
Like that which doth through holy buildings come,—

Where, as adown the shafted aisles you stray,

The very silence seems to feel and pray:—  
Such—and so beautiful was that high shade!—

The stretching roses o'er the pathway play'd,

And shook their bright dew at the lovers' feet,

Scattering those morning-pearls their steps to greet,—

And waving as they pass'd as though in reverence meet.

The second poem is called a "Romance of Youth," and is written in the Spenserian stanza. It is a desultory performance; but betrays great sweetness of diction occasionally, and sometimes very considerable power. The narrative is of some youth, who wanders and dreams, like the Edwin of "Beattie's Minstrel," and is filled with fancies and extravagant visions, like a genuine child of romance. The following stanzas are certainly very beautiful.

Under the shadow of a May sweet blossom,

Two placid elves, like linked sisters, chased

The moments with the heaving of the bosom

In happy sleep: their arms were interlaced,

And their bright cheeks commingling  
 seem'd to taste  
 Each other's rosy beauty : overhead  
 A bee, that had been trammel'd in his  
 haste  
 That magic eve, a lulling murmur bred ;  
 And dewy leaves a hymn to sylvan quiet  
 shed.

A wand was waved through the charmed  
 air,  
 And up there rose a very costly throng  
 Of ivory tables, stored with dainties rare,  
 At sight of which e'en dieted men might  
 long ;  
 They rose amid strange minstrelsy and  
 song,—  
 And there was pheasant from enchanted  
 wood,  
 And swan from fairy stream,—and these  
 among,  
 Were chalices of Eastern dew-wine  
 brew'd  
 By pearly hands in far Arabian solitude.

And golden berries, steep'd in cream,  
 were soon  
 Brought there from stores in Asian pa-  
 laces ;  
 And from the lonely Mountains of the  
 moon,  
 From which swarth Afric's serpent-river  
 frees  
 Its wily head,—fish, stranger than the  
 seas  
 Hold in their deep green wastes, to the  
 bright feast—  
 Were brought in coral dishes by streak'd  
 bees ;  
 And fruit, the very loveliest and the least,  
 Came from young spangled trees in gar-  
 dens of the East.

There was good store of sweet and  
 sheening cherries,  
 Gathered from trees that under water grew  
 In mystic orchards,—and the best wood-  
 berries  
 That blush in scarlet ripeness through  
 the dew,—  
 And tiny plums, round, and of bloom-  
 ing blue,—  
 And golden apples of a fairy size,—  
 And glossy nuts, the which brown squir-  
 rels drew,  
 Eying them longingly with their dark  
 eyes,  
 And stealing when they could a little hazel  
 prize.

The glowworms waited on the fairies'  
 mirth,  
 And when the stars of heaven were all  
 asleep  
 They lamp'd the grassy chambers of the  
 earth,  
 And in an emerald light the air did  
 steep :—

Such tears perchance the happy angels  
 weep  
 Radiant with joy.—They gave the quiet  
 green  
 A richness, as though wonders from the  
 deep  
 Were cull'd and cast there in unsullied  
 sheen,  
 To glitter for a night, and never more be  
 seen !

The next extract which we shall  
 make is a song of which we shall  
 say nothing : for it needs no recom-  
 mendation.

Go, where the water glideth gently ever,  
 Glideth by meadows that the greenest  
 be ;—  
 Go, listen to our own beloved river,  
 And think of me !  
 Wander in forests, where the small flower  
 layeth  
 Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;  
 Listen the dim brook pining while it play-  
 eth,  
 And think of me !

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,  
 And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;  
 Go out beneath the solitary heaven,  
 And think of me !

And when the moon riseth as she were  
 dreaming,  
 And treadeth with white feet the lulled  
 sea ;  
 Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
 And think of me !

The three sonnets on Robin Hood  
 are admirable. We suspect that in  
 "our secret soul" we like them bet-  
 ter than any other poems in the  
 volume. But as they have been  
 printed before in Hazlitt's Lectures  
 on the Poets—a work with which  
 our readers are well acquainted,—we  
 forbear to quote them here.

We must give one extract more :—  
 it is from a very tender and charming  
 poem, which is called an Epistle to a  
 Lady.

Oh ! could I walk with thee in days like  
 these,  
 When the young leaf is venturing on the  
 trees,—  
 And the pale blossom on the cherry bough  
 Lives in its beauty,—as I see it now ;—  
 I should be happier than the linnet's wing  
 Spread in the first mild sunlight of the  
 spring !  
 Oft do I see thee, as I lonely lean  
 In these soft evenings, which are as serene  
 In their cerulean skies, and setting suns,  
 And clouds gold-feather'd,—as the summer  
 ones ;

Oft do I see thee in my thoughts,—that  
take

Westerly wanderings,—thy enjoyment make  
From the enchantments of an evening sea  
That weaves its own sweet pastime merrily,—

Or sleeps beneath some sea-nymph's wav-  
ing wands ;—

Or as it fawns upon the golden sands  
With never ending kisses, and soft sighs,—  
I see thee lingering o'er its harmonies,  
As though some spirit did converse with thee  
Of worlds divine, where shatter'd hearts  
shall be

Ever at rest, amid Elysian bowers,  
Lull'd with the music of the lute-fed hours.—  
The silver sea-foam on the sands thou lovest,  
That at thy feet is dying, as thou rovest,  
And brightening up again—as mourners'  
eyes

That fade and sparkle while the spirits rise :  
Dear is the mystic world of waters, when  
Day hath departed from the eyes of men,  
And that devoted haunter of the sky,  
The lonely moon, is lingering thoughtfully  
Over the bosom of the sleeping sea,—  
That trembles in its dreams. For then to  
thee

Steals that long line of pure and silver light  
Across the waters, which all starry bright  
Doth from the chasten'd Deity seem to  
come,

To bear thy white thoughts to a happy  
home !—

Of late there hath been many a silent eve,  
Rosy as wreaths which lady-fingers weave  
For soft brown tresses on a revel night,—  
And gentle as the bird that takes its flight  
From Cytherea's finger.—Lonely sitting  
On one of these fair eves,—and idly knitting  
My thoughts,—as many a cottage spinster  
doth

Her web,—in mood, half industry, half  
slotoh :—

I sat into the twilight la e, and caught  
Old days and green joys in the net of  
thought :

And many a dear departed scene arose  
And pass'd away,—like birds from their  
repose,  
Startled by heedless feet in morning grass ;—

And sylvan pleasures, in a joyous mass,  
Reviv'd about my heart, and died again—  
Touching the next few moments with dim  
pain.

I thought of those I loved—I thought of  
thee—

And of our pastime when the night was  
free—

The bustle of the books—the lonely notes  
Of a melancholy melody that floats  
For ever and for ever through the mind,—  
Leaving a sad and sweet delight behind !  
I thought of *Him*,—the deathless—the in-  
spired—

Whose light my very earliest boyhood  
fired,—

And of his rich creations :—have we not  
Sorrow'd at high Macbeth's distorted lot—  
Sigh'd over Hamlet's sweet and 'wilder'd  
heart—

And, when we came upon that piteous part  
Of love's romance, where long before 'twas  
day

The Ladye of the moonlight pined away,  
Over the sleeping fruitage—passion-pale,—  
Have we not loved young Juliet ?—

The last poem in the book we do  
not like so well as some others :  
but, as it seems, from its being dis-  
tinguished from the rest, to be a  
favourite with the author, we may  
reasonably feel some doubt as to our  
judgment.

We now leave Mr. John Hamilton  
to take his chance among the lovers  
of poetry. If they have not for-  
gotten their taste for what is good,  
we have little apprehension as to his  
success.—There are some of his lines  
which we might have found fault  
with, as being harsh and unmetrical ;  
but (the errors of the book being so  
few) we have preferred the critic's  
more pleasant province, and have  
spoken of this volume of poetry as  
we felt it ought to be mentioned by  
every one who is not more ready to  
discover blemishes than to do justice  
to good and unaffected writing.

### SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF VOCAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND ;

WITH NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS AND COMPOSERS FROM  
THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

#### No. III.

WE closed our last essay \* with a  
promise, that our next should con-  
tain some description of the extraor-  
dinary powers, which, for about

twenty-five years, have continued to  
confer upon their possessor the most  
exalted place, perhaps, amongst Eng-  
lish vocalists.

During that long period, the professional exertions of Mr. Braham have been required at the theatre, in the orchestra, at church, at the table, and occasionally at the Italian opera; and it would not be easy to say in which of those situations, each demanding a different kind of talent, he has most excelled; though in all of them, his execution has not been free from great imperfections.

Mr. Braham was initiated into the science of music at a very early age,\* and his education was completed by Rauzzini of Bath. He had sung in concerts; but it was his appearance at Drury-lane, in the opera of Mahmoud, that first made his accomplishments generally known to the English public. He was engaged for twelve nights; at the expiration of which term he left England, and remained abroad for some time.

Nature seems to have delighted herself with contrasting opposite qualities in the construction of this extraordinary and gifted individual. In Mr. Braham you see a small, but not inelegantly formed man, with a steadfast countenance, marked, however, with the peculiarity of his nation. The physiognomy is that of one sobered by fixed, and somewhat severe thought. The demeanour is something dejected and hesitating, rather than informed with any of the superiority of confidence or command. Yet there is a latent fire in the eye, a visible, but unemployed spring and elasticity in the well-compacted, though reduced scale of the whole form, that indicates power when called into action. Upon the boards of Old Drury, in the ordinary dress of his country, he would be taken for nothing beyond one of those walking gentlemen of the play-house, who merely deliver a message, or set a chair. In the costume of the aigretted and turbaned princes of the East, wherein the poets of the opera sometimes array their heroes, he bears himself like one whose greatness is thrust upon him; like a man picked up on a sudden behind the scenes, who, though furnished out, and sent on to swell a pageant, is solicitous about nothing so

much as to avoid being seen. Even when seated amongst the principals of an oratorio, you could not take him for one of any mark or likelihood. When he advances to the front of an orchestra for an occasional performance, his bearing is depressed by the same characteristic, and, as we conceive, deep-felt humility; for he is never to be allured into the assumption of superiority by any, nor all, of the seductive flatteries that attend upon so successful a public career. Yet is he not without the consciousness of his desert, and of the solidity of his claims, and the understanding, and acknowledgment of those claims, on the part of the public. M. Vallebrequé, the husband of Catalani, in a letter to a conductor, some years ago, set his valuation upon the whole catalogue of vocalists; and estimating the services of his wife at five hundred pounds, reduced Braham to ten, or some such low degree of the scale, coupling his rate, at the same time, with the remark, that "Braham was nothing but *one Jew*." The estimate found its way into print, and soon after Vallebrequé entered a room where Braham was carelessly sitting upon a table waiting for the rehearsal of a concert. "Well, Christian!" was his address to the Frenchman; who, perceiving the drift of this abrupt apostrophe, began to stammer out some words of apology. "Spare yourself excuses, friend," continued the singer, "you *cannot* injure me:" and at the same time offered the abashed calumniator his hand. The judgment and the temper of the reproof are each admirable.

Never was there a singer who possessed such faculties and acquirements as Mr. Braham: never was there one so provokingly unequal in his manner.

Hear him in his best and most finished performances, and he disgusts you the very instant after he has raised the sense to ecstasy.—Listen to his very worst, and most tawdry, and mawkish ballads, "The Bewildered Maid," for instance, or any other stuff with which it pleases his fancy to infect the taste of the town, and you will be yet more

\* A published song beginning "*Fair grove, to thee alone I do impart,*" bearing his name, must have been composed by him when not more than seven or eight years old.

strongly impressed with the powers of a performer, who can so tickle the ears, and confound the understandings, of a polished people.

It is not want of judgment; for no man has a better understanding of his art, abstracted from its practice: nor is it any deficiency in the means of execution; for he has a compass of nineteen notes, and could once sing any thing in any manner.

It is not easy, then, to account for varieties which savour of singularity, alike in the apprehension and expression of sentiment and musical phrases,—for violence of transition, for sudden stops and breaks, for an admixture of disagreeable noises, for super-abundant ornament, and other defects,—all which are yet blended with the most splendid and captivating transitions of style; with fire, energy, pathos, elegance, and ornament, not only in higher perfection than any other professor can singly exhibit, but which cannot be paralleled by the aggregate qualities of all his competitors.

The fact is, that these eccentricities are referrible to no single cause. In the first place, there is nothing so difficult to restrain as that luxuriance of ability, which continually tempts the possessor to its excessive employment; for there is a natural desire to put forth every power, upon all occasions, and to take the world by storm. In the next place, a professor, in the course of the laborious study and practice which such attainments imply, is liable, from the very fervour to which his sensibility and powers are brought by action, to be captivated and led astray by modes of expression, which better suit his own heated imagination, than the sober sympathies of a mixed audience, who cannot be affected so intensely. Hence extravagance of every kind.

Vocalists have been but too long, and too generally, looked upon as human machines,—two-legged upright instruments, adapted to carry to perfection the art of melodious intonation. Mind has been considered to be almost out of their province; and this opinion has been not a little aided by the total indifference of singers to the duties of the stage. "*What a stick he is,*" in

nine cases out of ten, is the only description one shall ever hear of a first-rate singer's acting. Sedgewick, Inledon, Dignum, and Kelly, were certainly not gifted with powerful intellect; nor was the singing, even of the best of them, distinguished by any thing beyond its natural beauty of tone, and some mechanical excellences of execution. But the person we are now describing is a very different being. His singing is full of mind, full of sensibility; and his very defects are often to be traced to curious operations of the intellectual faculties. His head, therefore, as a craniologist would say, is worth examining.

Mr. Braham's temperament appears to be of that particular kind which is at once sensitive and melancholic. (We gather it only from what we have observed in the public exercise of his art.) His conceptions are rather powerful than sudden; his feelings more intense than irritable. The often and long disputed difference, as to the actual sensations with which actors enter into their parts, we look upon it, is to be settled in a very easy way. Actors, by habit, acquire a power of instant irritability and tranquillization, and of taking up a passion and laying it down in a moment—which faculty they obtain by continued professional excitation, and by studying to develope, with the rapidity of a chemical evolution, the passion they wish to represent. Thus by habitually assuming the tones, gestures, and physiognomical agitation, incident to the occasion, they gradually and insensibly, as it were, acquire the power of instantaneously calling up certain appropriate trains of feeling and action, and of as instantly sinking into repose. The intellectual process, to which a singer subjects himself, is somewhat dissimilar. He can assume few of the exterior marks of passion; and his sensibility is only to be exerted on the sounds, through which alone he expresses emotion. Hence all his feelings should be more intense, in proportion as their external demonstration is less vivid; and so far as our own experience goes, or as we have been able to arrive at a knowledge of what passes in the breasts of vocalists in general, unless

a singer communes with himself for some time previous to commencing a song, and stimulates, raises, and matures, by silent reflection, the sentiments to which he is about to give utterance, his imitation will be cold and lifeless, although the technical perfection of time, tune, tone, and execution, be complete. Hence it is, we so often perceive mechanical excellence uninformed by a particle of spirit: the truth is, the generality of the profession do not seek to warm and cherish the imagination—they present it sparingly with poor and meagre food—they are, indeed, but too prone to starve the fancy by their austere adherence to studies strictly musical. Out of this arises a very curious moral illustration. Many of those singers, both male and female, who have been principally distinguished for expressiveness, have been also notorious for the licentiousness of their lives. We infer from this fact, that their natural warmth of temperament has been the cause both of their excellence in art, and of their obliquity of conduct.

To apply these observations to the subject of our notice:

From the forcible expression of Mr. Braham, and the strong lights and shades with which he invests his passages, it is obvious, that he has brooded over his conceptions, and, by long consideration, has wrought up his sensibility to those powerful exhibitions of feeling, which are displayed in his songs of passion. Take, for example, his recitative and air from *Jephtha*, the most celebrated of his performances, where as much study and elaboration will be perceived as in the acting of Mr. John Kemble.—Call to mind his description of the rising sun in “The Creation.” With what vigour does he portray the bursts of light by a volata most judiciously applied to the word “*darts* ;” and by what gradations of tone and feeling, he images the personal sentiments of “*An am’rous joyful happy spouse*,”—and “*A giant proud and glad to run his measured course!*”

In the air which follows the first named recitative, how beautifully does he delineate the heartfelt, subdued mixture of parental suffering and joy, in the pathetic melody, “*Wufl her, Angels, through the skies!*”

which he contrasts, by an expression perfectly sublime, with the remorse, hesitation, and anguish, of the preceding recitative.

In these, the vocal adaptations of pause, emphasis, and tone, to the expression of the access and recess of passion, are wonderful and unequalled traits of imagination and execution; and prove that the very depths of passion are the true tests of the natural endowments, and acquired accomplishments, of this extraordinary individual. They are the exertions of his genius, which give him place and precedence above all competitors.

But in the midst of these manifestations of power, his peculiar defects obtrude themselves as conspicuously, if not more so, than in any of his lighter efforts.

The beautiful recitative of *Jephtha* is deformed by singular and vitiated pronunciation of the words, and by nasality in the tone—by forced, hard, and sudden terminations of notes: all these, however, are assignable to excess of elaboration, and to the still stronger cause we have before pointed out, the referring to, and satisfying, the heated imagination of the performer himself, instead of appealing to the natural feelings of some judicious and sensitive auditor. It is thus that sensibility is liable to produce a dangerous exaggeration.

His great defects have been a want of uniformity of tone, and the violence and abruptness of his transitions. His notes will sometimes flow in a beautiful succession of sweetness and polish for a bar or two, when suddenly there will come a break, a stop, a note unfinished; an overstrained sound, brought out like the blast of a horn; or some unaccountable noise, originating in some strange idea of peculiar expression, which interrupts and annihilates, in a moment, the soft train of satisfaction, and destroys the illusion. Every passion in singing *must* be expressed with a certain melodiousness; sorrow, anger, and revenge, must be tempered in their harshness, or the charm is dissolved. Inaccurate notions respecting the true position of the grand boundary, continually lead Mr. Braham beyond it; his hearers cannot follow him, and the bond of sympathy

is broken. It is the same warmth of feeling, the same exuberance of fancy and of power, that tempt him to wander into an inapplicable superabundance of ornament; and the constant abuse of these conjoined powers of imagination and execution is the more wonderful, because he has not only a scientific and critical understanding of the art, but he has at all times had ample opportunity of displaying all his talents—in their proper places. It is, therefore, the more surprising that he should have yielded to the vulgar hope of manifesting all his various abilities at once, and of reconciling incongruities the most anomalous. But such has been the fact; and while it has, in almost every instance, deprived him of that highest praise which belongs to fine and pure taste, it has had a most prejudicial effect upon the judgment of the public, in giving birth to a race of imitators, who *yawl* out their tones, squeeze out their words, and trick up their second-hand mannerism with every piece of dirty ragged finery, their great model has worn out and cast off, and then expect to pass for admirable singers and fertile inventors. Thus, the whole ear of England is “rankly abused;” and a generation must pass away, before the art can be purified from the corruptions with which Mr. Braham’s example has infected it. Something, however, will depend upon his successors. At present, there is no legitimate heir to his great honours. We earnestly hope, that some true genius will arise, who may have courage, firmness, and power enough to restore ease, grace, and polished refinement, and to re-establish dethroned nature; “instinct with feeling,” but not “drunk with passion.”

Mr. Braham, in his zenith, had a

voice of compass, tone, volume, and accuracy of intonation, superior to any we ever heard\*—an execution incapable of embarrassment; a fancy that delighted to apply its unbounded means with the most profuse extravagance; a conception which manifested itself in grandeur, tenderness, and pathos; and an elocution, forcible and impressive. But, unfortunately, there was no continuity; though there was “every thing by turns,” there was “nothing long.” He took his cue, indeed, from the place: and thus his singing was refined and voluptuous at the Opera; scientific, full of energy and captivation, in the orchestra; loud, gaudy, and declamatory, at the theatre. But the faults we have recited were common to him in all places; and seldom, indeed, could he be said to leave the train of pure satisfaction to flow freely, and without some check, for a few seconds of time.

How curious is the compensation to be observed in nature, and through nature extending into art. Harrison had few and feeble requisites; but he cultivated them with so delicate and so just an apprehension of his capacities, that he lived to exhibit the most finished model of particular excellence of any singer; and, by *his example*, he did more to purify and improve the public taste than any of his predecessors. Braham has enjoyed natural gifts, more extensive, and commanding, than any competitor in art on record. He has left nothing unsought, that practice could obtain. He may, indeed, be said to have reached the summit of perfection in every thing but combination. Yet has this vocalist so corrupted the judgment of his age, that half a century will scarcely suffice to restore British Vocal Art to a state of purity.

\* Its quality approached more nearly to that of the reed than the string. He used the falsette; but from a facility of taking it up on two or three notes of his compass at pleasure, he had so completely assimilated the natural and falsette at their junction, that it was impossible to discover where he took it, though the peculiar tone in the highest notes was clearly perceptible. Before his time, the junction had always been very clumsily conducted by English singers. Johnstone, who had a fine falsette, managed it so badly, that he obtained, from the abruptness of his transitions, the cognomen of “*Bubble and Squeak*.” Braham could proceed with the utmost rapidity and correctness through the whole of his compass by semitones, without the hearer being able to ascertain where the falsette commenced.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HERE BEGYNNEETH A TEDIOS, BRIEF TRACTATE ON

p<sup>r</sup> Exhibition,

ENAMELLED WITH SUNDRIE STRAUNGE CONCRETES VERY PLEASAUNT TO REDE.

If my prologue tedious seem,  
 Or the rest too long they deem,  
 Let them know my love they win,  
 Though they go, ere I begin,  
 Just as if they should attend me  
 Till the last, and then commend me.  
 For I will, for no man's pleasure,  
 Change a syllable; . . . . .  
 Neither, for their praises, add  
 Aught to mend what they think bad;  
 Pedants shall not tie my phrase  
 To our antique author's ways,  
 Since it never was my fashion,  
 To make work of recreation.

*This, or something like it, is in George Withers.*

I HAVE a great notion that this article should have been written last month. "Aye! marry, should it, Mr. F. A.! that's already proved; and it will go nigh to be suspected so, shortly. Was not the late weather bad enough for the quivering nerves of your patients (prefix a syllable, friend! go on!) without enacting the Cyclops, hanging over them with hand uncertain where to choose, whetting your teeth with horrid delight, swallowing up the fattest with the eye of your œsophagus for a whole month together? Go to! thou art a naughty invisible, an unpunctual mystery!" "Nay! gracious Fractioso! I am always true as a toledo, to the appointed day." "Yea, but it may be, that with the worthy Mr. Ramsden, thou dost sometimes err a little in the month." "Good! *you burn*, as the children say at *Hoodman blind*." Now to proceed: I detest two parts out of the three, into which every discourse naturally divides itself: viz. the beginning and the end—and again, of these two abominations, the latter is with me in the worst odour. To begin is a great exertion. I have made many attempts to jump over this seed or root, as it were, of an article, and have essayed to commence in the middle, as the Irish say; but with no success—and I find nothing so proper, as a nice, short, paradoxical sentence, after the theory of my old Scotch usher, and the practice of our Mr. Table Talk. This sentence induces another of greater length,

wherein the plot thickens; a third completes the climax of obscurity, and forms commonly at once a paragraph and a proëm. By this time, hand and pen are warmed, ideas and ink flow freely, and hurry skurry on we go, "over park, over pale, thorough bush, thorough briar," struggle toughly up the hills, swoop triumphantly down the dales, and dash through the hissing torrent, with the heart of Achilles, or William of Deloraine, and with the eagle-conquering speed of Bürger's ghostly heavy dragoon! But now as we approach the goal (the ninth folio of foolscap), dark fears come across me, how to arrest my flaming course. Now I do envy Lieut. Hatchway's anchorage in the clover field; nay! even the son of Kehama, for whose landing Mr. Southey has provided as effectually, if not quite so pleasantly.

On—on they roll,—rapt headlong they roll  
 on,—  
 . . . . .  
 On—on they roll, and now, wish shivering  
 a shock,  
 Are dash'd against the rock that girds the  
 pole,  
 Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy  
 soul  
 Is dropt—ten thousand thousand fathoms  
 down,  
 Till in an ice-rift 'mid the eternal snow,  
 Foul Arvalan is stopt.

There was a *stop*, my countrymen!  
 But the Editor's trumpet sounds  
*Halt!* my pen is *bona fide* pulled up  
 into line; this manœuvre, however,  
 being performed on the fore legs, in-



stead of the haunches, the master is in danger of tasting the grass, three feet beyond the nose of his steed.

I trusted, by this time, to have got upon my subject, as the composers say, but my will backs as obstinately as a cat,\* and this arises from my incapability of fashionable feelings. For

When the flowers are appearing  
In the blythe month of May;

and the smooth-shaven elastic lawns are smothered with lilacs and laburnams; when

——— the bees

Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas;

and the early birds shake away the moisture from the young twigs, in a "roarie" shower; then must I away from the suffocating streets, and the dusty trees in the Park, to the odorous pheasant-haunted groves of \* \* \*, with its birch-covered steeps, and bashful stream: and let the "monster London laugh at me," as Cowley says, it shall find it a hard task to draw me voluntarily back again. At this season, I change my nature, and feel most intimately the connexion between the animal and vegetable world—nay, more than half of me to the latter doth belong; water is as necessary as air:—a soaking shower re-invigorates me, and washes away the black vapours of the brain—my winter-likings and town enjoyments slide out of place, and seem to me great vanity and dross—even my selection of books must harmonize with the time of year. Homer loses considerably with me, and is postponed to the Georgics:—I can read a little of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, most of his *White Doe*, and many of his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Browne's pastorals find favour, and the song of the Nibelungen is laid aside. I have an utter distaste for Pope, and a most marvellous clinging to Chaucer's fragrant lusty descriptions of May scenery.† I wear out the boards of an Isaac Walton, with his *pious chansons*, every summer, and thumb the *Fairy Queen* most notably. (How can any poetical mind find it tedious?) With

books like these, I can trifle away the summer hours, not without opportunities of benefiting others—the contemplative life preferring to the active; esteeming it, with old Chapman, "much more manly and sacred, in harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than to shine in our vain-glorious bubbles and impieties."

I said a little way back, that my tastes and likings seemed changed at this time. During the drizzlings of November and February, and the east winds of March, I enter with great gusto into the amusements of town. I see all new exhibitions; hear all new singers; frequent the sacred Argyll, the Cyder Cellar, the Opera, Long's, Colnaghi's, and the *Coal-hole*. I pore over Finiguerra's and Marc Antonio's; rummage carefully the catalogue of Messrs. \* \* \* and \* \* \* &c. for old *bokes*, read one or two new ones, write articles, and inspect one magazine (the London), three reviews, one Sunday paper, and six weekly ditto. The *Fine Arts now* more especially sway me; and if the fit did not have an end, I should be in a fair way to go mad with enthusiasm. When I am seated on a comfortable Ottoman, under the light of my lamp, with a friend or two of congenial habits, having my books before me in their mahogany sanctuary crowned with some casts, full-sized, from antique busts and vases, statues round me, and the perfume of greenhouse plants from the anti-room;—when pictures regale my eyes; and the full sound of the harp and piano, with sweet voices from the inner room, my ears; when my tables groan with the weight of volumes of Raffaëlle, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, Parmegiano, Giulio, &c. &c. and the massive portfolio cases open wide their doors, disclosing yet fresh treasures within; then do I riot in immeasurable delight—I am great as Sardanapalus—I hold Sir Epicure Mammon in contempt—I am a concentration of all the Sultans in the Arabian Nights.—Every thing, and every body, seem *couleur de rose!* the coffee is exquisi-

\* I assure the ignorant in domestic natural history, that this simile is as eminently proper for its truth, as any thing in the Chian, and, to the best of my belief, equally novel.

† See his *Flower and Leaf*, *Complaint of the Black Knight*, &c. &c.

sitely fragrant; the salver and spoons become gilt; the Worcester china, the rarest oriental. My interesting young friend \* \* \* is Menelaus' Helen—and the Maraschino, flaming and dancing in its crystal bounds, becomes Nepenthes. But great pleasure is as troublesome as pain; and unable to fix calmly, I wander restlessly from the Delphic Sybil of M. Angelo, to the Pietro Martire of Tiziano—from the Iō of Corregio, to the admirable Ecce Homo of Rembrandt—from the weighty stanzas of the Vatican, to the fiery gallery of the Luxembourg—and from the voluptuous reveries, and terrific dreams, of Fuseli, to the chaste monastic scenes of La Sœur, or the simple innocence of Bonasoni, not having admiration enough wherewithal to admire.

All this flies before the swallow—I babble of green fields, and run to them, while town gaiety is at its height. I lose all relish for artificial existence; criticisms loathing; abjuring theatres, French dishes, French wines, and French fashions; rejecting ornament; scorning all gems,

Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as  
they pass. *Wotton, or Raleigh.*

And when quietly bosomed in my cottage with the lody of my heart, I view the bright rim of the moon rising above the dark bosky screens on the steeps high above me, I would not exchange the distant bark of the dog for the full tones of Charles Young or Macready; the fresh odours wafted through my casement (guiltless of stained glass), for the Persian perfumes of Lady \* \* \*—nor the faint roar of the unseen water-mill, for the dulcet voices of sweet Kate, our Salmon, nor even Camporese; and much less for that of Madam Marinone or Signor de Begni.—Rossini I care not much for—Beethoven moves me not—Paër hath but little power, and even Mozart—but no! amid this scenery his “*magic flute*” breathes more wildly, and “*Ah perdona*” pierces the heart with a still deeper pang of harmonious love. I have

been watching the frolics of the lambs all day, and at night regret not the slender elegance of Milanie, the voluptuous agility of Noblet, nor the astonishing ease and precision of Fanny Bias! Pictures and prints affect me but little, excepting those of Claude, Rubens, Poussin, Ruysdael, Wilson, Turner, Collins, the drawings of W. Daniel and Dewint, or the etchings of Waterloo, Vivares, Kolbe,\* G. and W. Cooke, not forgetting the faithful aquatintas of W. Westall. Nested serene in this cool *greenery*, I am contented to sit unknown to fame and its concomitant detraction; coveting nothing so little as the task of writing an article on the Exhibition, with its unseavoursy associations of heat and smother.

Nevertheless, here I am in London; have been twice to Somerset House; and now I must flourish my goose feather. What a miserable wretch is he who hath the practice of painting; and how doubly miserable to be obliged to show it in criticisms! Instead of placidly admiring, like the happy ignorant in these matters, the pictures which please him, he worries himself and others to death about some error in perspective, some weakness in drawing, a slight deficiency in keeping, or some unhappiness in the touch or surface, which no one else in the world can see but himself. I myself am as bigoted to all this delightful trumpery as any body ever was; yet I loathe writing on it; still it must be done. I *must show* my science, or the *sciences* will deem me incapable, and my reputation as a judge is blasted—others, again, will call it “affectations,” and my popularity goes out like the snuff of a rushlight. This is Scylla and Charybdis. I shall accommodate my style to both parties, and the respective pictures.

I must be allowed another objection or two. In noticing the works of contemporaries, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the honestest mind to separate prejudices from genuine opinions. I would cut off my forefinger (of the left hand) to be impartial, yet I never can satisfy myself

\* An admirable German artist, whose style of touching gnarled oaks, age-mossed, and fore-grounds in general, surpasses the English even in a greater degree than they in their turn excel the French. If the reader doubt this, let him walk to Coltragni's or Molteni's, and compare Kolbe's etchings with the Lithography of Mr. Hofland.

that I am so. With several of our greatest artists I have the honour to be acquainted, and love sees no faults.—If I remark on the apparent deficiencies of \* \* \* or \* \* \* , it is not that these deficiencies are offensive to me; but I have a morbid sensitiveness for their fame, which leads me to look with the eyes of the hard and inimical, so to prevent their unfeeling and brutal sneers.

Things that spring up under my nose dazzle me. I must look at them through Time's Telescope. Elia complains that to him the merit of a MS. poem is uncertain;—"print," as he excellently says, "settles it."—Fifty years' toning does the same thing to a picture. It is very possible, that Sir Thomas Lawrence and Phillips, and Owen, are as good in their way as Vandyke (and they have certainly less affectation).—Wilkie may be better than Teniers, and Westall be as much the originator of a style as Correggio. I really believe our posterity will think so; but in the mean time I am dubious and uncomfortable. I have not the most distant notion of the relative merits of Claude and Turner, and am truly mystified by Stothard and Fuseli. The tremendous "*Vision of the Lazar House*," by the latter, is a perfect staggerer, whether we regard the vigorous conception, the scientific composition, the daring locking together of the principal group, the harmonious colour, the grandeur of the drawing, the propriety of the tone, the breadth of chiaroscuro, or the successful impetuosity of his raging pencil.

If the reader anticipates a detailed account of the pictures in general, or even of those which he may deem the most prominent, he will be disappointed. Even if he should find me rather discussing the characteristic features of the artist's mind, than the immediate emanation of it before us, he must look to my motto, and be content; if not, let him turn to the Literary Gazette, or the Morning Herald, or any thing else he likes better. The great reason for being general instead of particular, is, that my memory is not retentive enough to carry away the pictures from Somerset House, home; there are too many of them; one drives out the other—all balance is lost. It is a scramble,

where big Ben and tufty Tamburlane are sure to have the best of it. A Lord Mayor or Alderman in his gown will knock me down six cabinet Stothard's. A bay horse, with a pea-green back ground, slays the guilty Eriphile over again. William Daniel is suffocated with the smell of a monstrous cabbage '*from nature*,' and a whole length Knight of the Bath, or military hero, in vermilion, shall trample into oblivion twenty heads by Phillips and Owen, the noble pair of friendly rivals. All this battling for popularity muddles my brains, and I sit down to my work without any precise ideas of what I am going to say. I can hold forth for an hour on Titian, or Parmegiano, or Primaticcio; and will draw out off hand, very correctly, the *Creation of Adam* by M. Angelo, the *Abraham and Isaac* of Vecelli, the *St. Girolamo* of Mazzuolo, or Raffaello's *Judgment of Paris*; nay, for Mr. Weathercock's favourite Rembrandt, I could dash it out in chiaroscuro blindfold, because I am gloating on the engravings from these masters all day long. I think I can do nearly as much for several pictures in the last year's exhibition; but the present is about as an agreeable confusion to me as Ariosto on the first perusal. But to begin in good earnest: Lo! here is that useful member of the Academy, Samuel Stronger, with his gracious nod—there, dark under the stream of light, rests Alcides (of whom some Newton in anatomy found out the other day that the muscles were more charged and exaggerated than his own pitiful models); and before me winds the stair, with ladies ascending and descending, like the Angels in Jacob's dream. "With your leave, good Sir, Madam, or Miss, I will halt on the first floor, and enter the Library."

Let us look at 1080, by Gandy. It is an imitation of Piranesi's *Capriccios*, consisting of various friezes and pieces of plate, and is very fanciful, but wants keeping, solidity, and breadth, in the chiaroscuro; for this class of subjects demands the greatest attention to mechanicals. I would just as soon have this artist's *Mount of Judgment*, which he exhibited several years ago, as Martin's *Belshazzar*; and there was an invention

still farther back (by the same hand, I believe), which struck me very much—the Interior of the Temple of Jupiter, at Elis, as described by Pausanias. I'll follow you into the Antique Academy, if you please, where we have a great curiosity, the first paper sketch ever publicly exhibited by Fuseli (530), *The Deliverance of Prometheus*, a grand composition; as which of the professor's is not? I never saw any thing finer than the startled eagle, "the winged hound of Jove," heaving his ruffled plumes over the enduring Titan. An abyss yawns between him and the deliverer, who rises on the opposite peak bearing his deep-roaring bow. The round moon shines out broadly without a cloud on the ghastly scenery, whose blank desolation is unbroken by a shrub, a stump, a weed, or even a pebble. There is not an unnecessary or extraneous particle about this conception: as its parts are simple, so its whole is tremendous. This is the way to imitate and rival M. Angelo; by investigating his principles, and daringly acting on them; not pursuing the course of Pellegrino Tibaldi,\* by copying the peculiarities of his design, or pilfering an attitude beyond the strength of the plagiarist to manage. I wish the room had been farther enriched by this inexhaustible inventor's *Prometheus Vincens*, or *Achilles' Vision of Heaven*, with the corpse of the dusky Memnon in the foreground; or his large drawing of *Siegfried and the Linden-worm*—as it is, the admirers of genius must be contented. I hear he is now busily painting his *Lycidas* on a large scale, ("What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn,") by commission: also the first appearance of *Undine in the Cottage of Ulrich*. Sir T. Lawrence, who already is the possessor of his voluptuous *Expectation*, *The Brunhild and Gunther*, and *Chriemhild weeping over the Body of Siegfried in the Cathedral at Worms*, has purchased the *Hero and Leander*, which

composition a little resembles the rapturous embrace of Adam and Eve after the transgression, known by the large print of Mr. Haughton, the able miniature painter. The expression, however, of the *Sestian Maid* is far more intense, and is in its way second to no picture I ever saw. The colouring I do not like; but the character of the wild sea is capitally seized—you may fairly hear the wind roaring round the tower. I would give a trifle for a feeling transcript of the priestess' head.—No. 559, *North Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington*, is a singular example of what may be done without the commonest notion of light and shade. No. 583 is a frame containing four views, by Mr. Daniel, for his *Coasting Voyage*: a beautifully accurate and chaste work.—The enamels of Bone, RA. and Muss, are too well appreciated to require notice here; but I cannot pass by the charming female portraits (812 and 869), by the king of miniature painters, A. F. Chalon, RA. without expressing my admiration of their freshness, beauty, ease, animation, harmony, and masterly execution. This gentleman is not merely the first in his profession, but nobody comes near him by full six degrees of merit. Nevertheless, the heads of Robertson, Haughton, Newton, and Hayter, are very clever; and there is a young lady, Miss L. Sharp, who promises to become shortly (if she be not already) a most formidable rival to these gentlemen. Be so good, my kind reader, to look at her half length of dear *Miss M. Tree* (who has been very ill, poor soul!) in *Viola* (868). Miss Eliza Reynolds, too, seems getting on rapidly, in every sense of the word:—and there are two pretty oil pictures by H. Corbould (494), and A. Perigal (499).

My business is not with the obvious and palpable, but with the neglected or misunderstood; for which reason I shall say little or nothing on

\* I have not forgotten "that wonder of foreshortening, of conglobation and eccentricity," the *Elpenor on the Architrave*, (Ὀδύσσεια. κ. 552. 'Ελπίτωρ ἢ τις ἰσχυρὸς Νωτατος, &c.); nor Polyphemus groping at the entrance of his cave, "who is truly in the conception of the whole, and in the detail of the parts a self-invented being; a form than which M. Angelo himself never conceived one of savage energy, provoked by sufferings and revenge, with expression, attitude, and limbs, more in unison." The same being, waking under the agony of the burning wimple, is energetic, if not original; but in his *Ulysses and Chere*, I find nothing but posture.

portrait, cattle, familiar landscape, or what we term common life—which subjects I find every body comprehends better than myself. There should be two of us—one for “*Ercles’ vein*,” and the other for the gusto of Holland. I never read above eighteen pages of Mr. Crabbe’s poems; and having no touch of humour or simple nature about me, cannot relish above four or five of Mr. Wilkie’s pictures, of which I have the prints. (*The Rent Day*, I esteem chiefly.) I look at them coldly; and instead of setting myself, as every critic should do, to discover intellectual beauties, I boggle at his colour. This is my fault, not his; and I love to hear him praised by a competent judge, heartily—yes, i’faith, heartily.—Mulready’s *Careless Messenger* (134), which I have heard abused, hits my fancy stronger than either 131 or 37, by his great rival. I really *feel* this picture; which shows as much subtlety in expression, and is more painterlike, than the far-famed *blind fiddler*! The moiety of the kneeling boy’s eye is worth a whole Jew’s eye—so is the culprit’s right hand. I could say a monstrous deal about the tall gawky lad leaning primly against the wall; and show every thing the painter intended *not* to show in his face; but there are many other pictures I must attend to.

We are now in the great room, reader, where, if you have no objection, we will sit down behind this gay party, who seem to be dealing about their remarks as freely as you and I do. “Whose is that?” “Fuseli’s.”—“La! What a frightful thing! I hate his fancies of fairies and spirits and nonsense. One can’t understand them.” (Speak for yourself, miss!) “It’s foolish to paint things which nobody ever saw, for how is one to know whether they’re right? Isn’t it, Mr. D——?” “Ha, ha! Very good indeed—pon my life you’re very severe!”—“What a pity that Fuseli should not have known all this earlier in life, that he might have abjured Oberon, and painted portraits of ladies and—joint stools.—M. Angelo, Raffaello, Giulio, &c. were equally ignorant, or they never would have deluged us with such absurdities as angels, cherubim, gods, nymphs, satyrs, and tritons, creations just as ideal as the sylphs and satans

of Fuseli; only a few hundred years have reconciled us to them. This is sickening stuff, yet it is as common as air. Stothard, whose taste of design is the antipodes of the fiery Keeper, meets with just as much misapprehension and contempt. For one person who talks of the juicy Hilton, we have ten who rave about Edwin Landseer and Captain Jones. The elegant Westall, and the classical Howard, are not much better off: and the spirited illustrator of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, is forgotten before the bust of Turnerelli, or the ineffable fopperies of the effeminate Canova.

A little while ago some of the periodicals made a stir about Thorsvaldsen. I turned over a large volume of careful prints after the basso-relievos or alto-relievos of this sculptor, without meeting anything like an original thought or striking attitude. The whole series was cold, commonplace, and plagiaristic.—Our countrymen are bitten, as they were in Queen Bess’s time, with a rage for every thing foreign: they go to Paris and purchase ephemeral lithography, indecent miniatures, wretched eye-cutting Napoleon medals, laborious brassy-unartist-like prints by Desnoyers;—to Antwerp, and gather mock Rubenses;—and at Rome, they contract by the gross for counterfeit cameos, modern antiques, oil pictures by M. Angelo (who never painted but *one* in his life), copies from M. Antonio, and thirty times retouched impressions of the *Last Supper* and *Transfiguration* of Morghen, and the *Vatican Stanzas* of Volpato. These people come home and fancy themselves patrons of the Arts! So they are, but not of the *Fine Arts*.

I don’t know that there is any thing new to be said on the portraits of Phillips and Owen; every body who has eyes or understanding knows that they are excellent. I wish Mr. Jackson, who is fond of imitation, would for once, and for ever, imitate these two gentlemen, by getting down from Sir Joshua’s horse, and mounting one of his own: it is an awkward thing to ride on the tail, and not a little dangerous. At present he is fighting under false colours, as it were; and we are quite in the dark as to his natural style, unless (which Titian and Sir Thomas Lawrence forbid)

*Macready in Macbeth* is a specimen of it. Mr. J. will excuse my remarks if he sees them, which is not likely; but really his portrait of the venerable Northcote is so good that it is a great pity it is not better.

I should not have been so officious as to mention the beautiful works of the President, if (as I am told) several of the Grub-street critics had not presumed to criticise his *Lord Londonderry* in a most ignorant style. I will venture to say, that drapery never was more scientifically nor more gracefully arranged, than the proud robes of the Marquis; and any one acquainted with the practice of art, knows this to be the test of taste: the attitude is noble, and the drawing correct.—What, in the name of fortune, would these pretenders have? Can any one of them tell? I trow not. His *Princess Charlotte* has been long known by the delicate and masterly crayon drawing in Colnaghi's inner room; besides which, we are daily expecting the final proof from the burin of Mr. Golding. The expression of this ill-fated lady's eyes is exquisite—it is poetry—it looks like a dissolving air of Mozart—it is Lord Byron's idea, "the mind, the music breathing from her face," painted. I write this from the recollection of the drawing, which is my first love.

*Lady L. Lambton* is a perfect vision—a thing for a Nympholept to madden on—and is at the same time quite as like as necessary.—Northcote's *Burial of the Princess in the Tower* (22) is his best work, and that in which he seems to have gone most beyond his ordinary level. The print by Skelton renders this fine thing well known. He has another historical subject (217), *The Marriage of Richard Duke of York to the Lady Anne Mowbray, 1477*.

The little *Watts Russells* (271), Phillips, is a composition of great labour in the making up: the coat of the dwarf poney is painted with singular felicity and richness of colour; so is the peacock's starry train.—*The Murder of the Primate Sharp*, attended with such circumstances of cold-blooded cruelty, is hardly a subject for recital, except in history. The novelist has avoided it in a most masterly manner in his *Old Mortality*; but Mr. Allan was not so squeamish, and

has dragged out the daughter to witness the horrid death-struggles of her silver-haired father. But while I condemn Mr. Allan's choice of a subject, his general execution of it has my warm and sincere commendation. Howard's *Sabrina* (62) seems to want more action and energy. It is surely altogether a little heavy; and does not, in my opinion, come up to his picture from another moment of the same story, exhibited at the British Institution a year or two ago. It is a pity that this last is not engraved; it would be extremely popular, both at home and abroad. His *Titania*, curled amidst a world of virgin lilies, while her nymph-like elves roll round in giddy wheel under the wide moon's watery beams, was a lovely picture, and deserved greater commemoration than it received in a vignette to *Balantyne's Shakspeare*. The story of his *Diomedé and Cressida*, in the same book, is completely told, and the expressions are at once tasteful and true.

Thomson's *Bed-time* (77) is elegant and domestic: this gentleman's females are always very amiable and womanly—soft, and dependent, without tameness; gentle, without insipidity; and warm, without immodesty. In hitting this delicate mark, he excels even Stothard, whose girls sometimes "smell most grievously of bread and butter," and degrade simplicity into inanity.—A *Scene in Borrowdale*, by Collins, (87) is very soothing and picturesque, but seems a little more like Gainsborough's than the artist's natural style; perhaps he will take this for a compliment—I don't mean it for one. He has a most delicious *Morning on the Kentish Coast* (154), which I verily believe keeps the Exhibition sweet and fresh! This picture is genuine landscape, not accurate topography. It is the offspring of taste, feeling, and skill; not of mere industry and servile transcription.

Miss Landseer's *View on the Grounds of Felix Hall, Essex*, (112) is very well worth any one's attention; and there is one of the queerest little pictures, in respect to colour, by Stothard, that you ever saw (109): *Sancho relates to Don Quixote the famous visionary Interview with Dulcinea*. It was very prettily engraved in a small size by Raimbach, for Mr. Sharp, of Piccadilly; who, unfortunately for me,

does not retain a single impression. If any very charitable reader, who may possess Mr. S.'s edition of the *Spanish Don*, would have the kindness to cut out the four frontispieces, and send them directed to 'Cornelius van Vinkbooms, care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey,' I shall be duly thankful (always provided they be not retouched); as I am, and have been for some time, making a collection of engravings from Stothard, and have not at present more than 800; among which, however, are Mr. Weathercock's favourite series from Robinson Crusoe, by *Medland!* The smooth, spiritless, modern repetitions, with the name of Charles Heath, in Cadell's edition, I had; but have since turned them out.

Now look up to the top of the room, and tell me if the man who composed *Lysander, Hermia, and Puck*, (27, Singleton,) ought not to paint a thousand times better, and without such superabundance of *manner and finisiness*? One year's occasional study from the antique, from the life, and from Ludovico Caracci, would restore all.

That is a very splendid picture of the modest Mr. Hilton's (*Nature blowing bubbles*); but I don't see why a fine plump young woman, lying under the shade of ardent sunflowers, on the sandy margin of a splashing fountain, and idly busied in bubbling water through a reed, should be dignified with the abstract title of Nature. However, it is not fair to try the ornamental style by the severe rules of the epic or dramatic. With Mr. H., the subject is merely considered as a vehicle for contrasted postures, and effects of colour: of course it would be ridiculous to censure the artist for fulfilling his own intentions:—these intentions he seems to have completely achieved. His attitudes are well chosen; his grouping and chiaroscuro are pleasing, if not striking; his drawing is correct; (I must except the face of the fair-haired child with the coronal of convolvuluses, which smells a little of Rubens;) the colouring at once clean and rich, gay and harmonious; his lights well impasted; his shadows transparent; and his execution airy, yet firm—delicate, yet bold. The in-

vention is certainly rather common-place; and Mr. H. has a complete disregard for *harmony of lines*. The folds of his drapery, and the forms of his wild plants and flowers, are awkward and stiff: they have been dashed in quite at random: he has never thought about them: and the effect on an eye accustomed to the grace and scientific drawing of Giulio, Parmegiano, Bonasone, and our Lawrence, Stothard, and Edward Burney, is very disagreeable. If Mr. Hilton will take the trouble to look candidly at G. Ghisi's large print of *Cephalus and Procris*, Bonasone's *Vendanges de Venus*, (Bartsch, vol. xv. No. 3,) or the arrangement of the curls in M. Antonio's *Dance of Children*, or his large *Supper* from Raffaello, he will instantly comprehend my objection. Whether he will condescend to pay any attention to this hint, I doubt; at all events, I have offered it with the most perfect good-will towards him, which I hope will excuse the freedom of the style. Those who, like myself, have closely observed this artist's progress, will no doubt join me in esteeming the flesh of his *Nature* as the finest he has yet produced. Her swelling breast palpitates.

I like J. Chalon's *Green-stall* (144) very much; it looks clean; there is such a pumpkin! as Grimaldi says.—No. 143, *Le Billet*, A. E. Chalon, R.A. is of course a most fashionable looking scene: the arch expression of the young lady in the black satin Spanish dress is very bewitching, to my notions: and I wish that I had been the lucky man, instead of Mr. Chalon (it is a portrait); though very likely, for my own sake, it is just as well as it is. Heigho! but I must not be fickle, and forget *Susanne*.—No. 135, *The Interior of a Stable, with Portraits*, Agasse, is most naturally touched; and I am very glad that it has a place in this room. Howard has a poetical design from Spenser, *The House of Morpheus* (169); and Mr. Cooper a spirited *Portrait of a Hunter* (165); the sky background of which outrages nature, without gaining effect.

In the corner stands *Sir Humphry Davy* himself, by the President. The features are most scientifically and

\* A picture in the last Exhibition.

feelingly drawn; every shape is made out—nothing is blurred; yet the whole together is broad, light, dashing, and apparently even careless. Ward has a *Horse*, brilliantly painted, with great power of brush;—and, next to it is the *Eriphile*, of the Keeper—a picture of much force in the actions, colouring, and chiaroscuro. The composition is extremely simple and severe, and is rather monumental than picturesque. I think the attitude of the traitorous wife has been hinted at in the antique; if so, Fuseli has made a noble use of it. In the murky veil which only half discloses the Furies pouring hot on the chase, the acute observer will detect some admirable tones.

The venerable *West*, by Sir Thomas, is of sterling merit—the ease and character of the attitude; the breadth, richness, depth, and grand sobriety; show at once the pre-eminence of the style of Titian, over the too frequent blusterings and attitudinizations of Vandyke. The whole length of *Viscountess Pollington and her Child* (208) is a gentle and touching image of motherly tenderness; and, by possessing the power of exciting general sympathy, deserts the class of portraiture for that of history. It is worth a hundred of Carlo Maratti's *Madonnas*. Below this, is a very pretty *Lady's Head*, by Pickersgill, which would be better if it had more of Lawrence's spirit, without so much of his worst manner. Stothard has a large repetition of part of a smaller picture, exhibited some years ago, and which, I fancy, is engraving as a companion to the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. It represents a selection of Shakspeare's characters, from *As You Like It*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*, together with Falstaff. It has, of course, great beauties; but wants fire, both in the conception and execution. Miranda is innocence personified; and the group of *Lear* and *Cordelia* is worthy of the artist's ancient name; but the *Macbeth* is feeble, mean, and mannered; which latter fault pervades the whole picture.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,  
Tasting of Flora, and the country green,  
Dance and provençal song, and sun-burnt  
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple stained mouth!

These beautiful lines, by the ill-fated Keats, are as beautifully embodied by Stothard, in his glowing design of *The Vintage* (20), on which I must dissent a little before I leave the room. Danby's *Disappointed Love* does his feeling and powers of judgment the highest credit. The whole scene is completely filled with the primary idea; but, at present, this artist may be compared to Mr. Wordsworth's poet, wanting the gift of verse; and his picture, to an ugly woman, with a beautiful mind. Mr. Danby has not apparently sufficient practice in oil colours, to paint his own pathetic conceptions; and there are but few observers who will give themselves the trouble to hunt for beauty of design, or invention, when the eye is discouraged by a forbidding execution. To point out particular faults, would be at present useless; another year of application will light me on my way more clearly. Leslie's *May Day* (8) is a very cheerful, pleasing picture; and, I believe, has enjoyed its full share of praise, though it is rather an object for one of Janus's sentimentalities, than for serious criticism—at least, I feel it so now, when I am tired to death of skipping from one thing to another—but, if I ever meet with it again, either in public or in private, I will try to do it more justice. There is a little too much of Smirke about it in the expressions and postures, to please me.

I fancy I may now proceed to the anti-room, where I find a very clever group, by Linnel—*Lady Torrens, and Family*. It is unequal; but parts are drawn with great skill and precision; witness the fore-shortened leg of the fine vigorous little creature on its mother's knees. The girl with the pallet is a most interesting figure; and the cast of features, hair, &c. reminds one not a little of Leonardo, or Luino; who, I shrewdly suspect, are as great favourites with Mr. L. as they are with me. Look at his charming portrait of *Mrs. Brooks* (307), and tell me if I am not right. The tone of his flesh is too low to appear with advantage by the side of Phillips, Jackson, and Owen; otherwise, I think his principal work should have had a place in the *School*



of Painting, at least: Pickersgill's *Morning* (340) might have made way; or Mrs. Annesly's *Mistake*, entitled *Satan*, &c. Martin's *Revenge* (379) would furnish matter for a very poetical article, but I must be brief; therefore briefly, Mr. M. if you value your own fame, brush out the whole of your frittered, shingly, gaudy foreground, together with those execrably executed figures—put it in again in a broad massy severe style, so as to set off the sublime distance, and you will have achieved a work to live in the recollections of our posterity, when not a thread of your canvas remains. Do not despise this advice, because the giver is unknown to you; it comes from the greatest master of effect that ever lived, Rembrandt van Ryn! and, for a proof of my assertion, I refer you to his *Jacob's Dream*, in the Dulwich Gallery; or his large etching of the *Three Crosses*; from which you will practically learn how materially terror is increased by obscurity. This is a truism; nevertheless it seems quite new to Mr. Martin. S. W. Reynolds, jun. appears to possess talent; therefore, I am sorry he does not strive to imitate nature, rather than the manner of Sir Joshua's faded pictures. This is not the way to rival his great namesake, but it is the way to draw on him a repetition of the contemptuous classification, which confounded among the servile crowd the names of Salvati, Leandro Bassano, Baroccio, Alessandro Mazzuolo, Jordaens, Bramer, Flink, and Eeckhout. See Reynolds's Works, Sixth Discourse. Over the door, we have a *Hebe*! by a gentleman of the name of Stroehling; and, I think, it can be safely set down, without flattery, as about the worst thing in the Academy. The President's *West*, and *this*, are the alpha and omega of modern portrait. *Cat Grove*, with the *Winter Night's Fight between the Gamekeepers and Poachers* (435, H. Corbould), has a great deal of merit—so have Nos. 366 and 421, by the Bones. Lane's *Portrait of Dr. . . .* (421) is not only well painted, as becomes a late pupil of Lawrence, but absolutely more like than the original.

*Poor Relations*, by Stephanoff, evinces very great and deep observation of nature. The expressions

are vigorous and true; the whole conception harmonized with a poet's power; that is, every thing about it tells the same story; it is pregnant with good sense (a great scarcity in modern art) and good feeling—it is a moral picture; it holds the mirror up to the world, and shows it the horrid deformity of its cold-blooded prejudices. We are all of us acting the part of this *Old Lord Luxury* in his easy chair, every day, and are not aware of it, in spite of Tom Jones and Mr. Stephanoff. I shall see the better for this *couching* as long as I live; so, I trust, will many more of us. This is being really a painter, not a mere ornamental colourist like Mr. . . . . I have not time to point out all the variety of intelligence which is combined in this little picture; but I think that our *Elia* would manage it beautifully—let me suggest it to him. I must, however, before I go, compliment Mr. S. on the extreme modesty, freshness, innocence, and beauty, of the girl's head; a fair young rose from a drooping stock. I never saw a more interesting countenance. He was quite right in making her handsome, which is just as probable as that she should be the reverse; besides, his object was to strike at once on the sympathy; and beauty in distress will always excite pity, where deformity will create disgust!—There is still great room for improvement in the mechanical parts, especially *melowness of touch, and surface*; but, these difficulties being overcome, Mr. S. will find himself at once in a higher rank than the delineators of bitten apples, cut fingers, and all the long list of the results of mere diligent observation and patient imitation of objects intrinsically worthless, and devoid of the genuine elements of either humour or pathos. I hope that *Poor Relations* is sold—if not, allow me to say, that 150l. could not be better laid out by a patron of art, than in the purchase of it. This is entirely my own valuation. I never saw Mr. S. in my life, and have no sort of communication with any one belonging to him; but I have casually heard a very high character of him for industry, and for struggling most worthily for fame and a livelihood, under truly disheartening circumstances. To this moment, I be-

Neve, he has never met with any thing like adequate reward. If this be true, I need say no more to an Englishman. Perhaps an effectual way of serving the artist, would be by causing a good engraving to be published at the risk of such individuals as may choose to enter into a subscription for that purpose, the profits to be handed over to Mr. S. I am too much occupied, and my name is too obscure, for me to appear as a leader in this scheme; but what I can, I will; my ten guineas (and I wish they were twenty) are ready when called for; and one line to Mr. *Fine Arts*, care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, shall produce them in the course of two hours from receipt of notice.

Several excellent pictures still hang on my hands; among which are Stothard's *Vintage*, Callcott's *Dover Castle*, Etty's gorgeous *Cleopatra*, Clint's *Scene from Lock and Key*, the sketch (*Jealousy*) by the unwearied Keeper, the Landscapes of Sir G. Beaumont, Cooper's *Decisive Charge of Cromwell at Long Marston Moor*, Phillips's *Lady Harriet Drummond*, Captain Hastings's *Storm off the Cape*, the beautiful works of Mr. Constable, W. Daniel's tremendous

*Sea in the Bay of Biscay* (an admirable composition), Stark's *View near Norwich*, and *The Quarreling Scene between Sampson and Balthazar, Romeo and Juliet*, by the improving Briggs. Most of these demand a much longer notice than my limits will allow; but I regret the omission the less, as they are all able to stand by themselves without my feeble props. I promise myself the pleasure of recurring to those of Fuseli, Stothard, Daniel, and Etty, at some future period—till when, I bid farewell!

CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS.

June 18.

P. S. Dear me! I've quite forgot the Masonry!

P. S. 2dus. Mr. Elton will have the goodness to accept my sincere thanks for his unexpected compliance with my wish. I take his compliment, addressed to the Editor, all to myself, I assure him. Could he not afford the public some more selections from Nonnus, or his favourite Apollonius? I suppose that Mr. E. has seen the note prefixed to some selections from his *Musæus*, in the preface to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, edited by Mr. Singer.

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#### BALLAD.

I DREAMT not what it was to woo,  
And felt my heart secure;  
Till Robin dropt a word or two,  
Last evening, on the moor,  
Though with no flattering words, the while,  
His suit he urged to move,  
Fond ways inform'd me, with a smile,  
How sweet it was to love.

He left the path to let me pass,  
The dropping dews to shun;  
And walk'd, himself, among the grass,—  
I deem'd it kindly done.  
And when his hand was held to me,  
As o'er each stile we went,  
I deem'd it rude to say him nay,  
And manners to consent.

He saw me to the town, and then  
He sigh'd, but kiss'd me not;  
And whisper'd, "We shall meet again,"  
But did not say for what:  
Yet on my breast his cheek had lain;  
And though it gently press'd,  
It bruised my heart, and left a pain  
That robs it of its rest.

JOHN CLARE.

## LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

## No. III.

To Dr. L. M. Allan, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London.

Edinburgh, June, 1821.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You will think it strange, but it is nevertheless true, that I am growing tired of this place;—the charm of novelty has faded, and, as if in revenge for the preferable hold of my feelings which I allowed it to take at first, my old associations are now rising thick about me, in all the bitterness of retributive infliction. Your last letter helped greatly to aggravate their severity; and, in spite of all our laughing at the sentimentalists, there are times when we ourselves would be justly the objects of our own ridicule. You pretend to scout my lachrymose account, as you call it, of the desolation of almost every spot of ground where the happiest moments of our lives were passed; and I am glad you *pretend* it, for, God knows, although nobody will accuse me of an undue participation in the cant of sensibility, particularly of that arising from boyish recollections; yet, I should never have the regard for you, my dear Allan, which you know I have, if I thought you utterly dead to what, with all our sneers, we must admit to be our natural feelings.

What is less strange, though unfortunately equally true, is, that the place is getting tired of me:—My friends seem to have done with me: now that we have necessarily ceased to interest, or rather to excite the feelings of each other, by remembrances of the past time, we drop into the insipid monotony of a time, which, to both parties, is, indeed, the *ignorant* present: I have no pursuit or interest in common with those in whose friendship I have had, and have, a high place; and we draw along together, each wondering at the *outré* subjects that engross the attention of the other. I cannot get one of them to understand why I have a feeling of regret for the demise of Johnnie Dowies, and why I would *now* rather have had a bottle of the real Younger in his *coffin*, than wallow in the best Maraschino and Chateau-Margôt of the Royal Hotel.

The striplings call me Crockery, (a personage who has travelled North as well as East,) and affect to join in my groans over the alterations of the Regent Bridge, County Hall, Jail, Nelson's Monument, &c.; and, if the truth were told, I have my private lamentations over every one of these stupendous works: they led to the demolition of many places which events endeared to me, and to one which is interesting to almost all Europe,—The Heart of Mid Lothian,—which, woe is me, I was too late to get a last look of; I have, however, possessed myself of a snuff-box made out of its door. Now if these railers would step to the East Indies for a dozen years or so, and, upon their return, find their Ambrose's, Royal Hotels, and other places of modern resort, demolished for the sake of a bridge or a tolbooth, of which they never felt the want, they would understand how an alteration may be lamented, although it is a visible improvement. This subject would lead me into an endless disquisition,—it seems to me (without having considered it deeply) that it is the same principle that makes the old man the *laudator temporis acti*; time, in his case, effecting what absence and change of circumstances have done in mine.

When one reads and hears of the unparalleled improvements made in the whole construction of Edinburgh, during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, one would think it impossible that there *could* be any improvement in the first twenty years of the nineteenth; just as in the world at large, we cannot imagine what there is at this time to be improved, discovered, or invented; and yet we have only to compare two periods, to be abundantly satisfied, that neither the world, nor Edinburgh, has stood, or will stand still. What changes in manners, even after their total new cast in the twenty preceding years!—what extension of intercourse! Here, for example, twenty years ago, it was much more rare

to meet English company, than it is now to meet French; in common life, you hardly ever met an Englishman resident; and when you happened to discover them by their language in the street, you invariably put them down for tumblers, play actors, riders, or discharged valets, as their dresses (which were always singular to us) might indicate. Now, you have difficulty in distinguishing the English people; and for singularity of dress, it is to the natives you must look: the street *Exquisites* here, you must know, are quizzed in the most admirable manner into a belief, that if they get their clothes from London, or from a tailor who visits London, or who has the word "London," on his sign-board, they swagger in the identical cut of Weston, or Allen and Wilson; and hence you see the most antediluvian length of tails, and shortness of waists, to say nothing of the other qualities, exhibiting in all the self-satisfaction, and nonchalance, which the wearer assumes, from a *knowledge* of his being the tip of *ton*!

Twenty years ago, when you met strangers at the houses of your acquaintances, you were introduced to each other by name, and not unfrequently with some absurd laudatory preface or other. Now, you are left to disclose your name and merits yourself, (as who can know them better!) and you have often the pleasure of fixing them in your co-visitor's memory for ever, by some blundering sneer at his absent cousin, or ill-natured remark upon his deceased brother-in-law; an improvement in manners, of which I have felt the advantage more than once since my arrival here.

Twenty years ago, cards were unknown, at least untouched, among the middle classes of Edinburgh, except at Christmas, when a game at Catch-the-Ten was tolerated, more for the opportunity which it afforded of deprecating the "Deevil's pictured books," than for any amusement derivable from it. Now, the tradesmen's wives have whist and loo tables all the year round; and Catch-the-Ten is the nightly resource of retired coal skippers, and independent fish women.

Twenty years ago, there were only

three newspapers published in Edinburgh, in the height of war. They were read only by the upper ranks; and news descended to the rabble through the old medium of servants, barbers, and journeymen. There are now nine newspapers, in a time of settled peace; they are read by all ranks and ages, and important public information often ascends from the servant to the lord, and from the apprentice to the master.

Twenty years ago, there was only one eighteen-penny magazine, of which you hardly ever heard, and which the middle ranks, and the ladies of all ranks, never saw, except, perhaps, in the booksellers' windows. There are, now, at least a dozen monthly and quarterly publications, with the contents of one or more of which you find almost the whole population acquainted; and their effect on the tone of conversation is sufficiently visible.

Twenty years ago, the High School boys went to school in the summer months at seven in the morning, and at nine in winter; they were, as boys ought to be, wild, hardy, and mischievous; but, among their seniors, silent and modest; attentive to refined conversation when they were permitted to be present at it; and among their fellows, frank, generous, and magnanimous. Now, they go to school all the year round at nine and ten in the morning; look trig and delicate; wear cravats, beaver hats, and watches; sit at table with company, and chatter upon almost all subjects with the most perfect self-possession and consequence.

It would be amusing to carry this comparison of periods skilfully into other branches of life and manners; but I have neither patience nor ability for it. I would, with much pleasure, describe the physical changes on the face of Edinburgh, which seem to interest you so much; but it is really impossible;—for the last five or six years, the average number of houses built yearly is eight hundred; and since I last saw Edinburgh, there have been built at least ten new churches, some of them perfect cathedrals. They have just begun a monument to Lord Melville. It is to stand in the centre of St. Andrew's square, fronting George-street, of course. I cannot see how they are

getting on with it for the paling with which the workmen are inclosed. The west side of the north bridge, from the Blue-Gown's Corner to Prince's-street, has been built up with elegant houses and shops, and a terrace runs at the south end, overhanging Canal-street;—it is, I should think, from sixty to eighty feet high, sufficiently appalling to look over: if such a place were in London, the inhabitants of the houses on it would fill it with plants and shrubs, so that from beneath, it would give no bad cockney idea of the hanging gardens of Babylon;—but that would infer a taking of trouble for the sake of a neat effect, which would be scouted by the homely damsels of Auld Reekie, as useless and unprofitable vanity. The Blue-Gown must be dead; he was the ultimus Romanorum of them twenty years ago, and had been the Autolytus of his day: I forget his rhymes; but they were quite in the school of that most arrant of cozeners:

Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a;  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head  
Of the newest and finest wear-a!

Of his ballads, you might safely say with the shepherd, that you loved them even but too well, for it was “doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, sung lamentably.”

Blue-Gowns naturally lead to the king, who, they say, is going to Ireland after the coronation, and to Scotland next year. We don't half like this preference of Ireland; but it gives the rulers of this city time to prepare themselves for his suitable reception. I am told that they are already in keen debate upon the subject, at their private meetings; and records are searching, and plans digesting; and they go so far as to say, that procedure is arranging:—a deacon of my acquaintance tells us, that some wag has suggested the precedent of Charles the First's time, who was the last English monarch that visited Edinburgh in state; and as his reception, according to my information, is minutely recorded in the town registers, it would be one of the most admirable jokes ever known, if some of the civic body could be quizzed into

moving that it be the rule for George IV.—Would you believe it, in 1633, the Cross of Edinburgh was converted into Mount Parnassus, stuck over with trees, rocks, flowers, &c. (the barren mount!) and between the prongs of the fork, there was an artificial fountain representing Helicon! His Majesty was received at the West Bow, by a female representing Caledonia, who made him a speech in the style of the giants to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; and—

Thus having spoke, the kilted goddess  
kiss'd  
Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

He was then conducted to the west end of the tolbooth, just under the present place of execution, where he was received by *Mercury!* (a second-sight kind of hint, perhaps, that their next meeting would be at a similar place;)—a triumphal arch was here erected, upon which, portraits of some hundreds of Scottish kings were painted; and the messenger of Jove introduced *Fergus*, the father of this line of kings, to give his successor good counsel, and a welcome to his capital:—but the most exquisite device was the Parnassus and Helicon: on one of the peaks, there were two bands of ancient sylvan musicians (*satyrs*, I presume,) and a *barrel organ*; and, on the other peak, were Apollo and the nine Muses! Apollo recited a long panegyric in broad Scotch upon his Majesty, and gave him a thick folio of praises composed expressly for the occasion by the University; the Muses then sang a *carmen triumphale* to the tune of “*Todlin' hame*,” and the king passed on to another arch at the Nether Bow, where he was addressed in a similar style by the *seven planets!*—Horace pretended to believe Augustus a deity upon earth, and begged him to postpone his return to heaven as long as possible, (“*Serus in cœlum redeas*, &c.); but I do not remember to have read of a whole people feigning the gods themselves to come from heaven to welcome their king, and to sing his praises on earth! This was reserved for our classical countrymen, and for a king whom, for a day's pay a-piece, they were afterwards the means of sending to heaven “before his time!” as Lord

Byron says of Don Juan to the other place!

I have been taking some walks about the old town lately. It becomes daily more interesting, as having a chance of being speedily regarded *old*, in the affectionate sense of the term—they absolutely talk of *levelling* the High-street; but what they mean by it, is not so easy to discover. The only interruption now between the castle and the palace, is the *Weigh House*, which, being connected with no antique associations, like the Heart of Mid Lothian, the Cross, and the Nether Bow port, and being, moreover, the ugliest shell ever reared on ground, an eyesore and a nuisance, is preserved with religious veneration, as the last remnant of expiring cheese-mongery!

If my recollection does not much deceive me, it was at Portsburgh-gate that Jock Porteous's mob took the keys, as in the tale; but it was the Nether Bow port that excited the special indignation of Parliament:—Our friend A. remembers this port, and he says that what the House of Lords failed in doing (for a bill passed that House to rase it to the ground), a Canongate baillie effected. His worship's draff carts were some-

times damaged under the narrow archway; and the town council, upon due consideration of *this* grievance, ordered the port to be demolished.

I sent you such papers as I could get on Dr. Home's election to Dr. Gregory's chair. I paid a visit to the infirmary the other day, with a view to see a poor object, of the name of Berry, an actor, whom I have seen (and, I think, so must you) in very different circumstances. I was disappointed, however; for there are many new regulations since we knew it. Poor Mrs. Hume, the housekeeper, is no more. Berry had a benefit on Saturday night, which, I hear, was excellently productive; I was engaged at your cousin's; but I sent him my mite: shall I double it for you? The poor devil will need it all; for I understand he is maimed and decrepid, and utterly unfit for the stage.

The weather here is excessively cold; hailstones, like sugar almonds, and occasional variations of snow! How is it with you? Compliments to Dick, and all your tribe; and believe me, my dear Doctor, yours always, most sincerely,

T. Y.

## THE DRAMA.

### No. XVIII.

It is a difficult thing to write a good tragedy. We know this from having ourselves once attempted a drama (it was a farce), and having, indeed, actually achieved two or three melancholy scenes of a melo-drame, which the coming on of the hot weather compelled us to postpone. We had thought beforehand, that we had wit at our fingers' ends, and were entirely masters of all the turns of pathos; and yet—we do not know how it was, but we did not absolutely satisfy ourselves: perhaps, the world might have been delighted (we were sure of our friends), but we were fastidious, severe; the critical fit came over us in short, and we ceased, for a time, our labours.—It is really a difficult thing. It is not enough to make your dramatic personæ talk as men ordinarily do;

and it is too much to make them talk as men do not. Thus, between two stools—but the proverb is somewhat musty, so, we will e'en leave it, to discuss our monthly task. We will begin with Covent Garden, where, at least, two tragedies have been performed—"Hamlet," and "Damon and Pythias;" and our first shaft shall be at "Hamlet the Dane."

#### COVENT GARDEN.

*Hamlet* was performed on the 8th of June, for the benefit of Mr. Macready: we may be allowed to say, that it gave us pleasure to see a very full house.—Although there prevails a sort of etiquette, we believe, to abstain, on benefit nights, from the critic's common privilege of censure; yet we shall make bold to pursue our usual course on the present occasion,

as being fairest towards the public, and, in the end, perhaps most beneficial to the performer. It is not a worthless compliment that we pay to Mr. Macready, when we adopt this plan; nor will he, we think, (if he should read our article) receive it as such. In truth, had he failed in his performance of Hamlet, we might, probably, have refrained from noticing it, notwithstanding our boast of candour; for it is unpleasant to us would-be-goodnatured critics to inflict pain publicly on those who are for ever in the eye of the public. The summary punishment—be it noisy or negative—which an audience bestows on an actor's errors is, perhaps, sufficient.—When a young gentleman, stage-smitten, comes forward to delight himself (and the town) in Hamlet, or Rover, or the too bewitching Romeo, and convinces us of nothing, but that his years are tender, and that his enthusiasm has outrun his discretion, we are well content to be silent. But it is otherwise when a successful candidate for fame steps forward. It is right that a man, who has the power of conferring pleasure or instruction on the community, should be known to all; and it is on that account partly, and partly in justice to himself, that the merit of an actor is blazoned abroad through the counties. What would our good friends of York, or Salisbury, or Liverpool, do, when the summer drought is on them, were there not an influx from our metropolitan theatres? They would languish, notwithstanding the races, the cathedral, the exchange. What would become of Glasgow (trade-thriving city, famous for snuff and literature,—and to be mentioned, in after annals, as the spot where Mr. Knowles's tragedy of "Virginus" was engendered and brought to light) without Mr. Macready's annual visit, or some of our southern smiles to help it through the year? It would fare but ill, we suspect, without something of this sort to break its monotony. Its argosies had better be wind-bound like Antonio's: its wind-mills, even, had better undergo a change, although it should be like that so famous one which took place in the memorable adventures of the Señor Alonzo Quixada.

But for Hamlet:—Hamlet, then,

it is well known, is one of the finest of plays,—even of the plays of Shakspeare. It is full of a melancholy spirit: not a "villainous melancholy,"—no, nor the courtier's melancholy, nor the lawyer's, nor the lady's, nor the soldier's; but it has a melancholy of its own: it has madness too, but with method in it; and a madness without any method at all. In the one case the frenzy is thrown aside, like a garment overworn and useless. In the other, it is dissipated only by death: it is the canker which grows up with and spreads, and preys upon the sweet blossom of love; it is covered by silence, and fed with tears; and the victim herself, "the fair Ophelia," is accompanied by our deepest sympathy, through every scene of her ill-requited passion, till at last she dies (like the swan) in music.—It is all over melancholy. It is the play from which more quotations are made, more maxims gathered, than any other; and it is celebrated for Hamlet and the ghost. At first, these two "divide the palm" of our attention; the last, with its dusky figure and portentous silence, waving us onward from the platform to the forest, until it bursts its spell and speaks:—the other, a sorrow-stricken son, hanging upon every syllable which the phantom utters, and echoing its hollow tones in words as hollow, until the mailed shadow disappears, and Hamlet is paramount to the end.

We are not of the Partridge faction. We do not like the king best; no, nor the queen; nor the Lord Chamberlain of the kingdom of Denmark, whose accomplishments, in natural history, are so equivocal. We think even that my Lord Osriek (courtier and lord of the bed-chamber) is but indifferently silly, at times, although his method of handling a foil, and the equity of his arbitrations are equally undeniable. No; Hamlet is our passion, as he was Ophelia's. "Would he were thinner" indeed, but let that pass; he is fat, and it cannot be helped,—or denied. He is a fine corporeal piece of philosophy. He becomes well the horror of the scene,—the midnight watch, and the haunted forest; and his melancholy pride blends well with the preternatural darkness of his fortunes.

He has all the regality of grief about him: there is no plebeian wailing, nor vulgar exposure, nor craving of sympathy from every common eye of the court, but he sits throned in the shadow of undivulged and inextricable sorrow, a high commissioned spirit, ordained to deal out vengeance on the murderer and adulterer,—the son and heir of kings and warriors, himself a scholar and a prince, until, at last, he tracks out his fate through its several windings, and arrives at the usual bound,—it is the same in England as elsewhere,—the grave. He was the brightest star that ever broke the gloom of Denmark, and now—

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is he now, the glory and the dream?

Ah! that was beyond the stretch even of the Dane's philosophy. For ourselves, we do not profess to have any: we think even that Dr. Johnson's terrors were by no means ridiculous, although, when we lay our heads on our pillows, we hope (like *Candide*) for the best.

So much has been said and written of Hamlet, and his madness, and his melancholy, and his morality, and his misanthropy (we are absolutely beguiled into alliteration), that we will forbear to perplex the reader with any further inquiry into all or any of these delicate points. We may remark, however, *en passant*, that he was a most paradoxical misanthrope, for, with the single exception of the worthy Claudius, he loved the whole world. It must be admitted, indeed, that he called Polonius a fool (but he was wrong), and that his conduct to Ophelia was not altogether kind; and yet, take him for all in all, he was a model for a prince, and we would that the sun which gilded the roofs of Elsinore had shone upon his grey locks at ninety:

For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally.—

But we are not writing an essay; so we must even take our leave of Hamlet. Two or three lines we may be allowed, from our old love, to quote at parting: they are his last directions to his friend Horatio. There is nothing more touching in all Shakspeare. Hear what he says:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in  
pain,  
To tell my story.

And the story is told, as he wished: then comes in Fortinbras and his soldiers, and Hamlet "the Dane"—dies.

Mr. Macready's personification of Hamlet was, we thought, unequal. He never sinks below mediocrity, and he is generally very far above it: he can *always* be above it when he pleases. In the earlier parts of Hamlet, he was more quiet than suited our taste; (it was a marvel to us how he tamed his fiery spirit down) but in the first soliloquy, he broke out, and showed us that he intended to do something afterwards. Still the part, at first, had the air of not having been thoroughly considered; or, perhaps it was, that Mr. Macready economised his animal spirits. There was, certainly, no misconception; but there was some want of energy, and he failed in making some of (what we should have considered) the obvious effects. But when the play came on before the king, he made amends for all. We certainly never saw that scene acted in a way that could stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Macready's performance. We will say more—we never saw *any* scene played better. We can scarcely except the famous scene in the third act of Mr. Kean's Othello,—or, if that he insisted on, certainly nothing else. The closet scene, with the queen, was also well and very energetically performed; and, indeed, to the end there were many striking instances of high talent. We wish he would give the character a reading or two more, and play it again,—or rather that he would put forth more power in the earlier part, and try to make more of it, instead of disappointing us (yes, disappointing us *a little*) at first, and coming upon us like an electric shock afterwards. He may, if he pleases, make it a very complete piece of acting.—The other characters were respectably filled by Mr. Abbott, Mr. Egerton, and Mrs. Faucit; and Ophelia's songs were delightfully given by Miss Stephens. No one will ever think of stopping her sorrow, if she always sings thus sweet-



ly when she is grieved; but we hope that she never is grieved.

*Damon and Pythias.* This seems to us to be but a bare subject for a tragedy, and yet there have been two written upon it. The first is by an old writer, of the name of Edwards, and is one of the earliest and rudest specimens of the English drama. It is full of anachronisms and inconsistencies of all sorts. The names of the persons represented are partly ancient Greek, partly English, and the rest modern Italian—Damon, Pythias, Will, Jack, Stephano, &c., who, besides the regular dialogue, quote good Latin verses, (we believe, Virgil's) and jabber French. Grinn, the collyer, born at Croydon, (the scene is at Syracuse) is guilty of the last-mentioned fact, and he speaks of "vortie shillings," and pairs of spectacles, and clocks, and other matters, which we had held to be somewhat later inventions.

The style of this play is uncouth and harsh, and yet there is something of character in one or two of the dramatis personæ. Carisophus, the parasite, is a fair specimen of a spy, and seems to understand surveillance, and how to swear away a man's life; and Aristippus, "a pleasant gentleman," as he is called, argues himself pleasantly enough into his own good graces. "To some," he says,

Perhaps it seems strange

That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become;  
who was late no mean philosopher;  
but, he adds:

Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophers.  
I am wyse for myself, then tell me of troth,  
Is not that great wisdom, as the world goth.

But Stephano, Damon's serving man, does not relish philosophy. In the boldness of his hunger, he says:

Surely, for all your talk of philosophie,  
I never heard that a man with words could  
fill his belly:

On which his master remonstrates,  
and he replies:

*Dam.* Ah! Stephano, small diet maketh  
a fine memorie.

*Steph.* I care not for your craftie sophis-  
trie,

You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grosse  
knave still.

Damon consoles himself with this  
reflection:

Ah! train up a bondman never to so good  
a behaviour,

Yet, in some point of servilitie, he wyll fa-  
vour:

As this Stephano, trusts to mee his master,  
lovyng and kinde,

Yet, touching his belly, a very bondman I  
him finde.

It would be tedious to the reader, were we to favour him with much of this dialogue; but, unpolished and rugged as these lines are, there are one or two lyrics which are remarkably soft and musical. Here is a stanza from one of them.

The losse of worldly wealth  
Man's wisdom may restore,  
And physick hath provided, too,  
A salve for every sore:  
But my true friend once lost,  
No art can well supply,  
Then what a death is this to heare?  
Damon, my friend, must die.

We will now leave the old drama, and proceed to the new one. "*Damon and Pythias*" is written partly by a Mr. Banim, and partly by Mr. Shiel, the amiable author of *Evadne*. We do not think this play so good as the last production of Mr. Shiel; some of the situations are striking and dramatic, but the dialogue is by no means equal, we think, to many passages which might be quoted from *Evadne*. It would be, perhaps, scarcely fair to judge either of the authors by this their joint performance, notwithstanding the success with which Beaumont and Fletcher are known to have written together. We are the more induced to think thus, because we know what Mr. Shiel has done, and can do singly; and Mr. Banim, is, we believe, the author of an interesting poem, called "*The Celt's Paradise*." We must not be understood, however, to speak of this tragedy as one at all void of merit; on the contrary, there are many pleasing passages, and some good ones. There is something hearty and fine in the way in which Damon hails Calanthe on her wedding day:

— Calanthe,  
The blessing and the bounty of the gods  
Be, with you, over you, and all about you;  
and the following is a sweet piece of description, though perhaps too much elaborated for a play.

A dell, made of green beauty; with its shrubs

Of aromatic sweetness, growing up  
The rugged mountain's sides, as cunningly  
As the nice structure of a little nest,  
Built by two loving nightingales. The wind  
That comes here, full of rudeness from the sea,

Is lured into a balmy breath of peace.  
The moment that it enters; and 'tis said,  
By the Sicilian shepherds, that their songs  
Have in this place a wilder melody.  
The mountains all about it are the haunts  
Of many a fine romantic memory!  
High towers old Etna, with his feet deep  
clad

In the green sandals of the freshful spring;  
His sides arrayed in winter, and his front  
Shooting aloft the everlasting flame.  
On the right hand, &c. &c.

There is also a really pathetic scene between Damon and his wife Hermion, in the fourth act; though that is laboured too much, in our opinion: yet it opens well.

*Dam.* Have I in all my life  
Given thee an angry look, a word, or been  
An unkind mate, my Hermion?

*Herm.* Never, the gods know, never.

And had all been thus simple, we could have given the play far more praise than we have now done. On the whole, "Damon and Pythias" betrays evident marks of real dramatic skill, in the situations, in the conduct of the plot, (excepting only Nicias, who is superfluous altogether), in the way in which the interest is suspended, and frequently in the dialogue: indeed, there is too much of abruptness (or transition) in the speeches; for though that has its effect on the stage, it looks but ill in print, and should be used sparingly at all times. Macready and Charles Kemble played excellently well in this tragedy: though the first gentleman has, beyond doubt, the most difficult and important part; and Miss Foote looked and played like an angel. We did not like Miss Dance. Mr. Abbot topped his part pleasantly in Dionysius. There was no new scenery. Although we heard talk of Etna, we did not see it.

#### DRURY LANE.

There has not been any novelty here worth recording. Mrs. Glover, indeed, has played Hamlet!! and Mr. Elliston has given a masquerade,

but we did not see either of those entertainments. We forbore going to see Mrs. Glover entirely out of a tender consideration for her, (yet we hear that she played well,) and Mr. Elliston's tickets were one pound five shillings each:—we drank our coffee at a cheaper house. His brilliant illumination we saw for nothing, and his 'Blue Devils' we had witnessed before.

The farces which are acted at this theatre are generally good and well 'got up,'—better perhaps, than at the other house. Harley is good, and Knight is good,—

A lass is good, and a glass is good—

Miss Kelly is good also, and Munden is the hero of Afterpiece. As we have said that a good tragedy is difficult to achieve, so will we say that a good farce is not easily to be accomplished.

Last month, the Queen descended upon the theatres, 'veiled in a shower of shadowing roses,' (or feathers) to the astonishment of the managers, who knew not how to receive her. At Drury Lane, she was greeted by the audience, we are told, but received with moderate ardour by Mr. Elliston. At Covent Garden (where we saw her) the audience certainly felt a divided duty, some shouting 'the King,' and others 'the Queen,' while Mr. Harris and Mr. Fawcett, profound in politics, *docti magistri*, were entirely quiescent.—For our own parts, though we meddle but little with politics, (hating the heated and perilous atmosphere that surrounds them), we felt that the queen presented a melancholy spectacle. She went to Covent Garden, without having given previous notice of her intention, and consequently no preparation had been made to receive her. She was poorly attended, and sate on the front seat of one of the common boxes:—she sate alone, without any of the marks or distinction of a queen, like a person cut off from society, but without the advantages of illustrious birth. Her's was the solitude of royalty without the splendour that flatters and deceives it. We hate, we repeat it, politics of all sorts;—we are

not radicals, nor Tories, nor even whigs; but we are men with some pity in our constitutions, and we were absolutely sickened at the obstreperous folly of some of our neighbours, who were shouting "king,—king." The expression of popular feeling is a fine thing, and should never be controlled—in the street; but it is pain-

ful to witness such a din as arose within the courtly walls of Covent Garden, where even the magician Prospero was forgotten; and the exquisite beauty of the delicate Ariel, (who had cunningly stolen the shape of Miss Foote) was utterly disregarded.

*The Hood*

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TO HOPE.

O! TAKE, young Seraph, take thy harp,  
And play to me so cheerily;  
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,  
And life wears on so wearily.  
O! take thy harp!

Oh! sing as thou wert wont to do,  
When, all youth's sunny season long,  
I sat and listen'd to thy song,  
And yet 'twas ever, ever new.—  
With magic in each heav'n-tun'd string,  
The future bliss thy constant theme.  
Oh then each little woe took wing  
Away, like phantoms of a dream;  
As if each sound,  
That flutter'd round,  
Had floated over Lethe's stream!

By all those bright and happy hours  
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,  
Where thou would'st sit and smile, and show,  
Ere buds were come—where flow'rs would blow,  
And oft anticipate the rise  
Of life's warm sun that scal'd the skies,  
By many a story of love and glory,  
And friendships promis'd oft to me,  
By all the faith I lent to thee,  
Oh! take, young Seraph, take thy harp,  
And play to me so cheerily;  
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,  
And life wears on so wearily.  
O! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,  
That long have lain neglected by  
In sorrow's misty atmosphere—  
It ne'er may speak as it hath spoken,  
Such joyous notes so brisk and high;  
But are its golden cords all broken?  
Are there not some, though weak and low,  
To play a lullaby to woe?

But thou can'st sing of love no more,  
For Celia show'd that dream was vain—  
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,  
That comes not e'en in dreams again.

Alas! alas!

How pleasures pass,  
And leave thee now no subject, save  
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!—

H

Then be thy flight among the skies ;  
 Take then, Oh ! take the skylark's wing,  
 And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise  
 O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing  
     On skylark's wing !

Another life-spring there adorns  
 Another youth—without the dread  
 Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns  
 Is here for manhood's aching head.—  
 Oh, there are realms of welcome day,  
 A world where tears are wiped away !  
 Then be thy flight among the skies ;  
 Take then, Oh ! take the skylark's wing,  
 And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise  
 O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing  
     On skylark's wing !

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#### LAMB'S TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS.\*

"Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought my bloom-coloured coat he said, Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane." "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it; and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

Mr. Lamb's Translation of Catullus appears much to resemble the blossom coloured coat of Poor Goldsmith. It comes forth with Mr. Davison's name on the title page, and the ingenious printer seems only desirous of showing how goodly a book he can make out of the most inappropriate materials. The paper of the pretty book before us is as yellow and sleek as heart could wish; the type and ink are an ode of themselves; the title page buds with promises; yet with all these, never, in all our critical experience, has it fallen to us to meet with so weak and valueless a publication,—so miserable a marriage of paper and ink.

Catullus has been nibbled at by many poets, but we know of no regular translation, except one published by Johnson, in 1795, and said to be the work of a Dr. Nott. There is considerable force, and unaffected

truth in the Doctor's version, that makes it very pleasant to the English reader; and to the scholar, the notes are pregnant with great classical knowledge, and the expression of a plain and vigorous judgment. The Doctor does not catch many of those sweet, honied expressions, which are the charm of the love poems of Catullus;—nor has he the general freedom, the soft grace, the curious felicity of his original; but he translates as nearly to the life as is, perhaps, possible, and often points out in the notes a beauty of thought or language, which he cannot exactly hit in his translation.

It seems to us a very lamentable thing that a dead poet cannot, like a live bishop, have some voice in his own Translation:—we are quite sure, that if such a power could have been attained, Mr. Lamb would not have been permitted to *traduce* into English some of the sweetest and most natural poems in the Roman language. He would have been enjoined to silence by the poet himself—and would certainly never have heard those flattering words, which, by dint of ingenious prompting, he gets the shade of Catullus to utter. Mr. Lamb, indeed, appears to be a straightforward, pains-taking, sensible gentleman, with a very fair stock of prose ideas upon poetry; and it is not at all improbable, that he relishes

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\* The poems of Caius Valerius Catullus translated, with a Preface and Notes, by the Hon. George Lamb, 2 Vols. 12mo.—Murray, 1801.

the original version of Catullus, but he catches none of its spirit and nature,—none of its terseness and enchanting beauty of expression. Take, for instance, that exquisite passage in the Address to the Peninsula of Sirmio.

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

Mr. Lamb thus hammers out the lines:—

Then when the mind its load lays down;  
When we regain, all hazards past,  
And with long ceaseless travel tired,  
Our household god again our own;  
And press in tranquil sleep at last,  
The well known bed, so oft desired;

The fatigue of travel seems here to have passed into the very verse; for never did poetry so tediously and tamely address itself "unto our gentle senses."

Now, really we do think that a translation of Catullus should be something beyond a spiritless paraphrase, or a schoolboy version. The words should *burn* into English,—should flash into a new tongue, with new light,—should be all full of life,—of graceful joy, and happy tenderness! Mr. Lamb is a kind of resurrection man about Parnassus; he goes about in the dark, digging up a dead language, and exposing the remains to sale; but he does not, like the celebrated sexton, that "fortunate youth" of churchyards, find a gem on the finger; he reminds us rather of Cobbett's bringing into England a negro's bones for those of his hero. If he were in the east, the inhabitants would look upon him as a vampire, from his fatal propensity to suck the life out of the fair, the tender, the beautiful! the muse feels the sickness of his eye, and pines away under his sombre fascination.

Catullus is of all poets perhaps the happiest, in expressing home feelings naturally, and tender feelings tenderly. A word with him, is continually like a sweet note in music, and thrills on the heart strings. His conciseness is matchless,—and his repetitions of melodious words are ever the most pleasant and felicitous. Dr. Nott, whom Mr. Lamb just quietly alludes to as "the prior English translator," speaks of the success of

Catullus in severe verses: "a clean well pointed satire was his forte," says the doctor; "but we fear that he more often used the bludgeon than the sword." In the poetry of manly friendship, and social kindness, Catullus was eminently happy; and here, as Mr. Lamb speaks to the purpose, we will select what we think the only good passage in the preface.

There remain some poems to be spoken of, not usually erected into a distinct class, but which may well justify such an arrangement, namely, the poetry of friendship and affection. This is a strain in which only a genius originally pure, however polluted by the immorality of its era, could descant with appropriate sentiment; which speaks with all the kindly warmth of love, while it refrains from its unreasoning rage; that adopts all its delicacy, without any tinge of its grossness. In this style Catullus has written more in proportion, and more beautifully, than any author. The lines to Hortalus, the Epistle to Manlius, to Calvus on the death of Quintilia, and the Invocation at his brother's grave, show how warmly his heart beat with this refined impulse. These are only the more touching compositions of this kind; on the other hand, in such poems as Acme and Septimius, and the Epithalamium on the marriage of Manlius and Julia, we behold with what pleasure he witnessed, and with what zeal he celebrated the happiness of his friends. Several are of a light and frolicsome character, such as those to Fabullus, to Flavius, and to Camerius: still all of this class, however uninteresting the subject, breathe an engaging kindness of heart; and, however trivial the occasion, it is still ornamented by the poet's natural felicity of expression; which is, alas! of all merits the one most likely to evaporate in translation. The heart-soothing address to Sirmio, the dedication to Cornelius Nepos, and that of the Pinnacle, and the lines to Himself on the approach of Spring, speak those more placid feelings of content that, perhaps, give the most unalloyed happiness, and evince a social and amiable disposition that harmonizes well with warmer affections.

The preface of Mr. Lamb's work is not ill-written, but it is liberally taken from the Introduction to Dr. Nott's book, and not as liberally acknowledged. The life of the poet is inwoven into this preliminary essay, and also relishes strongly of the Doctor. Mr. Lamb quotes some observations of Walsh, at the beginning of his preface, which appear to us

extremely questionable: "I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while they upbraided them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth." Mr. Lamb enlarges upon this profound assertion, and never stops to enquire into its correctness. We do not ever question the love of Catullus for Lesbia; but when the character of the lady is recollected, there will remain small cause for wonder that he quarrelled with her, threatened her, upbraided her, and abjured her; the sister of the infamous Clodius, while she fascinated the poet, gave him ample room for disgust and rebuke. The love of Catullus was a sensual, suspicious passion; it was not the same love that was kindled in the heart of Petrarch, and that never expired!—that burned in his breast perpetually, like the sacred light in the temple! Petrarch loved, and through his imagination. Love came to him in all its glory! he saw Laura, and he saw her for ever! Time brightened her image, and charmed all objects which had the remotest connexion with, or reference to her. Whatever *her* eyes shone upon, became, on the instant, sacred to the mind of Petrarch; whatever *her* hand touched, was at once changed to gold in his eyes! Her name was poetry to him—was a world of sweet thought—a paradise for his ingenuity to revel in. Her glove was associated with herself; and he saw the *form* which her hand had left. Her birth place too!—Is the birth place of the lady of the heart, a common—unmeaning—indifferent spot of earth?—Oh no!—Petrarch beheld in it the garden wherein his magic flower grew, and his soul hallowed it!—Is Petrarch then to be doubted, because he felt thus truly,—thus intensely? Is his love to be denied, because he did not revile the object of his deathless passion? Surely Walsh could never have loved, or he would never have erred so coldly. Mr. Lamb might, indeed, have quoted a happier passage.

We shall not tarry longer at the threshold of Mr. Lamb's book, but

proceed to the interior, and taste the fruits he has provided for us. His prose and poetry are, however, so very much alike, that if you were to shake the whole out into sentences, and mingle them together, it would incapacitate the reader from knowing which was the real Simon Pure:—you might take the Introduction, and "cut it out in little stars" for private poetical use;—and ladies of fashion and gentle taste would find them stick fiery indeed in the polite firmaments of their drawing rooms and arbours.

The first poem is the Dedication to Cornelius Nepos (an old *cane acquaintance* of ours at School), and Mr. Lamb starts dolefully indeed—

My little volume is complete,  
With all the care, and polish neat,  
That make it fair to see;—

Where is the "pumice expolitura," which is so characteristic of the manners of the time?—The "fair to see" is a poor recompence for this *unromantic* interpretation. The second piece, which is the celebrated Address of Catullus to Lesbia's Sparrow, and begins so prettily in the original—"Passer deliciae meae puellae"—fares no better in the hands of Mr. Lamb.

Dear Sparrow, long my fair's delight,  
Which in her breast to lay,  
To give her finger to whose bite,  
Whose puny anger to excite,  
She oft is wont in play.

We very much fear that the translator has intrusted the rendering of this little poem to the head butler, or one of the upper servants in his house;—so very menially is it "done into English." A waterman, in the leisure of a hard winter, would make better lines on the bench at Westminster-bridge. The last stanza is as lively as the first:—

Thou wilt be welcome, as 'tis known  
Was to the nimble maid  
The golden fruit that loosed the zone,  
Her virgin guard, and bade her own  
A lover's warmth repaid.

Poor Atalanta!—run down a second time! and by a Lamb too!

The Dedication of a Pinnacle to Castor and Pollux, which has been often translated, is made equal to the worst of Mr. Lamb's translations. It has not even the merit of being "faithful," like Hamlet when his

wits were gone. In the original, the Pinnacle speaks; but Mr. Lamb "cuts short all intermission," and speaks in its stead: and the boat, good sooth, may think itself well off, and shake its old planks with joy at the escape. The stanzas "To Himself" are so coldly and feebly given that we wish Mr. Lamb had kept them according to the prescription.

The Address to the Peninsula of Sirmio has none of the natural pleasure of the original; and yet we know not where the fault lies, for it is not strongly marked with error:—

Too bad for a blessing—too good for a curse—  
I would to the Lord you were better or worse.

Now, in a piece so famed for its perfect ease and tenderness as this is, we should have expected the intelligent and masterly translator to prove his competency for the task he has undertaken.—But in the most celebrated passages, and in the brightest poems, Mr. Lamb sinks into tameness and indolence, and fairly baulks all expectation. When the rope is tightest and most elastic, and the position the most capable and attractive, instead of bounding into the air, and making himself "the observed of all observers," Mr. Lamb suddenly drops his pole, relaxes his muscles, and droops his foot to have his sole chalked.—We should, however, give one poem which is very pleasingly and melodiously turned; and we wish we could match this with another.

TO VERANNIUS.

On his Return from Spain.

Of all the many loved by me,  
Of all my friends most dear,  
Verannius is thy travel o'er,  
And art thou home return'd once more  
To light thy brother's smile of glee,  
Thy mother's age to cheer?  
Thou'rt come. Oh blissful, blessed news!—  
Thou'rt come, and I again  
Shall see and hear thee, in the way  
I loved in former time, pourtray  
The splendid towns, the mountain views,  
The tribes, and deeds of Spain.  
I warm shall press thee to my breast,  
Where fervent welcomes burn.  
What mortal, though he dare to think  
Of pleasure he may largely drink,  
Is half so joyful, or so blest,  
As I in his return?

The conclusion of this poem, which in the original is very unpleasant to our feelings, is most cleverly and justly managed.

The Complaint to Cornificius, another exquisite little poem, struck off at a heat, as it should seem, and as natural as the human heart, is "much abused" by the Catullus of Whitehall. All the fretful haste and melancholy relapses are cut away without remorse;—"the pruning hook—the pruning hook!" but Puff's loppings were nothing to those of the unfortunate Roman. How plaintively begins this piece in the original!

Male est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo;  
Male est mehercule, et laboriose:  
Magisque et magis, in dies et horas.

Here the repetitions of melancholy words, of which we have before spoken, are exquisitely beautiful. Dr. Nott says of this poem, in a note, "Our poet, in this charming little *carmen*, upbraids his friend for his neglect of him under some particular distress." And, in his translation, he faintly catches the melody of the Latin:—

Hard, Cornificius, I declare,  
Hard is the lot I'm doom'd to bear,  
And every day, and every hour," &c.

The celebrated poem of Acme and Septimius is another instance of Mr. Lamb's deficiencies on great occasions. In those matchless lines

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,  
Et dulcis pueri ebrios oculos,  
Illo purpureo ore suaviata,  
Sic inquit—

Mr. Lamb takes his accustomed sleep:—

Then Acme gently bent her head,  
Kiss'd with those lips of cherry red,  
The eyes of the delighted boy,  
That swam with glistening floods of joy,  
And whisper'd as she closely prest—

Where are the "ebrios oculos," the eyes reeling with rapture? They are busy with "floods of joy." The "caput reflectens," too, cuts a sorry figure in English.

The last poem in the first volume is a mutilated translation of the Epithalamium, written by Catullus, on the marriage of Manlius and Julia;—and here a man must be cold and dull, indeed, if he be not occasionally inspired. Mr. Lamb is now and then endurable in this piece; but he never

accomplishes the conciseness of Catullus, by any chance. He spins out that short brilliant passage

— faces

Aureas quantum comas,

after this fashion:—

The torches high their brilliance rear,  
And richly shake, with glowing pride,  
Their golden hair.

Why could he not say, "The torches shake their golden hair," and say no more. He cannot, as the Irishman would say, add to Catullus without taking from him.

But our limits warn us to close Mr. Lamb's Catullus:—we shall, therefore, be very brief in our concluding observations. The second volume is better, because it is smaller. At page 84 we meet with these two lines, which, like Adam and Eve, inhabit their wire-wove Eden alone. In these lines, Mr. Lamb (to use the happy phrase of a very eminent personage) certainly flourishes in "the full vigour of his incapacity."

ON HIS OWN LOVE.

I hate and love—ask why—I can't explain;  
I feel 'tis so, and feel its racking pain.

We have purposely delayed speaking of the translation of that wild, frantic, and magnificent poem, *Atys*, until the last, because it is by far the best piece in Mr. Lamb's book; and we wish, as Carlos sang to the *Duenna*, to say something civil before we part. The mad force, and solemn gloom, and terrific mystery of this strange poem will not be denied; and Mr. Lamb writes here as he writes no where else in the book. What can be more inspired, or terrible than the poet's final ejaculation, after the dreary and fierce flight of *Atys*,—

Oh great! oh fearful goddess! oh Cybele  
divine!

Oh goddess! who hast placed on Dindymus  
thy shrine!

Far be from my abode thy sacred frenzy's  
fire;

Madden more willing votaries, more daring  
minds inspire.

There are several pages of useful notes appended to each volume.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XVII.

THIS month has yielded no novelty at the Opera-house, or the theatres, if we except an attempt to introduce a new opera, called *Dirce*, which was brought out at Drury-lane, for Miss Wilson's benefit, and the dialogue of which was conducted in recitative. We are glad to perceive any attempt made to change the jumble of music and dialogue, which disgraces the English stage, to a better style. Whether music be, or be not, a suitable vehicle for dramatic incident, is not a question now to be argued: the demand for operas has settled that point. It remains for us of this age, only to choose between a mixed jargon of discourse and song, and a complete musical drama. Now there arises to our minds no possible reason, why the more conversational parts of a performance should not be supported by music, as well as those which are held to be more strictly lyrical. At all events, it seems more consonant with common sense, that the singing should be continuous rather than interrupted; for if, in the most impassionate parts of the repre-

sentation, and particularly in those which frequently imply the most urgent calls for action, the dramatic personæ can be permitted to stop, not only to sing, but to pace the scene during long symphonies: if the imagination, we say, can make allowance for such absurdities, surely the one consistent notion of an entire action, expressed by music and poetry, with their conjoint influences and powers, may be more easily embraced. The time will come, we are persuaded, when such an arrangement will be preferred; but, at present, the ears of an English audience are not reconciled to recitative, and poor *Dirce* passed from life to death without distinction, and almost without notice.

The King's Theatre continues its career of success, though its musical management does not exhibit that vigor, which we know to have been the characteristic of Mr. Ayerton's former scheme of management. We are sure, that neither is the engagement of such singers as Signoras Marinoni and Albert, though temporary, nor the exclusion of Signora



Corri, to be attributed to a judgment so mature as his: an interior cabinet, a power behind the throne, is therefore to be apprehended; and, if such be the fact, the season of success will be short. The choice of operas has not been felicitous; but there is reason also to suspect, that judgment is cramped, and fettered, by the want of greater vocal talent. *Il Tancredi* was destroyed by Marinoni; and *Il Turco in Italia*, in every sense a paltry production, was the choice of the De Bagnis. *La Gazza Ladra* was not eminently successful. No other novelty has yet been furnished. We hope to see the King's Theatre revive; but we warn the present proprietor, that the Public is the only real or valuable patron, and its good opinion can alone be conciliated and retained by the exertion of vigor and talent.

The Benefit Concerts have been remarkably numerous, the Argyll Rooms having been engaged almost nightly during the months of May and June. *Le jeune Hyppolyte* Larssonneur, the French boy, whose arrival we alluded to in our fifteenth Report, has played at some of these; and a very extraordinary child he is. His person is very handsome; but, from the manner of curling his hair, and his general dress (which closely resembles that in the miniatures of the young Napoleon), his air and appearance are feminine. This, however, totally disappears when he begins to play. His attitude is commanding; and the motion of his bow-arm superior to that of any player we ever saw. His execution is very perfect; and, bating that it yet lacks a little of the bolder lights and shadows of expression, his performance would be held to be superior even at an age far more advanced; for he seems not to be more than twelve years old.

Miss Angelina Corri, a third daughter of Mr. Natale Corri, appeared at the concert for the benefit of her sisters. Her voice is of the same fine quality, and will, we anticipate, be more rich and powerful than even that of the Signora. Her execution, too, is of the same light and finished kind. In person, she is also very handsome; and if sufficiently exercised, she promises to rise to great

eminence and attraction, though yet in her infancy as a singer.

Mr. Ashe, the veteran conductor of the Bath Concerts, has introduced two daughters to the musical circles of the metropolis. They are singers of brilliant acquisitions.

The novelty of the season has, however, been crowned by the arrival of M. Moschelles, from Vienna. M. Moschelles is a piano-forte player, and his reputation had preceded him. He played at the last Philharmonic Concert, and his performance greatly exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. He combines expression and execution in a very extraordinary degree, and while he has introduced much novelty in the latter branch of his art, his style has perfectly satisfied the feeling and the judgment of the soundest critics. The concerto itself was also highly esteemed; and professors of the best taste declare, they consider M. Moschelles' playing "a prodigious performance" in every respect. M. Moschelles is about thirty, and is an exceedingly modest and sensible man.

Mr. W. F. Collard, of the house of Clementi, Collard, and Co. of London, has obtained a patent for an improvement of the piano-forte, which promises great advantages. It is alike applicable to grand horizontal, upright, cabinet, and square instruments. The objects are general; and a large addition to the volume and richness of tone is the first desideratum obtained. This is effected by giving a lengthened vibration, similar to that produced by raising the dampers; without, however, any of the confusion which attends the latter. Mr. Collard has introduced what he terms a "bridge of reverberation;" being a third moveable bridge parallel to the side of the case; by the action of which, a consentaneous vibration of other parts of the strings than those struck by the hammers, takes place; in the way in which strings in unison are known to vibrate, when another of the same pitch is sounded. By this invention, the player is now empowered to use three degrees of tone, and thus greatly to modify and vary the expression of his performance. The instrument upon the new construction which we heard, appeared perfectly to satisfy

expectation in these several points; and, indeed, to offer an improvement far beyond what could have been anticipated, after the long attention that has been given to the mechanism of piano-fortes.

A German, named Buschmann, has brought to this country an instrument, called a *terpodion*, which produces some beautiful and novel effects. Many of our readers will probably have seen the *ædephone*, which was some time since exhibited in Catherine-street, in the Strand. To the *ædephone* the *terpodion* bears a close resemblance, both in structure and tone: indeed, we believe the mechanism to be exactly the same, but applied to wood instead of metal; for the inventor describes the sonorous body to be of beech. The sound is produced by a cylinder set in motion by the foot; and the instrument is played by keys, like a piano-forte, being, however, not so large.

It occupies about four feet by two. The tone of the principal portion of the *terpodion* resembles a French horn finely played, and the upper notes are exactly those of a flute. Our limits deny us the power of describing more minutely the mechanism of these instruments; but they who are inclined to the search will find an accurate description in the second number of the Quarterly Musical Review. The *terpodion* would be an admirable substitute for wind instruments in concert rooms; provided it can be made to speak with sufficient rapidity. M. Buschmann came to England with a view to dispose of the art, and the right of making the *terpodion*; which, for that reason, has not been yet opened to the public.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has published a very elaborate and difficult, but beautiful, grand sonata; which he dedicates to the memory of his great master, Joseph Haydn. It consists of three movements; and opens in a style of dignified melancholy, which is finely sustained by various passages descriptive of the agitations of a wounded spirit. The second is upon the singular subject of "the call of the Quail:" simple in itself,—but wrought with all the powers of art through a minor movement, and a return to the major. The last is not less singular and original. The va-

rious and frequent modulation renders this sonata as difficult as does the expression.

Mr. Neate's *Military Air, with Variations*, and *Fantasia on the Savage Dance* in Robinson Crusoe, have much merit: but they have also the great defect of a general want of melody; and the ear is wearied by the unceasing succession of rapid passages. This very rapidity, however, confers great brilliancy. The *Fantasia* suffers principally from the poverty of the subject: the *Military Air* is a better motion; although, in the selection of his themes, Mr. Neate has not done justice to his own powers; for every thing depends on the choice of a subject in pieces of this description.

Mr. Webbe has arranged *Rossini's Overture to Elisabetta* for the harp and piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello.

Mr. Burrowes is adapting Handel's choruses on the same plan.

The *Eighth Number of the Operatic Airs* is by Bontempo. The air from Alessandro in Efeso is by no means adapted to be the subject of variations, for it is uninteresting: and this want of attraction pervades the whole piece. The variations are complicated, and somewhat difficult. M. Bontempo has avoided the beaten track in their construction; but his anxiety to be original has led him too far; and the ear cannot follow him with sufficient facility, to derive pleasure from the exertion.

The *Sixth Number of the Quadrille Rondos*, by M. Latour, is light, lively, and elegant.

Mr. Novello's *Second Number of Airs from Himmel's Fanchon*, arranged as duets for the piano-forte, has appeared. This adaptation comprehends some exquisite pieces of melody, and affords a delightful series. Nor are Mr. Bennett's *Duets upon Cease your Funning*, and *Hope told a Flattering Tale*, less meritorious: they are very full of brilliant effects.

The vocal music this month is far beyond the common range. Some of the songs, indeed, are truly beautiful. Mr. Horsley's *Laura* is classically so; and, though a ballad, does no dishonour even to the author of *Gentle Lyre*, and *The Tempest*. Mr. W. F. Collard has written words to the song which Shakspeare is said to have

loved; and Mr. Clifton has put very appropriate symphonies to it. *Lorenzo to Jessica* (the title it bears) is a paraphrase of some passages in the scene of the Merchant of Venice, to the tune of "Light o' Love," "which goes without a burden." It is an excessively simple and touching melody. The same hands have been employed in the restoration of the old English air, *The Dusty Miller*, to its place of natural beauty. This metamorphosis affords a strong proof that much of pathos may be given to melody by a mere change of time. Again we find these gentlemen's names in connexion, to produce an original composition—"With love fraught eyes"—which is, perhaps, more singular, and not less elegantly expressive, than either of the others.

*The Maid of Valdarno*, the words by Mr. Collard, and the music by Mr. Field, is set both as a single song and

a duet. This also is very pretty; and the duet seems especially fitted to be sung without accompaniment.

Our catalogue closes with a ballad by Mr. Barnett, and a song by M. Cianchettini. "*Lady! the silver moon shines bright*," by the former, is not without rays of the author's talent. We must, however, blame him for faulty accentuation, in making the bar commence with the beginning of the line "Her beams," instead of concluding it with the first syllable. This is an error throughout. M. Cianchettini's is the *Ode to Solitude*, freely translated by Pope from Horace's "*Beatus ille*." It is a curious subject for a ballad, and contains some such very awkward and unmusical words as "*unconcernedly*;" but M. Cianchettini has displayed a chaste fancy, and strong feeling, in setting it. The song is quaint and curious—yet elegant and melodious.

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#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*Canova*.—This artist has just completed a work that is said to be superior to any of the former productions of his chisel. It is a colossal groupe, representing *Theseus slaying a Centaur*. The hero has seized hold of the neck of his enemy, whose human portion of his figure appears to be still making some impotent efforts against his vanquisher, who is wielding in his other hand the massy club of Periphatas. This composition is intended for the Imperial Court at Vienna.

*Rogers's Human Life*.—Among the recent translations from our own language into that of Italy, is a version of Mr. Rogers's last poem, by Signor Vittorio Pacciotti, who has added some annotations.

*Rain of Silk*.—M. Lainé, the French Consul at Pernambuco, says, in a letter, dated Nov. 1, 1820, that at the beginning of the preceding month there was a shower from the sky, consisting of a substance resembling silk, of which many persons preserved specimens. This phenomenon extended to the distance of 30 leagues inland, and nearly as many off to sea. He adds, that a French vessel was covered with the

silky material. The specimen which M. Lainé has sent to the Editors of the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*, appears to bear some analogy to the silky filaments which are occasionally to be seen in the environs of Paris, where they are borne through the air in every direction.

*Monument of Copernicus*.—The colossal bronze statue of Nicolaus Copernicus, about to be erected at Warsaw, will be placed in front of the magnificent edifice (belonging to the Society of the Friends of Science), in the Cracow suburb, not far from the site of the church of the Dominicans, which has been taken down. This illustrious man will be represented as seated upon an antique chair, finely dressed in an academical toga, and holding in one hand a celestial sphere, marked with astronomical circles. The expense of this monument will be defrayed by voluntary contributions.

*Scientific Travels in Egypt*.—M. Frederic Caillaud has set out from Syene for Dongolah. Ismael Pacha, son of the celebrated Mohammed Ali Viceroy of Egypt, has obtained a signal victory over the Mamelukes, whom he has expelled from the latter

place, where Abdi Kachef, who is a great friend to the Europeans, has been placed as governor. The journey from Syene to Dongolah, along the left bank of the Nile, occupies about a month. It is the intention of M. Caillaud to make astronomical observations during his route, and to collect whatever information he can respecting the antiquities of the country, which are at present almost unvisited and unknown.

*Mechanical Inventions.*—M. Kuhaiewsky of Warsaw, a very excellent mechanist, has produced the following inventions, viz. 1. *A Threshing Machine*, which has the advantage of being very simple in its construction, durable, economic, and not expensive; and is likewise superior to every contrivance hitherto formed for this purpose, being the only one that injures neither the stalk nor the grain in separating the former from the latter. The machine consists of several wheels, two of which (one at either end) are furnished with 48 flails: these are put in motion by one man as he walks to and fro within the machine, and thus a single labourer is enabled to perform the work of a great number. The most complete success has attended the experiments that have been made, and there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the invention. 2. *A Sawing Mill*, which is also worked by a single person, without any assistance from water. 3. *An Astronomical Watch*, which indicates the difference of time in the principal places in different parts of the globe: this has been accepted as a present by the Emperor Alexander, who has sent M. Kuhaiewsky, in return, a magnificent snuff-box, and has assigned him a sum to enable him to continue his important labours.

*Prophecies.*—Counsellor Lillienstern, of Frankfort on the Mayne, has published a very singular work, in which he attempts to prove argumentatively and methodically, that the predictions respecting Antichrist are now on the eve of being accomplished. Antichrist, he asserts, will appear in 1823; his arrival will be succeeded by ten years of religious wars; after which the millenium, as he assures us, is to commence in 1836.

*Zoology.*—M. Diard, a young French naturalist, found at Sumatra, in 1819, a tapir, an animal which, until then, had never been met with, except in the New World. It does not differ from the American tapir, except in colour; the extremity of the ears, the rump, the back, the belly, and the sides, being white; while every other part is of a deep black. This fact is the more worthy of notice, as it overturns the reasonings of Buffon, respecting the difference between the animals of Asia, and those of America.

*Switzerland.*—*Literary and Scientific Pursuits.*—The want of an academy of sciences, an institution of which an assemblage of small republican states does not admit, is judiciously supplied by a general annual meeting of all those who cultivate such pursuits. These meetings, which commenced in 1815, are held alternately at the principal towns, and are numerously attended, there being now upwards of 300 members. This year, Geneva is the place of rendezvous, as Berne will be next. Switzerland possesses many literary societies. At Zurich is one, instituted for the purpose of promoting the study of natural history: it possesses collections in zoology, entomology, ornithology, botany, and mineralogy—and has, moreover, an observatory. Dr. Horner, of this city, has lately published his observations, made during the expedition of Capt. Krusenstern round the world. M. Schintz is publishing an ornithological work, containing descriptions of the birds of Switzerland and Germany, and a series of coloured plates which represent the nests, and the eggs of each species.

*Berlin.*—*Fine Arts.*—The last exhibition of paintings contained many by the students and pupils of the Academy of the Fine Arts, most of whom, after passing several years, either in France or Italy, are now returned to this capital, which they will embellish by their productions. Those who have most distinguished themselves are, M. Schadow (son of the celebrated sculptor of that name), and M. Wach, who exhibited an exquisite portrait of an Italian peasant girl. This picture was universally admired for its delightful colouring,

and its delicate finishing. The excellence of Zimmerman's pictures was such, that it adds to the regret of the public for the untimely end of this young artist who drowned himself last summer. M. Rauch, an eminent sculptor (the same that is now employed in executing marble statues of the Generals Bulow and Scharnhorst), exhibited a very fine bust of the King, and another of the Grand Duchess of Prussia. His model for a statue of the hero Blucher, has been greatly admired; it is intended as a decoration for one of the public squares at Berlin.

*Institute.*—The prize proposed this year, by the 'Academie Royale des Sciences,' in the class of Physics, is—to determine, by means of accurate experiments, what are the causes of animal warmth,—whether chemical or physical? The academy expressly requires that the quantity of caloric emitted in a given time, by a healthy animal, and the quantity of caloric produced by its respiration, be ascertained with the utmost exactitude; also that this caloric be compared with that produced by the combustion of carbon, in forming the same quantity of carbonic acid. The prize will be a gold medal, of the value of 3,000 francs, to be adjudged at the sitting of 1823.

*Belzoni.*—The city of Padua, of which this celebrated traveller is a native, has struck a medal in commemoration of his discoveries, and in testimony of their gratitude for the valuable gift he made to this place, he having presented to it two curious pieces of antiquity,—two lion-headed statues of granite, now deposited in the hall of the Palazzo della Ragione.

*The Austrian Society of Musical Amateurs.*—This admirable institution possesses a very fine library of about 900 volumes; all of which are on subjects belonging to the literature of music. Many of the books are exceedingly rare and costly; among the more valuable articles are many inedited MSS. particularly one containing materials for a continuation of Gerber's *Kunstler-Lexicon*. All these works are classed and described in a catalogue raisonné. In addition to the literary publications and MSS. there is a collection of about

7000 pieces of music, by upwards of 700 different composers; and these also are catalogued both in alphabetical order, and according to their Themes. The same society has likewise a museum of Turkish and other singular musical instruments, and curiosities; with a collection of more than 500 portraits of composers, singers, &c. For the most of what has been done, the public are indebted to the zeal and the ability of Baron von Knorr. He it was who accomplished, in so admirable a manner, the extremely difficult task of systematizing and arranging the various compositions. The catalogue, containing very valuable critical and biographical notices of each composer, is alone sufficient to attest the industry, information, and enthusiasm, with which he labours to promote the excellent views of this institution—to render it of real service, to advance the art, and to animate its professors.

*Fine Arts.*—The Cavalier Tambroni is editing at Rome, a work, entitled, *Istruzioni Pittoriche*. It will throw considerable light on the practice of painting in Italy at the revival of the art, and supply much information relative to its history, being an authentic production of Cennino Cennini, a pupil of Giotto. Among other intelligence to be gained from this valuable document, we here find recorded, that oil colours were employed in that country before the period usually assigned for their invention.

*Lisbon.*—*Abolition of the Punishment of Death.*—The Portuguese Cortes have, by the application of a long-violated principle of justice and humanity, abolished this dreadful punishment, so opposite in its effects to the interests of society, and so degrading to civilization;—one which has been so deservedly reprobated by Beccaria, and a number of other eminent philosophers and writers on the criminal and penal system. Public morality would be much better consulted by the adoption of solitary confinement as a punishment for crimes, than it is at present by the spectacle of death.

*Aquatic Pedestrianism.*—Three years ago, kaleidoscopes were the universal hobby—but these were soon laid

aside; next succeeded something more *hobby-horsical*—but equally short-lived, viz. velocipedes, of which such great expectations were at one time formed, that they threatened to supersede the services of the equine race. Another hobby has now appeared, of a somewhat portentous description. It is said that a person at Glasgow, of the name of Kent, has invented a machine, by means of which he can *walk on water* with perfect safety. On the twenty-third of April, Mr. Kent exhibited on the Monkhead Canal, in the presence of about 200 spectators, who appeared satisfied as to the feasibility of the scheme. Not having heard any thing respecting the nature of the machine, or its construction, it is impossible to judge how far it is likely to prove of real service; but it must be owned, that the term *machine*, sounds as if it were something rather complicated, and therefore does not promise much with regard to simplicity and practicability: neither is much to be said at present in favour of its expedition,—the rate at which Mr. Kent proceeded being not more than three miles an hour; this, however, might be owing more to want of practice than to any defect in the method employed. Mr. Kent has since exhibited with success in Edinburgh.

*Portable Houses.*—The Swedish journals speak very highly of certain portable houses, that have been invented by Major Blom, who is celebrated at Stockholm for his knowledge of mechanics. These edifices, which are constructed of wood, may be elevated in a single day, and contain, if not every comfort, at least all that is necessary for a small family. In cold weather they are warmed by a stove.

*Spanish Literature.*—Don Torribio Nunnez, Professor of the University of Salamanca, has collected the various statistical writings of Bentham, and formed them into a regular system of politics; such a one as he conceives to be particularly adapted to the wants of his countrymen at the present juncture. The title of this work, which has already met

with great commendation, is *Sistema de la Ciencia Social Ideado por el Jurisconsulto Ingles Jeremias Bentham, y puesto en ejecucion conforme á los principios del autor original, por el Dr. D. Torribio Nunnez, &c.*—Marshal De Haro's Account of the Defence of Gerona, *Relacion Historica de la Defensa de Gerona*, is a publication that may be consulted with advantage both by the historian and the military tactitioner, and is particularly rich in materials for a narrative of the important events of the late war. Several works have been translated from the English and French: even the Memoirs of Bergami, and the Queen's Trial, have found both translators and publishers. But books of more permanent interest are not overlooked, as is proved by an announcement of a Spanish version of Robertson's Charles V. and of the Principes de la Legislation Universel.—The Thirteenth Volume of the translation of Mrs. Bennet's Novels has appeared, containing *Rosa ó la nina Mendiga* (the Beggar Girl); and a female writer, named Donna Juana Barrera, has translated another English Novel, under the title of *Cecilia ó el Padre y al Hija*.—D. Vincente Fernandez Villares has produced a good translation from a French novel of Ducray-Dumenil, called *Dias en el Campo ó Pintura Historica de una piquena Familia*.—Little original poetry has appeared; nothing indeed worthy of mention, except some political and patriotic Odes, and a performance of D. Rafael de Cáceres, which deserves notice merely from the extravagance of the subject, it being a system of mythology in verse. The title of this curious poem is, *Exposicion Metrica Succinta y Exacta di todos los Musculos del Cuerpo Humano ó sea la Miologia puesta en verso Castellano!*

*Public Library at Lemberg.*—Count Ossolinsky has, with equal patriotism and munificence, founded a Polish National Library at Lemberg; and Kopstynsky, a wealthy landed proprietor, has presented to the same the sum of 500 ducats.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

WE have of course very little in the way of foreign intelligence to communicate to our readers since our fast, except with respect to the affairs of Turkey, where the insurrection of the Greeks, under Ypsilanti, begins daily to assume a more formidable character. It is now said that a corps, under the Greek leader, had crossed the Danube at Sistow, commanded by Colonel Colcotsony, and were immediately joined by a body of Bulgarians and Servians, to the amount of 10,000. The Greek army of Epines has advanced towards Thessaly; and 30,000 men, who had been sent against it by the Sultan, have been almost annihilated. The Peloponnesus also is almost wholly delivered from the power of the Turks; and all the fortresses of the Morea, with the exception of Mothone and Corone, have been taken by storm. In addition to all this, the feast of the Rhamadan, during which war is prohibited, by their religion, to the Mahometans, is fast approaching; and the month of September terminates the period of service of the present Ottoman army. If this news wanted any confirmation, it would be found in the conduct of the Turks themselves, in the city of Constantinople, where the scenes which daily occur are a disgrace to human nature, and baffle all credibility. The furious infidels have turned the contest into a war of extermination; and, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the ferocity of its nature, they have given it a religious complexion. Every Greek found in the city has been, without exception, massacred; and even the venerable archbishop, the patriarch of the Greek church, has been, at the age of eighty, barbarously murdered, and his mangled body dragged with every indignity through the crowded streets of the barbarians. His successor, appointed by the Porte, is reported to have died of fright at his promotion: surely never did Bishop say "Nolo Episcopari" with more sincerity than this man. All the Christian embassies have been obliged

to fortify their hotels against the infuriated mobs; and, indeed, the whole Christian population of Constantinople may be said literally to stand on the brink of the grave. These outrages have not been confined to the capital; whole streets have been set fire to in Pesa, and men, women, and children, either murdered, or devoured by the consuming element. The Greeks have been instigated, by the murder of their patriarch, and the cruelties practised on their priesthood, to the most terrible reprisals; and, in short, there is nothing, either savage or sanguinary, which may not be anticipated from a conflict, in which those who cannot claim the laurel of victory, are sure of at least obtaining the crown of martyrdom.

The affairs of Spain present nothing new; every thing appears to remain unsettled in that unfortunate country; and, in order to render its own intestine divisions still more critical, the South American patriots have put an end to the armistice concluded with the revolted colonies, and are represented as proceeding in an uninterrupted career of success. A commission of the Spanish Cortes has reported, that there should be three sections of that body in South America—one for the northern provinces, and two for the south; and that a member of the royal family should be eligible to the office of Viceroy in each of these secondary monarchies: this, however, is, we fear, an expedient not very likely to arrest the progress of successful insurrection; particularly where the revolt has commenced in a republican principle.

Intelligence has been received from Mogador, of a late date, which states the termination of the Moorish rebellion, and the complete restoration of the old Emperor, Muley Soliman, to all his original power and sovereignty.

With respect to our domestic news, every thing almost is absorbed in the expectation of the grand ceremony of the coronation, which, it is supposed,

will take place on the 19th of July. Bets, however, to a considerable amount, are said to be taken up daily, by persons in the secret, that it will be postponed still further, and, perhaps, indefinitely: the grounds for this surmise are said to be the advanced age of his Majesty, and the great fatigue which such a ceremony must necessarily impose. Be this as it may, every "note of preparation" speaks its approaching consummation. The Hall, the Abbey, the platform, the coronation robes, both of King and Peerage, the re-establishment of the Court of Claims, and, in short, all the necessary arrangements, are in active progress. It does not appear that the Queen is to have any share in this august ceremonial; and this is now confirmed by better authority than mere rumour; as Lord Londonderry, in answer to a question from Mr. Monck upon that subject, in the House of Commons, declared that neither himself, nor any other of the King's Ministers, were prepared to advise any act of the Crown by which the Queen should be included. In the mean time her Majesty has been so-lacing herself amongst her friends at Cambridge House, where she has given two dinners: she has also dined at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor, and visited the theatres.—The proclamation of the ceremony has actually taken place. The form was first read at Palace Yard, and then the procession moved to Charing Cross, where it went round the statue of King Charles—but there was no proclamation there; it then moved on to Temple Bar, where the usual ceremony of demanding, and receiving permission to enter the city was gone through; and after grand proclamation there, they proceeded, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in city state, to the Exchange, and all the other customary places. We must not omit to mention that at every place where the announcement took place, it was received by the people with reiterated and enthusiastic shouts of "Long live King George the Fourth." The progress of this splendid cavalcade was varied by alternate performances on the drums and trumpets.

From the accounts with which the papers are filled of the King's pro-

ceedings, we should not be much inclined to credit the reports of his not being able to undergo the fatigue of his coronation. His Majesty has, indeed, it is said, suffered some surgical operation for an excrescence, of but little consequence, on his head, which, happily, however, has had no ill, or even inconvenient effects. He has given a very splendid ball to the children of the nobility during the month, and honoured the Duke of Devonshire with his presence at a banquet of unrivalled magnificence.

A discovery of the original books of registry of births and marriages which took place in the Fleet prison, and also at the Mint, and at Mayfair chapel, between the years 1686 to 1754, has been made, which is of great importance, as they will tend to clear up many doubts with respect to titles, previous to the date of the marriage act. These valuable documents have been deposited with the Registrar of the diocese of London.

The intervention of Whitsun week has created some cessation of parliamentary business; but still a few discussions have arisen of much interest, and measures of considerable importance have had their fates variously decided. Amongst these, we are sorry to have to record the failure of Sir James Macintosh's forgery mitigation bill, which was rejected in its last stage in the House of Commons, by a majority of only six! This bill was intended to effect a change in the punishment attached to the crime of forgery, and had its origin in the utter fruitlessness of the more severe laws at present in existence, which have produced a melancholy effusion of human blood, without operating any change in the progress of the crime. The bill was an experiment, but when present and long existing measures fail, experiments are worth resorting to, at least for the sake of humanity: It is a very curious fact, and is proved beyond doubt, by an official return now on the table of the House of Commons, that during the years 1818—19—20, only seventeen persons were convicted in Ireland of uttering forged notes of the National Bank of that country, and of these not one was executed. We do not believe that this clemency has had the effect of increasing the number of criminals.



Mr. Bennet has been following up the fruitless attempts of the Marquis of Tavistock and Lord Nugent in the cause of reform, by a motion to exclude certain placemen from Parliament, and with similar success. The exertions of Mr. Hume also do not deserve to be passed over in silence; this gentleman has been indefatigable in his scrutiny of the different estimates as they were presented to the House, and produced more divisions than, we believe, were ever before known in a similar period in the House of Commons. His last motion was for an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Thomas Maitland during his government of the Ionian Isles, which was negatived by a majority of seventy. Whether a government be correct or otherwise, the utility of such a man as Mr. Hume cannot be denied. Lord Nugent's motion for a select committee, to inquire into the abuses of justice in the island of Tobago, was also negatived by a considerable majority; and the usury laws repeal bill has been postponed to next Session. Our readers may remember, that in the year 1818, a provision of 6000*l.* a year was made for his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in addition to his previous income, which he, at the time, for some unexplained reasons, thought proper to reject; during the last month, however, Lord Londonderry proposed a revival of the grant, in which he declared the Royal Duke was now ready to acquiesce; and, in addition, moved for an allowance of the arrears which had arisen during the interval: both of these motions were agreed to, though not without a warm and continued discussion. A motion was made by Mr. Curwen, in consequence of the unanimous opinion of the Agricultural Committee with respect to the distress of the country, for the repeal of the agricultural horse-tax bill, which, after a long debate, was agreed to by a division of 141 against 113, leaving ministers in a minority of 28. Government, however, declared their determination to combat, in all its stages, this repeal bill, by which a considerable diminution of its revenue would occur. Upon more mature consideration, this determination was surrendered; and Lord Londonderry attended the Agri-

cultural Committee, and informed them that Ministers, in consequence of the expressed opinion of the House of Commons, had come to the resolution of relinquishing the tax; a communication which was received by the Committee with loud cheers. The important exposition of the finances of the country has taken place; and the budget of the present year, presents the most flattering appearance: it seems, from the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the national income of this year has exceeded the expenditure, by a sum of two millions, which, upon every human calculation, will next year be increased to four. May this calculation prove correct!

Sentence has been passed, in the Court of King's Bench, upon various public characters for libels and other political offences. Mr. Flyndell, the editor of the *Western Luminary*, has been adjudged eight months' imprisonment in Exeter gaol, for a libel on the Queen, which appeared in his paper during the late trial. Mr. John Hunt, of the *Examiner* newspaper, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in Cold Bath-fields, for a libel on the House of Commons. Maddox, Wooller, and Edmonds, for the election of Sir Charles Wolseley as legislative attorney for the town of Manchester, have been respectively adjudged, the first, eighteen—the second, fifteen—and the third, nine months' confinement in Warwick gaol, and to find security for their good behaviour for a certain term, themselves in 400*l.* and two securities in 200*l.* each. Major Cartwright, who was convicted along with them of a similar offence, was fined 100*l.* and discharged. This mitigated punishment, with respect to him, has arisen out of compassion, it is supposed, for his years. Sentence has also been passed, at the last Sessions of the Old Bailey, dooming no less than 26 unfortunate creatures, men and women, to death. We remarked that there was not one case of murder in the calendar. Surely it is high time that our criminal code should undergo revision. It appears that no less than 107,000 persons have passed through the prisons of the united kingdom in the year 1818.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE practical agriculturist is now employed in the preparation for raising his crop of turnips, and harvesting his grasses—the beginning and the ending of two most important branches of his industry. At this time it may, therefore, be particularly useful to commence our Report with a brief and condensed abstract of the various methods for preserving the turnip from the ravages of the all-destroying fly, which have been lately put forth by those who direct the philosophical and technical pursuits of experimental as well as experienced farmers. The old prejudice against research, as beyond the farmer's reach, or as dangerous to his profits, is fast wearing away, as those engaged in this employment become better educated; and, thanks to the enlightened founders of aggregate meetings of the agricultural body, for the double purpose of inspection of facts, and participation of knowledge, Farming is rapidly collecting the materials, and adopting the arrangement, as well as assuming the name of a Science.

The laborious author of the Code of Agriculture has condensed many of the methods employed to extirpate the fly—amongst which, are rolling the fields at midnight, when the dew is on the ground; drawing tarred boards along the lands, to which the flies skip and adhere. (Mr. Paul's trap);—train-oil and sulphur used with the seed; and preparations of lime: all which have been tried; but with partial and inadequate success. Radish seed has been sown with the turnip, as offering food more attractive:—the growth of the plant has been accelerated by extra quantities of manure, with a view to forward it rapidly, beyond the power of destruction: the quantity of seed has been increased to three pounds per acre, the crop carefully weeded, and the soil frequently stirred. All these are attended with various degrees of benefit. Sir John Sinclair himself has recently proposed to destroy the fly by flame and smoke—that is, by burning the stubbles and other combustibles, on the land, previous to sowing; but Mr. Paul, of Starston, in Norfolk (the inventor of the fly-trap), a gentleman who has employed a diligent attention and great acuteness in his experiments to destroy the insect, asserts, that this plan must be abortive, because the flies are then not to be found in such fields. There are several species which, he says, during the winter inhabit any thing affording shelter from wind and weather. They are very tenacious of life, will remain for some minutes immersed in water, or bear severe pressure of the thumb and finger, without injury. Mr. Paul, however, considers that

one species only, a black insect with yellow feet (*Chrysomela nemorum* of Linnæus), will attack the young turnips. He now destroys them by what he terms a *decoy*. He sows one headland ridge of his intended turnip field, on the south side, in May, with white turnips. He rolls it down to a very level surface. The flies, with their larvae, assemble here in large quantities, and may be readily caught, by passing the fly-catch rapidly along the surface, stopping occasionally to shake the insects to the bottom of the catch. Six or seven o'clock, in the evenings of warm days, is the best time to take them. Thus Mr. Paul conceives, in a few years, the fly might be *exterminated*. The present season has been so cold and backward, that perhaps it is not, even now, too late to employ this plan to advantage; appropriating a single ridge, earliest sown. But the confidence Mr. Coke expressed in the Northumberland ridge system, at the last Holkham Meeting, will probably incline the farmer to treat Mr. Paul's plan rather as an auxiliary than as a principal. It has been stated, by many practical men, that horse-hoeing has succeeded where Mr. Paul's fly catch has failed: and Mr. Herod, of Creake, Norfolk, a very intelligent agriculturist, has witnessed this year the destruction of a crop, belonging to a neighbour, who sowed the same seed, and the same quantity, with the same drill as himself: the plants looked equally well on both lands; Mr. Herod horse-hoed his, and his neighbour employed Mr. Paul's fly-catch. Mr. Herod's crop is safe—his neighbour's perished under the devouring insects, *although a great many were caught*. Indeed Mr. Coke declared himself *certain* as to the effects of the ridge system, and horse-hoeing, and that he no longer entertained the smallest fear of being able, in all seasons, to secure a crop of turnips. An authority so established, will, no doubt, meet the attention and respect which Mr. Coke has so meritoriously earned of the agriculturist.

The prevalence of northerly winds during the month, and the consequent cold showers, have kept vegetation very backward; and the crops scarcely seem to have made any advancement. The haymaking, which, ere this time in previous seasons, has been approaching to a close, is scarcely begun; particularly in the eastern parts of the kingdom: and, from the want of warm weather, the crop is generally far more scanty than the spring promised. Neither are the meadows so abundantly clothed as usual. The wheats are short in the stalk, and only just coming into ear: in some districts, the wire-worm has injured the spring wheats, particularly where sown after tur-

nips; but, upon the whole, the appearance is good. The barley also is backward, and may have received more injury from the nipping air than the wheats; the late sown looks the best. The light lands, however, have no reason to complain. Beans promise a full crop, and the season has been favorable for hoeing them. The turnip lands were well prepared, and the Swedes are up; but, in some instances, the fly has made considerable ravages. But this crop is in too recent a state to afford any means of fair judgment. The markets are crowded with stock. Fat mutton is greatly depressed; and the holders, who had anticipated a rise, are grievously disappointed. Store pigs, which, in the eastern parts of the kingdom, are cheaper, in Oxfordshire, and the adjoining counties, are dear, in consequence of the heavy losses which some time since fell upon that district; occasioned by a distemper, which carried off a great number of pigs. In wool there has been little doing, and that little at very low prices.

The labours of the Committee, appointed

to consider the agricultural petitions, are at length closed; but, at the moment of writing this article, we know only, and that from a member, that the Report was agreed to by a majority of eleven to nine. Two of the Committee did not approve of the terms of the Report, yet considered that the production even of one they did not entirely accede to, would be better than none at all. The repeal of the Agricultural Horse Tax has been carried in the House of Commons. The country owes its thanks to the talents and perseverance of Mr. Curwen, by whose powerful representations in the Committee, and in Parliament, this boon (as it is called) has been extorted. It will give about three per cent. upon the value of his rent, to the farmer. Such a remission can render no very important service to the tenantry; but, nevertheless, the victory obtained is momentous to the country, since it manifests the determination of an independent body, to lessen the burdens of taxation.

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## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, June 23.)

THOUGH no enactment has been made by Parliament since our last report, respecting the foreign trade of the country, except the passing of the Bill, regulating the timber trade, it is satisfactory to know that the Committees of the two Houses are assiduously prosecuting their researches on the most important subjects of foreign trade, agriculture, &c. A statement which has been laid before the House of Lords respecting the silk manufactures of this country, will probably cause considerable surprise to the generality of the public, who were hardly aware of the great extent to which that manufacture is carried. From this statement, it appears that the quantity of raw silk used in England, in 1820, was no less than 2,500,000 lb., while that used in France, in the same year, was only 2,000,000 lb. The value of the manufactured article in England was 12,000,000*l.* sterling. The great increase of our silk manufactures is ascribed to the extension of the private trade to India, by which the manufacturers are enabled to receive more frequent supplies than before that system was adopted. So important a branch of manufacture, which has confessedly been nurtured into maturity, by the aid of the prohibitory system, can hardly be supported, without the continuance, at least in part, of that protection which it has hitherto enjoyed; and it is, therefore, not

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probable that any great changes will be made in it.

*Cotton.*—An extensive purchase of 3,000 bags of Bengal cotton in one contract, in the last week of May, excited some interest in the market. The quality was fair cotton; the average price 5*½*d. per lb. The transaction, however, took place under peculiar circumstances, and, as reported, for an exchange of manufactured goods. The other purchases amounted to about 1,500 bales. From the end of May, to the middle of the third week of June, the market was heavy and without interest, the prices rather declined, but without much facilitating sales, which amounted in three weeks to only 3,250 bags, all in bond. At Liverpool, during the same period, the market has not presented any improvement of prices; but the demand, during the first fortnight of this month, was pretty steady, though not brisk. The quantity of cotton imported into Liverpool, up to June 16, shows an extraordinary decrease, when compared with that of last year. viz. of 49,500 bags from America, of 37,300 from Brazil, and of 5,100 from the East Indies, with an increase of only 1,700 bags from the West Indies, the total decrease exceeding 90,000 bags, or from 288,000 last year, to 197,800 this year. The diminution of the supply for the last three weeks may be attributed to contrary winds. The

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cotton delivered from the East India warehouses, in the month of May, was 1,779 bags for exportation, and 5,775 for home consumption. By the accounts up to this day, we are happy to find that an improvement has taken place. The market remained heavy till Thursday (21st.), when the favourable reports from Liverpool had an immediate effect here. The purchases in the last week, consist of 670 Bengal, 5½d. a 6½d.; 200 Surat, 6d. a 7d.; 30 Madras, 7d.; 137 Sea Island, 15d. a 16d.; 200 Pernambuco, 12d. a 12½d.; 90 Smyrna, 8d. a 8½d. all in bond; 41 St. Domingo, 9½d. a 9¾d. duty paid.

The letters from Liverpool state an uncommon briskness in cottons; in the first three days of this week the sales exceeded 8,000 bags, and more business would have been done, had not the sellers asked an advance of ¼d. per lb.

*Sugar.*—The market has remained for this month past, nearly in the same state as for some time preceding. The quantity of new sugars brought forward has been inconsiderable; and they have in general met with a ready sale at the full market prices; but the transactions have been chiefly confined to purchases made by the grocers for their immediate wants; there being no inducement to lay in a stock, while the supply is so inadequate; for which reason the refiners have shown no inclination to purchase. Foreign sugars have been in general low. At a public sale on the 5th inst. 577 chests of Havannah, and 21 barrels 23 chests of Brazil were sold. The former, white fine 58s. good 56s. to 57s. 6d. middling 52s. to 55s. yellow 30s. to 32s.; the Pernambuco, white, good 55s. middling 38s. 6d. to 39s. 6d. The prices have not since improved.

The refined market, after a reduction of 1s. to 2s. seemed likely to revive, but unfavourable reports from the Continent checked the improving demand. The request was, however, still sufficient to prevent any accumulation of stock; and in the second week of this month there was a considerable demand for goods suitable for the Mediterranean markets; after which the trade became depressed. The following is the latest statement of the markets.

The show of new sugars this week has greatly improved, both in quality and quantity: several of the holders have evinced a determination to effect immediate sales, and in consequence a reduction of 6d. a 1s. per cwt. has been submitted to in grocery sugars; the other qualities are without variation.

The refined market has continued steady all the week; there are no alterations to notice in the prices, and there appears to be little life in the trade.—Molasses are rather lower.

By public sale, 231 chests Havannah sugars met with no buyers, the greater proportion was taken in about 2s. lower than the previous prices by private contract; fine white at 55s. 6d. and 56s. middling 49s. 6d. a 52s.; Barbadoes, Bourbon, and Brazil sugars went off at nearly the previous prices.

*East India sale on Tuesday the 19th inst.*

<i>Sugar</i> , 19,523 bags.	
Bourbon, brown...	23s. a 25s.
yellow...	26s. a 29s. 6d.
white ...	34s. a 38s. a few lots 40s.
Bengal, brown ...	18s. 6d. a 21s. 6d.
yellow ...	30s. a 31s.
white ...	35s. 6d. a 36s. 6d.
Siam, yellow ...	27s. a 29s. 6d.
grey.....	31s. a 32s.
white ...	34s. 6d. a 40s.
fine...	43s. a 45s.

The shipping sugars sold 1s. a 2s. lower; grocery descriptions supported the late prices. The bill now in progress in Parliament, proposing a new duty, 40s. on brown and yellow, 45s. per cwt. on East-India white sugars, appears to have no effect on the market.

*Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—*

May 26 .....	33s. 9½d.
June 2 .....	35s. 3d.
9 .....	36s. 1d.
16 .....	36s. 2½d.
23 .....	00s. 0d.

*Coffee.*—The reports of the market, up to the middle of this month, were unfavourable. The large public sales went off heavily; and a considerable proportion of the quantity brought forward was supposed to have been taken in on account of the languid demand.

The public sales, last week, consisted of 914 casks and 1457 bags; notwithstanding this extensive quantity, the greater proportion sold, and on Friday an improvement of 1s. a 2s. took place in all descriptions of Jamaica coffee; fine middling realised 146s. 6d. and 147s. By private contract, a cargo of St. Domingo coffee sold at 112s. for money; the request afterwards considerably improved, and for St. Domingo 114s. 6d. was offered.

This week the market appears fluctuating: on Wednesday two extensive parcels of St. Domingo coffee went off with much briskness, casks at 115s. 6d. and bags at 116s. 6d.; on Thursday the demand for foreign coffee again became languid, and a large parcel of St. Domingo met with no buyers at 115s. 6d. and 116s.; the quality of the latter was, however, of inferior description to the parcels of Wednesday.

Jamaica coffee sold with some briskness at an advance of 2s. a 3s. per cwt. The public sale on Friday consisted of Havannah coffee, which was all withdrawn, fine ordinary at 119s. good ordinary 117s. 6d.; there were offers at 117s. 6d. for the former, which is nearly the present price by private contract: generally, foreign coffee may be stated heavy; British Plantation in good demand, at the advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.

At the East India sale, on Tuesday, 1521 bags of coffee all sold at a considerable advance. There is scarcely any Mocha left unsold.

*Indigo.*—The prices of indigo are little varied, and the market will probably continue without interest until the result of the sale at the India House transpires: the general premium on the purchases of last sale is 2d. a 3d. per lb. In the warehouses, sold and unsold, it is estimated there are 13,000 chests.

*Spices, &c.*—The India Company have declared for sale 13th August,

Company's Cinnamon	130,000 lb.
Nutmegs	100,000
Mace	20,000
Pepper, Black	2,855 bags
Saltpetre	1,000 tons

*Tea.*—At the East India sale, which finished last week, Bohea sold at 2s. 3½d. to 2s. 4d. (½d. to 1d. higher than last sale.) Common Congou 2s. 6d. a 2s. 7½d. (1d. to 1½d. higher); and finer sorts 2s. 7½d. a 3s. (1d. lower than last sale.) Since the sale, Boheas have realised prices a shade higher, 2s. 4d. being now the lowest market price.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The rum market is exceedingly heavy, on account of the considerable arrivals, and several parcels have been forced on sale; parcels of low Leewards, 300 puncheons, have been sold at 1s. 4d.; the general price, however, cannot be stated so low; very inferior Jamaica 1s. 9d.: with the exception of these parcels forced upon the market, the purchases are inconsiderable.—Brandy is still held with much firmness, but few sales are reported; Cognac, best marks 3s. 4d. a 3s. 6d., other marks 3s. a 3s. 2d.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The prices of tallow are a shade lower since Tuesday last, and notwithstanding the principal holders will not sell at the present rates, yet the market continues languid and declining.—In hemp or flax there is little alteration.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*St. Petersburg, 28th May.*—Above 200 vessels, the greater part with goods, have already arrived; but only a small part of their cargoes is yet at market, as the unloading goes on rather slowly. English refined sugars C. B. are sold at 50 r., H. D. at 51 r. (payment weekly); fine Havannah

coffee 58 a 59 r., white Havannah sugars at 30½ r. with 10 r. earnest, and at 31 r. with 5 r. earnest; the remainder payable in four months. Manilla sugars at 20 r. payable in six months.—*Tallow.* From 200 to 250,000 poods have been sold. Yellow, on the spot, 155 r. for delivery, 160 r. all down; soap tallow 136 r. to 137 r. for that on the spot, 133 r. for delivery. In white, hardly any thing doing; it may be had at 140 r.—*Hemp.* 500,000 poods have been sold; mostly such as is on the spot; because the chief purchasers, the Americans, are not willing or able to wait for the arrivals of the new article.—*Hemp Oil.* 300,000 poods have been purchased; of which, at least, 100,000 poods on speculation to sell again. This article is now dull, and might probably be had at 9½ r.—*Flax.* On the whole, 100,000 poods have been sold. Nothing has been done this fortnight: 13 head is not to be bought under 150 r. all paid down, or 155 r. with earnest; and 9 head not under 125 r. with earnest, or 120 r. all down.—*Bristles.* Our stock is small, and the demand great; so that 80 r. to 85 r. are willingly given for the first sort, 22 r. to 23 r. for the second, 27 r. to 37 r. for Souchay, and 120 r. for Akalkas.—*Horse-tails.* The first sort, last sold at 55 r., is not to be had; for the second sort, which is still more in demand, 22 r. to 23 r. according to quality, have been given.—*Yellow Wax.* Not in much demand, and therefore to be had at the very reasonable price of 72 r.—*Linseed.* Some purchases for English account, have been made at 28 r. to 32 r., according to quality.

*Riga, 25th May.*—*Hemp.* It seems there is very little clean at market, and this sort being the most in request, our good Ukraine has been bought at 112 r. As the quantity of outshot at market is, of course, large in proportion as that of clean is small, it is probable the price will fall.—*Flax* is not lower, but there seems to be little demand.—*Tallow.* Yellow crown, 155 r.

*June 1.*—The prices are unchanged. There has been a brisk demand for hemp this week: but nothing doing on flax. *Hemp-oil* is held at 97 r. *Pot-ashes* have been sold at 97 r. at which price there are purchasers, but 100 r. are now asked. *Refined Sugars* have been little enquired for this week. *Hamburgh middling* held at 30 cop. but only 29½ cop. offered. *Havannah sugars* white middling have been sold at 19½ cop. yellow at 13 cop. for four months' credit 16 cop. ready money are offered, and 16½ cop. asked for Brazil white.—*Salt.* Terravecchia 65 r. Cadix 52 r. St. Ubez 56 to 57 r. St. Martin or Noirmoutier greyish, 46 to 47 r. fine Liverpool, (being scarce) 58 to 60, Liverpool rock salt 80 r. per last of 18 barrels.

*Hamburgh, June 9.*—*Coffee.* There has

been a good demand, and the prices continue steady.—*Sugar*. This week there has been a tolerable demand for Hamburg refined. The fixed price for good ordinary is 13½, which may be taken as a standard for the other sorts. Lumps of good middle quality remain steady at 11d. Very little has been doing in raw sugars, except a large parcel of Brazil brown at 7½. Yellow and brown Havannah are in no request, and several parcels of mixed quality might be had at 8d.; but white, of which the stock is small, especially of dry middle quality, is in demand at 12½d. to 13d.

June 16.—*Coffee*. Owing to a pretty brisk demand the prices are still firmer. *Sugar*. There has been a good deal doing in our refined this week, and the prices of the finer descriptions are a little higher. Raw goods as before: fine white, being scarce, is in demand, and steady in price, and the inferior sorts dull, we having an abundant supply.

*Odessa, May 30.*—The Turkish government has stopped all ships that have sailed from this port since the middle of April, without distinction of flags, and obliged them to deliver their cargoes (of wheat) into the corn magazines of Constantinople, on receipt of their value at the market price. This is probably to appease the populace, who were enraged at the capture of 6 corn ships from Egypt. This proceeding, however, injures our trade, and leads to unpleasant differences with the Spanish, Danish and Italian houses, who have ordered this corn. 191 ships of various nations, one with the flag of Jerusalem, have arrived here from January to April. Sailed 102.

*Spain, June 11.*—Complaints are received from all parts of the kingdom, of the increase of smuggling, which is carried on by main force, and in open day, in spite of all the vigilance and activity of the officers.

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### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Lowe, Author of the Statistical Articles on England and France in Mr. Napier's Supplement to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is preparing for the Press an Octavo Volume, entitled "The Prospects of England in Agriculture, Trade, and Finance, with a Comparison in these Respects between England and France."

A Reprint of that very rare and curious little Manual, Arthur Warwick's "Spare Minutes," or Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions. This Edition will be printed in super royal 16mo. with Fac-similes of the singular Emblematical Frontispieces, together with the explanatory Poems of Frances Quarles and George Withers.

Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and on other Subjects, in one Vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Game of Chess, including the Games of the Anonymous Madonese, and the *Traité des Amateurs*, and containing many remarkable Situations, Original as well as Selected. By John Cochrane, Esq. in one large Vol. 8vo. Illustrated by numerous Diagrams, and with an Engraved Frontispiece.

The Publishers of Moses's Etchings from Retch's Outlines to the Faustus of Goethe, have engaged a Gentleman of Literary Eminence to prepare a Translation of a considerable portion of that wild and singular play into English Blank Verse. A brief Abstract of the several Scenes will unite those Translations, and form a connected Story; it not being deemed advisable to translate the whole, for reasons which

every reader of Goethe will readily admit. The Work will form an Octavo Volume, and will be published in the course of next month.

Temper, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar.

Dr. Adam Dods will soon publish, the Physician's Guide, being a popular Dissertation on Fevers, Inflammations, and all Diseases connected with them.

Mr. Wm. James has in the Press, the Naval History of Great Britain, from 1793 to 1830, in four Octavo Volumes, with a separate Volume of Tables.

William Haygarth, Esq. is preparing for the Press, the History of the Roman Empire, from the Accession of Augustus to the Death of the Younger Antoninus, which it is expected will not exceed two Quarto Volumes.

Mr. T. C. Hansard is printing in a Quarto Volume an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Printing; including the Process of Stereotyping, and of Lithographic Printing.

Mr. James Henderson will soon publish, a Copious History of Brazil, in Quarto, with thirty Plates and Maps. Happiness; a Tale, for the Grave and Gay: two Post Octavo Volumes.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. F. Thruston, with his Portrait.

Mr. S. F. Gray has in the Press, in Two Octavo Volumes, a Natural Arrangement of British Plants, preceded by an Introduction to Botany.

Practical Observations on Cold and Warm Bathing; with an Account of the

principal Watering Places in Scotland and England. By Mr. James Miller.

A Treatise on the Principles of Bridges by Suspension, with reference to the Catenary, and exemplified by the Cable Bridge now in Progress over the Strait of Menai.

Prudence and Principle, a Tale, by the Author of Rachel.

The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare, by the late Edmond Malone, Edited by Mr. Boswell, with a New Portrait, &c.

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WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.*

The Architectural Antiquities of Rome, Measured and Delineated by G. L. Taylor and Edward Cressy, Architects, fol. Part I. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. ; Proofs, 2*l*. 2*s*.

Physiognomical Portraits, Part II. imperial 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. ; Proofs, 2*l*. 2*s*.

German Scenery, No. I. consisting chiefly of Views in Vienna and on the Danube, with its principal Tributary Streams, &c. from Drawings by Capt. Batty. Royal 8vo. 12*s*. Proofs, 4*to*. 18*s*.

Picturesque Buildings in Normandy, Sketched from Nature, and Drawn on Stone, by S. Prout. No. I. folio, 8*s*.

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- Lent, W. Bridlington, York, ironmonger. [Harvey, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
- Mason, E. Worcester, tea-dealer, and Jas. Penn, Dale-end, Birmingham, soap-boilers. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.
- Masters, R. Coventry, tailor. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn. C.
- Nicholson, Wm. Wakefield, York, corn-factor. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.
- Preston, J. Torquay, Devon, merchant. [Darke, 30, Red-lion-square. C.
- Rudkin, T. H. 6, Charlotte-street, Islington, maltster. [Tomes, 49, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
- Stabb, T. Torquay, Devon, merchant. [Darke, 30, Red-lion-square. C.
- Tarlton, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowe, London. C.
- Tinson, T. Elbow-lane, merchant. [Clarke, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.
- Young, W. Bordwood Farm, Brading, in the Isle of Wight, farmer. [Pownall, Staple-inn. C.
- June 9.—Beane, B. Hickling, Norfolk, shopkeeper. [Tilbury, Falcon-st. Aldersgate-st. C.
- Board, W. Bristol, post-master. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.
- Chapman, S. Greenwich, linen-draper. [Brooking, Lombard-street. T.
- Corri, D. Percy-street, Bedford-square, dealer in music. [Pike, New Boswell-court, Carey-st. Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
- Croft, J. Kingston upon-Hull, draper. [Appleby, Gray's-inn-square. C.
- Dean, J. Accrington, near Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. [Hadfield, St. Ann's, Manchester. C.
- Downs, William, Cheshire, calico-printer. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.
- Foster, W. Liverpool, grocer. [Knight, Basinghall-street. C.
- Franklin, F. Leamington Priors, Warwick, surgeon. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
- Glover, G. Lower East Smithfield, Middlesex, oil and colourman. [Lane, Lawrence Pountney-place. T.
- Hall, H. and J. Hall, Sun-wharf, Upper Thames-street, iron-merchants. [Drake, Old Fish-st. Doctors-commons. T.
- Haynes, S. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.
- Holland, Stephen, Bexhill, Sussex, coal-merchant. [Smith, 6, New Basinghall-street. C.
- Kirkman, C. F. Deal, linen-draper. [Phillips, King-street, Covent-garden. T.
- Palne, J. Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street, smith. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.
- Relly, R. Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, man-milliner. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.
- Rex, G. Great Driffield, York, grocer. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.
- Shoobridge, G. Cheapside, tailor. [Castle, Middleton-street, Clerkenwell. T.
- Turton, J. Jun. Rolls-buildings, Fetter lane, farrier. [Oriel, Finch-lane, Cornhill. T.
- Warton, R. E. and Martin Brookes, Bridge-road, Vauxhall, plumbers. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house-street. T.
- Weston, M. London-wall, livery-stable-keeper. [Robins, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
- Williams, J. P. Thomas-street, New Kent-road, slater. [Jones, South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street. T.
- June 12.—Atkinson, T. and J. Spark, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. [Bell, 9, Bow Church-yard. C.
- Carver, J. Lancing, Sussex, farmer. [Palmer, Bedford-row. C.
- Cross, R. Bridlington, York, chemist. [Harvey, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.
- Fletcher, J. P. Fletcher, and B. Fletcher, Patricroft, Lancaster, cotton-spinners. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.
- Hammond, V. Ludlow, Salop, wine-merchant. [Proctor, 6, Gray's-inn-place. C.
- Hayward, T. Cheltenham, builder. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.
- Hopkins, W. of the parish of St. Phillip and Jacob, Gloucester, victualler. [Poole, Gray's-inn. C.
- Middleditch, J. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, plumber. [Bromley, Gray's-inn-square. C.
- Resaud, Edw. Birmingham, whip-maker. [Jennings, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.
- Waddington, Jas. Reading, Berks, boot-maker. [Eyre, Gray's-inn-square. C.
- June 16.—Bass, J. Holbeach, Lincoln, brewer. [Jeyes, Chancery-lane. C.
- Billingham, J. Uttoxeter, Stafford, nail-manufacturer. [Tooke, Gray's-inn. C.
- Blain, H. Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
- Bromhead, T. Sheffield, grocer. [Rodgers, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.
- Bury, Edw. Liverpool, merchant. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.
- Dawson, T. Upton, Norfolk, merchant. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.
- Goff, W. Brighthelmston, Sussex, linen-draper. [Watkins, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-inn. T.
- Hurdall, J. Bristol, haberdasher. [Gates, 23, Newgate-street. T.
- Kay, T. Princess-square, Ratcliff Highway, coal-merchant. [Saxon, Pump-court, Temple. T.
- Manson, Daniel, Throgmorton-street, merchant. [Weston, Fenchurch-street. T.
- Parker, Wm. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, wire-worker. [Milne, Temple. C.
- Pollock, J. Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
- Wellburn, S. Sculcoates, York, grocer. [Gatty, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.
- Wight, S. widow, and J. Wight, Leadenhall-street, hat-manufacturers. [Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctors Commons. T.
- Wood, P. Kingston, Surry, gardener. [Gregory, Clements-inn. T.
- Woodhead, M. Liversedge, York, merchant. [Evans, Hatton-garden. C.
- Woolrich, G. and J. Woolrich, Spital-square, silk-manufacturers. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.
- Wroote, R. Sleaford, Lincoln, linen-draper. [Wilson, Manchester. C.
- June 19.—Baghott, Sir Paul, Lyplatt Park, Stroud, Gloucester, knight, banker. [Dax, 29, Guildford-street. C.
- Bowmar, J. Goltbo, Lincoln, farmer. [Taylor, 6, Clements-inn. C.
- Fox, Jas. Dartmouth, Devon, ship-owner. [Fox, Austin-frairs. C.
- Loves, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, bill-broker. [Walker, Old Jewry. T.
- Renand, Edw. Birmingham, whip-maker. [Jennings, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.
- Sawyer, T. Ramsgate, chemist. [Young, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry. T.

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—May 19 to June 19.

- Burrell, R. saddler, Cupar Fife
- Lawrie, A. upholsterer, Edinburgh.
- Macarthur, D. C. merchant, Glasgow.
- Smart, J. merchant, Leith.
- Macdougall, D. merchant, Glasgow.
- Tod, J. Jun. baker, Dundee.
- Williamson, T. merchant, Thornhill.
- Stoclar, W. merchant, Lerwick.
- Walker, J. grocer, Lochwinnoch.
- Tod, R. Jun. ship-broker, Glasgow.
- Honeyman, T. mill master, Dairie-mills.
- Weatherley, J. B. merchant, Jedburgh.

## BIRTHS.

- May 22. At Camborne Parsonage, the lady of Huzh Rogers, a son.  
 June 4. At Farley-hill, Lady Lucy Stephenson, a son.  
 5. At Malse-hill, Greenwich, the lady of Capt. Macbearn, Royal Artillery, a son.  
 — In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of Edward Blount, Esq. of Bellmore, Stafford, a son.  
 6. At Lawr-cottage, Battersa, the lady of James Edalle Hammett, Esq. a daughter.  
 7. At Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. J. Hancock, CB. Royal Navy, a daughter.  
 8. At Brompton-crescent, the lady of Lieut.-col. Hook, 16th regt. a son.  
 9. The lady of John Poynder, Esq. a son.  
 Lately, at the house of her father, W. Williams, Esq. MP. for Weymouth, the lady of Capt. H. Lorraine Baker, RN. a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Inveresk-house, near Edinburgh, the seat of Lady Seaforth, the hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, a son.

## IN IRELAND.

At Ballybricken, county of Cork, the lady of Major Burke, a daughter.  
 At Kilkenny, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Wade, 12th Royal Highlanders, a son.

## ABROAD.

The Infanta Donna Carlotta, Consort of his Royal Highness the Infant Don Francisco y Pablo, brother of the King of Spain, a Princess, named Isabella.  
 At Florence, Mrs. Edward Seymour, a daughter.  
 At Bombay, the lady of John Worthy, Esq. 9th regt. Nat. Inf. a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

- May 22. At St. James's church, by the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, H. Farnell, Esq. to Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Alex. Tulloch, Esq. of Charles-street, St. James's-square.  
 24. At Crawley, Haunts, John Latham, Esq. Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, eldest son of John Latham, MD. Harley-street, and of Bradwall-hall, Chester, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Dampier.  
 26. George Cooper, Esq. of New Brentford, to Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, of Ealing.  
 28. At Mary-le-bons church, Capt. George Wellings, of the 85th regt. or King's Light Infantry, to Anne, the only daughter of John Penwarne, Esq. of Stafford-street.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Baldoek, Esq. to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Lieut Col. Ross, of the Royal Marines.  
 29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of Landaff, John Tritton, Esq. eldest son of John Henton Tritton, Esq. of Bedington, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the late Edmund Hammond Biscoe, Esq. of Lympsfild, Surrey.  
 — At Compton Bishop, Charles Smith, youngest son of Henry Coxwell, Esq. of Millfield-house, Middlesex, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Pope, Esq.  
 Lately, the Rev. H. Brackenbury, Rector of Sorling, Lincolnshire, to Anne, only daughter of John Atkinson, Esq. of Ansthorpe-hall, Yorkshire.  
 31. At Chichester, the Rev. Rowland Grove Curtis, Chaplain of the Forces, to Louisa Georgina, eldest daughter of Major General Widrington.  
 — At Paddington Church, by the Bishop of London, the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, Head-master of Westminster School, and youngest son of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, to Frances, youngest daughter of Samuel Pepps Cockerell, Esq. of Westbourne-house.  
 — At St. Pancras, Sir Stephen Shalrp, of Russell-place, to Harriot, widow of the late Edward Astle, Esq. of Prince's-court, Westminster.  
 Lately, at St. Albans, the Rev. Sir John Filmer, Bart. of Langleybury, Herts, to Esther, daughter of the late Mr. John Stow, of Tenements of St. Stephen.  
 June 2. At the Earl of Coventry's, in Piccadilly,

- by special licence, Sir Roger Gresley, Bart. to the Right Ion. Lady Sophia Catherine Coventry.  
 4. At Yardley, Herts, the Rev. James Camper Wright, M.A. Rector of Walkern, in that county, to Maria, only daughter of Wm. Ogle Wallis Ogle, Esq. of Causey-park, Northumberland.  
 6. At St. Stephens, near Saitash, James Murray, Esq. Capt. of HMS. Valorous, to Miss Tucker, eldest daughter of Benjamin Tucker, Esq. of Trematon-castle.  
 9. James Henry D'Arcy Hutton, Esq. of Aldburgh-hall, in the County of York, to Miss Harriot Aggas, of Earsham, Norfolk.  
 — The Rev. Wm. Seys, Vicar of Telbeck and of Penelt, to Anne, widow of the late John Pooley Kensington, Esq. of Putney.  
 11. At Stoke-upon-Trent, Edmund John Birch, Esq. of Fradwell-hall, Staffordshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of Josiah Spode, Esq. of the Mount, in the same county.  
 12. At Beneden, Cooke Tyden Pattenson, Esq. of Ibordeu, in the county of Kent, to Miss Hodges, daughter of Thos. Law Hodges, Esq. of Hempstead-place, in the same county.  
 — At Dorking, James Randall, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Hebe, only daughter of Richard Lowndes, Esq.  
 13. At Herstoncoeur, Edwin Dashwood, Esq. of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), third son of Sir John Dashwood, Bart. of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, to Amelia, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hare, of Herstoncoeur, Sussex.  
 15. At Spenceer-house, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, Charles Neville, Esq. of Neville Holt, Leicestershire, to Lady Georgiana Bingham, fourth daughter of the Earl of Lucas.  
 18. At Greenwich, W. Parkhouse, Esq. of that place, to Frances, widow of the late George Morphet, Esq. of Blackheath.  
 21. The Rev. Charles Shipley, only surviving son of the very Reverend the Dean of St. Asaph, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Arley Sloper, Esq. of Woodnay, Berks.

## IN IRELAND.

By special licence, at Gloster, in the King's county, the seat of John Lloyd, Esq. Henry King, Esq. to Miss Lloyd, youngest daughter of John Lloyd, Esq.  
 At Glenmire, near Cork, John James Hamilton, Esq. eldest son of — Hamilton, Esq. of Balleymacholl, county of Meath, to the Hon. Anne Geraldine De Courcy, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Kinnsale.

## ABROAD.

At Brussels, at the house of his Excellency the British Ambassador, by the Rev. Whithworth Russell, Chaplain, to the Embassy, John Baker Moody, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of Walter Mansell, Esq. of Woodferry-house, Oxfordshire.  
 At York, Upper Canada, by special licence, by the Rev. and Hon. Dr. Strachan, Capt. Wm. Bouchier, RN. to Emma, second daughter of John Mills Jackson, Esq. of Downton, Wilts.  
 At the Chapel of the British Embassy, at Paris, Samuel Flood Page, Esq. of Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Shaw, Esq. formerly Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man.

## DEATHS.

- May 23. At Winster, Mr. Wm. Cuddle, Surgeon. This unfortunate gentleman's death was occasioned by a wound received the preceding day in a duel, which, it appears, he was induced to fight with Mr. W. Brittlebank, of the same place. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against all the parties concerned, three of whom are now confined in Derby goal; but Mr. Brittlebank, the principal, has absconded.  
 26. Aged 71, the lady of Capt. Dennis Butler, of Albany-crescent.  
 — Suddenly, of apoplexy, John Campbell, Esq. of Conduit-vale, Blackheath.  
 27. Wm. Mumford, Esq. of Sutton-place, near Dartford, Kent.  
 — Daniel Key, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Aldersgate.

23. The Rev. Joshua Riddock, MA. Vicar of Hitchin, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
29. At Portsmouth, Lord Francis Thynne, late midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Rochefort*, and son of the Marquis of Bath.
30. Mr. Stothard, son of T. Stothard, Esq. RA. and brother of Mr. H. Stothard. This gentleman, well known as an artist of considerable talent, was killed by a fall from a ladder, upon which he was standing while copying a window in the church of Beerferri, in Devon; although not more than ten feet from the ground, yet being precipitated on his head, he fractured his skull and expired on the spot.
- The Hon. Morton Eden, brother to Lord Auckland, in his 27th year.
- At his house, Portland-place, in his 86th year, the Earl of Sheffield. His Lordship was the friend of Gibbon, and the Editor of his *Miscellaneous Works*, and was the author of many valuable publications on commerce, agriculture, &c. His son, George Augustus Charles Holroyd, Viscount Pevensey, succeeds to his titles and estates.
31. In Great Pultney-street, Bath, the Right Hon. John Campbell, Lord Cawdor, Baron Cawdor, of Castlemartin, Pembroke-shire. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by the Hon. Frederick Campbell, MP. for Caermarthen, who married the eldest daughter of the late Marquis of Bath.
- At his house, in Spring-gardens, the Earl of Stair. His Lordship was the sixth Earl, and succeeded his father, John, Earl of Stair, in 1769. His titles were, Earl and Viscount of Stair, Viscount Dalrymple, Baron of Newliston, Glenbece and Stranraer, and a Baronet; all Scotch titles. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded by his nephew, John W. H. Dalrymple, now Earl of Stair.
- Lately, at Bath, the Rev. C. H. Simpson, DD. Minister of Laytonstone chapel, Essex, and late one of the East India Company's Chaplains at the Presidency of Madras.
- In his 78th year, the Rev. Sir Henry Poole, Bart. of the Hooke, near Lewes.
- June 1. Mary, daughter of the late — Mills, Esq. of Ripley, Yorkshire, and the bride of Mr. J. Houseman, of Clint, to whom she had been married the preceding Tuesday, when she was given away by Sir Wm. Ingilby, the present High Sheriff. Immediately after the ceremony the Bride and Bridegroom set off with a party of friends to York. On their arrival the unfortunate lady was attacked by apoplexy, which terminated her life so soon afterwards.
3. At Chester, aged 43, Wm. Carter, Esq. many years a Captain in the Royal Cheshire regt. and late of the 22d regt. of foot.
4. After a few days illness, in Edward-street, Portman-square, Sir Geo. Douglas, Bart. of Springwood-park, Roxburghshire, which county he had formerly represented in several successive Parliaments.
- At Calthorpe-house, Oxfordshire, in his 72d year, Thomas Cobb, Esq. Deputy-Lieutenant, and Commissioner of the Peace, for that county.
5. In Easton-square, after being delivered of a still-born child, the wife of George Ranking, Esq. Jun.
- At Beverley-lodge, near Colchester, Lachlan Robt. Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmonzie, Perthshire, in his 68th year.
- At his residence, at Potter's Bar, in his 72d year, Daniel Carpenter, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the counties of Middlesex and Herts.
6. The Rev. R. D. Squirre, one of the Prebendaries of Hereford Cathedral, and many years Headmaster of the College School.
- Lately, in St. Michael's-place, Brompton, Mrs. Storace, sister to the late Dr. John Trusler, and mother of the late Stephen Storace, well known by his musical talents, also of the celebrated *Signora Storace*.
7. At the residence of the Earl of Mexborough, in Piccadilly, after a few hours illness, the Countess of Mexborough.
- Francis Markitt, Esq. of Meopham Court-lodge, in the county of Kent.
9. In Old Elvet, Durham, aged 84, the Right Rev. W. Gibson, DD. Roman Catholic Bishop of Acanthos, and Vicar Apostolic for the Northern District of England.
- Capt. Wm. Haddon, of the 6th, or Inniskillen, regt. of Dragoons, eldest son of the late Major-General Haddon, of the Royal Artillery.
- At Munster-house, Fulham, Stephen Sullivan, Esq. in his 79th year.
- At Clifton, Penelope, relict of the late General Edward Smith, and daughter of the late Sir Wm. Bowyer, Bart. of Denham-court, Bucks.
10. At Romey, of an inflammation of the chest, after four days illness, Rebecca, wife of John Reynolds Beddome, and youngest daughter of the Rev. Robert Winter, DD.
- At Southgate, Middlesex, in his 40th year, Charles Pasley, Esq. late Major in the Hon. East India Company's service, and Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Persia.
- In Baker-street, Mrs. Bengough, relict of the late Alderman Bengough, of Bristol, in her 82d year.
12. At Dover, John Minet Fector, Esq. aged 67. Lately, at Mount-row, Lambeth, Mrs. Ashe, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Ashe, rector of Langley Barrell, Wilts.
14. At his house, in Somerset-street, Portman-square, the lady of Neville Reid, Esq.
- At Tichborne-house, Hants, in his 65th year, Sir Henry Tichborne, Bart.
15. In Gower-street, Martha, the wife of Jacobs Hans Busk, Esq. of Ponsborne-park, Herts.
16. At the Parsonage, Langdon-hills, Essex, in his 79th year, the Rev. John Moore, LL.B. rector of the above Parish, and of St. Michael Bassishaw, London, one of the priests of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, and for 54 years Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.
17. At her residence, in Upper Harley-street, Mrs. King, of Kelsey-park, Beckenham, Kent, relict of the late Edward King, Esq. FRS. and FAS.
18. At Gosport, Major Bennet, of the Royal Engineers.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, aged 45, John Ballantyne, Esq. Bookseller to his Majesty for Scotland.
- At Ingla-Maldie, Kincardineshire, the Hon. Alexander Keith, in his 22d year.
- At Dumfermline, Dr. Stenhouse, of Comeby-park.
- At Newington, Edinburgh, the lady of the Rev. Dr. M'Crie.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Castleclackan, in the county of Mayo, in his 74th year, the Right Hon. James Lord Baron Tyrrawly.
- At Newbrook, in the county of Mayo, aged 56, the Right Hon. Lord Baron Clanmorris. The title and part of his estates descend to his Lordship's eldest son, the Hon. Barry Bingham (now Earl Clanmorris).
- At her father's house, Granby-row, Dublin, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Duncan; and at her residence, in Beresford-street, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Duncan, Esq. and cousin to the above. These ladies were interred at the same time, in the same grave.
- At Carlow, the Rev. John Faulkner, LL.D. Rector of the Union of Carlow and Killeslin upwards of 40 years, and Chaplain to his Grace the late Duke of Leinster.
- The Rev. W. Mears, Rector of Kildallen, in the county of Cavan.

## ABROAD.

- At Lausanne, Jane Allott, youngest daughter of the Dean of Raphoe.
- On board the Duke of Kent Packet, on his passage from Lisbon to Falmouth, the Right Hon. Lord Clifford.
- At Cosseryam, in the Presidency of Bombay, Anne, third daughter of the late W. Hodges, Esq. RA.
- At Cannore, Capt. John Cruikshank, 24th regt. N. 1. by the accidental discharge of a pistol.
- At Paris, after an illness of two years, the lady of Lieut.-General Hodgson.



# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

*From May 25 to June 22.*

Amsterdam, C. F.....	12-14..	12-18
Ditto at sight.....	12-11..	12-15
Rotterdam, 2 U.....	12-15..	12-19
Antwerp.....	12-10..	12-12
Hamburgh, 2½ U.....	38-7..	38-10
Altona, 2½ U.....	38-8..	38-11
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-80..	25-85
Ditto. 3 U.....	26-15..	26-20
Bourdeaux.....	26-15..	26-20
Hankforton the Main } Ex. M.....	157½..159	
Petersburg, rble, 3 U.....	9	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M.....	10-20..	10-28
Trieste ditto.....	10-20..	10-28
Madrid, effective.....	36	
Cadiz, effective.....	35½	
Bilboa.....	35½	
Barcelona.....	35	
Seville.....	35½	
Gibraltar.....	30½	
Leghorn.....	46¼..	47
Genoa.....	43¼..	44
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-80	
Malta.....	45	
Naples.....	30¼..40	
Palermo, per oz.....	116	
Lisbon.....	49¼	
Oporto.....	49½-50	
Rio Janeiro.....	48¼..49	
Bahia.....	58-59	
Dublin.....	9-9¼	
Cork.....	8¼-8½	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

*At per Ounce.*

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons ...	3	15	0	3	14	0
New dollars.....	0	4	10	0	4	9
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	10	0	4	10

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

*Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 8¼d.*

*Bread.*

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

*Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.*

Ware	£0	8	0	to	0	10	0
Middlings	0	4	0	to	0	5	0
Chats	0	6	6	to	0	2	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from May 28 to June 18.

	May 28.		June 4.		June 11.		June 18.													
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.												
Newcastle....	31	3	to	43	3	37	9	to	43	6	30	3	to	42	6	32	0	to	42	0
Sunderland...	0	0	to	43	6	0	0	to	40	3	34	0	to	43	0	34	3	to	42	9

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	May 19	May 26	June 2	June 9	June 16					
Wheat	51	5	51	9	52	7	53	1	52	2
Rye	31	2	32	0	32	3	31	7	31	3
Barley	23	6	23	3	23	9	23	11	23	3
Oats	17	4	17	3	17	6	17	7	17	7
Beans	29	7	29	5	28	9	30	4	30	2
Peas	30	10	30	4	31	11	30	7	30	8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from May 22, to June 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	35,110	2,465	1,310	38,885
Barley	14,700	350	—	15,050
Oats	58,992	9,010	450	68,562
Rye	52	—	—	52
Beans	8,088	—	—	8,088
Pease	1,351	—	—	1,351
Malt	21,876	—	—	21,876

Foreign Flour 800 barrels.

*Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.*

Kent, New bags ..	40s. to	75s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to	60s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Bags .....	00s. to	00s.
Kent, New Pockets ..	40s. to	84s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to	65s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to	00s.
Farnham, ditto .....	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Pockets .....	35s. to	50s.

*Average Price per Load of Hay. Clover. Straw.*

£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.					
<i>Smithfield.</i>												
3	0	to	4	4..4	0	to	5	0..1	6	to	1	10
<i>Whitechapel.</i>												
3	10	to	4	4..3	10	to	5	0..1	4	to	1	8
<i>St. James's.</i>												
3	10	to	4	12..4	0	to	5	0..1	5	to	1	14

*Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at*

<i>Newgate.</i> —Beef ...	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
Mutton ..	2s.	8d.	to	3s.	8d.
Veal ...	3s.	4d.	to	5s.	4d.
Pork ...	3s.	0d.	to	5s.	0d.
Lamb ...	3s.	4d.	to	5s.	4d.
<i>Leadenhall.</i> —Beef ...	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
Mutton ..	2s.	8d.	to	3s.	8d.
Veal ...	4s.	0d.	to	5s.	4d.
Pork ...	3s.	8d.	to	5s.	4d.
Lamb ...	4s.	4d.	to	5s.	4d.

*Cattle sold at Smithfield from May 25, to June 22, both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,031	2,538	146,293	1,490



ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(June 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Annual Div.	Canals.	Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Annual Div.	Bridges.	Per Share.
	£.	£. s.					£.	£. s.			
350	100	—	—	Andover	5	7356	100	—	Southwark	17	
1482	100	—	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	1500	50	—	Do. new	33	
1790	—	3	10	Ashiton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18	
1260	100	—	—	Basingstoke	6	54,000	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	53	
54,000	—	2	—	Do. Bonds	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5	
3000	25	24	—	Birmingham (divided)	560	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	27	
477	250	5	—	Bolton and Bury	95	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22	
938	150	4	—	Brecknock & Abergavenny	90	60,000	—	5	— Bonds	100	
400	100	5	—	Chester and Blackwater	90	—	—	—			
1500	100	8	—	Chesterfield	120	—	—	—			
500	100	44	—	Coveatry	120	—	—	—			
4546	100	—	—	Croydon	970	300	100	—	Barking	34	
600	100	6	—	Derby	135	1000	100	5	Commercial	105	
2060	100	3	—	Dudley	63	—	—	—	— East-India		
3575	133	3	—	Ellesmere and Chester	65	492	100	1	Branch	100	
231	100	58	—	Erewash	10.0	2,303	50	—	Great Dover Street	33	
1297	100	20	—	Forth and Clyde	500	1000	65	1	Highgate Archway	4	
1960	100	—	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	1000	60	1	Croydon Railway	12	
—	60	3	—	Do. optional Loan	57	3762	50	1	Surrey Do.	30	
11,815	100	9	—	Grand Junction	222	—	—	—	Severn and Wye	31	
1521	100	3	—	Grand Surrey	59	3800	100	—	Water Works,		
48,800	—	5	—	Do. Loan	98	4500	50	2	East London	87	
2849	100	—	—	Grand Union	23	2000	100	—	Grand Junction	56	
19,327	—	5	—	Do. Loan	94	1500	—	2	Kent	33	
3096	100	—	—	Grand Western	4	800	100	—	London Bridge	50	
749	150	7	—	Grantham	130	7540	—	2	South London	22	
6312	100	—	—	Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—	West Middlesex	54	
25,328	100	18	—	Kennet and Avon	19	—	—	—	York Buildings	23	
11,689	100	1	—	Lancaster	27	—	—	—			
2879	100	12	—	Leeds and Liverpool	315	2000	500	2	Aldon	41	
545	—	14	—	Leicester	290	25,000	50	6	Atlas	5	
1896	100	4	—	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	300	1000	20	Bath	575	
70	—	170	—	Loughborough	2000	—	—	40	Birmingham	320	
250	100	12	—	Melton Mowbray	—	4000	100	3	British	50	
—	—	30	—	Mersey and Irwell	—	20,000	50	5	County	39	
2409	100	10	—	Monmouthshire	153	50,000	20	1	Eagle	2	
43,526	100	5	—	Do. Debentures	92	1,000,000	100	6	European	20	
700	—	25	5	Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5	Globe	123	
247	100	—	—	Neath	410	2400	500	4	Hope	3	
1770	25	—	—	North Wilts	—	3500	25	1	Imperial	92	
500	100	12	—	Nottingham	200	31,000	25	1	London Fire	24	
1720	100	32	—	Oxford	630	2500	100	18	London Ship	20	
2400	100	3	10	Peak Forest	68	100,000	20	2	Provident	17	
2520	50	—	—	Portsmouth and Arundel	35	745,100	—	10	Rock	1	
12,294	—	—	—	Regent's	26	—	—	8	Royal Exchange	290	
5631	100	2	—	Rochdale	42	4000	100	10	Sun Fire	—	
500	125	9	—	Shrewsbury	165	1500	200	1	San Life	23	
800	100	7	10	Shropshire	140	—	—	4	Union	35	
771	50	—	—	Somerset Coal	—	—	—	—			
700	100	40	—	Stafford & Worcestershire	700	8000	50	4	Gas Lights,		
800	145	9	—	Stourbridge	210	—	—	—	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	61	
3647	—	22	—	Stratford on Avon	12	4000	50	2	Do. New Shares	39	
—	—	100	—	Stroudwater	495	1000	100	8	City Gas Light Company	167	
538	100	12	—	Swansea	193	1000	100	4	Do. New	55	
390	100	—	—	Tarstock	90	2500	20	18	Bath Gas	18	
3670	—	—	—	Thames and Medway	23	1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	15	
1300	200	75	—	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1810	1000	20	2	Bristol	26	
1000	100	12	—	Warwick and Birmingham	224	1000	75s	—	Literary Institutions,		
1000	50	—	—	Warwick and Napton	210	700	25s	—	London	34	
14,288	100	11	—	Wilts and Berks	5	700	30s	—	Russel	11	
126	105	5	—	Wisbeach	60	—	—	—	Surrey	7	
6000	—	1	—	Worcester and Birmingham	25	—	—	—	Miscellaneous,		
—	—	—	—	Docks,		1080	50	1	Auction Mart	21	
2209	146	—	—	Bristol	—	1207	100	2	British Copper Company	50	
288,324	100	5	—	Do. Notes	—	2229	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	14	
3132	100	3	—	Commercial	68	3447	50	—	Do.	10	
450,000	100	10	—	East-India	170	2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19	
1038	800	—	—	East Country	20	—	—	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	—	
8,114,000	100	4	—	London	102	—	—	—	Do. — 2d. Class	—	
1,200,000	100	10	—	West-India	178	—	—	—	City Bonds	106	

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th May to 25th June.**

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Long An. Navy.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
May 26	229	74½	51	75	84	93	110	19	—	235	49	—	—	4	76½
28	—	75½	—	76	85	93	110	19	—	—	50	—	—	4	77
29	230	75½	—	75	85	93	110	19	—	—	—	—	—	2	76½
30	232	75½	6½	76	85	94	110	19	74½	237½	52	—	—	3	77½
31	234	76½	77	76½	86½	94	110	19	—	238½	52	—	—	3	78½
June 1	233½	76½	75½	77	86	95	110	19	75½	238½	52	—	—	4	78½
2	—	74½	5½	75	86	94	110	19	—	238	46	—	—	2p	77½
4	230	75½	—	75	86	94	110	19	—	—	40	—	—	3	77½
5	230	75½	6½	76	85	94	110	19	—	236½	46	—	—	1	77½
6	231	76½	—	—	86	94	—	19	75	—	47	—	—	2	77½
7	230½	76½	—	—	86	94	—	19	—	—	50	—	—	1	77½
8	230	76½	—	—	86	94	—	19	75	—	52	—	—	3	77½
9	—	76	5½	—	—	94	—	19	—	—	51	—	—	2p	77½
11	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	—	75½	6½	—	86	94	110	19	75½	—	49	—	—	3	77½
14	230½	75½	—	—	85	94	110	19	—	—	50	—	—	3	77½
15	—	75½	6	—	85	94	110	19	73½	—	50	—	75½	3	77½
16	229	75½	6	—	—	93	—	19	—	—	49	—	—	1	77½
18	—	76	5½	—	—	94	110	19	—	—	48	—	—	3	77½
19	229½	75½	6½	—	85	94	110	19	—	—	48	—	—	2	77½
20	—	76½	—	—	86	94	110	19	75	—	45	—	—	1	77½
21	230	76	—	—	86	94	110	19	—	—	46	—	—	2	77½
22	229	76	—	—	86	94	111	19	75½	—	45	—	—	3	77½
23	—	76½	—	—	—	94	—	19	—	—	45	—	—	1	77½
25	—	76½	—	—	85½	94	—	19	—	—	46	—	—	2	77½

**IRISH FUNDS.**

1821	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Pipe Water De- benture.	Wide Street Certificates.
May 31	268½	84½	84½	—	—	107½	107½	—	44½	—	—
June 1	—	—	84½	—	—	107½	107½	—	—	—	—
2	270	85½	85	—	—	108	108	—	44	—	—
7	269½	85	84½	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
8	268½	85½	84	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
9	—	84	84	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
14	—	84	83½	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
15	—	84	84	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
16	225	85	84½	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
18	—	85	84½	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—

*Prices of the*  
**FRENCH FUNDS,**  
From May 26,  
to June 18.

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
May fr.	—	—
26	84 40	1562 50
29	85 —	1572 50
June	—	—
2	86 —	1580 —
4	87 35	1587 50
6	86 90	1585 —
9	87 30	1592 50
11	87 10	1590 —
13	86 50	1582 50
16	85 75	1590 —
18	86 50	1590 —

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.								NEW YORK.		
	May 29	June 1	5	8	12	15	19	22	Apr. 28	May 9	19
Bank Shares.....	24	23-15	23-15	23-15	24	24	24-10	24-10	117½	117½	117½
6 per cent.....	101	101	100	101	101	100	100	100	108	108	108
	1813	101	101	102	102	101½	100	100	109	109	109
	1814	103	103	104	104	103	102½	102	110	110	110
	1815	104	104	105	105	104	104	103	111	111½	111½
3 per cent.....	71½	71½	71	71	70½	70½	70½	70½	77	78	—

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*





SKETCH FROM AN ILLUSTRATION

NATURE BELOWING BUBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN.

THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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No. XX.

AUGUST, 1821.

VOL. IV.

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With an Etching, by Mr. George Cook, from Mr. Hilton's Picture of  
NATURE BLOWING BUBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]



## THE LION'S HEAD.

We are enabled to fulfil our promise (a great grace in a periodical editor), by giving in our present Number a very spirited Etching from Mr. Hilton's picture of Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children. This Sketch will convey to the reader a tolerably good idea of the free outline, the rich grouping, the laughing spirit of the picture itself; but the bright and warm colouring, which to us seems the great charm of the original, cannot be conveyed. We had intended to have written a description of this allegorical work of art, but the essence of what we could say would be found in the old line—"Men are but children of a larger growth;" and we, therefore, leave this line to tell the tale. Nothing can be worse than Mr. Hilton's choice of a motto from Crabbe's works. Crabbe's poetry and Hilton's painting are certainly not sister muses. We have been favoured with some verses on the subject, from one of our contributors, which strike us as being very apposite, but we must abstain from giving more than the first stanzas:—

### I.

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,"—and the blend  
Of both comes on us like a prophet's dream,—  
When mighty truths, embodied, condescend  
To visit man, and whisper to his eyes.—  
There's not a page of landscape but doth seem  
A painted lesson, full of truths sublime:—  
And moral rules and precepts of the wise  
Spake in the mythic Gods of olden time.

### II.

So eyes are charm'd, and hearts are gently school'd,  
Reading the busy tale in this bright page—  
And men who laugh at little ones befool'd  
By empty gaudiness, and frequent foil,  
May blush for follies of a riper age,  
Discern the brittleness of worldly joys,—  
And ahun the misery of fruitless toil,  
By leaving bubbles to the lesser boys.

The space which the account of the Coronation occupies in this Number obliges us to postpone the insertion of several papers. At the same time we must announce, that some former contributions are deferred *sine die*.

Napoleon Buonaparte's death will surely be the cause of ours. Will the reader believe that we are up to our middles in mourning verses!

What can be said to an ode beginning, "High General, Mighty Emperor, Eagle vast!"—Or to lines containing the following:

"France's thunder now is *dim!*"

We have elegies enough to paper all the tenements in Saint Helena, and should be very glad to contract for furnishing linings to any respectable builder of bonnet boxes.

The lines by "A Student of the Inner Temple" are received:—*Curia advisare vult.*

We are pleased with R. W.'s translation from Ronsard, and request him to give us a selection from that delightful poet.

A. A.'s "Walk from Highgate," may "go to the place from whence it came."

A note has been sent to E. at the post office as requested. She shall hear from us respecting the subject mentioned in her postscript in the course of a week.

T. T. (not T. T. T. but a more unlettered personage) will never suit us. His poetical portrait of Mr. Kean is the veriest *daub* we ever looked upon. We were sitting at one of his own initials when his packet arrived, and it totally ruined our Bohes.

Our Correspondent from Doughty-street will find an answer at our publisher's—addressed to him by the initials subscribed to his letter.

Arthur's paper is pleasant, and, if he will allow us to prune, we will certainly print.

D. *not* in our next.

S. is angry at our rejecting his "Character of the People, after the Manner of Swift." He asks us if we have ever read Gulliver.—Has he? We recommend him to have his paper printed at the Lilliput press, which would be more suitable to the magnitude of his thoughts.

Servantus.—B. Y.—Percival.—A.—Henry, and Truth, must bear a refusal.

Lion's Head feels its temples throb at having to reject the offering of such kind Correspondents; but the public is remorseless, and is more dainty than even Lion's Head at feeding-time.



THE  
**London Magazine.**

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N<sup>o</sup> XX.

AUGUST, 1821.

VOL. IV.

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CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

**Lives of the Poets.**

[WE have the pleasure to introduce, to the readers of the **LONDON MAGAZINE**, the first of a series of valuable papers in continuation of Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*. It is now exactly a century since the birth of Akenside, the latest of those who have a place in that collection, and the space which the whole occupies is not much more than a century: an attempt, therefore, to continue the work to our own times, is not only a desirable undertaking, but almost a necessary duty of the age in which we live. That the intervening period abounds with most interesting materials for biography and criticism, is evident from the names of Goldsmith, Johnson, Churchill, Chatterton, Thomas and Joseph Warton, Mason, Falconer, Glover, Mickle, Hammond, Langhorne, Sir William Jones, Hurdis, Beattie, Burns, Cowper, and many of later date, not inferior to these in excellence. We must premise, that it is not intended to limit the insertion of the *Lives* strictly to the order of succession, as circumstances will probably occur to render a deviation from that rule more convenient to the writer.]

No. I.

**THOMAS WARTON.**

The life of Thomas Warton, by Dr. Mant, now Bishop of Killaloe, prefixed to the edition of his poems published at Oxford, is drawn from sources so authentic, and detailed with so much exactness, that little remains to be added to the circumstances which it relates.

THOMAS WARTON was descended from a very respectable family in Yorkshire. His grandfather, Anthony Warton, was rector of a village in Hampshire; and his father was a fellow of Magdalen College, and Poetry Professor in the University of Oxford. His mother, daughter of Joseph Richardson, who

Vol. IV.

was also a clergyman, gave birth to three children:—Joseph, of whom some account will hereafter be given, Thomas, and Jane. Thomas was born at Basingstoke, in 1728; and very early in life afforded promise of his future excellence. A letter, addressed to his sister from school when he was about nine years of age, containing an epigram on Leander, was preserved with affectionate regard by their brother, Dr. Warton. What school it was, that may claim the honour of contributing to the instruction of one who was afterwards so distinguished as a scholar, has not been recorded.

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On the 16th of March, 1743, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; and about two years after lost his father,—a volume of whose poems was, soon after his death, printed by subscription, by his eldest son Joseph, with two elegiac poems to his memory, one by the editor, the other by his daughter above-mentioned. The latter of these tributes is termed by Mr. Crowe, in a note to one of his eloquent Creweian Orations,—“Ode tenera, simplex, venusta.”—“tender, simple, and beautiful.”

In the course of this year he published, without his name, the Pleasures of Melancholy; having, perhaps, been influenced in the choice of a subject thus sombre, by the loss of his parent. In this poem, his imitations of Milton are so frequent and palpable, as to discover the timid flight of a young writer not daring to quit the track of his guide. Yet by some (as appears from the letters between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot) it was ascribed to Akenside. In 1746 was produced his Progress of Discontent,—a paraphrase on one of his own exercises, made at the desire of Dr. Huddesford, the head of his college.

His next effort attracted more general notice. In consequence of some disgrace which the University had incurred with Government, by its supposed attachment to the Stuart family, Mason had written his *Isis*, an Elegy; and in 1749, Warton was encouraged by Dr. Huddesford to publish an answer to it, with the title of the *Triumph of Isis*. It may naturally be supposed, that so spirited a defence of Oxford against the aspersions of her antagonist would be welcomed with ardour; and among other testimonies of approbation which it received, Dr. King, whose character is eulogized in the poem, coming into the bookseller's shop, and inquiring whether five guineas would be acceptable to the author, left for him an order for that sum. After an interval of twenty-eight years, his rival, Mason, was probably sincere in the opinion he gave,—that Warton had much excelled him both “in poetical imagery, and in the correct flow of his versification.”

He now became a contributor to a monthly miscellany called *The Student*; in which, besides his *Progress of Discontent*, were inserted *A Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, a professed imitation of the *Splendid Shilling*; *The Author confined to College*; and *A Version of the twenty-ninth Chapter of Job*.

His two degrees having been taken at about the usual intervals, in 1751 he succeeded to a fellowship of his college, where he found a peaceful and unenvied retreat for the remainder of his days, without betraying any ambition of those dignities,—which, to the indignation of Bishop Warburton, were not conferred upon him.

At this time appeared his *Newmarket*, a Satire; *An Ode written for Music*, performed in the University Theatre; and two copies of verses, one in Latin, the other in English, on the *Death of Frederic, Prince of Wales*.

In 1753, his *Ode on the Approach of Summer*,—*The Pastoral*, in the *Manner of Spenser*—(which has not much resemblance to that writer), and *Verses inscribed on a beautiful Grotto*,—were printed in the *Union*, a poetical miscellany, selected by him, and edited at Edinburgh.

The next year we find him employed in drawing up a body of statutes for the *Radcliffe Library*, by the desire of Dr. Huddesford, then *Vice-Chancellor*; in assisting Colman and Thornton in the *Connoisseur*; and in publishing his *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*, which he afterwards enlarged from one to two volumes. Johnson complimented him “for having shown to all, who should hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which their author had read;” a method of illustration which since, certainly, has not wanted imitators. Much of his time must have been now diverted from his favourite pursuits, by his engagement in the instruction of college pupils. During his excursions in the summer vacations, to different parts of England, he appears to have occupied himself in making remarks on such specimens of Gothic and Saxon architecture as came in his way. His

manuscript on this subject was in the possession of his brother, since whose decease, unfortunately, it has not been discovered. Some incidental observations on our ancient buildings, introduced into his book on the *Faerie Queene*, are enough to make us regret the loss. The poetical reader would have been better pleased if he had fulfilled an intention he had of translating the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius.

Though it was not the lot of Warton to attain distinction in his clerical profession, yet literary honours, more congenial to his taste and habits, awaited him. In 1756, he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and faithfully performed the duties of his office, by recommending the purest models of antiquity in lectures which are said to have been "remarkable for elegance of diction, and justness of observation," and interspersed with translations from the Greek epigrammatists.

To Johnson he had already rendered a material service, by his exertions to procure him the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma; and he increased the obligation, by contributing some notes to his edition of Shakspeare, and three papers to *The Idler*. The imputation cast on one, from whom such kindness had been received, of his "being the only man of genius without a heart," must have been rather the effect of spleen in Johnson, than the result of just observation; and if either these words, or the verses in ridicule of his poems—

Endless labour all along,  
Endless labour to be wrong;  
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,  
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet;

had been officiously repeated to Warton, we cannot much wonder at what is told, of his passing Johnson in a bookseller's shop without speaking, or at the tears which Johnson is related to have shed at that mark of alienation in his former friend.

A Description of Winchester, and a Burlesque on the Oxford Guides, or books professing to give an account of the University, both anonymous, are among the next publications attributed to his pen.

In 1758, he made a selection of Latin inscriptions in verse; and printed it, together with notes, under the title of *Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus*; and then first undertook, at the suggestion it is said of Judge Blackstone, the splendid edition of Theocritus, which made its appearance twelve years after. The papers left by Mr. St. Amand,\* formed the basis of this work: to them were added some valuable criticisms by Toup; and though the arrangement of the whole may be justly charged with a want of clearness and order, and Mr. Gaisford has since employed much greater exactness and diligence in his edition of the same author, yet the praise of a most entertaining and delightful variety cannot be denied to the notes of Warton. In a dissertation on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, he shows that species of composition to have been derived from the ancient

\* There is a little memoir of James St. Amand in the preface, that will interest some readers. He was of Lincoln College, Oxford, about 1706, where he had scarcely remained a year, before his ardour for Greek literature induced him to visit Italy, chiefly with a view of searching MSS. that might serve for an edition of Theocritus. In Italy, before he had reached his twentieth year, he was well known to the learned world, and had engaged the esteem of many eminent men; among others, of Vincenzo Gravina, Niccolo Valletto, Fontanini, Quirino, Anton Maria Salvini, and Henry Newton, the English Ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany. Their letters to him are preserved in the Bodleian. By his researches into the MSS. of Italian libraries, he assisted his learned friends, Kuster, Le Clerc, Potter, Hudson, and Kennet, and other literary characters of that time, in their several pursuits. He then returned to England by way of Geneva and Paris, well laden with treasures derived from the foreign libraries, all which, with a large collection of valuable books, he bequeathed to the Bodleian. He died about 1750. He desisted from his intention of publishing Theocritus, either from ill health, or weariness of his work, or some fear about its success. His preparations for this edition, together with some notes on Pindar (an edition of which he also meditated), Aristophanes, the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius, Demosthenes, and others, remain in the Bodleian. Dr. Shaw, in his edition of Apollonius Rhodius, has since made use of his notes on that poet, and pays a tribute to his critical abilities in the preface.

comedy; and exposes the dream of a golden age.

La bella età dell' or unqua non venne,  
Nacque da nostre menti  
Entro il vago pensiero,  
E nel nostro desio chiaro divenne.

Guidi.

The characters in Theocritus, are shown to be distinguished into three classes,—herdsmen, shepherds, and goatherds; the first of which was superior to the next, as that in its turn was to the third; and this distinction is proved to have been accurately observed, as to allusions and images. The discrimination seems to have been overlooked by Virgil; in which instance, no less than in all the genuine graces of pastoral poetry, he is inferior to the Sicilian.\* The contempt with which Warton speaks of those eminent and unfortunate Greek scholars, who diffused the learning of their country over Europe, after the capture of Constantinople, and whom he has here termed "Græculi famelici," is surely reprehensible. But for their labours, Britain might never have required an editor of Theocritus.

In 1760, he contributed to the *Biographia Britannica* a Life of Sir Thomas Pope, twice subsequently published, in a separate form, with considerable enlargements: in the two following years he wrote a Life of Dr. Bathurst, and in his capacity of Poetry Professor, composed Verses on the Death of George II., the Marriage of his Successor, and the Birth of the Heir Apparent, which, together with his Complaint of Cherwell, made a part of the Oxford Collections. Several of his humorous pieces were soon after (in 1764) published in the Oxford Sausage, the preface to which he also wrote; and in 1766, he edited the Greek Anthology of Cephalas. In 1767, he took the degree of Bachelor in Divinity; and in 1771, was chosen a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; and on the nomination of the Earl of

Lichfield, Chancellor of the University, was collated to the Rectory of Kiddington, Oxfordshire, a benefice of small value. Ten years after, he drew up a History of his Parish, and published it as a specimen of a Parochial History of Oxfordshire. Meanwhile, he was engaged in an undertaking, of higher interest to the national antiquities and literature. In illustrating the origin, and tracing the progress of our vernacular poetry, we had not kept pace with the industry of our continental neighbours. To supply this deficiency, a work had been projected by Pope, and was now contemplated, and indeed entered on, by Gray and Mason, in conjunction. We cannot but regret, that Gray relinquished the undertaking, as he did, on hearing into whose hands it had fallen, since he would (as the late publication of his papers by Mr. Mathias has shown) have brought to the task a more accurate and extensive acquaintance with those foreign sources from whence our early writers derived much of their learning, and would, probably, have adopted a better method, and more precision in the general disposition of his materials. Yet there is no reason to complain of the way in which Warton has acquitted himself, as far as he has gone. His History of English Poetry is a rich mine, in which, if we have some trouble in separating the ore from the dross, there is much precious metal to reward our pains. The first volume of this laborious work was published in 1774; two others followed, in 1778, and in 1781; and some progress had been made at his decease in printing the fourth. In 1777, he increased the poetical treasure of his country by a volume of his own poems, of which there was a demand for three other editions before his death. In 1782, we find him presented by his college to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, and employed in publishing An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the

\* Warton's distinction between them is well imagined. "Similis est Theocritus amplo cuidam pascuo per se satis fecundo, herbis pluribus frugiferis floribusque pulchris abundanti, dulcibus etiam fluviis uvido: similis Virgilius horto distincto nitentibus areolis; ubi larga florum copia, sed qui studiose dispositi, curaque meliore nutriti, atque exculci diligenter, olim huc a pascuo illo majore transferbantur."

Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, and Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window at New College: about the same time, probably, he was chosen a member of the Literary Club.

In 1785, he edited Milton's minor poems, with very copious illustrations; and in the year following, was elected to the Camden Professorship of History, and was appointed to succeed Whitehead, as Poet Laureate. In his inaugural speech as Camden Professor, subjoined to the edition of his poetical works by Dr. Mant, he has shown that the public duties required at the first foundation of the Professorship, owing to the improvement in the course of academical studies, are rendered no longer necessary. From one who had already voluntarily done so much, it would have been ungracious to exact the performance of public labours not indispensably requisite. In the discharge of his function as Laureate, he still continued, as he had long ago professed himself to be,—

Too free in servile courtly phrase to  
fawn;

and had the wish been gratified,—expressed by himself before his appointment, or by Gibbon after it,—that the annual tribute might be dispensed with, we should have lost some of his best lyric effusions.

Till his sixty-second year, he had experienced no interruption to a vigorous state of health. Then a seizure of the gout compelled him to seek relief from the use of the Bath waters; and he returned from that place to college with the hope of a recovery from his complaint. But on the 20th of May, 1790, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, as he was sitting in the common room with two of the college fellows, and in higher spirits than usual, a paralytic affection deprived him of his speech. Some indistinct sounds only, in which it was thought the name of his friend, Mr. Price, the Librarian of the Bodleian, was heard, escaped him, and he expired on the day but one after. His funeral was honoured by the attendance of the Vice-Chancellor, and a numerous train of followers, to the ante-chapel of his college, where he is interred,

with a very plain inscription to his memory.

His person was short and thick, though in the earlier part of his life he had been thought handsome. His face, latterly, became somewhat rubicund, and his utterance so confused, that Johnson compared it to the gobbling of a turkey. The portrait of him by Reynolds, besides the resemblance of the features, is particularly characterized by the manner in which the hand is drawn, so as to give it a great air of truth. He was negligent in his dress; and so little studious of appearances, that having despatched his labours, while others were yet in bed, he might have been found, at the usual hours of study, loitering on the banks of his beloved Cherwell, or in the streets, following the drum and fife, a sound which was known to have irresistible attraction for his ears,—a spectator at a military parade, or even one amongst a crowd at a public execution. He retained to old age the amiable simplicity and unsuspecting frankness of boyhood: his affection for his brother, to whose society at Winchester he latterly retired from college, during the vacations in summer, does not seem ever to have suffered any abatement; and his manners were tranquil and unassuming. The same amenity and candour of disposition, which marked him in private life, pervade his writings, except on some few occasions, when his mind is too much under the influence of party feelings. This bias inclined him, not only to treat the character of Milton with a most undue asperity, but even to extenuate the atrocities committed under the government of Mary, and somewhat to depreciate the worth of those divines, whose attachment to the reformed religion led them to suffer death in her reign.

The writer of this paper has been told by an Italian, who was acquainted with Warton, that his favourite book in the Italian language (of which his knowledge was far from exact) was the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Both the stately phrase, and the theme of that poem, were well suited to him.

Among the poets of the second class, he deserves a distinguished

place. He is almost equally pleasing in his gayer, and in his more exalted moods. His mirth is without malice or indecency, and his seriousness without gloom.

In his lyrical pieces, if we seek in vain for the variety and music of Dryden, the tender and moral sublime of Gray, or the enthusiasm of Collins, yet we recognize an attention ever awake to the appearances of nature, and a mind stored with the images of classical and Gothic antiquity. Though his diction is rugged, it is like the cup in Pindar, which Telamon stretches out to Alcides, χρυσῆ περιρριπίω, rough with gold, and embost with curious imagery. A lover of the ancients would, perhaps, be offended, if the birthday ode, beginning

Within what fountain's craggy cell  
Delights the goddess Health to dwell?

were compared, as to its subject, with that of the Theban bard, on the illness of Hæro, which opens with a wish that Chiron were yet living, in order that the poet might consult him on the case of the Syracusan monarch; and in its form, with that in which he asks of his native city, in whom of all her heroes she most delighted.

Among the odes, some of which might more properly be termed idylliums, *The Hamlet* is of uncommon beauty; the landscape is truly English, and has the truth and tenderness of Gainsborough's pencil. *Those To a Friend on his leaving a Village in Hampshire*, and *the First of April*, are entitled to similar praise. *The Crusade*, *The Grave of King Arthur*, and most of the odes composed for the court, are in a higher strain. In the Ode written at *Vale Royal Abbey* is a striking image, borrowed from some leant verses, written by Archbishop Markham, and printed in the second volume of that collection.

High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight  
seen,  
No more the windows ranged in long array

(Where the tall shaft and fretted arch between  
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.  
*Prodidit arcanae arcta fenestra facces.*

His sonnets have been highly and deservedly commended by no less competent a judge than Mr. Coleridge. They are alone sufficient to prove (if any proof were wanting) that this form of composition is not unsuited to our language. One of our longest, as it is one of our most beautiful poems, the *Faerie Queene*, is written in a stanza which demands the continual recurrence of an equal number of rhymes; and the chief objection to our adopting the sonnet is the paucity of our rhymes.

The Lines to Sir Joshua Reynolds are marked by the happy turn of the compliment, and by the strength and harmony of the versification, at least as far as the formal couplet measure will admit of those qualities. They need not fear a comparison with the verses addressed by Dryden to Kneller, or by Pope to Jervas.

His Latin compositions are nearly as excellent as his English. The few hendecasyllables he has left, have more of the vigour of Catullus than those by Flaminio; but Flaminio excels him in delicacy. The *Mons Catharinæ* contains nearly the same images as Gray's Ode on a Prospect of Eton College. In the word "cedrine," which occurs in the verses on Trinity College Chapel, he has, we believe, erroneously made the penultimate long. Dr. Mant has observed another mistake in his use of the word "Tempe" as a feminine noun, in the lines translated from Akenside. When in his sports with his brother's scholars at Winchester he made their exercises for them, he used to ask the boy how many faults he would have:—one such would have been sufficient for a lad near the head of the school.

His style in prose, though marked by a character of magnificence, is at times stiff and encumbered. He is too fond of alliteration in prose as well as in verse; and the cadence of his sentences is too evidently laboured.

## ZARIAIRES AND ODATIS.

## A GRECIAN STORY.

HYSTASPES and Zariadres, were so remarkably distinguished from other men, by their loveliness of form and features, as to make it be believed that they were the offspring of Venus and Adonis. It was for this reason, that they were, by common agreement, elevated to the royal power; and thus became a living proof of the assertion, that "if part of the human race were to be arrayed in that splendour of beauty, which beams from the statues of the gods, universal consent would acknowledge the rest of mankind naturally formed to be their slaves."\* Hystaspes was lord over Media, and a wide space of country extending beneath it. To the lot of Zariadres, whose appearance indicated him to be the younger of the two, (and it is with him only we are now concerned) fell all that tract, which reaches from the gates of the Caspian as far as the river Tanais. The monarch whose dominions neighboured his on the other side of that stream, and who was called Omartes, had received from the gods an only daughter, to whom her parents gave the name of Odatis. If she had not been the heiress to a diadem, it is probable that the Marathians (so were the subjects of her father called) would spontaneously have raised her to the throne, for she was, beyond any competition, the fairest amongst the daughters of the east. It is recorded in the annals of these nations, that one night, the shape of Zariadres appeared before her in a dream; and that, with that heightened feeling, of which the soul is most capable when it least uses the organs of the body, she conceived a more passionate affection for the prince than his real presence, lovely as it was, could have inspired. At the same instant, as if by a divine sympathy, Zariadres beheld, and was no less deeply enamoured of Odatis. Whether it were from having seen her pic-

ture, or from the agreement of the vision with the reports that had reached him of her beauty, or else by a special communication made to him by one of his supposed parents (for Adonis, his father, though apparently killed by the boar, was only slumbering, and being gifted with immortality, might be supposed capable of influencing the spirits of those whom he loved); yet, so it was, that he well knew whom he had seen in his sleep. Accordingly, the sun was scarcely risen, before he had dispatched faithful messengers to bear his pledge to the daughter of Omartes, and to ask her in marriage of her father. The king, however, who had no male offspring, was bent on uniting her to some one of the noblest among his own people, and therefore did not hesitate to send back a refusal to the offer of Zariadres. Nay, so confirmed was he in this resolution, by his apprehensions lest the proposal of that prince should be more strongly urged, that he hastened to take the necessary measure for carrying his purpose into execution. A festival was forthwith proclaimed, and the mightiest men of his kingdom were invited to attend it. When the guests were assembled, and the cheer was now beginning to run high, the king, who was seated in state at the head of the board, called his daughter to him; and holding to her a golden chalice, in the hearing of all, spake to her in these words: "Daughter Odatis, we are now making thy marriage feast: look round on all, who are here present, and whosoever shall find most grace in thine eyes, take this cup, and having filled it with wine, present it to him; and the same shall henceforth be my son-in-law, and the sharer of my kingdom."† The princess heard her father's command with a heavy heart; for she neither dared to disobey nor remonstrate. Her cheek turned pale, as

\* See Aristotle's Politics, translated by Gillies, b. 1. c. 5.

† This appears to have been a usual method of betrothing a daughter in marriage. Casaubon, in a note on this passage, observes that Pindar alludes to it at the beginning of his Seventh Olympic.

she took from him the outstretched cup into her loth and trembling hands; and ill-concealing her tears, she turned away, as if to fill it from a flaggon that was standing near on the sideboard. But before she could perform that office, her eyes wandered vacantly over the hall, and rested more on the columns that extended themselves down either side of it, than on the warriors who sat between them; every one anxiously watching on whom her choice would fall, yet none bold enough to trust that it would light upon himself. Odatis was scarcely able longer to support her anguish, and, in the indistinctness of remoter objects, sought to escape from a sense of the painful reality before her, when, suddenly, there appeared pressing forward, betwixt two of the most distant pillars, a head, that reminded her of the figure in her dream. She thought it the mockery of fancy, and was ready to dismiss the illusion as sent only the more to embitter her despair. Again she turned, and busied herself among the cups; and at length, with fast-streaming tears, had begun slowly to mingle the phial, when a voice, that sounded not strange to her ear, addressed her: "Odatis, I am here—I, thy Zariadres." It was, indeed, Zariadres. Tidings had been brought to him of the great banquet that was

preparing; and divining the cause of it, he had escaped the notice of his army, which lay encamped on the shores of the Tanais. Clothing himself in the garb of a Scythian, he had taken with him a single charioteer, and thus, without slacking speed day or night, he reached the palace of Marathia; and he was now standing at the side of Odatis. She perceived who it was; and nothing doubting, with a glad heart, handed him the phial; and he, snatching her away to his chariot, fled with her to his own land: nor was there any interruption offered to their course; for her maidens and her servants knew of the dream, and of the embassy, and believed that it was Zariadres who was come; and when she was called for by her father, they resolutely denied having any knowledge of her flight.

Let none pronounce the love of Zariadres and Odatis to be a fable; for Chares, the Mitylenæan, in the tenth book of whose history it was recorded, adds, that it is commonly remembered by the people of the east, and represented by paintings, not only in their temples and palaces, but even in private dwellings; and that, in memory of the princess, the great men are accustomed to give their daughters the name of Odatis.

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### SONNET.

TO A TWIN-SISTER WHO DIED IN INFANCY.

BESSY!—I call thee by that earthly name  
 Which but a little while belong'd to thee;—  
 Thou left'st me growing up to sin and shame,  
 And kept'st thy innocence, untamed and free,  
 To meet the refuge of a heaven above,  
 Where life's bud opens in eternity.  
 Bessy! when memory turns thy lot to see,  
 A brother's bosom yearns thy bliss to prove,  
 And sighs o'er wishes that were not to be.  
 Ah, had we gone together! had I been  
 Strange with the world as thou, thy mother's love,—  
 What years of sorrows I had never seen!  
 Fulness of joy, that leaves no hearts to bleed,  
 Had then, with thine, been purchased cheap indeed.

June 9, 1821.

JOHN CLARE.



## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. VIII.

## THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

Is my soul tamed  
 And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field  
 Can render back, to scare men and the moon,  
 The airy shapes of the corse they cñwomb?  
 And what if 'tis so—shall I lose the crown  
 Of my most golden hope, cause its fair circle  
 Is haunted by a shadow? Old Play.

ON the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allanbay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond, you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalswinton and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in Scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide-mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild-plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden, tradition connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the

princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river-bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling and leaping against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with waterfowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before me. On the right, and beyond the river, the mouldering relics of the ancient religion of Scotland ascended, in unassimilating beauty, above the humble kirk of New-Abbey and its squalid village; farther to the south rose the white sharp cliffs of Barn-hourie,—while on the left stood the ancient keeps of Cumlongan, and Torthorald, and the Castle of Caerlaverock. Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neighbour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide, sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, as one will conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which passing through the ends of two pieces of

flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathize—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away. What the old man's strength seemed nearly unequal to, was accomplished by speech:—“Bonnie lady, bonnie lady,” said he, in a soothing tone, “it canna be, it mauna be—hinnie! hinnie! what would become of my three bonnie grand-bairns, made fatherless and mitherless by that false flood afore us, if they supped milk, and tasted butter, that came from the greensward of this doomed and unblest spot?” The animal appeared to comprehend something in her own way from the speech of her owner: she abated her resistance; and indulging only in a passing glance at the rich deep herbage, passed on to her destined pasture. I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow; he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, “Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good greensward—it is halesome and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o'Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o'Kempstane will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit—they are godless fearnoughts.” I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel,—

a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax,—while his legs were warmly cased in blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me—a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:—“This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither; and while she continued to browse, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks, for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests.” “Aye, aye,” said the peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile, “they have braved sundry tempests between sixteen and sixty; but touching this pasture, sir, I know nobody who would like their cows to crop it—the aged cattle shun the place—the bushes bloom, but bear no fruit—the birds never build in the branches—the children never come near to play—and the aged never chuse it for a resting-place; but pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, sir, having nae good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblest place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowlip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there.” I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowlip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—“I am just thinking,” said he, “that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o' Caerla-

verock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed. "My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and scorner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie of Dookdub." The peasant seized my hand—"Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o' Dookdub—whom I wooed sae sair, and loved sae lang!—Man, I love ye for her sake, and well was it for her braw English bridegroom, that William Borlan—frail and faded now—but strong, and in manhood then, was a thousand miles from Caerlaverock, rolling on the salt sea, when she was bridged:—ye have the glance of her ee,—I could ken't yet among ten thousand, gray as my head is. I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the Story of the Ghost and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost."

"You may imagine, then," said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable English—"you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened, and covered with a coating of green broom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers, hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years.—There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bonne-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock-sand—one of these persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God's judgments are.—Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season;—but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon

arises now, as they did then—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind,—sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun:—I heard my father sigh, and say, 'dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.' The day closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still—frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon heard mingling with the hasty clang of the water-fowls' wings, as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side—but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvas rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment,

showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, 'Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead man's bank'—and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest interposed between the bay at Deadman's bank, and the bay at our feet; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of douce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land.—I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the

concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound.—Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

*First Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, why do you weep?  
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,  
Though the heaven be mirker, than mirk may be,  
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—  
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night  
When our bridal candles gleamed far and bright."—  
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,  
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

*Second Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, why do you cry?  
Though the waves be flashing top-mast high,  
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,  
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,  
There is one who comes in the time of need,  
And curbs the waves as we curb a steed"—  
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,  
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

*First Fisherman.*

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,  
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,  
Then flashes high as Barnhourie brave,  
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave—  
Though 'twixt thee and the ravening flood  
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood.  
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,  
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

## Both.

“ O lady, lady, be bold and brave,  
 Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave  
 And cling to me, with that white right hand,  
 And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land.”—  
 A lightning flash on the shallop strook,  
 The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,  
 From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,  
 That were heard above the tempest's blast.—

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded—“ The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabated fury; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the green-sward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element—but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the freestone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others.— When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself—the ship, dashed to atoms, covered the shore with its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners—not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him.—‘ O, Gilbert, Gilbert, what a fearful sight is this—has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul? ’— ‘ Nor soul nor body have I saved,’ said the fisherman, doggedly: ‘ I have done my best—the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me—their boat alone came near

with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.’ My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, ‘ If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine—if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners' redemption, thou hast much to answer for.’—As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood—it almost left its foam on their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long—had been forcibly rent away—the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off—the rings removed from her fingers—and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground. My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes—but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman, from that time too, waxed rich and prosperous—and from being the needy proprietor of a halve-net, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance—proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha'; and became a leading man in a flock of a purer kind of

Presbyterians—and a precept and example to the community.

“ Though the portioner of Gyra-pe-ha’ prospered wondrously—his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all: though nothing open or direct was said—looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated—the cause was left to his own interpretation. The peasant scrupled to become his servant—sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep—the beggar ceased to solicit an *avmou*—the drover, and horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand—his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married—no maiden would hold tryst with his sons—though maidens were then as little loth as they are now; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say—‘ The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee—and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake.’ It happened, during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in star-light as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion—the former was, therefore, untenanted; and the latter, from its vantage ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing—a revelry common in Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the water-fowl swimming and ducking in the encresing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth—looked to the sea—looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said: ‘ My son, I have a counsel to

give thee—treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life—the daughters of *him* of Gyra-pe-ha’ are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest—their father has wealth—I say nought of the way he came by it—they will have golden portions doubtless. But I would rather lay thy head aneath the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard, and son have I none beside thee, than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean—I may not now tell thee why this warning is given.—Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said Prudence Gyra-pe, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have long thought some one would see a sight—and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear—for where blood is shed there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight!’ I answered not—being accustomed to regard my father’s counsel as a matter not to be debated—as a solemn command: we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water—accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide. ‘ God haud his right-hand about us!’ said my father, breathing thick with emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life.—I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light, dancing along the surface of the sea: it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman’s cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination. ‘ I’ll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyra-pe,’ said my father, ‘ I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and the proprietor of thy right-hand, for all the treasures in earth and ocean.’—A loud and piercing scream from the cottage made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smug-

glers, who infested the country; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade—for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution. ‘I vow by the night-tide, and the crooked timber,’ said Willie Weethause, ‘I never beheld sic a light as yon since our distillation pipe took fire, and made a burnt, instead of a drink-offering of our spirits—I’ll uphold it comes for nae good—a warning may be—sae ye may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi’ yere wickedness—as for me, I se gae hame and repent.’—‘Saulless bodie!’ said his companion, whose natural hardihood was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy cup—‘Saulless bodie, for a flaff o’ fire and a maiden’s shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade. Saul to gude! but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thraffe into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin.—Confound the fizzenless bodie! he glowers as if this fine starlight were something frae the warst side of the world, and thae staring e’en o’ his are busy shaping heaven’s sweetest and balmiest air into the figures of wraiths and goblins.’—‘Robin Telfer,’ said my father, addressing the third smuggler, ‘tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft—but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.’ ‘I’ll tell ye what, goodman, said the mariner, ‘I have seen the fires o’ heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the surface of the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o’ punch at a merrymaking, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye’ll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one’s courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od! if I thought living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I’d drill his breast-bane wi’ my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.’ My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him, he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook

with terror, for it seemed no common light. ‘Ou, God! then,’ said hopeful Robin, ‘since it was one o’ our ain cannie sea-apparitions I care less about it—I took it for some landward sprite! and now I think on’t, where were my een? did it no stand amang its ain light, with its long hanks of hair dripping, and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I’ll be bound it’s the ghost o’ some sonesie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold—and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o’ brandy, I would have ask’d a cannie question or twae.’ Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. ‘The tide serves, lads! the tide serves—let us slip our drap o’ brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or the town quarry—ye ken we have to meet Bailie Gardevine, and laird Soukaway o’ Ladlemouth.’—They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

“The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions. With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or a kind of better sort of will-o’-the-wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady’s

bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds—and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea coast—it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the fisherman,—like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers. I heard douce Thomas Haining,—a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head,—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Roodfair of Dumfries—the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself,—he was liting and singing the cannie end of the auld sang, “There’s a cuttie stool in our Kirk,”—which was made on some foolish quean’s misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses’ feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the Fisherman! ‘Little wonder that he galloped,’ said the elder, ‘for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him, and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.’ But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed—his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him.”

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle,—the remains of stockings and shoes were on

his feet—a kind of fisherman’s cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him—“Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert the Fisherman—once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o’er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice too, as if something in the water required his counsel—and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being.”—I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice; “O hoy! the ship, O hoy,—turn your boat’s head ashore—and my bonnic lady, keep haud o’ yere casket—Hech bet! that wave would have sunk a three decker, let be a slender boat—see—see an’ she binna sailing aboon the water like a wild swaf;”—and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water—“Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me—ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair; and o’er many diamonds on your bosom, to ’scape drowning. There’s as mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathom deep.” And he continued to hold his hands under the water—muttering all the while.—“She’s half gane now—and I’ll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crouselly to kirk and market—now I may let the waves work their will—my work will be ta’en for theirs.”—He turned to wade to the shore, but a large and heavy wave came full dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late—for nature was so exhausted with the fulness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him. The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

*Lammerica, Cumberland.*



## EPISTLE TO ELIA,

*Suggested by his Essay, "mollis atque factum," on New Year's Eve.*

I WOULD, that eye to eye it were my lot  
 To sit with thee, the chafing world forgot ;  
 While the "grape's uncheck'd virtue" \* in the cup  
 "Moved itself right," and as the hearth blazed up,  
 Ruddying our cheeks, thy witty eloquence  
 Threw brighter sparkles forth than sparkled thence.  
 Such midnights in our beings are inwrought ;  
 Less meant for present bliss than after-thought.  
 True, they are past—while we laugh on, they fly :  
 The morning moon has faded from the sky,  
 While at our supper-board, (no *Circe's* sty,  
 But where old *Horace* might have sate and told  
 His panic at *Philippi*.) we unfold  
 The heart's recesses : to our pillows then,  
 And the sun finds us mix'd with common men.  
 But this brief night remains ; a thing to tell  
 And re-enjoy ; a mirth-provoking spell  
 To call up sympathies in other hours,  
 And waken joyous laughs in distant bowers.

"But then the grave!—the green lanes, quiet streets,  
 Grape-juice, the savour of delicious meats,  
 The eye-beam's gladdening interchange, the smile,  
 Books, folios yet uncut (alas, the while!)  
 There is an end of these—of these and all :  
 The *man* survives not his own funeral ;  
 But a strange phoenix, nay, a goblin-self  
 Peeps from the shell ; a hollow-whistling elf,  
 Cold as a moon-beam ; sitting on a cloud,  
 Of which it seems a part ; a ghost ; a shroud ;  
 Raw thought ; mind nakedly intuitive :  
 Is this to be ?—to be A MAN ?—to live ?"—

No—but we like not this same cyprus stole  
 Wherewith thou dizenest out the future soul :  
 That soul is *human*—*Elia*, nor disjoin'd  
 From an organic mould : not formless mind,  
 But spiritual form : 'tis not our thought,  
 But our whole self in finer substance wrought :  
 Not a mere shadow ; a poor conscious name ;  
 But the identical and feeling *same*.  
 As well remain a clay-commingling clod,  
 As mix with *Ægypt's* old esoteric god,  
 Soul of the universe, and fleeting wide  
 Be all divine, yet unidentified ;  
 Or, like the spectral *lemures* of Rome,  
 Err from the confines of our loathed home.

Was it for this the MAN of CALVARY stood,  
 Touch'd, handled, seen again by flesh and blood ?  
 Or that the grave shall heave, the marble rive,  
 The dry bones shake, the dead stand forth alive ?—  
 The change that takes them shall but re-create,  
 Shall superadd, but not annihilate ;  
 Raise us to height above this mortal span,  
 The perfect stature of a heavenly MAN.

\* John Woodvil, a tragedy : Act III.

The hand that made us,—has it lost its skill?  
 The Power that bless'd us,—has he lost the will?  
 The same that call'd the Patriarch to his feast  
 Of air, sea, earth,—his bounty hath not ceas'd  
 With this breath's gasp:—the friends that call'd us dear  
 Have join'd in fresh carousals; dried the tear  
 Superfluous, or impertinent:—Forgot  
 We moulder; tomb-stoned, and remember'd not:  
 Yet is there ONE to whom we are not lost—  
 Though in flames wasted, or by billows tost;  
 Who spreads the \*mausoleum of his sky  
 O'er those—to whom their kind a tomb deny;  
 Holds them more precious than his brightest star,  
 Marks their strown dust, and gathers it from far.  
 Yea, there is ONE, whose never-sleeping eye  
 Pierces the swathing-clay wherein we lie,  
 The chrysalis of *man*: and forth we spring,  
 On no ethereal metaphysic wing;  
 A body glorified, but not disguised;  
 Angelical, but not unhumanized.  
 The *creature*, that had the CREATOR'S seal  
 Imprest upon him; that with plastic zeal  
 Soften'd the marble into flesh; could give  
 To canvas tinted glory, and bid live  
 The faces of the dead; or skillfully  
 In dwellings match the geometric bee,  
 And beautify the space of earth with piles  
 Cloud-piercing, and eternal as the isles;  
 Is *such* a creature goblin-changed? a sprite  
 Like th' antick ghostly crew, that cross'd the sight  
 Of *Rip van Winkel*† in the mountain glen,  
 Playing at thundering bowls in guise of men,  
 Close jerkin and protuberant hose, with mirth  
 Starch'd, dumpish, queer, that smack'd not of this earth;  
 Staring and speechless, with lack-lustre eye,  
 An uncouth pageant of dull *gramarye*?  
 Or prim as key-stone *angels*, perch'd aloof,  
 With Atlas palms up-propping th' old church-roof,  
 Rouged, hatted, peruqued, sleeved, with cravat laced,  
 Girt nathless with a pair of wings, (such taste  
 And orthodoxy th' elder carvers graced,  
 Each smirking at his like? No, never dream it:  
 If thou but think this error, O redeem it.  
 The same, that shadow'd the green leafy dells,  
 And gave them music sweeter than *thy bells*,  
 Has furnish'd out thy heaven, by the sweet name  
 Of *Paradise*. And thou, too, art the same:  
 The soul that revell'd in thy *Burton's* page  
 Shall be alive with thee; the bard and sage  
 Thou lovedst here, they wait but thy arrival;  
 Thy death shall be a sleep, a self-survival.  
 Yea—thou shalt stand in pause, when thou hast set  
 Thy foot upon heaven's threshold, and beget  
 Effaced remembrances of forms and times,  
 Greetings and partings, in these earthly climes:  
 And there shall come a rush upon thy brain  
 Of recollected voices, a sweet pain

\* *Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*—*Lucan. Phars. 7. 819.*

† See "a posthumous writing" of *Knickerbocker*, in the "*Sketch-book*."

Of sudden recognition ; gentle stealings  
 Of waken'd memory—deep, voluptuous feelings,  
 Pressures, and kisses, that shall make thee start  
 At thy own consciousness, and own, THOU art!—

Shalt thou, ingenuous *Elia* ! do this wrong  
 To one who merits frankincense and song ?  
 Art thou of those whom the quaint bard, yet sage,  
 Much slander'd *Quarles*, pourtrays in mystic page,  
*Batavian* souls, wing'd infant *frows*, well hoop'd,  
 With frill'd skull-cap, well boddiced, and well loop'd ;  
 One in a skeleton's ribb'd hollow coop'd ;  
 One to the low earth leg-lock'd, fain to fly ;  
 One striking at its void rotundity  
 With bended finger, and astonied listening  
 The tinkling echo, with eyes vacant-glistening ?  
 Thou art not of them—I forgiveness crave ;  
 For him, the friendly ANGEL OF THE GRAVE.  
 His robe is white as fleeces of the flocks ;  
 The evergreen entwines his raven locks :  
 There is a quiet in that brow serene  
 That mocks the sleeping infant's calmest mien ;  
 The mystery of stillness !—all is there  
 Soft, pure, seraphic, tender, touching, fair.  
 A crystal light melts from his fringed eyes  
 Like gleams, o'er mountain tops, of morning skies :  
 He hath a voice that makes the hearer mute,  
 Low, liquid, lulling, like a midnight flute :  
 The phial in his hand is not of wrath,  
 But dropping balm'd elixirs in thy path :  
 The tears he draws are medicinal tears,  
 That from the pillow steal remorseful fears ;  
 That wash the stains of custom and foul sin  
 Away. Through chinks of thought light enters in,  
 Light from the east ; and we look up, and earth  
 Shows like a den : we strive for second birth,  
 And fain would spring to those that died before ;  
 Wading, with CHRISTIAN, the deep river o'er,  
 That seems to deepen, to the enlarging shore,  
 Where stand *two shining ones* : while troops of light,  
 As arm-link'd friends, are seen on Zion's height,  
 Threading the pearly gates and streets of chrysolite.  
 The viper, which thou fanciest, is the bold  
 And beauteous serpent, streak'd with emerald, jet, and gold ;  
 His slough is in the brake, his colours in the sun :  
 Nay—these are diamond sands that in thy hour-glass run ;  
 They glisten with the jewel's lasting dew ;  
 Joys lent to time, not lost ; and others new,  
 That, like that serpent orb'd, shall still themselves pursue.  
 The feasts, at which thou sitt'st, shall still be shared  
 By such as thou dost value ; and unscared  
 By hooded griefs, that " push us from our stools,"  
 Unsoured by knaves and unprofaned by fools.  
 Thou shalt be human still ; and thou shalt be  
 (Thine eyes then clear'd with Eden's euphrasy)  
 Within the sight and touch of him who told  
 The tale our babes now read ; Ulysses old  
 Ploughing with homeward keel romantic seas ;  
 Whether, indeed, blind *Melesigenes*  
 Greet thee, or bards to whom alike belongs  
 That hoar abstraction of Troy's scatter'd songs :

And thou shalt hail that prophet of his kind,  
*Shakspeare*, the man of multitudinous mind :  
 And she, to thee first lovely and first fair,  
 Thy *Alice*—she, thy *Alice*, shall be there ;  
 A woman still, though pure from mortal leaven,  
 And warm as love, though blushing all of heaven.

OLEN.

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 SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

## No. III.

[OUR last Number contained the description of a visit to Mount Vesuvius, from the pen of our entertaining travellers, which forms a little episode in the history of their adventures. In the following pages, the narrative is continued from the close of their first communication.]

WE left you, in a former letter,\* on the shores of the *Lago Maggiore*; and we now pursue our journey. The boats on the lake are flat bottomed, and curiously covered, to defend passengers from sun and rain, by a canvass awning supported on a sort of hurdle: the one we hired for our little expedition we found particularly convenient, being furnished with chairs and a table.

When we put off from shore, thick, misty, rain-clouds lay upon the mountains, and on all the scenery skirting the lake: but ere we had proceeded far, some fine glances of sunshine began partially to dissipate the obscurity, and we saw, at intervals, the snow shining on the rugged Alps; and the pretty white towns of Fariolo, Intra, and Palanza, beaming across the tranquil waters, and seeming as though they were built on a narrow ridge between the lake and the mountains.

The first of the *Isole Borromei* that we reached, was the *Isola dei Pescatori*: it is low, and very small, and covered with a little town of fishermen. We did not descend here, but were struck by the beautiful effect of some pensile willows, which, at one end of the island, dip elegantly into the water.

The *Isola Bella*, the most important of the islands, lies at a short distance farther up the lake: just as we reached it, a heavy shower of rain began to fall. We entered the island by a magnificent flight of marble

steps, and presently took refuge in a miserable hovel, serving as an inn. We here refreshed ourselves in the midst of a strange picturesque group of fishermen, whose dialect, even to our *patois*-exercised ears, was almost incomprehensible; we then repaired to the *Palazzo* of the Count of Borromeo, which, with its gardens and terraces, covers all the island, except a little corner, where about six hundred people, composed of fishermen, gardeners, and labourers, on the establishment, with their families, contrive to live.

In the palace we found the usual lofty and spacious *salle* and *gallerie*; the usual long succession of great rooms, and want of passages, and privacy (which must naturally ensue from such a distribution of apartments, where almost every room is an indispensable passage to some others); the usual painted ceilings and marble floors, the large windows, and gilt folding doors, and the general want of furniture and convenience.

The little furniture we saw seemed more than coeval with the edifice: its gilding was all tarnished, and the silks and satins stained and dirty; even the bed rooms of the family were in the same state. As we returned through these great deserted apartments, and felt the coolness and dampness of the air, we could not help thinking that it was not a comfortable place—had we, however, visited it during the heats of August, we should, without doubt, have found

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\* April, 1821, Vol. III. p. 395.

it an agreeable residence ; and it was built for a summer abode. The pictures, which seemed to be numerous, and had been hung throughout the rooms, were unfortunately huddled together on the floor of a hall, as a picture gallery was preparing to receive them. We saw a few pieces of merit, particularly some cabinet pictures. The old *custode* took us with great reverence to observe the portraits of the noble line of the Borromeo family : among them were several cardinals, glaring in their red drapery ; and some generals and courtiers, looking grim in armour and ruffs. He was very sorry that he could not show us the picture of a relation of the family, who had absolutely been *pope*!

We were informed that the family generally spend some of the summer months on the lake. The present Count resides principally at Milan ; and though comparatively rich, possesses but a small portion of the wealth, and immense power and importance of his ancestors. He has not, like them, twelve strong castles in his hands, and the whole of the *Lago Maggiore*, and great part of the surrounding country under his signiory ; he cannot, like them, make wars and treaties on his own account, but, like the rest of the Italian nobility, is obliged to crouch to a foreign occupant, and make a pageant figure in a foreign court, in order to preserve the skeleton of the possessions of his forefathers.

When we had seen the *appartamento nobile*, we were conducted to a suite of small rooms beneath, which are curiously fitted up for enjoying cool air in summer : one room was ingeniously formed into a marine grotto, entirely covered with small shells ; another was lined (floor, walls, and roof,) with a pretty mosaic, composed of simple, dark coloured stones of about the size of a nut : the latter was new to us, and had a neat effect. The statues contained in them are of no great value.

From the house we passed into the gardens, and as the weather had cleared up, we leisurely examined those curious places : we found them almost entirely laid out on hollow terraces, raised at an immense labour and expence, but except their Babylonish oddness, we saw little in them

to admire. We are particularly fastidious about seeing fine trees deprived of the beautiful forms which nature gave them, and cropped into lions and eagles ; and we have no taste for marble balustrades, long straight walks, and terrace raised above terrace, lined with hideous statuary, each monster contending with his fellow for pre-eminence in deformity.

In the garden we saw two laurel trees of immense size, and great beauty : we eagerly asked upon which of them Bonaparte had written, (as we had been told that extraordinary man had cut out the word *Battaglia* on one of them, a few days before the battle of Marengo.) Our guide, who was the head gardener, answered, that many foreigners had asked him the same question ; but that although he had been many years in his situation, he had never seen any other sign of such an inscription than a straight cut in the bark of the laurel to the right of the path on descending, which he showed us, and we found it to bear very unsatisfactory evidence indeed. We saw in the palace, not without interest, the room where Bonaparte had slept.

From the most elevated of the terraces we had a sublime view. It was three parts closed in by the Alps. We saw the ten thousand years snow of the distant Monte Rosa ; the fine, clear lake, stretching in one direction far out of sight, towards Milan, and in the other, penetrating in a deep nook towards Lugano, and the mountains of the Swiss Canton of Tesino : we observed its fine sweeping shores, and the romantic towns with which at frequent intervals they were covered, and a thousand beautiful objects and combinations which remain glowing pictures in our memories and in our hearts, but which we can never hope to see described, either by pen or pencil.

While standing there, our guide made us observe the strange noise produced by stamping on the marble pavement : we were near a grated hole, and the report of his foot-beat, rolling like peals of thunder in the vaults below, came through it to our ears.

Our guide next took us to see the foundations of the gardens and terraces—the supporters of the air-hung

fabric. A labyrinth of vaults, divided by tremendously thick walls, and cut by huge pillars and beams, presented a curious *tout-ensemble*. When we entered into one of these vaults, to observe the secrets of the construction, a great number of bats and other night-loving fowls flitting out suddenly, quite startled us. We did not disturb them long, but when we quitted the vault, we stood a minute by a grate to watch them repairing to their nooks, with ghostly silence and celerity.

On quitting the gardens, a good-looking woman presented us with some flowers: this classical way of begging reminded us of being in Italy.

When we got into the boat, we found the lake rough, and the wind very high; but the weather had cleared up, the sun shone brightly, and brought out many beautiful objects we had not seen before. As we rowed away, we looked back on the *Isola Bella*, which, as its name imports, assumes the superiority of the islands: it seemed, however, to us, rather a curious, than a beautiful object; displaying much more cost than taste. A fine building in that position might produce a good effect; but the palace is in a bad, or rather in no style of architecture. In the two ends of Italy there is no good architecture: in Piedmont, it is in as low a state as in Lombardy; and in Naples, at the southern end, it is still worse.

The *Isola Madre*, which is a considerable distance from the *Isola Bella*, and situated not far from the shore, off the town of Palanza, struck us as we approached it, by its picturesque air: a small white *palazzo* appeared through a little forest, still green and in full leaf—a summer house just peeped through festooned vines and dwarf cypresses:—the whole was so fresh, so verdant, so secluded, as to present a realization of the *beau-ideal* of a summer retreat.

The *Isola di San Giovanni*, which lies very near, we found pretty, but nothing equal to the *Isola Madre*: it has too much building, and too little of green trees and shady bowers.

All these islands were spots of pleasure and amusement (*luoghi di delizia*) of the Borromeo family. They are all *hijoux*, but the *Isola Madre* is the one we should choose for

a few months' retirement: it is exactly the place we have frequently dreamed about in our romantic days—a little span of an island, in a clear blue lake, with a neat house, through whose casements, putting aside with careful hand the "gadding vine," we might look over a beautiful sheet of water, and a fine country, and see the eternal Alps closing in the scene. How pleasant a nook to "loiter life away in."

While we were examining the two last islands, the wind had increased; and the lake was so rough, that our boatmen for awhile were unwilling to cross it. We ventured, notwithstanding. After a time the wind abated, and about an hour before sunset we landed safely on the opposite side, at the pretty little town of Laveno. Close on the water's edge, we found excellent quarters in a small, neat inn, which we recommend to all future perambulators, as there we were exceedingly well entertained, and passed a few hours, which we shall always esteem among the most happy of our lives.

The close of evening was delicious: the sun went down in all his majesty; the white snow of the Alps assumed its pure "rose hues;" the lake spread out into a sheet of clear purple, varied here and there with broad stripes of gilded radiance; the windows of the houses, in the towns round the shores, glittered brightly, and the walls of the buildings changed their whiteness for the warm harmonizing tints of evening. All the islands lay before us, looking more beautiful from the effects of distance, and of the season of the day: close to our left, the lake formed a small tranquil bay; and a fairy-like promontory stretched out, fringed with pleasant trees, and spread from its brow to the water edge, with a carpet of grass and flowers, all fresh and bright in consequence of the recent rains, and looking as though they had been visited by a second spring. We were standing at the window at the touching moment of "Ave Maria," and the deep toll of several convent bells rolled with a penetrating melancholy across the water: a party of labourers, who had been unloading a boat close by our inn, ceased from their work and muttered the "De profundis;" and

a few moments after, two barks went by, whose crews were singing the vesper hymn to the Virgin.

The convent bells continued their mild and sad toll; and we felt then, (as we have often felt during our voyages along the coasts of the Mediterranean) the full force of the exquisite and often quoted passage of Dante.

Era già l'ora che volge' l disio  
A' Naviganti, e'ntenerisce il core  
Lo di ch'han detto a' dolci amici Addio;  
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore  
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano  
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.\*

As in landing at Laveno, we had entered into the dominions of another government, we were very soon called upon for our passports; these were examined with the scrupulous attention deemed necessary by the caution of Austria, which was at the moment considerably augmented by the events in the south of Italy, and the consequent fears of that power for its own possessions.

The next morning, after breakfast, we prepared to put ourselves again *en route*. Our landlord's charge, considering the excellent dinner and beds he had given us, was pretty moderate: it would no doubt have been somewhat less, had he not discovered we were Englishmen; indeed, we might have diminished it more than we did, (some deduction from an Italian inn-keeper's bill is always expected) but we were in much too good a humour "*quereller pour le sous*," and were besides in a hurry to get on our journey, having loitered until a late hour in that charming spot. At the door, we had the usual "account to settle with the sons and daughters of misery;" and found, moreover, a tall, complimentary *gen-d'-armes*, waiting for his fee for having brought back our passport.

On leaving Laveno, we immediately lost sight of the lake: the country, however, continued very fine, and the roads excellent; and here we cannot help advising travellers to deviate

from their accustomed course. From Fariolo to Milan, by the regular post road, is a dull journey, presenting little fine scenery; but if they cross the lake as we did, they may see the Borromean islands, and the lake to great advantage, and from Laveno enjoy a beautiful country all the way to Milan, having one pretty lake (Lago Varese) close on their road, with an opportunity of seeing the lake and town of Como, by going only about three quarters of a mile out of their way. As for their conveyances, (for it strikes us, very opportunely, that few travel in so primitive a manner as we did,) they may have their carriage taken across the lake for a trifle; and they will find the roads from Laveno to the capital as good as any in Italy.—But let us continue our pilgrimage.

We had proceeded about two miles, and were walking at a good pace, when a tall thin man of the country overtook us. In France and Italy, travellers (particularly pedestrians) never meet or pass one another without a little chat: our man immediately began a conversation, and as we were going the same way, he proposed walking on together. There was nothing in his appearance or behaviour, so droll and amusing as in our former friend the *Pittore*; he was, however, of some use to us—he took us to the Osteria, where the best wine was sold, and told us the names of the towns, and villages, we saw, or passed through on the road. On our expressing our admiration of the beautiful mountains about Laveno, he assured us they were vile, worthless things, "*monti maladettissimi*," producing almost nothing. "When you arrive at Milan," said he, "there you will see a beautiful country, all as flat as my hand." He wished that the waters of the lake could be drained off, because he thought a fine sheltered valley would be left.

We soon came in sight of a large sheet of water, the lake of Varese,

\* Now was the hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

which lies a little below the road to the right: there is a pretty secluded *passetto* close to its shore, near which we staid some time sketching. Hence the walk of about an hour and a half brought us to the beginning of a succession of little chapels, (or rather altars) and crosses, which lined the road for a considerable distance: our companion had enough to do to touch his hat at each. Shortly after, we observed a tall hill to the left, whose ascent in all directions was covered with similar little chapels, and whose summit was crowned by a gaudy-looking church and a mass of holy edifices. This our companion let us know, with infinite reverence, was the "*Monte Sacro di Varallo*," a place for many ages highly celebrated by Catholic superstition, and enriched by popular credulity. We did not think there was motive sufficient to induce us to ascend: from the road just below, it had a strange incongruous appearance; but when we had gained some distance and looked back, its whitewash, and colouring, and gilding, glittering in the sun, had rather a pleasing effect.

All along this road we saw good finger posts, with a device that we thought pretty; on the arm, pointing along a post road, was painted a courier, galloping on horseback; and on the arm pointing to cross-country roads, a pedestrian with a stick in his hand, and a knapsack on his back—somewhat such a figure as one of us. The roads are kept in admirable order.

We did not reach Varese until four o'clock: it seemed a large busy town, and our companion, who was going to stay there, used many persuasions to induce us to stay also for that night; but we had made other determinations, from which we were not to be moved. On leaving it, an object presented itself, which was near having more effect than the eloquence of our friend; this was a play-bill, addressed to the *rispettabilissimo et coltissimo* public of Varese, informing them that the same evening would be performed, with "music and complete machinery," the sacred drama of "Adam and Eve:" we thought of the Italian farce, and of the story about Milton, and were almost inclined to stop and see this specimen of heroic poetry, and theatrical art.

We however walked about five miles onward, and at dusk got into a village, whose inn was excessively dirty and miserable; and what was worse, the hostess and her people spoke such thorough Milanese, and understood so little of any other dialect, that it was with great difficulty we settled the preliminaries of a room, beds, and supper.

The following morning we set out very early, and had walked eight or nine miles by a little after day light; we were then at the road which descends to Como, and less than another half hour brought us to the *faubourgs* of that ancient city. On entering the gates, we found Como crowded with Austrian troops. Our first care was to get breakfast: the coffee house we went into for that purpose was full of Austrian officers, all smoking at that early hour; we were struck then, as we had been many times before, by the *gauche* and low appearance of that class. After breakfast, we went to the police with our passports, where we were detained some time; and we afterwards hurried to the Porto, to have a view and a row on the lake. We hired one of the boats, which are much superior in appearance and convenience to those of the *Lago Maggiore*.

We first visited the Villa D'Este, the residence of her Majesty, our Queen, situated on the opposite shore of the lake; we there saw several signs of her good taste and liberality. She repaired the road, leading from Como to the Villa, which had been for a long time almost impassable for carriages, though leading to a number of *Ville*, and to several villages. The people whom we saw spoke highly of her generosity and kindness, and her attention to the poor and distressed; one of the men we had with us had served her Majesty as boatman, and spoke of her with apparent gratitude and respect. The proceedings relative to her Majesty were generally known; and we heard a deal of indignation expressed against such of her people as had appeared witnesses against her, and were natives of that part of the country, or known to our interlocutors.

Our row up the lake was delightful, but we should have enjoyed it more had we not been so lately on the *Lago Maggiore*. The lake of



Como, shut in narrowly by the bases of lofty mountains, has, perhaps, too much the appearance of a river; these mountains, however, are in themselves fine objects, breaking into every variety of bold romantic shape, plentifully patched with fine woods, and speckled with picturesque church-steeple, convents, white villages, and little towns. *Monte Bisbino*, which rises immediately behind the *Villa D'Este*, is a grand object; it is wooded and spotted with buildings, almost up to its lofty peak, which is capped by a sanctuary of great reputation, where an annual *fête* is held. We were told that the Queen had once ascended to the very summit. A great number of villas stand close on the lake; and gardens and vineyards advance, almost every where, to the water's brink. In proceeding upwards, many delightful turns offer unexpectedly some agreeable variety of scenery, and a number of romantic spots present themselves on either hand.

At a village where we stopped, we heard a story that excited our indignation in no small degree. Some months since, two fishermen brought out of the lake an ancient statue; they carried it home, and some persons who could understand its merit, assured them it was valuable, and advised them to send it to Milan. While they waited an opportunity to follow this advice, some priests having heard the rumour of the affair, repaired, with the *parrochiano* at their head, to the poor men's habitation, and desired to see the statue; on its being shown them, they assured the owners that it was some heathen god or magician, and that to keep it, or give it to any Christian, would be a great crime. The statue was consequently again thrown into the lake. This *trait* may be classed with that of the Turks pounding the Grecian works of art to make mortar; and with the monks of the middle ages melting down the superb ancient bronzes to make bells for their convents. We credit it, from the authority by which we have heard it confirmed, and, because, from no short experience, we are acquainted with the ignorance of the priests in the secluded parts of Italy.

About two o'clock we left Como,

and walking through a pleasant and well-cultivated country, arrived that evening at a village about nine miles from Milan. We passed on the road a company of young German artists, who were walking into Italy to study: their appearance was rather more picturesque than our own; for they wore the cap and short frock, which is become at Rome the costume of the students of their country; their little bundles were hung at their backs in the same manner as ours, but each, instead of a common walking stick, had a long white staff in his hand.

We departed very early the next morning: we saw the small slender spire of Milan at a distance, and the number of vehicles, and the stream of carts and animals loaded with hay, vegetables, &c.—reminded us that we were approaching a great city. On our arrival at the gate, as our dusty shoes and dress, and our bundles announced us as wayfaring men, we were stopped by the Austrians on guard, and conducted to a dirty little lodge just within the gate: there our passports were taken from us, and a paper given to reclaim them at the police.

We entered Milan amidst the ringing of bells: this circumstance, and the number of shops we saw closed, and people in their holiday garb hurrying through the streets, gave us to understand that something particular was to take place. On arriving at our inn, we learned that the *fête* of *San Carlo di Borromeo* was to be celebrated in the domo or cathedral.

We had just time to breakfast and put ourselves in order: when we arrived at the church, we found it crowded; a fine choir was singing some divine music, which interested us deeply. At the conclusion of the music, an old bishop, adorned in all the trappings of his office, mounted a rostrum: his discourse was preceded by somewhat more than the usual *quantum* of taking off and putting on the little black skull-cap, bowing to the crucifix by the side of the pulpit, then to the altar, to the saint, and then to the people; blowing the nose, waving the handkerchief, and hemming. At length, however, he began, and in so strong a nasal tone, and with such a caricature of gesticula-

tion and manner, as almost disturbed our gravity; indeed, we think we shall never forget the strange manner in which he pronounced his inductive words, *Quando o figliuoli miei*," &c. The subject of the discourse was an eulogium on S. Carlo, and very inadequate was it for that adorable character; it was a mere "thing of shreds and patches," taken from the life of the saint, and pilaged from musty chronicles, and stale eulogies, with which the Catholic clergy have thought it expedient annually to address some of their incalculable host of saints. We observed, that a very small portion of the audience had the patience to stay and hear the oration; the far greater part dispersed when the music was finished. The discourse, though stupid, had at least the merit of being short: when it was finished, the multitude began to re-enter in crowds; we put ourselves in the living stream, and were carried by it to a grated bronze door in the left aisle of the church, which, we were informed, led down to a vault where lay the body of S. Carlo. After waiting there a few minutes the bolts were drawn from within; the door opened, a murmur was uttered by the multitude, and they rushed in. We were soon carried onward; we descended a flight of steps, and found ourselves in an illuminated chapel, to the right of which, and just under the *Allare Maggiore* of the cathedral, was a large glass case, with rich carved and gilt frame work; this case enclosed the body of the saint, lying on his back, dressed in his fine robes, with his mitre on his head, and his crosier by his side. We were soon admitted to a closer inspection; some three or four steps led up to the case, which the crowd were permitted to approach, a few at a time; we ascended in our turn, and by the strong glare of the light saw the dried face and hands of the holy man. The head seemed pretty well preserved, but still we fancied it was of a browner hue than the many bodies we have seen kept in a similar way—some of them even for a longer period. The sight of the benevolent, the pious, the devoted Carlo of Borromeo (who deserves much higher and better distinction than a place in the

Catholic calendar) lying before us, a hollow dried case, was not to be seen without emotion—there was also wherewith to promote feelings of awe and devotion in the circumstance of place, and in the deep peals of the organ in the church above, which reverberated through the vault. It was impossible, however, to maintain these long; a dapper priest caught hold of us familiarly by the arm, and told us, in a business-like manner, that we must pass on and let others see the sight. We accordingly descended the steps, and stood aside a minute or two to observe the crowd as it passed in succession before the body; the groups were motley in the extreme, and in general their behaviour was as careless and irreverend as possible—here, for example, a tittering Miss, attended by a smirking beau, hastened up the steps, had a glance, and ran down again—there a dirty, grinning mechanic, just escaped from his shop to have a peep, hurried by, and was followed, perhaps, by a scented, priggish, talkative advocate, conducting some "country cousins" to see the show,—there a group of indifferent priests was succeeded by a group of just as indifferent opera dancers—in short, we were struck by a deal of confusive noise, and idle curiosity; by a great deal that reminded us of a show at a fair, but by hardly any thing partaking of religious solemnity. We only saw the streaming eye and clasped hands of devotion in two or three miserable wretches, and a few decayed devotees.

We soon abandoned our observations, and ascending a flight of steps opposite those by which we had descended to the chapel, we found ourselves again in the cathedral. It was full of people, some repairing to the subterranean chapel, some returning thence, and others gazing round the church at a number of ill-painted pictures, representing the life of the saint.

The vulgar assert that the preservation of S. Carlo's body is the consequence of a particular miracle: the fact is, that the intervention of very little of the miraculous is required: we have seen, in the catacombs of a monastery near Palermo, the bodies of a number of monks, standing up

in niches, in quite as good preservation as S. Carlo's; and many of them have been dead as long. In the vaults of the church of \*\*\* at Naples, (in which the dead of many of the noble families of that city are deposited) we have seen bodies, some dead upwards of a hundred years, in excellent preservation.

These awful receptacles, with others in the same capital, are opened once a year, the — of September, "*Il giorno dei morti*," to the public, who flock to them as to every other sight: inscriptions, much in the style of our tomb-stones, are placed by each niche; the sombre vaults are lighted with torches and hanging lamps; the little chapels are opened; and masses are said, and fresh flowers are placed by the altar, and by the tombs. We once accompanied a lady there, who discovered several old acquaintances and relatives by their faces: she made us observe one of her uncles who had been dead many years, and she said she saw instantly the resemblance he bore to her father. It must be curious for a living being to walk through these dark galleries, and see a long line of his ancestors and friends, and mark the niche which he shall one day occupy, as mute and hollow a thing as the rest!

But to return—the want of solemnity, and even of decency, which we remarked, is not at all peculiar to this fête, or to Milan. In every city of Italy that we have visited, religious festivals are frequented (except by a small number) merely as amusive shows: we have witnessed scenes, in the cathedral at Naples, as burlesque as we ever saw in the booth of a wandering conjuror: even the famed festival of St. Peter's at Rome, has little solemn or imposing in it, except what is produced by the music, the grandeur of the edifice, and the sun-like brilliancy of the illumination.

When the crowd had dispersed, we devoted half an hour to the examination of the interior of the cathedral. It is a pity this is not finished; for, in architecture, every deficiency, however small, rivets the eye and diverts the attention; it is also curious that so very little is wanting to complete at least the

pavement, which, in its present state, is a considerable deformity. On the whole, however, the interior is grand: the lofty dome, the painted windows, the massy columns, and the long twilight aisles, produce a fine effect. We next ascended the dome and the slender spire, and were every moment struck with the absurdity of detail, and the immensity of labour and materials completely thrown away; thousands of statues are placed where no eye from below can see them; finished figures, three or four feet high, are ranged where even bold figures could produce no effect; a forest of small spires, all laboured with true Gothic minuteness, rises from the roof; the building is fretted and carved, and loaded with ornaments up to the very top; even the inside and corners of the stair-cases are sculptured—indeed there seems a quarry of marble, and a century of work, very unprofitably employed.— As we ascended the spire with two or three other curious visitors, it shook much; and we were almost alarmed when, standing on the top, we saw its narrow base, the immense height at which we were held up in the air, and felt it vibrate as we moved; it fairly seemed to nod with us.—The view which it commands is very extensive. The whole city of Milan lay at our feet; we saw the wide and fertile plain of Lombardy, so often the object of contest, and the scene of battle, irrigated by a hundred streams, and speckled by hundreds of towns and villages: on one side we perceived, afar off, the commencement of the Apennines, and on the other, the snowy heads of the distant Alps.

After our descent, we observed for awhile the exterior of the edifice. The front is the finest part: it is bold and striking, and at a little distance, in the square facing it, the minutæ and details mass well together; the grand door is spacious and noble; and the fine wide flight of steps forms a good base. Neither of the other sides is finished; scaffolding is hanging in many parts, and the deformity of detail, and lost labour which we have complained of, are very visible. The spire, seen from below, has a very grotesque appearance. What could have tempted the

architect to crown a vast massy edifice, like this, with a tall thin piece of absurdity, which seems to shake in the wind, and looks like a rod raised up for a lightning-conductor?

The works are, at present, going on very slowly; an immense deal of labour and some millions of francs would still be required to complete the edifice, of which not a few parts already exhibit marks of decay.

In the evening we went to the theatre *della Scala*, reputed the second, and by some, the first theatre on the continent: we think it inferior to its rival S. Carlo of Naples; though, to tell the truth, we could scarcely see what it was, being so exceedingly ill lighted. The audience we found disgustingly noisy and disorderly; and the singers and *corps de ballet* far inferior to the companies we had left in Naples a few months before. A number of Austrian sol-

dlers were stationed in the pit during the performance.

We shall not recapitulate the journal of our stay in Milan (perhaps we have already infringed too much the plan we had prescribed): we shall only state, that we swelled with indignation before the ruins of the divine "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci—turned over some books and manuscripts in the Ambrosian library—felt some tender emotions in going through the apartments inhabited a few years ago by that veteran of literature, and most amiable of men, Giuseppe Parini, author of the beautiful and well-known poem "Il Giorno"—sympathized with some worthy and intellectual people, on the oppressive government of Austria, and the want of energy and virtue in the modern Italians—and visited the theatres, and public places and sights—as all travellers are in duty bound to do.

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#### THE LAWYER :—A PICTURE.

"Ancient in phrase, mere modern in the sense."—*Pope*.

##### First Canto.

Oh! mortal man, whose inconsistent mind  
Is ever varying, ever discontent,  
If thou wouldst learn true happiness to find,  
Enjoy the blessings bounteous Heaven hath lent!  
Yet certes 'twas by Nature wisely meant,  
Albeit possessing, man should not enjoy  
Continued bliss; were the bow always bent,  
The cord would break; a constant feast would cloy,  
And man would loathe his life if lacking its alloy.

In London town, fast by the Thamis' side,  
On pleasaunt bank of variegated lands,  
Smiling betwix Saint Clement and Saint Bride,  
Lyk moder twix her sonnes, a Tempill stands:  
Here lig the sable and sagacious bands,  
Whose wicked lore on ample folios shines,  
Ingrost I ween by many clerkly hands,  
From age to age, in long and labour'd lines;—  
Of man's imperfect nature, sad, but certain signs!

In sooth, sagacious bands:—while silly strife  
To other men brings sorrow, sin, and shame,  
Pois'ning the purest elements of life,—  
To them it yieldeth affluence and fame!  
Natheless to solder broken faith they aim,  
To prop the weak, and moderate the strong;  
But eager in ambition's glorious game,  
They reck not of the right side or the wrong,  
But careless pass their hours their bokes and briefs among.

Within this Tempill stands a goodly pile  
 Of buildings strong, albeit of Paper hight,  
 Where, at the head of many a winding file  
 Of crazy steps, there lived a merrie wight.  
 A cheerful wonne it was, of aspect light,  
 By massive door and double bolts secured,  
 With inner valve and knocker rubb'd so bright,  
 To try its power the passing hand it lured ;  
 And here the live-long day this wight was close immured.

The outward room was desolate and bare,  
 Save seat for roguish Clerke who entraunce gave ;  
 But far within, on pompous easy-chair,  
 Knee deep in papers, sate the master grave :  
 He was, to weet, a fascinating knave  
 As e'er charm'd men with magic of the tongue,  
 For, or in open court or close conclave,  
 All on his honied words with transport hung ;  
 So that through England's land his fame was loudly rung.

On every side were thick-bound quartos flung,  
 And lesser tomes in sheet or board of blue,  
 And tape-tied trash, (as erst my master sung,  
 When yon sad Castle of Delights he drew ;)  
 Lackt not the saffron-back'd and dun review,  
 The modern tale, the old romantic lore,  
 Ne flippaunt magazine, ne pamphlet new ;  
 'Mid such varietie of letter'd store,  
 Save reading, you mote thinke he had to do nought more.

And all around were nicely suited shelves,  
 For every size and character of boke,  
 From giant folios down to pigmy twelves,  
 Old, middle aged, and new,—a motley stock !—  
 " Treason " upheld by " Hale," and " Crime " by " Coke,"  
 " Frauds " by " The Common Law," " Crown Pleas " by " Powers,"  
 The " Life of Faith " by " Hume " and " Bolingbroke ;"  
 Twix " Rules " and " Precedents " plain " Practice " towers,  
 And Socrates o'er all in bronzed stucco lours !

In inner chamber, hid from vulgar sight,  
 Maps, globes, and instruments, confusedly lay,  
 Prints, drawings, music, all in tatter'd plight,  
 The still-loved studies of his youthful day ;  
 Full oft, he lengthen'd visits here would pay  
 To sweet remembrances of pleasures gone ;  
 Here legal caution lost its icy sway,  
 Here dropt the studied look, the solemn tone,  
 And here his full heart spoke in language all its own.

And here each night, retired from drafts and pleas,  
 He ay withdrew ; and rid of all controul,  
 Scribbled in leetle boke his notes and fees ;  
 Then with some mental feast refresh'd his soul :  
 Then pampering scraps of wit he would unroll,  
 Or on the gifted page of genius pore,  
 Strike to Mozart the angel-strain'd viole,  
 Or weep abandon'd Dido's sorrows o'er,  
 Or Shakespeare's magic world contemplate and adore.

Ah me, the cares of man ! Dan Perstus cries,—  
 Dissatisfied, ambition-blinded man ;—  
 From happy still to happier he flies,  
 Sad cause of his first fall and Heaven's first ban !—  
 When Fame to trump my hero's name began,  
 He sigh'd *the Senate* as the bar to shake,  
 Forsook the course he long victorious ran,  
 And lost the *high* while playing higher stake ;—  
 Which of another song shall subject matter make.

### Second Canto.

Oh Poesie, thou sweetest, loveliest maid  
 Of all who minister man's bliss below,  
 Purest of mental beings, by whose aid  
 Celestial transports we on earth foreknow !  
 How often at thy feet my griefts I throw ;  
 How well I love, but ah ! how worthlessly,  
 These trickling witnesses too soothly show,  
 When from a world I little love, I flee,  
 To one all flowers and sun-shine, form'd, sweet maid, by thee.

I woo thee not for fame or filthy gain,  
 I seek thee not in *schools* of modern date,  
 I disavow thee 'mong the critic train,  
 Who, as their factions dictate, love or hate ;  
 In solitude I sue thee, ear' and late,  
 On native mountain or in kindred glade ;  
 No richer gifts of Heaven I supplicate,  
 Than health, content, and thee, thou heaven-born maid :  
 Ah, gracious God, with these my joys would never fade !

But to my tale ;—Near this our wight's abode,  
 A little higher up the *Thamis'* stream,  
 Where by *Westminster's* arches 'tis ystrode,  
*Saint Stephen's* antiquated turrets gleam ;  
 From *Lambeth's* shores a little town they seem,  
 By architects of every nation plann'd ;  
 And certes every nation's plans make theme  
 For mickle work, to the debating band  
 That nightly fashion laws for *England's* thinking land !

A mottled clump of roofs and walls it was,  
 Ne portal visible to unskill'd e'e,  
 As though by open access none mote pass,  
 And nought but dark and hidden ways were free ;  
 And hidden ways enow I wot there be,  
 For entraunce to that house of high renown :—  
 How our wight entered, boots not,—there was he,—  
 Of all his tow'ring wishes at the crown,  
 When in *Saint Stephen's* hall at last he sate him down.

Who but *Sir Member* now was nightly seen,  
 With swelling strut and consequential air,  
 But ill conceal'd by the affected mien  
 Of self-unworthiness that simper'd there ;  
 But the peer'd eyebrow and the listless stare,  
 That, while it favor'd, seem'd to pity too,  
 Disclosed the aspect that the face *would* wear,  
 Were its reflection to the bosom true :—  
 Good Lord, with what nice arts deceit doth man endure !

On bed of roses now the Templar view,  
 By senatorial influence upborne ;  
 But ah ! what bed of roses ever grew,  
 Where lurk'd not the unwelcome stalk of thorn !  
 Eftsoons his heart with secret stings was torn,  
 When that sooth tongue that ay attention won,  
 And oft success, to causes most forlorn,  
 Unheeded e'en in Freedom's cause begun,  
 While ill-bred cough and yawn round sleepy hearers run.

Ay, sicker, 'twere a subtle tongue indeed  
 In predetermined cause that could prevail,  
 Albeit for truth and liberty it plead,—  
 As too soon found the hero of my tale.  
 He founder'd in the ministerial gale,  
 The sea of public principle that sweeps,  
 'Whelming th' advent'rous barks that dare to sail  
 Beyond *Expediency's* unfathom'd deeps,—  
 Which in continued strife the state's own vessel keeps.

Yet to those gallant barks that brave the storm,  
 Be one triumphant shout of glory given,  
 Loud as the billow in its fiercest form,  
 On ocean rock by western whirlwind driven.  
 See proud Oppression's chains asunder riven ;  
 While e'en gaunt Power shrinks scowling 'neath his helm,  
 And swoln Corruption hears the voice of heaven  
 In patriot tongues, her minions that o'erwhelm,  
 And hurl in awful peals the vengeance of a realm.

Alack for our poor wight ! at this he aim'd ;  
 And as right noble was the prize he sought,  
 So be the failure less severely blamed,  
 In pity to the sufferings on him brought :  
 For ruin to his peace of mind it wrought,—  
 In his whole chain of happiness no link  
 It left entire ; his future life was nought,  
 For his first fame had died.—Ah me ! to think  
 That e'er absurd ambition man so low should sink.

The shrub the fury of the blast oft braves,  
 When the proud oak in summer vigour falls ;  
 The cockboat oft rides safely through the waves  
 That ruthless swallow mighty admirals ;  
 The lightning strikes the turret-crested halls  
 That daring glisten on the mountain height,  
 But spares the low-roof'd cabins' humble walls  
 That in the valley scarce impede the light :—  
 And so in moral nature fared it with our wight.

Thus ends my tale : albeit this seely youth  
 Repenteth sore the error of his way,  
 Yet suffering for folly is most sooth ;  
 And now his heart feels Hope's reviving ray ;  
 She with her magic finger marks a day,  
 Nor distant far, his life that will renew,  
 No more in vile ambition's paths to stray :—  
 And, these consoling prospects in his view,  
 To self reproach and shame he then will bid adieu.

JEWS, QUAKERS, SCOTCHMEN,  
AND OTHER IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things, I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in any thing. Those national repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, and Dutch.—*Religio Medici*.

THAT the author of the *Religio Medici*, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual, should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,  
I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, dispathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me, that I am a lover of my species. I

can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards them all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike.\*

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full

\* I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

———We by proof find there should be  
'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,  
That though he can show no just reason why  
For any former wrong or injury,  
Can neither find a blemish in his fame,  
Nor sought in face or feature justly blame,  
Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,  
Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels," and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

——— The cause which to that act compell'd him  
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.



front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them, is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full developement. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. Its Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, suppositions, half-intuitions, demi-consciousnesses, misgivings, partial illuminations, “dim instincts,” embryo conceptions, and every stage that stops short of absolute certainty and conviction—his intellectual faculty seems a stranger to. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to any thing that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon

him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. “A healthy book!”—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Bunce,—“did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.” Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath.—I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. \*\*\*\*. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that “he had considerable respect for my character and talents” (so he was pleased to say), “but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.” The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth—as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself—that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long

since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my south British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that “that was impossible, because he was dead.” An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.\* The tediousness of the Scotch is certainly proverbial. I wonder if they ever tire one another!—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your “imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;” and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him. I have a great mind to give up Burns. There is certainly a bragging spirit of generosity, a swaggering assertion of independence, and *all that*, in his writings. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume’s History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which, Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids.

But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought, to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candour, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of such a mighty antipathy. A Hebrew is no where congenial to me. He is least distasteful on ‘Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half-convertites. Jews christianizing—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be —of Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, “The Children of

\* There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company with relating of facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.—*Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.*

Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him.—B—— has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not oversensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the negro countenance, you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and high-ways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls—these "images of God cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day, when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whims-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the sallads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them, may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place, a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows, that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper perhaps to be more than hinted at

upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. "You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight," said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. "Thereafter as the answers may be," retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was travelling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the strictest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for

which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by enquiring of his next neighbour, "Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?" and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter. ELIA.

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#### TRAVELS OF COSMO THE THIRD, GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, THROUGH ENGLAND, IN 1669.\*

If any of our readers, instead of a trip to the Continent this summer, should prefer visiting a part of our own country, in the company of the great and learned, they have nothing to do but fall into the suite of the hereditary prince of Tuscany (afterwards Grand Duke, with the title of Cosmo III), and joining six other Italians of distinction (among whom the most remarkable is Lorenzo Ma-

galotti, the scribe of the party), a painter,† and an architect, prepare themselves to partake of the good fare that every where awaits them.

We trust, however, that none of them will have the same motive for quitting home as occasioned Cosmo to set out on his journey. It was to get rid of an ill-conditioned wife, of whom he is said to have been fonder than she deserved; but who had

\* Travels of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the Reign of King Charles II. (1669); translated from the Italian Manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence; with a Memoir of his Life, &c. 4to. Mawman, 1821.

† Sigmimondo Coccapani was the name of the painter who accompanied the expedition. This could not have been the Florentine artist of that name, mentioned with much commendation in the *Abecedario Pittorico* of Orlandi, as he died in 1642.

used him so ill, that his father, Ferdinand II. in order to estrange his affections from her, had more than once sent him roving about the world. In dutiful compliance with this design, the prince, in September 1668, set sail from Leghorn, landed at Barcelona, "and passing from thence to Madrid, in the usual incognito of princes, traversed the whole western part of Spain, and proceeded into Portugal. "A most elaborate account," we are told, in a life of the prince, that is prefixed, "was kept of all that occurred in these travels, accompanied by designs made upon the spot, wherever the royal stranger was received, rested, or was detained." These designs, indeed, now form the principal object of curiosity in what remains of this journal; they are, however, feebly executed, the perspective of them is very deficient, and they strongly mark the decline of art which had then commenced in Florence. The state of manners of Spain, at that period, appears to have been nearly what it now is; but some future traveller, desirous of affording information respecting a country, which has lately engaged so much attention in England, might, in all probability, derive some advantage, by comparing his own designs with those of the artist who accompanied Cosmo in the seventeenth century.

From Lisbon the prince proceeded to Corunna, and from thence embarked for England. At this period commences the description of his tour, of which a faithful translation is given in this volume.

This account of the actions of a prince, in the common occurrences of life, may, perhaps, be found minute even to tediousness, but this minuteness is not destitute of interest. It opens a transient view of the state of society in England at that time, as far as a prince could be admitted into it: it affords an opportunity to record the names, and even the circumstances of many families, who hastened to show him honour, or to offer him hospitality; and the drawings made of the different towns and houses are highly interesting, particularly those of London and Westminster. At the risk, therefore, of fatiguing the patience of the reader,

the journal is literally translated from "the Italian manuscript in the Laurentian library at Florence," and the drawings engraved. An abridgment might have been rendered more amusing, but would have lost much of its information, and many of the drawings must have been omitted. A fairer report of the book could not well have been made, than has been given by its editor.

Having lost their course at sea, the prince with his retinue touched at Kinsale, where the oppression of their catholic brethren did not fail to excite their commiseration. On reconnoitring the hills in the neighbourhood of that port, they discovered that the Irish natives "rested on the bare earth;" "and lived like wild beasts." Sailing from hence they land at St. Mary's, one of the Scilly islands; and thence proceed to Plymouth, which, says Magalotti, "in the last century was a poor village inhabited by fishermen. It is now so increased in buildings and population, that it may be reckoned among the best cities in England, having between twelve and fifteen thousand inhabitants." "The city cannot be seen from the sea, and is almost shut up by a gorge of the mountains, on the lowest skirt of which it is situated. Its extent is not very considerable. The buildings are antique, according to the English fashion; lofty and narrow, with pointed roofs, and the fronts may be seen through, owing to the magnitude of the glass windows in each of the different stories." The dress of the mayor and aldermen at Plymouth, as at every other corporate town, does not escape the minute notice of the ceremonious Italian. Due respect is every where paid to the illustrious foreigners by the gentlemen of the country; and the following incident affords a trait of the manners and courtesy of the times. "When they had proceeded about a mile, there came galloping up to the coach Sir Copleston Bampfylde, with his wife and sister. They happened to be hunting in that neighbourhood, and wished not to lose the opportunity of performing an act of respect to his highness. The serene prince stopped his carriage, and received their compliments, but did not alight

to salute them, not knowing till afterwards who the ladies were." Passing "through the small village of Halbombridge," they sleep at Okehampton, and next day reach Exeter. We cannot stop to describe the surrounding country, nor the devoirs of the worthy aldermen, nor the curiosity with which they visited the cathedral, attended the whole of the morning service, and saw at it the Bishop with his wife and children, "no less than nine in number," and heard the choir sing the psalms "in a chant similar to the Gregorian," and "an organ of most exquisite tone," and "the preacher in his surplice begin his sermon, leaning on a cushion placed in the middle of a pulpit;" but must hasten on as well as we can to Axminster, "travelling through a road full of water, and muddy, though not deep." On the ninth of April, the party arrives at Hinton St. George, a villa of my Lord John Paulet, where in the evening Mr. John Sidney, cousin of my Lord, comes from his villa, six miles distant, bringing his Lady with him to pay his respects. "His highness" knew better how to act to this lady, than when he met the two huntresses, for "he took her by the hand, and conducted her to a gallery hard by, and departing after a short conversation, continued in discourse with the above gentleman till the close of the day." We again regret that we cannot stay to speak more particularly of my Lord's garden, park, deer, pheasantry, and the village, and church, with its curious monuments. The same must be said of the Roman camp near Dorchester, and of the manner of angling for trout (so different from the Italian) in the small river Frome. On the 11th they depart from Dorchester with a military escort to secure them from the robbers, who molested this district; and passing through Blandford, a little town of four thousand souls (is this right? it is more than it contained in 1901), arrived safe at Salisbury, having declined the invitation given them by the Earl of Pembroke, and his son Lord Herbert, to pass the night at Wilton-house; who, however, were allowed to come with their equipage to fetch his highness to breakfast next morning. On their

way they see Stonehenge, "a celebrated piece of antiquity, supposed to be a sepulchre or a trophy," where his highness alighted from the carriage in which he was with Lord Pembroke and his son, and conversed with them for nearly an hour. If the late Bishop of Worcester had been living, he might, perhaps, have made an entertaining dialogue out of this conference, which, as matters are, we must leave in the same obscurity as our worthy guide has left it, and having partaken of the sumptuous entertainment provided for us at Wilton, amuse ourselves with looking at the grotto, the playing fountains, the maze park, and Vandyke's pictures. At Salisbury, the cathedral again attracted the attention of the travellers. "Although the architecture is Gothic in all its parts," no trifling objection with the Florentines; "yet it is magnificent and sumptuous. They say, that the windows which light it correspond with the days of the year, the small marble pillars with the hours of a whole year, and the doors with the twelve months." Pursuing the route to London through Sutton, Basingstoke, Okested, Egham, and Brentford (of all which places views are given, besides more than thirty others) they make their entry into the capital, "finding the whole tract of seven miles, after leaving Brentford, truly delicious, from the abundance of well-built villas and country-houses, which are seen in every direction." "Without the city a numerous crowd of people were assembled on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, to see the prince pass;" and the names of many noblemen and foreign ambassadors are enumerated, who waited on him at his arrival. The account of his introduction to Charles II., of the service which he attended at the chapel of the Queen, of the different noblemen who paid their respects to him, of the etiquette observed at court, of the ruins of St. Paul's after the recent fire, of the meeting of the Royal Society, of the theatre,—all this is very curious. The same may be said of Cosmo's visit to Newmarket, Cambridge (where, owing to the pronunciation, he did not understand the Latin oration recited in his

praise, nor the Latin comedy acted by the scholars), Althorp, Oxford, (where the Latin was equally unintelligible), Billingsbere, the seat of Colonel Nevil (where he learns that "the rooks are considered in England as preserved birds, the nobility priding themselves on seeing them in the neighbourhood of their villas, and looking on them as fowls of good omen, so that no one is permitted to kill them under severe penalties;") and, lastly, Windsor Castle. Much praise, and very deservedly, is bestowed on Mr. Robert Boyle, at whose house the prince was highly gratified by the experiments and instruments exhibited to him by that philosopher. Both during this and his former residence in London, he appears to have been almost as active as the Emperor Alexander himself, in viewing every thing worthy of notice, and some which the Emperor, perhaps, had not an opportunity of witnessing, such as a cock-fight, a dancing-school, frequented by ladies married and unmarried, a fencing-school on a singular plan, and a children's ball at Highgate. An instance of Charles's politeness should not be passed over. When Cosmo had returned from Hampton-court, where he had been entertained with a deer-hunt, the king inquired how he had liked that palace; and on receiving an answer expressive of the prince's opinion of its magnificence, he replied, "that his highness's affection for the things of this country made him regard it with partiality, but that it could not be compared, or put in competition, with those of Italy."

After having made an excursion to Chatham and Sheerness, Cosmo and his company finally quitted London; and taking Monk, then made Duke of Albemarle, on their way, embarked at Harwich for Holland.

It might have been expected that something more would have been said on the state of the arts in this country. But Cooper, the portrait painter, to whom Cosmo sat for his picture, is the only English artist whom we recollect to have seen mentioned in the journal; of him it is said, that "he had been strongly recommended to his highness for his skill in painting, and his excellence

in drawing to the life with softness, expression, and distinction. The same is one of the most celebrated and esteemed painters in London, and no person of quality visits that city without endeavouring to obtain some of his performances to take out of the kingdom."

There are some observations on the government, mode of administering justice, and manners of the people; and an attempt is made to discriminate the different sects then prevailing in the country, for which the writer was probably indebted to some zealous English Catholic. The description of the "sect of the Atheists," is short and pithy, and will serve as a sample of the rest. "Atheism has many followers in England. It may be called the very abyss of blindness, and the uttermost limit of the pestilent heresy of Calvin. The professors of it say, that there is no God; they do not believe in a resurrection to come; they deny the immortality of the soul; and teach that every thing happens by chance; and, as a natural consequence, they follow their own perverse inclinations, without having any regard to futurity, but thinking only of the present time." At page 446, the sect of the *Fotinians* should have been *Photinians*; *Fotinus*, *Photinus*; and *Samosatano*, *Samosata*; but these are venial errors in a translator. Charles's disposition to the Roman Catholic form of worship did not escape the shrewd Italians. "There is no doubt that the king externally appears to be a Protestant, observing, with the most exact attention, the rites of the Anglican church; but it is also true that, from his method of proceeding, there is reason for thinking, that he does not entirely acquiesce in that mode of belief, and that he may, perhaps, in his own mind, cherish other inclinations."

Had Cosmo III. turned out a better ruler of his people, we should have more pleasure in adding that, some time after his return to Florence, his troublesome helpmate left him, and put herself under the protection of Louis XIV. at whose court her behaviour was either too licentious, or too flippant, to be long tolerated. It is lamentable to see the race of the Medici thus degenerated

from the character it had maintained in "the palmy state" of Florence. What had become of all those qualities which her historian, Macchiavelli, has in a few words so well described: "la bontà di Giovanni, la sapienza di Cosimo, l'umanità di Piero, e la magnificenza e prudenza di Lorenzo:" the goodness of John, the wisdom of Cosmo, the humanity of Peter, and the magnificence and prudence of Lorenzo?

Count Lorenzo Magalotti, by whom this journal was written, deserved a more particular account than is here given of him. He was well known as a linguist, natural philosopher and poet. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have called him, not very elegantly perhaps, "the Magazine of good taste." Of his acquaintance with the English language, and consequently of his fitness for the task of journalist imposed upon him by his sovereign, some estimate may be formed from his translation of "Philips's Cider." It was, probably, one of the first instances, in which our own poets began to react on their continental neighbours; and, in this point of view at least, a few remarks, that we shall add, will not be thrown away upon it.

B. i. V. 53. Nor from the sable grounds.

The sense is mistaken; *sable* is translated as if it meant *sandy*.

Ne t'impacciar d'arene.

This leads to another error.

The must of pallid hue,

being rendered

Il lor pallido volto,

As if it meant the colour of the soil.

V. 159, *Such heats*, &c. to 167, is omitted.

V. 215, *Thor* and *Woden*, he translates *Giove* and *di Maja il Figlio*.

V. 311:—

And men have gather'd from the hawthorn's branch

Large medlars, imitating regal crowns,

By endeavouring to raise this, he has utterly marred it.

Che piu? cotanto ardisce arte insolente,  
Che infino il pruno, il pruno, il villanzone  
Travestito, da nespolo paffuto  
Saluto rò e sì gli dà corona.

V. 500:—

The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest gives

Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,  
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs.

With large and juicy offspring, that defies  
The vernal nippings and cold sid'ral blasts.

— Moscadella

Pianta gentil, che fanciulletta ancora

Alte speranze di pincer prometti,

E nella tua minore età scortése

A' tuoi teneri rami, oltre lor force

Di sì folta gli aggravi, e sì vinoso

Prole, che il verno già ne pave e suda.

Not having understood the original, Magalotti has here scarcely made himself intelligible.

At v. 573, *Druids* is rendered *Driade*.

The last two hundred lines of this book are omitted; and about thirty on a different subject are substituted, in which he takes an opportunity of praising some cider sent by Lord Somers to Henry Newton, British Envoy to the Duke of Tuscany. It is pleasant to reflect that the notice of Lord Somers was not confined to the men eminent for literature in his own country; and that the pretty compliment paid him in a poem, called, as well as we remember, "the Shade of Pope," may be so much further extended.

The muse her Addison to Somers join'd,  
The noblest statesman to the purest mind.

At the beginning of the second book there are again some verses substituted, not at all in Philips's manner.

B. ii. v. 276. As when, &c.

This simile is mal-treated by Magalotti, who makes a conceit and antithesis of it; and again, we have a great hiatus from v. 486 to the end. With some few exceptions, however, the sense is caught pretty well in this translation, and the diction is sufficiently poetical (but when is this not the case in Italian verse?) but we meet with here and there a conceit in it, and no writer is less responsible for such blemishes than Philips: on the whole, it proves that Magalotti had profited well by his connexion with this country.



## THE BUCCANEER.

A TALK FOR GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

WITHIN the circle of a small bay, made by the waters of the sea of Azof, and not many miles distant from Jenitschin, was, many years ago (and may still be), an island of the name of *Kemlin*. This island was once inhabited by an independent company of merchants, who purchased furs and salt beef from Russia, and silks, and rice, and coffee, from Turkey. They were not, however, very particular in confining themselves to these two nations, for they would occasionally buy commodities from the Genoa ships, which traded as far as Krim. The returns which they made were various, and in truth somewhat uncertain; but, though they were not always punctual in their payments, their promises, which were ample, made amends for all.

The island of Kemlin was rocky, and somewhat unproductive; and had the inhabitants possessed no resource beyond their soil, there would have been emigrants there as well as in other places. Fortunately, however, they had a strong fortress, some shipping, a number of hardy sailors, and an equal number of valuable privileges which they took care not to neglect. Among other matters, they laid claim (as the lord of a manor does to waifs and strays) to most of the solitary vessels which they met tossing about in the sea of Azof. The sailors were useful in these cases, and the fortress brought the refractory prisoners to reason.

No men could be braver than these islanders, and none so brave as their chief, the terrible and renowned *Fædor*. He was, indeed, a great man. Filling the posts of chief, general, high-admiral, judge, sole legislator, and inspector and collector of taxes, there was nothing to which he did not turn his mind, which might tend to increase his power or wealth, and all this entirely for the good of the island and people of Kemlin. *Fædor* was about forty-five years of age, robust and tall, and of a sallow-dark complexion: his eyes were large and grey, but without much lustre; and his lips were thick as those of the Theban sphinx. His

tongue was persuasive; and where words failed him, his arm was altogether convincing; and thus he ruled, and had for twenty years ruled, as absolute as a German prince whose dominion stretches over a thousand acres of land.

The great *Fædor* had been installed chief with all due solemnities. He had washed his hands in the oil which had been kept in darkness for seven winters, and had drank the consecrated quass to the health of the idol Perouin. His more immediate patron was *Silnoy-Bog*, (*Hercules*,—the strong god,) but he also put up offerings to *Lada*, the goddess of beauty, and sacrificed at his leisure to *Lesko* and *Dido*, who answered to the *Eros* and *Anteros* of the Greeks. In short, he was a very pious and strong prince, and attacked all vessels which he met upon the seas, in case they refused to trade with him upon his own terms. He was a man of the highest honour.

The princes and chiefs of most countries lay claim to a tolerable stock of ancestors.—Of all ancestry, however, making only one single exception in favour of the Emperor of China, who, it is well known, is descended from the Moon, none was ever so illustrious as that of the chief of Kemlin. He came in a direct line from the invincible *THAUWA*, who was a sort of freebooter during his life, and a demi-god ever after. This *Thauwr* lived in the year 97 after the general flood, and transmitted nobility and virtues of every shade to his renowned posterity. *Fædor* was, therefore, by right, noble and virtuous, and married his fourteenth cousin of the half blood (who was also second cousin and niece by marriage, and afterwards wife and widow of his maternal uncle), according to the custom of his native country. They lived very happily together; he passing part of his time at the country house of his prime minister, whose wife was reckoned the finest woman in the island, and she confessing her peccadilloes in the private ear of the very reverend the chief *Iman* (or bishop) of Kemlin.

Madame Fœdor was very devout, and her husband was fond of hunting; so they met but seldom, and accordingly agreed very well. One day, however, he took it into his head, that the Iman and his lady passed more time together than was absolutely necessary for the purposes of penance. The lady protested, and the prelate called a hundred and twenty-three wooden gods to witness, that he was the most innocent and injured man alive. Upon these solemnities Fœdor rested his entire belief, and acquitted the parties. Unfortunately, strong suspicions arose again. The lady sighed, and shed an urn full of tears, and the prelate was more strenuous than ever. Fœdor, however, was this time obstinate, and after having heard them fully exculpate themselves (by their own words), he struck off the head of the worthy father, and took upon himself the duties of primate and head of the temple. From that time, Angelica (which was Madam Fœdor's name) grew melancholy, and found herself utterly without sins to confess: all which was agreeable enough to Fœdor, though marvelled at a little by the malicious people about his court.

For Fœdor, it should be known, held a sort of court. He had priests, and musicians, and poets, ministers, and dancers, and singers, and fair women, and parasites of various kinds. These latter excellent persons compared him to Perouin, the god of thunder; and the women extolled him beyond Swetovid, the Pagan Apollo. For himself, he laughed at them all, by turns, and never failed duly collecting the taxes of the island of Kemlin.

The mere compliments which were paid to this man would have turned the head of a Greek philosopher. One compared him to the sun, and another to the moon, as is usual in such cases; and the dancers danced, and the flatterers lied, and the women languished, as is also usual. He was "the day—the light—the life—the strength—the perfume—of the world," according as circumstances required. He was two things at once, and sometimes his own antipodes. The verses that were written upon him were enough, with a match, to have laid Persepolis

in ashes; and the Cyprus wine that he freely distributed would have been sufficient to have quenched the conflagration. And yet this great man had one or two prejudices. He had a mortal aversion to Jews: so he ordered his minister to make a law, by which every Jew found in his realm was to be roasted before the image of Silnoy-Bog; and this incense, it was said, was very grateful to the nostrils of that muscular and easily offended deity. Nothing could be more equitable than the laws and customs observed in the island of this prince of buccaneers. He was head of the church and of the state; and lest any improper person should arrive at the higher offices in either, he never parted with an important place for less than three thousand zechins. This sum was taken as a security for the good behaviour of the parties, and was occasionally forfeited, and never returned. No animadversion, however, was ever made; because Fœdor ordained, that whatever he did was right,—and the detention of a small sum of money for the service of the state, could hardly be brought forward as evidence of his having done wrong.

How glorious was the reign of Fœdor!—His grandfather had been glorious, and his father very glorious; but he was more glorious than all. It was as though honour (like a snow-ball) had accumulated in its course down the hill of time, until it had reached him, and then that it "could no farther go." His reign was like a return of the age of gold. The rivers, indeed, ran with water only, and not with milk and honey—as it is well known they did in those good days; but, nevertheless, all was excellent, and entirely to the satisfaction of Fœdor himself,—which is, of course, saying all that is necessary upon such an occasion.

It sometimes happens, however, even in the most glorious reigns, that war and bloodshed may be heard of; and accordingly the sword of our Buccaneer was pretty frequently unsheathed, but all for the good of the people,—or their honour, which is the same thing. War is a magnificent affair: and nothing could be finer than the equipment of Fœdor,—his housings of purple, his golden stirrups, and

his snow-white charger; except, perhaps, the adroitness with which he managed the last, and the dexterity that he showed in cutting off the head of any vassal who presumed to murmur. In battle he was the bravest of the brave; but as he considered that others might be less courageous, he himself always (very wisely) commanded the rear-guard, in order to save the van from the shame of a precipitate retreat. His officers were well chosen; some for prudence, some for valour, and a few for both. They fought bravely; for while the honour of conquest very properly belonged to Fœdor, the disgrace of defeat was entirely their own, and this they did their best at all times to avoid.

Fœdor was known in one instance to have executed summary justice upon a captain called Kaunitz, who fled from the enemy, in pursuance, as he said, of the example of Fœdor himself. Twenty-two courtiers started forward instantly to deny this falsehood, and each swore distinctly, that Fœdor had never moved from his place. For himself, he was so incensed, that he separated the gold chain which hung round the neck of Kaunitz, with his sabre, and in the hurry of the act the head of Kaunitz was also detached.—Caloritz, another officer, determined to avoid so sudden a destiny, fought till he acquired a hundred and twenty-two scars, some of which were of no trifling nature. In one instance, he intercepted a spear which had been pointed at the Buccaneer, and which might have considerably disordered his personal appearance. Caloritz received it in his face, was carried home, and languished for two months in a dangerous state; and Fœdor rewarded him with a gold chain and a profusion of thanks. He even promised him certain more solid rewards; but the imprudence of the officer defeated the generous intentions of his chief. In a skirmish with a party from a neighbouring district (with whom he was at war), Fœdor attempted to storm the trenches of the enemy's camp, but was driven back with great loss. Caloritz, thinking that the repulse arose from an imperfect manœuvre, proposed renewing the experiment, to which Fœdor (curling his mustachios) ac-

ceded, simply on the condition, that Caloritz should part with his head in case of failure. To this the veteran consented, and renewed the attack with success. The Buccaneer expressed himself delighted, complimented the soldier, and dismissed him the first opportunity.

Who does it the wars more than his captain  
can,

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice  
of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

This is very cleverly said, we dare say; but Fœdor was a perfect gentleman, and had his private reasons for acting as he did, and, (no doubt) they were full of honour.

It would be tedious to enumerate one twentieth part of the excellencies of the great Fœdor,—his valour, his prudence, his wit, his generosity, his magnificence, his humanity; they were the themes of many a speech, the burthen of many a song. He lived alternately in peace and war, till he arrived at the age of fifty years. At that period, a district, which had long become independent, but which had, about twelve hundred years before, belonged to Killwitz, an ancestor of Fœdor, made some demand which was considered very offensive at the court of Kemlin. The Grand-Chamberlain grew serious, and said, that if such insolence were tolerated, good breeding would be at an end: the Arch-Treasurer protested that he could never afterwards rely upon any negotiations with such people; and Fœdor swore audibly by Silnoy-Bog, that he would feast that deity with not less than a score of the best heads of the free town of *Naplitz*. As, however, menace and execution are two different things, the one being easy and the other somewhat difficult in attainment, Fœdor was advised to content himself for the present with the humble apologies of the refractory. These were demanded, and, to the astonishment of all persons, refused. Upon this, Fœdor ordered the priest of his household, (the bishop died suddenly, as we remember,) to send them to the d---l without delay. This was very

speedily accomplished, by reading four pages\* of Latin, and burning a cat's paw under the nostrils of Perouin, the god of thunder.

It was supposed at court, that nothing could withstand these severe measures. One courtier laughed, another sighed, and a third began to make a calculation of the profits which he should derive from the sub-government of the free town of Naplitz. Notwithstanding these calculations and conjectures, however, the Naplitzians remained refractory. They even issued a public paper, in which they said, that they had a right to choose a steward, and appoint a gardener over their own lands. This, it must be owned, looked very bold, and could hardly be passed over by Fœdor, who claimed a prescriptive right to interfere in his neighbours' concerns, and to give advice upon all occasions. They said, that his right was groundless, and that his advice was bad, and not wanted. The former, he replied, had been established by writings, sealed with the private seals of himself and his predecessors, and was not, therefore, to be controverted: the latter, he proposed to argue with them at the head of one hundred horse and three hundred and fifty foot soldiers. They answered, that they did not think that method of reasoning quite satisfactory, but that they nevertheless would discuss the matter with him as strenuously as they were able. Whereupon Fœdor ordered a tax of twenty-five per cent. to be laid on his people, and set out again on the road to glory.

War was thus declared between the great Fœdor and the disobedient people of the free town of Naplitz. Many were the orders and proclamations which were issued by both sides on this occasion. One only, however, has reached us entire, and this we shall take leave to transcribe. It is the proclamation issued by Fœdor previously to his march, and develops his fatherly intentions in a way that cannot be liable to mistake or misinterpretation, we should think:—to be sure, there are few things safe from the malice of an enemy.

**“INHABITANTS OF NAPLITZ!**  
 “Evil-minded persons are amongst you, who design to subvert your liberty. The happiness which you have enjoyed so many months is about to be torn from you. I am penetrated with affliction at this prospect, and am resolved to save you. A close alliance during fourteen months has increased my affection for you—it has made me your friend. Accordingly, I march towards you, animated by the best intentions. My soldiers will observe the strictest discipline. Receive them as brothers, and respect the paternal care which I display towards you. Every person found in arms will be shot.

“The mark of

“FÆDOR.

“Countersigned, CAJOLEM.”

Immediately after this proclamation, Fœdor marched on the town of Naplitz. The right division of his army, composed of one hundred and twenty picked men, destined to storm the trenches, was led on by the invincible Orsonoff; the left was commanded by the sage Ulisky; and the great main body, consisting of at least two hundred and fifty men, horse and foot, was under the immediate order of Fœdor himself. The appearance of the right wing was truly formidable. The men drank brandy and gunpowder, and swore, in the most explicit way, as to the actions that they would severally perform. Each man at parting curled his whisker with his left hand, and invoked Perouin to witness that he was entitled to a hundred zechins, for protecting the liberties of the people of Naplitz.

Unfortunately for Fœdor, and sixty soldiers of the right division, the army of the invincible Orsonoff was met by an army equally invincible. A battle speedily took place, and precisely half of M. Orsonoff's warriors slept that night with their faces towards the moon. Orsonoff himself retired in an oblique direction, and Fœdor (when he learned the news) published another procla-

\* If our memory serves us well, this, and one or two other matters, are recorded in one of the pleasant histories written by the celebrated M. de Voltaire,—but we are not sure for it is long since we read them.

mation, showing clearly that the enemy had been put to flight, and ordering a hymn, (analogous to our *Te Deum*,) to be sung with all possible expedition. Nothing could exceed the noise made upon this occasion, except the cannon which had bel- lowed out its fierce welcome on the advanced guard of the conqueror Orsonoff. The soldiers were intox- icated with brandy and joy; their wives (of course) with joy only; and Fœdor swore repeatedly, that he would be revenged upon the Naplitz- ians, for allowing him to gain so easy a victory. He directed double rations to be distributed among his soldiers, and ordered out a treble guard at night, lest the enemy should come unawares upon him, for the rash purpose of being sacrificed again. They did not come, however, though the Buccaneer watched as unremit- tingly as a Chaldean.

But why should we pursue the de- tails of war? It is with the general character of this perfect chief that we wish to become acquainted, and not merely with his petty triumphs. The war ended, then, (let us say this shortly,) as wars generally do, with negotiations, and hollow truces, to be kept as long as convenient; or else with conquest and ravage, or surveillance and captivity, or reite- rated protestations of inviolable faith.

One circumstance, however, may be mentioned here; it is this:— Fœdor, who understood the policy of war at least as well as he liked its fatigues, or even relished the sweets of conquest,—when he found that he was pressed by the enemy, opened a private negotiation with some of the heroes in his adversary's citadel, who were willing to hear the arguments on both sides of the question. What our Buccaneer's reasons were we have not yet learned,—but they were so convincing, that he had speedily a strong party in the ene- my's camp. He then issued a pro- clamation, pardoning all who had taken up arms against him, provided they should lay them down without delay. The soldiers, feeling the priv- ations of war, were easily persuaded by their own officers to accede to this; and the officers had been per- suaded beforehand by the private ar- guments of Fœdor and his friends.

It is astonishing what an effect logic has on minds willing to be convinced. Fœdor entered the town, therefore, partly as friend and partly as con- queror; and, in furtherance of his proclamation, he issued another, re- peating the pardon which he had be- fore published, and levying a tax of seventy per cent. on his friends the Naplitzians, and at the same time, offering a reward of a thousand ze- chins for the head of Pepael, their general. Pepael, who was an infidel (in his notions of human nature, at least), had fled, but being overtaken amongst the mountains by a mist, he unluckily perished. This mist was accurately traced to the priest of Fœdor's household, who had got up a number of "*Maledicats*" for the occasion, and had dispatched one after the unfortunate Pepael.—We might draw a moral from this, but we really have not time.

Fœdor had now got rid of war, and his chief-priest (two evils), but he had also lost his wife, who shut her- self up in a penitentiary, because her husband had been wicked enough to smite off the head of the bishop of Kemlin. He must undoubtedly have gone distracted at this, (he did tear his hair—in public,) or have perish- ed by a sudden or lingering death, had it not been for the excellent dis- courses of the pretty Stephanie. This girl had been a kind of lady of the bedchamber to Madame Fœdor, who thought well of her beauty at first, but ceased to praise it as soon as it at- tracted the Buccaneer's notice. About that time, her anxiety discovered that the girl's appearance was on the decline, and attributing this to court hours, she dispatched the pretty Ste- phanie into the country without de- lay. Fœdor heard of this, and on his lady's retirement, made some en- quires after her faithful servant.— He found her, as pretty as ever, and (although he thereby annoyed one or two private friends) he determined to do justice to Stephanie, and rein- stated her in her former honours:—it was even remarked that he had a partiality for her personal attendance.

Some months after this, Stephanie became ill, and the court physi- cian ordered retirement and change of air. Fœdor coincided, and to re- ward her fidelity (to her mistress)

he gave her in marriage to one of his officers, with a dowry of ten thousand zechins. The officer was enraptured. He protested that he was profoundly attached to Madame Stephanie, and would make her the best of all possible husbands. But the bounty of Fœdor was not confined to the dowry. He continued to patronize Stephanie, and when she was brought to bed, he bestowed his name on the child, and promised that it should have a general's commission at three years old. The next year, Stephanie had another child, and Fœdor made that, at the age of two years, Bishop of Kemlin. The third was a girl, who became chief-forester, which, as there were then no forests in the island, might be accounted almost a sinecure. The husband of Stephanie was a worthy man, and called Ishmael. He was a sleek, good-humoured, quiet, clerical-looking man; but in the army: we believe, however, that he had been only in the commissariat department, though he bore the rank of an officer. He dressed well, wore a fine sword, long spurs, dark mustachios, loved eating and drinking, and play,—and let Madame Stephanie do whatsoever she pleased. He was, in short, a paragon of husbands, and rather fat. As to his wife, she was very proud of her children; more so, in truth, than of the good Ishmael her husband; for when any of the gossips discovered a likeness between the infants and their father, she would resent the assertion, and aver, that she thought them even more like Fœdor than her husband.

If Madame Stephanie had a fault, (which we do not insist upon,) it was that she had a small—the smallest possible particle of pride. This arose from the distinguished manner in which she was treated by the Buccaneer. He gave her precedence before all the ladies of his court: he made epigrams upon her beauty (or caused them to be made—it is nearly the same thing); and placed his hand upon her shoulder whenever he swore by Lelio to do any thing that was royal. She distributed pensions, and patronized authors at the expense of Fœdor (and the state); had a guard of honour to attend on

herself, and went to the temple regularly every morning, to offer up vows for the long life of Fœdor and the prosperity of the island of Kemlin. She built a penitentiary also—and endowed it, reserving certain rights to the foundress and her descendants.

This system prevailed for a considerable time. At last Fœdor met with a serious accident, which drove M. Ishmael and his wife out of his head, and made him think of himself alone. He suddenly grew pious, and wrote—(*i. e.* signed) fifteen pages of advice, which he caused to be composed for the benefit of all his courtiers who wanted it. Some copies were sent to Madame Stephanie and her family. He then grew more pious than ever, and had frequent conferences with his priest (the Bishop of Kemlin was then rising five years old only,) upon the subject of the past, and the future, and other matters of a very serious nature. He slept in armour, and had incense burned in his room till he was nearly stifled. The physician remonstrated at this, but the priest said that it would do good to his soul. However, it came at last to the ears of Stephanie, who very speedily settled the affair, and he made her next child—which she had in the course of the year—Chief Justice of the High Court of Kemlin, the very moment he was born.—(The new judge performed his office, for some time, by deputy.)

The good effects arising from this illness, did not vanish on the return of health. Fœdor remained staunch to his good resolutions. To his ordinary benevolences to M. Ishmael and his family, he superadded the benefits of his good advice. He wrote essays and homilies—by the dozen, showing how a variety of things which seemed to be wrong were right.—He turned moralist and theologian, and became so profound a metaphysician, that no one in the island could comprehend the subtlety of his speculations. He wrote treatises on the art of war, and distributed them gratis among the soldiers. One or two of his theories failed in practice, but this he properly enough attributed to the fault of the officers who made the experiments. He disputed

with a famous philosopher, in a neighbouring island, and undertook to convince him, that all persons enjoyed the earth in fair proportions; that the fact of his having once led his soldiers into ambush, was necessary, and not to be avoided; that his black charger merely pursued his own choice, when he spurred him on to battle; and other matters equally sublime and difficult to be comprehended. He also instituted an order, (the order of "The Brazen Lock," ) by which a lock of brass was fixed to the noses of such of his courtiers as had done him (or the island) eminent service. Tattlisky invented a method of discovering secrets, and had a brass lock for his pains.—Jabbrousky once talked sixteen hours, without ceasing, upon the subject of the nation's prosperity, so that none of his auditors understood a word, and yet each person gave him a piece of gold coin at the conclusion of his oration. This made a good deal of noise at court, and Jabbrousky was decreed to have merited two brass locks, which were fixed to his nose without delay.—(He grew supercilious, unhappily, on the instant.) Ferretz had a lock for destroying all the rats in the island of Kemlin;

but it must be observed that there was some murmuring at the bestowal of this reward. Cajolem, who negotiated (in disguise) with some of the principal people at Naplitz, received a brazen lock, and was publicly complimented by Fœdor for his conduct. He returned an answer three hours long, which was applauded by every one who remained awake at the conclusion.

And thus lived on the great and gallant Fœdor, admired by the fair, and worshipped by the great; the envy of princes whom he excelled, and abused by those who were more powerful. One man wished for his figure, another for his strength, a third under-rated his abilities, and a fourth his honours. No one could enjoy higher distinctions. For the space of four years he reigned without an interval of war, receiving his taxes, and collecting his tribute on the seas,—drinking Greek and Cyprus wines, smoking cigars, shooting, riding, sailing, feasting, and making compliments and love;—a model for any prince, from the source to the mouth of the Danube,—provided he professes the Catholic religion, and is not too wise to gain improvement from example.

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### SONG TO TWILIGHT.

1.

COME, gentle Twilight, come!  
And spread thy purple wings  
Along the shore, with fairy hum  
And mystic murmurings;  
Come while the lake is still,  
And mute the breezes play—  
And birds with many an artless thrill  
Shall sing thy roundelay.

2.

Yon little golden star  
Hath fill'd his urn anew,  
To aid thy stealthy flight from far  
Amid the depths of blue:  
Abroad the glow-worm hies,  
With living lamp to greet  
Thy light fall from the balmy skies,  
And hither guide thy feet.

3.

The lily's ivory bowers  
Have lost their elfin-Queen,  
The fays have left their dear-loved flowers  
To trip it on the green;  
And now the merry crew,  
In quaintest revelry,  
Are scattering odours o'er the dew,  
And welcome dance to thee.

4.

A little longer, then,  
Sweet Twilight, linger here,  
Till our sole songster 'mid the glen  
Enthralls the raptur'd ear;  
Then in its tangled grove,  
Beneath the green-wood tree,  
Oh! I will think of my lady love,  
And she will think of me!

P. P.

## TO THE SUN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

MONARCH of day ! once piously adored  
 By virtuous Pagans ;— if no longer thou  
 With orisons art worship'd—as the lord  
 Of the delightful lyre, or dreadful bow ;  
 If thy embodied essence be not now,  
 As it once was, regarded as divine ;  
 Nor blood of victims at thine altar flow,  
 Nor clouds of incense hover round thy shrine ;—  
 Yet fitly may'st thou claim the homage of the Nine.

Nor can I deem it strange, that in past ages  
 Men should have knelt and worship'd thee ;—that kings,  
 And laurel'd bards, robed priests, and hoary sages,  
 Should, far above all sublunary things,  
 Have turn'd to thee, whose visible glory flings  
 Its splendour over all.—Ere gospel-light  
 Had dawn'd, and given to thought sublimer wings,  
 I cannot marvel, in that mental night,  
 That nations should obey, and nature own thy right.

For man was then, as now he is, compell'd,  
 By conscious frailties manifold, to seek  
 Something to worship.—In the heart, unquell'd  
 By innate evil, thoughts there are which speak  
 One language in Barbarian Goth, or Greek ;  
 A language by itself well understood,  
 Proclaiming man is helpless, frail, and weak,  
 And urging him to bow to stone, or wood ;—  
 Till what his hands had form'd, his heart revered as good.

Do I commend idolatry ?—O no !  
 I merely would assert—the human heart  
 Must worship :—that its hopes and fears will go  
 Out of itself, and restlessly depart  
 In search of somewhat, which its own fond art,  
 Tradition, custom, or sublimer law  
 Of Revelation, brings,—to assuage the smart  
 Sorrows and sufferings from its essence draw,  
 When it can look not up with hope, and love, and awe.

Can it be wondrous, then, before the name  
 Of the ETERNAL GOD was known, as now,  
 That orisons were pour'd, and votaries came  
 To offer at thine altars, and to bow  
 Before an object beautiful as thou ?—  
 No, it was natural, in those darker days,  
 For such to wreath round thine ideal brow  
 A fitting chaplet of thine arrowy rays,  
 Shaping thee forth a form to accept their prayer or praise.

Even I, majestic orb ! who worship not  
 The splendour of thy presence,—who controul  
 My present feelings, as thy future lot  
 Is painted to the vision of my soul,  
 When final darkness, like an awful scroll,  
 Shall quench thy fires :—even I, if I could kneel  
 To aught but Him who framed this wondrous whole,  
 Could worship thee ;—so deeply do I feel  
 Emotions—words alone can hope not to reveal.



For thou art glorious!—when, from thy pavilion,  
 Thou lookest forth at morning, flinging wide  
 Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermilion,  
 Dispensing light and life on every side ;  
 Bright'ning the mountain cataract, dimly spied  
 Through glittering mist ; opening each dew-gemm'd flower ;  
 Or touching, in some hamlet far descried,  
 Its spiral wreaths of smoke, that upwards tower ;—  
 While birds their matins sing in many a leafy bower.

And more magnificent art thou, bright sun !  
 Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed ;—  
 Who that has seen thee thus, as I have done,  
 Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread  
 From thy emerging radiance ?—Upwards sped,  
 E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,  
 Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed  
 Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,  
 Making among the clouds mute, glorious pageantry.

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep,  
 The lustre of thy orient path of light !  
 Onward, still onward,—o'er the waves that leap  
 So lovelily, and show their crests of white,  
 The eye unsated, in its own despite,  
 Still up that vista gazes ; till thy way  
 Over the waters, seems a path-way bright  
 For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay  
 Their homage unto HIM who bade thee “ *RULE THE DAY.*”

And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,  
 Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome  
 The silent worship of the expanding heart  
 May rise, and seek its own eternal home :—  
 The intervening billows' snowy foam,  
 Rising successively, seem *steps of light*,  
 O'er which a disembodied soul might roam ;  
 E'en as the heavenly host, in vision bright,  
 Once did on Bethel's plain, before the Patriarch's sight.

Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty orb !  
 Less beautiful :—and, O ! more touching far,  
 And of more power—thought, feeling to absorb  
 In voiceless ecstasy,—to me they are.  
 When, watchful of thy exit, the pale star  
 Of evening, in a lovely summer eve,  
 Comes forth ; and, softer than the soft guitar,  
 Is said to tell how gentle lovers grieve,  
 The whispering breezes sigh, and take of thee their leave.

O ! then it is delightful to behold  
 Thy calm departure ; soothing to survey  
 Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,  
 The milder pomp of thy declining sway :  
 How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,  
 Is shed thy parting smile ; how brightly glow  
 Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,  
 While silvery mists half hide its stem below,  
 Ascending from the stream which at its foot doth flow.

This may be *mere description* ; and there are  
 Who of such poesy but lightly deem ;—  
 And hold it nobler in a bard by far  
 To seek in narrative a livelier theme :—

These think, perchance, the poet does but dream,  
 Who paints the scenes most lovely in his eyes,—  
 And, all unconscious of the bliss supreme  
 Their quiet unobtrusiveness supplies,  
 Inspid judge his taste, his simple strain despise.

I quarrel not with such. If battle-fields,  
 Where crowns are lost and won ; or potent spell,  
 Which portraiture of stormier passion yields ;—  
 If such *alone* can bid their bosoms swell  
 With those emotions words can feebly tell,—  
 Enough there are who love such themes as these,  
 Whose loftier powers I hope not to excel :  
 I neither wish to fire the heart, nor freeze ;  
 But seek their praise alone, whom gentler thoughts can please.

Yet if the quiet study of the heart,  
 And humble love of nature's every grace  
 Have not deceived me ;—these have power to impart  
 Feelings, and thoughts, well worthy of a place  
 In every bosom :—he who learns to trace,  
 Through all he sees, that Hand which form'd the whole,  
 And, contemplating fair Creation's face,  
 Feels her calm beauty in his inmost soul,—  
 Can read those mystic lines thought only can unrol.

Nature is lavish of her loveliness,  
 Until that loveliness, if not denied,  
 Becomes a theme, which, whoso would express,  
 And dwell with fondness on, men half deride :  
 And even thou, bright Sun ! who in thy pride,  
 And gorgeous beauty, dost so often set—  
 Art scarcely noticed :—many turn aside  
 With cold indifference from the scene, and yet  
 'Tis one which he who feels—for hours may not forget !

Have I not found it such, when, at the close  
 Of a long day in close confinement spent,  
 I've wander'd forth—and seen thy disk repose  
 On the horizon of the firmament ?—  
 O ! I have gazed upon thee—with intent,  
 And silent ardour, till I could have deem'd  
 The clouds which compass'd thee, by thee besprent  
 With glory, as thy brightness through them gleam'd,—  
 Beautiful in themselves—with beautiful visions teem'd.

And I have look'd at them—until the story  
 Of BUNYAN'S Pilgrims seem'd a tale most true :—  
 How he beheld their entrance into glory—  
 And saw them pass the pearly portal through ;—  
 Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view  
 Of that bright city—shining like the sun,  
 Whose glittering streets appear'd of golden hue,  
 And in them many men—their conflicts done,  
 Were walking, robed—with palms—and crowned every one !

Not that the soul's divine imaginings  
 Can rest in glories palpable to sense ;  
 Not robes, palms, crowns, nor harps of golden strings,  
 Awaken thrills of rapture so intense,  
 Yet check'd by awe, and humble diffidence,  
 As hopes of meeting, never more to part—  
 Those we have dearly loved ;—the influence  
 Of whose affection, o'er the subject heart,  
 Was by mild virtue gain'd, and sway'd with gentle art.

The very *thought* of meeting such—is bliss ;  
 But O! to meet in heaven, nay, e'en to feel  
 At times a hope which whispers aught like this,  
 Is joy—that language never can reveal !  
 In hours of solitude, its mute appeal  
 Seems with the spirit's better thoughts to blend ;  
 Its heavenly balm possesses power to heal  
 Wounds—that the world can faintly comprehend,  
 But which, without its aid, would bleed till life should end.

Once more unto my theme. I turn again,  
 To thee, resplendent ruler of the day !  
 For time it is to close this lingering strain,  
 And I, though half reluctantly, obey.  
 Still—not thy rise, and set, alone—though they  
 Are most superb, demand thy votary's song ;  
 The bard who makes *thee* subject of his lay,  
 Unless he would a theme so glorious wrong,  
 Will find it one that wakes of thoughts a countless throng.

For can imagination upward soar  
 To thee, and to thy daily path on high,  
 Nor feel, if it have never felt before,  
 Fresh admiration of thy majesty?  
 Thy home is in the beautiful blue sky !  
 From whence thou lookest on this world of ours,  
 As but one satellite thy beams supply  
 With light and gladness—thy exhaustless powers  
 Call forth in other worlds sweet Spring's returning flowers.

Yes—as in this, in other worlds the same,  
 The Seasons do thee homage—each in turn ;  
 Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name ;  
 Then Summer woos thy bright but brief sojourn  
 To bless her bowers ; while deeper ardours burn  
 On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art nigh ;  
 And even Winter half foregoes her stern  
 And frigid aspect, as thy bright'ning eye  
 Falls on her features pale, nor can thy power deny.

Yet—spite of all :—though thou appear'st to be  
 The type of thy Creator ; seeming source  
 Of light and life, on earth, in air, in sea—  
 To countless millions in thy mighty course :—  
 Now listening to the dash of ocean, hoarse  
 Upon its rocky marge ; or to the sound  
 Of stormy winds, rejoicing in their force ;—  
 Or softer harmonies which float around,  
 From deep and verdant vales, or mountains forest-crown'd :—

And though on earth thou hast beheld the sway  
 Of Time, which alters all things ; and may'st look  
 On pyramids as piles of yesterday,  
 Which were not in thy youth :—although no nook  
 Of earth, perchance, retain the form it took  
 When first thou didst behold it :—even thou  
 Must know, in turn, thy strength and glory strook ;  
 Must lose the radiant crown that decks thy brow,  
 Day's regal sceptre yield,—and to a Mightier bow !

For thou thyself art but a gaude of Time,  
 Whose birth with thy original did blend ;  
 Together ye began your course sublime,  
 And as sublime will be your destined end.

For, soon, or late, as Oracles portend,  
 One final consummation shall ye meet :  
 Thow into nothingness again must wend,  
 When this vast world dissolves with fervent heat ;—  
 His revolutions end, his cycle be complete.

And then shall follow an eternal day,  
 Illumed by splendour far surpassing thine ;  
 For He, who made thee, shall Himself display,  
 And in the brightness of his glory shine,—  
 Absorbing all, and making all divine :—  
 Before His throne the hosts of heaven shall fall ;  
 And space itself shall be but as a shrine,  
 Where everlasting praises cannot pall,  
 Pour'd forth before THE LAMB, and GOD, the LORD OF ALL!

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#### THE TYROL WANDERER.

MR. EDITOR—I have been in the habit of travelling a great deal over the world, and though not an author by profession, and never intending to become one, I have yet made it my practice to note down in an album, whatever I have seen or heard, which struck me as extraordinary. Happening the other day to turn over some of its pages, I fell upon the following history, related to me by the man himself, a few years since, in Washington, in North America, in which city he then resided, and I believe, still lives. He had received a grant from the national legislature of that country, in consequence of services rendered by him to the American general, Eaton, during his incursion upon Tripoli. His story is a singular example of what human ingenuity can do, when operated on by the stimulus of necessity.

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects, he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a *Benedict*, instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a *surveyor of land*. Shortly afterwards, however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under

Laudun, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army, to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had been involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassanda, but growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Joan Eugena Leitensdorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewellery, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel, which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Cairo, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time, our forces landed, and after the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased, he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee-house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a

sum of money which his enterprising spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman. On the departure of the English he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria, and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and practised their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which, with his usual alacrity, he availed himself and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of want, having wandered about the city for three days and three nights without food or shelter. At length, meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition he continued to make his way back to Constantinople, and endeavoured in vain to procure from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a *derwise*. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine with their sacerdotal duties the offices of *physician* and *conjurer*. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers, for the wrongs and injuries they

had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisond, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisond he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill, and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however, he refused to do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the *derwise* displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to enquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan towards Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisond, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organised and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purposes of plun-

der, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisond. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisond, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance. But Murat availing himself, partly of his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fête to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on enquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed

a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an *engineer*! Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While thus employed news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Cavamelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Cavamelli was, poor and dependent, but respected. It must be remembered that Egypt is divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch upon the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-Bashaw, that one night Cavamelli went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derna, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Ba-

shaw in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them, thus stopped in their mid-career, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled and exasperated despot. Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of enquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having fortunately recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV. and the English could make. On this, Leitensdorfer became alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor

could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or office keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and der-  
vise, with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about *thirty different characters!* In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for

a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the Synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Mufti. To complete this "strange, eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill, bestowing on

him a half section of land, (390 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 18th of December, 1804, to the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong, and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to add many more pages to a biography, which, perhaps, has few parallels, except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Trenck. ΝΕΡΟΣ.

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## TABLE TALK.

### No. XI.

#### ON A LANDSCAPE OF NICOLAS POUSSIN.

ORION, the subject of this landscape, was the classical Nimrod, and is called by Homer, "a hunter of shadows, himself a shade." He was the son of Neptune, and having lost an eye in some affray between the Gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun, he would recover his sight. He is represented setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him; a bow in his hand, and Diana in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awaked out of sleep, or uncertain of his way, so that you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests; earth is dank and fresh with dews, "the grey dawn and the Pleiades before him dance," and in the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it into smiles: the whole is, like the principal figure in it, "a forerunner of the dawn." The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light "shadowy sets off" the face of nature: one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man might be said to see nature through the glass of time; he

alone has a right to be considered as the painter of classical antiquity. Sir Joshua has done him justice in this respect. He could give to the scenery of his heroic fables that unimpaired look of original nature, full, solid, large, luxuriant, teeming with life and power; or deck it with all the pomp of art, with temples and towers, and mythologic groves. His pictures "denote a foregone conclusion." He moulds nature to his purposes, works out her images according to the standard of his thoughts, embodies high fictions; and, the first conception being given, the rest seem to grow out of, and be assimilated to it, by the invariable process of a studious imagination. Like his own Orion, he overlooks the surrounding scene, appears to "take up the isles as a very little thing, and to lay the earth in a balance." With a laborious and mighty grasp, he put nature into the mould of the ideal and antique; and was among painters (more than any body else) what Milton was among poets. There is in both something of the same pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, the same richness of borrowed materials, the same unity of character. Neither the poet nor the painter lowered the subjects they treated, but filled up the outline in the fancy, and added strength and reality to it; and thus, not only satisfied, but surpassed the expectations of the spectator and the reader. This is held for the triumph



and the perfection of works of art. To give us nature, such as we see it, is well and deserving of praise; to give us nature, such as we have never seen, but have often wished to see it, is better, and deserving of higher praise. He who can show the world in its first naked glory, with the hues of fancy spread over it, or in its high and palmy state, with the gravity of history stamped on the proud monuments of vanished empire,—who, by his “so potent art,” can recal time past, transport us to distant places, and join the regions of imagination (a new conquest) to those of reality,—who shows us not only what nature is, but what she has been, and is capable of,—he who does this, and does it with simplicity, with truth, and grandeur, is lord of nature and her powers; and his mind is universal, and his art the master-art!

There is nothing in this “more than natural,” if criticism could be persuaded to think so. The historic painter does not neglect or contravene nature, but follows her more closely up into her fantastic heights, or hidden recesses. He demonstrates what she would be in conceivable circumstances, and under implied conditions. He “gives to airy nothing a local habitation,” not “a name.” At his touch, words start up into images, thoughts become things. He clothes a dream, a phantom with form and colour, and the wholesome attributes of reality. His art is a second nature, not a different one. There are those, indeed, who think that not to copy nature, is the rule for attaining perfection. Because

they cannot paint the objects which they have seen, they fancy themselves qualified to paint the ideas which they have not seen. But it is possible to fail in this latter and more difficult style of imitation, as well as in the former humbler one. The detection, indeed, is not so easy, because the objects are not so nigh at hand to compare, and therefore pretension, and for self-deceit. They take an epic motto, or subject, and think that the spirit is implied as a thing of course. They paint inferior portraits, maudlin lifeless faces, without ordinary expression, or one look, feature, or particle of nature in them, and think that this is to rise to the truth of history. They vulgarise and degrade whatever is interesting or sacred to the mind, and think that they thus add to the dignity of their profession. They represent a face that looks as if no thought or feeling of any kind had ever passed through it; and would have you believe that this is the very sublime of expression, such as it would appear in heroes, or demi-gods of old, when rapture or agony was raised to its height. They show you a landscape that looks as if the sun never shone upon it, and tell you that it is not modern—that so earth looked when Titan first kissed it with his rays. This is not the true ideal. It is not to fill the moulds of the imagination, but to deface and injure them: it is not to come up to, but to fall short of the poorest conception in the public mind. Such pictures should not be hung in the same room with that of  
Blind Orion hungry for the morn.\*

\* Every thing tends to show the manner in which a great artist is formed. If any one could claim an exemption from the careful imitation of individual objects, it was Nicolas Poussin. He studied the Antique, but he also studied nature. “I have often admired,” says Vignuel de Marville, who knew him at a late period of his life, “the love he had for his art. Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene that had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature. One day I asked him how he had attained to such a degree of perfection, as to have gained so high a rank among the great painters of Italy? He answered, I HAVE NEGLECTED NOTHING.”—See his *Life lately published*. It appears from this account that he had not fallen into a recent error, that Nature puts the man of genius out. As a contrast to the foregoing description, I might mention, that I remember an old gentleman once asking Mr. West in the British Gallery, if he had ever been at Athens? To which the President made answer, No; nor did he feel any great desire to go; for that he thought he had as good an idea of the place from the Catalogue, as he could get by living there for any number of years. What would he have said, if any one had told him, they could get as good an idea of the subject of one of his great works from reading the Catalogue of it, as from seeing the picture itself! Yet the answer was characteristic of the genius of the painter.

Poussin was, of all painters, the most poetical. He was the painter of ideas. No one ever told a story half so well, nor so well knew what was capable of being told by the pencil. He seized on, and struck off with grace and precision, just that point of view which would be likely to catch the reader's fancy. There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does (sometimes a vice, but oftener a virtue) beyond any other painter. His Giants sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these three thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. An infant Bacchus, or Jupiter, is big with his future destiny. Even inanimate and dumb things speak a language of their own. His snakes, the messengers of fate, are inspired with human intellect. His trees grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of Heaven. In his Plague of Athens, the very buildings seem stiff with horror. His picture of the Deluge is, perhaps, the finest historical landscape in the world. You see a waste of waters, wide, interminable: the sun is labouring, wan and weary, up the sky; the clouds, dull and leaden, lie like a load upon the eye, and heaven and earth seem commingling into one confused mass! His human figures are sometimes "o'er-informed" with this kind of feeling. Their actions have too much gesticulation, and the set expression of the features borders too much on the mechanical and caricatured style. In this respect, they form a contrast to Raphael's, whose figures never appear to be sitting for their pictures, or to be conscious of a spectator, or to have come from the painter's hand. In Nicolas Poussin, on the contrary, every thing seems to have a mutual understanding with the artist: "the very stones prate of their whereabouts:" each object has its part and place assigned, and is in a sort of compact with the rest of the picture. It is this conscious keeping, and, as it were, *internal design*, that gives their peculiar character to the works of this artist. There was a picture of Aurora in the British Gallery a year or two ago.

It was a suffusion of golden light. The Goddess wore her saffron-coloured robes, and appeared just risen from the gloomy bed of old Tithonus. Her very steeds, milk-white, were tinged with the yellow dawn. It was a personification of the morning. — Poussin succeeded better in classic than in sacred subjects. The latter are comparatively heavy, forced, full of violent contrasts of colour, of red, blue, and black, and without the true prophetic inspiration of the characters. But in his Pagan allegories and fables he was quite at home. The native gravity and native levity of the Frenchman were combined with Italian scenery and an antique gusto, and gave even to his colouring an air of learned indifference. He wants, in one respect, grace, form, expression; but he has every where sense and meaning, perfect costume and propriety. His personages always belong to the class and time represented, and are strictly versed in the business in hand. His grotesque compositions in particular, his Nymphs and Fauns, are superior (at least, as far as style is concerned) even to Rubens's. They are taken more immediately out of fabulous history. Rubens's Satyrs and Bacchantes have a more jovial and voluptuous aspect, are more drunk with pleasure, more full of animal spirits and riotous impulses, they laugh and bound along—

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring;

but those of Poussin have more of the intellectual part of the character, and seem vicious on reflection, and of set purpose. Rubens's are noble specimens of a class; Poussin's are allegorical abstractions of the same class, with bodies less pampered, but with minds more secretly depraved. The Bacchanalian groups of the Flemish painter were, however, his master-pieces in composition. Witness those prodigies of colour, character, and expression, at Blenheim. In the more chaste and refined delineation of classic fable, Poussin was without a rival. Rubens, who was a match for him in the wild and picturesque, could not pretend to vie with the elegance and purity of thought, in his picture of Apollo giving a poet a cup of water to drink; nor with the gracefulness of design in the figure of a nymph squeezing the

juice of a bunch of grapes from her fingers (a rosy wine-press) which falls into the mouth of a chubby infant below. But, above all, who shall celebrate, in terms of fit praise, his picture of the shepherds in the Vale of Tempe going out in a fine morning of the spring, and coming to a tomb with this inscription:—*ET EGO IN ARCADIA VIXI!* The eager curiosity of some, the expression of others who start back with fear and surprise, the clear breeze playing with the branches of the shadowing trees, “the valleys low, where the mild zephyrs use,” the distant, uninterrupted, sunny prospect speak (and for ever will speak on) of ages past to ages yet to come!\*

Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind, to con over the relics of ancient art bound up “within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed (if it were possible) with baser matter!” A life passed among pictures, in the study and the love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream: or rather, it is to dream and to be awake at the same time; for it has all “the sober certainty of waking bliss,” with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things, and “he who knows of these delights to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!”—The *Orion*, which I have here taken occasion to descant upon, is one of a collection of excellent pictures, as this collection is itself one of a series from the old masters, which have for some years back embrowned the walls of the British Gallery, and enriched the public eye. What hues, (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter! What forms are there, woven into the memory! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of ancient art! The works

are various, but the names the same—heaps of Rembrandts frowning from the darkened walls, Rubens's glad gorgeous groups, Titians more rich and rare, Claudes always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare, Guido's endless cloying sweetness, the learning of Poussin and the Carracci, and Raphael's princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound, a miracle of skill and beauty starts to view. One would think that one year's prodigal display of such perfection would exhaust the labours of one man's life; but the next year, and the next to that, we find another harvest reaped and gathered in to the great garner of art, by the same immortal hands—

Old GENIUS the porter of them was;  
He letteth in, he letteth out to wend.—

Their works seem endless as their reputation—to be many as they are complete—to multiply with the desire of the mind to see more and more of them; as if there were a living power in the breath of Fame, and in the very names of the great heirs of glory “there were propagation too!” It is something to have a collection of this sort to look forward to once a year; to have one last, lingering look yet to come. Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world, and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed out, dishonoured and defaced. There are plenty of standard works still to be found in this country, in the collections at *Blenheim*, at *Burleigh*, and in those belonging to Mr. *Angerstein*, Lord *Grosvenor*, the *Marquis of Stafford* and others, to keep up this treat to the lovers of art for many years: and it is the more desirable to reserve a privileged sanctuary of this sort, where the eye may doat, and the heart take its fill of such pictures as *Poussin's Orion*, since the *Louvre* is stripped of its triumphant spoils, and since he, who collected it, and wore it as a rich jewel in his *Iron Crown*, the hunter of greatness and of glory, is himself a shade!—

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\* *Poussin* has repeated this subject more than once, and appears to have revelled in its witcheries. I have before alluded to it, and may again. It is hard that we should not be allowed to dwell as often as we please on what delights us, when things that are disagreeable recur so often against our will.

ON SADOLETTI'S DIALOGUE ON EDUCATION,  
WITH A POEM FROM FRACASTORIO.

It has long been my custom, whenever I have found a book that I had never before heard of, warmly, and to all appearance disinterestedly, commended by any writer who has himself gained my confidence, not to rest satisfied till I have seen what it is that has induced him to give this circulating letter of credit to another. Thus it was, some years ago, that in reading the history of Italian literature by Tiraboschi, I met with such commendations of a tractate on the subject of education (then, and ever since, a very interesting one to me), as determined me to seize the first occasion that offered itself of perusing it. Many a day passed before the arrival of this desired moment. Many a bookseller's catalogue did I turn over, and more than one public library did I visit, to no purpose, in this search. Scarcely can any one but an old fisherman, who has been watching his float through a long summer's evening, and seen it, after lying motionless on the surface of the water, at last making two or three little ducks and nods, and then drawn briskly in a sidelong direction downwards, imagine the joy I felt when one of Mr. Payne's brochures opened a glimpse of the long-sought treasure to my view. It was not in that pleasant nook near the Mews' gate, where I used to angle for such prey in my college days, almost as retired and unseen as under the alders in — park; but from the spacious reservoir to which the vivarium has since been transferred, that I drew my booty to shore. It was "Sadoletus de Liberis recte instituendis" itself. Whether it were from the habit I had, when a boy, of throwing my fish, when caught, immediately into my pouch, and not letting them lie on the bank, lest they should spring back again into the stream, I know not; but so it was, that the money was no sooner out of one pocket, than my purchase was in the other. Reader, thou knowest in what such pursuits usually end. Thou knowest

that the pleasure is partly over with the chase. It was, indeed, a very sensible, well-written, elegant work of the Cardinal's; and, I believe, much better adapted to practice than the system constructed by Jean Jacques, or any of the modern school, to all which, if I remember right, the judicious critic above-mentioned prefers it. Yet must it be acknowledged that the "Emile," which came to me unsought, and "unwooded was won," afforded me far higher entertainment. There is the same kind of difference as between Plato's republic, and an essay on the British Constitution; or that which Fuseli has well observed, between the Epic and Historic styles in painting, that "the one astonishes, the other informs." But this is an age that very sagely has taken "nil admirari" for its motto; when our children read no fairy tales, and our *statesmen* \* no metaphysics, except "Locke on the Human Understanding;" and, therefore, a brief account of Sadoletti's book, that has nothing chimerical in it but the conclusion, may not come amiss.

It is in the form of a dialogue, a favourite one with the writers of that time (Leo the Tenth), but more in Cicero's manner than in that of Plato. The author represents himself holding a discourse with a very discreet young man, his nephew, the care of whose education had been entrusted to him, and who came every day to lecture in Aristotle's ethics, with his tutor and kinsman. At the request of Paolo, who comes somewhat earlier than usual, for the sake of making the inquiry, his uncle readily enters on an explanation of what he conceives the best mode of bringing up a young person; and beginning from his infancy, gives some prudent directions as to the choice of a nurse, though he strongly advises that, if possible, that office should be discharged by the mother herself. Till the reason is capable of acting, discipline, it is observed, is all in all;

\* See the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Mr. Pitt.

the manners and temper are, therefore, to be moulded by assiduous and affectionate care; and every precaution is to be taken, that no taint of ill example should be suffered to come near. Then follow some precepts beautifully expressed, as to the necessity of instilling, as soon as may be, a sense of piety into the young pupil; and the unremitting attention which the father of the family must use, that every thing in his own carriage should be as it ought, and that without any appearance of study and intention, so as to work its effect by a silent and imperceptible influence. If the parent is conscious of his inability to perform this part, he is to seek out for another, on whom he may devolve the charge of his son.

After the usual admonition to preserve a due mean between indulgence and severity in the treatment of the boy, the writer breaks out into a noble eulogium on Truth, the intermediate link between morals and speculative wisdom, which is, I think, the finest passage in the dialogue. For the latter part is reserved the course of reading. It is recommended, first of all, to encourage the child to a love of his book, by letting him see others, older than himself, caressed and rewarded for their application. No more knowledge of grammar is exacted from the learner than is requisite for enabling him to understand what he reads, and to express himself readily and correctly; and the difficulties of the art are very judiciously postponed to a riper age. He is then handed over to rhetoric and poetry, and put under the special tuition of Cicero, the idol of that time; after whom come the other orators and poets in the two learned languages of antiquity. A leaning to the Roman

writers is the fault of this latter part, which, on the whole, is less satisfactory than the former. Music is reluctantly permitted, and with a due caution against the corruption of the art, which had become merely a sensual indulgence, instead of the means of allaying and tempering the more violent emotions of the mind; but dancing (that favourite relaxation of Socrates) is proscribed, as utterly inconsistent with a manly gravity and sobriety of manners. The severer sciences are now approached; and last of all, she, to whom they are but subservient and introductory, Philosophy herself, with her two great ministers, Aristotle and Plato, receives the pupil at the apex of the mount, and either sends him back thoroughly furnished and fitted for whatever walk of active life he may choose, or, if he wisely prefer taking up his abode with her, guards him in blissful contemplation,

Where bright ærial spirits live inspired  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Far from the smoke and stir of this dim  
spot.

Another eminent Italian, who was a contemporary with Sadoleti, has left us an extremely pleasing report of the manner in which he dedicated his time to the instruction of his two sons, in the retirement of his country villa. He, whom I speak of, is Fracastorio, the physician, to whom the palm in Latin verse is usually attributed among the moderns; and as the subject is much more agreeable than that of his longer and more celebrated poem, so has he been quite as successful in his manner of handling it. I am not aware that it has ever been introduced to the English reader; and a translation of it will form no unfit accompaniment to the foregoing remarks.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA TORRIANO.

Torriano, if my simple village farm  
Could boast more joys a welcome guest to charm,  
Or if I thought my friend could better brook  
The scant convenience of this rustic nook,  
Then should I covet thy dear company  
Amidst Incaffi's mountains here with me,  
These mountains, where, but that with chirpings shrill  
The grasshoppers our lofty woodlands thrill,  
I scarce that it were summer-tide could know,  
So mildly does the air of July blow.

What though my shed be lowly! yet if pure  
 From sordid stain, from eddying dust secure;  
 Yet if no sound unwelcome break my rest,  
 No guilt alarm me, and no care molest;  
 So peace throughout, and deep-felt quiet reign,  
 With Ease that brings the Muses in his train;  
 And the long slumber of the silent night:  
 Nought moves it me, though other eyes delight  
 In vermeil hues that on their ceilings shine;  
 Content to see the chimney-smoke on mine.

If round my walls no giant forms thou spy,  
 Hurl'd by Jove's lightning from the starry sky,  
 No life-impassion'd figures, that may claim  
 A deathless guerdon for Romano's name;  
 Boon liberty awaits thee; she, who loves  
 Above all haunts the sylvan wild, and roves  
 With easy footstep, unconcern'd and gay,  
 Where chance impels, or fancy leads the way.  
 Some nicer rules if thou shouldst here offend,  
 Loll with too careless freedom on a friend,  
 Or haply from thy grasp the platter slip,  
 Or the press'd goblet sound beneath thy lip;  
 None marks thee. Sit or walk thou mayst at will,  
 Be grave or merry, fast or take thy fill.  
 In this retreat how circling days I spend,  
 What recreation with what studies blend,  
 Thou haply wouldst inquire; and on the view  
 Award of praise or blame the impartial due.  
 The dawn appears. Enchanted, I survey  
 In the broad east the kindling wheels of day,  
 That in no clime with state more radiant rise,  
 And woods, and rocks, and many-colour'd skies;  
 Then turn to clear Benacus' brimming lake,  
 Toward whose ample breast their progress take  
 A hundred streams, which green-hair'd Naiads pour  
 To swell the mighty father's crystal store.  
 Next from the breezy height I pleas'd discern  
 Up to the woods the lowing oxen turn,  
 And scatter'd o'er their pasture range the goats:  
 The master of the flock his beard denotes,  
 Shagged and crisp, and locks depending low;  
 Stalking before the rest with measur'd pace and slow:  
 The goatherd damsel waves her wand behind,  
 A bunch of flax about her girdle twined,  
 That streams and flutters in the passing wind.  
 Meanwhile my sons, whom diligent I train  
 To venerate the powers that rule the plain,  
 I beckon to the shafte: they straight obey  
 The call, with books to charm an hour away:  
 These on the grassy couch at random thrown,  
 Studious we con; or seated on a stone,  
 Where his rough arms the broad-leaved chestnut bends,  
 And charged with oily mast the beech impends;  
 The boughs on every side and thickets round,  
 With sport and song of leather'd warblers sound.

Sometimes the more to vary the delight,  
 Green alleys and the yielding turf invite  
 Amid the forest ways our feet to roam,  
 Till sharpen'd appetite reminds of home:  
 Then wearied and athirst the boys complain  
 Return too long delay'd; nor tuneful strain,

Pan, nor Lycæus with its umbrage boar  
 Of whispering pine-trees can detain them more,  
 But on they speed with busy haste before ;  
 With laughing wine the glass transpicuous fill,  
 And limpid waters sparkling from the rill ;  
 In order due each ready vessel place,  
 And, mingling flowers between, the banquet grace.  
 I come : the orchard first supplies the board  
 With tender figs, or the dark mulberry stored ;  
 The garden and the court the rest afford.  
 With frequent stroke meanwhile the granary rings :  
 Rebounding light the crackling harvest springs ;  
 The heavy flail descending smites amain  
 The floor alternate and the sparkling grain ;  
 Echoes the glen ; the neighbouring rocks reply ;  
 And the light chaff floats upward in the sky.  
 Indulgent, on the sturdy thresher's toils,  
 Glad Ceres downward looks from heaven, and smiles.

Books, exercise, and slumber wing with down  
 Our following hours, whilst Procyon fires the town :  
 But at their close, when up Olympus' height  
 Emerging Hesper leads the host of night,  
 On the tall cliff I take my custom'd stand,  
 Point to their eager gaze the radiant band,  
 With love of its celestial home inspire  
 The youthful soul, and feed the sacred fire ;  
 Wond'ring they learn to spell each shining star,  
 Cepheus, and Arctos, and Boötes' car.

And canst thou doubt, for this our calmer life,  
 To quit awhile the jarring city's strife ?  
 To solitude and ease thy thoughts resign,  
 And change thy loftier pursuits for mine ?

Our cell e'en great Naugero once adorn'd ;  
 Nor Battus, favorite of the muses, scorn'd,  
 What time his harp first taught the list'ning groves  
 Their guardian Pan and Tellus' ancient loves :  
 Here also I, whom healing arts engage  
 In these last moments of my waning age,  
 Once more the Nine regarding, point my song  
 At the mad follies of the vulgar throng.

Lest these light numbers meet Ghiberti's glance,  
 Beware : except at Bubulo, perchance,  
 On the green bank he nurse some milder mood,  
 Where rolls smooth Tartarus his tranquil flood.  
 For oft his gracious audience entertains  
 The gladden'd muse, nor slights her rustic strains.  
 But when his soul into herself retires,  
 (Whether to realms of light her wing aspires,  
 Or meekly ministrant on rites divine  
 Duteous she bends before the hallow'd shrine,)  
 Then holds he sweet communion with the skies :  
 Nor lighter themes attract his awful eyes,  
 To whom the life, that angels lead, is given  
 On earth, to know, and antedate his heaven.

## THE CORONATION.

*Letter from a Gentleman in Town, to a Lady in the Country.*

DEAR P——. The newspaper which I sent, gave you, I fear, but a very faint idea of the magnificent and impressive ceremony of the Coronation, although I selected that which appeared to me to offer the most full and faithful account. But the short time allowed to the daily writer for the execution of his task, and the fatigue in which he was left, sufficiently apologize for his rapid, imperfect, and uncorrected relation. On reading the several papers of the day, I could not but feel, from my own disappointment in the description of such parts of the pageant as I did not myself behold, that your curiosity would be but miserably fed throughout. I could realize nothing from the long cold columns; every thing was named in processional order, but the relation would have suited the course of a funeral, as well as the order of a Coronation. I looked through the editor's glass; but I saw darkly! It is my intention now to give you as faithful a history of the day, as my memory will compass; and I hope that I shall be able in some measure, by the smooth honesty of my narrative, to apply a little balsam to your disordered and wounded curiosity. Pray let your sisters read this letter, and do not fail to sweeten your mother's herb tea with some of the richest morsels of the *feast*.

I was not put in possession of my ticket for Westminster-hall, until the day previous to the ceremony, so that I was thrown into an elegant bustle, about the provision of suitable habiliments for the occasion. Gentlemen of limited incomes are not proverbial for having layers of court-dresses in their drawers, or for seeing the pegs in their passages swarming with cocked hats; I was compelled therefore "to wood and water," as the sailors term it, for the day, or, in plain words, to purchase the antique and costly coat, and the three-cornered *beaver*, to fit me for appearing before royalty. I only wish you could have seen me cooked up for the Hall, you would have allowed that I was "a dainty dish, to set before a king."

The very early hour at which the doors of Westminster-hall were to be opened put to flight all notions of sleep; and he must have been a rash man indeed whose mind could dare for that night, to bend itself to bedward. At twelve o'clock I began to array myself, and I will not say how long I was employed in this perplexing work, let it suffice, that at half-past three o'clock, I was competent to sally forth from the house of a friend near the Abbey, and to approach that door of the House of Lords, by which I was to enter the Hall. Never was seen so calm and fair a morning, and the very freshness and breath of the country seemed, amongst other luxuries, to have been brought to Westminster for this day and its noble ceremony. I emerged a little before the sun, and had something of the feeling of being rather the brighter of the two;—but the soft sky over my head tempered the pomp and pride of my mind, and subdued me to quiet feelings, and more humility.

When I reached Abingdon Street, which, I must take leave to inform you of the country, is a street very near to the Hall of Westminster, I found soldiers, both horse and foot, standing and lying about in every direction. The chill of the morning seemed to affect them, and they were stretched at full length under the piazza, partaking of that comfortless sleep which the stones coldly afford, and the summoning trumpet breaks. A man, so minded, might have walked over foot-soldiers like so many mushroom-rooms,—for they slumbered around in most gaseous plenteousness. I walked idly about the street and the passages, looking into the carriages, which stood in line, filled with many feathers and a few ladies, or watching the workmen, even at this advanced hour, accomplishing the passage to the Abbey,—or observing the small, but splendid, crowd, nestling around the yet unopened door,—or contemplating, amid all the confusion, and lustre, and pride of the space around me, the serene dawn opening above me in the sky, like a flower. The jingling and shining arms of the ca-



valry,—the courtly dresses of the approaching people,—the idleness of the sleeping soldiery,—the dingy appearance, and earnest labours, of the workmen,—the passing splendour of some richly clothed officer,—the echoing silence (if I may so express myself) of the air,—the tall, graceful, and solemn beauty and quiet of the Abbey,—all contrasted—each with the other,—and filled the mind with an excited consciousness that a great day was dawning. I felt this—and at length took my station at the door, anxiously waiting for admission.

The moment at length arrived, and the door was opened to the crowd. I advanced, ticket in hand, with a delight not easily to be depressed, and succeeded in gaining, by many passages, my entrance into the Hall.

I must endeavour to the best of my ability to give you a picture of Westminster Hall as I now beheld it. How different was its appearance at this time from that which it made not many moons past, when I was rushing about after wandering and pampered witnesses, and calling them together “to save my cause at Nisi Prius.” Imagine a long and lofty room, (the longest and widest in Europe, I believe, without the support of pillars,) lined with two tiers of galleries covered with red cloth, and carpeted down the middle with broad cloth of blue. At the very end, facing the north, were erected two gothic towers, with an archway, which led to Palace-yard, and over this was a huge gothic window. The tables for the feast ran down on each side; and at the head, on a raised platform, was a bright gold throne, with a square table standing before it, on which was a costly blue cloth worked with gold. Doors on each side led up to the galleries. The dark fretted roof, from which hung bright chandeliers, was an admirable relief to the whole. You will perhaps have no very clear notion of the hall after this description, but I shall send you a sketch which has appeared in the *Observer* newspaper, by which you will be able to realize my imperfect picture.

I entered by a door behind the throne, and was astonished at the magnificent spaciousness and rich adornments of the place. The long galleries were nearly half filled, (for

other doors had been previously opened), and adown the cloth-covered pavement all was life, and eagerness, and joy, and hope! Here you would see the pages putting back a cluster of plumed beauties, with a respectful determination and courtly haste.—There you should behold a flight of peeresses, feathered, and in white attire, winging their way, as though in hopeless speed, like birds to their allotted *dove-cotes*. In one place you would behold some magnificent soldier, half in confusion, and half in self-satisfaction, pausing in bewildered doubt and pleasure over his own splendid attire. And in another part, those who had reached their seats were sighing happily, adjusting their dresses, and gazing around with delight at the troubles of others below them. I had much difficulty in attaining my “place of rest;” and, from the confusion of the pages, I verily believe that I attained it more from having “Providence my guide,” than from meeting with any earthly assistance.

It might be about four o'clock, or a little after, when I took my seat. The light streamed in at the great window, like a flood of illumined water, and touched every plume, and every cheek. Expectation appeared to have given a bloom and life to each female countenance, as though to make up for the ravages which broken rest and fatigue had endeavoured to make. I beguiled the time, which might else have passed most tediously, by watching the several parties of peeresses, and others, enter from behind the throne, and pass by the state box, in which some of the royal family were seated at a very early hour. The most eager, and the most gorgeous lady, became spell-bound at the sight, and checked herself, in the saddest career, to drop a curtsey to “her Highness of Gloster.” I was much pleased to see that when the Duchess of Kent, or any new member of the family, joined the illustrious party, the greetings had all the kindness and affection of persons whose hearts are their whole wealth; and the young daughter of the Duchess was kissed as frankly and tenderly, as though she had had no diamond in her hair, and her eyes had been her only jewels. Over the royal box, the

ladies of the principal officers of state sat ; and immediately opposite were the Foreign Ambassadors, and their suite. I should, however, tell you, that the Duchess of Gloster wore a beautiful silver transparent dress over lilac, and had a rich plume of ostrich feathers in her head. I so well know how interesting this information will be to you, that I cannot think of omitting it. About seven o'clock, Miss Fellowes (his Majesty's herb-woman), with her handmaids in white, was conducted into the Hall by her brother, and took her seat at the lower end of it. At this moment, I wished that you could have seen this pretty and simple group, I was so sure that it would have delighted you.

The Hall now filled rapidly, and not with mere visitors only, but with knights, and pages, and noble serving-men, all in the richest dresses. The Barons of the Cinque Ports rehearsed the ceremony of bearing the gold canopy down the Hall, to the no small mirth of the company,—for they staggered along at most uneven paces ; and one splendid personage, in powder, could not walk straight, in spite of himself, so encumbered was he with the sense of his own magnificence. A part of the regalia was brought in, and deposited on one of the side tables.

The interest manifestly deepened now at every moment, and not a plume was still in the galleries. At length the Judges, the Law Officers, the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Aldermen of London, and the King's Chaplains, entered the Hall, and gave sign of preparation. The Knights of the Bath arranged themselves at the lower end of the Hall ; and, certainly, their dresses were highly splendid. The officers attendant on the Knights Commanders wore crimson satin vests, ornamented with white, and over these a white silk mantle. They also wore ruffs, chains, and badges. Their stockings were of white silk, with crimson roses. The Knights Commanders of the Bath wore the prevalent costume of the day, that *à la Henri Quatre*, with ruffs and hats turned up in front. Their vests and slashed pantaloons were of white satin overspread with a small silver lace ; their cloaks were short, of crimson satin,

embroidered with the star of the order, and lined with white. Their half-boots were of white silk, with red heels, crimson satin tops, and crimson roses ; their spurs were of gold, their sword-belts and sheaths white ; and their hats were black, with white ostrich feathers. The dress of the Knights Grand Crosses had all the beauty of that of the Knights Commanders, with somewhat more magnificence, it being in all respects the same, except that for the short cloak was substituted an ample flowing mantle, and for the feathers a larger and loftier plume.

The Privy Counsellors were dressed in blue satin and gold.

All at once the doors of the Hall, which had been opened, were suddenly closed ; and there was a confused murmur among those at the gateway, which was soon circulated and explained, by a buzz of "The Queen." Some of the attendants were alarmed for the moment ; and the ladies were, for an instant, disturbed with an apprehension of some mysterious danger ;—but the gates were presently reopened, and all proceeded as gaily as ever.

The peers now poured in from behind the throne, all robed in crimson velvet, with ermine tippets, and rich coronets. The Royal Dukes also entered, and took their seats on each side of the throne. At about half-past nine the names of the peers were called over by one of the heralds, and the order of their procession was arranged. It is impossible for me to describe to you the hushed silence that reigned at intervals over the whole of the company ; so breathless was the expectation, that the King was immediately about to enter. All that was noble in character and person, all that was imposing and lustrous in dress and costly furniture, was lavished before the eye—and the massive table and empty throne only waited for one presence, to crown and complete the magnificent effect. The long wished-for moment arrived ; and the people arose with waving handkerchiefs, and lofty voices, to greet the entrance of the King.

His Majesty advanced, arrayed in a stately dress. On his head was a rich purple velvet cap, jewelled, and

adorned with a plume of ostrich feathers. His robe was of crimson velvet, spreading amply abroad, and studded with golden stars. Eight young nobles supported the train. You would have thought that such magnificence was not of the earth, but of the fancy;—not made by mortal hands, but wrought by fairy spell out of wonders of the sea and air. It seemed that being once in existence, it could never pass away; but would glow for ever so brightly, so beautifully, so full of matchless romance. The King looked down his hall of state with a proud expression of delight; and the eyes of the attendant ladies seemed to sparkle thrice vividly with the consciousness of their being the living lights and jewels of the scene.

The whole arrangements for the procession being perfected,—the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Earl Marshal, ascended the steps of the platform, and stood at the outer-side of the table. The train-bearers stationed themselves on each side of the throne.

The three swords were then presented by the Lord Chamberlain, and the officers of the Jewel Office; and the gold spurs were in like manner delivered and placed on the table. It was curious and amusing to see the anxiety and care with which the bearers of these made good their retreat; they walked backwards, but with a wary eye to the steps; prudently guarding against any accident, likely to affect the solemnity of the ceremony, or the safety of their persons. The noblemen and bishops who were to bear the Regalia having been summoned, the several swords, sceptres, the orb, and crown, were delivered to them separately, and the procession immediately began to move. There was some confusion towards the gateway of the Hall, arising from the tardiness of those whose duty it was to attend the ceremony; but after much idle bustle in the defaulters, and considerable anxiety and exertion on the part of the heralds, the noble and brilliant multitude was launched into the air. The martial music heralded the cavalcade fitly along; and the procession itself seemed one stream of varying and exquisite colour. It poured forth

through the grey gothic arch at the end of the Hall, in slow, solemn, and bright beauty; and certainly nothing could surpass the gorgeous effect of the whole scene. A copy of the Herald's "Order of the Procession," which cannot fail to be more correct than any work of the memory, is given in every newspaper; but its length induces me to refrain from copying it here;—if you are inclined to read it, you have but to class all the noble names of England in the most harmonious order, and you will immediately have a list well befitting this august ceremony.

The King left his throne, and descended the steps of the platform. He paused at the first flight; and a gentleman in a scarlet uniform immediately advanced to tender his support. His Majesty, placing his right hand upon the shoulder of this gentleman, descended the second flight of steps and dismissed him with gracious thanks. The splendid golden canopy, of which I have before spoken, awaited his Majesty at the foot of the steps,—but he walked under and past it, and so continued to precede it, until he left the Hall; whether that he wished the worthy Baron-supporters to have further trial of their strength and skill, or that he chose at first to pass unshrouded before his people, I know not. Very magnificent was his course down the thronged avenue into the open air,—the ladies standing up with waving kerchiefs, and the brilliant attendants thronging around the sovereign with busy pride, and a restless consciousness of their glory. The King looked about him with marked delight, and smiled on his people. He walked slowly, and with a sort of balanced precision, not from any immediate weariness, but as though he were husbanding his powers for the labours of the after-day. He certainly looked well, and much younger than I expected to find him.

When his Majesty had passed half down the Hall, I arose from my seat in the gallery, and scrambled along over red baize seats, and flowered skirts of coats, and muslin and satin trains, from box to box, until I reached the music gallery at the very bottom of the Hall, which had now become emptied of flutes, and kettle drums,

and hautboys; and from which I imagined a good view might be had through "the great gazing window." I imagined correctly enough; for by a little scratching at the white painted pane, I procured an excellent sight of Palace-yard, and the covered platform on which the King was to walk to the Abbey. Most of the panes of the window were cleaned in a similar manner by the company, and feathered heads were jostling each other for a peep, as eagerly as though they never would see daylight again. I had one of my feet as handsomely trodden on by a white satin shoe, with a lady's round violent foot in it, as heart could desire; and my new coat was clawed in a fearful manner, by several ardent and unruly kid gloves; so much so, in fact, as to make me tremble for its wilken safety. But let me quit this handsome strife, and proceed to give you some description of the scene abroad, as I beheld it.

The fronts of the houses in Palace-yard were clothed with boxes from top to toe, that is, from roof to area, as you see the sides of a theatre; and a very pretty effect they had, being lined with scarlet cloth, and decorated with becoming ornaments. The crowds here were certainly very great, and I know not when I have seen so rich a multitude in the open air. Close to the side of the platforms there was a row of horse soldiers; but this guard was by no means considerable, and the people were admitted to approach very near to the platform itself. I could see that every nook of building, or scaffolding, was tenanted by man or woman,—

All, all abroad to gaze!

and even the lamp-irons and balustrades of Westminster-bridge (which I could just distinguish through the opening to the right of me) were tenaciously occupied by those who coveted something more indistinct than a bird's-eye view.

The covered platform to the Abbey took a circular course to the left immediately before me, so that I could clearly see "the order of the course."—And, if any thing, I think the dresses looked more superb and magnificent in the warm and free daylight, than when subdued by the

enormous roof under which I had at first observed them. The vivid, yet soft lustre, of the satin cloaks of the Knights of the Bath floated before the eye like liquid silver.—The Peers' long and matchless robes of solemn crimson streamed over the purple foot-way, and looked nobility; while the dark blue garbs of the passing pages seemed to relieve the rich and flowing stream of colour, which else had been too, too bright!—Do not think that I speak extravagantly here. It was all enchantment.

I saw the King advance along the platform before I saw him;—for the boxes which fronted me literally *thrilled* with shaken gloves, and hands, and handkerchiefs;—and the shouts, mingling at first, and then overwhelming the music beneath me, brake like thunder on my ear. The band of the horse-guards was stationed immediately under me, in the Palace-yard, and it appeared to play with increased vigour as the King passed,—but in vain! The trumpeter swelled, and thrust forth his brass furniture with zealous fury; but he only *looked* the blast. The *double-drum* waved his sticks, and beat with anvil-strokes; but it was like beating wool. The cymbals flashed in the air, and met with lightning fierceness; but they kissed as quietly as lovers at the twilight. And, breathe earnestly as they would, the flutes and hautboys could but "pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone." The *sight* of this music was to me deeply interesting; for I could fancy it all that was rich and enchanting, even amid the deafening and multitudinous noise that shrouded it.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter!

His Majesty now passed slowly before me, and seemed to walk amid the voices of his subjects. I looked till I could look no longer; and then, like Fatima in Blue Beard, I came down, lest I should be fetched down. The Hall was very soon nearly half emptied, by those who had tickets for viewing the solemn ceremony of the Crowning in the Abbey. I had no ticket; but I took my walk abroad, to look at those who had, and I gained from several friends the few particulars which I now venture to give you.

My friend F. whose eloquent tongue and happy memory have more than once surprized you, says that the entrance at the north door of the Abbey was very forbidding, owing to the intricate roots of the scaffolding; but that when you were in the interior, the scene was truly impressive. The early morning pierced through the lofty shafts, and touched angle and point; while, with grey light, the crimson boxes stood bravely out from the solemn walls on each side. The throne of gold raised in the centre of the cross, had a solitary grandeur, which he declares he can never forget; and the sacarium, or chapel, fronting the throne, was magnificently furnished forth. The pulpit of crimson velvet and gold, fixed to a pillar, had also a grand and simple effect. And the table of gold plate, standing under the canopy, supported by palm-trees, struck him as singularly elegant. An ottoman of enriched tissue, intended to be held over the King at his unction, was placed on one side of the altar; and there was also a blue velvet chair and desk for the King's devotions. King Edward's throne, an antique golden chair of state, stood in the middle of the area. You will have some idea of this sacred scene, if you recall to mind the cathedral of your neighbouring city, and imagine it thrice spacious, thrice lofty, thrice beautiful. Conceive that the whole of the aisle, from the door to the altar, is left open, and that the boxes for the company occupy each side between the pillars. Imagine a throne of gold, raised on a platform, opposite the altar, with royal seats near to it. You will thus really have a picture of the Abbey "in little."

There was as much bustle in the Abbey as in the Hall, by my friend's account, at the approach of the King; and the agitation of the ladies was no whit inferior to that which was got up at the first sight of His Majesty. The royal musicians stood in act to hurl forth the anthem, the moment the signal should be given. The procession was ushered into the gateway, by Miss Fellowes, and her white cluster, scattering flowers. On the King's canopy appearing, a universal shout arose, and the coronation anthem was commenced: "I was glad when

they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The full chorus was awfully sublime, and thrilled all hearers; while the august crowd poured on like a grand *visible* accompaniment under it. The canopy stopped at the chancel, and His Majesty advanced to the sacarium, attended by the officers bearing the regalia.

The King now stood up, and the Archbishop turned on all sides to the people, saying, "I present you, King George the Fourth, the undoubted King of this Realm; wherefore, all you that come this day to do him homage, are ye willing to do the same?" The shout was sublime—the multitude standing up, and waving caps and handkerchiefs for several minutes. The plumes tossed about in the chancel and transept like a brilliant stormy sea; and a thousand glowing colours played within grey nook, and from graceful pillar.

Certain services were now performed, and after short prayers were said, a Sermon was delivered by the Archbishop of York; the text chosen was, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain." My friend rejoiced that the morning was fine, to correspond with the text; for he thinks a louring day would have ruined the effect of this beautiful verse. However, he consoles himself with thinking, that the Archbishop may have had another text for bad weather, in case he had been driven to use it. The sermon was not such, perhaps, as Parson Adams would have selected for His Majesty's ears,—but it was sufficiently honest and short:—and conciseness at such a time is a virtue.

The Coronation Oath was next administered to the King.

Sir; is your Majesty willing to take the oath?

King.—I am willing.

The Archbishop then ministered these questions; and the King, having a copy of the printed Form and Order of the Coronation Service in his hands, answered each question severally, as follows:—

Arch.—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?

King.—I solemnly promise so to do.

Arch.—Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

King.—I will.

Arch.—Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the United Church committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King.—All this I promise to do.

Then the King arising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, went to the altar, and there being uncovered, made his solemn oath in the sight of all the people, to observe the promises; laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the great Bible, which had been carried in the procession, and was now brought from the altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he knelt upon the steps, saying these words:—

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Then the King kissed the book, and signed the oath.

Now followed the anointing, and a couple of anthems. The Dean of Westminster afterwards dried away the oil from the King with fine wool or linen.

After other ceremonies had been performed, in the course of which the King was robed by the Dean of Westminster, and was invested with the armill, the Archbishop stood before the altar, took the crown, and prayed over it. The King then sat down in Edward's chair, and was crowned by the Archbishop.

At this moment the shouts of the people had a fine effect. The trumpets rang out their martial music, and the guns of the Park and the Tower were fired instantaneously.

The noise ceasing, the Archbishop rose and said,—

Be strong and of good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day. Amen.

Then the Choir sang a short anthem: after which, the Bible was presented and duly returned—and the King was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop.

His Majesty was now borne to his throne by the bishops and peers around him. Homage was then done publicly and solemnly,—the Treasurer scattering silver medals as larges from the King. The Peers, having done their homage, stood all together round about the King; and each class or degree going by themselves, all the Peers, one by one, in order, put off their coronets, singly ascended the Throne again, and stretching forth their hands, touched the Crown on his Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then every one of them kissed the King's cheek.

During the homage, the Sceptre with the Cross was held, on the King's right hand, by the Lord of the manor of Worksop; and the Sceptre with the Dove, by the Duke of Rutland.

My friend declares that this part of the ceremony was very impressive; and he observed, that the King was much affected when his Royal Brothers prepared to kneel before him—he raised them almost in tears (my friend says His Majesty *was* in tears; but I dare not trust my friend; for, when his feelings are excited, he is apt to exaggerate), and looked upon them with a kind and manifest affection. The Holy Sacrament was now administered to His Majesty, and an anthem sung, at the end of which the drums beat and the trumpets rang, and the people shouted, Long

live the King. The Archbishop then went to the altar, and prayed for some time—and the ceremony ended.

You cannot expect that I should describe this part of the day with any peculiar force or effect, as I can but speak from the communication of another. My friend will have it that the Abbey was a finer scene than the Hall, but you know his old propensity to extol what he alone enjoys or possesses. I am free to confess, that I lost a very solemn and gorgeous ceremony, by being absent from the Abbey,—but I would not have given up the chivalrous banquet in the Hall, for all the middle aiales in the universe on such a day. The procession began its return, says my friend, and in the words of honest Casca, “then the people fell a shouting, and then I came away!”

I rushed back to the Hall with a velocity quite appalling to the common people, intimating by my speed nothing less than that a Knight of the Bath was burning down; and only staying my course for five minutes to look after the balloon, which some kind creature told me “was up,” but which, like myself, had been “up too long;” for it was certainly not visible, though I yielded to his repeated inquiries, and confessed that I saw it plainly. When I reached my box in the Hall again, the servants were lighting the chandeliers, which hung finely from the fretted roof, and turned with a courtier-like ease to the hand that could give them brilliance; at this time there was assuredly no need of any artificial lustre; for the sun-light was beautifully alive on wall and gallery, and shamed to death the branches of a hundred lights that were pendent in the air. But as it was considered, I presume, an indecorum to light a candle before a King; and as it was concluded that his Majesty would not quit the Hall till after day-light, we were compelled to endure this struggle of light—this litigation of radiance—this luminous suit carried on in Westminster Hall,—Sol versus Wax,—in which a verdict was recorded in every lady’s eye for the plaintiff.

The white cloth had been laid on the tables during the King’s absence, and a silver plate placed before each seat;—to a gentleman, whose mouth

had tasted only of the cameleou’s dish for some 15 hours, this preparation for “the solids, Sir Giles!” was about as painful an exhibition as Mrs. Brownrigg’s loaf placed at a respectful distance before her half-starved apprentices. I longed, yet dreaded, to see the Baron of beef brought in (*a Peer* of some likelihood now in my estimation); I thirsted to hear the champagne cork explode at intervals, though to me the minute guns of distress! But what!—could I not diet myself upon splendour? or what business had I there? Hungry I might be; but had I not the satisfaction of beholding a couple of fellow-creatures perishing on each side of me, and of the same gnawing death! What signified it that I was dry!—Was I not about to see “robes and furred gowns” filled as full of hock as though barrels, and not men, were ermined for the occasion! I did not, perhaps, start these decisive reasons at the time, but I now see how very idle it was to be faint.—I have just dined.

There was an air of indolence now spread over the whole scene. A few officers were loitering about, leaning against the rails in the Hall in their happiest attitudes, or idling in the best light, to give their golden lace and trappings a beam of the sun;—a few servants were furnishing forth the tables with knives, and napkins, and bread;—the doorkeepers (selected from the most eminent bruisers, as I was informed; but never having seen them, I cannot vouch for the information;) reclining in part against the side of the gothic arch at the door, or quietly banqueting in some contiguous apartment;—when the distant bray of a trumpet, or a voice at the gateway, struck life and confusion into all. The rush, the hurry, the flight to and fro, the distant and faint noises, the instantaneous flutter of feathers, the pretty womanly alarm,—all seemed but the picture, the mockery, of what the first faint cannon sound must have been at the ball in Brussels,—the awful summoner from revelry to battle! The effect, methought, was similar,—“alike, but oh! how different!”—here were joy, and spirit, and splendour, and pleasure, awakened, and by day;—there death spake to the gallant, the proud, and the beautiful, and its voice

came through the night. I know not why I intrude this dreary contrast upon you (for it is no comparison, although I called it such); but the thought did, in reality, occur to my mind at the time, and, therefore, I do not withhold it. It was evident that the cavalcade was on the return, and all that had duties in the Hall were summoned to their posts. I was all anxiety again, and watched the door with an eager eye.

First came Miss Fellowes, with her six beautiful flower girls, scattering rose-leaves over the blue cloth, as though they had been Flora's hand-maids; indeed, Miss Fellowes seemed to me a more important personage than Flora herself. After them, the procession entered, not by twos and threes, as it left the hall, but in rich, yet regular, clusters. Nothing could have a finer effect than the dress of the choristers; all in an excess of white, they appeared to be the personification of day-light. The arrangements were for a moment now somewhat impeded by the ardour of the Aldermen of London, which, at the sight of the white cloth and silver plates, became quite unmanageable, and carried and dashed them with a civic fury into the first seats they could reach. Happily a herald, or some person of trust, called them back to the ranks; but they were evidently impatient "to get a good place," having once tasted the goût of a cushion! After the Law Officers had entered (the gloomiest part of the pageant, by the by), the Knights Commanders of the Bath advanced under the archway. I can give you no idea of the effect of their magnificent appearance. Their plumes rolled like the foam of the sea, and were all silver white! The day streamed in with them, as though glad to bear along so radiant a company. I have spoken of the dresses of these Knights, but no description can indeed touch them. Next came nobles and standard-bearers,—and marvellously rich and chivalrous did the standards float into the banquet-hall. Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and Dukes, all followed, in separate clusters, all wearing their coronets and full robes, and walking as though they stepped in the best bright days of England. The gorgeous company appeared to swarm in as to some fairy hive! All

the colours of imagination seemed housing from the world—and the eye became enamoured of beautiful dyes, and seemed to dance upon a sea of gorgeous and restless beauty. Each dress was exquisitely neighboured,—pink and gold and white—and soft blue—and light and deep red—all mingled as though they were married by magic hands. The colours ran into each other like waters,—they played together even as music!—they shifted—and were the same.

The procession now promised no end, and for my own part I would have had it thus ever pour on—I could endure! The Heralds, and Archbishops, and Officers of State, succeeded the Dukes. At length, alone and in stately silence, entered Prince Leopold. Princely indeed was his bearing—but methought there was a melancholy in his eye that spake of all that had been, and all that was not to be. He walked up the Hall, amid the plaudits of thousands,—but his spirit walked not with him.—The Royal Dukes followed:—and after some Nobles of State, the King again entered the banquet-room. He looked weary, but cheerful. He was habited in robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine; the crown of state was on his head,—in his right hand was the sceptre, and in his left the orb with the cross. He walked under the canopy, which was supported as before. Officers and Yeomen of the Guard closed the procession.

I cannot help feeling how difficult—nay, how impossible it is to give you any, the smallest idea of the effect of the whole scene:—recall all that you have read of chivalrous banquets, and you will do more in your own fancy than I can achieve for you.—You will wish me, however, to be more particular in my account of some of the dresses; or such will be the wish of your sisters; and I shall, therefore, to the best of my ability, select you a few of the richest habits, and describe them as aptly as I may. The King retired for a couple of hours previously to the dinner; so you may feast on my description until his return.

The Privy Counsellors had vests and hose of deep blue silk; with mantles of blue satin lined with white. They had ruffs, with black Spanish hats and plumes. The Registrar of



the Order of the Garter, and a Knight (the Marquis of Londonderry), were in the splendid full dress of the order—a purple velvet mantle, with red velvet cape, &c. His Lordship's hat was enriched with most dazzling jewellery, and surmounted with an ample plume of white feathers. His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain and the Comptroller of his Household were both in crimson velvet cloaks, with black hats and white feathers. Their cloaks were laced with gold; their vests blue, slashed with white; and their stockings, shoes, and rosettes, all white. The Treasurer of his Majesty's Household bore, in virtue of his office, the bag with the medals. He was dressed in a crimson velvet cloak; and was succeeded by a Pursuivant of Arms, the Herald of Scotland, and the Herald of Ireland, all in tabards; the two latter with collars of SS.

The Earl of Mayo, in his robes of estate, as a peer, carried the standard of Hanover, a red flag, bearing for its device a white horse, and preceded the barons. The noblemen of this rank immediately followed, the juniors walking first. They, as well as all the other peers, were in their robes of estate, namely, a crimson velvet mantle, with an ermine cape, having two rows of spots, a white silk vest, breeches, stockings and shoes, with white rosettes; a crimson velvet surcoat, and sword belt.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in his robes of estate, was attended by an officer of the Jewel Office in a scarlet mantle, with a crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a cushion, on which were placed the ruby ring, and the sword to be girt about the King. The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household was also in his robes of estate. He was immediately succeeded by Earl Harcourt in his robes of estate, carrying the Royal Standard, a flag emblazoned with his Majesty's arms.

Three Kings of Arms followed, namely, the Ionian, the Gloucester, and the Hanover, dressed in their rich tabards. They carried their heraldic crowns in their hands as they went to the Abbey, and on their return wore them on their heads. Dukes came next: and then the three other Kings

at Arms, namely, Ulster, Clarenceux, and Norroy, decorated as the former.

The Lord Privy Seal and the Lord President of the Council wore their robes of estate; the Archbishops of Ireland, and the Archbishop of York, their black and lawn; the Chancellor his robes of estate, with a full bot-tomed wig; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, like the other Prelates, black and lawn.

The Lord Lyon of Scotland, and Garter Principal King of Arms, were in their rich tabards, with their crowns and sceptres.

The Usher of the Black Rod wore a scarlet dress slashed with white, a crimson mantle lined with white, with the Red Cross shield embroidered on his left shoulder, red stockings and sword-sheath, white shoes with red rosettes, and a black hat and feather: he carried in his hand the black rod.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England wore his robes of estate as a peer, and carried in his hand his white staff.

Prince Leopold was dressed in the full habit of the Order of the Garter, wearing a long purple velvet mantle, cap, and feathers, and carrying in his right hand his Marshal's baton. His train was borne by gentlemen in the following dress—a white silk vest and breeches edged with gyp, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a plain blue satin cloak lined with white silk, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports wore a scarlet satin dress, puffed with blue and gold gyp edging, a blue satin surcoat, blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, scarlet silk stockings, white shoes with scarlet rosettes, and a black hat with scarlet and black feathers.

The Train-bearers and Masters of the Robes were habited alike in a white satin dress, slashed and laced with gold, a crimson velvet cloak, laced with gold, crimson velvet sword-belt and sheath, white silk stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen Pensioners wore a scarlet dress slashed with blue, and almost wholly covered with gold buttons, spread like lace over great part

of the habit; red silk stockings, white shoes with red and black roses, white gloves, and a black hat with red and black feathers.

The Lords of the King's Bedchamber had a peculiar dress, consisting of a blue vest slashed with white and gold lace, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a crimson velvet cloak laced with gold, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse succeeded them. He wore a blue satin cloak trimmed with broad gold lace, a blue satin dress slashed with white and laced with gold, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen of the Bedchamber wore a blue dress edged with spangled gyp, and slashed with white, a plain blue satin cloak, lined with white; blue silk stockings, white shoes, with blue roses; blue sword-belt and sheath, a black hat and white feather.

There:—I think I have made up a dish of dress sufficient for the most inordinate female appetite. I now must forward. The King returned to the Hall precisely at the time he promised, and took his seat at the table, on which was a noble display of gold plate. Previous to the King's entry, however, I should not omit to tell you that orders were issued that the middle of the Hall should be cleared, which occasioned great consternation amongst groups of ladies, who were quietly and happily refreshing themselves in all directions. The order frayed them like birds, and they were seen flitting up and down, without any place of rest. Lord Gwydir pursued them with the fury of a falcon, and he eventually succeeded in effecting a clearance. His Majesty wore his crown and mantle on his return, and the Royal Dukes, and the Prince Leopold, sat near him at his table.

The passage from the kitchen to the lower end of the Hall was now opened; and the gentlemen bearing the golden dishes for the first course were seen in regular line, ready to proceed to the King's table. At this moment the doors at the end of the Hall were opened, the clarions and trumpets sounding bravely at the

time, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Marquis of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, entered upon the floor on horseback. The Marquis of Anglesea's horse was a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian; Lord Howard's was a dun; and the Duke's a white steed. After a short pause, they rode gracefully up to the royal table, followed by the gentlemen with the first course. When the dishes were placed on the board, the bearers first retired, with their faces towards the King; and then the noble horsemen retreated, by hacking their steeds down the Hall, and out at the archway. Their noiseless steps on the blue cloth conveyed the idea that the horses had been shod with felt, according to Lear's invention. The Duke of Wellington's white charger "walked away with himself" in the aptest manner; but the Marquis of Anglesea had great difficulty in persuading his Arabian to retire tail-wise. The company could hardly be restrained from applauding, although it was evident that a shout would have settled the mind of this steed in a second, and have made him resolute against completing his unpleasant retreat. The pages soothed him before and behind; but he shook his head and tail, and paused occasionally, as if he had considerable doubts upon the subject.

Before the dishes were uncovered, the Lord Great Chamberlain presented the basin and ewer, to bathe his Majesty's hands; and the Lord of the Manor of Heydon attended with a rich towel. The dishes were then bared; and his Majesty was helped, by the carvers, to some soup. He tasted it! This was a source of endless wonder to a lady near me.

At the end of this course, the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine pie-bald charger (an ill colour), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-coloured, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right

hand; the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray,—but the Herald distinctly said, “Wait till I have read the Challenge,” and read it accordingly,—the Champion husbanding his valour for a few minutes:—

If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.

At the conclusion of this “awful challenge,” as a gentleman near me termed it, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the Squire, who kissed it, and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed: and at the foot of the royal platform it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and, methinks, with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone, that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse; but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea’s Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages.

In Hall’s Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Katherine

of Arragon, there is a very quaint and interesting account of the challenge, which, as I think it will aptly illustrate this part of my letter, and serve to amuse you, I shall take leave to copy:—

The seconde course beyng served, in at the haule doore entered a Knyhte armed at al poyntes, his bases rich tissue embroidered, a great plume and a sumptuous of ostriche fethers on his helmet, sitting on a great courser trapped in tissue and embroidered with tharmes of England and of Fraunce, and an herauld of armes before hym. And passyng through the haule, presented hymself with humble reverence before the Kynge’s Majestie, to whom Garter Kynge of heraulds cried and said with a loude voyce, Sir Knyhte, from whence come you, and what is your pretence? This Knyhtes name was Sir Robert Dimmoke, Champion to the Kynge by tenour of his enheritaunce, who answered the said Kynge of armes in effecte after this manner. Sir, the place that I come from is not materiall, nor the cause of my repaire hyther is not concernyng any matter of any place or countrey, but onely this. And therewithal commanded his herauld to make an *O yes*: Then said the Knyhte to the Kynge of armes, Now shal ye hear the cause of my comyng and pretence. Then he commanded his own herauld by proclamation to saye: If there be any persone, of what estate or degre soever he be that will saie or prove that King Henry the Eight is not the rightful enheritor and Kynge of this realm, I Sir Robert Dimmoke here his champion offre my glove, to fight in his querell with any persone to thutterance.

The champions appear to have been more familiar in the olden time, and to have discoursed more freely with those about them;—but perhaps the less that is said the better amongst fighting men; so I shall not differ with our present Sir Knight on account of his solemn taciturnity. The same old writer from whom I have given you the above description, speaks curiously of the pageants which were had to enliven the procession of Anne Boleyn from the Tower to Westminster. The Three Graces, he tells us, took their stand on Cornhill, and the Cardinal Virtues in Fleet-street—a fountain of Helicon ran *Rhenish* wine; and the Conduit in Cheap, with a laudable courtesy, spouted claret. But I must not lose myself amongst books.

On the Champion retiring, the second course was served up as before; the Marquis’s horse becoming more

and more unmannerly. It was not amiss that his duties were over.

Certain services were now performed, which generally ended in a peer, or some other fortunate personage, carrying off a gold cup. The most interesting was the present of two falcons to his Majesty from the Duke of Athol.

The King's health was about this time drunk with great acclamations, and the national air of "God save the King" sung in a grand style. I think I never heard it sung better before.

The King, standing up, drank to his people; notice of which honour was communicated by the Duke of Norfolk: and very shortly afterwards (*Nos Nobis Domine* having been sung, in which I heard the King take a part,) his Majesty retired amidst the joyous clamours of his people.

I now descended into the body of the Hall, which was thronged with splendour and beauty. Hock and champagne, and fruit and venison pasties, were passing and repassing; and the most brilliant ladies were snatching at all the good things of this world from officers and gentlemen waiters. I was not idle; for having asked for a glass of water, and being informed "You get no water, take the wine, Great Potentate," I fell seriously to work upon a cherry pie, the nearest dish, and followed this victory up with others of a more decisive nature. I forgot that I had been famished; and lifting a cup of burgundy to my lips, declared that the fatigue of the day had been nothing—a jest—a merriment—a thing to tell

of to the little children of 1896, or to write to kind friends in 1891. Before I quitted the banquet-room, I took the liberty of pocketing a sweetmeat dolphin, filched from the top of the Temple of Concord, which I shall long preserve amongst my scarce papers and curious coins, as a relic of the great Coronation Feast. Thus ended this splendid day.

I have detailed the particulars of the pageant as faithfully as possible; and I only hope that the length of my letter, and its tedious minuteness, will not weary you. I have purposely abstained from any political discussion about the exclusion of the Queen, or her Majesty's morning visit, because I only intended a description of the pageant, and I knew that you cared not to have a repeatedly discussed subject discussed again. In the same manner I shall desist from sobering the conclusion of my letter with any solemn reflections on the events of the day,—you have the mind to reflect for yourself, if this *Alexandrine* of a letter will allow you the time. Do not fail to tell me how you all "like the play," and to what extent you have envied me. I think I see Mrs. — struck calmly mad at the profusion of satin.

I am, &c.

July, 1821.

ED. HERBERT.

P. S. If you covet the dolphin, I will send it to you; but it is a curiosity you must keep from children. I wish I could pack you up a Knight of the Bath in all his glory; but I fear he would not bear the carriage.

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## THE DRAMA.

### No. XIX.

THIS month has been rich in events:—the death of Bonaparte has been proclaimed—the coronation has been, and passed away—and Mr. Kean has escaped from the republicans of the great continent, and is trans-atlantic no longer. In addition to these matters eminently notorious, the summer theatres have opened their doors, and informed us that they have each a pleasant saloon, prodigal of odours and ices, but leaving us to the discovery of their other attractions.

Even "The Cobourg," pride of Surrey (that county where melo-drame has flourished so long, and quadrupeds and tumblers still hold their ancient, but not "solitary," reign), has affected the cap and bells, and presented us with a specimen of the burlesque. And yet, the drama itself has been very barren of novelty. We feel this so much, on commencing our article, that we cannot but entertain a presentiment, that we shall have some difficulty in offering our

readers any detail which will interest them.

The death of Bonaparte was the talk of some two hours! (who, after this, would be the fool of fame?) and Mr. Kean's return did not produce quite the same vivifying sensation as of old. But the coronation, certainly, for a time, absorbed all the sympathy of the fashionable crowd, and was not without its attractions for the vulgar. We suppose that it was on that account that the summer managers delayed producing their usual stock of farces and operas, "operettes," and "petites pieces," until the ferment, excited by the royal exhibition, should have subsided. This was well. There is an old catch, beginning, "It is well to be merry and wise;" but this was being dutiful and wise, which is better still. They wisely, then, forbore to interfere with state matters, and left the ceremony of crowning to stand by itself, the great imposing marvel of the season. Covent Garden, it is true, used less forbearance, and filled its benches with the giddy and the gay, at the expence of the house-proprietors in Palace-yard and George-street. Indeed, Drury Lane got up a sort of phantasma of the matter; but the shadow of regality passed off without doing any injury to the greater show, or any good to Mr. Elliston. Yet Mr. Elliston (though he mimicked so indifferently the royal pageant) is a truly loyal man, and menaced the public with three butts of porter to keep up (or allay?) the fervour of their rejoicings. Why does not that worthy manager enact the king himself, and walk with steps, stately and slow, from stage-door to stage-door, before the eyes of admiring audiences? We think that a diadem would sit easily on his brow, and a sceptre would be but a bauble in his hand. He is accustomed to ermine and prompt obedience; and may, perhaps, have aspirations after state and ceremonial, and the clapping of hands, and shouts that seem to come from the heart. We remember Mr. Elliston when he was a "fine, gay, boldfaced" person, who would have been invaluable in a procession. He had all the ease, and something of the grace, of a gentleman of the last age; and we confess he pleased us much. We

even admired him (Heaven forgive us—but we were young) in tragedy, though we have lived to correct that error. To see him in Lackland, in Tag, in Jeremy Diddler, in Tangent, or in Vapid, is delightful still; but the robe of tragedy encumbers him; he is too pompous; and makes "serious mirth" of the Muse; lifting her simplest sayings to the highest pitch of his utterance, and drowning her stately periods in the deep thunders of his declamation. In short, he is a very clever comedian, and in tragedy indifferently bad.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

*Hamlet*.—We regret that a day or two's illness prevented our seeing Mr. Charles Kemble in *Hamlet*. A competent friend of ours, who witnessed the representation, made very favourable report of it; but he has omitted to send us a statement for the Magazine. Mr. Kemble's air and person are certainly well qualified to sustain the interest of the melancholy *Hamlet*:—of his performance of the character, we can say no more than that it gives us pleasure to learn that it was successful. Of Miss Dance's *Ophelia* we have nothing to say. We saw Miss Stephens, and heard her, and were content; and our friend (who went for us to see *Hamlet* the second time) was too dissatisfied at Miss Stephens' secession, to give favourable report of the lady who succeeded her.

*Henry IV. Part II.*—This play of Shakspeare has been wonderfully attractive,—not from its intrinsic merit, however, great and undeniable as it is, but from the fact of the coronation ceremony having been added, by which the people could see a good representation of the courtly pomps, at the moderate expence of seven shillings. The leasees of houses and ground in the neighbourhood of Westminster-hall made, on the contrary, the most extravagant demands, and suffered accordingly. We own that we are not very sorry for this, unless where heavy sums of money were originally asked by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; in which case it is hoped, for the credit of the church in general, and of the Dean and Chapter in particular, that a portion of the money will be refunded. A rich public body

will scarcely suffer individuals to suffer ruin, or even loss, upon such an occasion. Loyalty and good-conscience, and Saint Stephen (who is their nearest Saint) forbid!

The plays of Henry IV. are of the finest order of mixed plays. They are not entirely comic, nor too tragic either; but they are lively, with a pleasant dash of the serious, and a little of the tragic intermingled. Falstaff is the hero of both; and he is big and witty enough to sustain more heaviness than is to be found in either play. In truth, the second part of Henry IV. is occasionally dull enough in representation; and the speeches of his majesty the king fatigue us even more than they afflict his son. Brevity is the soul of dramatic writing, as well as of wit; and (though we would not wish a word lost) we could be content if only part of the scenes between the prince and the king were represented on the stage; the rest would be more sacred, and we should probably enjoy it more, at home, from its not having been mouthed at the theatre. We say this, of course, without reference to Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble, who made the dialogue pass off as lightly as could be hoped. They both played well; but it was impossible for either to produce any great effect. It may be remarked, however, that the pause, and searching look which the father cast on his son, when he had taken the crown from his pillow, was not unfelt by the audience, and that the dying king's last impressive exhortation was acknowledged by repeated plaudits. Mr. C. Kemble looked regally, and became his throne. No king, from the conqueror of Agincourt to the present times, ever had such a princely representative. We wish that he had been more "i' the smile;" but perhaps the audience would have deemed it vulgar. Fawcett played Falstaff, in parts, well. Farren was Mr. Justice Shallow; but he disfigured the justice of peace, we thought, and reduced him to a mere inanity. Emery looked portentous in Silence. We thought that the markets were fast "coming down;" and that he had his granaries full, and huge droves of bullocks on hand. Mr. Claremont must forgive us if we do not admire his Prince (John, or Thomas, we forget which) so much

as may be required. He will do us the justice to recollect, that a good deal goes (or ought to go) to the "making up" of a true prince.

#### DRURY LANE.

Rob Roy, Guy Mannerling, and a few other mixed dramas, have been got up at this theatre lately, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Mackay to the public. His reputation had preceded him in London; and his performance of Baillie Jarvie, and Dominic Sampson, had, it is said, been pronounced admirable by a high authority at Edinburgh. With these advantages, Mr. Mackay appeared at Drury Lane; and we confess that report has done him nothing but justice. He is the best comedian that we have ever seen make his debut in London. He is marvellously free from the coarseness and superfluous ornament which mark the country performer; he is earnest in the performance of his part, as well as excellent in the conception of it. He has none of the indolence or affectation of a spoiled actor, and none of the awkwardness of a provincialist. There is at once great truth, and spirit, and precision, in his style; which, with his moderation, prove him a keen observer of manner, as well as a sensible man. There is no person who plays Baillie Jarvie, or Dominic Sampson, like him. We do not think either of these characters (particularly the Baillie) adapted to Liston's talents; and it is, therefore, saying nothing in dispraise of him, when we own that we prefer Mr. Mackay to him. Mr. Mackay, it is true, could not compete with Liston in Lubin Log, and such characters; nor is there any one who can approach him. He is altogether inimitable. But on Scotch ground, Mr. Mackay may rest his foot very securely, without apprehension of a rival from our English theatres. We sincerely trust that he will have a permanent engagement next season, and have an opportunity of acting with other support than he received lately. Cooper was Rob Roy—Mrs. Harlowe, Helen—Mr. Horne and Mr. Barnard, Francis and Rashleigh Osbaldiston—a Mr. Vining, Dougal, and so on. Besides this, there was on Mr. Mackay's night (we were sorry to see it), a "beggarly account of empty boxes."

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE is one of the pleasantest of all possible places. There is *Miss Kelly* there, who is enough to satisfy the most fastidious of critics, be it in comedy or tragedy, melodrama or farce. She has not the full sweep of tragedy, perhaps; and falls short in stature; and has a voice less powerful than Mrs. Becher (*Miss O'Neill*); but our apprehensions, greater, and her exercise of them more legitimate and true. She acts a dumb or a blind boy in a way that makes us forget that any sense is wanting or imperfect, or rather sheds such a grace upon infirmity as to make it unpleasant no longer. She plays a scene in "*Inkle and Yarico*" in a manner more heart-rending than we have ever seen; and the trembling earnestness of her voice is, beyond comparison, more powerful than the stately periods, or artificial shrieks of more highly reputed actresses. In comedy she is quite unrivalled in the present day; and there is no one in our recollection, except Mrs. Jordan, who can compare with her. Besides *Miss Kelly*, there is *Wrench*, the most easy of actors. He comes on and goes off like an old glove. If he never stimulates you much, he at least never fatigues you. He has all the colloquial pleasantness of an acquaintance, and never obtrudes a disagreeable topic. No one can be more merry than he, unless it be *Harley*, who generally follows him on the stage, and is either servant, or pedagogue, or apothecary, as circumstances require. This latter actor is fuller of mirth than any man in our memory: he seems restless under his weight of animal spirits; and goes off like a bundle of crackers, joke after joke, sudden, startling, and irresistible. In calm contrast to *Harley*, may be placed his compeer *Wilkinson*, who is as indolent as the other is spirited and uneasy. He seems always to be in the "passive mood," to be swayed to and fro by the dialogue, and to give himself up to the wit of the piece, like one who is helpless. But he is the receptacle of a good deal of humour; and the fun oozes out of him as surely, though as slowly, as the drops come from the "serpent-pipe" in the process of distillation. He plays a charity boy capitally: hunger and discontent are written in plain

letters on his face, and he is as querulous as hard work and one meal a-day can possibly suggest or excuse. We wonder that he has never been engaged at one of the winter theatres. He has something of the quality of *Liston* about him, but without that actor's fine spirit of burlesque, and without that power of filling up a character, by bye-play and high colouring, which *Liston* possesses. Indeed he carries his originality a little too far sometimes, and forgets the advice of the Prince of Denmark to the players.

We will not trouble our readers with an analysis of the *petite piece* called "*Love's Dream*," which has been presented at this theatre; but we will assure them that it is very light and pleasant, and that if they want an hour or two's amusement, they cannot do better than see this, and the new farce of "*Twopence*," which follows. The first is the story of a lover's quarrel, which ends in the usual manner. Mr. Pearman is the lover, and *Miss Kelly* the "admired *Miranda*" (or rather the *Cecilia Dormer*) of the piece: They misunderstand each other, and pout and quarrel. The lady is affianced to Mr. Frederick Easy, (what a name for *Wrench*, who acts Mr. Easy!) and yielded up with sighs and a torn heart by Henry Morton (Mr. Pearman), who sings his woes melodiously, but commits mighty havoc with the dialogue. *Simon* (Mr. Easy's servant) is played by *Harley*, who sleeps, sorely against his inclination, in a haunted room, which *Miss Cecilia Dormer*, who walks in her sleep, has made "holy ground." *Simon* has a reasonable quantity of superstition, and has an utter aversion to ghosts and gunpowder. To the latter he has become averse, from the circumstance of Mr. Easy, who is a "good shot," having killed his horse under him:—to the former he has innate objections. The principal scene in this piece, is one wherein *Miss Kelly* plays the somnambulist, and discourses touching certain points which are absolutely necessary for the proper termination of the love disputes. We must own that she acts very excellently in this, although we think it a pity that she has so much to say. The hush and scattered exclamations in the scene of *Lady*

Macbeth, have far greater effect than the long conversation which we hear in "Love's Dream;"—but comparisons are odious; and we will not compare Mr.—— (we do not know the author's name) with Shakspeare.—"Two-pence," is a lively bustling little farce, and is, as it justly announces, "as broad as it is long." It is written by a very lively young writer, Mr. Peake, who was the author, as will be recollected, of a very laughable piece, called, "Amateurs and Actors," which was played last season with great success. Mr. Peake has a good deal of the true spirit of joke in him; and burlesque comes easily, as well as pleasantly, off his pen. There is something of this even in the dramatis personæ; and the alliteration falleth sweetly on our ears—for instance:—

Orpheus Bluemold (*more fond of his Bassoon than his business*), Mr. Harley.  
Roderick Rappington (*not worth a penny*), Mr. Wrench.

Tommy Patts (*Pupil and Apprentice to Orpheus*), Mr. Wilkinson.

Ariadne (*Niece to Mr. Bungay*), Miss Stevenson.

But the farce itself is such as to beguile a man of his smiles, let him be a dissenter ever so strong. We should like to hear that Mr. Peake had written a character for Munden. We think he would turn that veteran's eyebrows to account, and place a pot of ale in his hand, and a bit of narrative, or a naïve speech, in his mouth, so as to produce more than common effect. As Mr. Peake is one of the pillars of the Lyceum, we see no reason why he should not lend his helping hand to prop the prouder arches of Drury Lane. Harley is already at that theatre; and we hope that Wrench will be there next season; and our author has shown already what he can do for these two excellent actors. Before we quit the Lyceum, we should not forget Miss J. Stevenson, who is a pleasant young actress, and pretty; her articulation is rather too elaborate, and she wants ease; but she has a good deal of earnestness, and seems always on the *qui vive*. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who is one of the Lyceum corps (or was last year,—we have not seen him there this season), is really eminent as a melo-dramatic performer; but dialogue is his bane. So long as he

has nothing to do with words we admire his stature, his frowning, "awful as Jove,"—his dumb explanations, his menaces, his appeals to heaven;—but when he speaks, the charm is broken. He always reminds us of the terrible Pizarro. But of Mr. Rowbotham, who enacts Capt. Dashington, and such beaux,—or of Mr. Pearman, whom dialogue does not suit so well as song, what shall we say? To the one, as to the other, we may apply the lines of Porson—(keeping in mind Mr. T. P. Cooke's similitude)—

Of Alonzo we've only this little to say,  
His boots were much neater than those of  
Pizarro.

A young debutante, of the name of Forde, has appeared as Polly in the Beggar's Opera. Polly is not to be played but by an accomplished singer, and Miss Forde is as yet inexperienced and young. Her style savours somewhat of the school: she wants freedom and air both in voice and action; and she is not at present adapted to the stage. A year or two may, probably, make her a pleasant concert singer; but a year or two should certainly be given to study. Miss Wilson wants (not freedom, but) science, as much as Miss Forde, and she has done wisely, if report say true, in going to Italy.

#### HAYMARKET.

This new theatre, which has arisen 'like an exhalation' since the last season, has opened its gay portals for the reception of its summer company. The old Haymarket theatre was sadly in decay, and its numerous inconveniences were scarcely counterbalanced by the air of familiarity, and want of pretension, which belonged equally to the place and the persons who frequented it. There is an imposing state about the winter theatres, that seems to demand the preparation of dress: silk and muslin, and 'fine linen' belong of right to their widely extended boxes; but we go to the Haymarket, and the Lyceum, as to a friend's house, to laugh and enjoy ourselves. We do not know that any of the old pleasure is actually subtracted from the Haymarket; but we have scarcely learned to make ourselves at home there yet. The paint and distemper



which has thrown such brilliant hues over the interior of the house has the effect of reminding us that the edifice is new, without convincing us that it is altogether comfortable. Time, however, will soon remove these errors. In the mean time we will introduce our readers to the theatre. The interior seems to us considerably larger than the former, but the shape and fashion are much the same as before. On the ceiling is painted a representation of Morning, which is pleasant enough, though we do not quite understand how it harmonizes with the place, or what it is more particularly intended to indicate. In the angles, and on the stage, are pillars resembling palm-trees, gilded, and the pannels of the boxes, which are of a slight red colour, are interlaced with gilded trellis work. The whole of this is very graceful. There is also, over the orchestra, a projection which springs from the proscenium, and is said to be for the purpose of improving the sound. That this would be the effect is likely enough, and the pronunciation of the actors is certainly sufficiently audible. The drop scene embraces, as might have been anticipated, an allegory, and it has somewhat of mystery in it, like allegories in general. The finest drop scene that was ever seen in this country is, we believe, the original one at Covent Garden, which represents a hall, with Shakspeare at the head; and Ben Jonson, Moliere, and other famous dramatists, ranged side by side, and forming an illustrious avenue to the spot on which the most immortal of all poets stands.

The principal performers at this theatre are Mr. Terry (who is also stage manager), Mr. Conway, our old acquaintance Mr. De Camp, Mr. Leoni Lee, a Mr. Ward, and a Mr. Tayleure: and the performances have been—a little piece, from the French; called 'Peter and Paul,' the Rivals; the Provoked Husband, the Green Man, Guy Mannerling, and some other matters equally notorious.

The merits of Mr. Terry are well known. His forte is decidedly comedy; and in such characters as Mr. Green, Major Oakley, in angry fathers and hot-headed governors, and sarcastic guardians, &c. there is no one

on the stage, excepting only Dowton, who may compete with him. His voice, which becomes unpleasant when it is strained, does not so well for tragedy; though in parts, where it is not absolutely necessary to split the ears of the groundlings, he must still be considered as an eminent performer. Of Mr. Conway, who attempts both tragedy and comedy, we feel more hesitation in speaking. He is, however, a fine handsome young man, and has a voice that can fill a theatre upon occasion. His first appearance at Covent Garden was, we believe, in Alexander the Great (or was it in Jaffier?) and his talent among performers may be considered of about the level at which Lee arrived among the dramatists. We could wish, however, that Mr. Conway would give himself more up to the character which he plays, and we feel assured that he would succeed better. There is an air of restraint about him, in his eye, in his voice, and in his step. He seems to measure the audience and the house, and then to act accordingly. There is something at once turgid and diffident in his style, which inclines us to think that he does not feel properly his elevation. Mr. De Camp (whom we do not dislike—perhaps we like him from his affinity to Mrs. Charles Kemble) has a rambling style of acting, but he is lively and unaffected, and is a fit inhabitant of comic ground. He is like a smiling welcome at the new theatre, and graces, and is graced by it. We have seen better Captain Absolutes than he, however, for we have seen Mr. Charles Kemble, who (whatever difference of opinion there may be among critics, as to his tragic powers) is undoubtedly the first gentlemanly comedian on the stage. His Cassio, Charles Surface, Don John, Falconbridge, &c. &c. were never surpassed in the recollection of play-goers much older than ourselves, and his spirited portraits of chivalrous heroes are entirely admirable.—Mr. Leoni Lee, the new singer, has a voice of limited compass, but without anything harsh in it. We have little doubt, but that we should like him in a room, as he has rather a graceful style, and seldom or never shocks our antipathies.

We do not know what to make of Mr. Ward. We will see him again. At present we do not much like him. Mr. Tayleure should study the art of confining himself 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' and he may, perhaps, become a favourite: he wants a little refining, however, at

present. The probability is, that he has been in the habit of acting *ad libitum* to the good folks in the country, and we know, from the story of honest Mr. Flamborough's picture, that they like high colouring almost as well as truth,—sometimes, it is said, even better.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XVIII.

ART certainly vies this year with nature, in protracting her processes; for we were just meditating on the propriety of summing up the progress of improvement—of reaping, as it were, our musical harvest—of estimating the general growth and bulk, and casting up the balance of our gains and losses, when lo! Madame Catalani appears, like a portentous comet, and increases indefinitely, while she also delays the promise of the season. Her performance, like the King and his coronation, supercedes all the other topics of science. When she left this country she was pre-eminent; now she returns to it, the world of art will be curious to discover whether she is still greater; or whether those faculties and powers which then seemed too vast to enjoy addition, have undergone any, and what changes. In order to form a more accurate judgment, it were necessary that we should present a sketch of this wonderful singer's attainments when she quitted England: but this cannot be done in a slight manner; and we must content ourselves by referring those of our readers who take sufficient interest in the subject, (and who that is musical does not?) to the elaborate description of Madame Catalani's attributes and acquirements in the first volume of *The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*.

Madame Catalani arrived in London on the 10th, and a concert was announced for the 16th. But on Saturday the 14th, there was a rehearsal of her songs at the Argyll Rooms, at which about 150 of the nobility and most eminent professors and amateurs were allowed to be present. We have never witnessed

so wonderful a display of vocal power, conjoined with such high and touching physiognomical expression. "Her eye," said a gentleman to Monsieur Vallebrèque (the husband of Madame Catalani), "is Jove's own lightning, her face a whirlwind, and her singing, the explosion of a volcano."

On the 16th, the concert took place, the admission being fixed at one guinea. This distinguished person may, perhaps, have some title to make such a demand; but we must mention, incidentally, that this inordinate price of tickets has this year been demanded by two or three persons, and those *foreigners*, whose accomplishments entitle them to no such assumption. We see in this a type of the character of the age. The principle of *exclusion* is creeping into music, as well as into every thing else. Madame Catalani selected four songs: *Della Superba Roma*, a new composition of the Marquis Sampieri, an Italian virtuoso of great reputation; an air written for the violin with variations by Rode, to which words were appended; a recitative and air, *Mio Bene*, by Puccini; and the famous bass song in Mozart's Figaro, *Non piu andrai*; with the first verse of *God Save the King*, by way of finale. The other parts of the concert were two or three instrumental pieces; two bass duets by Angrisani and Placci, and a duet for the harp and pismo-forte by the Misses Ashe, which those young professors performed with great taste, precision, and general excellence. But Catalani was all in all; and the room, crowded with fashion, glittering with stars, and graced by royalty (the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, with the Princess Augusta,

and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, being present), contained no one who seemed willing to attend to any other portion of the entertainment.

*Della superba Roma* were the first words that broke from her lips; and they issued forth with a grandeur, that might have led one to imagine the proud mistress of the world was here personified. The rich amplitude of her magnificent tones filled the ear, as the broad splendours of the mid-day sun satiate the eye; and it was at once discovered that her powers were only matured during her absence from England. As she proceeded, this impression was confirmed by every note. Perhaps the principal and reigning idea was, that she had gained in force, and lost a trifle in sweetness. Her execution is thus somewhat changed in the manner, but not at all in the subjects upon which it is employed. Her fancy seems to have lumbered; for she appears to have added nothing to her former stock of invented passages. Even her facility is endowed with new and extraordinary force. In one chromatic passage (ascending by semitones), to those who stood near, her voice sounded like the wind rushing through trees; and, indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment—to the true notion, of this wonderful woman's powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and at every remove, we will venture to assert, the auditor would be liable to entertain a different idea of her singing. When very close, it is really terrific. (Young Linley fainted, and dropped from his seat, at her rebuke for playing a wrong note during the rehearsal, through the fault of the copyist.) She would be said by judges to violate every rule of art; but as you recede, distance modifies the preternatural strength; and the grandeur is retained, while the coarseness evaporates. Madame Catalani has formed a style of her own, and it is purely dramatic. It is also florid in the highest possible degree. Her voice is the most prodigious instrument, in volume and in tone, that ever astonished the ear; her facility is not less marvellous. Her capital faculties are force and transition.

Her choice of a comic bass song was dictated, we presume, not so much by singularity, as by the desire to show her talents in a new style, and the richness and depth of her lower tones. She transposed it one note, and sang it in the key of D. She altered many of the passages, by inserting short, but appropriate *volate*, and also by the introduction of entirely new phrases, where repetition seemed to call for variation. She moreover appended two splendid cadences to the pauses. But she enriched the song with genuine humour, mellow and expressive, particularly where the words *Non pis andrai* were repeated. Upon the whole, this air gave most pleasure; the others excited most surprise.

But the figure and features of Madame Catalani are certainly subjects for as much admiration as her voice. Never, surely, were transitions so fine, so instantaneous. Yet the effort, involuntary and the offspring of high-wrought sensibility (as we are convinced it is), is frequently dreadful. The spectator trembles for the beautiful creature before him, who is at one moment convulsed with passion, the next melted by tenderness. He cannot escape the fear, lest those delicate vessels, that swell almost to bursting, should overpass the point of safety, and destroy the frame they serve to agitate.

As a whole, then, this wonder stands alone. Her grandeur of conception is not more marvellous than the thunders of her voice, and the lightnings of her countenance. **THERE IS BUT ONE CATALANI.**

To break our vast descent to minuter objects, we shall next take the Concert of Mr. Mocheles, given on Wednesday, July 4. We spoke of this professor in our last; but we scarcely did justice to his very, very superior attainments, of which language can convey but indistinct ideas. His command of his instrument (the piano-forte) is really prodigious; and his rapidity, precision, elasticity, neatness and delicacy of touch, his certainty in striking distant intervals, both at top and bottom of the compass; his thumb acting like a fulcrum to his hand, cannot be surpassed. In the intellectual parts of his performance he is not less

gifted; for while his fancy is richly endowed, his taste is pure and refined. To complete his character, he is mild and unassuming; and his merit seems to be exceeded only by his modesty. The concert exhibited great variety; and presents a very honourable testimony to the homage which the English and foreign professors have alike paid to this gentleman's extraordinary talent, while the distribution and the disposition of the parts are equally creditable to his own judgment.

Mr. S. Wesley has since had a Concert in the small room at the Argyll Institution, which, during this present triumphant reign of Italian and German music, was remarkable for an almost entirely English selection. It was wholly vocal, with the exception of an air with variations, played by Signor Spagnoletti, and an extempore performance by Mr. Wesley himself. In this department, he is justly allowed to stand without a rival; but on this night, though it well might be thought an extraordinary display of ability, Mr. Wesley was not so great as we have heard him. We lament that such a man should find a committee of professors indispensable to the support of his benefit concert, and that the small room should be thought adequate to contain his audience. This is something very like a satire, not to say a disgrace to the dignified patrons of music, in a country where a foreign professor, with not a quarter of Mr. Wesley's talent and erudition, can fill the largest saloon in the metropolis at a guinea admission.

We lament to hear that Miss Hal-lande has broken a blood-vessel. Her voice was of great promise.

M. Sapio, jun. is arrived from Paris, and purposes to give a Concert shortly, at the house of one of the nobility. He is a tenor singer. His tone is sweet and pure; his facility and fancy considerable; and his manner in English, French, and Italian, equally excellent. We should, however, perhaps, give the preference to his French Romances, which he sings with remarkable effect.

The seventh number of the *Quadrille Rondos*, by Meves, is light and elegant. It is adapted to performers of moderate acquirements, without the tameness and monotony which

usually attend compositions of this class.

M. Bochsa has arranged the *Minuet* and *Gavot* from *Nina* with variations for the harp. There is nothing particularly new in this piece; nor does it contain any great difficulties of execution; but it possesses the animation and grace which peculiarly characterize M. Bochsa's style, and which bestow a charm on every thing he touches.

Mr. Craven has adapted four Romances for the harp, as some of the earliest lessons for that instrument.

M. Klose has adapted the airs from the *Ballets* of *Nina*, and *Le Carnival de Venise*, with an accompaniment for the flute.

The third book of the airs from *Il Barbiere di Seviglia* for the harp, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello, has appeared.

Mr. Latour has published selections from the same opera, arranged for the piano-forte and flute.

A duet for the piano-forte, with a flute accompaniment, containing two airs from this opera, adapted by Watts.

A divertimento for the piano-forte and harp, by Naderman, arranged for the piano-forte alone by Kialmark. This piece is brilliant, without being difficult, and contains much that will attract and amuse.

Amongst the new vocal publications, are two duets, a quintett, and a song from Rossini's opera of *Il Turco in Italia*. One of the duets *Per Piacere alla Signora* is much in the style of *S'inclinasse prender moglie*, though hardly so good. The song *Presto amiche*, is very florid, but is inferior to his usual productions.

*Dear Object of defeated Care*, by H. Craggs, is a pretty ballad, capable of some expression.

*Gentle humble-bee*, by M. P. King, is rather a singular composition. The words follow each other so rapidly (a semiquaver, with hardly any exception, being allowed to each), as to render the effect perfectly ludicrous.

*Love is like the Rose*, by Lanza, is an elegant little ballad. The opening of it bears a slight resemblance to one of the Irish melodies in the eighth number. To our own recommendation, we may add, that it has been sung by Mrs. Salmon, to whom it is dedicated.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &amp;c.

*Russia.*—According to the latest estimation, there are 350 living authors in this country, about one-eighth part of whom are ecclesiastics, but the far greater proportion consists of persons of rank. Backmeister, in his Russian Library, computed that, previously to 1817, there existed about 4000 different works in that language. In the extensive collection of national literature belonging to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, there were, in 1800, 3000 works printed in the Russian tongue; among which, only 105 belonged to the class of novels and romances. Since this period, authorship has increased so much, that last year no fewer than 8000 volumes were printed in this language. Translations are very numerous, particularly of dramas, novels, works of imagination, and the belles lettres. There are newspapers and journals, both German and Russian, published at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Revel, Abo, and other principal cities. At the first of these places there are 15 printing houses, and 10 at Moscow.

*A Poetical Journal*,—entitled *Die Muse*, has been commenced at Leipzig, by Kind. One of the most important articles that have appeared in it, is a specimen of a translation, by Nordstern, of Childs Harold, in the Spenserian stanza of the original. The writer, however, is not sufficiently master of this difficult form of versification. In addition to the poetry, this publication is intended to contain theoretical, polemical, and satirical essays.

*The Bell and Lancasterian Systems.*—A work has appeared at Lyons, attacking the system of education pursued in what are called, on the Continent, schools of mutual instruction, eodemning it as pregnant with danger, and pointing out the mischiefs to be apprehended from its adoption. The title of this work is, *L'Enseignement Mutuel Devoilé, ainsi que ses Jongleries et Pretintailles Revolutionnaires; ou l'Art d'affranchir l'Education de l'Enfance de toute Influence Morale et Religieuse!*

*Sweden.*—The Society for the Promotion of the Arts and Sciences at

Stockholm has offered five prizes for subjects of painting or sculpture, illustrative of the Northern Mythology. Among the most eminent Swedish artists are, Sandberg, the historical painter, Fogelberg, the sculptor, Van Brede, a painter of history and portrait, Salmson, an engraver of gems, Professor Linnell, an historical painter, Snell, and Berggonen.

*Bourdeaux.*—The Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences has this year proposed additional prizes for the two best productions in poetry and painting each to consist of some subject serving to commemorate the birth of the infant Duke of Bourdeaux. The reward for the former is to be a gold medal, worth 300 fr.; that for the painting will be 500 francs. No artists will be permitted to enter into competition for the latter, except such as are either natives of, or residents in this city. The prizes are to be adjudged on the 21st of the present month.

*Italian Literature.*—A voluminous publication has been commenced at Milan: it is intended to form a complete series of the best historical works in every language, and is entitled, *Biblioteca Storica di tutti i Tempi, e di tutte le Nazioni*. The first work selected by the editor is Müller's General History of the World, in six volumes. Next, the History of the American War, by Botta, an author who has been called, by the journalists of Philadelphia and New York, the Livy of the United States; and who has been universally admired, as one of the most philosophical historians of the present age. To these succeeds the eloquent work of our own countryman, Gibbon: a very unfinished and incorrect translation of him had before appeared in Italy; but this has now been entirely rewritten, and completed by Bertolotti, the successful translator of many other English works.—Bettoni's *Lettere sui Giardini di Venezia* is another publication, from the Milan press, deserving of notice. In these seven epistles (four of which have been before printed,) the writer describes, in an elegant style, the noble garden which has been formed, of late years, in the

centres of that city, the naturally romantic situation of which it is well adapted to render still more picturesque, especially should those improvements be made which Bettoni suggests. He proposes that it should be embellished with monuments, statues, temples, and other elegant decorations of art. This work is sentimental and poetical.—The Cavalier Luizi Bossi continues to labour indefatigably in the prosecution of his laborious work on Italy, *Le Storia d'Italia Antica e Moderna*. The twelfth volume has just been published at Milan, by Giegler and Bianchi. It begins with the overthrow of the Western Empire, from the time of the acknowledgment of Theodoric, as King of Italy, to the founding of the kingdom of Lombardy, and finishes with a description of the situation of the provinces, cities, and islands of Italy under the dominion of the Goths and Lombards.—*Vita e Commercio Letterario, &c.* the Life and Correspondence of Galileo Galilei, a posthumous work of the learned Florentine Senator De Nelli, is an interesting piece of biography of the great Italian astronomer, composed from the most authentic sources and original documents, the author having purchased all the manuscripts and letters he could meet with of Galilei, Corioli, Castelli, Viviani, and other mathematicians of the 17th century. The work, which is in two volumes quarto, is embellished with ten plates: two of them are portraits of Galilei; the first taken when he was 40, the other, 77 years of age. Both of them are engraved under the direction of the celebrated Raphael Morghen.—The first volume of the *Collezione degli antichi Storici Greci volgerizzati*, edited by Sonzogno, of Milan, contains a translation, by Compagnoni, of Dictys Cretensis, and of Dares the Phrygian. In the second, third, and fourth volumes, are the first and second books of Diodorus, also translated by Compagnoni, and the nine books of Herodotus, translated by Andreas Mustoxidi of Corfu, who has added to them a Commentary.—The *Raccolta di Scene Teatrali eseguite o disegnate dei piu celebri Pittori Scenici in Milano* is a novel and interesting work, well calculated to advance the art of scene-painting to a

higher rank than it now fills, and to preserve many beautiful productions of this kind from the oblivion to which they are otherwise almost inevitably consigned. The 2d number, now published, contains, along with a variety of scenes of every description, an exterior and an interior view of the Theatre La Scala, and a design of the beautiful curtain painted by the celebrated Appiani, for the private amateur theatre of the Filo Drammatici.—The anonymous *Storia di America*, intended as a sequel to Segue's General History, gives an account of the moral and physical features of the New World. The writer has borrowed much from Humboldt, but has not availed himself of the assistance of Azara and Sobreviolo. In the sixth and last division of his work, he treats of the different dialects of America, and their origin: he considers that their number, said by some to amount to 1264, has been greatly exaggerated, although it is certain that in a single province a variety of dialects are used orally which are not employed in writing.—A work on the science of history, by the Duke di Ventignano, a writer before known to the public by his tragedies, has issued from the press at Naples, under the title of *Pensieri sulla Scienza della Storia*. In this treatise the author follows the steps of Rio, whom he calls the Founder of the Synthesis of History; and he endeavours to systematize this important study, and to reduce it to certain principles founded in the nature of man. In conformity with this theory, he attempts to develop the progress of civilization, and the changes which society and government have successively undergone.—The interesting biographical work, entitled *Vite e Ritratti d'illustri Italiani*, is now closed with the 60th number, containing the Life of Filangieri, by Carneali, and his portrait, engraved by Caronni. There is another work, of nearly a similar nature and title, *Ritratti d'illustri Italiani Viventi*, of which the fifth number has just appeared, with the portraits of Palette, Perticari, Rossini, Stratico, and Venturi. The sixth number will complete the work. Among the portraits which have already been given are, Appiani, the scene painter, Botta, the historian,

Canova, Morghen, Paer, the composer, Pindemonti, Scarpa, Visconti, the archæologist, and Volta.

*History of Russia.*—Castelneau's *Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne de la Nouvelle Russie* is an historical work of great research. The labour of collecting materials for such an undertaking, was considerably enhanced, by the rapid succession of the different tribes, who have made themselves masters of this country, from the time when it was first described by Herodotus, until it was incorporated with the rest of the Russian Empire. M. Castelneau has divided his history into three distinct portions or eras; the first, commencing with the most remote antiquity, ends at the conquest of the Crimea by Mahomet II. in 1475. The second, which records facts better authenticated, and less perplexed and obscure, comprises three centuries, terminating in the year 1784; when the country was ceded to the Russians. The Author has spared no pains, that he might produce the first complete and genuine history of a people, with whose annals we have hitherto been but imperfectly acquainted,—of those warlike Tartars and Cossacks, who have so often rebelled against the Porte, and have constantly been at variance with Poland and Russia. The third, and last portion of the work is not deficient in interest, to those who prize the cultivation of intellect more than the subjugation of territory, and who consider the advancement of agriculture, commerce, art, and civilization, to be more truly glorious, than all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war and conquest. These provinces, so long exposed to devastation, now present a scene of prosperity. Their situation on the borders of the Black Sea, the navigable streams by which they are intersected, the fertility of the soil, and the possession of a flourishing and increasing commercial city, render them the most important possessions of the Russian empire. At the end of the work, is an interesting account of a journey made by the author through the Crimea, for the purpose of collecting information relative to its geology, natural history, numismatics, statistics, agriculture, trade, and navigation.

*Bohemian Literature.*—The vernacular literature of Bohemia, which has been so long in a state approaching to annihilation, now begins to spring up again, and to exhibit signs of vitality. The interest which the Emperor has manifested in its behalf has been the means of imparting to it fresh energy, insomuch, that the progress it has made of late years has been uncommonly rapid. Within this period, a great number of Translations have appeared, and these have been beneficial, so far as they have assisted in reviving literary taste, and in inciting native talent to rival the productions of other countries. There are now four journals established in the metropolis, and many works are continually printing in Kuttenberg, Pilsen, Poseck, and other cities. One of the most assiduous labourers, in the cause of letters, is Hanka, the keeper of the National Museum; who has rendered a most important service to literature, by editing the manuscript which he discovered buried beneath an old pillar, in the church at Königinhof. This document is invaluable, from the light it throws upon the history of Bohemian poetry, of which the furious religious contentions during the fifteenth century have left hardly any trace. After much laborious investigation of what was mutilated, and, in some places, illegible, Hanka succeeded in deciphering what constitutes the fragments of a collection of narrative and lyrical poems, possessing considerable intrinsic merit. They were composed at the end of the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth century; some of them are probably of a still earlier date. The fortunate discoverer of these relics has edited them in the original language, accompanied by a version in the modern Bohemian dialect, and by another, in German, by Professor Swobode. They relate the victory obtained over the Poles, under Udalrich; the incursion of the Saxons into Bohemia; the battle against the Tartars at Olmutz, &c. A Russian Translation of the same has been published, on which occasion the Dowager Empress testified her approbation of Hanka's labours by presenting him with a valuable medal. J. W. Zimmermann is another industrious

writer. He has lately published the first volume of his History of Bohemia, under Ferdinand I. from 1526 to 1547; a work that is so much the more interesting and valuable, as it relates to a period of which there was before no printed record; for Hagel and Beczkorosky bring down their histories only to 1526, and Palzel's Chronicle proceeds no farther than the Reign of Charles IV.

Stepaneck and Kliepera are the two chief dramatic writers; the former has produced many pieces, both original and translated. They are now publishing a collection of their various works, under the title *Divado* (the stage). Epic poetry is cultivated by Negedly and Herokowsky; the former has written the poems of Charles IV. Ottokar, Wratislaw, and *The Last Judgement*; the latter, a Poem, called the *Maiden's War*. Professor Negedly, who must not be confounded with the preceding author of the same name, has composed an excellent *Bohemian Grammar*, for the use of Germans; also, *Translations of Florian's Numa Pompilius*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, and the first Books of the *Iliad*. It has been doubted, whether the last mentioned are translated immediately from the original, yet even should this be the case, the services which Negedly has performed for his countrymen, are not therefore the less valuable. He is, moreover, the conductor of the *Hlasatel*, a periodical work, which was first commenced in 1806; and after having been discontinued for several years, is now carried on again with increased spirit. This is the first Journal in Bohemia, which gave papers of any length, on either serious or amusing subjects. Pollok has published a *Tour in Italy*, and some Poems; and Schiesalar, the last writer we shall now mention, has also composed some Poems and Fables, and has translated Shakspeare's *Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet*.

*Spanish Literature.*—The first volume of an historical work of very superior merit, and indeed of more importance than any produced during the last century, has lately issued from the press at Madrid. It is entitled, *La Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España, sacada de*

*Manuscritos y Memorias Arabigas*, and is written by the Academician Josef Antonio Conde, who died last year. The Spaniards have, for a long time, been indebted to the researches of the literati of other countries, but have, at length, applied themselves to the investigation of this interesting epoch of their national history; and, notwithstanding the number of documents that have been destroyed, enough yet remain to supply the deficiencies, and to correct the errors of the old chroniclers, and thus dispel the obscurity in which the annals of this era are enveloped. Conde, whose early death is to be lamented as an irreparable loss to Spanish literature, ventured into this immense and bewildering mine, examined the valuable MSS. deposited in the various libraries of Madrid, as well as those in the archives of the Escorial, and, after attentively collating and studying them; produced a work that will confer immortal honour on his memory. The policy of the Arabian conquerors, their military tactics, their government and legislation, their system of taxation, the administration of their police, their institutions for public charity and education, their religious toleration, manners and customs, form the principal objects of the author's attention; and the facts and documents are all original and authentic. He has, moreover, incorporated many fragments from the Arabian poets, partly for the purpose of elucidating events and customs, and partly to give an Oriental air to the whole composition. He has, likewise, derived from Arabic sources of biography, much important information relative to those great men who distinguished themselves, either in literature or in arms. The work is divided into four books; the first of which commences with a brief account of the situation of the Arabians, at the time of their first irruption into Africa. The author then proceeds to describe their attack upon Spain; the government of the Omars; their policy, and their conduct towards the people whom they conquered; the feuds between the Omars themselves; the events which brought Spain under the dominion of the Caliphs of Damascus; and, last-



ly, he presents a vivid picture of the actions and the characters of the first Arabian conquerors in Spain, during the interval from 710 to 748. The second book treats of the Arabian Monarchy in Spain (as it existed independent of the Caliphs);—of the princes of this powerful dynasty, and the extension of their power, both within and without the peninsula; of the government, manners, wealth, arts and sciences of the Arabians, until the breaking out of the war in 1080, to which period we are brought

down in the present volume, which consists of 660 pages in 4to. The third and fourth books will be comprised in the two succeeding volumes, which are partly printed. It was the intention of the author to give a glossary and explanation of all the Arabic words; and also a comparative geography, and a map of Arabian Spain; this, however, he has been prevented from executing by death, which seized him in the midst of his labours.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE great leading event of the last month, we might almost say of the age in which we live, has been the death of Napoleon. As it is our custom seldom to offer a comment upon the details of our chronicle, and as, perhaps, we may hereafter make this striking event the subject of a distinct article, we shall here confine ourselves to the more interesting particulars which have been disclosed to us, and which will, no doubt, become matter for history. Napoleon died at six o'clock, upon the fifth of May, on his rock, at St. Helena, after an imprisonment of something more than six years. The dispatches were brought to England, by Captain Crockatt, and Captain Hendrie, together with a kind of medico-official bulletin, signed by some professional gentlemen, who opened the body, in which his disease is asserted to be a cancer in the stomach, a disease, to which the death of his father has also been ascribed. As this document is both curious and authentic, and as it has become the subject of much discussion, we insert it here.

*Longwood, St. Helena, May 6.*

#### REPORT OF APPEARANCES ON DISSECTION OF THE BODY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

On a superficial view the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch and a half over the abdomen. On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura was found to the pleura costalis. About three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right. The lungs were quite sound. The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat. The auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

Upon opening the abdomen the omentum was found remarkably fat, and on exposing the stomach that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease. Strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, suffi-

cient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease or scirrhous portions advancing to cancer: this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid resembling coffee grounds.

The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm. With the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed)

THOMAS SHORT, MD.

And Principal Medical Officer.

ARCH. ARNOTT, MD.

Surgeon 20th Regiment.

CHARLES MITCHELL, MD.

Surgeon of H. M. S. *Vigo*.

FRANCIS BURTON, MD.

Surgeon 68th Regiment.

MATTHEW LIVINGSTON,

Surgeon H. C. *Servitee*.

It is remarkable enough, and has been much animadverted on, that, although the ex-emperor's own personal surgeon, Antommarchi, is referred to by Sir Hudson Lowe, as directing the dissection, still his name does not appear annexed to this report. Rumour, also, says, that he applied for leave to bring the stomach home to Europe, and was refused; a similar demand of the heart of Napoleon was made by Bertrand, which met with a similar refusal. There is something to us exceedingly affecting in this latter incident. If ever there lived a man who had an undeniable claim upon the heart of Napoleon, it was Marshal Bertrand. History does not record a nobler instance of fidelity, under the most trying circumstances, than has now associated itself with the name of Bertrand; and whether the French revolution be yet incomplete, or the scene at St. Helena may be termed its close, posterity will not find in its various annals a more noble or consistent character. Some of the circumstances attendant upon the death of Napoleon are very interesting. When he found that his illness was likely to prove fatal, he directed the picture of his son to be placed at the foot of

his bed, and died with his eyes fixed on it! His last words were broken and interrupted: "*tête, tête—armée—France*," were distinctly overheard a few hours before his death. Buonaparte had a certain and distant presentiment that he was dying. It is erroneously stated, in all the newspapers, that his will was found in St. Helena. It was not. About ten days before he was confined to his bed, in which he lingered for forty days, he gave his will to an old priest, called Bonavitti, who had latterly been sent out to him, and charged him to deliver it to some member of his family at Rome. The priest arrived in the English channel five weeks before the intelligence of the death reached Europe, was not allowed to land here, after his long voyage, and although eighty years of age and worn out with illness, he has, we have no doubt, long ere this, faithfully performed the last melancholy mission of his departed master. The possession of this document was anxiously sought after, as the bank, in which Napoleon's wealth was deposited, always remained a secret, and that wealth, which was considerable, had become confiscated by a decree of the Bourbon government. Buonaparte died very rich. We happen to have the means of knowing, that he had in the hands of one individual, nearly half a million, sterling! His principal bequest is supposed to have been to his son. He had long given verbal directions as to the place of his interment, in case he should die upon the island. It is situated in a romantic little valley, near a brook, of which he was fond of drinking, and over-hung by a few trees. His burial was marked by all the honours due to a general of the first class; and he was cased down in a grave fourteen feet deep, and overlaid with stone and mortar-work, all cramped with iron. Surely it looked as if the vigilance of his gaolers survived their prisoner—as if they thought that his very grave should be a dungeon, and that the mighty spirit, which a world could not contain, might burst beyond its last, dark tenement. Before his funeral he was laid in state, upon his little camp-bed, which was his couch during the field of Austerlitz, and

which was amongst the few valuable relics that he selected to accompany his captivity. It must have been a striking and a melancholy sight enough to see him stretched upon that bed, the natural parent of such associations, and surrounded, on a tropical rock, by the few faithful friends who preferred his prison to all the splendours which might have illumined their apostacy at the court of his successors. Their grief is described as having been most poignant and overwhelming; and, indeed, it seemed to have been among the most remarkable peculiarities of this wonderful man, to have borne a fascination about him, the influence of which was never forgotten by those who once experienced it. On the return of the exiles to Europe, we hope to be able to present our readers with details, not perhaps within the reach of every journalist. This death may, ere long, cause an important crisis in the European governments—it has certainly transferred from the hands of England, to those of Austria, a very powerful political engine.—The remaining foreign intelligence of this month is very circumscribed. The Greeks and Turks maintain their former hostility; and the accounts of their various successes and vicissitudes are so uncertain, and so contradictory, that it is impossible to say to what credit they are entitled. It is, however, quite clear, that the insurgents still maintain themselves in successful insurrection; and so far there certainly is some evidence that these triumphs are not altogether unfounded, or they could not continue to array themselves so long as they have done against the weight and authority of a regular government. It is said that two great powers, England and Russia, have offered their umpirage in this interesting contest. The sincerity of the latter power, however, may well be doubted, where Turkey is concerned. The king of Portugal has returned to his European dominions, where he has been received as quietly as if he had merely left them on a tour of pleasure; in the mean time, his son, the prince and heir apparent, remains in the Brazils as regent. The Spanish Ambassador, at Vienna, has presented to that court a very strong re-

monstrance against the language held by Austria during the late Neapolitan commotion. This is all the intelligence from abroad, of the slightest interest, since our last publication.

During the last month, our domestic intelligence is almost necessarily confined to the Coronation; an event which has excited, not merely in the metropolis, but throughout the whole kingdom, so general and so paramount an interest. We have made every possible exertion to procure for our readers the most satisfactory account of this splendid spectacle, and to our communication on this subject we must, at present, content ourselves with referring them, fully confident that it will satisfy their expectations. The remaining events which have occupied the public attention are few, and not very interesting. The Queen having laid before the Privy Council a claim relating to her right to a participation in the great national ceremony, Lord Londonderry informed the House of Commons that she should be heard before the proper tribunal, by her attorney and solicitor general. Accordingly, on Tuesday the 6th inst. the Privy Council assembled at Whitehall for the purpose of hearing those learned gentlemen on that subject. The arguments on each side occupied some days; after a due consideration of which, the Council informed the King that they had come to an unanimous opinion against the claim; which was communicated in due form to Her Majesty. Her Majesty's course, upon the receipt of this communication, our readers will learn from our description of the ceremony. Mr. Hume attempted to move an Address upon this subject in the House of Commons, which, however, was frustrated by the appearance of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod summoning the members to hear the parliament prorogued by commission. His Majesty, it is generally understood, will proceed to Ireland in the course of a few days; he intends to embark at Brighton, but some of his suite, anxious to avoid that circuitous route, will proceed by Holyhead. In the mean time the Citizens of Dublin are busy in preparing for his suitable reception. A very singular phenomenon has lately occupied the attention of

the sister kingdom. An immense tract of bog was observed *in motion* in the vicinity of Tullamore, in the King's County, at about eight o'clock in the evening, about a fortnight ago, and it has since continued in slow but steady progress. To account for it baffles the ingenuity of the most scientific naturalists; and amongst the people generally it has excited an universal alarm. The country, for miles around, was suddenly agitated by a violent convulsion, and the shocks were accompanied by a noise resembling thunder. The earth was rent asunder at a place called Kilmaladay; when a torrent, composed of boggy compound, issued forth, and covered the country, to the extent of three hundred acres. It forced through every impediment, carrying in its progress every implement of husbandry; which, at the time, happened to occupy the ground over which it spread. The quantity of bog, at present in motion, is estimated at above two thousand acres!

Westminster Hall has been opened for public inspection by Lord Gwydyr, whose attention to every wish expressed by the public, during the late ceremony, could not be exceeded. There has also been a very grand Concert at Westminster Abbey, in honour of the Coronation, and in furtherance of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. It was most numerously attended, and was patronized by the heads of every political party. This is as it should be, and, as we hope it always will be in England, where the interests of charity are concerned.

The first indictment preferred by the Constitutional Society against Mary Anne Carlisle, for a libel, came on for trial at Guildhall, on the 24th instant, before Mr. Justice Best, and a special jury. The judge informed them that, in his opinion, the libel was one of a most grossly seditious character, upon which they retired. In the course of about half an hour, the learned justice desired an officer to intimate to the jury, that he was in attendance upon them. They accordingly returned, when his Lordship told them, that he had sent for them, in consequence of a note which he had received from their foreman, stating that they were not likely to agree. If he could give them any

assistance on the subject, he professed his willingness to do so. After some irrelevant observations, not of the most amicable nature, amongst themselves, they again retired, and after remaining impannelled for the entire night, they were discharged next morning by consent of the parties, their unanimous agreement having been ascertained to be impossible. This is a sad débüt for this celebrated association. A few days before parliament was prorogued, Mr. Whitbread moved for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to order a *noli prosequi* to be entered upon all prosecutions commenced by this association, which was, however, negatived without a division. If all juries act as that impannelled upon this occasion did, it was very right in the honourable House not to put his Majesty to such unnecessary trouble.

We congratulate the country on the prospect of a speedy alleviation of that distress which has arisen from a deficiency of the circulating medium. The Manchester papers state, that "arrangements are making by the two principal Banks there, viz. those of Messrs. Jones, Loyd, and Co. and Messrs. Heywood, Brothers, and Co. for the early issue of local notes. The quantity of Cash weekly required for the great manufacturing population of that town, and the surrounding district, is so immense, as to put it out of the power of the bankers to make arrangements for providing it in metallic currency. It is satisfactory to reflect, in this introduction of local notes into Manchester, that the issue of them is in the hands of such well known capitalists, as to justify, in the public mind, the most perfect assurance of their stability." This example will be followed, we have no doubt, by every Bank of undoubted responsibility in the kingdom: prices will then again rise, and distress will speedily disappear. By the increase of our circulating medium, the public burthens will be deprived of that unjust and unnecessary over-weight, which they have acquired from the improvement in the value of money by the restrictions of the Bank issues; and an equal, uniform, and general retrench-

ment, will, from this source, be virtually and irresistibly effected in all the departments of state. We shall probably offer in a future number a more explicit declaration of the grounds on which we have founded these observations. In the mean

time, we have the pleasure to add, that the arrangements above-mentioned are in such a state of forwardness, as to leave little doubt that, in the course of another fortnight, the issue of local notes at Manchester will be in full operation.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE transactions, which concern the landed interest and agricultural science, have been so various and so important during the last few weeks, that our article must necessarily be this month considerably extended.

The Report of the Select Committee, to whom the several petitions complaining of the distressed state of the agriculture of the United Kingdom were referred, has been published. This document declares, that no present relief can be afforded by legislation, while the hopes it holds out of any future provisions to alleviate the distress are so very slender, and so conditionally put, that it must be now quite clear that agriculture will be left to find its own level whatever be the consequences. The Report, however, is decidedly ministerial, being drawn up, not as usual by the Chairman of the Committee, (Mr. Gooch,) but by Mr. Huskisson, a member of administration. This paper must also be considered rather as a general exposition of those elements and principles of political economy by which the Government regulates its present policy in regard to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, than as a more direct reply to the allegations of the petitioners. It is, indeed, apologetical, as well as declaratory.

The Report is divided into seven sections. The first simply states the provisions of the law at present in force with respect to the trade in corn, viz.—that free importation and exportation are at all times permitted, but that corn can only be sold in this country when the prices are above a certain average. The second sets out with the important concession, that “the complaints of the petitioners are founded in fact, in so far as they represent that, at the present price of corn, the returns to the occupier of an arable farm, allowing for the interest of his investment, are by no means adequate to the charges and outgoings; of which a considerable portion can be paid only out of the capitals, and not from the profits, of the tenantry.” The Committee go on to express their doubts (founded on official returns) as to the contraction of the demand for various articles of consumption: they infer that the profits of farming during the war were somewhat above the ordinary profits of capital in other branches, and that they are now considerably below that rate; but similar revulsions, they say, have oc-

curred at various periods of history, and they indulge the hope that the tenantry will still be able to surmount their difficulties. From this they take occasion to notice the diminution of rents which has already taken place, and the causes of the rise between 1793 and 1814. Improvements form one part, and the state of the currency another, of these causes; and to the latter they mainly attribute the depression of price. They hazard an opinion that the ultimate effects upon rent will be below the anticipated results, and will not indeed exceed “that proportion of the increase which, during the war, grew out of the depreciated value of the currency.”

This section concludes with two inferences very momentous to the farmer:—1st. That the *present* depression is the consequence of the abundance of the two last harvests:—and, 2dly, that the previous importations were necessary to supply the wants of the kingdom. Our readers will scarcely fail to apprehend how much hinges upon these points, since the one declares the country can grow more than enough in plentiful years for its own consumption, while, in years a little below the average, recourse must be had to a foreign supply; and thus a competition, in the one instance, must be established between English growers to dispose of a redundant crop; and, in the other, between the English and the foreign proprietor. This state of things, it will also be clearly understood, can leave no alternative between a duty which would compensate the farmer by a high price for his present high expenses, and a general fall of prices to the level of the Continent. To this part of the Report, therefore, we would particularly direct the general attention.

The third section opens with referring to former periods of agricultural distress, which, having been surmounted, afford, by their similarity, the hope of surmounting the present difficulties. It also alludes to the suffering state of other kingdoms. It affirms, that an average crop is now equal to the national consumption—but couples this remark with a conjecture originally made by Mr. Burke, that “years of plenty or of scarcity happen in pretty large cycles, and irregularly.” From this the conclusion is, that the condition of the grower of corn, in a country where the remunerating prices shall habitually exceed the prices of the

rest of the world, must be hazardous and embarrassing. The Committee then go on to show that what is called a remunerating price must fluctuate with circumstances; and, with a view to this particular object, they recommend an earnest consideration of the effects of the present corn laws. The English farmer, they assert, has for the two last harvests enjoyed a monopoly; and protection cannot be carried further than monopoly. They then state that the present glut must continue until years of scarcity shall arise and carry off the redundancy—and, from all these circumstances combined, they infer the general probability of great fluctuations in price.

The fourth section discusses the effects of the present enactments regarding such fluctuations, which it is very wisely pronounced to be the interest of grower and consumer alike to avoid. The Committee admit that it is the necessary tendency of the law now in force to produce them. They examine the operation of former laws, and submit to Parliament the propriety of considering whether a trade in corn, free at all times, but subject to a duty, would not be preferable. Such a change, however, they own can be attempted only at a future period, and under a favourable situation of things. In such an event they recommend lowering the rate at which corn is admissible, and to guard the consumer by enacting, that whenever the price shall have reached a certain high rate, the duty shall cease altogether. In the last paragraph, the Committee embrace a variety of points;—the free competition of soils in the home market—the advantage of continuing a forced cultivation of inferior lands—the effects of public burdens, &c.; and they infer, “that, within the limits of the existing competition at home, the exertions of industry and the investment of capital in agriculture ought to be protected against any revulsion, but that the protection ought to go no further.” At the close the Committee recommend, that “every opportunity should be watched, and every practical measure adopted, for reducing the amount of the public expenditure.”

The fifth division opens with so prudent a reservation between free trade on the one side, and vested interest on the other, that it is scarcely possible to gather any practical conclusion from its recommendations. The Committee refer whatever comes after to a due estimation, with a relation to these grand considerations.

Recurring to former periods, they, however, conclude, that no provisions to force or encourage agriculture ever equalled the stimulus supplied by the increase of demand that arose during the last reign. Looking to the general progress of affairs during that period, they state that, “the present solidity, and future improvement,

of our national wealth, depend on the continuance of that union by which our agricultural prosperity is so clearly connected with the preservation of our manufacturing and commercial greatness;” and hence they suggest the wisdom of guarding against dependence on a foreign supply, as well as against such a price of subsistence as may expatriate capital and skill. For, say they, with the irresistible force of truth, the difference in the cost of subsistence “operates in the same manner as taxation to diminish the profits of capital in this country, and there can be as little doubt, that though capital may migrate, the unoccupied population will remain, and remain to be maintained by the landed interest, upon whose resources, in proportion to diminished demand, this additional burden would principally fall.”

The report then proceeds to examine the effect of taxation upon agriculture, and the inference drawn is as follows:—“whilst they are desirous of correcting the mistaken opinion, that the depression under which our agriculture now labours is either exclusively or principally to be attributed to taxation, they cannot disguise from themselves, that the weight of the public burthens of the country, their nominal amount remaining the same, must be more severely felt, in proportion as the many incomes derived from trading, farming, and manufacturing industry are diminished.”

The sixth section rejects positively the proposition of some of the petitions, which prays a duty of forty shillings a quarter on wheat, as utterly subversive of all foreign commerce, which they say would be annihilated by the recognition of such a principle, and they show the misconception with regard to the protection afforded to manufacture, on which this principle is adopted by the Petitioners. They also controvert the manifest errors upon which the opposition to the warehousing clause in the present act is founded, and show the advantages the country derives from being made a deposit for foreign corn.

The last division commences with lamenting, that the Committee is unable to recommend any immediate means of alleviation; and after recapitulating the causes of distress, and then declaring that these are in their own nature irremediable by legislative enactments, the Committee cite the reduction of the interest of money from accumulating capital, and the diminution of public burdens, by the operation of the sinking fund, as the likeliest means of encouraging and augmenting national prosperity, and out of which alone the relief can come.

Such is the abstract of this elaborate composition, of which we can only say, that we regret its materials should afford so many points for controversy, and so many,

too, where the delusion is palpable. Of such a kind is the reference to the sinking fund at the end, of which all that the public knows is, that the expence of its machinery exceeds its actual production, and that the defalcation of revenue in the present year leaves no hope of its effectual operation.

To this report two answers have been given, the one in the commentary contained in a very able letter from Mr. Curwen to those who entrusted him with petitions, the other in the report of the Committee of the Agricultural Associations at Henderson's. Mr. Curwen, after a very clear exposition of the errors in the arguments adduced in Mr. Huskisson's report, concludes that, "if protection to all agricultural produce is not to be granted, the country must then direct its views to the only alternative, which is, to cut down our establishments, contract the scale of expence at home and abroad, demolish all useless places, reduce the amount of salary paid from the crown to the lowest officer of the state, and call upon the funded proprietor for his contribution of a fair proportion to the exigences of the state."

The report of the Committee at Henderson's recites at large their proceedings to excite the attention of the legislature—the appointment of the Committee, and the communications that took place. They there declare that, "the substance, the very essence of their prayers are entirely overlooked," in Mr. Huskisson's report, and they very sarcastically allude to the opinions of its framer—they prophecy "direful effects" in two years from its publication, and appeal from the Select Committee to the parliament to render them justice, by protection equal to that which manufactures now receive. It concludes by a vote of thanks to those members of the Committee who favoured their claim, and in particular to Mr. Curwen and Mr. John Foster.

The Holkham sheephearing was not only more numerously attended than ever, but there was a far greater assemblage of eminent political characters, and of distinguished persons from distant counties: his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; his Grace the Duke of Bedford; the Earls of Albemarle, Arundel, and Nugent; the Marquis of Tavistock; Viscount Althorpe; Lords Erskine and Crewe; Lord W. Russell; Sir Francis Burdett; Sir John Sinclair; Sir J. Johnson; Mr. Hume; Mr. Bennett; Mr. Western; Mr. Honeywood; Dr. Rigby; Mr. Owen; and other characters of political or agricultural celebrity, being present.

The grand object of this meeting is the promotion of agriculture; and with this subject is intimately blended the advance-

ment of the moral and intellectual condition of the rural population. Upon the present occasion, when the complaints of universal distress have received, as it were, the reply of the parliament; and when that reply is generally considered so unsatisfactory; it could scarcely be possible for so large an assembly of the landed interest to avoid the discussion of that answer, its grounds, and its reasoning; and this would naturally lead to the introduction of general politics. Mr. Coke, therefore, took off the restriction he has hitherto rigidly imposed; and announced that, in consideration of the urgency and importance of the present crisis, it was not his intention to repress the consideration of these great questions. There was, consequently, much of a political character mixed with the customary inquiries concerning agricultural processes and improvements.

The first day's exhibition commenced with an inspection of the various processes of flax manufacture, established with a view to the employment of the parish poor (particularly the women and the children) at Holkham. The instruments and the artisans were placed upon the lawn; and the several operations were performed, with great facility, under the able direction of Mr. Herod, of Creake: the prize stallions were also shown; and the party proceeded over the different farms, discoursing on the appearance of the crops, the dairies, flocks, and lots of Devon cattle, &c. as they went.

After dinner, the Agricultural Report was much adverted to by the several speakers, and its principles were universally reprobated. The breed of Devon cattle was much extolled, and a good deal of interesting discussion respecting Merino sheep took place. By Mr. Coke, it was asserted, that their wool could not be sold, and their flesh could not be eaten. Mr. Bennett, on the contrary, said, that three Merinos could be fed where two Southdown sheep could be maintained; and that the fleeces of the former would sell for thrice the amount of the fleeces of the latter. The Merino, he contended, was, therefore, much the most profitable. At the sheep house, in the evening, some Southdowns were offered, but no sales effected.

The business of the second morning commenced, as that of the preceding, by viewing the manufacture of flax; after which, the prize sheep were examined; and it was admitted, that no former show had equalled that of the present year. The company rode over the park farm, and visited the village, where every one was exceedingly interested by the comfort, neatness, and order that reigned. A new school had been erected since the last year, thus proving Mr. Coke's attention to the moral and intellectual advancement of his depend-

arts. Perhaps, indeed, the highest and most admirable part of that gentleman's character is to be found in the endeavours he is constantly and assiduously making to provide for the mental progress, as well as the pecuniary prosperity, of those about him. The prize Devon bulls, oxen, and heifers, were shown at the great barn. On this day, upwards of 650 persons dined in the two rooms. The discussion was principally political. Mr. Owen, of Lanark, indeed, spoke, and differed entirely from the other speakers, as to the causes of distress, which he alleged proceeds entirely from the want of giving a proper direction to industry and scientific power.

The morning of the third and last day was devoted to the examination of the slaughtered prize sheep. The ride was to Walls and Warham, where the party took refreshment at Mr. Moore's, and Mr. Blomfield's; and returned earlier than usual, to allow time for the distribution of the prizes, &c. in the afternoon. After dinner, Mr. Hughes (being called upon) stated that there was more briskness in the wool trade; that long wool had advanced from 28s. to 30s. a tod; and combing wool was worth about 40s. After much speaking on general politics, the prizes were distributed as follows:—

To Sir John Sinclair, a very handsome vase, with this inscription: "Holkham Sheep Shearing, from Thomas William Coke, Esq. to Sir John Sinclair, Bart. in testimony of the donor's approbation of the Third Edition of *The Code of Agriculture*, and of the author's indefatigable zeal and successful exertions, in promoting improvements in the first, most honourable, and most useful of arts."

To the Hon. Gen. Fitzroy, Messrs. Reeve, Harvey, and Hill, pieces of plate, value ten guineas each, for Southdown sheep.

To Messrs. Overman, Blyth, Moore, and Blomfield, plate of like value for Devonshire cattle.

To Messrs. Whincop, Wright, and Hansel, for stallions.

To Mr. Harvey, a piece of plate, value six guineas; and to Mr. Blyth, one of four; for boars.

There was no implement deserving a premium.

Mr. Coke then proceeded to sum up the benefits arising out of the meeting, which lecture is always marked by respectful attention, and confers real advantages. He contrasted the present appearance of his estate, with the waste and barren condition in which it descended to his hands, as affording the proof of the utility of his exertions. In the place of old unprofitable Norfolk sheep, he had introduced Downs; flocks of them had become pretty extensive; but they were much crossed in some

heads, and spoiled; and he should be happy to see the breed renewed from the pure and improved flocks in Sussex (referring to Mr. Piddington, who is in the habit of purchasing from the best breeders). A Down flock, on a farm of any given size, would pay more money than the Norfolks, by the whole rent. The next object was the Devon cattle: most admirable cattle they were, for the yoke, the dairy, and the pasture; on light soil, such as Norfolk, they were allowed to excol. On the importance of irrigation, Mr. Coke dwelt some time. Under-draining was the next topic; by which much benefit had been obtained, both on pasture and tillage land. He then descanted on improved implements, and especially for the row culture. Next, a recent improvement, called sowing on a stub furrow, came under review. Mr. Coke treated shortly on inoculation; enforcing his observations, by the facts that had been witnessed. Manures formed another topic; in which he took notice of the great importance of peas, as recommended by Mr. Blaikie, in his Essays. Such was the value of this method of preparing manure, that a crop of turnips might be rendered a matter of certainty under the row culture; and he had never failed in any one instance. Two other manures he took notice of; namely, bones and gypsum: the former was highly important, and had contributed very much to the agriculture of the country: the latter he found most valuable, in Holkham Park; and he wished others to give it a fair trial. Mr. Coke then proceeded to comment on rotations, on mangel wurzel, on Talavera wheat, on the management of hedges, on marl, and on the minutiae of management. Under the latter head, are included the whole economy of proportioning labourers to the work, and horses to the extent of tillage; together with the mode of setting them on work, and every particular in the farm-yard and the field, as to manure, fences, harness, cribs, implements, repairs—keeping all, as much as possible, from perishing by the weather, and from destruction by carelessness and neglect.

After the Duke of Sussex had spoken, Sir John Sinclair proposed the health of Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Coke's steward. Mr. Coke returned thanks; and spoke in terms of the highest respect for that gentleman, whom he regarded rather as a friend than a servant. And thus terminated this exertion of patriotic hospitality, which every year increases in estimation, and in public usefulness.

The season is now very favourable to the advancement of the harvest, as well as to the turnip crop, which is fast getting beyond the reach of injury from its early and dangerous enemy, the fly. The crops



are improved in appearance, and (we speak from personal observation over a large tract of country, during recent travelling, as well as from general reports) they have seldom presented a better prospect of an abundant cast. The harvest must, however, be somewhat later than usual. Hay is less in quantity than was anticipated. The stock markets are every where lower in price. The Inverness annual sheep and wool market was well attended, both by growers and buyers. Cheviot wool brought

18s. to 20s. per stone of 24 lb. English. Blackfaced wool is from 18s. to 20s. per double stone. At Thetford (Norfolk) wool fair, Mr. Coke sold his fleeces to Mr. Waller, for 46s.; but little other business was done, and that at reduced rates. It will, however, be observed, by Mr. Hughes's statement at Holkham, that wool is likely to be in demand. But the supply is large. We know flock-masters who hold four years' stock.

July 21, 1821.

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## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, July 23.)

THOUGH no striking alterations have taken place since our last, in the actual state of the Commerce of the kingdom, yet the various important measures lately resolved upon, and others now in contemplation, are of such a nature, that they cannot fail to have ultimately a most extensive influence on the mercantile prosperity of the whole empire. The proceedings in Parliament, during the months of May and June, were of the greatest interest to the commercial relations of the country. The alterations in the duties on timber, the discussions respecting the prohibitory duties as now existing, and the repeal or mitigation of several of the enactments of the navigation act, proposed by Mr. Wallace, the reports respecting the East India and China trades, and the bills introduced in consequence, are all and each of vital importance to our commerce, though it must be owned that their probable effects are looked to by some persons with fears at least equal to the sanguine expectations conceived of them by others.

The Agricultural report is one of the most important documents, both as it regards the agriculture and the general prosperity of the country, that has lately been presented to the public: the whole theory of the corn laws now acted upon is, in fact, acknowledged to be injurious and untenable, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be relinquished. A duty on foreign corn is confidently anticipated by the merchant.

With respect to foreign countries, little has yet been done by them to affect our commercial relations with them: the German states have not taken any further steps towards the introduction of restrictions on foreign trade; while Russia, on the other hand, pertinaciously adheres to her rigorous system of prohibitions and high duties, which we cannot help feeling bears

more severely on the trade of Great Britain than of any other country. The States General of the Netherlands have decreed, by very small majorities, the introduction of a more liberal system, as respects foreign commerce; and it is confidently affirmed, that the transit duties, in particular, will be so mitigated, that it will be more advantageous to send goods to Germany, &c. by way of Holland, than by any other route. But the details remain to be discussed in the next session, and meantime the Southern Provinces, which are violently averse from the removal of commercial restrictions, are urgently petitioning the King to withhold his sanction from a law, which, they affirm, will serve only to enrich the northern provinces, and utterly ruin the southern half of the kingdom.

The accounts from Spain clearly prove that the prohibitive system adopted by the Cortes last year (so entirely contrary to the expectation that had been entertained) is absolutely impracticable. The smugglers carry on their unlawful trade by force of arms, and in open defiance of the officers; and as the government finds it impossible to put a stop to it, and is convinced by experience that the national manufactures are unable to supply the demand, it is affirmed that the prohibition of many articles will be abolished. An import duty of 18 per cent. is spoken of; but even this duty seems too high, as the goods may be easily introduced by smuggling, which is insured at a premium of 15 per cent.

The affairs of Turkey have, for some time past, engaged the serious attention of the merchant as well as of the politician. Though the conflicting statements relative to the success of the Greek insurrection have prevented the attainment of a correct knowledge of the state of things, it could not be concealed that their influence on commerce must in every case be considerable; and it

was, in fact, felt already at the late fairs of Francfort and Leipzig, where no Greek merchants attended. The conduct of the Turkish government towards the Christians in general, and to the Russian ambassador in particular, has excited considerable alarms of a war between Russia and the Porte, in which England might finally be implicated. The latest accounts, however, received from Paris this day state that the fears of a rupture have in some degree subsided, and that Russia and England have offered their mediation to arrange the affairs of Greece and Turkey.

**Cotton.**—The accounts from Liverpool having been favourable for this month past, the prices here have remained steady; and the quantities sold at Liverpool, in the four weeks ending 14th of July, amounted to above 44,000 bags, and the arrivals to only 14,000 bags. The accounts from the manufacturing districts are also very favourable. The purchases of cotton by private contract, for the week ending on Friday the 20th, consisted of 970 Bengal, 5½d. a 6¼d. in bond; 550 Surat, 6d. a 8d. in bond; 310 Pernambuco, 12¼d. a 12¾d. in bond; 10 Berbice, 11¼d. duty paid; 35 Carriacou, 10½d. a 11d. duty paid; 100 Upland, 10¼d. duty paid; 50 Sruyrna, 7½d. a 8d. duty paid; imports, from the 13th to the 12th instant, inclusive:—Calcutta, 1022; Demerara, 80.

By public sale, on Friday forenoon, cotton sold at very high prices; 80 bags Demerara, 11d. a 12¼d.; 65 Grenada, 10¼d. a 11¼d.; 12 Jamaica, 10¼d. The accounts from Liverpool this morning state that market steady, but without the briskness of the preceding week; on Wednesday, only 1,200 bags were sold; the arrivals were rather extensive, which occasioned some heaviness.

**Sugar.**—The market has been languid during the month. The holders seeming determined to effect sales, even at reduced prices, and the buyers holding back in expectation that the market will decline when the anticipated large arrivals are brought forward. The refined market continues languid, few sales are reported, and generally at low rates, particularly the fine goods. In foreign sugars, scarcely any purchases are reported; there was some demand for Brazil sugars, but it appears to subside.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

June 30 .....	34s. 8½d.
July 7 .....	33s. 3½d.
14 .....	32s. 8½d.
21 .....	32s. 8d.

**Coffee.**—The demand for coffee, which was pretty brisk for some time, after our last report, especially in the week ending the 3d of July, has since subsided, and

the market has been heavy. At a public sale on Friday, of St. Domingo and Ceylon, the former was withdrawn at 117s., and for which 116s. 6d. was bid; the latter sold at good prices, chiefly 114s. 6d. and 115s. The market appears steady with an improving demand.

**Indigo.**—The sale at the India-House finished the 13th instant; 3,855 chests, of which about one-fourth was taken in for the proprietors: fine Indigo sold 3d. per lb. higher than last sale, good 8d., good middling and middling 6d. a 9d., consuming Indigo 9d. a 1s. above the prices of last sale.

	per lb.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fine blue and violet .....	8	3	a	8	7
Fine and good purple and violet .....	7	9	a	8	3
Fine and good violet .....	7	6	a	7	9
Middling ditto .....	7	3	a	7	6
Fine and good violet and copper .....	7	0	a	7	6
Fine and good copper .....	6	6	a	7	0
Ordinary violet and copper .....	5	0	a	6	0
Ordinary and low .....	none.				
Consuming qualities .....	6	0	a	7	0
Good Madras .....	6	0	a	6	7
Middling ditto .....	5	6	a	6	0

**Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.**—The rum market remains in the same depressed state; scarcely any sales reported, except small parcels at very low prices. The weather having become propitious to the vintage has a very unfavourable effect upon brandies.

**Oils.**—There are no direct arrivals from the Greenland fisheries; a vessel has however arrived at Bremen, a full ship, and reports favourably as to the general success. The prices of Whale oil, which had advanced, have again given way.

**Tobacco.**—There is a great improvement in the demand for tobacco; the purchases are considerable, but at very low prices.

**Tallow.**—Foreign tallow has become heavy, yellow candle, 45s. 6d. and 46s. The town market is quoted 48s. 6d., which is the same as last week.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

**Riga, June 22.**—Flax has been sold at the following prices:—Marienburg cut, 37 r.; Thiesenhausen and Druania Rackitzer white, 41½ r.; grey, 39 r.; Badstub cut, 36 r.; Risten Threband, 28½ to 29 r.; Tow 14 r.—Hemp, rather lower this week. Ukraine, clean, 112 r.; Polish ditto, 117 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 82 r.; Polish ditto, 91 to 90 r.; Ukraine Pass, 72 r.; Polish, 79 to 78 r.; at which prices there were still sellers. Torse 49½ to 50 r.—Hemp Oil is to be had at 95 r.—Pot-ashes, of good quality, held at 100 r.—Tallow, yellow crown, lately 150 r., is now held at 151 r.; for white

crown, 154 r. are asked, 137 r. have been paid for soap-tallow.—*Seeds*, dull of sale, especially the inferior qualities.—In Colonial goods very little is doing; raw sugars have been without demand for some time, and even refined little inquired after.

June 29.—*Hemp-oil* was to be bought this week at 94 r.; fine Polish Potashes at 95 r. In other articles no alteration.

Hamburg, July 14.—*Cotton* has been in some request; we have fresh supplies of East India.—*Coffee*, in demand, without change of price.—*Rice* maintains its price, though we have fresh arrivals.—*Tea*. Nothing has been sold this week, yet the holders are rather more firm.—*Sugar*. So little has been doing this week in Hamburg refined, that the prices, low as they are, hardly kept up. This, of course, affected English Lumps, fit for our refineries, and the price of good strong middling was accordingly depressed to 10½d. and 10¼d. Raw sugars are still duller, and the prices nearly nominal. Only dry white middling and fine Brazil and Havannah, being in some request for exportation, remain pretty steady at 10½d. to 12½d. and 12½d. to 13½d.; while the inferior descriptions, though we

are quite out of several kinds of brown, as Jamaica and Domingo, are very low; large parcels of yellow and brown Havannah have been sold at 6¾d. to 7¾d.

Copenhagen, July 10.—Our corn prices are rising.

Rotterdam, July 18.—The new law on the finances, by which a more liberal system of foreign commerce is to be introduced, has at length passed both Chambers, after very warm and protracted debates, and by very small majorities. We hope that it will prove highly advantageous, though all the southern provinces are unfortunately dissatisfied with it, regarding it as the death blow to the manufacturing interests of those provinces, and calculated only to promote the advantage of the great Dutch merchants. We flatter ourselves that it will turn out to be otherwise. When the new tariff is published, we shall see whether the King's promise that foreigners shall find it most to their interest to receive their goods through the Netherlands, will be fulfilled. The transit duties will certainly be lowered; whether that on twist will be under one per cent. is uncertain. Some persons speak of one-half per cent., but we do not believe it.

#### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Three more Cantos of *Don Juan* are expected to appear in a few Days.

A new Tragedy, by Lord Byron, is just arrived in England.

Retrospection, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, is in the Press.

The Miscellaneous Tracts of the late Wm. Withering, MD. FRS. &c. &c. with a Memoir of the Author, by Wm. Withering, Esq. FLS. &c. &c. embellished with a Portrait of Dr. Withering, in two vols. 8vo. nearly ready.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, with a Memoir by his Son, in four Vols. 8vo.

Mr. E. Ball of Norwich has in the Press the Sibal's Warning, a Novel, in two Volumes.

Letters from Wetzlar, written in 1817, developing the authentic Particulars on which the Sorrows of Werter are founded; to which is annexed, the Stork or the Herald of Spring, a Poem, by Major James Bell, East York Militia.

The Rev. John Campbell will shortly publish a Narrative of his Second Tour in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the London Missionary Society.

A Second Series of Sermons, in manuscript Character, for the Use of Young Divines and Candidates for Holy Orders, will be published, by the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts, and Author of "Sermons on the Epistles and

Gospels, &c.;" and of "Old Church of England Principles. &c."

A Member of the late Salter's Hall Congregation has in the Press a Work, in one Vol. 8vo. addressed to the Old Members of that Society, in which some of the Errors of the Rev. Dr. Collyer are stated and corrected.

The Essentials of Geography, or Geography adapted to the most essential Maps of modern Geography; and also to the Maps of Ancient Greece, the Roman Empire, and Canaan, by the Author of Essentials of English Grammar.

The History and Life of Johnny Que Genus, the Little Foundling, a Poem, in Eight Monthly Numbers, with coloured Engravings by Rowlandson, by the Author of the Three Tours of Dr. Syntax.

Early in the Month of August will be published in one Volume, Imperial 8vo. a History of Madeira, with a Series of 27 coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, and Occupations of the Inhabitants of that Island.

Lectures on Botany, by Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq. FLS.

A corrected Edition, in 8vo. of the Life of Colley Cibber, with additional Notes, Remarks, &c. by Mr. E. Bellchambers.

Prudence and Principle, a Tale, by the Author of Rachel, will appear in a few Days.

## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Biography.*

*Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn.* By Miss Benger. 2d Edition. 2 Vols. 16s.

*Ten Years' Exile; or Memoirs of that interesting Period of the Life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein,* written by herself, during the Years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813, and now first published from the original Manuscript, by her Son. Translated from the French. 8vo. 12s.

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 Niblett, C. Guildford, money-scrivener. [Dyae, 59, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]  
 Offer, J. Bathwick, Bath, slater. [Sherwood, Canterbury-sq. Southwark. C.]  
 Peacock, J. Sawtry, York, victualler. [Stocker, New Boswell et. Carey-st. C.]  
 Sadler, T. Aston, near Birmingham, dealer. [Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]  
 Stray, M. Rotherham, York, linen-draper. [Klug, Castle-street, Holborn. C.]  
 Sudlow, W. Manchester, flower-dealer. [Milne, Temple. C.]  
 Thompson, T. Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-st. timber-merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-st. T.]  
 Tyerman, J. Bristol, haberdasher. [Gates, 23, Newgate-street. T.]  
 Walsh, J. French Horn, Barbican, victualler. [Evans, Kenington-cross, Lambeth. T.]  
 Webb, H. Rochdale, Lancaster, wool-stapler. [Taylor, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Young, J. Ware, tailor. [Sheffield, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields. T.]  
 July 17. Cotterell, J. Worcester, timber-merchant. [Cardale, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 M'Mullen, W. G. and E., Hertford, grocers. [Fitzgerald, Lawrence Pountney-hill.]  
 Mitchell, J. Mumford's-court, Milk-street, ware-houseman. [Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Pilkington, R. Mile End-road, baker. [Toms, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]  
 Spence, J. Yarn, York, grocer. [Bell, 9, Bow-church-yard. C.]

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—June 28 to July 17.

M'Farlane, R. and J. M'Arthur, merchants, Glasgow.  
 Harley, D. F. Tradeston, Glasgow, vinegar and fire-brick-manufacturer.  
 Walker, J. grocer, Lochwinnoch.  
 Cockeran, A. Ashkirk, merchant.  
 Steele, R. toll-keeper, Tradestown, Glasgow.  
 Watt, J. and co. spirit and porter-dealers, Glasgow.  
 Cumming, P. shoemaker, Glasgow.  
 Barkley, H. and W. cattle-dealers, Wigton.  
 Gardner, J. coach-proprietor and post-master, Glasgow.  
 Watt, T. and J. merchants, Glasgow.  
 Weir, D. lime-burner, East Camp, Mid-Caldor.  
 Cunyngame, R. D. ship-builder, Leith.  
 Young, W. coal and iron-merchant, Glasgow.



## BIRTHS.

- June 21. Lady Dunbar, of Booth, a son.  
 22. At Hambledon-house, the lady of Chas. Scott Murray, Esq. a daughter.  
 23. In Langham-place, the lady of Sir James Langham Bart. a son.  
 28. At Putney, the lady of John Paterson, Esq. (Capt. of Hon. East India Company's ship *Hepulse*, a son.  
 29. At King's Weston, the lady of Wm. Dickinson, Esq. M.P. a son.  
 30. At the Cottage, Southgate, the lady of S. A. Curtis, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Catton, Derbyshire, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton, a daughter.  
 July 2. In Great Marlborough-street, the lady of J. E. Conant, Esq. a daughter.  
 3. At Denne-park, the lady of Edward Bligh, Esq. a daughter.  
 6. The Lady of Col. Gwynne, of Glanbran-park, Caermarthenshire, a son.  
 7. In Albemarle-street, the Countess of Lual, a daughter.  
 — In Gloucester-place, the lady of John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. a son.  
 8. At St. Leonard's, Essex, the lady of Capt. Korhight, Coldstream Guards, a son.  
 10. The lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford-square, a daughter.  
 14. At Sandle-ham-lodge, Berks, the lady of T. R. Harman, Esq. a son.  
 — At Cambridge, the lady of Capt. Purches, R.N. a son.  
 15. The Hon. Mrs. Newham Collingwood, a daughter.  
 17. At Cheltenham, the lady of J. Fielden, Esq. Wilton-house, Lancashire, a daughter.  
 19. In Lower Grosvenor-street, the Rt. Hon. Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, a son.  
 — The lady of Paulet Sir John Mildmay, Esq. M.P. a son.  
 23. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Wm. Thompson, Esq. M.P. a son.  
 Lately, the lady of Thos. Nichols, Esq. Burton, Dorset, a son and heir.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, the lady of G. Macpherson Grant, Esq. M.P. a daughter.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Waterford, the lady of Major Kettlewell, R. A. a daughter.  
 At Ballylickev-house, county of Cork, the lady of Major Clayton, a daughter.  
 At Dublin, the lady of Lieut. Ellis, Royal Welch Fusiliers, a son.

## ABROAD.

- At Paris, Lady Buchan, a son.  
 At Tours, the lady of the Rev. G. Way, a daughter.  
 At Florence, the Rt. Hon. Lady Rendlesham, a son and heir.

## MARRIAGES.

- June 21. At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. Roberts, Esq. of Great Coram-st. to Margaret Esther, sister to Wm. Hothery, Esq. of Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square.  
 — At Richard, Charles, second son of Wm. Tooke Robinson, Esq. of Walthamstow, Essex, to Harriet, eldest daughter of John Cayley, Esq. of Petersburg.  
 23. At St. George's, Hanover sq. Alex. Hamilton Leonard Earle, Esq. son of the late Col. Earle, of Tweed-house, Northumberland, to Sophia, only daughter of the late H. Parry, Esq. of Bath. The bride was given away by Field Marshal Lord Beresford.  
 26. Isaac Fryer, Esq. of Wimborne Minster, Dorset, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Thos. Moulden, Esq. of Statenborough-house, Kent.  
 27. A. Bow, John Junr, Esq. to Emilia, second daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lindsay.  
 — Osborn Markham, Esq. Comptroller of the Barrack Department, to Miss Jervis, daughter of the late Capt. Jervis, R.N. and great niece of the Earl of St. Vines.

29. At St. George's Hanover-square, Herbert Barrett Curtis, Esq. M.P. for Sussex, to Carolina Sarah, second daughter and coheir of the late Robert Mascall, Esq. of Peasmarsh-place, Sussex, and Ashford, in Kent.  
 — James Holmes, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square, to Miss Roberts, of Harrow Weald.  
 — At St. Mary-le-bone New-church, T. Dunbar, Esq. 2d son of the late Sir G. Dunbar, Bart. to Clementina, only daughter of Sam. J. Trickey, Esq. Upper-Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-square.  
 30. At St. George's Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Hen. Pepsy, Ch. Pepsy, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, second son of Sir Wm. Weller Pepsy, Bart. to Carolus Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Wingfield, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.  
 July 2. Col. Hugh Baillie, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, to Mary, youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Castleton-hall, Lancashire.  
 3. At Ealing, Spencer Perceval, Esq. eldest son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Esq. to Anne Eliza, youngest daughter of the late General Macleod, of Macleod.  
 — J. Sargeant, Esq. of Coleshill, Herts, to Miss Steede, of Orchard-street, Portman-square.  
 4. At Chatteris, Samuel George Smith, Esq. second son of Samuel Smith, Esq. M.P. of Woodhall-park, Herts, to Eugenia, third daughter of the Rev. Robert Chatfield, L.L.D. Vicar of Chatteris.  
 9. At Mary-le-bone Church, Godfrey Thornton, Esq. Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Stephen Thornton, Esq. of Mogyra-hall-house, Bedfordshire, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Cecil-lodge, Herts.  
 10. At St. Mary-le-bone church, Capt. Evelyn, to Miss Massey Dawson, daughter of J. H. Massey Dawson, Esq. M.P. of New Forest, County of Tipperary, Ireland.  
 11. At Wakerly, Northamptonshire, Lieut.-Col. Read, Grenadier Guards, of Leadenham, Lincolnshire, to the Right Hon. Lady Susanna Sheppard, sister to the Earl of Harborough.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thos. Venables, Esq. to Anne, fourth daughter of John King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.  
 12. John Cookney, Esq. of the Mauritius, to Tabitha, fifth daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Parkins, of Twyford, Bucks, and Kingsbury, Somersetshire, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, &c. &c.  
 — Thos. Spencer, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Catherine, daughter of the late John Gardner, Esq. of Stamford.  
 14. At Cheltenham, Wm. Augustus Oriebur, of Charlotte-st. Bedford-sq. son of the late Rich. Oriebur, Esq. of Filwick-house, Bedfordshire, to Mary Caroline, 2d daughter of the late Ben. Longall, Esq. of Bath.  
 — At Southampton, J. Dinkson, Esq. of the 67th Regt. to Fanny Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Bacon, Esq. of Moor-park, Surry; and of Grosvenor-place, Bath.  
 — Lieut.-Col. Bell, Deputy Quarter-Master Genl. at the Cape of Good Hope, to Lady Catherine Harris, daughter of the late Earl of Malmesbury.  
 16. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Hyde Parker, R.N. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Bart.  
 17. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Wm. Sam. Best, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Best, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Thoytes, Esq. of Sumburstead-house, Berks.  
 — The Rev. Baden Powell, AM. Vicar of Plumstead, to Eliza, eldest daughter of V. F. Rivaz, Esq. of Upper Clapton; and at the same time, Fras. Rivaz, Esq. eldest son of the above, to Maria, third daughter of the late Rev. Fras. Clifton, of Alverstoke, Hants, Rector of Eastwell, and Prebendary of Lincoln.  
 — John Tommerell, Esq. only son of J. W. Tommerell, Esq. of Stroud, Sussex, and of Berkeley-street, London, to Henrietta Sophia, second daughter of the late Wm. Boanquet, Esq. of Upper Harley-street.  
 — Arthur Shakespeare, Esq. R.N. to Louisa, second daughter of the late Jos. Sage, Esq. of the Royal Mint.  
 18. At Charlton, Geo. Birch, Esq. of Blackheath, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Greenlaw, of the same place.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Aberdeen, John Harding Walker, MD. late Surgeon of the 73d Highland Regt. to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Alex. Duncan, Esq.

## IN IRELAND.

At Waterford, Wm. Figg, Esq. Commander of the Revenue Cruiser, Griper, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Fras. Hewetson, Esq.

## ABROAD.

At Bombay, Capt. Evan Jarvis, 3d Light Cavalry, to Emily, second daughter of George Evans, Esq. of Bardfield, Suffolk.

## DEATHS.

June 24. In Little Smith-street, Westminster, aged 65, Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq. of Muckross, County Kerry, Ireland, formerly MP. for the County of Kerry, and the Boroughs of East Grinstead and Tralee.

— At his seat, at Watergate, in Sussex, in his 78d year, Geo. Thomas, Esq. Representative in Parliament for the City of Chester, from 1764 to 1813.

— At his seat, Planer Grove, Middlesex, Sir Fras. Minns, Bart. MD. FRS. in his 75th year.

25. At Mr. Baillie's, in Bedford-square, in his 74th year, Edmund Thornton, Esq. of Whittington-hall, Lancashire.

26. At Welwyn, Hertes, Anne Eliza Frances, second daughter of the late Major Gen. Chester.

27. Elizabeth Imbella, wife of W. C. Russell, Esq. of Woodfield, in the County of Worcester, and third daughter of J. T. H. Harper, Esq. of Witton Castle, Durham.

28. At his house, Lower Brook-street, Thos. Bodington, Esq. aged 65.

— At Albion-house, Rainsgate, where he was on a visit to Mr. Leader, of Putney, now residing there, Mr. Andrews, lately in the establishment of Mr. Coutts, the Banker, as his Medical Attendant. This unfortunate gentleman was found dead in his chamber, from two severe wounds in the upper part of his thigh, near the groin, inflicted by his own hand. Verdict, Insanity, owing to distress of mind. The deceased was a fine handsome man, about 40 years of age.

July 2. At Bath, H. B. Woodhouse, Esq. Lieut. of the Royal Navy.

3. At his house, York-place, Portman-square, in his 73d year, Lieut.-Gen. Robt. Nicholson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At the Rectory-house, Milton Keynes, Bucks, the Rev. Lambert Lorraine.

4. At Touch-house, the lady of Sir Henry Stewart, Bart. of Allenton.

— Rich. Coe-war, Esq. RA.

— At Clifton-hill, Clifton, Mrs. F. Wilson, daughter of the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilson, Lord Bishop of Bristol.

5. At his residence, 14, Portland-place, aged 52, Chas. Thomson, Esq. Master in Chancery.

6. At his house, in Euston-square, in her 20th year, Elizabeth, wife of Thos. Blake, Esq. of Doctors' Commons.

— At his apartments in Chelsea Hospital, aged 75, Thos. Keate, Esq. surgeon to that establishment upwards of 30 years, surgeon to the King, and late Surgeon General to the army.

— Lately, at Firby in Yorkshire, in his 62d year, Colonel Coore.

— George Hassell, Esq. of Cholesbury, Bucks, aged 50; and on the following day his sister, Miss Margaret Hassell, aged 46.

8. At his house, in Cleveland-row, Sir John W. Compton, D. C. L. late Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court at Barbadoes, and Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

— At her seat, Bookham Grove, Surrey, the Hon. Catherine Downay, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Viscount Downe, in her 53d year.

— At Yarmouth, Norfolk, John L. Close, Esq. of a rapid decline, which commenced at Messina, and terminated his life eleven weeks after his arrival at the above place.

10. At Bath, in his 91st year, the Rev. Sir C. Wheeler, Bart. of Leamington, Hastings, Warwickshire, and a Prebendary of York.

— At her house, in Audley-square, in her 90th year, the Hon. Barbara St. John.

11. The Rev. Henry Grace Sperling, Rector of Papworth St. Agnes, Hunts, aged 28.

11. Suddenly, Mr. Atkinson, of Parker-street, Drury-lane. He had a party of friends at his house, whom he left for a few minutes with the intention of seeing his horse fed, but his absence being considerably protracted, much surprise was occasioned, and one of them went for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of his long stay; on entering the stable, he discovered him lying on his back quite dead.

— At his seat, Quy-hall, Thos. Martin, Esq. formerly Fellow Commoner of St. John's, Cambridge.

— In Queen's-square, Robt. Boyle, Esq. Capt. of the 42d Regiment.

12. At Hull, Major John Shedden, of the 52d Regt. 13. In his 85th year, Sir Watkin Lewis, Father of the Court of Aldermen, elected in 1772, served as Lord Mayor in 1780, transferred to the Ward of Bridge Without, 1804. He was also, during several years, Representative in Parliament for the City of London.

14. In his 89th year, Lewis Lerne, Esq. Brother of Sir Wm. Herne.

17. At the residence of the Dowager Lady Mordant, Harrow, Mrs. Erskine, relict of the late John Erskine, Esq. Comptroller of Army Accounts.

— At East Sheen, the Rev. Peter Gandolph, of Portman-street, Portman-square.

21. At the Library, in Red Cross-street, (founded by the Rev. Daniel Williams) the Rev. Thomas Morgan, LL.D. Librarian of that Institution, aged 68.

22. At Cheltenham, after a long illness, Sir Thos. Maryon Wilson, Bart. of Charlton-house, Kent. in his 48th year.

— At Ealing, in his 60th year, Sir Jonathan Miles, Knight. His death was very sudden, as he was found a corpse in the morning although he retired to rest in perfect good health and spirits.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Carlisle Cottage, Aberdeenshire, Mrs. Garden Campbell, of Troop and Glenlyon.

## ABROAD.

At St. Helena, Saturday, May 5th, at 6 p. m. NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, aged 51 years and 9 months, being born at Ajaccio in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. He expired after an illness of six weeks, the last fortnight only of which was considered by his Medical Attendants to be dangerous. On the body being opened, the disease was ascertained to be a cancer in the stomach, with a great extent of ulceration; although the pain he suffered must have been excruciating, he manifested no symptoms of impatience. After lying in state, he was buried, Wednesday, May 9th, with military honours, in a spot called Haines Valley, about two miles distant from Longwood, where a grave was made beneath some willow trees.

At Caen, Ann, the wife of Major Jos. D'Acree Watson, of the E. I. Army.

At Paris, Miss Rosa Tunno, youngest daughter of the late John Tunno, Esq. of Devonshire-place.

At Boulogne, Sir Thos. Hyde Page, of the Royal Engineers.

At Havre de Grace, aged 49, Rear Admiral the Hon. Francis Farrington Gardner.

At New York, Mrs. Alsop, the Actress, and daughter of the late celebrated Mrs. Jordan.

**Longevity.**—In Campbell, County Virginia, Mr. Chas. Layne, Sen. aged 121 years, being born at Albemarle, near Buckingham County, in 1700. He has left a Widow, aged 110 years, and a numerous and respectable family, down to the fourth Generation. He was a subject of four British Sovereigns, and a Citizen of the United States for nearly 45 years; until within a few years, he enjoyed all his faculties, and excellent health.

At Ashford, in the County of Waterford, aged 111, Anne Bryan, leaving a posterity of 160 persons, children, grand children, and great grand children.

At Rose-hall, Wm. Munro, gardener there since 1747, when he was a married man with a large family, and was, at least, 20 years of age, so that at the time of his death he could not have been under 104. He enjoyed all his faculties, and could walk about till within a short period of his death.



## DAILY REMARKS ON THE WEATHER, &amp;c.

JUNE 1. Fair and warm, with a fine sky of *cirrocumulus*, and nascent *cumuli*. The crescent of the new moon appeared soon after sunset, near the NW. horizon, being only 36 hours after her conjunction. *Cirrostratus* by night.

2. Fog from 3 till 7 AM., afterwards, nearly as the preceding day and night. Opposite currents in the evening, and groups of small black thunder-clouds, formed by inoculation of *cirrocumuli* and *cirrostrati*, and brought up by a superior current from the SE.

3. Two *parhelia* appeared at 8 AM., each  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  outside of a solar halo, and  $24^{\circ}$  distant from, and in a right line with the sun.—The day continued fine: an overcast sky and rain in the night.

4. AM. light rain: PM. fine, with passing thunder-clouds.

5. AM. a low cold mist, which shrouded the sky: in the afternoon prevailing plumose and linear *cirri*, which stretched out to a considerable distance from the main body towards the SW., whence the rain came after sunset.

6. AM. sunshine, with *cumuli*, &c. PM. overcast, and a little rain after sunset.

7. An overcast sky, except two or three hours at mid-day; after the inverted *cumuli* had mixed with other modifications of cloud, rain came on in the night.

8. Overcast with lofty *cumuli*, surmounted by beds of *cirrostratus*, which were succeeded by a rainy day, and a brisk gale from the NE.: a cloudy night.

9. AM. the sky shrouded with attenuated *cirrostratus*, which afterwards mixed with *cumuli*: PM. showers of rain mixed with transparent hailstones. A depression of half a degree, in the temperature of spring-water, has taken place since the 5th instant.

10. Some flying showers of hail and rain in the day: a cloudy night, and a slight hoar-frost without the town.

11. AM. sunshine, with prevailing broken *cumulostratus*: PM. *nimbi* and light showers of rain at intervals.

12. Fair, with *cirrocumuli* and *cumulostrati*.

13. Faint sunshine, and a solar halo in the morning: the sky overcast with undulated *cumulostratus* in the afternoon—a fine night.

14. A fine day and night, but cold and cloudy at intervals.

15. A cloudy morning: fine in the afternoon, and opposite winds, the lower one from SW., also one *parhelia* on the south side of the sun, and descending *cirri* very red at sunset, which passed to *cirrostrati*.

16. A fair day: an overcast sky throughout the night.

17. Overcast with *cumulostratus*, except an hour or two in the afternoon.

18. AM. as the preceding: PM. fine, with *cirri*, *cirrocumuli*, &c. and dew in the night, when the NE. breeze became still.

19. Fair, with *cirri* only, and a brisk wind.

20. AM. chiefly overcast: sunshine, with *cumulostratus* in the afternoon, and a clear night. The planets Jupiter and Saturn were, early this morning, in apparent conjunction, their distance being only two minutes. Jupiter was very bright, and to the north of Saturn, which, by way of contrast, was small and of a dull appearance.

21. Overcast with *cumulostratus* in the day, except an hour or two in the afternoon: a fine night. The evaporation has been great during the last three days (see the Table).

22. As the preceding day: overcast throughout the night.

23. Overcast with dark and inverted *cumuli*, floating immediately under a veil of *cirrostratus*.

24. As the preceding day, except an hour's faint sunshine in the evening, when lofty plumose *cirri* appeared, followed by light rain in the night.

25. AM. overcast with *cumulostratus* of an electric appearance: in the afternoon sunshine, and the wind veering all round the compass: two *parhelia* at 7 PM., and a fine night.

26. Fair, with loose portions of *cumuli*, and other modifications of cloud.

27. AM. an overcast sky: a fine afternoon, and a cloudless sky by night.

28. As the preceding day and night, with the addition of an under current from the SE. in the afternoon. The ground has now assumed a very dusty surface, from the drought of the last 18 days, and the prevailing NE. winds since the 13th instant.

29. Fair, with linear *cirri* from the SE., and attenuated *cirrostratus*.—From the latter modification *cirrocumuli* were formed



# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From June 29 to July 24.

Amsterdam, C. F.....	12-18
Ditto at sight.....	12-18
Rotterdam, 2 U.....	12-19
Antwerp.....	12-12.. 12-11
Hamburgh, 2½ U.....	38-10.. 38-8
Akrona, 2½ U.....	38-11.. 38-9
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-85.. 25-70
Ditto.. 2 U.....	26-20.. 26-0
Bourdeaux.....	26-20.. 26-0
Frankfort on the Main }.....	150
Ex. M.....	
Petersburg, rble, 3 U.....	9.. 8½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M.....	10-28.. 10-25
Trieste ditto.....	10-28.. 10-25
Madrid, effective.....	36
Cadix, effective.....	35½
Bilboa.....	35½
Barcelona.....	35
Seville.....	35½
Gibraltar.....	30½
Leghorn.....	47
Genoa.....	44.. 43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-80
Malta.....	45
Naples.....	39½
Palermo, per oz.....	116
Lisbon.....	49½.. 50
Oporto.....	50
Rio Janeiro.....	49
Bahia.....	59
Dublin.....	9½
Cork.....	9

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	..0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	..0	0	0	0
New doubloons.....	0	0	..0	0	0	0
New dollars.....	0	4	9½	..0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	10½	..0	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

*Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 8d.*

*Bread.*

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

*Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.*

Ware.....	£0	2	6	to	0	3	0
Middlings.....	0	1	6	to	0	0	0
Chats.....	0	1	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red.....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 2 to July 23.

	July 2.		July 9.		July 16.		July 23.													
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.												
Newcastle.....	35	0	to	42	6	30	0	to	42	3	32	0	to	42	9	31	0	to	42	6
Sunderland.....	38	0	to	43	0	34	0	to	42	3	38	0	to	38	6	34	3	to	43	0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.  
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,  
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	June		July	
	23	30	7	14
Wheat	51 10	51 6	51 5	51 7
Rye -	31 6	33 5	31 0	32 1
Barley	24 5	23 4	23 10	24 0
Oats	17 9	17 8	18 3	18 8
Beans	33 3	30 2	30 2	30 7
Peas	31 7	30 2	30 1	31 11

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from June 25, to July 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	24,096	975	280	25,351
Barley	22,686	130	—	8,216
Oats	33,584	6,380	—	39,964
Rye	—	55	—	55
Beans	6,535	—	—	6,535
Pease	1,559	—	—	1,559
Malt	10,938	—	—	—

Qrs.; Flour 35,504 Sacks.  
Foreign Flour 540 barrels.

*Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.*

Kent, New bags.....	40s. to 75s.
Sussex, ditto.....	40s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto.....	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags.....	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets.....	40s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto.....	40s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto.....	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto.....	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets.....	35s. to 50s.

Average Price per Load of

*Hay. Clover. Straw.*

£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.							
<i>Smithfield.</i>														
3	3	to	4	15	..3	10	to	5	0	1	8	to	1	16
<i>Whitechapel.</i>														
3	10	to	4	8	..4	0	to	5	5	..1	10	to	1	16
<i>St. James's.</i>														
3	6	to	5	0	..3	10	to	5	0	..1	10	to	2	2

*Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at*

<i>Newgate.</i> —Beef.....	2s.	8d.	to	3s.	8d.
Mutton.....	2s.	2d.	to	3s.	4d.
Veal.....	3s.	8d.	to	4s.	8d.
Pork.....	2s.	8d.	to	4s.	8d.
Lamb.....	2s.	8d.	to	4s.	8d.
<i>Leadenhall.</i> —Beef.....	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
Mutton.....	2s.	4d.	to	3s.	2d.
Veal.....	2s.	8d.	to	4s.	8d.
Pork.....	2s.	4d.	to	4s.	4d.
Lamb.....	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	2d.

*Cattle sold at Smithfield from June 29, to July 22, both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
9,450	2,549	130,140	1,680

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(July 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Annual Div.	Canals.	Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Annual Div.	Bridges.	Per Share.
	£.	s.					£.	s.			
350	100	—	—	Andover.....	5	7356	100	—	Southwark.....	17	
1482	100	—	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	1700	50	7½ p.c.	Do. new.....	13	
1760	—	3 10	—	Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall.....	18	
1260	100	—	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000L.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes.....	58	
54,000L.	—	2	—	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo.....	5 5	
2000	25	24	—	Birmingham (divided).....	560	6000	60	—	Annunities of 8l.....	27 10	
477	250	5	—	Bolton and Bury.....	95	5000	40	—	Annunities of 7l.....	22 10	
958	150	4	—	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	60,000L.	—	5	Bonds.....	100	
400	100	5	—	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90						
1500	100	8	—	Chesterfield.....	120						
500	100	44	—	Coventry.....	970	300	100	—	Barking.....	33	
45-46	100	6	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	Commercial.....	105	
600	100	4	—	Derby.....	135	—	100	5	East-India.....		
2060L.	100	3	—	Dudley.....	63				Branch.....	100	
3575½	153	3	—	Ellesmere and Chester.....	66	492	100	1 17 6	Great Dover Street.....	33	
231	100	58	—	Erewash.....	1000	2393	50	—	Highgate Archway.....	4	
1297	100	20	—	Forth and Clyde.....	500	1000	65	1	Croydon Railway.....	12	
1960	100	—	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	1000	60	—	Surry Do.....	10	
—	60	3	—	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3702	50	1 12	Severn and Wye.....	31 10	
11,815½	100	9	—	Grand Junction.....	215				Water Works.....		
1521	100	3	—	Grand Surrey.....	60	2800	100	—	East London.....	87	
48,800L.	—	5	—	Do. Loan.....	96	4500	50	2 10	Grand Junction.....	56	
2849½	100	—	—	Grand Union.....	23	2000	100	—	Kent.....	33 10	
19,327L.	—	5	—	Do. Loan.....	93	1500	—	2 10	London Bridge.....	50	
3096	100	—	—	Grand Western.....	3	800	100	—	South London.....	23	
749	150	7	—	Grantham.....	130	75-40	—	2	West Middlesex.....	55	
6312	100	—	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1369	100	—	York Buildings.....	24	
25,328	100	18	—	Kennet and Avon.....	19				Insurances.....		
11,699½	100	1	—	Lancaster.....	26 10				Albion.....	42	
2879½	100	12	—	Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	2000	500	2 10	Atlas.....	5	
5-45	—	14	—	Leicester.....	290	25,000	50	6	Bath.....	575	
1895	100	4	—	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	25	Birmingham.....	300	
70	—	170	—	Loughborough.....	2600	—	250	3	British.....	50	
250	100	12	—	Melfon Mowbray.....	—	4000	100	2 10	County.....	39	
—	—	30	—	Mersey and Irwell.....	—	40,000	50	5	Eagle.....	2 12 8	
2409	100	10	—	Monmouthshire.....	153	50,000	20	1	European.....	20	
43,525L.	100	5	—	Do. Debentures.....	92	1,000,000L.	100	6	Globe.....	122	
700	100	—	—	Montgomeryshire.....	70	40,000	50	5	Hope.....	3 5	
247	—	—	—	Neath.....	410	2400	500	4 10	Imperial.....	90	
1770	25	—	—	North Wilts.....	—	3500	25	1 4	London Fire.....	24	
500	100	12	—	Nottingham.....	200	31,000	25	1	London Ship.....	20	
1720	100	32	—	Oxford.....	640	2500	100	18	Provident.....	17	
2400	100	3 10	—	Peak Forest.....	68	100,000	20	2	Rock.....	1 19	
2520	50	—	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	745,100L.	—	10	Royal Exchange.....	—	
12,294	—	—	—	Regent's.....	25	—	—	8 10	Sun Fire.....	—	
5631	100	2	—	Rochdale.....	45	4000	100	10	Sum Life.....	23 10	
500	125	9	—	Shrewsbury.....	165	1500	200	1 4	Union.....	35	
500	100	7 10	—	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Lights.....		
771	50	7	—	Somerset Coal.....	107 10				Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	58 10	
700	100	40	—	Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares.....	48	
300	145	9	—	Stourbridge.....	210	1000	100	8	City Gas Light Company.....	104	
3647	—	—	—	Stratford on Avon.....	11	4000	50	2 8	Do. New.....	53	
—	—	22	—	Stroudwater.....	495	1000	100	4	Bath Gas.....	18 10	
533	100	11 10	—	Swansea.....	190	1000	100	4	Brighton Gas.....	15	
350	100	—	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	18 4	Bristol.....	26	
2670	—	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	23	1500	20	14	Literary Institutions.....		
1300	200	75	—	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1810	1000	75gs	—	London.....	33	
1000	100	12	—	Warwick and Birmingham.....	224	700	25gs	—	Russel.....	11 11	
1000½	50	—	—	Warwick and Napton.....	210	700	30gs	—	Surrey.....	7	
980	100	11	—	Wilts and Berks.....	—				Miscellaneous.....		
14,288	—	—	—	Wisbeach.....	60				Auction Mart.....	21	
126	105	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	1080	50	1 5	British Copper Company.....	52	
6000	—	1	—			1307	100	2 10	Golden Lane Brewery.....	16	
				Docks.....		2229	80	1 12	Do.....	11	
				Bristol.....	15	3447	20	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19	
				Do. Notes.....	—	2000	150	1	Carnate Stock, 1st. Class.....	82	
2209	146	—	—	Do. Commercial.....	68				Do..... 2d. Class.....	69	
268,324L.	100	5	—	East-India.....	168				City Bonds.....	103	
3132	100	3	—	East Country.....	21						
430,000L.	100	10	—	London.....	—						
1088	100	4	—	West-India.....	176						
3,114,000L.	100	4	—								
1,200,000L.	100	10	—								

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th June to 25th July.**

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/2 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
June 26	—	76 1/2	—	86 1/2	94 1/2	110 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	46	—	—	2p	77 1/2
27	—	76 1/2	—	86 1/2	94 1/2	110 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	46	—	—	1p	77 1/2
28	229 1/2	76	—	85 1/2	94 1/2	110 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	47	—	—	2p	78 1/2
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	76	—	86	94 1/2	—	19 1/2	—	—	—	50	—	—	4p	77 1/2
July 2	—	76 1/2	—	86 1/2	94 1/2	110 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	53	—	76	3p	77 1/2
3	230	76 1/2	—	86 1/2	94 1/2	110 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	53	—	—	5	77 1/2
4	—	76 1/2	—	86 1/2	94 1/2	—	19 1/2	75 1/2	—	—	55	—	—	4	77 1/2
5	231 1/2	76 1/2	77	87	95	111 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	233 1/2	—	—	—	5	78 1/2
6	—	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	233 1/2	—	83 1/2	—	5	78 1/2
7	234	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	57	—	—	4	78 1/2
8	234	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	236 1/2	59	—	—	6	78 1/2
9	234	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	235 1/2	58	—	—	6	78 1/2
10	232 1/2	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	234 1/2	58	—	—	6	78 1/2
11	233 1/2	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	75 1/2	—	—	56	84 1/2	—	5	78 1/2
12	233	76 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	234	57	—	—	6	78 1/2
13	233 1/2	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	76	—	—	56	—	—	6	78 1/2
14	232	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	76	—	233 1/2	56	—	—	5	78 1/2
16	233 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	234 1/2	57	—	—	5	78 1/2
17	233	76 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	235	57	—	—	5	78 1/2
18	233	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	76	—	235	58	—	—	5	78 1/2
19	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	233	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	76 1/2	—	235 1/2	58	—	—	6	77 1/2
21	235	77 1/2	76 1/2	87 1/2	96	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	235 1/2	60	—	—	6	77 1/2
22	233 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	85 1/2	95 1/2	109 1/2	19 1/2	75 1/2	—	234	60	84	—	6	76 1/2
23	232 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	95 1/2	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	59	—	—	6	76 1/2
24	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	59	—	—	6	76 1/2
25	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	76 1/2

**IRISH FUNDS.**

*Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From June 30, to July 21.*

June	Bank Stock.	Government Debenture, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Debenture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government Debenture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Pipe Water Debenture.	City Debentures.	1821				
												June fr.	c.	fr.	c.	
28	226 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	—	107 1/2	107 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	30 86	35	1542	50	
29	—	85 1/2	84 1/2	—	107 1/2	107 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	July	—	—	—	—
July 4	226 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2	—	108	108	—	—	44 1/2	—	—	2 85	95	—	—	
7	227 1/2	86	85 1/2	—	107 1/2	107 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	4 85	95	1530	—	
10	226	—	85 1/2	—	108	108	—	—	—	—	—	7 86	10	1530	—	
11	228	86 1/2	87 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	91 1/2	9 85	85	1535	—	
12	—	86 1/2	85 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	91 1/2	11 85	50	—	—	
18	231 1/2	85 1/2	85 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	13 85	75	1525	—	
19	230	86 1/2	85 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	16 85	45	1518	—	
20	—	86 1/2	85 1/2	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	18 85	60	1515	—	
												21 85	90	1520	—	

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.			
	June		July					May		June	
	29	3	10	13	17	20	24	26	29	9	20
Bank Shares.....	24	10	—	24	24	24	24	119	119	119	119
6 per cent.....	1812	100	—	99	99	99	99	108	108	108	109
	1813	101	—	100	99 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	109	109	109	110
	1814	102	—	102	101 1/2	101 1/2	101 1/2	111	111	111	111
	1815	104	—	103	103	103	103	112	112	—	112
3 per cent.....	70 1/2	—	—	70	70	70	70	68	78	—	—

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*



THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

No. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

VOL. IV.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

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WE have received the subjoined Letter from Mr. Herbert—the explanation is best given in his own words.

SIR—I know not how a copy of my letter to a friend, descriptive of the late Coronation, fell into your hands; but as you have thought fit to print it, I trust you will correct an error which has crept into the account. You make me state, that the Marquis of Anglesea had considerable difficulty in managing his horse during the *retreat*: this was not the fact. My Lord Howard of Effingham (tenderly be it spoken) was troubled in his departure, and did not make, what the old nurses call, a good end; but the Marquis rode gracefully and nobly. And I must beg that you will do him justice with your readers, by correcting the passage.

I cannot conclude without expressing my deep sense of the honour you have done me, by placing my *post-office* prose in so intelligent and pleasant a work as the LONDON MAGAZINE. May I try my hand again?\*

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,  
EDWARD HERBERT.

Albany, Aug. 1821.

The *Theban*, who requests us to address D. D. soars far beyond the limits of the LONDON MAGAZINE: witness

*The meditation fix'd, the silentness  
Of yon lone figure on the dark shore sitting,  
So wattering in abstraction.*

This is our condition, after reading our Correspondent's *verses*.

T. T. T.'s lines to "my Mary," are not amiss for a lover rising fifteen. We shall be glad to hear from him again upon his coming of age.

Colin has sent us a Summer Pastoral, and says that he can supply us with one every month.—Has he always got sheep in his pen?

Beta's proposal of Scripture Sonnets, "two a month or so,"—is kind, but we have no desire to see the Scriptures cut up into sonnets. His Poem on *Fame* will bring neither him nor us any.

*Fenicia* is put under cover as desired. J. W. has not "the Honour of addressing \_\_\_\_\_." The lines addressed to a Catalpa are ingenious, but they want more than we can give them to become good poetry. We abjure the "Ghosts" of L.

A Constant Reader having read in our "last Work, No. II. entitled the Drama, or Theatrical Magazine," that the Champion at Covent Garden "has backed himself into our good graces;" urgently requests that the public should know (after the manner of Bottom's interpretation of himself) that the Champion is not the Champion, but Mr. Collett, formerly Riding Master of Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre, the old original Blood Red Knight.

We have not received the "Trifles forwarded by Φ." There are three of our Correspondents all using this signature. The Packet from B— is received.

We really cannot think of inserting such verses as the following :—

THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

*Otium cum Dignitate.*

Here! bring me my breeches, my armour is over ;  
 Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons ;  
 Double mill'd kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,  
 Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons !

Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,  
 'This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall ;  
 I think on my life that again I shall never  
 Take my head in a saucepan to Westminster-hall.

Oh, why was our family born to be martial ?  
 'Tis a mercy this grand show-of-fight day is up,  
 I do not think Cato was much over-partial  
 To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes I'll sit in my lodging,  
 And the gauntlet resign for " neat gentleman's doe :"  
 If I ride, I will ride, and no longer be dodging  
 My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis, and Co.

No more at my horseman-ship folks shall make merry,  
 For I'll ship man and horse, and " show off,"—not on shore ;  
 No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry ;  
 They feather'd my scull—but I'll feather my oar.

So Thomas take Cato, and put on his halter,  
 And give him some beans, since I now am at peace ;  
 If a champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,  
 And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns a-piece.

The ladies admired the pyebald nag vastly,  
 And clapp'd his old sober-sides into the street :  
 Here's a cheque upon Child, so my man go to Astley,  
 Pay the charge of the charger, and bring a receipt.

N. of Margate, says he means to send us " A Marine Subject." We hope it will be a Mermaid.

" Summer Holidays " are very pretty, and might be relished by those who are young enough to enjoy them in reality—but the world is not so young as it was.

Philogenes' " Verses to the *Matchless Orinda*," are defective in the title, as our legal adviser informs us ; Mrs. Katherine Phillips was once married. We thought we saw some other flaws not less fatal to his pretensions.

The article on H— is written with too much asperity. If piquant means personal, we decline the other Communications offered by *Aliquis*.

Henry has some good stuff in him, but it is as much as our place is worth to oblige him. " Sweet *Quarter of the Year*" tickled our kidneys. We suspect *H. L.* is a relation of his ; the same answer will apply to both.

On Modes of Sepulture, by M. should have been addressed (like a funeral society's hand bill) " To those who wish to be buried."

Many other Signatures are waiting for answers, but, to be brief, they must guess at the reasons of our refusal.

# London Magazine.

N° XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

Vol. IV.

## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

### No. IX.

#### JUDITH MACRONE THE PROPHETESS.

But I am haunted by a fearful shape—  
 Some hated thing which sharp fear forms of shadows ;  
 Something which takes no known form, yet alarms  
 Me worse than my worst foeman arm'd in proof—  
 Something which haunts my slumbers—finds me out  
 In my deep dreams—in fiercest strife, when blood  
 Runs rife as rivulet water—in quiet peace  
 When rustic songs abound—in silent prayer,  
 For prayer, too, have I tried—still is it there—  
 Now—now—the dismal shadow stalks before me,  
 More visible than ever. *Old Play.*

THE whole course of Annan-water, in Dumfries-shire, is beautiful ; from where it arises among the upland pastures, in the vicinity of the sources of the Clyde and the Tweed, and winding its way by old churchyard, decayed castle, Roman encampment, and battle-field—through fine natural groves, and well-cultivated grounds, finally unites its waters with the sea of Solway, after conferring its name on the pretty little borough of Annan. The interior of the district, it is true, presents a singular mixture of desolate nature and rich cultivation ; but the immediate banks of the river itself are of a varied and romantic character. At every turn we take, we come to nooks of secluded and fairy beauty—groves of fine ancient trees, coeval with the ruined towers they embosom—clumps of the most beautiful holly, skirted with *romes*, or irregular rows of hazel, wild cherry,

Vol. IV.

and wild plum, remains of military or feudal greatness, dismantled keeps or peels, and repeated vestiges of broad Roman roads and ample camps, with many of those massive and squat structures, vaulted, and secured with double iron doors, for the protection of cattle, in former times, from reavers and forayers. The river itself has attractions of its own : its considerable waters are pure ; and the pebbles may be numbered in the deepest pools, save when the stream is augmented by rains ; and for the net, the liester, and the fly-hook, it produces abundance of salmon, grilse, herlings, and trouts. The peasantry are as varied in their character as the district they inhabit. Agriculture and pasturage claim an equal share in the pursuits of almost every individual ; and they are distinguished from the people of many other lowland districts by superior

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strength, agility, and courage: the free mountain air, gentle labour, and variety of pursuits, give a health and activity which fit them for martial exercises; and they have, perhaps, more of a military air about them, than the inhabitants of any of the neighbouring vales. Many strange, romantic, and martial stories, linger among them; and those who have the good fortune to be admitted to their friendship, or their fireside, may have their condescension richly repaid by curious oral communications, in which history, true and fabulous, and poetry, and superstition, are strangely blended together. The tale of the spirit which for many generations has haunted the castle of Spedlans, will have its narrative of ordinary horror accompanied by fairy legends, and traditions more romantic in their origin, and more deeply steeped in the dews of superstition.

One fine September morning, for the combined purpose of angling, gathering nuts, and exploring the strongholds of the ancient heroes of Annandale—the Hallidays, the Jardines, the Carlyles, the Bells, and the Irvings, I proceeded up the river bank, and employed my fish-rod with a success which drove me in despair to nut-gathering. It was past mid-day when I arrived at a fine bold sweep of the stream, where the shade of the bordering groves was invitingly cool, and the green-sward fresh, soft, and untrampled. The sun was, to use the expression of a Scottish poet—"wading 'mang the mist," or as a fastidious Englishman would say, "struggling amid drizzly rain," which abated the heat of the luminary, and rendered the grass-blade cool and moist. A large oak-tree or two, set down in the random beauty of nature, adorned the narrow holm, or bordering of green-sward, between the wood and the water; while at the extremity of the walk, where the stream was limited by projecting rocks, stood the remains of one of those square peels, or towers of refuge, already alluded to. The building was roofless; and the walls had been lessened in their height by violence; while from its interior ascended a thin blue smoke, which, curling away

straight stems of the trees, escaped into the free air through the upper boughs of the grove. Between the tower and the river lay many webs of fine linen, bleaching on the grass; while from the ruin itself came the uninterrupted merriment of some country maidens—a singular medley of open laughter, fragments of song, and taunts about courtship, and sarcasms on the lack of lovers.—"Lads!" said a shrill voice, "I never saw such soulless coofs—anew would think we had ne'er a tooth in our head, or a pair o' lips for the kissing." "Kissing, indeed!" said another; "Ane would think our lips were made for nought save supping curds or croudy, and that we were suspected of witchcraft—here we have been daidling in this den of woe and dool from blessed sun-rise, and deil a creature with hair on its lip has mistaken its road, and come near us. I think ancient spunk and glee be dead and gone from merry Annan-water."—"Ah, my bonnie lasses," interrupted an old woman, half choked with a church-yard cough, "I mind weel in the blessed year fifteen we had a bonnie bleaching in this very place—there was Jeany Bell, and Kate Bell, her cousin, who had a misfortune at forty, and was made an honest woman at fifty-eight; and there was Bell Irving and me,—lads! we had the choice of the parish; ye might have heard the caressing o' our lips as far as the Wyliehole; and what would ye think—Pate Irving, now a douce man and a godly, was the wantonest of all. Ah, my bonnie kimmers, that was a night." This description of departed joys seemed to infuse its spirit into the younger branches of the establishment; for while I pondered how I might introduce myself to these water-nymphs with discretion and humility, I observed a young rosy face, ornamented with a profusion of glistening nut-brown locks, projected past the porch, and reconnoitring me very steadfastly. A forehead with dark eyes and raven hair, instantly assailed by the scrutiny; and presently the head of the damsel herself

dem allegory. A Tartan night-cap endeavoured in vain to restrain her matted and withered hair, which the comb had not for a long while sought to shed, or the scissors to abridge; her cheeks were channeled; and a pair of spectacles perched on a nose something of the colour and shape of a lobster's claw, assisted her in drawing conclusions from the appearance of a stranger. I heard the tittering and whispering of the maidens; but the voice of the old woman aspired to something more elevated than a whisper, and mingled counsel and scolding in equal quantities. "A fisher, indeed!" responded the sybil to the queries of one of her greener companions—"and what's he come to fish?—a snow-white web from the bottom of our cauldron—Aye, aye, cause he has ae handsome leg, and something of a merry ee—mind ye, I say na twa—ye christen his calling honest.—He's a long black fallow with a tinker look, and I'll warrant there's no his marrow from Longtown to Lochmaben, for robbing hen-roosts; and yet I shouldna wonder, Mysie Dinwoodie, if ye held tryst with that strange lad for a whole night, with no witness save the blessed moon." "Hout now, Prudence Caird," said the fair-haired girl, "ye are thinking on the mistake ye made with Pate Johnstone, of Dargavel—and how ye

failed to mend it with Dick Bell o' the Cowflosan." The secret history of the old woman's unhappy loves was interrupted by the appearance of a very handsome girl, who, bearing refreshments for her menials, glided through the grove, with a foot so light and white—a look so sweet—a high white forehead, shaded with locks clustering over the temples—and with eyes so large, so bright, and blue, that she seemed a personification of the shepherd maidens of Scottish song. Two fine moorland dogs accompanied her: they sat as she sat, stood as she stood, and moved as she moved. She withdrew from her companions, and approached where I stood, with a look at once so sweet and demure, that, trespasser as I imagined myself to be, I was emboldened to abide a rebuke, which I hoped would come softened from such sweet lips. Though apparently examining the progress of her linen towards perfect whiteness, and approaching me rather by a sidelong than a direct step, I observed, by a quick glance of her eye, that I was included in her calculations. I was saved the confusion which a bashful person feels in addressing a stranger, by a voice from the river-bank, which, ascending from a small knoll of green willows, sang with singular wildness some snatches of an old ballad.

## 1.

O Annan runs smoothly atween its green banks;  
The ear may scarce listen its flowing;  
Ye may see 'tween the ranks of the lofty green trees  
The golden harvest glowing;  
And hear the horn wound—see the husbandman's bands  
Fall on with their sharp sickles bright in their hands.

## 2.

I have seen by thy deep and romantic stream  
The sword of the warrior flashing;  
I have seen through thy deep and thy crystal stream  
The barbed war steeds dashing:  
There grows not a green tree—there stands not a stone,  
But the fall of the valiant and noble has known.

When the song ceased, I observed two hands shedding apart the thick willows, while an eye glanced for a moment through the aperture on the young maiden and me. A song of a gentler nature instantly followed—

and I could not help imagining, that my companion felt a particular interest in the minstrel's story. The time and the place contributed to the charm of the sweet voice and the rustic poetry.

## BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

## 1.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,  
 Turn again, I call you ;  
 If you go to the dewy wood  
 Sorrow will befall you :  
 The ringdove from the dewy wood  
 Is wailing sore, and calling ;  
 And Annan-water, 'tween its banks,  
 Is foaming far and falling.

## 2.

Gentle Mary Halliday,  
 Come, my bonnie lady ;  
 Upon the river's woody bank  
 My steed is saddled ready ;  
 And for thy haughty kinsmen's threats,  
 My faith shall never falter ;  
 The bridal banquet's ready made,  
 The priest is at the altar.

## 3.

Gentle Mary Halliday,  
 The towers of merry Preston  
 Have bridal candles gleaming bright,  
 So busk thee, love, and hasten ;  
 Come, busk thee, love, and bowne thee  
 Through Tinwald and green Mouswal ;  
 Come, be the grace and be the charm  
 To the proud towers of Machusel.

## 4.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,  
 Turn again, I tell you :  
 For wit, an' grace, an' loveliness,  
 What maidens may excel you :  
 Though Annan has its beauteous dames,  
 And Corrie many a fair one,  
 We canna want thee from our sight,  
 Thou lovely and thou rare one.

## 5.

Bonnie Mary Halliday,  
 When the cittern's sounding,  
 We'll miss thy lightsome lily foot  
 Among the blythe lads bounding :  
 The summer sun shall freeze our veins,  
 The winter moon shall warm us,  
 Ere the like of thee shall come again,  
 To cheer us and to charm us.

During the song, I walked unconsciously down to the river-bank, and stood on a small promontory which projected into the stream ; it was bordered with willows and wild-flowers, and the summit, nibbled by some pet sheep, was as smooth as the softest velvet. Here I obtained a full view of this singular songstress. She was seated among the willows, on the indented bank, with her bare feet in the stream : a slouched straw hat,

filled with withered flowers, and black-cock and peacock feathers, lay at her side ; and its removal allowed a fine fleece of hazel-coloured hair to fall down on all sides, till it curled on the grass. She wore a boddice of green tarnished silk ; her lower garments were kilted in the thrifty fashion of the country maidens of Caledonia ; and round her neck and arms she wore—as much, it is true, for a charm, as an ornament—seve-



ral bracelets of the hard, round, and bitter berries of the mountain-ash, or witch-tree. "It is poor Judith Macrone, Sir," said the maiden, who with the privilege of a listener had come close to my side.—"She has found her bed in the wild woods for some weeks, living on nuts and plums: I wish the poor demented maiden would come and taste some of my curds and cream." Judith rose suddenly from her seat, and scattering some handfuls of wild-flowers in the stream, exclaimed with something of a scream of recognition! "Aha, bonnie Mary Halliday,

lass, ye wear the snood of singleness yet, for a yere gentle blood, and yere weel-filled farms. But wha's this ye have got with ye?—May I love to lie on wet straw wi' a cold sack above me, if it is not Francis Forster, all the way from bonnie Derwentwater. Alake, my bonnie lass, for such a wooer.—He could nae say seven words of saft, sappy, loving Scotch t'ye, did every word bring for its dower the bonnie lauds of Lochwood, which your forefathers lost. No, no—Mary Halliday, take a bonnie Annan-water lad, and let the Southron gang."

## 1.

There's bonnie lads on fairy Nith,  
And cannie lads on Dee,  
And stately lads on Kinnel side,  
And by Dalgonar tree;  
The Nithsdale lads are frank and kind,  
But lack the bright blue ee  
Of the bonnie Annan-water lads,  
The wale of lads for me.

## 2.

There's Willie Watson of Witchstone,  
Dick Irving of Gowktree,  
Frank Forest of the Houlet-ha,  
Jock Bell of Lillylea;  
But give to me a Halliday,  
The witty, bauld, and free,  
The frackest lads of Annan-bank,  
The Hallidays for me.

## 3.

The Johnstone is a noble name,  
The Jardine is a free,  
The Bells are bauld, the Irvings good,  
The Carlyles bear the gree,  
Till the gallant Hallidays come in  
With minstrel, mirth, and glee,  
Then hey! the lads of Annan-bank,  
The Hallidays for me.

This old rude rhyme was sung with considerable archness and effect: the songstress then came towards the place where we stood, not with a regular direct step, but a sidelong hop and skip, waving, as she came, her bonnet and feathers from side to side, accompanying every motion with a line of an old song. Old Prudence Caird seemed scandalized at the extravagant demeanour of the poor girl; and advancing towards her, waving her hands to be gone, exclaimed—"In the name of all aboon, what are ye skipping and skirling there for, ye born gowk and sworn gomerall?

Ye'll fall belly-flaught, breadth and length, on the lily-white linen that has cost such a cleansing. Away to the woods like another gowk—away—else Ise kirsen ye with a cupful of scalding water—my sooth shall I;"—and partly suiting the action to the word, she came forward with a cupful of water in her hand. The singular person to whom these bitter words were addressed, heard them with a loud laugh of utter contempt and scorn; and with a thousand fantastic twirls and freaks, she threaded, with great dexterity, the whole maze of linen webs, and confronted old Prudence. She looked her full

in the face—she eyed her on one side, and eyed her on another—she stooped down, and she stood on tip-toe, examining her all the while with an eye of simple, but crafty scrutiny.—“Protect us, Sirs!” said the wandering maiden, “what wicked liars these two blue een o’ mine are—I’ll ne’er credit them again—and yet, believe me, but it’s like her.—Hech bet, she’s sore changed since that merry time—it cannot be her.—Harkee, my douce decent-looking dame, d’ye ken if Prudence Caird be living yet?”—“And what hast thou to say to Prudence Caird?” said the old woman, growing blacker with anger, and clutching, as she spoke, the long sharp fingers of her right hand, portending hostility to the blue eyes of Judith—“Say to Prudence Caird?” said the maiden—“a bonnie question, indeed!—what advice could a poor bewildered creature like me give to a douce person, who has had twice the benefit of the counsel of the minister and kirk session?” And, with unexpected agility, away Judith danced and leaped, eluding the indignation of her less active antagonist.

I could not help feeling anxious to learn something of the history of Judith; and while I was expressing this to Mary Halliday, the poor girl approached and received a bowl of curds and cream, which she acknowledged with abundance of fantastic bows and becks. “Look at her now,” said my companion, “but say not a word.” Judith seated herself on the margin of the river; and throwing a spoonful of the curds into the stream, said,—“There, taste that, thou sweet and gentle water—and when I bathe my burning brow in thy flood, or wade through thee, and through thee, on the warm moon-light evenings of summer, mind who fed yere bonnie mottled trouts, and yere lang silver eels, and no drown me as ye did my bonnie sister Peggy, and her young bridegroom.” In a small thicket beside her, a bird or two, confiding in the harmlessness of a creature with whom they were well acquainted, continued to pour forth their uninterrupted strain of song. “Ye wee daft things,” said Judith, changing from a tone of sadness to one of the most giddy gaiety—“What sit ye liltin there for, on

the broad green bough—wasting yere sweetest songs on a fool quean like me—but ye shall not go unrewarded.” So saying, she scattered a spoonful of curds beside her on the grass, and said, with some abatement of her mirth—“Come, and pickle at my hand, my poor feathered innocents—ilka bird of the forest, save the raven and the hooded crow, is a sister to me.” A red-breast, as she spoke, with an audacity which that lover of the human face seldom displays save when the snow is on the ground, came boldly to her elbow, and began to obey her invitation. “Aha, Rabin, my red-bosomed lover, are ye there?—Ye’ll find me stiff and streeket under the greenwood bough some morning, and ye mauna stint to deck me out daintily with green leaves, my bonnie man:”—and throwing the bird some more curds, she proceeded to sup the remainder herself, indulging between every mouthful in much bewildered talk.

The interest I took in the poor girl—a few handfuls of nuts, and, above all, a few pleasant glances from one, who (though old, and bent, and withered now) was once twenty-one, had a handsome leg, and mirth in his eye, obtained me the good graces of the nymphs of Annan-water. Our conversation turned upon poor Judith Macrone. “She is a poor innocent,” said Mary Halliday, “as wild and as harmless as the birds she is feeding. She was ever a singular girl, and wit and folly seem to keep alternate sway over her mind.” “She an innocent!” said Prudence Caird; “she’s a cunning and a crafty quean, with a wicked memory, and a malicious tongue. It sets her weel to wag her fool-tongue at me, and say a word that is nae to my credit.”—“Hoot, toot, woman,” said one of the fair-haired menials; “we can scarce keep our balance with all the wit we have—what can ye expect o’ such an addercap as crazy Jude? But of all the queans of Annan-bank she is the quean for old-world stories. Set her on a sunny hill-side—give her her own will—and wise or daft, who likes na that?—and she’ll clatter ye into a dead sleep, with tales of spirits and apparitions, and the dead who have not peace in the grave, and walk the

earth for a season. I heard dotice John Stroudwater, the Cameronian elder, say, that assuredly an evil spirit has filled her head with fool-songs, and queer lang-sin-syne ballads, by and attour a foreknowledge of coming evil. It's well known that she foretold the drowning of her sister and her bridegroom, in that black pool before us, where poor Jude now sits so sorrowful." "Troth and at-weel, and that's too true," said Prudence Caird—"and I was unwise to grow cankered with such a kittle customer.—She tried my patience sore, but I never heard of any one's luck who crossed her—that one never did good that she wished harm to yet—I hope she'll wish no kittle wish to me." "I know not," said Mary Halliday, with more than ordinary gravity, and in a tone something between hesitation and belief, "I know not how Judith is informed of evil fortune—but her foreknowledge of human misfortune, whether it comes from a good or an evil source, is of no use but to be wondered at, and, perhaps, sorrowed for. What is foredoomed will surely come to pass, and cannot be guarded against—and, therefore, I deem all warning of the event to be vain and useless. But touching her skill in minstrel lore—with her, each oak-tree has its tale, each loop of Annan-water its tradition, and every green knowe or holly-bush its ballad of true love, or song of knightly bravery."—"But the story of her sister's bridal," said one of the menials, "is the best of all the tales told of idle Jude—it is said to be sorrowful—ye may pick sorrow out of ought, as weel as ye may pick mirth; and some cry for what others laugh at—but I know this, that lang Tam Southerin-aim the tinker told me, that save the drowning of the bride and bridegroom in the mirkest pool of Annan-water, shame fall of ought saw he to sorrow for; and he would not have such a duck again as he had that blessed night, for all the tup-horns of Dryfesdale, and the heads they grow upon."

"I had better, without farther clipping and cutting of the bridal tale, relate it at once," said Mary Halliday; "it is a strange story, and soon told. The marriage of Margaret, the sister of Judith, happened in the very

lap of winter—the snow lay deep on the ground—the ice was thick on the river, and the wheel of her father's mill had not turned round for full forty days. The bride was a sweet, and a kind-hearted, beautiful girl; and there was not a cleverer lad than her bridegroom, David Carlyle, from the head to the foot of Annan-water. I heard the minister of the parish say, after he had joined their hands together, that fifty years he had been a marrier of loving hearts, but he had never married a fairer pair. The bridegroom's mother was a proud dame, of the ancient house of Morison—she took it sore to heart that her son should marry a miller's daughter; she forbade him, under pain of the mother's curse—and a woman's curse, they say, is a sore one—to bed with his bride under a churl's roof-tree; and as he wished to be happy, to bring her home to his father's house on the night of the wedding. Now, ye will consider, that the house of the bride stood on one hill side, and the home of the bridegroom on another; while between them, in the bosom of the valley, lay no less a water than the Annan, with its bank knee-deep in snow, and its surface plated with ice. The mirk winter night and the mother's scorn did not prevent one of the blythesomest bridals from taking place that ever a piper played to, or a maiden danced in. Ye have never seen, Sir, one of our inland merry-makings, and seen the lads and the lasses moving merrily to the sound of the fiddle and the harp-string, else ye might have some notion of the mirth at Margaret's bridal. The young were loudest in their joy, but the old were blyther at the heart; and men forgot their white heads, and women that they were grandames—and who so glad as they. An old man—one of the frank-hearted Bells of Middlebee, wiped his brow, as he sat down from a reel, and said—'Awcel, Mary, my bounie lass—there are just three things which intoxicate the heart of man: first, there is strong drink; secondly, there is music; and, thirdly, there is the company of beautiful women, when they move to the sound of dulcimer and flute. Blest be the Maker, for they are the most wonderful of all his works.' But the

merriest, as well as the fairest, was the bride herself; she danced with unequalled life and grace—her feet gave the tone, rather than took it from the fiddle; and the old men said, the melody of her feet, as they moved on the floor, would do more mischief among men's hearts than her eyes, and her eyes were wondrous bright ones. Many stayed from dancing themselves, and stood in a circle round the place where she danced.—I listened to their remarks, which the catastrophe of the evening impressed on my memory.—‘I think,’ said William Johnstone of Chapelknowe, ‘our bonnie bride’s possest—I never saw her look so sweet, or dance so delightfully—It’s no sonsie to look so smiling on her wedding-night—a grave bride’s best—owre blythe a bride is seldom a blest one.’—‘There’s no a sweeter or more modest maid on Annan-bank,’ said John Stroudwater the Cameronian—who, scornng to mingle in the dance himself, yet could endure to be a witness of youthful folly where the liquor was plenty—‘she’s a bonnie quean; yet I cannot say I like to see the light which comes from her eyes, as if it were shed from two stars; nor love I to hearken the vain and wanton sound which she causeth the planed floor to utter, as she directeth her steps to the strange outcry of that man’s instrument of wood—called by the profane, a fiddle.’ Nor were the women without their remarks on the bride’s mirth on this unhappy night. ‘I protest,’ said an old dame, in a black hood, ‘against all this profane minstrelsy and dancing—it is more sinful in its nature than strong drink—I wish good may come of it;’ and she paused to moisten her lips with a cup of brandy, to which a piece of sugar, and a single tea-spoonful of water, had communicated the lady-like name of cordial. ‘I wish, I say, good may come of it—I have not danced these thirty years and three; but the bride is dancing as if this night was her last—I fear she is, fey.’ If the bride and bridegroom were blythe, there was another sad enough—even poor Judith, who, retiring from the mirth and the dancing, went to a little hillock before her father’s mill-door, and scating herself on a broken millstone, and loosing her locks from the comb,

let them fall like a shroud around her, while she gazed intent and silent upon Annan-water, which lay still and clear in the setting light of the moon. I had an early regard for this unhappy maid—we were school-fellows, and play-fellows; and though her temper was wayward, and her mind,—equal to the hardest task one week, was unequal for any kind of learning another; yet from the frequency of these remarkable fits of impulse and ability, she became one of the finest scholars in Ammandale. So I went out into the open air, and found her sitting silent and melancholy, and looking with a fixed and undeviating gaze on the river, which glittered a good half-mile distant. I stood beside her, and sought rather to learn what oppressed her spirit, from her actions and her looks, than by questioning her. It has been remarked, that on ordinary occasions, though she is talkative, and fond of singing snatches of songs, yet, when the secret of any coming calamity is communicated to her spirit, she becomes at once silent and gloomy, and seeks to acquaint mankind with the disaster awaiting them, by sensible signs and tokens—a kind of hieroglyphic mode of communication which she has invented to avoid the misery, perhaps, of open speech. She seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last, she threw back her long hair from her face, that nothing might intercept her steady gaze at the river; and plucking a silver bodkin from her bosom, she proceeded to describe on the ground two small and coffin-shaped holes—one something longer than the other. I could not help shuddering while I looked on these symbols of certain fate; and my fears instantly connected what I saw with the wedding, and the bride and bridegroom. I seized her by the arm, and snatching the bodkin from her, said, ‘Judith, thou art an evil foreboder, and I shall cast this bodkin of thine, which has been made under no good influence, into the blackest pool of Annan-water.’—At other times I was an overmatch for her in strength; but when the time of her sorrow came, she seemed to obtain supernatural strength in body as well as in mind; and on this occasion she proved it by leaping

swiftly to her feet, and wresting the bodkin from me. She resumed her seat; and taking the bride and bridegroom's ribbons from her bosom, she put the latter into the larger grave, and the former in the less, and wrung her hands, threw her hair wildly over her face, and wept and sobbed aloud.

"All this had not passed unobserved of others. 'Mercy on us,' cried the laird of Gooseplat, 'but the young witch is casting contraips, and making the figures of graves, and dooming to the bedral's spade, and the parish mortcloth, the quick instead of the dead.—Ise tell thee what, my cannie lass, two red peats and a tar-barrel would make a warm conclusion to these unsonsie spells ye are casting—and may I be choked with a thimbleful of brandy, if ye should want a cross on the brow as deep as the bone, if I had my whittle.'—Other spectators came to more charitable conclusions. 'Red peats and sharp whittles,' muttered William Graeme of Cummerlair, 'Ise tell ye what, laird, if ye lay a hand of harm on the poor demented lassie, Ise lend ye a Lockerby lick to take home with ye.—Eh, Sirs, but this be fearful to look upon—she is showing us by dumb looks, and sure nods, and sad signs, and awful symbols, the coming of wrath and woe.—There are two graves, and the bridal ribbons laid like corpses in them—he that runs may read.' While this passed out of doors, the dancing and bridal mirth abounded more than ever.—It was now ten o'clock; and as the bridal chamber lay a mile distant, the bride and bridegroom prepared to depart, accompanied by a sure friend or two, to witness the conclusion of the marriage. 'Let them go,' said more voices than one; 'we shall make the fiddle-strings chirp, and shake our legs, till the small hours of the morning.—Come, Tom Macthairm, play us up something wily and wanton: who can leap rafter high to a sorrowful psalm tune like that?'—The fiddler complied, and wall and rafter quivered and shook to the reviving merriment. The young couple now stood on the threshold, and looked towards their future habitation, in which the lights of preparation were shining.—'An' I were you, bride-

groom,' said one adviser, 'I would go by the bridge—I have heard oftener than once to-night the soughing of the west wind, and the roaring of the linns—the Annan is fair water in summer-time, but I would not trust such a bonnie lass as the bride on its fickle bosom on a winter night.'—'An' I were you, bridegroom,' said another counsellor, 'I would lippen to the old proverb—The nearest road to the bride's bed's the best; the bosom of the Annan-water is bound in ice as hard and as firm as iron—ye might drive Burnswark-hill over its deepest pools, providing it had four feet. So dauner away down the edge of the wood, and cross at the Deadman's-plump—and if ye give me a shout, and the bride a kiss, when ye cross over't, it will give pleasure to us both.' The bride herself came forward to bid farewell to her sister, not unconscious that the time of sorrow had come over her spirit, and that whispers of the import of her predictions were circulated among the bridal guests. She stood before Judith with a cheek flushed with dancing, and parting benedictions from rustic lips, and her eyes gleaming with a wild and unusual light—which has often since been noticed by the tellers of her melancholy tale, as a light too unlike that of earthly eyes to be given for her good. 'Graves,' said the bride, with a laugh, which had something of a shriek in it, 'is this all you have as an apology for your fear?—where's your sight, if your senses be wandering?—My sister has only made the bridal beds, and strewed them with bridal favours.' She turned round to depart—Judith uttered a piercing shriek, and throwing her arms about her sister, clung to her, giving one convulsive sob after another; and, finally, throwing herself between her and the river, strove, but still strove in silence, to impress her with a sense of danger. It was in vain: the bride and bridegroom departed; while Judith covering, or rather shrouding herself in her mantle, and turning her face from the river, sat as mute and as still as a statue; a slight convulsive shudder was from time to time visible. The young pair reached the Annan, and attempted to pass over the pool called the Deadman's-plump;

We really cannot think of inserting such verses as the following :—

THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

*Otium cum Dignitate.*

Here! bring me my breeches, my armour is over ;  
 Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons ;  
 Double mill'd kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,  
 Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons !

Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,  
 This avourdupois weight of glory must fall ;  
 I think on my life that again I shall never  
 Take my head in a saucepan to Westminster-hall.

Oh, why was our family born to be martial ?  
 'Tis a mercy this grand show-of-fight day is up,  
 I do not think Cato was much over-partial  
 To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes I'll sit in my lodging,  
 And the gauntlet resign for " neat gentleman's doe :"  
 If I ride, I will ride, and no longer be dodging  
 My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis, and Co.

No more at my horseman-ship folks shall make merry,  
 For I'll ship man and horse, and " show off,"—not on shore ;  
 No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry ;  
 They feather'd my scull—but I'll feather my oar.

So Thomas take Cato, and put on his halter,  
 And give him some beans, since I now am at peace ;  
 If a champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,  
 And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns a-piecc.

The ladies admired the pyebald nag vastly,  
 And clapp'd his old sober-sides into the street :  
 Here's a cheque upon Child, so my man go to Astley,  
 Pay the charge of the charger, and bring a receipt.

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THE  
London Magazine.

N<sup>o</sup> XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1821.

VOL. IV.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. IX.

JUDITH MACRONE THE PROPHETESS.

But I am haunted by a fearful shape—  
Some hated thing which sharp fear forms of shadows ;  
Something which takes no known form, yet alarms  
Me worse than my worst foeman arm'd in proof—  
Something which haunts my slumbers—finds me out  
In my deep dreams—in fiercest strife, when blood  
Runs rife as rivulet water—in quiet peace  
When rustic songs abound—in silent prayer,  
For prayer, too, have I tried—still is it there—  
Now—now—the dismal shadow stalks before me,  
More visible than ever.

*Old Play.*

THE whole course of Annan-water, in Dumfries-shire, is beautiful ; from where it arises among the upland pastures, in the vicinity of the sources of the Clyde and the Tweed, and winding its way by old churchyard, decayed castle, Roman encampment, and battle-field—through fine natural groves, and well-cultivated grounds, finally unites its waters with the sea of Solway, after conferring its name on the pretty little borough of Annan. The interior of the district, it is true, presents a singular mixture of desolate nature and rich cultivation ; but the immediate banks of the river itself are of a varied and romantic character. At every turn we take, we come to nooks of secluded and fairy beauty—groves of fine ancient trees, rival with the ruined towers they bosom—clumps of the most beautiful holly, skirted with *romes*, or regular rows of hazel, wild cherry,

VOL. IV.

and wild plum, remains of military or feudal greatness, dismantled keeps or peels, and repeated vestiges of broad Roman roads and ample camps, with many of those massive and squat structures, vaulted, and secured with double iron doors, for the protection of cattle, in former times, from reavers and forayers. The river itself has attractions of its own: its considerable waters are pure ; and the pebbles may be numbered in the deepest pools, save when the stream is augmented by rains ; and for the net, the liester, and the fly-hook, it produces abundance of salmon, grises, herlings, and trouts. The peasantry are as varied in their character as the district they inhabit. Agriculture and pasturage claim an equal share in the pursuits of almost every individual ; and they are distinguished from the people of many other lowland districts by superior

T

We really cannot think of inserting such verses as the following :—

THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

*Ottum cum Dignitate.*

Here! bring me my breeches, my armour is over ;  
 Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons ;  
 Double mill'd kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,  
 Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons !  
 Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,  
 This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall ;  
 I think on my life that again I shall never  
 Take my head in a saucepan to Westminster-hall.  
 Oh, why was our family born to be martial ?  
 'Tis a mercy this grand show-of-fight day is up,  
 I do not think Cato was much over-partial  
 To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.  
 By the blood of the Dymokes I'll sit in my lodging,  
 And the gauntlet resign for " neat gentleman's doe :"  
 If I ride, I will ride, and no longer be dodging  
 My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis, and Co.  
 No more at my horseman-ship folks shall make merry,  
 For I'll ship man and horse, and " show off,"—not on shore ;  
 No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry ;  
 They feather'd my scull—but I'll feather my oar.  
 So Thomas takes Cato, and put on his halter,  
 And give him some beans, since I now am at peace ;  
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## INFLUENCE OF SCENERY ON POETIC CHARACTER.

BURNS.

SWITZERLAND is rich in romantic scenes; but Gessner is her only poet; and even he could not rise to the sublimities which he saw around him. He was contented to lay himself by the side of a clear stream, after it had come down from its Alpine course to the meadows, and there he warbled his pastorals, and trimmed his flowery paragraphs. A mountain storm, or an avalanche, would have quite astounded him,—and, in its roar, the piping of his shepherds, and his pretty lamentations for the death of Abel, would have been quite unheard.

Yet has romantic scenery been called the best nurse of poetic fancy. Dryden, we think it was, who was laughed at for proposing to write an epic, though he had never seen a mountain; and Leigh Hunt has had the “greenery” of Hampstead and its hedge-rows, turned into a mock argument against the genuineness of his poetry. Critics who so think, and so argue, must have studied the formation of poetic character much more profoundly than the facts authorise; or rather they have trampled on the facts, and trusted to the vagaries of fancy to keep them to an opinion. They ought to be able to exemplify their principle by ample appeals to the biography of eminent poets. They ought to be able to show, that Shakspeare and Milton spent their infancy and youth either in Switzerland, or in some other grand and romantic region; that Spenser sojourned for a time in fairy land; and that Dante ascended Mont Blanc, and descended into Avernus, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the other world, before he ventured on its description. This they cannot do.

The opinion, indeed, is founded on the most presumptuous ignorance of the lives of great poets, few, if any, of whom have been natives of a romantic country, or have had opportunities of visiting picturesque scenery. All our eminent English poets, with the exception of Shakspeare, have been born or educated

in the metropolis; and we cannot conceive how the scenery of streets and squares, though to this we add the river and the parks, could ever be deemed romantic, or could be supposed to beget poetic imagery. Westminster Abbey has certainly a romantic aspect,—but it is rendered tame and vulgar by the assemblage of paltry houses, and narrow streets, among which it towers like an oak half smothered with brambles and brushwood,—a scanty field, we should imagine, (though we embrace every scene in the vicinity of London,) for Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Cowper, to gather their materials from, for the images of poetry.

But the critics will turn upon us, and ask if the poets of Scotland do not furnish them with an illustrious example. They will ask if—

—— the land of the mountain and flood,  
Where the pine of the forest for ages has stood,  
Where the eagle comes forth on the wings  
of the storm,  
And her young ones are rock'd on the lofty  
Cairngorm,

has not imprinted on the fancy of her bards, all the romantic grandeur which lives among her scenery, and comes with a power so irresistible upon the spirits of those who are its visitors? Their questions do not dismay us; we shall answer them.

Of the eminent poets of Scotland, Burns is indisputably the chief; and him we shall, therefore, select as an exemplification of their opinion, or its reverse, according to the truth which our inquiry shall elicit. In the poetry of Burns, there is little that is purely descriptive; and he seldom rises to grandeur and sublimity, the very conception of which overpowers the imagination by its magnificence. He has no relish for the wild and the wilderness, nor does he like to soar among Alpine rocks and mountain forests. The whirlwind and the storm are too boisterous for his contemplation,—unless he is sheltered under a thick wood, and hears them

roar at a distance. He is most at home in the harvest field, on "the lea-rig," or where the "rosy brier blooms far frae haunts o' man." He rejoices in the beauty of spring, when—

Nature throws her mantle green  
On every field and tree,  
And spreads her sheets of daisies white,  
Out o'er the grassy lea;

and when spring ripens into summer, he delights to haunt "the banks and braes," where he can listen to "the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;"—scenes like these ever recall the associations of his youthful courtships, when, as he says with inimitable sweetness,

The golden hours, on angel wings,  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my young Highland Mary.

A sort of pensive moral pathos seems, in his earlier pieces, to have been a predominant feeling in his mind; and to this we owe *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and his lines *To a Mouse*, and *To a Daisy*,—the two latter of which, though bordering on the morbid sentimentality which is now happily out of fashion, exhibit none of its puling and whimpering, but by their melting tenderness at once come home to our best regulated feelings.

Now all these effusions of his genius are in strict accordance with the scenes where Burns spent his youth. But how do scenes of rural tameness accord with the romantic tale of *Tam o' Shanter*, in which the poet seems to hold unlimited sway over the wildest imagery, as if he had been cradled in a Highland glen, and had spent his midnight studies in church-yards and haunted ruins? *Salvator Rosa* himself, could not have pictured a wilder group than the hags revelling in the ruined church, and the half-tipsy peasant in the storm, eyeing them with mingled dread and curiosity; nor could he have better suited the landscape to his story. Our question therefore is, Where did Burns obtain the materials for the wild scenery of the tale? When we read his description, we naturally imagine that "*Alloway's auld haunted kirk*," must be well

worth a painter's pilgrimage, or a scene-hunter's visit:—

*Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and howlets nightly cry.—*  
By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and muckle stane  
Where drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins and by the cairn,  
Where hunters found the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
*Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods.*  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
Near and more near the thunders roll:  
*When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze:*  
*Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.*

We can only answer for ourselves, that on visiting this scene so highly wrought up by the poet, we were miserably disappointed. *Kirk-Alloway*, as may be seen from *Grose's* print, bad as it is, exhibits nothing but the naked, roofless walls of a Scots country-church, and is absolutely not larger than an English peasant's cottage, or a small barn. No stranger would ever imagine it had been a church, except from some dozen or twenty grave-stones which are nearly hid among the grass. What has been the belfry is very little larger than a bird-cage. The surrounding landscape is equally uninteresting, except in its associations with the poetry of Burns.—The river *Doon*, whose flood, in the poem, is poured like a torrent through the glimmering trees, is a small stream, running placidly among banks covered with copse wood, and a few clumps of trees which have been planted by the proprietors of one or two comfortable-looking villas in the vicinity. The "brig" is a crazy structure of one arch, as plain and unpoetical as may be; and the village of "*Shanter*," whither the hero was homeward-bound when his evil star led him to take an unhallowed peep at the witches—is a row of about twenty tiled cottages, consisting of only one floor, and ranged along the highway. The whole scenery indeed, from the town of *Ayr* to *Maybole*, which includes all that young Burns could have frequented, is more tame, and uninteresting, than, per-

haps, any tract of similar extent in Scotland. The only part of his visible horizon entitled to be called grand, is the bay of Ayr, and the mountainous island of Arran; but of these features of his scene he has made no use.

After his removal from the neighbourhood of Ayr, first to Lochlea, and then to Mossgiel, his landscape, instead of being better suited to inspire his genius, was worse, at least in his immediate neighbourhood. At Lochlea, indeed, there is a small lake,—but it is not much more poetical than a mill-pond, to which use it is occasionally turned. Mossgiel is a cold, barren, tree-less eminence, about a mile from Mauchline, which is a paltry, bleak-looking village, well calculated, we should imagine, to freeze the spirits of any ordinary poet.

But we must do justice to the scenery of Ayrshire. The tameness which we have described is only partial, and is richly redeemed by the romantic views which the banks of the river Ayr present, from the village of Lorn, till it falls into the sea, a distance of about fifteen miles. The finest part of this scenery, from Lorn to Barskimming, which deserves to be better known to our Scottish tourists, is only about three miles from Mossgiel; and tradition reports, that the poet was a frequent visitor to a very picturesque spot, below Howford, where the Ayr makes its way among lofty wooded rocks, by turns overhanging and disclosing its channel. It was on this spot that he is said to have composed *The Lass of Ballochmyle*, after having met one morning a young lady of the Ballochmyle family, on his way to his favourite haunt. The song was afterwards transmitted to her, with the poet's respects; but she had the good manners, and the good taste, to return this inimitable pastoral with contempt. He could also express his contempt. Her name was instantly erased, and another substituted in its place.

We must not forget that we have

to accuse Burns of want of fidelity to his scenery, in one marked instance. In the beautiful song of *My Nanny O*, the first edition is—

Behind yon hill where *Stinchar* flows,  
Mang moors and mosses many O—

afterwards altered to

Behind yon hill where *Lugar* flows;

because, says he, *Lugar* is a more poetical name than *Stinchar*. Unfortunately, however, for the amendment, there is neither a moor, moss, nor hill, in the whole course of the *Lugar*, though the scenery on its banks is highly romantic, particularly near *Auchinlech House*, the seat of the famous *James Boswell*, of chit-chat celebrity.

At a subsequent period, when our poet had the opportunity of visiting the finest scenery in Scotland, instead of this tending to brighten the spirit of his imagery, it seems, in most of his pieces, to have operated as a deadening spell upon his genius. The tame and poetical scenery around his native cottage, inspired him to write *Tam o' Shanter*; the flat and naked landscapes at *Lochlea*, and *Mossgiel*, produced the wild, unearthly imagery of the *Vision*,—and of *Death* and *Dr. Hornbook*; as well as the exquisite picture of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*:—but the grand, the sublime, and the romantic scenes of the Highland lakes and mountains, which now live so fresh in the lays of the "*Ariosto of the North*," seem to have left on the mind of Burns only a momentary trace, like the breezes on a lake, or the meteors in a summer sky.—*Castle Gordon* is almost the only exception;—of which his description is admirable:—

Wildly here without controul,  
Nature reigns, and rules the whole  
In that sober, pensive mood,  
Dearest to the feeling soul;  
*She plants the forest, pours the flood:*  
*Life's poor day I'll musing rave,*  
*And find at night a sheltering cave,*  
*Where waters flow and wild woods wave,*  
By bonny *Castle Gordon*.

R.

## THE ANTIQUARY.

His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls,  
 And old records from auncient times derived,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,  
 That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.  
 Amidst them all he in a chaire is sett,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end. *Spenser.*

SINCE Spenser's time, our language has grown much more critical and distinguishing; and, to use Mr. Coleridge's words, we have disbursed some of "the reversionary wealth" our ancestors left us; that is to say, we have got rid of the "equivocation" of words, and can now distinguish the individual from the class to which he belongs. We have not only a generic name, but a specific one; and he that is here so beautifully described by the poet, as an antiquarian, we hold to be only *id genus*, and specially distinguished from antiquarians by the hard word *bibliomaniac*. If this refinement be not very clear and conclusive, the reader will excuse it, since psychology and metaphysics are Mr. Coleridge's hobby, and not mine—never having had a passion for hard riding or rough roads.

But I certainly see an intelligible distinction in this instance; and I hold an antiquary to be a more out-of-doors animal than Spenser describes him; one that burrows about tumuli, Roman roads, and encampments, nestles among dilapidated castles and cathedral ruins, and only retires into his "grub state" at the approach of winter, old age, or bodily infirmity.

A real antiquary is now rarely met with. It is not taking in the county histories, nor reading Grose and Pennant, nor collecting drawings of churches, or inscriptions, nor visiting tomb-stones, nor belonging to "The Society," nor writing a dull article in *The Gentleman's*, nor shaking hands with its Editor,—that will make an antiquary. Oh no!—Antiquity is neither to be so wooed, nor so won:—she is a jealous mistress; and will engross the whole man—mind and body—intellect and passion.

It is a vulgar error that an antiquary is necessarily a dull animal. He is no more so than a poet, a painter, a musician, a lover, or any

other man *possessed* by one subject with which other people want sympathy. "That a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," is not only true of a jest, but of all discourse; and Mr. Burke could have proved it as well as Mr. Canning. The lover and the antiquary, in fact, differ in the duration of their passion, and little else; the antiquary loves for life, the lover only *swears* to do so. The mistress of the one is his first love, and his last; she is ever present to his thoughts; he takes her for better for worse, and life is but a long courtship; there is no waning in his affection,—his passion increases with *her* age,—he *prefers* wrinkles to dimples, and the crow's-foot at the corner, to the lustre of an eye. The mistress of an antiquary is a "goddess, nymph divine, and rare, precious, celestial;" and he never descends from his high passion, to dally with mere earthly beauty. Who ever heard of *Mistress* Camden, *Mrs.* Stow, or *Mrs.* Speed? I would not believe there were such people, though the marriage register were brought in proof; forgery, fraud, trick, deception,—any thing would be more probable than the falsehood of my "bookish theoretic:" and as to "exceptions," and those limitations with which people usually qualify their assertions, I hate them, and have, ever since I learned the first rule in the Latin Grammar. It is a beggarly way of discussing a question. If there be a hundred exceptions, never trouble me with your rule; and if it were once established, that half a dozen antiquaries had wives, I would drive them all into the herd of common-place people,—but that is impossible.

If men would needs converse with a rational antiquary, there must be some "sympathy in their loves;" or they must first exorcise him—fall to with bell, book, and candle,—and even then be content to lose their labour. There are a thousand people

that have a little illicit passion that way; but not one in a thousand that is a genuine antiquary. Clergymen have always had a relish for it, but the true clerical antiquary abdicated with King James. A whig and an antiquarian were never buttoned-up in the same great-coat; and an antiquarian Calvinist is impossible—it is a contradiction in terms; there may be people that profess it, but I deny their sincerity in one or the other:—I leave them the election.

Even in the Church of England he is but a poor dumb thing, like a swallow in December. It is not his element. In my whole life I have never known but one who had the authentic stamp and impress of a legitimate descendant of old Camden; poor W——, who died last autumn of a “restoration.” Though living within half as many miles, he had not been at Salisbury for thirty years; and wanting to settle some disputed chronological fact, by reference to an old monument there, he determined, after six months’ deliberation, to visit it again. There he arrived with a light heart, in a green old age, on the first of August: he fell into some idolatrous lapses in the cathedral close—entered the cathedral itself, with a bewildering, but subdued and religious passion,—and found the monument swept away in the late “restoration.” He never looked up after this. He complained instantly of a cold chill, which I took for an indirect hint at the nakedness that surrounded him: the old screen, he said, if it did break the view, broke the wind in addition; he wandered once round the cathedral, heaved a sigh or two, returned to Stockbridge the same evening, and got home to Winchester, just in time to die on the third.

W—— was so entirely an *old* antiquarian, that he must have had a bitter consciousness, if gall were in so gentle a creature, that he had outlived his generation. His library alone would prove this to any other person. Out of 711 volumes he bequeathed me, there were 305 folios, 208 quartos, 196 octavos, and two 12mos. This “halfpenny worth of bread” was the “Sixe Court Comedies,” by John Lilly; and the “Elkon Basilike, the Portraiture of his sacred Majesty in his Solitudes

and Sufferings.” How the first came to be admitted I know not; and the latter, I suspect, would have been exchanged for a more “enlarged” edition, but that it was a sort of heir-loom, that had passed down through the successive generations of his family, from its first publication in 1661, with the autograph of every possessor.

As the reader will presume, an antiquary is necessarily a high churchman and a tory; and you could always have distinguished my friend in his canonicals, by his bowing three times from the church door to the pulpit. He thought the Reformation a fine thing,—that is, he belonged to the church 200 years after it; but always qualified his commendation, by regretting the devastation of the cathedrals, and shrank with instinctive horror at the name of John Knox. He did not believe in transubstantiation, of course; but was equally incredulous in Pope Joan, and the Popish Antichrist. He hated (the old) controversial texts; and, therefore, discoursed twice a year regularly on the Seventh Verse of the Fourteenth Chapter of St. John. He thought a reconciliation and union in the Christian church possible, if people would not dispute about trifles; and was willing to give up his living, rather than his band or his surplice. He disliked the Act of Parliament Parish Registers, because these “flimsy foolish things” could not last above a few years (centuries), and must perish before they could possibly be of service (to an antiquary). He took in *The St. James’s Chronicle*, and thought the obituary in *The Gentleman’s* very entertaining:—by the bye, I may add, he was singular in commending the engravings in the latter work; but he objected against those of a higher finish, that with their shadows and their perspective they confused all detail—the consummation and end of the art. He was a minor-canon, without a higher ambition: resided all his life under the wing of his cathedral, and was “plagued to death” to show it to friends’ friends; and, therefore, if a stranger but cast an eye towards the great clock, while he was sunning himself on the south side, he pulled out his key, and accompanied him all over, even into the

crypt and the cloisters, with infinite gratification. The zest of the enjoyment was in the south transept, when he refuted ——'s ridiculous supposition about the circular arch; and in the gracious smile with which he refused the half-crown at the west door, and startled his companion into an assurance that he was not the verger. People had no relish for antiquity if this occurred less than three times a-week, from June to October.

He was a bachelor, *of course*; and maintained two maiden sisters, *of course*, — an antiquarian bachelor could do no less; and drove a four-wheeled chaise, with a Suffolk cobb, *of course*; he drank ale, and smoked in moderation. He visited no where, and was visited by no one that lived within twenty miles of his own house. He was not, to speak strictly, either a capuchin, or a carmelite, — neither of the order of St. Benedict, nor St. Francis, — since the protestant church knows no such abominations; yet was he, in spirit, “a right monk, if ever there were any, since the monking world monked a monkery,” as Rabelais phrases it. He was stiff and reserved out of the shadow of his cathedral; but full of kind heartedness, under all his formality, if you could but get at it; which was somewhat difficult through so much flannel and fleecy-hosiery.

He made sure of an old collegian or two at the Visitation, when the toilet was unpinned in the best chamber, and he “played his part:” a part full of humanity, but with some spice of infirmity; for he cared not then to “hear the chimes at midnight,” — bore a part in a catch of Anacreon's, that was in vogue forty years ago at St. John's, — ran revels over his old poet, — talked of *Aspasia*, *Cleopatra*, and *Nell Gwyn*, — and awoke on the morrow, with a mixture of regret and good humour, hoping to be forgiven, as the Visitation came but once a-year.

In his youth he had been introduced to old Cole of Cambridge, visited every cathedral in England, and went to France for the sole purpose of seeing the façade of Rheims. He laughed at Whittington's opinion about the antiquity of Gothic architecture there; agreed with Carter in calling it English; and, *in proof*, had

no doubt Solomon's temple had the lancet arch, — “he made windows of narrow lights,” if it were not a purely Gothic building; for “against the wall of the house, he built chambers” which he ever suspected to be the little chapelries that so beautify a Gothic cathedral, and of which the Parthenon knows nothing. There were innumerable other corroborative circumstances that he would throw out, if his conjecture were questioned; such as “the carving with knops and open flowers,” and “the walls of the house round about with carved figures of cherubim, and palm-trees, and open flowers within and without;” the former of which he maintained were yet visible in our corbels and gutter-spouts, — and the latter not only in the cathedral itself, but was the hint on which Warburton founded his theory.

Nothing was more pleasant than the self-satisfaction with which he refuted Inigo Jones's conjecture about Stonehenge being a work of the Romans. He admitted the transmarine speculation about Merlin to be an idle tale; thought Colt Hoare visionary; smiled at the Druids; overthrew the Danes in a moment; and laughed outright at the cenotaphian humour about the British kings; admitted the work was in existence before the Conquest; and thus having disposed of all generations, since the first peopling of the island, shook his head significantly, and had “an opinion of his own.”

He well remembered Mr. Gray, and was surprised to hear he was a poet. He had doubts about Rowley, but never mentioned which way. He thought Drayton's *Polyolbion* the finest poem in our language, but too superficial and imaginative, and all the rhyme the worse. He *believed* he liked fishing, for no other reason but that —— bequeathed him his tackle; and he went once a-year to Bishops-Waltham, to unfold and fold it, and keep up the self-delusion. He thought Isaac Walton's was a clever book, and would have been better but for the idle dialogue nothing to the purpose. He had a somewhat similar objection to Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn Burial*, which he thought discursive, and too full of irrelevant speculation.

These are a few opinions that may

serve to give individuality to his character; but he had a thousand others no better worth recording, in all which, "affection, master of passion, swayed him to the mood of what it liked and loathed;" and so it does not only a simple antiquary, but all other people worth remembering: it is a clue to the whole mystery of the human mind; the text to Sterne's chapter on Hobby-horses; the soul of Wordsworth's poetry; the source of Hazlitt's power,—Rousseau's pathos,—Montaigne's knowledge; the foundation of Shakespeare's dramatic characters; and possibly the occasion of this first essay in the LONDON, by

THURMA.

## THEODORE AND BERTHA,

### A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

THE story of this little drama is taken, with some variation in the scene and catastrophe, from the beautiful ballad entitled *Fausse Foodrage*, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Characters, {  
 Countess Lindorf.  
 Bertha.  
 Theodore.  
 Conrade.  
 Frederick.

*Scene, a Forest in Bohemia—a Castle in the Back-ground.*

*Theodore alone.*

*The.* Lie there, dark murderous weapon! I renounce thee!  
 Farewell, ye barbarous sports! Alas, poor fawn!

*Enter Bertha.*

*Ber.* Did I not hear a gun? The poor, poor fawn  
 Licking its bleeding mother! This is cruel!

*The.* Oh! cruel! cowardly! Never again will I—  
 I hate my treacherous skill—I hate myself.

*Ber.* Look how the poor fawn, with his nudging nose  
 And pretty stamping feet, dabbled in blood,  
 Tries to awake his dam! How piteously  
 He moans, poor spotted thing! Are you quite sure  
 The doe is dead? I thought I saw her move.

*The.* Too sure. 'Twas not her motion; that fond thing  
 Striving—I cannot bear to look on them!  
 She is too surely dead; when I came up  
 I found her dying; her fine delicate limbs  
 Trembling with the death-shiver. She scarce breathed;  
 But the pure instinct of maternal love  
 Struggled to keep in life: she fix'd her sad,  
 Affectionate eyes upon her young-one's face,  
 Then moaning over her as now he moans—  
 Stretch'd out her feet and died. Oh, Lady Bertha,  
 Man is the wilder brute!

*Ber.* But you are grieved,—  
 And knew not—no, I'm sure you never dreamt  
 Of this poor fawn?

*The.* No; it lay sleeping there  
 Behind the bushes. But a savage heart  
 Was mine, that could even here— Look round you, lady!  
 There is not in the forest such a spot  
 As this. Look how the wood-walks hither tend,  
 As to a centre: some in vistas green,



Pillar'd and over-arch'd—as the long aisles  
 Of an old proud cathedral ; others wandering  
 In lovelier mazes through a various scene—  
 Holly or copse-wood ; scarce the eye can trace  
 Their coy meanders, but all meeting here  
 Beneath this monarch oak, through whose thick boughs  
 The sun comes flickening. How the indented leaves,  
 Of brightest green, cut clearly the blue sky  
 And the small clouds ! And how this tiny spring  
 Bubbles and sparkles round the moss-grown roots,  
 Winding its silver thread along the short  
 Elastic turf, so thickly set with flowers,  
 And mix'd with fragrant herbs, till it is lost  
 Amongst the bowery thickets ! Not a spot  
 In all the forest can compare with this—  
 Nature's own temple ! And that delicate thing  
 Made up of innocence, and love, and fear,  
 And trembling happiness,—most beautiful  
 Of all this beauty,—she, who stood enjoying,  
 With a sweet peaceful spirit, drinking in  
 This flood of bliss,—that I— I hate myself !  
 And you must hate me, lady.

*Ber.*

Oh ! no ; no ;

You are so sorry !

*The.*

'Tis my father's fault :

He keeps me here, waging unequal war  
 With these poor harmless deer, when I should be  
 Arm'd in the desperate strife, stemming the tide  
 Of glorious battle, winning death or fame.

*Ber.* That were a strange place to learn gentleness.

*The.* The only place for me. Oh, I must forth

Into the stirring world ! I have wild dreams  
 Which I would fain make real ; daring thoughts  
 Which must be turn'd to action ; hopes which soar  
 High as the eagle's wing ; all madness now ;—  
 But, Lady Bertha, I have bask'd too long  
 In the bright blaze of beauty. I have gazed  
 Unseen, unknown, as our poor forest cot  
 Looks upwards on your castle ; I must gain  
 A name, or die—a glorious name !

*Ber.*

Nay, Theodore—

*The.* She knows me !

*Ber.*

Theodore—

*The.*

Oh ! now that name

Is precious to my heart ! Thou know'st me, lady ?

*Ber.* Think you, I thus had spoken with a stranger ?

I've often seen you at our early mass,  
 And sometimes from the windows ; and, besides,  
 My own dear mother often speaks of your's—  
 Her faithful, favourite maid.

*The.*

She was her maid ;

Her favourite maid. Oh ! I had not forgotten !

*Ber.* And of your father, her kind faithful friend,

That old and reverend man, whose shining hairs,  
 Whiter than ermine, so become his bright  
 And healthful cheek. How much I love to see him !  
 How much I wish to know him ! My dear mother  
 Talks oftentimes of him. Aye, and of you—  
 Oftenest, I think, of all. Do you not know  
 That I'm your foster-sister ? That one breast—  
 Alas, that breast is cold ! nourish'd us both ?

And that we should be friends? Oh, I have long'd,  
Even in the holy chapel, to say this;  
But my stern Uncle—

*The.* Kindest, loveliest maid!  
How well that heart is mated to that face!  
And does the gentle Countess speak of me—  
That beautiful grief? Yes, I have often seen,  
Have often felt those dewy eyes, where love  
Mixes with pity, as in angel's looks,  
Fix'd upon mine, as she would read my soul.  
Oh! she would find it full of deep respect  
For her—and for her daughter.

*Ber.* Theodore,  
Look, the poor fawn has moan'd himself asleep!  
Give him to me. I—captive though I be,  
Or little better, in those frowning walls,—  
Yet have I there a lone deserted nook,  
Which long neglect has made a sort of garden,  
All clothed with moss, and grass, and trailing plants,  
And deck'd with gorgeous weeds. The wild-vine there,  
And white-vein'd ivy, form a natural arbour;  
And I have mingled odorous shrubs, and sprinkled  
Bright showers of garden blossoms. It is now  
A bower fit for the fairies; and unclaim'd  
Of any other, I still call it mine;  
And there my pretty fawn shall dwell with me,  
And feed on roses;—my poor dappled fawn!  
No—not in your arms—give him into mine.

*The.* Nay, let me carry him?

*Ber.* Oh! no, no, no;  
I must not, dare not.

*The.* Only to the gate?

*Ber.* The gate! Then I must tell my truant tale—  
Must own my wanderings! First put down the fawn—  
I know not why—but, Theodore, I feel  
As if I had done wrong—as if—and yet  
I'm sure I meant no harm. Let us sit here  
On these soft mossy roots. It is, indeed,  
A chosen spot! Well, Theodore, thou know'st  
That my good father died ere I was born,  
A luckless girl! and that his castle, lands,  
Titles and vassals, to his brother fell,  
And I, amongst the rest, his infant ward.  
With my dear mother I have lived with him  
In a most strict seclusion—prisoners  
In every thing but name! For eighteen years,  
All my short life, we ne'er have pass'd the gate.

*The.* Villain! base cowardly villain! Soon a time  
Shall come— Go on, sweet lady!

*Ber.* She still mourning  
Her lord's untimely death, and I—

*The.* Oh! villain,  
That drink'st the orphan's tears! A time shall come—

*Ber.* Nay, peace; I prythee, peace! I, still content—  
Content is not enough!—I was as happy  
As a young bird.

*The.* Happy! with that fierce tyrant,  
That stern oppressor!

*Ber.* He was sometimes kind;  
And my dear mother always. All the house  
Was good and kind to me—too good! too kind!

Oh! there is in man's heart a fathomless well  
 Of goodness! I had nought but gratitude,  
 And yet how kind they were! Content and happy  
 Was I; yet sometimes an unbidden thought  
 Sprang up—a hope—a wish—an earnest wish!  
 A powerful passionate hope! We had a maid  
 Bred in the forest,—a young innocent girl,  
 Who pined for trees, and air, and liberty,  
 Even till she sicken'd, and her round red cheeks  
 Grew thin and pale; and books, dear books! they all  
 Of freedom spake and nature; and the birds  
 That eddied round our windows, every song  
 Call'd me to lovely nature; till I long'd  
 Intensely, as the school-boy yearns for home,  
 To cast aside only for once the walls  
 Of our old castle, and to feel green leaves  
 About me, and to breathe the pleasant air,  
 Freshen'd with bright strange flowers and dewy grass,  
 And warm'd with the bright sun.

*The.* And did the Count  
 Refuse thee, lady?

*Ber.* Yes.

*The.* But they—his vassals?  
 Surely, one only man of all the world  
 Could utter *no* to thee!

*Ber.* I ask'd them not.  
 Have I not told thee they were good and kind,—  
 Kindest to me? And could I tempt them on  
 To possible punishment?

*The.* Oh! what a bliss  
 For thee! But, lady, thou art here?

*Ber.* I found  
 The lone deserted court I call'd my garden,  
 And dress'd my bower, and tried to trifle thus  
 My bootless wish away;—but still it clung!  
 And one day—following, with my eye, my heart,  
 A ring-dove hastening to her woodland nest,  
 Wishing I too had wings, I mark'd how low  
 In that dark angle was the ruin'd wall,  
 Cover'd with clustering ivy, and o'erhung  
 By an old ash. And almost with the thought,  
 The ivy boughs my ladder, and the ash  
 My friendly veil, I climb'd the wall, and came  
 Down on the other side, a safe descent  
 Propp'd by the uneven trunk,—and there I stood,  
 Panting with fear and joy, at liberty!  
 Yet was I so o'ermaster'd by my fear,  
 That for that day I could not move a step  
 Into the forest; but crept trembling back—  
 And wept as if for grief. Often since then,  
 When the Count Lindorf is abroad, as now  
 That he lies sick at Prague, I venture forth  
 As fearless as a dove.

*The.* And still unmark'd?

*Ber.* The sheltering forest reaches to the wall—  
 Look, 'tis close by!—I never have seen trace  
 Of man but once; then thou wert reading here:  
 I had resolved, if ever I should meet  
 Thee or thy good old father, to accost ye;  
 Yet when I saw thee here—I know not how—  
 But my heart fail'd me—and I fled. I wonder

At to-day's courage ; but the poor, poor fawn—  
I only thought of him. Well, I must hence ;  
My mother else may miss me.

*The.* Then the Countess  
Knows not this path ?

*Ber.* No ; her sweet gentle spirit  
Is cast in a too anxious mould ; she fears  
For all she loves. No ; I have never told her.  
But now—that we—and she must see my fawn !  
Aye—and she ought to know.

*The.* And when she knows,  
Oh ! lady, I shall never see thee more !

*Ber.* Yet I must tell her—surely I must tell her !  
She is my own most dear and loving mother ;  
Ought I not, Theodore ?

*The.* Lady, you must ;  
Though it will root from out my heart a hope  
Deeper than life, you must.

*Ber.* Give me the fawn !  
And, Theodore, stay here. I think—I hope  
That she will wish to see thee. If she should—  
Come not with me. Be sure to stay just here.  
Farewell !—Nay, struggle not, my pretty fawn !  
'Thou must along with me.—Farewell !

[Exit Bertha.

*The.* Farewell,  
Loveliest and most beloved ! Well might she wish  
To tread the woodland path,—light-footed maid !  
How beautiful she is, with her white arms  
Wound round her innocent burthen, and her head  
Bent over his so lullingly ! Even he,  
That wild and timorous creature, feels the charm,  
And is no more afraid. She disappears ;—  
I scarce distinguish now her floating veil,  
And her brown waving hair. How beautiful !  
How graceful ! Most like one of Dian's nymphs,  
But full of deeper tenderness. Her voice,  
Her words still linger round me like the air,  
The dewy sunny air of which she spake,  
Glowing and odorous. Oh ! that I were—  
And I will be.—Yes, loveliest, most beloved,  
I will deserve thee ! I will make my name,  
My humble lowly name, worthy to join  
With thine, sweet Lady Bertha ! Hapless thing !  
Thy gay compeers may bound at peace for me ;  
I shall seek braver fields. For thee, poor doe,  
I will go bury thee deep in yon dell.  
Should she return—and will she then return ?  
How my heart throbs to know.

*Enter Conrade.*

*Con.* Surely I saw  
Some bright and lovely maiden fitting by,  
Close to the castle wall ; along this path  
She must have come. Or was it but the vision,  
That fills my dreams all night, my thoughts all day,  
The bright and lovely form ?—Ha, Theodore !  
Hast thou seen here a woman, a fair woman ?

*The.* She has just parted hence, the lady Bertha.

*Con.* Bertha ! Oh, I must see, must follow her !

*The.* Nay, 'tis too late ; ere now she's in the castle.  
She will return.

*Con.* Oh, wondrous, wondrous chance!  
The lady Bertha!—Did she speak to thee?  
What seems she, Theodore? Gay, gentle, kind?  
Her mother was—Oh, tell me of her, boy!  
*The.* Father, I must to the wars.  
*Con.* Tell me of her!  
*The.* I must go win a name.  
*Con.* Well! well! thou shalt.  
Talk to me now of Bertha!

*The.* This is Bertha!  
Why war, and fame, and life, they are all Bertha!  
Nothing but Bertha!—Oh, I love her, father,  
Madly and wildly; she is my whole world;  
Rip up my heart, and you will find all Bertha,  
And I will wed her. I must to the wars,  
And earn her love. Nay, shake not thus thy head;  
Though she be great and I be lowly, father,  
I tell thee, I will make a glorious name—  
Or die.

*Con.* This is most wondrous! But the Count—  
Count Lindorf.

*The.* Oh, true love is strong and mighty;  
Pride bends before it.

*Con.* Were it pride alone!  
Count Lindorf, as I hear, would rather see  
The lady Bertha in a convent cell  
Than wedded. He is dark and dangerous,  
And full of fears. Men say—

*The.* Speak on, speak on.  
What say they, father?

*Con.* Dark and dangerous—  
A fierce and gloomy—Nay, no more of this.  
Whither dost drag that doe?

*The.* To bury it  
Far from her sight;—she will be here anon.  
She fain would know you, and she speaks of you  
So reverently! In truth, she is as humble  
As a poor village maiden; yet as gracious  
As a born princess. I shall soon return.  
Stay, dearest father, lest she come the while;  
She fain would see you.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

*Con.* Oh, if she could know—  
Could feel—could share.—Be still, my beating heart;  
Thou shalt not master me; be still!—She comes,  
The beautiful! the kind!—Oh, that I dared—

*Enter Countess Lindorf and Bertha.*

*Ber.* This is the place, I'm sure; but where is he?

*Con.* These are the first words I have heard her speak  
In all my life! How my ear drinks her voice!  
The Countess too.—

*Countess.* Conrade! my kindest friend!  
My faithfullest! my best! How many cares  
Have made me old, since in thy parting tears  
I said, farewell to truth and honesty!

*Con.* My gracious lady!

*Countess.* Conrade, where is he?

*Con.* In yonder dell. She hath caught sight of him.

*Ber.* Ah, there he is, burying the poor, poor doe!  
I must go help him.

*Countess.* First come hither, Bertha.  
This is my faithful friend—

*Ber.* Theodore's father,  
I know him well. He is no stranger, mother;  
Why I have loved him ever since I saw  
Those reverend hairs; and he, I'm sure, loves me.  
Dost thou not, Conrade? See, he looks at me  
With such a kindly gaze.

*Con.* How beautiful  
She is! What a bright smile lives in her eyes!  
And see! her soft white hand is dimpled o'er  
Like a young babe's. Oh, take it not away,  
That soft and dimpled hand!

*Countess.* No, rather give  
Both hands, my Bertha. He's thy foster father.

*Ber.* May I not call him father? I, alas!  
Have never known one.

*Con.* Blessings on thy head,  
Beloved child!

*Countess.* Now, my own Bertha, go  
And seek young Theodore, and bring him hither.  
Nay, let her go!—

[Exit Bertha.]

Yes, Conrade, she is more  
Than thy heart paints her, through these long, long years  
My only comfort. She is all made up  
Of sweet serene content; a buoyant spirit  
That is its own pure happiness. If e'er  
Count Lindorf chide her—and, in sooth, even he  
Can rarely find a fault to blame in Bertha—  
But should he chide her, she will meekly bend  
For one short moment, then rise smiling up,  
As the elastic moss when trampled on  
By some rude peasant's foot. Never was heart  
Stronger than her's in peaceful innocence.  
Now speak of him.

*Con.* First, madam, he loves her;  
I knew it but to-day.

*Countess.* So she loves him,  
And knows it not. But tell me of his temper.

*Con.* Kind, noble, generous, but all too hot:  
Just like those bright black eyes, whose fiery flash  
Kindling with living light, I've seen you watch  
With such a painful joy.

*Countess.* I have gazed on him  
Till my eyes ach'd, till every sense was dazzled.  
Yet with that fire there was a gentleness,  
A softer, tenderer look. And still he knows not—

*Con.* I dare not trust him, lady. He already  
Abhors Count Lindorf; he already longs  
For war, for danger, for renown, for aught  
Where imminent deadly peril may be staked  
Against a noble name.

*Countess.* A noble name!  
He pants for that! And I, that with a word—  
Oh, may I? dare I?

*Con.* Noble lady, no.  
The Count is dangerous, and this rash youth—

*Countess.* True; true. And I expect my powerful kinsman,  
The Baron Zutphen; he shall hear my story,  
My sad, sad story, Conrade. Oh, the strife  
Of love so long pent in, so strong, so deep,

So gushing through the heart, with bitter fear !  
 And I, that ne'er have known the dear delight  
 To give him pleasure—Oh, to think that I  
 Could with a word, one word—I must away—  
 I dare not trust myself. Good Conrade, help me  
 Back to the castle.

*Con.* Rest thee here awhile,  
 Dear lady.—How she trembles !—Nay, sit down :  
 Command thyself.

*Enter Theodore and Bertha.*

*Ber.* Mother !

*Countess.* Who call'd me mother ?

*The.* Let me support her ;—lady, lean on me.

*Countess.* His very tone !

*Ber.* How art thou, dearest mother ?

*Countess.* Better.

*Ber.* But still thou tremblest, and so pale !

*The.* Oh, do not rise ! You are too weak.

*Countess.* A strong

And a kind arm supports me.

*The.* Never, madam,  
 Was it so honour'd. Would that all my life  
 Might pass as this brief moment !

*Countess.* Theodore,

I think—

*The.* And for my father's sake, perhaps—

*Countess.* Thy father !—aye, indeed—thy father ! Theodore,  
 I have a boon to ask of thee.

*The.* A boon !

Say, madam, a command.

*Countess.* Well—a command.

Conrade has told me thou wilt to the wars ;  
 I have a powerful kinsman, young, and brave,  
 High in the Emperor's favour ; I expect him  
 At Lindorf in the autumn. Be content  
 To wait his coming, and my first request  
 Shall be, that he will guide thee in that path  
 Of stainless honour which himself hath trod.  
 Say wilt thou wait till then ?

*The.* How can poor Theodore,

The humble, low-born Theodore, deserve  
 This wondrous bounty ! Not for the wide world,  
 Not even for her, would I deceive such goodness.

Madam, all poor and lowly as I am,  
 Yet I have dared to love—Oh, pardon me !  
 Even if you banish, pardon !—Who could see  
 Your Bertha and not love her ?

*Countess.* And what says  
 My Bertha to such love ?

*Ber.* My dearest mother,  
 What is that proud word *rank* ? What hath it been,  
 But the stern prison-bolt that barr'd me out  
 From air, and sunshine, and the song of birds,  
 And the sweet scent of flowers ? And must it now  
 Exclude—

*Enter Frederick.*

*Fred.* Thank Heaven, she's found !—I have sought you

Every where, madam. I have that to tell  
Which may not brook delay.

*Countess.* Is the Count Lindorf  
Return'd?

*Fred.* My gracious lady, he is dead.

*Con.* Dead!

*Fred.* Even so. Last night Count Lindorf died.

*Countess.* No, no, he lives! the real Count Lindorf lives!

My son! my son! my own, my very son!  
Thou, for whose sake I have endured to live

In prison and in sorrow—thou art mine,  
My Theodore! In the face of all the world  
I will proclaim thee rightful Count of Lindorf.

*The.* Mother! I do not ask if this be real,  
My heart has always claim'd thee. Yes; I am  
Thy son, thy very son.

*Ber.* And the poor Bertha—  
What then is she?

*Countess.* My daughter, still my daughter:

*The.* Bertha, my sister!

*Countess.* No; thy wife. Will that  
Please thee as well? And our dear Conrade's child.

*Con.* My own sweet child.

*Countess.* My son, thy speaking eyes  
Demand my story. Briefly let me tell  
A grief which eighteen years have left as fresh  
As yesterday. Thy father was a man  
Born to lead all hearts captive. Such he was  
As thou art now. Look at the features, Frederick—  
The shape, the air.

*Fred.* It is his very self.

*Countess.* I loved him—we were in our bridal year—  
Oh, how I loved him! So did all the world,  
Except his envious brother. They went forth  
Together, at the break of day, to hunt  
Here in this very forest; and at eve,  
One—only one—return'd. Mine—Mine—O God!  
The agony, the frightful agony.  
When he at last was brought!—O God!

*The.* My mother!

*Countess.* Some tale was told of direful accident—  
Would that I could believe! But from that hour  
Peace, rest, and appetite, and natural smiles,  
Forsook the conscious fratricide—Oh, guilt  
Hath well avenged us! But, ere yet the flush  
Of bold triumphant crime had paled to fear  
And dark remorse, did Conrade overhear—  
For I was great of thee, my Theodore,  
And grief and horror had brought on my pains—  
This Lindorf bribed a ruffian to secure  
My infant, if a male. Thou, sweetest Bertha,  
A new-born innocent babe, wert in the castle;  
And he, and my kind nurse, and she the kindest  
And faithfullest of all, thy blessed mother,  
Contrived, I scarcely conscious, to exchange  
My boy for his fair girl.—A boundless debt  
We owe thee, Conrade.

*Con.* Pay it to my Bertha.

*The.* She is herself that debt! What was the life  
Of fifty, such as I, compared to Bertha?



A paltry boon, scarce worth my thanks, dear father!  
She is the treasure! She—

*Ber.* Cease, flatterer, cease!

I must go tend my fawn.

*Countess.* My son, I long

To see you in your castle.

*Fred.* You will find

The Baron Zutphen there to greet you, madam.

He came to proffer succour and protection

To you and Lady Bertha; he will now

Welcome his brave young kinsman. Not a heart,

Vassal or servant, but will feel the joy

Of this discovery.

*Countess.* Theodore, my son,  
How proud I am of that unwonted word!

Let us go meet the Baron. Bertha, Conrade,

Daughter and friend, come with me; this kind cousin

Must see how rich I am. My own dear son!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ON SPENSER'S SUPPOSED ACQUAINTANCE WITH SHAKSPEARE.

FEW of our readers are aware, we dare say, of the late launch of Mr. Malone's Shakspeare, in twenty-one thick 8vo. volumes; but a Shakspearian feels it to his cost. We are not so wealthy as to deem 12l. 12s. a trifle for the mere *additions* made by Mr. Malone, to the late *Variorum* Shakspeare; nor can a plain man's library contain twice twenty-one volumes on the same subject, without inconvenience. The booksellers should have given us the additional notes and other amplifications in two or three volumes of appendix; and when a new edition of Johnson and Stevens's Shakspeare was required, which is said to be even now the case, they might then have invested the body corporate with the shreds and patches of Mr. Malone's latest accumulation. Perhaps this may be done hereafter; for it is unreasonable to expect, that when a man calls for a few more nuts to crack over his wine, he should be compelled to pay for an additional dinner.

So far as we have looked over the novelties of this last work, we must confess that our expectation is not gratified by finding any discovery made, worthy of the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Malone; but the investigation is, no doubt, barren, from the exhaustion of materials; and nothing new appears, because research has reached the bot-

tom of the sack. If this should be so, how happy a circumstance will it prove for the real admirers of Shakspeare; they may henceforth quote beauties, without fear of being detected in admiring a faulty reading; for it is a fact, that many of the passages which make the best stuff for quotation, are most closely allied to absurdity, either in conception or expression; and if they were now presented to the world, for the first time, as the production of a living poet, he would scarcely survive the "bolts" which would be shot at him.

But if research be at an end, we are still not out of jeopardy, for conjecture is more alive than ever. Her wings being no longer clipped to keep her on the ground with her companion, she may now beat the thin air with them in the regions of imagination. We have proof of this excursiveness in the work before us, where Mr. Malone introduces Spenser's works, and comments on his allusions with somewhat less felicity than he was wont. He finds that though "our pleasaunt *Willy* who is dead of late," could not be Shakspeare, he was, doubtless, *John Lyly*, the dramatic poet, the first letter of his name being altered, according to the *conceited* custom of that age; that for the same reason, *Iobbin* stands for *Robin* (Robert Dudley),

the Earl of Leicester; that *Dido* means an illegitimate daughter of the Earl's, by Douglas Howard, the widow of the Earl of Sheffield. *Dido* was born "perhaps" in 1571, died, "it may be presumed," in 1578, and, as in Virgil she is called also *Elisa*, was christened, "I apprehend," Elizabeth, "probably after the Queen." A former conjecturer had guessed that the far-famed *Rosalinde*, was *Rose Linde*, because a family of the name of *Linde* resided in Kent, in the time of Henry VI. Mr. Malone finds that another family, named *Horden*, lived in the same county, in the same king's reign; and with greater ability of scent, he detects *Rosalinde* in the anagram of *Elisa Ordn*. This is all we know of either of them, and all that our ingenious commentators condescend to tell us of a woman so renowned for her beauty and accomplishments. It is dangerous to object to these discoveries; for the title of "shallow buffoons, and half-witted scoffers," is prepared beforehand for the punishment of all unbelievers.

After enumerating many poets and eminent persons of both sexes, who are supposed to be alluded to by Spenser, in his *Tears of the Muses*, and *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in several of which he coincides with Mr. Todd,—Mr. Malone brings in another improvement of his own, conceiving *Ætion*, in the latter poem, to shadow forth obscurely, but "unquestionably," the name of *Shakspeare*. He has, certainly, more apparent reason with him than Mr. Todd, who imagines *Drayton* to be intended by the lines:

And then, though last, not least, is *Ætion*,  
A gentler shepheard may no where be  
found;  
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' inven-  
tion,  
Doth, like himself, hercolically sound.

Having made these discoveries, which fill no less than 112 pages of the *Life of Shakspeare*, Mr. Malone adds: "For this long, but, I trust not wholly uninteresting, disquisition, no apology is necessary. Every poetical reader, I am confident, will be gratified by an endeavour to 'pluck out the heart of this mystery,' to penetrate the thick 'veil of words,'

under which, for more than two centuries, the characters and productions of so many ingenious men have been concealed; and will feel no less satisfaction than I have done, on discovering, that, though *Shakspeare* was not the comick writer eulogized by the author of the *Tears of the Muses*, at a time when his name was scarcely known in the world, he yet, afterwards, was duly appreciated by his illustrious and amiable contemporary; who in talents and virtues more nearly resembled *Shakspeare*, than did any writer of that age; and who, we find, at a very early period of our great poet's dramatic life, had a just and high sense of his transcendent merits." Vol. II. p. 279.

We are sorry that we cannot feel the satisfaction which our warm-hearted commentator must have experienced, when he penned this concluding paragraph. He sits down happy, with having accomplished a great undertaking, and invites his poetical readers to repose with him; but facts, substantial facts, rise up and push us from our stools. We have very little confidence generally in the explications which have been heretofore given of Spenser's meaning; but in Mr. Malone's opinion, that the name of *Ætion* is a mask for *Shakspeare*, we cannot for a moment agree. Our reasons are neither few, nor soon stated; but perhaps the reader will grant us his patience while we produce them.

The poem of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, in which the above lines appear, was dedicated to Sir *Walter Raleigh*, on the 27th of December, 1591. Now we have not the least evidence adduced by any of his biographers, to show that *Shakspeare* was known as a writer at that time. The earliest supposed allusion to him is in *Greene's Groatsworthe of Witte*, published between September and December, 1592, and written when *Greene* was on his death-bed: advising some of his "fellow scollers about this city" to "let these apes," the players, imitate only their "past excellence," and never more acquaint them with their "admired inventions," he says, "Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a play-

er's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country." If this means Shakspeare, as it probably may, it shows great discernment in Greene thus to warn his friends beforehand of his rising greatness; but it also proves that Shakspeare was only just then venturing to bombast out a few lines of blank verse,—that he was a player by profession, and not a writer,—a *factotum*, because he united both offices, and had doubtless the temerity to try his hand at mending one of Greene's own plays. We may take another occasion to show that this was actually done by Shakspeare. Thus his talent was felt and estimated, we allow, as early as the autumn of 1592—but then only by those who had so intimate a connexion with the management of the theatre, as to know what improvements were made by him in the plays which they produced. In the following year, 1593, Shakspeare publicly announced his pretensions to the title of a poet, by printing his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which he says, in his dedication of it to the Earl of Southampton, is *the first heir of his invention*; meaning, of course, his first original performance; and he *vows to take advantage of all idle hours, till he have honoured him with some graver labour*. This poem was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in April, 1593; and as it was then declared by the author to be his *first and gravest labour*, Spenser, we may be certain, could not mean to commend the same writer for his "muse full of high thoughts' invention," so early as December, 1591. Mr. Malone and Mr. Todd are so well aware of this, that they attempt to find an error in the date of Spenser's dedication; but the arguments they adduce for it are all incompetent to shake the fact, as will be shown, when we come to speak of the poem of *Colin Clout*.

There was another poet living at that time, famous and noble, and every way proper to be designated by the verse in question, to whom Spenser, in our opinion, alluded; and if Mr. Malone's judgment had not

been betrayed by his zeal for Shakspeare, he would have pronounced him to be the man. Of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, it might be said with truth, "a gentler shepherded may no where be found." His tragedy of *Gorboduc*, or *Porrex and Ferrex*, had gained him the highest reputation as a poet, and is, indeed, "full of high thoughts' invention." The play upon his name is also in proof: "there's that will *sack a city*," says Falstaff of his favorite wine; like his muse, it doth *heroically sound*. Sackville was at this time 50, or as some say, 60 years of age, and not likely to write again; but in enumerating the poets of Elizabeth's court, it would have been a marked affront not to notice him. In 1590, he was made K. G.; and in the year when these lines were written, he was appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Spenser's opinion of his genius might be inferred, if that were necessary, from his friend Sir Philip Sydney's character of *Gorboduc*, in the *Defence of Poesy*: "Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause, are cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. Excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say, of those that I have seen), which, notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies." So that, except for the plot or management of the story, it would be, in the opinion of Sir Philip Sydney, a perfect tragedy. He proceeds to state his reasons, which in no degree detract from the character of the poetry: "For it is faulty, both in *place* and *time*, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time pre-supposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, *but one day*, there is both many days and many places artificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, *how much more in all the rest?*"

This was the opinion Sir Phillip Sydney entertained of the genius of Sackville; but the words of Spenser himself vouch for our application of the character of Ætion to that nobleman. Prefixed to the Fairy Queen, and written fortunately at the time (1590) when we may most fairly compare the description it gives of Sackville, with that under the name of Ætion, is the following sonnet.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of Her Majestie's Privie Counsell.*

In vain I think, Right Honourable Lord,  
By this rude rhyme to memorize thy  
name,

Whose learned muse hath writ her own re-  
cord

In golden verse, worthy immortal fame.

How much more fit (were leisure to the  
same)

Thy gracious Sovereign's praises to com-  
pile,

And her imperial Majestie to frame

In lofty numbers, and heroic style.

But aith thou mayst not so, give leave  
awhile

To baser wit his power therein to spend,  
Whose gross defaults thy dainty pen may  
file,

And unadvised oversights amend.

But evermore vouchsafe it to maintain  
Against vile Zoilus' backbitings vain.

To suppose that Spenser would, in the year after this was written, omit to name this nobleman among the poets of the time, is too much at variance with probability not to require some excuse; and, accordingly, Mr. Malone imputes to Spenser, a regard for his immediate friends which blinded his judgment, under the influence of which partiality he overlooked "Richard [Thomas] Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, and Edward Earl of Oxford."

We fear Mr. Malone's "friendly partiality" is more in fault than Spenser's on this occasion. Mr. Malone had game in view; he thought he could connect his author with Spenser; and the wish which was father to that thought, robbed him of his accustomed discretion: he could not otherwise have mentioned Sackville as he has, without perceiving the true drift of the verse in question. The argument by which he attempts to support his own opinion

is too curious to be omitted; and the insertion of it here is also due to the fair understanding of the subject.

It may be conjectured that before this poem was written, Shakspeare had produced on the stage one or more of his historical plays, probably King Richard the Second and Third. Spenser, therefore, while he distinguished him by that characteristic epithet which several of his contemporaries have applied to him,—“A gentler shepherd may no where be found,” and alluded to the *brandished spear* from which his name, so congenial with *heroick song*, was originally derived, may be supposed to have had in contemplation these imperial tragedies, then *perhaps* performing with applause at the Curtain Theatre, as well as his *Venus and Adonis*, and the newly published poem of the *Rape of Lucrece*, which had appeared in the middle of the year 1594, and may, with perfect propriety, be referred to under the denomination of *heroick verse*. In Richard the Second, the challenge of Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk in the first act, and the contention in the fourth act between the various noble disputants assembled in the lists at Coventry, being conducted with all the forms and pomp of chivalry, furnished, doubtless, a very splendid spectacle; and indeed the whole drama, as well as that of Richard the Third, doth, like its author, “*heroically sound*.” Vol. II. p. 274—276.

Our *unpoetical* readers will wonder to see by what a slender thread this whole episode concerning Spenser is connected with the proper subject of Mr. Malone's investigation; but we must do him the justice to say, that he certainly would not have produced this argument, had he not fancied that, by some mistake, the poem of Colin Clout's *Come Home Again* was dated 1591, instead of 1594. His reasons for supposing this are, as we have observed, wholly unsatisfactory to us, and easy to be combated; but the opening of the question of dates would lead us into too long a disquisition at the present time. We shall endeavour to introduce this subject in another number, when we may probably show that the above is not the only instance, apparently unknown to the commentators, in which Sackville, as a poet, has been alluded to by Spenser in terms of high commendation; and that *Lyly* has no better title than Shakspeare to the compliment paid “our pleasaunt Willy” in the *Tears of the Muses*.

## LEISURE HOURS:

## No. I.

## ON HOMER'S BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

I WOULD give something to meet with an intelligent disquisition on this admirable old poem: the first instance that I know of, in the serio-comic manner. *Blair* is as silent as his namesake's grave; and the mere common-place of that much over-rated writer's lectures (a quality, which, by the way, is the secret of their popularity) might have deterred us from cherishing any violent expectation that he would throw light on the matter. I have got no *Homer* but *Clarke's*, with *Ernesti's* additions, and on turning to the "*præfatio*," with an eagerness which some experience of the "sterile abundance" of the classic commentators makes rather ridiculous, I read as follows: "To speak either of the author or the genius of this poem, after so many disputes on each side of the question, is, in my opinion, nothing to the purpose." Grant me patience! But, sir, it does "*appertain*" to me, and to many others of your readers, take my word for it, that we *should* know something of the reasons *pro* and *con*; though as to the "genius" of the poem, we shall scarcely come to a note-maker for his assistance. You have palmed upon us three whole pages of information concerning the different copies; from which we learn, that one copy is short by eighty-six lines, and another by sixteen; but you can afford to tell us nothing of the possible inventor of the grave burlesque; though its existence, at a period of unquestionable antiquity, is, of itself, a curious and interesting phenomenon. Mr. Godwin, I believe, treating on the successive imperceptible links of cause and effect, starts a notion, in his profound hypothetical manner, that if Alexander had never crossed the Granicus, the fire of London could never have happened. But we need not be supposed to have taken a degree in the university of Laputa, if we come to the conclusion, that but for the Battle of the Frogs and Mice we should not have had the *Lutrin*,

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*the Rape of the Lock*, and what (*ut opinor*, as *Ernesti* says) is fairly worth them both, *Hudibras*. We are, Mr. Word-catcher, most exceedingly desirous to know what blockheads they are, who ascribe a burlesque of epic poesy in general, and of the *Iliad* in particular, to the author of the *Iliad* himself. If they had fastened it on *Zoilus*, it would have been a plausible hit; and if he *had* written it, there would have been an additional preponderating argument against the sentence of the holy critical inquisition of Alexandria, which sentenced this luckless *Perrault* of antiquity to be burnt, instead of his papers; seemingly with the full matter-of-course approbation of all English schoolmasters. Every stray waif in poetry was sure to find its way to Homer; but he would no more have burlesqued his own divine song, than Milton would have written a *Cottonian* travestie of his. Mr. Monk Lewis, indeed, turned his *A-lonzo* and *Imogene* into a comical ballad, almost as nonsensical, and ten times as stupid; and so he might; but imagine *Milton*, proud as he was of his "ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem," being charged with inditing *Philips's* "Splendid Shilling!" The lofty legends of Troy would not admit of being debased by a light association in the mind of such a bard as *Homer*; they must have been laid up in the inner recesses of his soul, with all sacred and inviolable things. But the question is laid at once to rest by a stubborn prose-fact. The idea of this old minstrel that floats about among the mob of readers, is something like the frontispiece to *Scarronides*; a blind ballad-singer, with a fist-full of printed songs. We will not insist as to the printing; but we may give a shrewd guess that Homer could not write. The craft was not in existence. It is no use to talk of the *σημάδια λυγρὰ*, the mournful symbols sent to *Bellerophon*: the Mexican barbarians corresponded with each other

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by means of pictorial signs; but we do not, therefore, think them good penmen. The parts of the Iliad were not books, but *rhapsodies*; the bard did not unroll a written papyrus, but recited his verses, like an Italian *improvisatore*, marking the cadence with a rude harp, or waving a bough of laurel. Those ingenious gentlemen called reporters were not yet in existence; the songs, which, like a snow-ball, gathered by successive recitations into a poem, were not written down, but gotten by heart. It was an oral age. Now in the very outset of the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," the poet says, in Cowper's version of him,

— My song, which I have newly traced  
In tables open'd on my knees.

And thus there is an end of the dispute.

"Pray, sir, why do not you make some search after the labours of these several *illustrissimi*? Mr. Boswell would run to the opposite extremities of London, not reckoning bye-alleys, garrets, and trunk-makers' shops, in quest of a solitary fact, which he acknowledges nobody would care about but himself."—Gentlemen, I have not the *indagatorial* organ. (If there be none of the kind or name, Dr. Spurzheim may thank me for helping him on towards the number *forty*, by this little addition to his very simple and intelligible nomenclature. I never can believe, by the bye, that I have only just *thirty-three* organs. There is something questionable and unsatisfactory in a broken number. It is like being asked to dinner at a *quarter* past six. I would have stopped at *thirty*, or subdivided a few more faculties, till I eked out the next round number.) I hate trouble. I am not certain whether I should lift down a book from a high shelf, particularly if dusty, as mine always are, though I should be sure to ascertain what I wanted. I had rather call in the figure of *periphrasis* or of *metathesis*, or any other that saves exertion; and talk of *somewhere*, or *some* writer has said. As to library hunting, I have forsworn it. You are sure to meet the very man whom you most wish to avoid; who looks over your shoulder, if you are *doggedly*

seated; makes you sick with some common-place about the *Muses*; (I wish I had never written a verse;) or intercepts you on your way to the book-ladder, and (like that "fell serjeant Death, strict in his arrest,") claps a *forked* hand on your breast, and detains you some twenty minutes with the fall of stocks, the impending ruin of cash payments, the revolution of 1688, and the propriety of excluding placemen and pensioners from the House of Commons. My friend *Aquillius* helped me on the other day, while sitting after a tête-à-tête dinner, (I have been all my life what Johnson calls a tête-à-tête man) by advising me to trace the progress of burlesque, or serio-comic poetry, downwards in a series of essays. He talked very glibly of the facility of this; and for a moment (I had not the remotest idea of doing all this myself) I was casting in my mind the request that he would set about it himself. But I thought of his painting-room and his port-folio, and I did not ask it. My friend (not to speak it profanely) reminds me of *Mrs. Malaprop's* address to the Captain: "I hope, Sir, you are not like Cerberus; *three* gentlemen at once." At times he is like *Wordsworth* in his retrospective poem: "the tall rock haunts him like a passion." The gross remembrance of dinner does not molest him (and in this, I confess, he has the advantage of me) when lolling on a stone in some valley, with his drawing-board before him, and his box of colours, ten to one, slipped into a neighbouring brook, without leave asked. He deposits this unfinished piece (like a *tabula rotiva* to the Dryads) under some tuft of broom or fern; and imagines we live in those times of Arcadian simplicity, that it will be respected. A wag of his acquaintance, a brother of the brush, found it, and wrote "*very bad*" in the margin of a towering sketch of rock, jutting out amidst ivy and underwood, and capped with a verge of heath, and a sprinkling of unexpectedly defined trees, at scattered distances, with azure glimmerings of horizon. He took the criticism somewhat to heart, till he detected the commentator; and retaliated, in a lucky moment, by a few random touches, surreptitiously introduced

into a drawing of his woodland critic, by which the pendant boughs of trees, and swelling projections of rocks, were made to assume the configuration of chins, eyes, and noses: of which the painter himself was first apprized by an explosion of laughter round a supper-table. He is, after all, happier in a dim closet, with a sky-light, where, planted at his easel, he shows a reckless disdain of Wordsworth's remonstrance about "growing double." He has little love for the sun, and commends a fine day according as the landscape in its tints and shadows approximates to canvas. He abominates *green*. I always considered it as a striking proof of his good-nature, that, after his manner of encouraging poor artists, he once gave a guinea for a *green* park and *wooden* deer, for which this obscure competitor of *Claude* had modestly charged five shillings. As *Tom Paine* said of the Quakers, that if they had had any hand in the creation, they would have clothed the face of nature in *drab*, so we may be certain that my friend would have proscribed *Coleridge's*

Healthful greenness pour'd upon the soul, in favour of reds, browns, and yellows: *autumn*, therefore, for his money. He has no sympathy with the dewy emerald of a meadow in a showery summer. These strike me as some of the *disadvantages* of a painter. I am always at fault in conversation with an artist. I have a most plebeian fondness for enclosed fields, gently swelling and sinking, with their hedge-rows thick set with hollies and hawthorns, and now and then an elm or an oakling. These, I find, I must not confess the liking of. But I may admire a brown interminable heath, that, such is my cockneyism, always puts me in mind of a gibbet: and I may talk, as long as I please, of *glaciers*, of mountains that topple over our heads, and lakes that give the sensation of a bottomless watery abyss at our feet. I should like (but for the trouble of motion) to *visit* such scenes: though I am rather of Dr. Johnson's way of thinking respecting the Giant's Causeway in Ireland: "Worth *seeing*, Sir, yes! but not worth *going* to see:" but I do not covet to *live* among them. I

have a sense of awful and appalling dreariness and solitariness: I feel among them desolate, hopeless, and forsaken. I cling to undulating field-paths, and familiar knolls under plane or birch-trees, with glimpses of *rarely* passing rural flets, and the long, flaxen, uncut ringlets of cottage children. I had rather look at a sheltered farm, with sheep nibbling on the slope that overhangs it, than gaze dizzily upwards to the monastery, however hospitable within, or however picturesque without, on the summit of mount St. Gothard. I cannot say with *Correggio*, "ed io sono pittore." I am afraid I like *Morland's* bits of rustic animal life and homely cottage nature: his she-ass and her colt in a straw-yard, when under snow (though I had rather the latter were away); his shaggy cart-horses, standing with a sort of sleepy patience in a dark field-stable, into which a broken light streams down from a hole in the roof; above all, his pigs, especially if a chubby-faced child is clambering over a half-door, and leaning to look at them. I am not on terms of intimacy with *Wilson's* tempest-troubled landscapes. I have few aspirings beyond Gainsborough's cattle, standing in a clear pool, or winding up along a steep hollow, under banks of broad clustering oaks with their sketchy and natural leafing. My friend is fond of spreading his canvas with the massive, umbered tints of *Poussin*: he plunges his genius into a brown overhanging forest, with a splash of broken river, and one delicious peep of sky, of a deeper blue than the kingfisher's plumage, which relieves, what I should call, the melancholy blackness of the scene. He delights to surround himself with gnarled mountain ash-trees, that straggle from the sides of cliffs; and often sketches out a root of most fantastic growth, and undefinable figure, about which he has not quite made up his mind, whether it shall be a scathed fire of a tree, or a twining dragon, like one in *Lucan's*, or *Tasso's* forest. By the way, he has no objection to a soldier or two, sheathed in armour, climbing out of a midway mountain-cavern, from behind a huge disparted crag, and looking down over it, in

such a posture as to make one giddy: or, what is more usual with him, a knight, in panoply complete, all but his helmet, stretched at his length on the wild herbage, and a damsel gleaming through the shadowy brakes, and wheeling away on a fugitive palfrey. I went to see his progress in one of these romantic sketches, and found him half suffocated with the vapour of *aqua fortis*, of which he had inhaled rather an unreasonable quantity, in etching a small Venice-piece of Canaletti. He allowed the inconvenience of this sort of accidental *inspiration*; but gave very cogent reasons for the superior satisfaction resulting from the graver over the pencil, and thought he should never touch canvas again. I thought differently. However, the copper fell into the same disgrace as the canvas. The window of a bookseller of my acquaintance exhibited, all of a sudden, a weekly succession of macaronic poems. The subjects were various. There was an eccentric French dancing-master, who, among other freaks, set up a child's wheel-chair with a sail to it, which he called a *char volant*: and in this his daughter, a stout stocky demoiselle of fifteen, dragged herself heavily along the floor; the flying being limited to his own capers, as he preceded the car with his kit. There was a Logierian professor, who taught the theory and practice of music in four lessons. There was a doctor, a violent favourite of the ladies, who brought elderly gentlemen to a crisis in four days, by wrapping them in sheets steeped in brandy; and who cured his own children, by baking them in puff paste: and there was a radical school-master, who demonstrated, from Cobbett's grammar, that the House of Commons, and a den of thieves, being both nouns of multitude, were convertible in meaning. This accounted for the glance, which I now so frequently had at my friend's back, as he turned into a printing-office. He was grown mysterious and invisible. Till "dawdling with him over a dish of tea," one evening, he read me half a canto of *Wieland's Oberon* in stanzaic verse; and after explaining, to my perfect apprehension, that *Sotheby's* version was too terse and polished to be

characteristic of the original, he avowed his intention of completing the whole in the manner that he had begun. He hit off the thing with such an easy freedom, that for once I began to persuade myself he would "keep the word of promise to the hope as well as to the ear." His perseverance was a nine weeks' wonder; and in this time he mastered nine cantos; when he murmured something about having heard that Mr. Coleridge had expressed a similar intention; and I found the MS. had been slid into a drawer among some sketches, which he had once commenced, but never finished, illustrative of the scenes and adventures in *St. Pierre's* Paul and Virginia. In fact, as he told me in confidence, he was now very busily employed in counteracting the spread of Methodism, by a sermon and commentary on King *James the First's* anti-sabbatical proclamation for the encouragement of sports and exercises on a Sunday.

This is a very formidably faulty digression; but how else could I make it quite clear, that there would have been little hope in persuading my friend to give us a systematic history of burlesque poetry?

He had, however, got actually a good way in translating the battle: when, just as he arrived at the words *ἔχθιστοι γαλῆν*, (verse 113,) (which he persisted, with *Parnell* and *Cowper*, in calling a *cat*, for want of taking the trouble to reflect that cats are not usually found in open fields, and on the borders of marshes) a cat, one mid-day, sprang upon his bed (which, according to custom, was piled with books and papers), overturned his ink-bottle on the coverlet, and put to flight frogs and mice in pell-mell rout and irretrievable confusion. He had always an antipathy to this "democratic beast," (as Robert Southey, before he dubbed himself *Esquire*, and was created Doctor of Laws, and Poet Laureate, and wrote the *Vision of Judgment*, sympathetically called it in his *Annual Anthology*;) and this incident has forced him to rise before noon, and ply his pencil once more in the valley. It was a poetical battle of spurs, and his epic ideas have never rallied since.



I wish the cat had not inter-meddled; for there is no translation of this mock-heroic, that conveys to an English reader any idea of its humour. The original has by no means that stately and unbending gravity of phrase, which the standard versions impute to it. Goldsmith, who is usually right, blamed Parnell for retaining the Greek names; and Johnson, who is oftener right than the admirers of Gray's hubble-bubble sublimity will allow, concurs in the criticism. Cowper, thus fore-warned, was not fore-armed; but blundered on in the same error. Who cares for PHY-

SIGNATHUS? Who, that has a tooth which dreads hard crust, would willingly take upon him to pronounce PSYCHARFAX? What smiles will flicker round the corners of an English mouth, at the sounds of BORBO-ROCOITES and CNISSODIOCTES? John Bull, I'll be sworn,

Would rather hear a brazen candlestick  
turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree.

At my next *leisure hour* I may,  
perhaps, cull out a sample or two  
for the LONDON MAGAZINE.

AN IDLER.

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### FAREWELL TO MARY.

WHERE is the heart thou once hast won,  
Can cease to care about thee?  
Where is the eye thou'st smiled upon,  
Can look for joy without thee?  
Lorn is the lot one heart hath met,  
That's lost to thy caressing;—  
Cold is the hope that loves thee yet,  
Now thou art past possessing:—  
Fare thee well!

We met—we loved—we've met the last,—  
The farewell word is spoken:  
O Mary, canst thou feel the past,  
And keep thy heart unbroken?  
To think how warm we loved, and how  
Those hopes should blossom never!  
To think how we are parted now—  
And parted, oh, for ever!—  
Fare thee well!

Thou wert the first my heart to win,  
Thou art the last to wear it;  
And though another claims akin,  
Thou must be one to share it.  
Oh, had we known, when hopes were sweet,  
That hopes would once be thwarted,—  
That we should part no more to meet,  
How sadly we had parted!—  
Fare thee well!

JOHN CLARE.

## EPITAPHS.

There is a humble, unpretending kind of poetry, limited in its subject—the production alike of the learned and the ignorant, the high and low, the rich and poor—which, alike interesting to all, has failed to obtain much regard from those to whom it addresses instruction: I mean Epitaphs. The living naturally wish to shun all intercourse with the dead; and though the latter, in many a warning line, lift up their voice, and call aloud from the ground, we heed not the posthumous counsel, but tread over the gravel, or the green sod, which covers our ancestor's dust, without even whistling to keep our courage up. In the course of a long and busy life, I have read many epitaphs in various parts of England; and, though many of these are the avowed productions of men of learning and genius, yet by far the greatest number, like the songs of the peasantry, are the production of humble and nameless persons. I have not failed to observe, that the inscriptions which spoke the plainest sense, expressed the happiest sentiments, contained the richest poetry, and gave the most original and vivid portraiture of past beauty or worth, were generally the works of obscure persons, whose names are unknown to literature; and who, probably both before and after, sought no intercourse with the muse. I shall only transcribe now a few of these epitaphs, which seem not generally known, and confine myself rather to the curious than the beautiful. The following very simple and affecting epitaph expresses more in few words than we usually observe in this kind of composition:

Nineteen years a maiden,  
One year a wife,  
One hour a mother,  
And so I lost my life.

The brevity of the following is of a different nature, and approaches too close to the epigrammatic:

Life is uncertain, death is sure;  
Sin is the wound, and Christ the cure.

An inscription in Kingston church-

yard, Surrey, seems to be composed on the judicious precept of Butler:

For brevity is very good,  
Where we are, or are not, understood.

It is as follows:

Live well, die never,  
Die well, and live for ever.

Many wretched conceits, middling jokes, obscure compliments, as well as innumerable lies, are cut in stone. The following, on a child six months old, will be found at Brighton:

He tasted of life's bitter cup,  
Refused to drink the potion up;  
But turn'd his little head aside,  
Disgusted with the taste, and died.

Those who die at peace with the world, and leave rich legacies to their relations, commonly come in for a very reasonable share of good qualities in their epitaphs. There is some bitterness contained in two lines on a tomb-stone at Pentonville:

Death takes the good—too good on earth  
to stay,  
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

An inscription at Islington is in better taste and gentler feeling. It is on a child some months old; and, brief as it is, contains a fine sentiment:

Here virtue sleeps—restrain the pious tear!  
He waits that judgment which he cannot  
fear.

The good people of Newcastle seem a facetious generation; and it is a blessing worth coveting, to die in their neighbourhood, should the bard still live who wrote this epitaph:

Here lies Robin Wallis, the king of good  
fellows,  
Clerk of Allhallows, and a maker of bellows;  
He bellows did make to the day of his  
death;  
But he that made bellows, could never  
make breath.

We wish the people of Manchester had as little malice in their mirth as the people of Newcastle. Who would wish to live in that region of yarn windles and spinning jennies, and go down to the grave with an

epitaph such as they have cut on the tomb-stone of honest John Hill :

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,  
His age was five times ten,  
He never did good, nor never would,  
Had he lived as long again.

The merry people of Cheshire mingle no gall in their remembrance of their benefactors. We have, ourselves, always loved the calling of a tailor, and thought, with the old Scottish poet, that he is more than man, rather than less. The inhabitants of Cheshire seem of the same opinion; and we hope all the tailors of the district lay the virtues of their righteous brother to heart, and seek to practise them in their lives :

Here lies entomb'd, within this vault so dark,  
A tailor, soldier, cloth-drawer, and clerk;  
Death snatch'd him hence, and also from him took  
His needle, thimble, sword, and prayer book.  
He could no longer work nor fight: what then?  
He left the world, and faintly cried, Amen.

The conceit and unnatural taste so common to inscriptions, will be found in full strength in the church of Caverswell, in Staffordshire, on a monument belonging to the ancient name of Cradock. One is sorry to read such a memorial; it impairs the charm which the singular and sweet romance of the Page and Enchanted Mantle, has thrown around the name of Cradock; and we wish some one who claims connexion with this favorite name in chivalry would, without wholly destroying the original strain of thought, abate its extravagance :

George Cradock Esq. for his great prudence in y<sup>e</sup> common Lawes well worthy to be Beav-clerk of y<sup>e</sup> assizes for this circuit, did take to wife y<sup>e</sup> most amiable and most loving Dorothy y<sup>e</sup> Daughter of John Saunders doctor of Physicke, by whom he had a pair-royale of incomparable daughters, viz. Dorothy, Elizabeth and Mary. It is easie to guess that he lived in splendid degree if I shall but recount unto you that Sir Thomas Slingsby Baronet, R. Hon. Richard Lord Cholmondeley, Sir George Bridgeman Baronet married Dorothy, Elizabeth, Mary, Coheir. Bot! bot! to our grief George Cradock is assaulted by death in the meridian of his age, not far off from

his castle of Caverswell—lately built even unto beauty by Mathew Cradock his father who lies interred near this place—and dying of y<sup>e</sup> small pox 1643, betooke himselfe to y<sup>e</sup> private mansion of this Torabe erected for him at y<sup>e</sup> expense of Dorothy his obsequious wife, where he now rests under y<sup>e</sup> protection of an essoinee until he shall be sunmon'd to appear at y<sup>e</sup> last great and general assize.

In the same church, is the following simple and curious memorial of a very respectable name, which the reader will be apt to contrast with its more elaborate companion :

Ano domi. 1670.  
Beest here and neer  
in peace doe rest  
All they of these  
that are deceast  
Thomas Browne and Marjery  
Ralph Browne and Mary  
Ralph Browne and Dorothy  
Ralph Browne and Joyca  
Ralph Browne  
Ralph Browne  
John Browne  
The two first Brownes  
of Carsewell were  
But all the rest  
were of the Meere  
The fourth made this in memorie  
of parents to posteritie.

There is some conceit in this plain epitaph at Southampton, but it will be forgiven for the sake of the commencing line :

A plain rough man, but without guile or pride,  
Goodness his aim, and honesty his guide;  
Could all the pomps of this vain world despise,  
And only after death desired to rise.

One on a young man at Chichester will not be read without emotion :

Art thou in health and spirits gay?  
I too was so the other day;  
And thought myself of life as safe,  
As thou who read'st my epitaph.

The humble and meritorious labours of Mistress Anne, the wife of Matthew Garland, of Deptford, a special midwife, have not been forgotten; and though recorded in the remembrance of many a rosy lass and strapping lad, as well as on good durable stone, I shall endeavour to extend her fame by transcribing her epitaph :

Forty-two years the Almighty gave me  
power

To aid my sex in nature's trying hour ;  
Through heat and cold, by day, by dreary  
night,

To save the hapless was my chief delight ;  
My toils are past : my weeping friends,  
adieu !

I'm call'd to Heaven, and hope to welcome  
you.

Honest Stephen Rumbold, of Ox-  
ford, is thus briefly remembered :

He lived one hundred and five,  
Sanguine and strong ;  
An hundred to five  
You live not so long.

In the epitaph on a Marine at Chi-  
chester, the writer has made an  
adroit turn from mortal to spiritual  
warfare. There are many military  
inscriptions scattered about the coun-  
try, but few of them are very happy :

Here lies a true soldier, whom all must ap-  
plaud ;

Much hardship he suffer'd at home and  
abroad ;

But the hardest engagement he ever was in,  
Was the battle of Self in the conquest of  
Sin.

A soldier died suddenly in Hamp-  
shire from drinking small beer after  
a hot march, and this is his epitaph :

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire gren-  
adier,

Who caught his death by drinking cold  
*small beer.*

Soldiers, be wise, from his untimely fall ;  
And when you're hot, drink *strong*, or none  
at all.

The following ludicrous addition  
was made by the officers in garrison  
when they restored the decayed mo-  
nument :

An honest soldier never is forgot,  
Whether he died by musket or by pot.

An old fisherman of Kent is thus  
remembered in the church-yard of  
Hythe :

His net old fisher George long drew,

Shoals upon shoals he caught,

Till Death came hauling for his due,

And made poor George his draught.

Death fishes on through various shades ;

In vain it is to fret ;

Nor fish or fisherman escapes

Death's all-enclosing net.

I like the unassuming epitaph of  
John and Martha Wright ;—it says  
much in small space :

Plain in their form, but rich they were in  
mind :

Religious, quiet, honest, meek, and kind.

Nor do I dislike the lines on Sophia  
Bovil, a child of two years old :

Rest soft thy dust, wait the Almighty's  
will,

Rise with the just, and be an angel still.

The following ludicrous verse,  
though none of the happiest, happens  
to be a recent production :

Here fast asleep, full six feet deep,  
And seventy summers ripe,  
George Thomas lies in hopes to rise,  
And smoke another pipe.

It was almost one of the last acts  
of Horne Tooke to cause a vault to  
be made in his garden, surmounted  
by a slab of black marble, for which  
he wrote the following inscription,  
and caused it to be engraved with  
directions that his executors should  
fill up the blank :

John Horne Tooke,  
late proprietor, now occupier of this spot,  
born in 1736, died in \_\_\_\_\_  
Contented and grateful.

His singular request to be buried  
in his own garden was not complied  
with : he was interred at Ealing ; the  
tomb-stone was removed from the  
garden, the old inscription effaced,  
and its place supplied by an epitaph  
from another hand.

In the church-yard of Bayswater,  
mid-way down the ground on the  
left hand, leaning against the wall,  
obscured by nettles and rank grass,  
unnoticed, and perhaps unknown,  
stands a rude memorial of common  
rough stone, indebted to no gifted  
and cunning hand for beauty of  
form, and to no elegant mind for the  
inscription with which it is covered.  
It is the tomb-stone of Laurence  
Sterne. Perhaps his countrymen  
who are so patriotic, so witty, when  
the wine is good, so affectionate in  
their remembrances, so fond of num-  
bering Sterne among those steady  
lights which contribute to the fixed  
splendour of Ireland, may reflect, while  
they laugh and wonder, and weep over  
his pages, that he sleeps among the  
vulgar dead, and have the grace to  
propose to honour themselves by  
erecting a monument to his memory.  
That the noble, the wealthy, the  
witty, and the gay, left the interment

of Sterne and the erection of his grave-stone, to mechanics and strangers, is a reproach that can never be removed.

Near this place lies the body of  
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A. M.  
Died Sept. 13, 1768, aged 53 years.

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his

incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square. They rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

What did it boot him, ridiculed, abused,  
By fools insulted, and by prudes accused;  
In him, mild reader, view thy future fate;  
Like him, despise what were a sin to hate,  
&c. &c. w. & s.

Cumberland, Aug. 1821.

## MÉDITATIONS POÉTIQUES, PAR M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THESE poems have been much read and admired in France. The copy that lies before us bears the fourth edition on its title-page. Those that preceded it, we are informed, appeared also in the course of last year, and several more have since followed. The author is said to be a very amiable man, who, in his complaints that death has bereaved him of the object of his tenderest affections, and that he has been himself on the brink of the grave, does not impose on the commiseration of his readers by the recital of imaginary evils. It will, therefore, we trust, not be unwelcome information to them, if we add, that he has not only been restored to health, but is fortunate enough to be now united to one of our own countrywomen, who has had the discernment to perceive and reward his merit, and that he has been sent out as secretary to the French embassy at Naples.

Whenever, in these "Poetical Meditations," as he calls them, the writer expresses what appear to be his own *unpremeditated* thoughts, and spontaneous feelings, without forcing himself into a state of excitement for the occasion, he is, for the most part, very pleasing. In some of his altitudes, it must be owned, we have followed him with much less satisfaction. Thus, in the first poem, where he describes himself seated on an eminence, at the foot of an old oak, "watching with wistful gaze the setting sun:"

Au sommet de ces monts couronnés de bois  
sombres,  
Le crépuscule encor jette un dernier rayon,  
Et le char vaporeux de la reine des ombres  
Monte, et blanchit déjà les bords de l'horizon.

Cependant, s'élançant de la flèche gothique,  
Un son religieux se répand dans les airs,  
Le voyageur s'arrête, et la cloche rustique  
Aux derniers bruits du jour mêle de saints  
concerts.

Yet lingering on this mountain's woody  
crest,  
The last faint beams of parting twilight  
rest;

And, whitening on the horizon's edge afar,  
The queen of shadows guides her vapoury  
car.

Meanwhile, slow-spreading from the gothic  
fane,

The pious anthem breathes a holy strain;  
And pausing pilgrim hears the village bell  
With day's last murmurs mix its solemn  
knell.

Here he is placed, and employed exactly as a young poet of his disposition ought to be. But when in the following meditation, addressed to Lord Byron, he compares his Lordship to an eagle launching forth from the horrible summit of Mount Athos, and suspending his aerie over the abyss that yawns at its side; where, surrounded with palpitating limbs, and with rocks incessantly dripping with black gore, delighted with the shrieks of his prey, and, cradled by the tempest, he falls to sleep in his joy;

L'aigle, roi des déserts, dédaigne ainsi la  
plaine;

• • • • •  
• • • • •

Lui, des sommets d'Athos franchit l'hor-  
rible cime,

Suspend aux flancs des monts son aire sur  
l'abyme,

Et là, seul, entouré de membres palpitans,  
De rochers d'un sang noir sans cesse dé-  
gouttans,

Trouvant sa volupté dans les cris de sa  
proie,

Bercé par la tempête, il s'endort dans sa joie;

and when, not contented with this, and a good deal "of the like stuff," he perseveres in his compliment to the noble bard so far as to put him on a par with his Satanic majesty himself;

Ton œil, comme Satan, a mesuré l'abyme,  
Et ton âme, y plongeant loin du jour et de Dieu,

A dit à l'espérance un éternel adieu !

• • • • •

• • ta voix, sur un mode infernal,  
Chante l'hymne de gloire au sombre dieu du mal ;

we begin to lose all sympathy with the poet, and most heartily wish ourselves away from such perilous company, and safe back again under the old oak, ready to forswear all illusions of the imagination for the future, and to cry out in the most confined sense of the words,

Le vrai seul est beau, le vrai seul est aimable.

In the third Meditation we are, therefore, well satisfied to find ourselves at the side of M. de Lamartine once more, in the silence of an evening landscape :

Le soir ramène le silence.  
Assis sur ces rochers déserts,  
Je suis dans la vague des airs  
Le char de la nuit qui s'avance :

Vénus se lève à l'horizon ;  
À mes pieds l'étoile amoureuse  
De sa lueur mystérieuse  
Blanchit les tapis de gazon :

and so far forget our late resolution as to fall into a *douce rêverie*, and believe that something in the shape of a gentle spirit is, indeed, gliding to us on a beam of the evening star. But we will not pursue the Mediator through all his moods and musings ; but content ourselves with observing, that the sixth, entitled "Le Désespoir," is the least to our taste, as the tenth, called "La Retraite," is the most so. It is much pleasanter to point out beauties than faults ; and we shall accordingly indulge ourselves with making one or two extracts from the latter of these poems.

Ce qu'on appelle nos beaux jours,  
N'est qu'un éclair brillant dans une nuit d'orage,

Et rien, excepté nos amours,  
N'y mérite un regret du sage ;

Mais, que dis-je ? on aime à tout âge  
Ce feu durable et doux, dans l'âme renfermé,

Donne plus de chaleur en jetant moins de flamme ;

C'est le souffle divin dont tout l'homme est formé,

Il ne s'éteint qu'avec son âme.

This is not less philosophically true, than it is poetically beautiful. In the wish for his friend's happiness, which concludes this same little poem, the writer seems to us just to have hit that tone to which the French poetry is best suited.

Soyez touché, grand Dieu, de sa reconnaissance :

Il ne vous lasse point d'un inutile vœu ;  
Gardez-lui seulement sa rustique opulence,  
Donnez tout à celui qui vous demande peu.

Des doux objets de sa tendresse,  
Qu'à son riant foyer toujours environné,  
Sa femme et ses enfans couronnent sa vieillesse,

Comme de ses fruits mûrs un arbre est couronné :

Que sous l'or des épis ses collines jaunissent :

Qu'au pied de son rocher son lac soit toujours pur :

Que de ses beaux jasmins les ombres s'épaississent :

Que son soleil soit doux, que son ciel soit d'azur :

Et que pour l'étranger toujours ses vins mûrissent.

May our lively neighbours on the Continent long continue to pursue the peaceable pleasures which are here described ; may strains, as tender and as blameless as these, long add a zest to their enjoyment of them ; and now that we are about wishing, not to leave ourselves out of the question, may M. de Lamartine's prayer, that "their vines may ripen for the stranger," be granted so far beyond the limits in which he intended it, that we may be allowed to cheer our own firesides with their produce, and to send his countrymen whatever of ours they most covet (if they think any thing of ours worth having) in return.

## THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

I WAS born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said; for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me, but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot.

There when they came, whereas those  
bricky towers,  
The which on Themmes brode aged back  
doth ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their  
bowers,  
There whylome wont the Templar knights  
to bide,  
Till they decayd through pride.

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet-street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden: that goodly pile

Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight, confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown-office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! a man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had

the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never caught, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dullness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost everywhere vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sun-set, of temperance, and good hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd "carved it out quaintly in the sun;" and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottoes more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes.

What wondrous life in this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head.

The luscious clusters of the vine  
 Upon my mouth do crush their wine.  
 The nectarine, and curious peach,  
 Into my hands themselves do reach.  
 Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
 Insnar'd with flowers, I fall on grass.  
 Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
 Withdraws into its happiness.  
 The mind, that ocean, where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find ;  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas ;  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.  
 Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside,  
 My soul into the boughs does glide :  
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver wings ;  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various light.  
 How well the skilful gardener drew,  
 Of flowers and herbs, this dial new !  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run :  
 And, as it works, the industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we.  
 How could such sweet and wholesome  
 hours  
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flow-  
 ers ? \*

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile ! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's-inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify children, by letting them stand ? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man, and mannish ? Is the world all grown up ? Is childhood dead ? Or, is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments ? The figures

were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance ? or, is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent, as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered ?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner Temple-hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former ? a stately arms ! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianized the end of the Paper-buildings ?—my first hint of allegory ! They must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade ; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful ! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forefront of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J——ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have mated Thomas Coventry ?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory tones being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke

\* From a copy of verses entitled, *The Garden.*



from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once, diving for it, under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tintured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out, for Coventry had a rough spinous humour, at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel's salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would dispatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was any thing which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution;—and L. who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner

to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him—observed, “it was a gloomy day,” and added, “Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose.” Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same good fortune among the female world, was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was an exception to her sex: she says, in one of her letters, “I wonder what the women see in S. I do not think him by any means handsome. To me he appears an extraordinary dull fellow, and to want common sense. Yet the fools are all sighing for him.” Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row, with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate, nor the long resolved, yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven!

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in

after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him, he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. J. the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not, at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch, as he said, "the maids drawing water all day long." I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuere*. He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong box. C. was a close hunk—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed, who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence, he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away 30,000*l.* at once in his life-time to a blind charity. His house-keeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and, having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of every thing. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his "flapper," his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in any thing without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest

in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and "would strike." In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him; and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bare-headed to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference. For L. never forgot rank, where something better was not concerned. He pleaded the cause of a delinquent in the treasury of the Temple so effectually with S. the then treasurer—that the man was allowed to keep his place. L. had the offer to succeed him. It had been a lucrative promotion. But L. chose to forego the advantage, because the man had a wife and family. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaister of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr. Isaac Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was,"—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favourite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes

—“was upon the stage nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee.” At intervals too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned after some few years’ absence in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was “her own bairn.” And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm in arm in those days—“as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,”—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colourless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he *was*. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burly and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having a brother a bishop. When the accounts of his year’s treasurer-ship came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: “Item, disbursed Mr. Allen the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders.” Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers

dine—answering to the combination rooms at college—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him.—Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humoured and personable—Twopenny, good-humoured, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect, set him upon it. It was a trial of poisoning. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as Brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat’s ears extremely, when any thing had offended him. Jackson—the omniscient Jackson he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the manacle (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet perversely, *aitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute, before I was old enough to reason whether it were,

artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as "old men covered with a mantle," walking upon the earth.—Let the dreams of classic idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling, —in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from everyday forms educating the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

ELIA.

P. S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me, married young, and losing his lady in childhood within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In

what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character!—Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy sub-treasurer—who respects his old and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of the license which *Magazines* have arrived at in this personal age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his furthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, O ye new Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindest of human creatures. Should infirmities over-take him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allowances for them, remembering that "ye yourselves are old." So may the winged horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! so may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsey as ye pass, reductive of juvenile emotion! so may the youngers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the old worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

## C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.

No. I.

## RECOLLECTIONS IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Down by a flowery greene I went,  
 Full thick of grass, full soft and sweet,  
 With flowres full faire under feet,  
 And little used, it seemed thus ;  
 For both Florà and Zepherus,  
 They two that makè flowres grow,  
 Had made their dwelling there, I trow !

For all the wood was waxen greene,  
 Sweetness of Dewe had made it waxe.  
 It is no needè for to axe  
 Where there were many greenè greves  
 Or thicks of trees, so full of leaves,—  
 And every tree stood by himselfe  
 Fro th' other, well ten foot or twelve,

With crops broad, and eke as thick,  
 They were not an inch asunder,  
 That it was shady o'er all under ;  
 Through here I romed wonder fast  
 Down the wood, so at the last  
 I was aware of a man in black  
 That sat in a church-yard and turn'd his back  
 To an oak, an huge tree.  
 " Lord," said I, " who may that be ?  
 What alleth him to sitten there !"

Chaucer.

THIS will be, in all probability, a short article. For, as I am now sitting in a church-yard, seventy-three miles from London, without a single book, either in my pocket or port-manteau, I must put my trust for fine phrases in my memory, which is not to be relied on — and in my brains, which are little copious. On this very account, however, I am determined, with a parity of reasoning which induced the Latins to derive *lucus à non lucendo*, and our late Mr. Drama to pitch on Salisbury Plain as the fittest station for penning a critique on *Convent Garden* (as Ld. P— writes it), to describe a few pictures in the British Institution, and two or three prints or books besides, which, as I said before, are seventy-three miles distant from my 'visual eye.' I have likewise three motives for my present action, which the gentle reader shall have, whether he likes it or not: 1st, I am lying on the cool grass, on a very elevated spot not five miles from the green salt sea; and a due approximation to the wandering clouds is held by Dr. Johnson to favour the wit: 2dly, (which is the consequence of the first, though

not syllogistically so,) I have a wonderful "exposition" to gossip about Michael Angelo, Tristan le Leonnois, Major Cockburn, Goethe, (I beg pardon, respected Editor! but what, in the name of Sathanas, set somebody two or three numbers back a-Mistering, eight or ten times in a page, M. le Baron John Wolfgang Von Goethe?) Keats, 'La Demoiselle qui songeoit,' and the like: and, 3dly, I am promise-bound for not less than four pages on something this month. Therefore, my unknown friends, as soon as my messenger returns from the village with some materials for writing, I shall expostulate a few of the above-mentioned to ye. Now in the meantime, I give ye leave to express your wonder at my choice of site; and as it is rather early in the day, and as I know how ye all love my nice little preambles, I have no objection to tell *briefly* the why. Be it known, then, that I have three things in great estimation, viz. to sit lazily on an eminence which commands a rich prospect,—to be shadowed by the thick trees while the gay sun shines around me,—and to enjoy solitude with the consciousness

of neighbourhood. Here they are all—for the church-yard is the summit of a short but steepish hill, feathered with the finest plantations of oak, the white-barked ash, beeches, noble pines, and lofty acacias, which rise like columns out of broad sweeping meadows, soft and level as a garden lawn. Their high hedges are smothered with hazel; and the wood strawberry runs luxuriantly over the banks, decorated with wild flowers, 'yellow, and blue, and white.'—Down in the hollow, crossing the front of the ancient white church, there is a clear trout stream, winding along like a snake, in some places among marshy ground, rugged with brambles, thorns, and snaggy stumps, forming a fine contrast with the smooth massiness of the high stemmed trees on the uplands. The church-yard itself is one of the prettiest of its kind—I am quite in love with its irregular little paths; the more ancient paved with flags and red brick; and the recent with sifted gravel. It looks as if it were clean and neat from nature, not from art:—the herbage is long and thick without rankness;—there is not a nettle in it to alarm ladies' silk-covered ancles;—the few yews are dark, but not dismal;—the circling hedge of living laurel, of the brightest green I ever beheld; and its whole appearance, *tumuli* and all, is as domestic, cheerful, and snug, as if it were kept in such apple-pie order for the better seducing folks to come and be buried.

Two of my requisites are tolerably well made out, and the third will not cost me much more trouble. With regard to neighbourhood, the village is so near that I can hear the little boys and girls playing by the duck-pond at the bottom of its approach; and receive from my "honest ale-house" (what I am now awaiting, as I breakfasted at seven o'clock) a fine luncheon of home-baked bread, a cold slice of home-smoke-dried Hampshire bacon, and a mug of home-brewed sound ale, for which mine host of the King's Arms, or Head, or whatever it may be, is justly famed. And touching solitude, the situation of the ground is in itself extremely advantageous, being defended in front by some impracticable waste land; in the rear,

by the pleasure-grounds and shrubbery of an elegant rural mansion; and flanked on the one hand by a range of wood-shaded meadows, and on the other by a rustic attempt at a road leading nowhere, or thereabouts. True it is, that my retreat is crossed by a thoroughfare, leading from the said road to the aforesaid meadows; but, at present, this path is barred by a convenient exclusive and excluding bull, who holds his court in these green realms,—and in the evening, not a soul would approach the yard out of respect to a monstrous black dog, with soup-dish eyes, glaring livid like blue lights, who plays at leap-frog over the tombstones, and is supposed to be the property of an ancient admiral who taketh his walks in all weathers, dressed in a *red coat and yellow waist-coat!!!* an attire sufficiently out of the ordinary course of nature to appal every thinking mind, if to this horrid enormity he did not add the omission of his head!!!—But here comes my smock-frocked valet-de-place, Ralph Westropp, with my forage. "Sur, Measter says as that,"—"Where is—(confound ye! mind how you set down the jug!) Where's my paper, Ralph?" "There, Sur," (pulling out four soiled crumpled sheets of 4to.) "I've been axing and 'quering all up and down, and that's every bit the pence do hold," (alack for the progress of literature!) "but if you think proper, I'll just step over to T— (ten miles off), and be back in no time."—"No, no, I shall manage; and now I suppose landlord wants to know about dinner?—Well!—tell him to get me that leg of South-down roasted by nine o'clock; I shall dine and sup altogether—and be sure they boil me plenty of marrow-fats and potatoes!—and—and—get about your business!—and leave *Blucher* with me!" "Ees, Sur! I'll look up again by and by, and see if you don't want nothing."—"Aye—aye." (*Exit Ralph—Cornelius manet.*) "Blucher! do you love—" but I beg your pardon, sweet reader; allow me to introduce Blucher, the worthy bull-headed mastiff of my hostelry, who kindly patronizes me in consideration of certain mouthfuls of bread, beef, bacon, and cheese—"Blucher, do you love fat bacon? (Blucher bolts a banging bit of bacon.) Good: now

lie down here in this nice hollow between the two graves, and catch flies!—Where's the case-knife to cut my pencil—(N. B. neither pen nor ink) So! Now I begin.—

## ARTICLE.

The thoroughly grounded painter and connoisseur may safely indulge himself in admiration of every species of picture, good in its kind, from M. Angelo, to Van Anybody, the artist of dunghills and pigstyes—but this cannot, with safety to the progress of taste, be allowed to beginners, either in practice or amateurship. The art of sinking is much easier than that of rising; and though the well-constructed mind, educated and formed by the study of the antique, and the schools of Rome and Parma, with ease unbends and enjoys the products of mere imitation, yet an instance has rarely or never occurred of the *cabaret* painter who has been able to feel or comprehend the true aim and excellencies of the epic and dramatic styles. Andrea del Sarto is a notable example of the Bathos; and stands out a striking beacon to windy judgments. This weak man, though unnaturally buoyed up for a time by the strong food of Florence and of Rome, on beholding some German novelties more congenial to the native contraction of his mind, abandoned the style in which it seemed he had so well succeeded; and shrank from the fulness of Buonarrotti and D'Urbino, to the shrivelled meagreness of Durer—a fact, nearly as incredible as true.—If, then, one possessed of great talents (unaccompanied unfortunately by steadiness) fell, owing to the contagion of injudicious models, how much more is it needful now, at home, when the influence of taste in the Fine Arts on many branches of commerce and manufactures is so generally allowed, to endeavour, with the best of one's abilities, to direct the public in what courses their admiration may be lavished with safety and profit. I am very far from hoping that my exertions can do much, even in the sphere of our sale; but considering the undue manner in which Dutch drolleries lord it over the pure sublimity and tenderness of the sons of Italia, and the prices given by wealthy gulls to tricking picture-dealers for worthless copies from worthless originals,—

it becomes every one to lend his hand to restore the public scale of taste to a fitter equilibrium; and I am inclined to think, from the elegant choice displayed in three pictures in the present exhibition at the British Institution, that these exertions will be aided by the example of the first personage in the kingdom.

At all events, I shall be amply repaid for the trouble of writing, if three people should feel induced from the perusal, to look a little higher in art than they have been hitherto accustomed. Obstacles arise to the general diffusion, as in Italy, of the grand gusto, from different circumstances. One is, that several of the finest pictures have never been engraved at all, or so inadequately as to mislead rather than satisfy—another is, the extreme rarity and high price of many of the most desirable prints (this, however, is not without exception); added to which, supposing the amateur or artist amply provided in funds, he is not always able to put his good intentions in practice, for want of a well-selected, roughly-priced catalogue of the *most faithful engravings from the most characteristic inventions of the most prominent masters*.

Such a manual, I know, would have saved me much time and trouble when I began my little collection; and indeed, without it, Fuseli's admirable and indispensable second lecture loses much of its utility to the student in a practical point of view, who cannot be much enlightened by critiques on works which he never saw,—but let it be placed before him accompanied by a proper set of illustrations, and he will acquire, in six days, as good a view of the generic features of the different schools as I have been able to do in six years. In sincere hopes that some one more capable will take it up, I shall attempt a little essay towards this desirable object, to be continued, if it should not incur the disapprobation of our readers, by small parcels through some succeeding numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE.—I shall entreat the leniency of the practised connoisseur and artist towards my errors, which he will the more readily grant, as desire of showing my little knowledge has not actuated me, but merely of doing real service.

After what I have said above, it is hardly necessary to advertize the reader, that my list will be confined chiefly to the Italian school, and that the thorough-bred print collector will find nothing to pamper his appetite for Maso Finiguerras, Baldinis, Niello plates, Robettas, Wolfgangs, &c. No further order or arrangement will be observed, than that every separate portion shall contain one or two subjects, from eight or ten different painters, which I think, by its variety, will be at once useful and agreeable to the new collector. For want of books I am not able to manage even this desultory plan so orderly as I wish, this number; therefore let us talk about what we have all seen, viz. the Exhibition of Old Masters at the British Institution—I have almost every one of these pictures clearly before me, and they will serve as land-marks to my memory. Some other day we will run over Mr. Angerstein's together, after which we will drive to the excellent Dulwich collection.

The paintings which I wish you now to look at are those of Correggio, Tintoretto, and Polidoro.—We have but a fragmental specimen of Correggio—but it is precious as a gem (a small female head in fresco, Lord Mulgrave). No master is so little known in England, except Polidoro and Schiavone; not but we have many copies under his name, among which I must class Mr. Angerstein's "Christ in the Garden," the original of which is probably in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, obtained by him from the King of Spain, who thus deprived the Escorial of its greatest treasure. Harmony is the characteristic stamp of his mind, and an amorous, dream-like mystery, in which his figures appear to float as on an enchanted lake. The manner in which his best productions affect me, is by a combination of luxuries; "all impulses of soul and sense thrill me." To lie nested serenely immoveable in down, among rich, shadowy curtains, through which should stream seraphic strains, and cool perfumes borne on the soft beams of the summer moon—this is the nearest parallel that I can make. He is truly a sentimental painter, and is therefore inimitable. The ex-

terior particles of his grace were refined by Parmegiano to affectation; while his suavity dwindled into unmeaning imbecility in the hands of the delicate but flimsy Baroccio. Something of a kindred feeling pervaded Reynolds, as may be seen in his "*Cupid and Psyche*," in the collection of the poet Rogers; and in the moonlight portrait of Mrs. Stanhope. But, in my opinion, Fuseli has several times shown more of Allegri's soul than any of his most enthusiastic followers. A picture by the professor, *penes me*, answers fully to the above little sketch of the prevailing powers of the Lombard. Keats, in the Eve of St. Agnes, has several lines, which harmonize sweetly with the style alluded to. If they live in my memory, I will give them to you.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight  
charm,

Impossible to melt as iced stream :  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight  
gleam ;

Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies :  
It seem'd he never, never could redeem  
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes ;  
So mused awhile, entol'd in woofed phan-  
tasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tender-  
est be,

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence call'd "La Belle Dame sans  
Mercy :"

Close to her ear touching the melody,—  
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft  
moan :

He ceased—she panted quick—and sud-  
denly

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open ahoze :  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-  
sculptured stone.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even  
now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine  
ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :  
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill,  
and drear !

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complaining  
dear !

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe ;  
For if thou diest, my love, I know not  
where to go."



Beyond a mortal man impression'd far,  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep re-  
pose.

Though the genius of Correggio lay there in pouring harmony and repose over a whole, than in striking originality of invention, or strength of individual expression, yet he has occasionally soared into these regions, with a vigour that defies all competition. The supernatural group of Jupiter and Io—the divine heads of Christ and the Virgin, in his *Ecce Homo*—and, in my humble opinion, his *Sigismonda*, are sufficient evidences of this assertion. He was the greatest master, if not the inventor, of that species of fore-shortening, termed “*Di sotto in su*,” in which the figures are seen from below, as on ceilings, cupolas, &c.; and to this principle, which he pushed into extravagance in the sprawling, almost indecent figure of his glorified Saviour, most of his male fresco figures are indebted for whatever of grandeur they may possess. Luckily for the English amateur, his effects are not unready transferred to copper; as, notwithstanding his exquisite hues, legitimate chiaroscuro was his organ. The engravings, among others, best calculated to furnish a good idea of his style, are:—

The Jupiter and Io, a valuable and rather scarce print, from Love's own picture. (*Duchange.*) 5s. or 6s.

His Allegory, called the *Leda*, once cut to pieces by squeamish bigotry, but since recovered, and repaired by Prudhon, engraved in Filhol's *Galerie du Musée*. (*Duchange.*) 10s. or 15s.

The Descent from the Cross, at Parma, described in the second number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, a charming twilight print. (*F. di Rosaspina.*) 1l. 11s. 6d. or 2l. 2s.

The *Ecce Homo*, engraved by Agos. Carracci, though I prefer as more faithful, though still inadequate, the print by Bettilini. 1l. 5s.

The Madonna under the Palm-trees, with the Rabbit, the finest he ever painted. (*Earlom.*) 1l. 11s. 6d. or 2l. 2s.

The Christ's Agony in the Garden (Lord Wellington's), from Hamilton's *Schola Italica*. N. B. the good impressions are on a very thick and stiff Roman paper. (*Volpato.*) 7s.

We must leave Correggio for the present, and attend to the two pictures, from the brush of his contrast; Giacompo Robusti, commonly called Tintoretto, one of the brightest ornaments of the Venetian school—than whom scarcely any man possessed such exuberance of fancy, with so powerful a hand to embody its purposes. At once ardent and laborious, he turned out more work than all the painters in Venice put together—painting at all times, and accepting and executing commissions at all prices. Bred under the tutorage of Vecelli, he became speedily so thoroughly initiated in that great master's principles of colour, as to beget his own expulsion; an act both mean and foolish on the part of Titian. Not at all discouraged, Giacompo did not content himself with his acquirements there, but sat down resolutely to the study of M. Angelo, and the antique, at the same time modelling in clay, perfecting himself in anatomy, and drawing from life by lamplight, whence he, no doubt, derived those grand scientific masses, yea, floods of shadows, which form one great mark of his style. Fully impressed with the fleshiness and truth of his master's tints, he was not blind to his defects in drawing and expression, which he conceived the grand project of remedying by superadding Titian's majestic tone, glow, and juice, to the severity, learning, and gigantic expansion of the forms of Buonarotti. Had his depth been equal to his warmth, and his steadiness to his industry, this noble plan, afterwards adopted by Titian himself,\* would have rendered him the undisputed king of the modern oil-painters. But, to use the words of Fuseli, “goaded on by the rage of doing singly the work of all, and debauched by the unexampled facility of his own execution, he gave himself neither time to conceive, to judge, nor to finish; content to catch a whim, if it had novelty, he turned his subject into a farce, or trampled its parts into undistinguished masses: and sacrificing mind, character, design, and sense, to incongruous, but picturesque imagery, and fugitive effect,” he converted his art into a

\* See the Pietro Martire, the David and Goliath, Cain and Abel, and Sacrifice of Abraham, all given in Le Febvre's “*Opera Selectiora, &c.*” Ven. 1680.

plaything, leaving behind him little more than the reputation of being the head of the ornamental school.

The characteristics of his style are, prodigious breadth of chiaroscuro, richness, harmony, depth, and originality of tone and colour,—bold and violent fore-shortenings; contrasted postures, oftener rather singular than graceful, though by no means without elegance in his females; a turbulent mode of composition, sometimes appropriate, always picturesque; a luxuriant invention, more fiery than dignified, more capricious than grand, more copious than correct. These qualifications are rounded by a sweeping mastery of execution, which gives to his largest works as much unity as if they had been dashed off at a sitting. In Tintoretto's drawing, the effects are not always apparently proportioned to his application, and well-chosen course of study. His men possess muscularity and size, without either grandeur or selection. His women, more ideal and more mannered, particularly in their countenances, style of hair (which is little else but the mode of the period), are often too contorted, and too ostentatiously postured, for grace; and seem weak-limbed and awkward, from their excessive length. This last defect is perceptible in the *Venus* of Lord Eardley's picture of Vulcan, Venus, and Cupid, (one of the two in the B. I.) but much more so in *The Birth of St. John*, well engraved by Honthemels, in the Cabinet du Crozat. Before we leave Giacopo, let us just look at the Rev. Mr. Carr's picture of "*St. George delivering the Egyptian Princess from the Dragon*," formerly in the hands of R. Westall, Esq. RA. where I once saw it. The ordonnance of this highly desirable performance is very characteristic of the school of Robusti: the line of the horizon is two-thirds up the picture (an upright); the figures are placed on a piece of woody, broken, grassy ground by the margin of the sea, which forms one side (about a fifth) of the painting, and appears to flow behind a dim stone castle standing in the distance. They are grouped in such a manner, as to shoot obliquely across the canvass, from the base to the horizon, beginning with the terrified

princess on the fore-ground, continued by the dusky body of a dead man, beyond whom the fierce deliverer, with head down, arm raised, knees griped to the saddle, and spurs back in the flanks, drives his white war-horse down the slope, into the side, and swoln, tender belly of the already reeling dragon. A burst of radiance from the heavens (between a very pale orange and straw colour) meets the diagonal line of composition, and finishes the whole. Tintoretto has not here displayed so ostentatiously his broad banners of light and shade; but the glowing depth and harmony of the colouring are worthy of his pencil. The robe of Sabra, warmly glazed with Prussian blue, is relieved from the pale greenish back-ground by a vermilion scarf; and the full hues of both are beautifully echoed, as it were, in a lower key, by the purple-lake-coloured stuffs, and bluish iron armour of the saint; besides an ample balance to the vivid azure drapery on the fore-ground, in the indigo shades of the wild wood surrounding the castle. Mr. Westall had once a grand Resurrection of Lazarus, full of beautiful colour, well *impasted*, and most furiously executed; and at Mr. Hammond's, the picture-dealer, of Greek-street, Soho, I have seen a very fine sketch of the Last Judgment, which, however, Mr. Ottley inclines to ascribe to young Palma. I rather wonder that the Academy did not purchase this last, which is an admirable study in point of colour. The best specimens of Tintoretto's style, are the "*Crucifixion*," in the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice; the "*Resurrection*," and the "*Massacre of the Innocents*," in the same place; and the "*Miraculo del Servo*," painted for the S. di S. Marco, whose holy deed it blazons. In portrait, he was scarce inferior to Titian, as may be seen from his Archbishop of Spalatro, now in this country. To convey an adequate idea of his excellencies by prints is impossible, as his most characteristic allurements are the chromatic part. Even his tone, somewhat more attainable, has been generally missed by his translators; witness the enormous mistake engraved by Agos. Carracci from his *Crucifixion*; however, take a few of them, such as they arc:

The Murder of the Innocents: of which there is a copy in reverse without the engraver's name. (*Ægidius Sadeler*.) 10s.

The Archbishop of Spalatro. (*Skelton*.) 10s. 6d.

The Origin of the Galaxy, from the Palais Royale; a very sublime conception, whose vigour of design nearly equals that of the tone and colour. T. Phillips, Esq. R.A. possesses a repetition of this subject, with an additional group of figures placed under the line of clouds which support the couch of the startled Juno. It ought to be well engraved on a larger scale. (*Journay*.) 5s.

The Miracle of the Slave; a mannered print, deficient in tone; but, it is 'this or none.' (*Matham, the pupil of Goltzius*.) 8s.

St. Jerome, the Virgin, and Angels; a fine rich thing. (*Agos. Carracci*.) 15s. or, 1l. 1s.

The Marriage at Cana, in the Schola Italica. (*Volpato*.) 5s.

The Descent from the Cross. (*Sadeler*.) 5s.

In the south room we have two pictures, by Polidoro di Caldara (*Cupids and Swans, and Cupids dragging Nets, both in chiaroscuro*); and, I declare, I never felt so much pleasure as I did on reading his Majesty's name as the possessor of these graceful productions, of that valuable and scarce artist.—Polidoro, a Milanese, surmamed from his native town, Carravaggio, became a painter from viewing, in the character of hod-man, the execution of Raffaëlo's and Udino's works, in the Vatican. Just at this time great discoveries of antiques were taking place in Italy, besides the casts and drawings which Raffaëlo caused to be procured from Greece; and Polidoro fell so heartily to studying and investigating the principles of the ancients, as displayed in their basso and alto relievos, friezes, vases, &c. that in a short time he succeeded in establishing a style, which, totally free from servile imitation of their husks, is more in the spirit of his models than either that of Raffaëlo, Giulio, Primaticcio, or N. Poussin himself. Luckily for Rome, his talents were appreciated; and the number of his commissions so much exceeded his ability to satisfy them, that he was forced to call in the aid of Maturino, the Florentine, an honoured name; who linked his own style, both in

conception and execution, so closely to his partner's, as to render discrimination nugatory. Their compositions, executed in chiaroscuro, once decorated the outside walls of every palazzo in Rome, now, alas, destroyed, or defaced by Time, and ruder hands; and we are obliged to glean our knowledge of their merit from the prints of Cherubino Alberti (a painter himself), the small etchings of Gallestruzzi; and, what is still worse, from the exaggerations of Goltzius and Sanredam, and the wiry meagreness of that impudently-unfaithful mannerist, Sante-Bartoli. In no painter, except D'Urbino, do we find such unaffected simplicity, such an unobtrusion of the artist; and this it is which renders them, on the first sight, so little remarkable. There is no manner to hook the raw eye; the student fancies, with Partridge, that he could easily do as well himself; and it is not till failure has taught him wisdom, that he discovers this very circumstance to constitute Caldara's inviolability from imitation. If his conceptions seldom or never rise to the sublime, they are always dignified. His attitudes, sufficiently contrasted without posturing, are earnest, yet noble; animated, without bombast; and probable, without vulgarity. His gusto in design, is completely of a piece with his conception; correct, but not stiff, or hard; learned, yet not anatomically pedantic; full and broad, without heaviness; vigorous and masculine, without losing delicacy; uniting precision with grace. Though he never, like my favourite Parmegiano, is contented with affectation, when in search after elegance, yet his lines are flowing and sweepy; and in their emanation from, and connexion with, each other, uniformly harmonious. The beauty and nature of his flying draperies have never been excelled. His chiaroscuro is forcible and well-conducted; giving to single figures and groups prodigious roundness; and his composition, compact, yet distinct, is, considering the fetters of the monumental style, extremely varied and appropriate.

Such are the high characteristics of a painter, neglected and unknown (except to a few) in these

days, when sordid vulgarity, and accidental deformity, assume the names of nature and truth;—when a bad copy from a spurious Titian, or retouched Rembrandt, constitutes any given Roggins or Spilkins a critic on Fine Art; and when a blasphemous use of the names of Raffaello and Phidias erects an elaborate trifle, an industrious congregator of mean, imbecile, and ugly physiognomies and actions, into an historic painter.

His Majesty's example may do much towards calling people from their grovelling love for those products of dull patience, and want of imaginations, the pictures of Netscher, Denner, Douw, old Mieris, &c. while the elegance of taste, and the penetration shown in the choice of the two Polidoro and the Schiavone (*Brisets ravished from Achilles*), though no more than was to be expected from the *First Gentleman* in the empire, may, peradventure, shame some of our wealthy self-dubbed connoisseurs out of their itch for Brouwers, and into the purchase of such pictures as grace the invaluable collection of J. Julius Angerstein, Esq. Till this is done, and till faithful artist-like prints, from the leading masters, are published at such prices as may allow, and, indeed, invite an extensive sale, it is all foolishness for Mr. This, or Mr. T'other, to write "plans for advancing the fine arts," &c.—When people, from having the best models constantly before their eyes, begin to comprehend the capabilities of separate styles, and know what is to be expected from the powers of the art; where and when it is to work with the simple materials of history; where to change and transmute them to fit better its own peculiar purposes; and at what crisis, and in what emergency, it is permitted the use of *vision*, symbol, or double apposition; then only will their patronage acquire the permanent weight of utility. At present, it evidently does more harm than good: for what

man will have folly enough to study deeply the principles of the blazing luminaries of Florence, Rome, and Parma, for the purpose of embodying the patriarchs of Genesis, the heroes and fair women of Homer, Hesiod, Sophocles, Herodotus, Aristot, and Spenser, or the mystic and picturesque situations of *La Mort d'Arthur*, and of *Undine*,\* in order to be insulted by the preference given to "*Crossing a Brook*," "*The Dog Stealer*," "*The Cock Fight*," "*The approach to Mr. Pummock's Grot*," "*Officers of the \* \* \* Lancers*," or a pack of paltry prints, published for the inexpressed purpose of deforming the beauteous pages of John Ballantyne, and Thomas Davison? † Here, for the present, we stop, begging pardon for our digression, and recommending the amateur, and especially the young practitioner, to study carefully the few and imperfect prints after the inventions of this solid master. I am not able to describe all those put forth by Alberti, as I possess but few, and cannot here call on the assistance of M. Bartsch (*le Peintre-graveur*); but the *desiderante* will find little trouble in selecting, if he inquires (using our name) at Messrs. Colnaghi's, or Molteno's, for a portfolio of Cherubino Alberti, or Polidoro. He will find them, I believe, extremely reasonable, notwithstanding their comparative scarcity.

Polidoro's finest work, which still exists in ruins, is the long frieze of the "*Fable of Niobe*," engraved on eight plates, very valuable, though caricatured by the false taste of Sanredam, the pupil and relation of Goltzius. 1l. 4s. or, 2l. 2s.

The Rape of the Sabines; a very extensive composition, full of fine action. (*Cher. Alberti.*) 12s.

Brennus casting his Sword into the Scale. (*Sanredam.*) 7s. or, 10s.

A Roman Triumph. (*C. Alberti.*) 5s.

The Story of Perseus and Atlas; one part of this long plate contains some nymphs gathering fruit in a river-watered grove. (*C. Alberti.*) 7s.

\* Why will not the translator of *Sintram* favour us with the Summer and Autumn Romances; or the *Magic King*, or the *Sigfried and Brunhild*?

† I trust Messrs. Stothard, Westall, and Richard Cook, (why do we see you so seldom, good Mr. Cook?) will not put on caps intended for a very different set of people. It is a small crime to *illustrate* the novels of Sir W. S.; but, Lord preserve us! the dead (witness Shakespeare) are not safe.

The Wine Vat; a small circle. (C. Alberti.) 3s. 6d.

The Twelve Gods of Antiquity, on twelve plates. (Gottius.) 1l. 4s. or, 1l. 10s.

These are sufficient to begin with. Good b'ye.

C\*\*\*\*d, Hampshire, Aug. 7.

PS. Before I have the pleasure of seeing you again, my dear Sir, let me counsel you to acquire, in some way or other, a choice old copy of Gaven Hamilton's *Schola Italica Picturæ*, large fol. Romæ, 1773, price about five or six guineas, which contains forty-one specimens, in general admirably engraved by Cunego and Volpato, from the best pictures (both fresco and oil) of M. Angelo, Raffaëlo, Da Vinci, Fra. Bartolomeo,

Correggio, Baroccio, Andrea del Sarto, Parmegiano, Giulio, Polidoro, Titiano, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Bassano, Palma Guido, Dominichino, M. A. de Carravaggio, Albano, Guercino, Lanfranco, and the Carracci. This book is of itself a Gallery to a young artist, or amateur; but when you have your hand in your pocket, it may not be amiss to add the set of plates called Raffaële's Bible, published in oblong fol. 1790, by Montagnani of Rome: if you should light on a good copy of Maurer's Emblems, or Stimmer's Huntings, or, indeed, any of his works, except his Bible (small 4to. Basle, 1576), secure them immediately; and if you don't like 'em, send them to 93, Fleet-street, and you shall receive their value, and my hearty thanks.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR.

TO THE READER.—I here present you, courteous reader, with the record of a remarkable period in my life: according to my application of it, I trust that it will prove, not merely an interesting record, but, in a considerable degree, useful and instructive. In that hope it is, that I have drawn it up: and that must be my apology for breaking through that delicate and honourable reserve, which, for the most part, restrains us from the public exposure of our own errors and infirmities. Nothing, indeed, is more revolting to English feelings, than the spectacle of a human being obtruding on our notice his moral ulcers or scars, and tearing away that 'decent drapery,' which time, or indulgence to human frailty, may have drawn over them: accordingly, the greater part of our confessions (that is, spontaneous and extra-judicial confessions) proceed from demireps, adventurers, or swindlers: and for any such acts of gratuitous self-humiliation from those who can be supposed in sympathy with the decent and self-respecting part of society, we must look to French literature, or to that part of the German, which is tainted with the spurious and defective sensibility of the French. All this I feel so forcibly, and so nervously am I

alive to reproach of this tendency, that I have for many months hesitated about the propriety of allowing this, or any part of my narrative, to come before the public eye, until after my death (when, for many reasons, the whole will be published): and it is not without an anxious review of the reasons, for and against this step, that I have, at last, concluded on taking it.

Guilt and misery shrink, by a natural instinct, from public notice: they court privacy and solitude: and, even in their choice of a grave, will sometimes sequester themselves from the general population of the churchyard, as if declining to claim fellowship with the great family of man, and wishing (in the affecting language of Mr. Wordsworth)

— Humbly to express  
A penitential loneliness.

It is well, upon the whole, and for the interest of us all, that it should be so: nor would I willingly, in my own person, manifest a disregard of such salutary feelings; nor in act or word do anything to weaken them. But, on the one hand, as my self-accusation does not amount to a confession of guilt, so, on the other, it is possible that, if it *did*, the benefit resulting to others, from

the record of an experience purchased at so heavy a price, might compensate, by a vast overbalance, for any violence done to the feelings I have noticed, and justify a breach of the general rule. Infirmity and misery do not, of necessity, imply guilt. They approach, or recede from, the shades of that dark alliance, in proportion to the probable motives and prospects of the offender, and the palliations, known or secret, of the offence: in proportion as the temptations to it were potent from the first, and the resistance to it, in act or in effort, was earnest to the last. For my own part, without breach of truth or modesty, I may affirm, that my life has been, on the whole, the life of a philosopher: from my birth I was made an intellectual creature: and intellectual in the highest sense my pursuits and pleasures have been, even from my school-boy days. If opium-eating be a sensual pleasure, and if I am bound to confess that I have indulged in it to an excess, not yet recorded\* of any other man, it is no less true, that I have struggled against this fascinating enthrallment with a religious zeal, and have, at length, accomplished what I never yet heard attributed to any other man—have untwisted, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which fettered me. Such a self-conquest may reasonably be set off in counterbalance to any kind or degree of self-indulgence. Not to insist, that in my case, the self-conquest was unquestionable, the self-indulgence open to doubts of casuistry, according as that name shall be extended to acts aiming at the bare relief of pain, or shall be restricted to such as aim at the excitement of positive pleasure.

Guilt, therefore, I do not acknowledge: and, if I did, it is possible that I might still resolve on the present act of confession, in consideration of the service which I may thereby render to the whole class of opium-eaters. But who are they? Reader, I am sorry to say, a very numerous class indeed. Of this I became convinced some years ago, by computing, at that time, the number of those in one small class of

English society (the class of men distinguished for talents, or of eminent station), who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium-eaters; such for instance, as the eloquent and benevolent —, the late dean of —; Lord —; Mr. —, the philosopher; a late under-secretary of state (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to the use of opium, in the very same words as the dean of —, viz. "that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach"); Mr. —; and many others, hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention. Now, if one class, comparatively so limited, could furnish so many scores of cases (and that within the knowledge of one single inquirer), it was a natural inference, that the entire population of England would furnish a proportionable number. The soundness of this inference, however, I doubted, until some facts became known to me, which satisfied me, that it was not incorrect. I will mention two: 1. Three respectable London druggists, in widely remote quarters of London, from whom I happened lately to be purchasing small quantities of opium, assured me, that the number of *amateur* opium-eaters (as I may term them) was, at this time, immense; and that the difficulty of distinguishing these persons, to whom habit had rendered opium necessary, from such as were purchasing it with a view to suicide, occasioned them daily trouble and disputes. This evidence respected London only. But, 2. (which will possibly surprise the reader more,) some years ago, on passing through Manchester, I was informed by several cotton-manufacturers, that their work-people were rapidly getting into the practice of opium-eating; so much so, that on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggists were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of this practice was the lowness of wages, which, at that time, would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits: and, wages rising, it

\* 'Not yet recorded,' I say: for there is one celebrated man of the present day, who, if all be true which is reported of him, has greatly exceeded me in quantity.

may be thought that this practice would cease: but, as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted,

That those eat now, who never ate before;  
And those who always ate, now eat the more.

Indeed the fascinating powers of opium are admitted, even by medical writers, who are its greatest enemies: thus, for instance, Awsiter, apothecary to Greenwich-hospital, in his "Essay on the Effects of Opium" (published in the year 1763), when attempting to explain, why Mead had not been sufficiently explicit on the properties, counteragents, &c. of this drug, expresses himself in the following mysterious terms (*φαντασμα ονειροποιον*): "perhaps he thought the subject of too delicate a nature to be made common; and as many people might then indiscriminately use it, it would take from that necessary fear and caution, which should prevent their experiencing the extensive power of this drug: *for there are many properties in it, if universally known, that would habituate the use, and make it more in request with us than the Turks themselves*: the result of which knowledge," he adds, "must prove a general misfortune." In the necessity of this conclusion I do not altogether concur: but upon that point I shall have occasion to speak at the close of my confessions, where I shall present the reader with the *moral* of my narrative.

#### PRELIMINARY CONFESSIONS.

These preliminary confessions, or introductory narrative of the youthful adventures which laid the foundation of the writer's habit of opium-eating in after-life, it has been judged proper to premise, for three several reasons:

1. As forestalling that question, and giving it a satisfactory answer,

which else would painfully obtrude itself in the course of the Opium-Confessions—"How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery, voluntarily to incur a captivity so servile, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a seven-fold chain?"—a question which, if not somewhere plausibly resolved, could hardly fail, by the indignation which it would be apt to raise as against an act of wanton folly, to interfere with that degree of sympathy which is necessary in any case to an author's purposes.

2. As furnishing a key to some parts of that tremendous scenery which afterwards peopled the dreams of the Opium-eater.

3. As creating some previous interest of a personal sort in the confessing subject, apart from the matter of the confessions, which cannot fail to render the confessions themselves more interesting. If a man "whose talk is of oxen," should become an Opium-eater, the probability is, that (if he is not too dull to dream at all)—he will dream about oxen: whereas, in the case before him, the reader will find that the Opium-eater boasteth himself to be a philosopher; and accordingly, that the phantasmagoria of his dreams (waking or sleeping, day-dreams or night-dreams) is suitable to one who in that character,

*Humani nihil a se alienum putat.*

For amongst the conditions which he deems indispensable to the sustaining of any claim to the title of philosopher, is not merely the possession of a superb intellect in its *analytic* functions (in which part of the pretension, however, England can for some generations show but few claimants; at least, he is not aware of any known candidate for this honour who can be styled emphatically a *subtle thinker*, with the exception of *Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, and in a narrower department of thought, with the recent illustrious exception\* of *David Ricardo*)—but

\* A third exception might perhaps have been added: and my reason for not adding that exception is chiefly because it was only in his juvenile efforts that the writer whom I allude to, expressly addressed himself to philosophical themes; his riper powers having been all dedicated (on very excusable and very intelligible grounds, under the present direction of the popular mind in England) to criticism and the Fine Arts. This reason apart, however, I doubt whether he is not rather to be considered an acute thinker

also on such a constitution of the moral faculties, as shall give him an inner eye and power of intuition for the vision and the mysteries of our human nature: *that* constitution of faculties, in short, which (amongst all the generations of men that from the beginning of time have been deployed into life, as it were, upon this planet) our English poets have possessed in the highest degree—and Scottish Professors in the lowest.

I have often been asked, how I first came to be a regular opium-eater; and have suffered, very unjustly, in the opinion of my acquaintance, from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings which I shall have to record, by a long course of indulgence in this practice purely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This, however, is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is, that for nearly ten years I did occasionally take opium, for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me: but, so long as I took it with this view, I was effectually protected from all material bad consequences, by the necessity of interposing long intervals between the several acts of indulgence, in order to renew the pleasurable sensations. It was not for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain in the severest degree, that I first began to use opium as an article of daily diet. In the twenty-eighth year of my age, a most painful affection of the stomach, which I had first experienced about ten years before, attacked me in great strength. This affection had originally been caused by extremities of hunger, suffered in my boyish days. During the season of hope and redundant happiness which succeeded (that is, from eighteen to twenty-four) it had slumbered: for the three following years it had revived at intervals: and now, under unfavourable circumstances, from depression of spirits, it attacked me with a violence that yielded to no remedies but opium. As the youthful sufferings,

which first produced this derangement of the stomach, were interesting in themselves, and in the circumstances that attended them, I shall here briefly retrace them.

My father died, when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen, I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently, and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*: for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention, for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions, as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, &c. gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, &c. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you or I could address an English one." He who honoured me with this eulogy, was a scholar, "and a ripe and good one:" and of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by ——— College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom

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than a subtle one. It is, besides, a great drawback on his mastery over philosophical subjects, that he has obviously not had the advantage of a regular scholastic education: he has not read Plato in his youth (which most likely was only his misfortune); but neither has he read Kant in his manhood (which is his fault).

\* I disclaim any allusion to *existing* professors, of whom indeed I know only one.



I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master: and besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only: for the two boys, who jointly with myself composed the first form, were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our 'Archidascalus' (as he loved to be called) conning our lesson before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books, until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter. My two class-fellows were poor, and dependant for their future prospects at the university, on the recommendation of the head-master: but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance: two of the other three resigned all their authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian: unconditional submission was what he demanded: and I prepared myself, therefore, for other

measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birth-day was fast approaching; after which day I had sworn within myself, that I would no longer be numbered amongst school-boys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction, requesting that she would 'lend' me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging: the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen: she inclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted, that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now then, I was prepared for my scheme: ten guineas, added to about two which I had remaining from my pocket money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time: and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one), that we never do any thing consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply, when I came to leave —, a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left — for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty school-room resounded with the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and, passing the head-master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, 'He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again.' I was right: I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled goodnaturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my

valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually: but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgencies: and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came, which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. I lodged in the head-master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of —, 'drest in earliest light,' and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose: but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight: and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity. I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my 'pensive citadel:' here I had read and studied through all the hours of night: and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could

not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly, that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago: and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly as if it were yesterday, the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze: it was a picture of the lovely —, which hung over the mantle-piece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity, and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of — clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out, and closed the door for ever!

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recal, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's: my room was at an aerial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the stair-case, which communicated with this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery, which passed the head-master's chamber-door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do any thing I wished; and, when the time arrived, went up stairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man: however, the groom was a man—

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury plain. Accordingly he per-

sisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps: but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the archididascalus. My first thought was, that all was lost; and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine: but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contretemps*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it: subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. —— would sally out of his room: for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bed-room. Dr. —— had a painful complaint, which, sometimes keeping him awake, made his sleep, perhaps, when it *did* come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheel-barrow, and on its road to the carrier's: then, 'with Providence my guide,' I set off on foot,—carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket; and a small 12mo. volume, contain-

ing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

It had been my intention originally to proceed to Westmoreland, both from the love I bore to that county, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Caernarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B——. Here I might have staid with great comfort for many weeks; for, provisions were cheap at B——, from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus produce of a wide agricultural district. An accident, however, in which, perhaps, no offence was designed, drove me out to wander again. I know not whether my reader may have remarked, but I have often remarked, that the proudest class of people in England (or at any rate, the class whose pride is most apparent) are the families of bishops. Noblemen, and their children, carry about with them, in their very titles, a sufficient notification of their rank. Nay, their very names (and this applies also to the children of many untitled houses) are often, to the English ear, adequate exponents of high birth, or descent. Sackville, Manners, Fitzroy, Paulet, Cavendish, and scores of others, tell their own tale. Such persons, therefore, find every where a due sense of their claims already established, except among those who are ignorant of the world, by virtue of their own obscurity: 'Not to know *them*, argues one's self unknown.' Their manners take a suitable tone and colouring; and, for once that they find it necessary to impress a sense of their consequence upon others, they meet with a thousand occasions for moderating and tempering this sense by acts of courteous condescension. With the families of bishops it is otherwise: with them it is all up-hill work, to make known their pretensions: for the proportion of the episcopal bench, taken from noble families, is not at any time very large; and the succession to these dignities is so rapid, that the public ear seldom has time to become familiar with them, unless where they are connected with

some literary reputation. Hence it is, that the children of bishops carry about with them an austere and repulsive air, indicative of claims not generally acknowledged, a sort of *noli me tangere* manner, nervously apprehensive of too familiar approach, and shrinking with the sensitiveness of a gouty man, from all contact with the *ὄϊ πολλοί*. Doubtless, a powerful understanding, or unusual goodness of nature, will preserve a man from such weakness: but, in general, the truth of my representation will be acknowledged: pride, if not of deeper root in such families, appears, at least, more upon the surface of their manners. This spirit of manners naturally communicates itself to their domestics, and other dependants. Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the Bishop of —; and had but lately married away and 'settled' (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B—, merely to have lived in the bishop's family, conferred some distinction: and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What 'my lord' said, and what 'my lord' did, how useful he was in parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford, formed the daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well: for I was too good-natured to laugh in any body's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance: and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or possibly by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned. She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family; and, dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention, that she had let her apartments. Thereupon the good bishop (it seemed) had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates: 'for,' said he, 'you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into

England—and of English swindlers, running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route.' This advice was certainly not without reasonable grounds: but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations, than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse:—'Oh, my lord,' answered my landlady (according to her own representation of the matter), 'I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler; because —': 'You don't think me a swindler?' said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation: 'for the future I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it.' And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make: but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused *her* indignation in turn: and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen: and I thought of letting him know my mind in Greek: which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a far better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind: for I considered, that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me; and that the same coarseness of mind, which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all, might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking, than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

I left the lodgings the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me: because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a-day.

From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise, and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal, which I could venture to order, was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn: and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c. or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool, or in London: more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants in Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border. On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality: and once, in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters, and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmorland and Devonshire. They spoke English: an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high-road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man of war; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was, that their letters should be as kind as was con-

sistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings: and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them. The reception one meets with from the women of a family, generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case, I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary, so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women: but in all other points, they treated me with a respect not usually paid to persons as light as mine; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence, that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth: and, from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have staid with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sat at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me, that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Caernarvon, and were that day expected to return; "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss. The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*" (no English), in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying, that it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to

recommend me, with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics: and what had been hospitality, when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh demeanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age: unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long-sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings, by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant. Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no

household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious stair-case and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and, I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever: but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies. When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in the day-time, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching: for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned

upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking. Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept. Or, if he had asked a party, as I once learnedly and facetiously observed to him—the several members of it must have stood in the relation to each other (not *sute* in any relation whatever) of succession, as the metaphysicians have it, and not of co-existence; in the relation of the parts of time, and not of the parts of space. During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, she was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depositary of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which

usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. —, or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. — make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c. to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the day-time, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sat in the parks, or elsewhere, until night-fall.

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience: (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but that I leave to the reader's taste:) in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive incumbrance, than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. — had "laid down" his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing

but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in common with the rats, I sate rent free; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us;" and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child.—Her, by the bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessaries to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person

there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing, that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—*"Sine Cerere, &c."*, it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connexion with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity aperipatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called Street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble minded Ann—, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am



at this time alive. — For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Her's was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time: for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this: — One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and af-

ter a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sat down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sat, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot — or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reëscue under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion — who had herself met with little but injuries in this world — stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time — be it remembered! — when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her. — Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment, — even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude, might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase — to haunt — to way-lay — to overtake — to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave —

there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears;" not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears — wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings: — but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts, I am cheerful to this hour: and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others: and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her) I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met, in Albemarle Street, a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family: and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise: I answered his questions ingenuously, — and, on his pledging his word of honor that he would not betray me to my guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the Attorney's. The next day I received from him a 10*l.* Bank-note. The letter inclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the Attorney: but, though his look and manner informed me

that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honorably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) *soliciting* from the first day of my arrival in London, to that of my final departure.

In so mighty a world as London, it will surprise my readers that I should not have found some means of staving off the last extremities of penury: and it will strike them that two resources at least must have been open to me, — viz. either to seek assistance from the friends of my family, or to turn my youthful talents and attainments into some channel of pecuniary emolument. As to the first course, I may observe, generally, that what I dreaded beyond all other evils was the chance of being reclaimed by my guardians; not doubting that whatever power the law gave them would have been enforced against me to the utmost; that is, to the extremity of forcibly restoring me to the school which I had quitted: a restoration which as it would in my eyes have been a dishonor, even if submitted to voluntarily, could not fail, when extorted from me in contempt and defiance of my known wishes and efforts, to have been a humiliation worse to me than death, and which would indeed have terminated in death. I was, therefore, shy enough of applying for assistance even in those quarters where I was sure of receiving it — at the risk of furnishing my guardians with any clue for recovering me. But, as to London in particular, though, doubtless, my father had in his life-time had many friends there, yet (as ten years had passed since his death) I remembered few of them even by name: and never having seen London before, except once for a few hours, I knew not the address of even those few. To this mode of gaining help, therefore, in part the difficulty, but much more the paramount fear which I have mentioned, habitually indisposed me. In regard to the other mode, I now feel half inclined to join my reader in wondering that I should have overlooked it. As a corrector of Greek

proofs (if in no other way), I might doubtless have gained enough for my slender wants. Such an office as this I could have discharged with an exemplary and punctual accuracy that would soon have gained me the confidence of my employers. But it must not be forgotten that, even for such an office as this, it was necessary that I should first of all have an introduction to some respectable publisher: and this I had no means of obtaining. To say the truth, however, it had never once occurred to me to think of literary labours as a source of profit. No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass: and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D—.\*

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctor's Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of —, was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated: but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested, — was I that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one: I had rather feared, whenever my

Jewish friends scrutinized me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person—and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self, *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doated on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends: these I produced: for I carried them constantly in my pocket—being, indeed, by this time, almost the only relics of my personal incumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of —, who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of —, his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be—still retained an affection for classical studies, and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of M— and S!— since I had been there; sometimes upon the me-

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\* To this same Jew, by the way, some eighteen months afterwards, I applied again on the same business; and, dating at that time from a respectable college, I was fortunate enough to gain his serious attention to my proposals. My necessities had not arisen from any extravagance, or youthful levities (these my habits and the nature of my pleasures raised me far above), but simply from the vindictive malice of my guardian, who, when he found himself no longer able to prevent me from going to the university, had, as a parting token of his good nature, refused to sign an order for granting me a shilling beyond the allowance made to me at school — viz. 100*l.* per ann. Upon this sum it was, in my time, barely possible to have lived in college; and not possible to a man who, though above the paltry affectation of ostentatious disregard for money, and without any expensive tastes, confided nevertheless rather too much in servants, and did not delight in the petty details of minute economy. I soon, therefore, became embarrassed: and at length, after a most voluminous negotiation with the Jew, (some parts of which, if I had leisure to rehearse them, would greatly amuse my readers), I was put in possession of the sum I asked for—on the 'regular' terms of paying the Jew seventeen and a half per cent. by way of annuity on all the money furnished; Israel, on his part, graciously resuming no more than about ninety guineas of the said money, on account of an Attorney's bill, (for what services, to whom rendered, and when, whether at the siege of Jerusalem — at the building of the Second Temple — or on some earlier occasion, I have not yet been able to discover). How many perches this bill measured I really forget: but I still keep it in a cabinet of natural curiosities; and sometime or other I believe I shall present it to the British Museum.

rite of a Latin poet; at other times, suggesting subjects to me on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish two or three hundred pounds on my personal security—provided I could persuade the young Earl, who was, by the way, not older than myself, to guarantee the payment on our coming of age: the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the 10*l.*, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly 3*l.* of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was connected with the money-lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain. These arrangements made,—soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salt-hill on the Bath or Bristol Mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries: Swallow-street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden-square: there, near the corner of Sherrard-street, we sat down; not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before: and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met

with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty: for, setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister: and at this moment, with seven-fold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life: yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me at six o'clock, near the bottom of Great Titchfield-street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford-street. This, and other measures of precaution I took: one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves—*Miss Douglass, Miss Montague, &c.* but simply by their Christian names, *Mary, Jane, Frances, &c.* Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired: but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview: and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and

boariness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recal her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffee-house: and, the Bristol Mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion\* of this Mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a Mail-coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. Connected with this sleep was a little incident, which served, as hundreds of others did at that time, to convince me how easily a man who has never been in any great distress, may pass through life without knowing, in his own person at least, anything of the possible goodness of the human heart—or, as I must add with a sigh, of its possible vileness. So thick a curtain of manners is drawn over the features and expression of men's natures, that to the ordinary observer, the two extremities, and the infinite field of varieties which lie between them, are all confounded—the vast and multitudinous compass of their several harmonies reduced to the meagre outline of differences expressed in the gamut or alphabet of elementary sounds. The case was this: for the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances most people would; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occasion seemed to warrant; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint: and, therefore, I apologized

to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future; and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering; and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. The man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant: and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off: and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms: and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol. Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather farther than I intended: for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time, after leaving Hounslow that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the Mail (possibly at a Post-office); and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead—six or seven miles, I think, a-head of Salt-hill. Here I alighted: and for the half minute that the Mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who, from the transient glimpse I had had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler—or person of that rank) to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so: and in fact, I immediately set forward, or rather backward, on foot. It must then have been nearly midnight: but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and the sleep had both refreshed me; but I was weary nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation at that moment under my poverty.

\* The Bristol Mail is the best appointed in the kingdom—owing to the double advantage of an unusually good road, and of an extra sum for expences subscribed by the Bristol merchants.

There had been some time before a murder committed on or near Hounslow-heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood. Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the Heath: and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accursed murderer, if he were that night abroad, might at every instant be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness: in which case, said I, — supposing I, instead of being (as indeed I am) little better than an outcast,—

Lord of my learning and no land beside, were, like my friend, Lord —, heir by general repute to 70,000*l.* per ann., what a panic should I be under at this moment about my throat!—indeed, it was not likely that Lord — should ever be in my situation. But nevertheless, the spirit of the remark remains true—that vast power and possessions make a man shamefully afraid of dying: and I am convinced that many of the most intrepid adventurers, who, by fortunately being poor, enjoy the full use of their natural courage, would, if at the very instant of going into action news were brought to them that they had unexpectedly succeeded to an estate in England of 50,000*l.* a year, feel their dislike to bullets considerably sharpened\*—and their efforts at perfect equanimity and self-possession proportionably difficult. So true it is, in the language of a wise man whose own experience had made him acquainted with both fortunes, that riches are better fitted—

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Then tempt her to do aught may merit  
praise. *Parad. Regained.*

I dally with my subject because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain: for I now hasten to its close.—In the road between Slough and Eton, I fell asleep: and, just as the morning began to dawn,

I was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was: he was an ill-looking fellow—but not therefore of necessity an ill-meaning fellow: or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark he passed on: and I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering: but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost: and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved; washed myself, and, as far as possible, adjusted my dress at a little public-house in Windsor; and about eight, o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys of whom I made inquiries: an Etonian is always a gentleman; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend, Lord —, was gone to the University of —. 'Ibi omnis effusus labor!' I had, however, other friends at Eton: but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D—, to whom, (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

Here let me stop for a moment to check my reader from any erroneous conclusions: because I have had occasion incidentally to speak of various patrician friends, it must not be supposed that I have myself any pretensions to rank or high blood. I thank God that I have not:—I am the son of a plain English merchant,

\* It will be objected that many men, of the highest rank and wealth, have in our own day, as well as throughout our history, been amongst the foremost in courting danger in battle. True: but this is not the case supposed: long familiarity with power has to them deadened its effect and its attractions.

esteemed during his life for his great integrity, and strongly attached to literary pursuits (indeed, he was himself, anonymously, an author): if he had lived, it was expected that he would have been very rich; but, dying prematurely, he left no more than about 30,000*l.* amongst seven different claimants. My mother I may mention with honour, as still more highly gifted. For, though unpretending to the name and honours of a literary woman, I shall presume to call her (what many literary women are not) an *intellectual* woman: and I believe that if ever her letters should be collected and published, they would be thought generally to exhibit as much strong and masculine sense, delivered in as pure 'mother English,' racy and fresh with idiomatic graces, as any in our language—hardly excepting those of lady M. W. Montague.—These are my honours of descent: I have no others: and I have thanked God sincerely that I have not, because, in my judgment, a station which raises a man too eminently above the level of his fellow-creatures is not the most favourable to moral, or to intellectual qualities.

Lord D— placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent—from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sate down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarcely eat any thing. On the day when I first received my 10*l.* Bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls: this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm, my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks: or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes immediately, and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at lord D—'s table, I found myself

not at all better than usual: and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately at all times a craving for wine: I explained my situation, therefore, to lord D—, and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine—which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady; for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; but by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends: I persuaded myself then that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D—, on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest. of which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D—, whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connexions. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of —, would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal: for after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security. Lord D— was at this time not eighteen years of age: but I have often doubted, on recollecting since the good sense and prudence which on this occasion he mingled with so much urbanity of manner (an urbanity which in him wore the grace of

youthful sincerity), whether any statesman—the oldest and the most accomplished in diplomacy—could have acquitted himself better under the same circumstances. Most people, indeed, cannot be addressed on such a business, without surveying you with looks as austere and unpropitious as those of a Saracen's head.

Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story:—the Jews did not approve of Lord D——'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made—time passed on—the small fragment of my bank note had just melted away; and before any conclusion could have been put to the business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London, in haste, for a remote part of England: after some time, I proceeded to the university; and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to re-visit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Anne? For her I have reserved my concluding words: according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield-street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill treatment from her landlord, which made it probable

that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintances; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others, thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Anne by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to —— in —— shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction.—If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps, even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhretorical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head.—I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer; but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

[The remainder of this very interesting Article will be given in the next Number. *Eu.*]



## LOVE IN A MIST.

So teasing is the girl I love,  
 So cruel-kind I find her,  
 I would to Heaven she would prove  
 Or crueller or kinder.

Her lips forbid my hopes to rise ;  
 But whilst she's thus declaring,  
 A wicked something in her eyes  
 Prevents me from despairing.

Her eyes say yes, her lips say no ;  
 And so in doubt they steep me:  
 I wish that she would let me go,  
 Or pay the price to keep me.

To her is such attraction given,  
 In soothing or in scoffing,  
 She has hung me up 'twixt hell and heaven,  
 Just like Mahamet's coffin.

'Tis my belief, when women use  
 Us in this sort of fashion,  
 They hate the man, but would not lose  
 The lover, or the passion.

Haply with neither love nor hate,  
 Nor any passion breathing,  
 As anglers gravely hook their bait,  
 In spite of all its writhing,—

So it may be her thoughtless wish,  
 Regardless of my fate, to  
 Hook me, to catch some other fish,  
 Whom I may serve as bait to.

I fain would get the length of her foot ;  
 But if I were not born to't,  
 It does not my free spirit suit,  
 To be the shoeing-horn to't.

Had I but proof, I'd quickly show,  
 To her hard heart, a hard head ;  
 Leaving my card, with D. L. O.  
 And thus be self *dis-carded*.

## GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

MADRID IN THE SPRING OF 1821.

THIS year, the Carnival has passed with but little gaiety or bustle. It is only in the houses of grandees that brilliant balls are occasionally given ; for political events have *seriously* affected the amusements usual at this season. Suspicion of the actual situation of affairs,—and discontent,

added to retranchments, arising from necessity, or adopted from prudence, operate as checks to indulgencies of this nature. The patriotic society, denominated the Friends of Order, has, however, given two splendid balls. Señora Correa continued her concerts upon her former plan,—that

is to say, they were entertainments with Rossini at the beginning, Rossini in the middle, and Rossini at the end. But, if scenes of gaiety have been somewhat more rare, and less showy than usual, there has been at least one entertainment without any deficiency of festivity or brilliancy. I allude to that which takes place annually on the last day of the Carnival, when the lower orders assemble in the spacious island between the Canal and the Manzanares, which then serves them for a *ridotto al fresco*. This year it made an appearance more handsome than usual; for, owing to the extreme mildness and forwardness of the season, the long rows of almond and mulberry trees were all in full bloom. On passing through the Atocha gate, a long line of people was seen, whose merriment was audible at a great distance. Many a wide mantle was there spread upon the ground; and seated around them were families feasting upon dishes of roast meat or eggs; while the leathern bottle ran the gauntlet from mouth to mouth, until at length it dropped down fairly exhausted. As soon as these patriarchal banquets were terminated, and the wine had set their blood in more than usual motion, the castanets and guitars were taken; and those who had been indolently lolling, leaped up, and displayed, in the vehemence of the *bolero*, their agility, though not always their gracefulness, to circles of spectators who immediately formed around them. Attention was suddenly called from the dancers to a spot whence issued long and reiterated shouts of laughter: the noise proceeded from a mirthful troop of both sexes, who were tossing up a stuffed figure, most curiously dressed, and fancifully named by them Don Pellejo (or Mr. Bottlebelly). The dexterity with which this singular personage was made to ascend, was as wonderful as his descent was entertaining; for he generally fell upon some unlucky head; to the great amusement of the bystanders. Dancing, cards, jumping—all contributed their shares towards the entertainment;—and when every other sport had been in turn, the company, more boisterous than refined, exercised their strength

by flinging each other to the ground. Orange-women, aguadores, melon-venders, all added to the bustle, the noise, and the liveliness of the scene; nor were there wanting grotesque masks, who contributed greatly to the diversion of the populace. Several thousand persons of the lowest class were here met together, singing, shouting, bawling, and occasionally cursing; with scarcely one of the middling ranks:—indeed, no respectable female would think of venturing into a crowd of frantic bacchanalians, where all decency, both of words and actions, appeared to be forgotten.

Within the last week or two, there has been no want of attractions well calculated to collect together the mob. The consecration of the standards of the National Guard,—when this splendidly-arrayed troop, preceded by men in the old Spanish costume, heralds, &c. went in procession to the church, where the ceremony was performed;—the public dinners given by the different regiments of the garrison;—the opening of the *Cortes*, at which the Queen was present, in a dress glittering with diamonds, and well worthy of the majesty of both the Indies:—all these exhibitions served to gratify the taste of the multitude for fine shows.

In the middle of February, died the notorious Abbé Marchena, of which circumstance little notice was taken here, at the time, by the public journals: some said nothing, because they detest the *Afrancesados*; and the *Afrancesados* themselves were silent, because they wished the most notorious leaders of their party to be forgotten. The Abbé was known in Germany by his fragment from Petronius, and from having served in the army of the Rhine, under Moreau. He was born at Utzera, in Andalusia, about the year 1770; and distinguished himself early in life, by his superior talents. His first profession was that of the church, where he was a "*religieux sans religion*;" for, with all the eagerness of an unsettled and restless mind, he devoured the writings of the French philosophers, at that time prohibited in Spain,—and adopted their principles; which were so much the more agreeable to him, as they preached

down every thing resembling intolerance in matters of opinion. These doctrines he promulgated with a zeal which soon obtained for him the notice of the Inquisition. He was ordered to be apprehended; but his friends found means to warn him of his danger,—and he escaped to France, just as the Revolution was on the point of breaking out. He now gave himself to this cause with a youthful glow, which shortly afterwards increased into an impetuous flame. After a short stay at Bayonne, he hastened to Paris, where, in consequence of his possessing a thorough knowledge of the classical languages, an excellent memory, a happy tact at composition, and considerable talents, he was favourably received by many literati of the highest celebrity. At first he was employed in writing for Marat's notorious journal; but he subsequently attached himself to Brissot and the Girondists. He was apprehended at Moulins, and was brought to Paris and imprisoned.—The furious pamphlets which he composed during his incarceration, could not, however, obtain for him that crown of martyrdom to which he so ardently aspired. On the 8th of Thermidor he obtained his liberty, and soon after was appointed secretary in a public office. About this time he began to write for the journal called *L'Ami des Lois*. Upon the Thermidorists dividing into two parties, Marchena unfortunately attached himself to that which lost its influence in August, 1795; owing to which circumstance, he was deprived both of his situation and of his share in the above-mentioned journal. He now occupied himself for some time in writing against Tallien, Legendre, and Freron, the heads of the victorious party; who, losing all patience at his repeated attacks, denounced him, and caused him to be banished. At this juncture he retired to Switzerland, where he is reported to have solicited Madame de Staël to intercede in his behalf; but she refused to notice him, although he had before enjoyed free access to her house during the time that she resided at Paris. Having failed there, he had recourse to the Council of Five Hundred, to which he complained of the oppression he had endured,—

though with little reason; for, having enjoyed the privileges of a French citizen for five years, the law of the 21st Floreal could not justly be enforced against him. The Legislative Body, which was then at variance with the Directory, recalled him to France. At the breaking out of the new war in 1800, he obtained a commission; and though a little ill-shaped figure, he had the folly to imagine that all the handsome women were in love with him: this ridiculous fancy rendered him the general subject of conversation amongst the officers. It was at this time that he was ordered to draw up a statistical account of Germany, for the use of the army. He was quite unacquainted with the language; but soon learned it; and reading the best statistical writers, he compiled a work which was highly approved of, and much relied on by the French generals. After his return from Germany, he was for some time secretary to Moreau, and is conjectured to have been not altogether innocent of the misfortunes of that General. When the French invaded Spain, Marchena returned into his own country; and, after some time, obtained a post in the Ministry of the Interior. He then produced on the stage his translations of the *Misanthrope* and the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, both of which met with great success. But he left Madrid again when it was evacuated by the French, and retired to Nismes, where he continued to reside until the return of the *Afrancesados*.

Marchena has written much, and on various subjects; but, unfortunately, though highly gifted, he was one of those who, by a strange abuse of talent, extract poison from those flowers whence they ought to derive honey. Morality and religion were regarded by him as matters of perfect indifference; hence that cynicism which he manifested in his pursuits and gratifications. Notwithstanding the eagerness with which he always aimed at obtaining public notice, he died neglected, and nearly forgotten; nor will his name long survive him, except in the annals of the French Revolution.

Another character of note, who recently died in this city, is Don Barnabá Garcia de Castilla, one of

the Ministers of the Fiscal, and Representative in the Cortes for the Canary Islands. The *Universal* gives a biographical sketch of this worthy compatriot of Clavigo, of which the following is an abstract. Garcia de Castilla was a native of Valle Hermosa, in the island of Gomera, one of the Canaries. From his parents, who were possessed of rank and property, he received a good education, and commenced his studies at Orotava, in Teneriffe, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents, and by the rapid progress which he made in the sciences: nor did he neglect the modern languages while employed in these severer pursuits, but applied himself to the study of French, Italian, and English. After some time spent in this manner, he repaired to Spain, and prosecuted his studies at Madrid, in the College of St. Isidore. A new field was now opened to him: his favourite pursuits were the mathematics and physics, and he made

great advances in mineralogy. In 1818, he edited, in conjunction with Professor Manrique, *El Redactor General*, in which journal he declared himself to be a zealous partizan of the new constitution of the Cortes. In consequence of his thus interesting himself in public affairs, he was banished to Melilla, where his studies became to him a rich source of consolation and entertainment. He gave lessons in the mathematics and natural history; and even founded an academy for them, on which he bestowed the title of *Academia de Ciencias de Melilla*. After the Constitution of the Cortes was introduced last year at Madrid, Garcia was recalled, was appointed to an employment in the administration of the Finances, and was elected Representative of the Canary Islands. His death, which happened on the 8th of last January, carried him off in the meridian of life, when he was enjoying the esteem due to his public services, his virtues, and his talents.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XIX.

THE only novelty in the musical world, since our last report, has been the private subscription concert given by Mr. Sapio, jun. The house of Lady Desanges was opened on this occasion, and the tickets were one guinea each. Every part of the entertainment was in the highest order of excellence and elegance. Sir George Smart conducted. Messrs. Moscheles, Bochs, Puzzi, and Lindley, were the principal instrumentalists, the concert being chiefly vocal. Madame Camporese, Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Miss Goodall, Signors de Begnis and Ambrogetti, and Mr. Sapio, were the singers; and it follows, that every thing was executed in the most perfect manner. Mr. Sapio, in Rossini's duet, *Amor possente Numi*, with Madame Camporese, gave proofs of his masterly accomplishment in the great style of singing, while *Said a Smile to a Tear* (which was introduced by desire) exhibited his power of ornament to equal advantage. His voice is purely *una voce di camera*; but his command and variety of manner, together with the neatness and finish of his execution,

render him, particularly at this moment, a most valuable accession to the list of our vocalists.

Madame Catalani has given a second concert at the Argyll Rooms, the receipts of which were appropriated to the benefit of the Westminster Hospital. The room was again crowded with nobility and *virtù*. By this exhibition of her wonderful powers, she has only confirmed her triumph. It is said, she is about to make a tour through the principal towns, accompanied by Mr. Pio Cianchettini, as the conductor of her concerts; and it is believed that M. Vallabreque (her husband) has been engaged, together with another gentleman, deeply interested in the theatrical property of London, in a negotiation for the Opera House next year.

There was also a grand oratorio in honour of the Coronation, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for the benefit of a charity. The selection was principally from Handel, and was performed by Brahm, Vaughan, Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and the English train of dis-

tinguished vocalists. The amount of the receipts was very considerable.

The music of London may now be fairly considered as ended for the season; and the provincial meetings are already commencing. Salisbury has one this week (August 20); the first English and Italian talent is engaged: Madame Camporese, and Mrs. Salmon; Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, and Bellamy, and Signor Ambrogetti. There has also been a large exportation of scientific ability to Dublin, in order that music may contribute her share to the entertainment of Majesty; Mr. Bochsa, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Rolles of Bath, and Miss Stephens, are amongst the professors who have crossed the Irish Channel. We may now proceed to examine the progress which music has made.

The capital feature is the desertion of English for foreign style, and of the loftier affections for the more voluptuous sensations originated by the powers and associations inherent in, and attendant upon, this most entrancing language. Our very oratorios are become mere pasticcio concerts, selected from the music of the Italian opera, the Catholic ritual, and the theatre; with a slight interspersing of poor dear dull Handel, as a salvo to the conductors during the sacred season of Lent. Our concerts differ in little or nothing from our oratorios, except those of the Ancient Music, the only place where the principles of the genuine great style are preserved inviolate. The Opera itself is in great danger of losing entirely the *gran gusto*, by the help of such composers as Signor Rossini; who, though he is not absolutely destitute of the high resources of his art, yet suffers his grander conceptions to be obliterated, obscured, or dissipated, by the composition of music that demonstrates little more than strong animal spirits, and a lively fancy. Our own theatres have done something towards making a stand, in the performance of *Artaxerxes*, and *Love in a Village*, at Drury Lane, and in the introduction and adaptation of some of the fine old English compositions into Shakspeare's plays, with some very clever additions by Mr. Bishop, at Covent Garden. But the relish for what has hitherto been es-

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teemed the legitimate school of expression, and for English composition, will very soon depart, unless something more be done in its behalf.

It should seem, however, that the very perfection of art is contributing to its decline. The self-devotion of talent has accomplished such finished results in every department, that nothing short of the greatest natural ability, cultivated by the utmost labour (every moment of a life dedicated to study and practice), will satisfy the delicate and critical audiences of the metropolitan concerts. Hence it follows, that these excessive attainments must be compensated by more than ordinary gains; and music becomes, not the cheap solace of leisure hours, but the expensive and exclusive enjoyment of the affluent. Hence, also, it happens, that as professors exhaust the common resources of expression, they invent and add new parts. In the progress of mechanical attainment, that which has cost one individual prodigious labour to acquire, being acquired and exhibited, is caught by another with the greatest comparative ease, who again transcends, in some particular, his predecessor, or competitor; and thus new difficulties are successively added and overcome, till no part is left without excess of ornament. To such a pitch execution appears now to have arrived; and there will shortly be nothing left but a return to the simpler graces of natural expression. Mere agility has pretty nearly done its work.

At present, there is certainly no other symptom of this restoration of fine taste, than the apparent impossibility of carrying force, transition, and agility, much farther. The opera has certainly exhibited no very commanding examples of talent, either in composition or performance; while the universal applause that follows Madame Camporese proves what the genuine great style can effect. Every real judge of the art admits that this lady possesses the finest manner of any singer that has lately visited England; yet her natural organ is by no means superior. But she never sings a note in vain; so powerful is mind over objects merely mechanical. On the contrary, in Mrs. Salmon, the first and chief of our English artists, we perceive only the results

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of natural organic endowment. Her tone is exquisite, her agility surprising; but her performance is as destitute of any species of conception, beyond diversity of figurate passages, as it is possible for singing to be. It is to be regretted, that there is no prominent example in the vocal profession of an artist sufficiently informed, or courageous, to attempt the introduction or revival of the grand manner. When Braham, and when Vaughan, shall have retired, there is not a singer to succeed them; nor is there a bass who has any pretension to follow Bartleman. The age that has just passed exhibited wonderful variety, as well as excellence: Mara, Billington, Catalani, Harrison, Braham, Vaughan, Goss, Knyvett, Evans, and Bartleman. Some of these names are now gone by; the rest will follow: there seems to be no succession of ability at all equal to them in any department.

English composers seem to us to fail in combining graceful and touching melody with strength, and with the certain portion of simplicity necessary to grandeur and truth of expression. The points in which our singers are deficient, lie in the absence of sensibility, which enriches its subject with the warm and animating glow of tone and manner that forms the characteristic of Italian singing. The English are certainly chaste beyond any other vocalists, but they are also as certainly cold. Camporese is chaste, but she is not cold: Mrs. Salmon is voluptuous in sound, but there is no true feeling—there is nothing for the affections, and not much for the senses: Miss Stephens has a rich and full voice, and polished manner; but in her singing she has little fire, and no passion. The truth is, we suspect, that our singers afford the imagination neither sustenance nor exercise. They *practise* much, but they neither read nor reflect; they repress enthusiasm, without which, art is lifeless. If the education of a singer were committed to us, we would first nourish and stimulate, and warm and indulge this predominating faculty, with all the aids of poetry and classic romance. We much question whether *some* of our distinguished vocalists *ever heard even the names of the*

masters of the song. Some of those we have noticed are, we are sure, about as well informed in such matters, as the celebrated Madame D. the *pianiste*, who recollected Sir Isaac Newton "as *the man* that signed the bank notes in the city." Melodious Abraham Newland! how much indebted was he to the resemblance in sound which one syllable of his name afforded, to that of the greatest philosopher that ever lived. Braham and Bartleman both gave the rein to fancy; and they both were men of reading, as well as warm temperament. These performers were intimately versed in the philosophy of their art, as well as warmed by a natural sensibility.

The instrumental progression, high as it has gone, is far better sustained; but here too we owe much to foreign aid. It is, however, probable that the examples we have recently imported, and the zeal with which their instructions are sought, will extensively promote the assiduous cultivation of indigenous talent. Many instances of this kind are within our knowledge.

If we may judge from foreign professors who have recently visited England, other countries, hitherto considered as the fountains of music, exhibit the same symptoms as ourselves; but it will probably be urged that we only take our colour from them. It may, perhaps, be too true. Amongst the instrumentalists there have been, however, some very extraordinary men; Moscheles, Keisewetter, and Puzzi, are, in their departments, the first of their age. But pre-eminent vocal talent there is none—save only Catalani, who can afford no example to others, because nature has done more for her than art, and far more for her than for any other human being.

The cultivation of music, in private, is nevertheless extending itself; and to render us a musical people, nothing is now wanting, but to make the science a part of the scheme of general education, and thus to communicate the art and its enjoyment to the cottages of the poor, as well as to the mansions of the rich. The introduction of such a knowledge of music, as is thus communicated in Germany and Italy, would probably produce a striking change

in the manners of the industrious classes, and might afford such an employment, and such a solace of leisure hours, as would save multitudes from "the worm that never dies"—the worm of the still.

Mr. Owen is trying, very successfully, to introduce this innocent recreation amongst the other parts of his plan. But we must hasten to our conclusion, for this is a discussion that might lead us far indeed. The cultivation of music, in private, will continue to extend itself, unless the perfection now indispensable, and the labour, time, and expense, implied in that perfection, become a bar to its adoption as a pursuit. This is to be lamented; for there is no accomplishment so social in its nature, as well as so delightful to the individual who possesses it. That music is nevertheless at present extending into every corner of the realm, is completely proved by the visible increase of instructors, instrument-makers, and publications. We rejoice at these symptoms, because we are satisfied it is amongst the most innocent and the most elegant means of advancing human happiness.

The publications of the month are few, and inconsiderable; there is one, however, of much merit; *Spanish Melodies, with characteristic Poetry*, by J. R. Planche, Esq. the *Symphonies and Accompaniments* by C. M. Sola. This is an elegant, a popular, and a captivating selection, at once tasteful and delightful. Nothing so near to Moore's publications has appeared from any other hand; the melodies possess the charm of feeling and simplicity. The words, if not highly poetical, have the same characteristics. We recommend this little work to every singer who knows how to make the most of a

few notes. There are no difficulties, either in compass or execution, in the voice part, or accompaniment; and there is not one which, even tolerably sung, will not please.

*Must it be*, and *The Indian Hunter*, two songs, by Mr. Macdonald Harris, are neither of them equal to some other of this gentleman's productions. There is too much pretension in the first, which is too chromatic, in the voice part especially; the second is a lively common-place.

*Turn, turn those Eyes*, a glee for three voices, by Mr. Webb, jun. is not distinguished by any peculiar beauty of melody or construction.

There are two Italian songs, *Scio mio bene*, and *Amor fortuna e pace*, by Carafa; their principal recommendation is novelty, which, it should seem, is often enough to tempt, if not to re-pay publishers. The quartetto, *Siete Turchi non vi credo*, from *Il Turco in Italia*, has also been printed in a separate form.

Mr. Latour has arranged a selection of airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and they make very brilliant duets for the piano-forte.

Mr. Bochsa's fourth book of duets for the harp and piano-forte, the same Opera, has also appeared.

Mr. Burrowes has published a Third Number of Handel's Chorus-ees, as duets for the harp and piano. The subject is, *See the Conquering Hero Comes*.

The ninth number of the Operatic Airs, by Rawlings, is an agreeable lesson. The theme, *Faint and Wearily*, from the Mountaineers, is introduced by a very pretty pastorale movement. The rondo is lively and elegant, and the allegretto forms a very spirited conclusion.

August 20, 1821.

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## THE DRAMA.

### No. XX.

"I CONFESS we excel in our dramatical compositions," says M. Saint Evremond; and the French silently acquiesce in their countryman's pleasant opinion. M. Saint Evremond was a gallant of the seventeenth century, and was an admirer of the celebrated Ninon, with whom he

corresponded till he was ninety, and she fourscore years of age. There is an apparent mixture of candour and self-love in his letters to her, as well as in his opinions "on Tragedy," and other matters. In his Essay on Tragedy, we may see, very shortly, what the French nation

thought and think on the subject of dramatic art; and there is no other writer of that country (at least that we recollect at this moment) who has committed himself in the same candid manner. "I confess we excel in our dramatical compositions;" and, without flattering Corneille, he says, he thinks he may safely prefer his tragedies to those of the ancients. The ancients might be very well in their way, he thinks; but greatness, magnificence, and, above all, "dignity, was a thing they but little understood." Afterwards he commends the Greeks for their success in expressing the "qualities" of their heroes; but when they thought of the "magnificence of great kings," it rather spoiled than raised their imagination. However, he adds, "they could not be imposed upon as to courage, constancy, justice, and wisdom, of which they had daily instances before their eyes." "Their senses being weaned from pomp, gave their reason a greater latitude to consider men in themselves."

This is quite satisfactory; and if the French, who have a tolerable contempt for our drama, would get into the practice of giving all their reasons, as honestly as M. Saint Evremond, when they shower down their taunts on our barbarous spectacles, we should, we suspect, have but little misunderstanding with them. He gives us a fair debtor and creditor account, which is amusing enough; and so it is when he shuts his eyes, and strikes the balance in his own favour. How quick is his summing up! "I avoid being tedious as much as possible; and I will only add, that no nation can dispute with us the superiority in tragedy." It is really a pity that a man who comes to such rash decisions, in such a style, should beguile one into forbearance by his previous honesty. A few words more, and we will then leave M. Saint Evremond for more recent matter. The Greek dramatists, he says, "thought it enough to know persons by their actions," while "Corneille dived to the bottom of the soul" to find them out. Now this happens to be materially wrong. The Greeks admitted us into their secrets, at least as far as M. Corneille, in whom, M. Saint Evremond says, "grandeur seems

to have attained the last perfection." The long discourses that we read in Sophocles and Eschylus, are as explicit, and as much to the purpose, as the pompous declamation of the French theatre, where passion is torn to rags, and love distorted, and common mortals are lifted up on the stilts of false sentiment and unnatural "grandeur," till they become stationary at some point between the earth and skies, where they divest themselves of all the true and fine qualities of men, without arriving at any of the perfections of the gods.

Enough has already been said, perhaps, on this subject, by contemporary writers: but it is well, at all times, to judge our adversary out of his advocate's mouth, if it be possible. Besides, the opinions of M. Saint Evremond are the opinion of the French nation; but the reasons for that opinion we do not remember to have seen, in so fair a manner, elsewhere recorded. It is well known, that we ourselves (*i. e.* the English) took pattern from our continental neighbours, and, for the space of a century or more, forsook our great mistress, Nature, and were as full of "grandeur," and as foolish as they. But better days are come, or are coming.

Nor was it only in dramatic writing, that a false taste prevailed. The actor, as well as the author, was fond of "grandeur;" and accordingly a style of acting grew into reputation, where it was only necessary to be as unlike other people as possible, in order to succeed. It is incredible how the fustian of the last century could possibly please, and yet it did; and when Garrick came, to remove, in some measure, the spell that had spread like a film over the eye of taste, he found plenty of persons, who considered his style vulgar, and himself rather as impertinent than bold, for having adopted it. Time, however, settled the affair, as he always does, and merit found its level. Mr. Kemble may be considered as the next great actor to Garrick, in point of time; but he, with all his high talent (and in one or two characters he was matchless) does not come altogether under our meaning. Cooke had a great deal of rough power; and Macklin (considering his Shylock) might be ac-



counted a fine tragedian; but Mr. Kean it was, who, since the days of Garrick, first gave a strong impulse to popular taste, and turned once more the current of opinion.

*Mr. Kean.*—Our country readers will be glad to hear that this gentleman has returned from the shores of the Mississippi and the Ohio, with all his great powers unimpaired. Unfortunately, he came a fortnight or three weeks too late, to give all his friends an opportunity of manifesting the delight which they felt on his return; but there were still many remaining in town, whom the coronation had not occupied or fatigued; and by these he was welcomed in a way that left him no room to suspect any decay of old regard.—One can scarcely conceive that this fine performer could have acted for years without attracting any notice whatever: and yet, when he first appeared on the London boards, he had certainly come direct from some provincial theatres in the west of England, where he had been performing in tragedy, comedy, opera, and pantomime, without acquiring either fame or fortune. “Let me see: Kean?—Kean?” said the manager of the Bath theatre; “I think we had a man of that name with us last summer; but he is gone, I believe, to Exeter or thereabouts;”—and thus it was that Kean had been (we won’t say wasting his sweetness on the desert air, because that is not a new quotation, but) losing the best years of his life in toiling for the illiterate and other vulgar of the west. But he sprang at once from obscurity to fame, eclipsing every other reputation, counteracting old opinions, and vanquishing every thing but prejudice, which is blind, and interested enmity that will not see. It was anticipated that he could not have height enough for one part, nor ‘dignity’ enough for another; but he contradicted prophecy at once; and ran the whole round of tragic characters with a success which was as eminent as it was marvellous. The Roman, the Greek, the Moor,—the tyrant, the lover, the master, and the slave—he undertook, and accomplished all. He made Richard what he never was before; and drew out all the shades of Othello, showing off and contrasting the gentle and darker

colourings with a potent skill, making him neither too weak for admiration, nor too fierce for sympathy. In a word, he was, and is a great actor, who has had power enough to make the public his proselytes, and has judgment and discretion enough to keep them so. We do not wish to discuss his transatlantic disputes, nor to inquire how his time was there occupied.—But there is one thing which it is right to record; namely, the fact of his having erected a monument to the memory of Cooke, who, after having excited the strong admiration of the great Republicans, died there, without leaving one person behind him who had generosity enough to raise a simple stone to his honour. Mr. Kean did this for him at his own expense.

And now what shall we say of the theatres?—*Covent-Garden*, after having reaped very large benefit from the Coronation, has closed its doors till the 27th of September. Mr. Fawcett delivered the usual address at the close of the season, and bade the audience farewell. There is something hearty in Fawcett’s manner, when he comes in contact with a theatrical assembly; and he is no despicable orator on an emergency. We like to meet him.

#### DRURY LANE.

*The Coronation.*—We are no prophets; and yet Mr. Elliston has enacted the King in pursuance of our forebodings. His ‘Coronation’ bore a strong resemblance to the actual pageant, and was got up with ‘becoming splendour.’ This is all that we need say about it; for the daily papers have teemed with accounts of the great show, till every person, however curious, must, we should think, be satisfied. Mr. Elliston’s exhibitors invaded the peaceable domain in the front of the lamps; and in this they differed from the quieter folks at Covent-Garden, as well as in having dresses precisely similar to those used by the lords, and pages, and great ones, at Westminster.

*The Mountaineers.*—Mr. Cooper has appeared in the character of Octavian in this play of the younger Colman. His performance does not require any particular notice. He is an inoffensive actor, but has no great points about him. Kemble used to give effect to several parts of Octavian.

vian; though he always made love in a mournful style, and not at all to our taste.

THE HAYMARKET.

*Rise and Fall*, — a short comedy, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, has been produced here, and Jones made his debut in it for the season, as a village school-master. The play is a light lively thing, adapted to the summer weather, and contains the characters of a London citizen, a nabob, an attorney, a French valet, a reduced gentleman, and so forth, none of which strike us as containing much pretension to originality. The play itself, is a mixture of comedy and farce, with a dash of the improbable in it, and some jokes that are laughable enough, and have not wit enough to set us thinking. Jones played excellently well, and Terry also; and Oxberry, who was *'Volatile'*, let his flood of discourse escape without any apparent exertion. We much like this easy sort of actor. Mrs. Chatterley made a very handsome *'Rose'* (her father is a gardener, and is called *'Dogrose,'* which is altogether silly), and forced from us a certain quantity of admiration. She is a fine oriental-looking woman, and would become the silken garments of a Georgian sultana, better than the boddice and scanty dress of an English gardener's daughter. She plays very pleasantly; and the comedy was on the whole well 'got up.'

*Fontainebleau* has been performed here, and *'Lackland'* (the principal character) was performed by Jones. He is always lively and bustling; but he does not give us quite so good an idea of Lackland as Elliston, who really looks the thing to perfection; we give credit to his hungered looks, and have implicit reliance on the holes in his elbows. Jones seems scarcely so much in earnest, as his brother actor; he does not cast the same eager and anxious looks on all strangers, nor does he borrow a guinea with the same felicity.

*Match-making*.—This is a pleasing little interlude. Mr. Terry (Match'em) is one of those persons who have the passion on them for making two people happy. His benevolence, in this instance, leads him to his own niece, Lady Emily, to whom he submits his list of bachelors, and tells her that "Captain Belmont is the

man whom he has fixed upon." He tells her also, that he has already written to him, and that she may expect him without delay. The lady protests against this, and says, that no military hero shall enter the house. In the mean time, Rakely, who is Colonel of Belmont's regiment (and according to an impudent servant's, *Shuffle's*, account, a jewel of a man) discovers the particulars of Match'em's letter, and, by way of a frolic, dispatches his captain on regimental duty, and sets off for Match'em's house, as Captain Belmont. Here he is recognized by Shuffle, and somewhat jeered by the young lady, who speaks in lavish terms of the accomplishments of Colonel Rakely. At this period, the real Captain Belmont is announced; and though his actual presence is delayed by the ingenuity of Shuffle, he finally breaks in upon them, and is recognized as having preserved Lady Emily from some danger at the Opera. This occurs in the absence of Rakely, who now returns, and is overwhelmed with confusion, for Belmont now affects to be really the Colonel, and exhibits the airs of high military rank, to the no small edification of his superior officer. At last the joke is made clear, and Belmont and Lady Elizabeth are *matched*: Jones was the Colonel, and Terry the Maker of Matches (he played admirably), De Camp, the Captain; and Mrs. Chatterley, the Lady Elizabeth. This theatre seems well attended, though the scent of the paint, &c. is not yet gone.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

This agreeable little summer house which is not "too hot to hold," and is therefore a favourite place of amusement during this piping month, — is continually producing some pleasant or pathetic little drama, of its own size, which never fails to interest and delight us.

*The Miller's Maid*, founded upon Bloomfield's ballad of the same name, is really one of the most affecting pieces we ever recollect seeing. The incidents are natural and forcible, and the dialogue is throughout easy and sensible.

Our readers will recollect that the ballad, as told by Bloomfield, relates the loves of two Foundlings who are very nearly afflicted with an insur-

mountable relationship. By dint, however, of certain marks and chances common to ballads, this alarming trouble is averted—and the lovers are duly married in the course of the last lines of the poem. The author of the drama has retained all the difficulties, and all the “miraculous escapes,” of the ballad; and in addition to these, he has introduced a Foundling’s rival with uncommon vigour and effect. This character, Giles (a name taken from the Farmer’s boy, we presume), is very forcibly delineated by the author, and most admirably struck out by Emery in the performance. The rude and powerful passion of a rustic is given to the life. The scene in which he ruggedly yields to virtue by the per-

suasions of Phœbe, after having plotted her ruin, is deeply affecting; as the tears of the *men* (the best of evidence!) testify. Miss Kelly plays as though she never was two miles from the mill in her life. Bartley had a good dusty look, and carried himself bravely like a corn-factor. The frank character of George was well represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke (a sensible man at all times), and Mrs. Grove was exquisitely tedious in the Miller’s wife. We should not forget Harley, who, of all men on the stage, is the most restless and contented;—he played an illiterate narrator of ghost stories with great spirit and humour. Ghost stories, however, are “no jokes!”

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#### A NEW HYMN-BOOK.\*

It is, doubtless, pretty well known to most of our readers (for old stories travel fast), that a celebrated Dis-senter of the present day laid holy and violent hands on sundry favourite jigs and country dances, and putting decorous verses to them, and sobering down the *time* to a *chapel-like* placidity, set them before his congregation and his organist, declaring that “it was a pity the *devil* should have all the best tunes!” Thus the young and devout milliner, who flaunted about in flowers during the week, and whose ears were occasionally flattered, yet shocked, with faint sounds of the *White Cockade*, and *Money Musk*, and *Go to the Devil and shake yourself*, as she carried the band-box along by the side of the palings of Vauxhall gardens, was rewarded for her resolute and decorous resistance of the tunes, by hearing them float about her on Sunday-evenings, with a propriety that sank her into a justifiable tenderness. While the eye was turned up to the brazen branches of the chandelier, and the hands were crossed upon the tippet, the feet might be trying little pardonable steps under the shade of the hassock, and the heart dance a devout minuet with the heart of young Mr. Jones in the next pew for a partner. Old ladies, maiden they

may be, are by this *new light* of music, reminded of the vanities and revelries of their youth, and are blessed with the opportunities of connecting the old airs with the profound organ, and of dismissing for ever the volatile rhapsodies of the dancing master’s kit. Music, so chastened, becomes a Magdalen, and repents of its errors. Its beauty is deemed pardonable, being thus controuled by a staid dress, and tamed to an orderly tenderness. Country dances become the *elect*. The graceless *Puddy Carey* walks forth like the old gentleman in the *Antient Marinere*, “a wiser and a better man.” *The Dusty Miller* whines like *Mawworm*; and *Voulez vous danser* drops its erring request, and goes off with “a dying, dying fall.”

Is it absolutely necessary, in this strange age of reform and refinement, that the solemnity and depth of the rich old church music should be changed for the light and frivolous airs which are associated only in our minds with “dance and song, and sun-burnt mirth?”—Will not those grave and awful hymns, which made our fathers virtuous, and lifted the souls of men to the skies, strike sacredly on living ears, and lead the hearts that now beat to holy and serious joy? Indeed, we

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\* The beauties of Mozart, Handel, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and other celebrated composers, adapted to the words of popular psalms and hymns. London, 1821.

suspect the most fatal reverse of what is good must follow this marriage of the chapel and the ball-room. It is not possible to conceive that any mind can retain that passionless quiet which is the soul of devotion, when the disordered spirit of the dance passes with new allurements over it.

We have been led to make these few observations, by the strange publication now before us:—The beauties of Handel, Mozart, Pleyel, Haydn, Beethoven, and others, adapted to the words of popular psalms and hymns. We cannot but regard this work as more outrageous in its intentions, and more dangerous in its effects, than that sprightly introduction of pleasure into the Dissenter's organ loft of which we have been complaining. The book is evidently planned for a Sunday piano. The serious family need no longer start up in horror at the twinkle of a harpsichord key, for those tunes which, on the Saturday, clothed words of gay passion and laughing pleasure, are "other guess sort of creatures" on the Sunday, and become infused with a holy rapture. We really look upon this work as the opera of the devout, the play for the insincerely pious. Will the reader believe, that all, or nearly all, the joyous airs of Don Giovanni are thus converted. We have somewhere read, that poor Ned Shuter, the comedian, who was the soul of humour during the week, moaned and pined in tabernacles on the Sunday, and lived "with a difference."—Music seems now becoming a *Ned Shuter!*—But it is not alone to this singular adaptation of music that we so much object; we must also protest against the artful arrangement of some of the words, to suit the acknowledged tenderness of the air, by which the mind is thrown into a doubt, whether it is listening to what is human or divine. In one page we have the serenade from Don Giovanni, with words as demure and suspicious as the music calls for.—In another page, the celebrated air "La ci darem" is made questionably serious, by such lines as these:

Oh speak that gracious word again,  
And cheer my broken heart;  
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,  
Or bid my fears depart!

What young lady, after a day's preparation in such a chapel as we have hinted at, and with her heart over-brimmed with *Haste to the Wedding*, or the *Emperor Alexander*,—could sit down to her evening piano, and play and sing such hymns as these with sincere devotion? The very certainty that she was *swindling the day*, that she was passing *flash notes*,—that the music she was playing had an *alias*, and that too of a very suspicious description,—would go some way to the despoiling of her sincerity. She is told that Don Giovanni must not be thought of,—with the Italian errors which associate with it during the week,—but with a slight clipping it is made fit for use on the Sunday. We shall now proceed to point out a few of the airs, and to give our readers some notion of the words accompanying them.

*Fly not yet!* that beautiful invocation to late hours, and love, is not forgotten in this selection. And the lines are provided after the following fashion:

Since life in sorrow must be spent,  
So be it,—I am well content,  
And meekly wait my last remove,  
And seeking only growth in love,  
And seeking growth in love.

Would any given boarding-school girl, with this tune running in her head, consider this *growth of love* as any other than that love which grows at Mr. Newman's nursery, in Leadenhall-street? "Mercy on us!" as uncle Noll says, "what a prolificate!" Almost the next air to the one we have just mentioned, comes *The pretty Maid of Derby, O!* (a sufficiently serious title of itself!) and this sprightly piece, which would be sprightly though Sternhold and Hopkins, and Whitefield and Wesley held it down, is comfortably fitted with the following words:

O tell me no more  
Of this world's vain store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found,  
Where true joys abound,  
'Tis heavenly dwelling in that happy ground.

Is this a Hymn?—  
In the words to *John Anderson my Jo!* we might almost suspect that the principle (if principle it can be called) upon which this singular

work is wrought, is intended to be quaintly promulgated:

Come ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known,

Join in a song with sweet accord, while ye surround the throne,

The sorrows of the mind be banish'd from this place,

*Religion never was design'd to make our pleasure less.*

We give the following verse, quite sure that our readers will read in it the air, and all the original language; so closely, in fact, is it a *parody* of Moore.

Go where mercy waits thee,  
But while hope elates thee,  
Oh still submissive be!  
Dangers may o'ertake thee,  
God will ne'er forsake thee,  
Oh humbly bend thy knee!  
The world may p'rhaps reject thee,  
Dearest friends neglect thee,  
But God will still protect thee,  
Then most grateful be!  
Think of all his mercies,  
While thy voice rehearses  
What he has done for thee.

The very *Oh!* in the third line is retained, that the sigh may not be lost to which the music gives so tender an echo.

Let the reader try these words to the tune of *Away with Melancholy!* and see how they go.

Time my moments steals away,  
First the hour, and then the day;  
Small the daily loss appears,  
Yet it soon amounts to years.

Thus another year is flown,  
Now it is no more our own,  
If it brought or promised good,  
Than the year before the flood.

We have the *Mermaid's song* filled with trumpets, and joy, and grace, which become it as properly as Barry's introduction of Dr. Burney floating down the Thames among the water gods, in his wig. The Hungarian Waltz, and the Miss Denzets' Waltz, are also given.—But enough of this wretched and irreverent work.

We cannot conclude without seriously and earnestly protesting against the attempt which many writers of late have made, to introduce voluptuous songs under the garb of religion. Moore and Lord Byron have alike been guilty of this; and it is, perhaps, owing to them, that we have the professed hymn-book now before us. The Sabbath has ever been a day of rest; let not its quiet now be disturbed by these deceitful and seductive infringements. The hypocrisy of this invention is its main sin; and it is to this that we direct our most serious opposition. If hymns are played and sung on the Sabbath, let *hymns* be played and sung:—and not those doubtful songs which divide the heart between heaven and earth;—which appeal to the senses in a holy disguise;—and set up sainted vice as a divinity.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*New Game of Chess*.—Giuseppe Ciccolini of Rome has published a description of a new game of chess, under the title of *Tentativo di un nuovo Giuoco di Scacchi*. The board is so much enlarged that instead of 64 squares, it contains 100, and in order still farther to increase the variety of moves, and the complexity of the game, a new piece is added, which the author denominates 'The Elephant.' He has also considerably extended the power of the Bishop, to which he allows the same movements as the Rook, with the exception of their being confined to its own colour. Nor has the Knight been less favoured, since his progress through the board is now almost unlimited.

*Natural History*.—Professor Lapostolle of Amiens has discovered that straw possesses the quality of serving as a conductor to lightning and hail. Repeated experiments have convinced him that straws

united together serve equally well as the iron rods now fixed upon buildings for the former purpose; at the same time that they are not attended with similar inconveniences. In consequence of this discovery, the commonest buildings may be secured from the effects of lightning in the most economical manner, and even crops on the land may be protected from the ravages which they sometimes suffer from hail. The Professor treats of the important advantages that may be expected to result from the practical application of his discovery, in a publication entitled *Traité des Parafoudres et des Paragrâtes en cordes de paille*.

*Bust of Bonaparte*.—A fine marble bust of the late Ex-emperor of France, executed from the life by Canova, has been placed in the Library of the Devon and Exeter Institution at Exeter. It is a very highly finished piece of sculpture.

*Education in Italy.*—The Lancasterian system has been introduced into many of the principal cities and towns of the Italian Peninsula, such as Naples, Milan, Brescia, Valenza on the Po, Rivoli, &c. and schools on this plan are now actually establishing at both Genoa and Rome. The Abbé Cesola and M. Cautpin have employed themselves in forming similar ones in the city and environs of Nice. Nor has this method of instruction met with less encouragement at Florence, in which city is the "Florentine Institution," a very remarkable establishment, being, in fact, a combination of several schools. It is under the immediate patronage of the Government, and is superintended by Zucchi Orlandini, the first projector of the plan. He is assisted by Boreini, Pietrotini, and Giuffiani, young men who zealously co-operate with him in a design so patriotic, and tending so greatly to ameliorate the condition of their fellow citizens. This Institution does not confine its instructions to the mere elements of reading and writing; for in addition to the preparatory school, there are teachers for elegant penmanship, arithmetic, drawing, geography, and profane and literary history. The pupils are likewise taught universal grammar, and its application to their own idiom. They learn French, and are initiated into the higher departments of literature, and into physics and natural history. For the accommodation of pupils from a distance, a boarding-school has lately been opened in the vicinity of the Institute.

*Cicero.*—The Abbé Peyron, Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Turin, has found in a MS. belonging to the convent of St. Columbano at Bobbio, a town of Sardinia, several fragments of the great Roman orator. They are partly portions of works already known, such as the 'Oratio pro Scuro,' that 'pro M.M. Tullio,' &c. Some of these have been previously brought to light by the labours of Angelo Mai, but this manuscript is much more perfect and correct, so that the deficiencies and errors of the other can be supplied and altered from this. There is a considerable difference in the writing of the two MSS. and also in their form, the one being in two columns, the other in three.

*Visconti.*—Various honours have been paid to the memory of this distinguished Archaeologist. Gherardo de Rossi has deeded an élogé upon him in the Academy of Antiquities at Rome. The Academicians of St. Luke's have also testified their respect by holding a solemn meeting for the purpose of commemorating him. At the Academy of Bologna, Strocchi recited a very elegantly-written memoir of him, and similar marks of attachment and regard have been paid to him in other cities; but among all the various memoirs which have been composed on this erudite scholar and antiquary, none is so elegant and satisfactory as the biography drawn up by Labey, which was written prior to most of the others, and has been freely made use of in them. It has lately been translated into Italian.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Our foreign report for this month is almost a blank. The accounts from the Greek and Turkish belligerents are so vague and contradictory, that it is utterly impossible to know to which to attach credit. In proof of this we may instance not only the actual life, but exceeding good health, of the renowned Ali Pacha, who has been so often unanimously put to death by all the papers in Europe. It seems certain, however, that Prince Ypsilanti has left his army in disgust, as he has published a manifesto in which he denies to them even the name of soldiers, and denounces their cowardice and their treachery to all posterity. Affairs will probably remain in *statu quo* until some decisive step is taken by the Russian Cabinet,

a circumstance of which there is now every thing to induce the immediate expectation. The Emperor Alexander, whose personal disinclination is understood to have formed the principal obstacle to a declaration of war, aroused by the increasing cruelties of the Porte, has yielded, it is said, to the unanimous decision of his Senate on the subject. A manifesto, however, on the part of Russia, is spoken of, in which she formally renounces all territorial acquisition in consequence of the war, and expresses her wish to act solely in co-operation with the other European powers. The Divan, we are told, alarmed by these indications, has accepted the proffered mediation of England. The interchange of couriers between the

Courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna has certainly become very frequent, and even France is again assuming some military appearances. We shall, probably, in our next, be enabled to communicate something decisive on the subject, but it is impossible not to remark, in the vacillation and uncertainty of the different potentates, the striking contrast between their policy and that adopted by Napoleon: while a legitimate Cabinet is sitting in council on the phraseology of a declaration, he would have been at the head of his armies on the hostile frontier, announcing from some drum-head for his desk, the extinction of a dynasty! Let us hope, however, that an economy of human blood may be the result of these continued deliberations. The Portuguese Cortes and their King have been exchanging great civilities, they complimenting him upon his constitutional principles, and he, with equal sincerity, no doubt, assuring them in return, that the association of such patriotic characters for the preservation of his kingdom has alone induced him again to dignify his European metropolis by his royal residence! *Credat Judæus Apella.* His brother of Spain has had a proof, more loud than deep, of the increasing affection of his subjects, by the explosion of an infernal machine in the streets of Madrid as he was passing through them.

If our foreign report is meagre, our chronicle of domestic occurrences presents a different character; though we confess we never were more puzzled than to know under what head, whether of the Allegro or the Penseroso, to classify its events. Death, Festivity, and Inquest should form the titles of our three domestic chapters. But our readers shall have the dry details, unaccompanied, as is our custom, by an unnecessary comment. Indeed commentaries are sometimes dangerous. In the first place, then, the Queen of England is no more—her final earthly trial is past, and she is at last in peace in the tomb of her ancestors. Most devoutly do we say, *in pace requiescat.* In the beginning of the month, her Majesty had complained of some slight indisposition at Drury Lane theatre; she was, however, able to sit out the play, but on her return home she was much worse, and the next day her disorder,

which turned out to be an inflammation in the bowels, assumed an alarming appearance. The best medical aid which London could afford, was immediately procured, but, we regret to say, without effect; after a week's sufferings, during one period of which some slight hopes were entertained, nature yielded to the obstinate severity of the complaint, and a supplement to the Gazette of August the 8th, announced in the following terms, the fatal event, which there was but too much reason to anticipate.

Yesterday evening, at twenty-five minutes after ten o'clock, the Queen departed this life, after a short, but painful illness, at Brandenburg-house, Hammersmith.

The mournful intelligence was received in London with very general sympathy, and the events to which it has given rise have surrounded it with a still more melancholy interest. Whatever may have been, at one time, the hopes of the Faculty, it appears that from the very commencement of the attack, the Queen was herself impressed with the conviction that its termination would prove fatal. This presentiment, however, in no degree depressed a spirit which, in the many trying events of her various life, so often proved its singular strength and elasticity. She evinced throughout the most dignified fortitude, and the writer of this heard one of her physicians declare, that "often as he had attended dying persons, he never yet saw a death bed exhibit so many striking and noble qualities." This is a testimony, which, authentic as it is, is worth a thousand of the manufactured rumours of the daily press. There were some very affecting incidents connected with her illness. When she found herself becoming alarmingly enfeebled she sent for Mariette Brun, the sister of Demont, who had proved so hostile to her before the House of Lords, and thus addressed her—"Mariette, I am dying—your sister has wronged me—grievously wronged me—but tell her I forgive her;" and then after a pause of a moment, clasping her hands together, she repeated emphatically—"Yes, I do forgive her." It will be seen by her Majesty's will, that she bequeathed to Mariette a very considerable legacy. It is said that in a long conversation on the subject of her will,

and its consequences, she expressed herself with much feeling upon the empty nature of the triumph it had obtained for her—"What?" said she, "what has popular opinion done for me?—I have indeed the vain title of Queen, but none of its privileges—I am, in reality, a private person." There was, however, undoubtedly a great portion of public sympathy, both expressed and felt for her, and much of it continued even to the last. In proof of this an occurrence happened on the very day of her decease, which has singularly enough escaped the vigilance of the daily press. In the morning, the Richmond steam-boat stopped near the embankment of the lawn at Brandenburgh House, and the passengers all kneeling down upon the deck, sang two psalms—the Queen heard the sounds, and raising herself up, enquired from whence they proceeded—she was told it was from the people praying for her, and a smile of pleasure for a moment displaced the expression of pain upon her countenance. In the evening, when the same boat was returning, the same ceremony took place—but the Queen was then insensible, and the sounds fell upon the ears of her household as they surrounded her death-bed. It is not, however, to be denied, that by the advice which she received, and followed during the last months of her life, the Queen experienced much change in the popular sentiment towards her, and she is said to have felt its force with bitter mortification on the day of her repulse from the door of Westminster Abbey. If we were to express any opinion upon what led chiefly to this change, we would say it was her message to the house of Commons, declaring her fixed determination not to receive any pecuniary grant, unaccompanied by her complete recognition as Queen, and her subsequent acceptance of the money, the moment the bill passed through without any such recognition. It is remarkable enough, and in corroboration of the poignancy with which she felt this change, that she has not even mentioned the name of Alderman Wood, in her Will, the person by whose instigation she is said to have returned to England. We subjoin this interesting document with its *Codicils*.

## HER MAJESTY'S WILL.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Caroline, Queen-Consort of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland:—I revoke all former Wills.

I constitute and appoint Stephen Lushington, Doctor of laws, and Thomas Wilde, Esq. Barrister at law, trustees and executors of this my Will.

In execution of all powers given me by the Will of my late mother, Augusta, Duchess of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, I appoint, limit, give, devise, and bequeath to my said trustees, all my right, title, and interest under the said Will, and also, all the rest of my property, real and personal, debts and effects, of whatsoever nature or kind soever, and wheresoever situate, upon trust to receive and collect the same; and, when collected, convert into money, and invest it at their discretion in the funds of the United Kingdom, or otherwise; and, upon further trust, to pay the principal of the whole of the said trust property to William Austin, who has been long under my protection, on his attaining the age of 21 years; and, in the mean time, to pay the interest and proceeds of the same, or so much thereof as to them may seem meet, towards the maintenance and education of the said Wm. Austin. And I do declare that my said trustees and executors shall not be chargeable in respect of the default of each other, or of any agent employed by them or either of them, but only for their own respective receipts, acts, and wilful defaults. I also give and bequeath to my said executors, to be disposed of according to their will and pleasure, all and every my documents, manuscripts, papers, writings and memoranda, wheresoever being at the time of my death.

CAROLINE, R. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, and published, this 3rd day of August, in the year 1821, at Brandenburgh-house, in the presence of

H. BROUGHAM,  
THOMAS DENMAN,  
HENRY HOLLAND, MD.  
HOOD.

This is a Codicil to my Will, dated this 3rd day of August:

I give all my clothes, here and in Italy, to Marietta Brun. I direct that a particular box, by me described, be sealed with my seal, and delivered to Mr. Obicini, of Coleman-street, merchant; and I acknowledge that I owe him 4,300*l*. I wish that Government would pay the 15,000*l*., the price of my house in South Audley-street. I desire to be buried in Brunswick. I leave my coach to Stephen Lushington, my executor; my landaulet to John Hieronymus.

CAROLINE, R.

Witnesses,

HOOD, T. DENMAN,  
H. BROUGHAM, HENRY HOLLAND, MD.



This is a Codicil to my last Will :

I give to John Hieronymus and Marietta Brun all my bed and table linen, which has already been used. I give to Louis Bischi, the sum of 1,000*l.* and an annuity of 150*l.* per annum, payable half-yearly. I give the large picture of myself and late daughter, to the Cardinal Albano. The half-length picture of myself, to Lady Ann Hamilton. I give the picture of myself, which is a copy of that given to the city of London, to my executor, Stephen Lushington. There are two pictures remaining, of which I bequeath to the Marquis Antaldi that which he shall choose, and the remaining one to William Austin. I give to the Viscount and Viscountess Hood, 500*l.* each. I have already given to John Hieronymus one carriage : I also give him the other open carriage. I declare that my interest under my mother's Will is given to William Austin, as a specific legacy. I desire and direct that my body be not opened, and that three days after my death it be carried to Brunswick for interment, and that the inscription upon my coffin be—"Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England."

CAROLINE, R.

Signed in the presence of HENRY HOLLAND, MD., August 5, 1821.

A Codicil to my last Will :—

I give and bequeath to William Austin, all my plate and household furniture at Brandenburgh-house, and also all unused linen.

I direct my executors to make application to his Majesty's Government to pay to them such sum of money as at the time of my decease I may have paid, or which they may be called to pay for the purchase of my house in South Audley-Street ; and I give and bequeath — sum of money, as my said executors shall procure and obtain in that respect, unto them my said executors, in trust for William Austin, according to the provisions of my Will : such sum to be considered a specific legacy. And in case the Government shall refuse to repay such sum, I direct my executors to sell my interest in the said house, and also the furniture and things therein. And I give and direct the proceeds thereof to be paid and applied to and for the use of the said William Austin in like manner, as a specific legacy ; but in case the Government shall repay the purchase-money of the said house, and in that case, the proceeds which may be realised by the sale, are to fall into the general residue of my estate. Dated 7th day of August, 1821.

CAROLINE, R.

Witness, HENRY U. THOMPSON, Kennington.

It is understood, that during her confinement she expressed a wish in the first instance, to be buried at Windsor beside the Princess Char-

lotte ; but from the fear that government would oppose this, she has desired, in her will, that her remains should be carried to her family mausoleum, at Brunswick. We lament sincerely, to add, that, after much altercation between the executors, some of her household, and his Majesty's ministers, the solemn ceremonial of the funeral was interrupted by riot, and defiled by bloodshed. Ministers directed that the royal remains should be conveyed from the metropolis, under the protection of a military escort, by a suburban route ; her Majesty's partizans, however, insisted that the procession should pass through the city, and receive those civic honours which the corporation had voted it in their common council. This was the chief, if not the sole subject of controversy. Accordingly, on the day of the funeral, large assemblages took place, and, after several altercations over the royal corse, which continued from seven in the morning till two in the afternoon, the populace succeeded in leading the procession through the city. The triumph, however, was not a bloodless one—we regret to say, that during one of the conflicts, which took place near Cumberland-gate, in Hyde Park, the military fired, and two men were killed. If ever there was a place where human passions should have subsided, and human enmities have been appeased, surely it was in the presence of the awful relics of poor mortality. Even in the course of the journey to the sea coast, there was almost a scuffle over the dead body in a church!! The executors, in the course of the night, affixed to the lid of the coffin a plate, inscribed with the sentence directed in the Queen's will—this was displaced by the authorities, after a strong protest from the former gentlemen. Accounts have been received of the arrival of the body and household, in the roads of Cuxhaven. Inquests are holding on the two victims to this unhappy altercation ; and we have just heard, that the verdict of one of the juries is, wilful murder against a Life-Guard's-man unknown ; the other inquest is still sitting, and from the multitude of witnesses to be examined, is likely to continue so much longer.

We have now to turn from this scene of woe, to one of joy and festivity. We announced long since, the intention of the sovereign to pay his Irish metropolis a visit; and we have now to add, that he has executed that intention. He landed at Howth, on the 12th of August, being his birth-day, and intended to have done so in private, in consequence of the Queen's decease. But privacy, in such a case, was impossible; the entire Irish coast was one scene of incessant observation from the moment it was announced that he was "upon the sea," and on his arrival, in the steam boat, to which, in consequence of unfavourable winds, he transferred himself from the yacht, all Dublin literally poured forth its population to greet him. The enthusiasm of the people appears to have amounted almost to madness, and the King himself appears, as if infected by the occasion, to have "doffed" the Sovereign almost altogether. He shook hands cordially with the very lowest of the people, and is reported even to have shed tears! Be this as it may, we certainly give the King full credit for the sincerity of his feelings—it was impossible, when the heart was upon the lips of 100,000 people, altogether to have abjured the excitement. On landing, he shook hands affectionately with Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and expressed great delight at the enthusiasm of his reception. On entering his carriage, he turned round to the multitude, and holding out both his hands, exclaimed, in the most emphatic manner—"God bless you—God bless you all." The whole procession insisted on attending him to the Phoenix Park, a distance of nine miles, and there an instance of very rare delicacy, on the part of such an assemblage, is related to have occurred. The people, on arriving at the entrance to what might have been considered his private demesne, suddenly paused, as if unwilling to intrude any further, which the King observing exclaimed,—"Come on, my friends, come home with me—never mind the grass—walk wherever you like."—It was quite unnecessary to repeat the invitation; the whole assembly went "home" with him; and those only who have witnessed such an assem-

bly in Ireland, can have any idea of what it is.—Upon his Majesty alighting from his carriage, he thus addressed his convoy, from the entrance of the Lodge—

My Lords and Gentlemen, and my good Yeomanry—I cannot express to you the gratification I feel at the warm and kind reception I have met with on this day of my landing among my Irish subjects.—I am obliged to you all. I am particularly obliged by your escorting me to my very door. I may not be able to express my feelings as I wish. I have travelled far. I have made a long sea voyage—besides which, particular circumstances have occurred, known to you all—of which it is better at present not to speak. Upon those subjects I leave it to delicate and generous hearts to appreciate my feelings.

This is one of the happiest days of my life. I have long wished to visit you—my heart has always been Irish. From the day it first beat I have loved Ireland. This day has shown me, that I am beloved by my Irish subjects. Rank, station, honours, are nothing; but to feel that I live in the hearts of my Irish subjects is, to me, the most exalted happiness.

I must now once more thank you for your kindness, and bid you farewell. Go and do by me as I shall do by you—drink my health in a bumper: I shall drink all yours—in a bumper of good Irish whiskey.

His Majesty delivered this speech with admirable grace, and with ardent emotions of strong feeling. The last few words were jocularly addressed to some of the lower class, who thronged round him with looks and expressions of the strongest loyalty and affection.

After this his Majesty retired, and the multitude dispersed. He has since made his public entry into Dublin. The scene is represented as having been magnificent in the extreme, but the length to which we have already gone admonishes us, that any adequate description of these singular national festivities would be impossible within the limits which we prescribe for this article.

Before we conclude this notice, we cannot omit a fine instance of practical wisdom, which variegated the mirth of an Irish gentleman upon the occasion. Perceiving Lord Londonderry in the crowd, and fancying, from the characteristic complacency of his smile, that he must be in rather a facile humour—he delibe-

rately walked up to him, and thus addressed him:—"Well, my Lord Londonderry, it is twenty years since you have set foot in our city of Dublin,—will you grant me one favour for it now?"—"What is that?"—"Why, repeal the window-tax!"—"I will," said his Lordship, "upon my honour—if it be in my power." This was received with such shouts, that we should suppose the latter part of the sentence was not very distinctly heard. We have often had occasion to admire his Lordship's presence of mind, but never

more so than during this occurrence.

We have now, we believe, rather exceeded our usual bounds, but, fortunately for us, there is no other very material article of domestic intelligence, if we except the melancholy loss of the Moira packet, between Liverpool and Dublin. The details, however, are so very vague, that we should rather fear to mislead the relatives of the unfortunate passengers, were we, at present, to give them as authentic.

### BIRTHS.

- July 24. At Ensham-hall, Oxfordshire, the lady of John Ruston, Esq. a son.  
 25. At Allerton-park, lady Stourton, a daughter.  
 26. At Brynker, Caernarvonshire, the lady of Jos. Huddart, Esq. High Sheriff of that county, a son.  
 29. In Seymour-place, Park-lane, the lady of the Hon. Berkeley Octavius Noel, of Moxhall-park, Warwickshire, a son and heir.  
 30. At Bedford-place, Russell-square, the lady of Dr. T. E. Muuro, a daughter.  
 Aug. 2. At Walton-hall, Lancashire, the lady of Henry Hoghes, Esq. a son and heir.  
 3. At Kedgemont-house, Bedfordshire, the lady of Thos. Potter Macqueen, Esq. M.P. a daughter.  
 — At Hatton-hall, the lady of Col. C. Bruce, a son.  
 4. At Cumberland-house, Weymouth, the Hon. Lady Charlotte Sturt, a daughter.  
 6. At Belton-house, Lincoln, the Countess Brownlow, a daughter.  
 7. The lady of John Mawdsley, Esq. of Princess-street, Hanover-square, a son and heir.  
 8. In Park-lane, the lady of the Hon. W. Cost, M.P. a son.  
 — At Sprawston-ledge, Norfolk, the lady of John Stracey, Esq. a son.  
 10. At Charlton, the lady of W. Swabey, Esq. R.N.A. a daughter.  
 11. At Nidmouth, Devon, the lady of Andrew Vincent Corbet, Esq. eldest son of Sir Andrew Corbet, Bart. of Acton Reynold-hall, Shropshire, a son.  
 — In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, the lady of Maurice Swabey, Esq. Jun. of Langley Marsh, Bucks, a son.  
 — The lady of Richard Dalton, Esq. Gipping-hall, Suffolk, a son.  
 12. At Kensington, the lady of Lieut.-Col. S. H. Berkeley, a son.  
 13. At Roehampton, Vicountess Duncannon, a son.  
 16. In Brunswick-square, the lady of Dr. Darling, a son.  
 17. At Merton, the lady of John W. Shaw, Esq. twins.  
 20. In Upper-Grosvenor-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Sir Guy Campbell, Bart. a daughter.

### IN SCOTLAND.

- At Castleraig, the lady of the Hon. W. J. Napier, a son.  
 At Parkie-house, the lady of Sir John Hope, Bart. of Craighall, a daughter.  
 At Stranrear, the lady of Major-Gen. M'Nair, C.B. a daughter.  
 At Glencurdy, the lady of Sir Alex. Leith, KCB. a daughter.

### ABROAD.

- At Colozav, near Geneva, the lady of Edward Colliwood, Esq. of Disalngton-hall, Northumberland, a daughter.

- At Berne, in Switzerland, the lady of Sir Godfrey Webster, Bart. a son.  
 At Florence, the lady of R. Bouchier, Esq. a son.

### MARRIAGES.

24. At Marylebone-church, the Rev. Augustus B. Henniker, Rector of Great and Little Thorham, Suffolk, to Frances Amelia, daughter of J. H. Stewart, Esq. of Lower Seymour-street, and of the Grange, South Oxenden, Essex.  
 25. At Budleigh, Budleigh Salterton Devon, John Moore Cave, second son of John Cave, Esq. of Breutry, Gloucestershire, to Isabella Langley, youngest daughter of Wm. Havelock, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Sir Thomas Langley, Bart.  
 27. At Marylebone-church, by the Dean of Westminster, Lieut.-Col. Sir T. Noel Hill, KCB. Grenadier Guards, to the Hon. Anna Maria Shore, second daughter of Lord Teignmouth.  
 — Wm. Pettow Hilbert, eldest son of Wm. Hilbert, Esq. to Caroline Mary, youngest daughter of the late Capel Carr, Esq. of Blake-hill, Essex.  
 28. At Brewood, John Wrottesley, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. of Wrottesley, in the county of Stafford, to Sophia, third daughter of Thos. Gifford, Esq. of Chillington, in the same county.  
 — At Kensington, George Retson Jarvis, Esq. of the Bombay Establishment, to Harriet, daughter of George Brett, Esq. of Grove-house, Old Brompton.  
 Aug. 1. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. Edward Harvey Hawke, of Womersley-park, Yorkshire, eldest son of Lord Hawke, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart. of Byram in the same county, and niece to the Marchioness of Hertford.  
 2. The Rev. Edward Luard, of Morley, Derbyshire, to Julia D'Aranda, youngest daughter of the late Edward Cox, Esq. of Hampstead-heath.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Rich. Boyce, of Little Hadham, Herts, to Winifred Berners, fourth daughter of the late Sir Thos. Berners Plestow, of Wadlington-hall, Norfolk.  
 3. At Marylebone-church, Lieut.-Col. Bouchier, to Maria, second daughter of G. Caswell, Esq. of Sacombe-park, Herts.  
 4. Capt. Young, 52d Regt. (brother to Sir Wm. Young, Bart.) to Mary, youngest daughter of the late J. Harrison, Esq. of that town.  
 — At Millton, the seat of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart. the Mt. Hon. Viscount Kelburne, to Miss Hay Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Edward Hay Mackenzie, Esq. of Newhall and Cromarty.  
 6. At Marylebone-church, Sir R. D. Heneghan, KCB. KC. to Marianne Wolf Innes, only daughter of the late Col. James Innes of Madras.  
 7. Sir Frederick Watson, KTS. to Sophia Anne, third daughter of the late Wm. Thoyts, Esq. of Suthamstead-house, Berks.

8. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Francis Sykes, Bart. of Basilton-park, Bucks, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Henry Villebela, Esq. of Gloucester-place, Portman-square.
- At Hampstead, Dr. Lushington, the counsel of her late Majesty, to Miss Carr, daughter of Thos. W. Carr, Esq. Solicitor of Excise.
9. At Marylebone-church, Wm. Stuart, Esq. M.P. eldest son of the Lord Primate of Ireland, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Admiral Sir C. Pole, Bart.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, by Dr. Hodson, Lord Charles Somerset, to Lady Mary Poulet, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl Poulet.
10. At Marylebone-church, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, Lieut.-Col. Charlewood, Grenadier Guards, to Lady Campbell, relict of the late Lieut-Gen. Sir James Campbell, Bart. of Inverleil Argyllshire.
11. At York, the Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A. to Letitia, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved.
12. By special licence, at St. Margaret's, Middlesex, the seat of the Earl of Cassella, Capt. Baird, Ed Regt. of Guards, eldest son of Robt. Baird, Esq. of Newcastle, and nephew of Sir David Baird, Bart. to Lady Anne Kennedy, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cassella.
13. At Tunbridge, the Baron Stanislaus Chandor, of the Empire of Russia, to Lucy, third daughter of Sir Alex. Crichton, M.D. F.R.S. First Physician to the Emperor and Dowager Empress of Russia.
- By Special Licence, by the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Percy, at the house of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, St. James's-square, Frederic T. Buller, Esq. eldest son of Major-Gen. Buller, of Pelynth and Lanreth, in Cornwall, to the Rt. Hon. Lady Agnes Percy.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Mellerstain Evaa Bailie, Esq. Jun. of Doch-sar, to Charlotte Augusta Bailie Hamilton, second daughter of the late Archdeacon Charles Bailie Hamilton, and the Rt. Hon. Lady Charlotte Bailie Hamilton.
- At Inchbroock, Lieut.-Col. Arch. Watson, Bengal Light Infantry, to Ann, daughter of the late Arch. Scott, Esq. of Ussan.

## ABROAD.

- At Calcutta, George Ballard, Esq. of the agency-house of Messrs. Alexander and Co., to Jane Elizabeth, fourth daughter of the late Capt. Alex. Tod, R.N.
- At St. Andrews, Lower Canada, Dr. Hugh Caldwell, of the 91st Regiment, to Margaret, eldest daughter of J. Newbigging, Esq. Kilmarnock.
- At Florence, by the Rev. Dr. Trevor, Prebendary of Chester, John Shaw Manly, Esq. son of Vice Admiral Manly, of Braziers, Oxfordshire, to Catharina Emilia, daughter of Sir Wm. Clayton, Bart. of Harleyford, Bucks.

## DEATHS.

- July 18. Clementina Biundell, daughter—and on the 21st, her mother, Clementina Biundell, relict of the late Nicholas Biundell, Esq. of Crosby-hall, in the County of Lancaster.
20. At Cheltenham, the Dowager Countess of Jersey.
27. In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Elizabeth Baxot, fifth daughter of Sir W. Baxot, Bart. of Bathfield, in the County of Stafford, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Lord Baxot.
28. At the residence of Lady Langham, in Cavendish-square, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir Wm. Langham, Bart.
- In Bedford-square, Lucy, second daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Bayley.
29. At York, Mrs. Catherine Cappe, relict of the Rev. N. Cappe, aged 77.
31. At Ludlow, Arthur, second son of Edward Rogers, Esq. M.P.
- The Rev. Andrew Lawrence, brother of Sir Thos. Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, Chaplain to the Royal Hospital at Hasler, and Vicar of Long Parish, Hants.
- August 1. At the Boarings-house, Kensington, Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated novelist and dramatist. The literary productions of this lady are marked with an originality and force that conferred on them an honourable distinction at

their appearance, nor are they likely to be soon forgotten. Her "*Simple Story*," and "*Narcissa and Art*," exhibit superior talent, and abound with touches of the deepest pathos. Mrs. Inchbald married in 1775; in the following year she was on the Manchester Stage, where she divided the public attention with Mrs. Siddons, who was performing there at the same time. Her age was about 65. She had composed *Memoirs of her Life*, with *Anecdotes of her Contemporaries*; but these have since been destroyed, in compliance with her own positive commands.

- At Belmont, Catherine Anne, relict of Lieut-Gen. Sir George Prevost, Bart.
- At his residence, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, in his 55th year, the Rt. Hon. William Ainslieon Harbord, Baron Suffield, of Suffield, in the County of Norfolk, Lord Lieutenant Custos Roturorum, and Vice Admiral of the same County. In 1792, his Lordship married Caroline, heiress of the late Earl of Buckingham. The title and estate descend to his brother, the Hon. Edward Harbord, M.P. for Shaftesbury, in consequence of whose elevation to the peerage, the seat for that Borough will be vacated.
- Aged 76, Mrs. Martha Willett Adee, only surviving sister of the late J. W. Willett, Esq. of Merly-house, in the County of Dorset.
2. At Greenwich, Mrs. Erucy, relict of the late Rev. Chas. Burney, D.D. Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, and of Cliffe, Kent.
- At Bath, in her 75th year, Lady A'Court, relict of Sir P. A. A'Court, Bart. and mother of the present British Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Naples.
- At his house, in Southampton, in his 64th year, Jos. Alcock, Esq. late one of the chief Clerks of His Majesty's Treasury.
4. At her house, in Nottingham-street, aged 74, Mrs. Cholmeley, aunt of Sir M. Cholmeley, Bart. of Easton, in the County of Lincoln.
- At St. James's Palace, Sophia Eliz. Fitzherbert, only daughter of P. Fitzherbert, Esq. of Bristol.
5. At his residence, Leeds Castle, Kent, Gen. Philip Martin, in his 89th year.
7. At Brandenburgh-house, Hammersmith, at 25 minutes past ten in the evening, Her Majesty THE QUEEN, CAROLINE AMELIA ELIZABETH. Her Majesty was second daughter, and fifth child of Chas. Wm. Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, by her Royal Highness Augusta, eldest sister to His late most gracious Majesty George III.;—was born 17th of May, 1768, and on 6th of April, 1786, married to his present Majesty, George IV. by whom she had one daughter, the late Princess Charlotte, of Saxe-Coburg. Her Majesty's age was 58 years, 2 months, and 21 days.
8. At her house, Lower Grosvenor-street, in her 41st year, the Hon. Mrs. Ryder, the lady of the Rt. Hon. Rich. Ryder, brother to the Earl of Harrowby.
- Mrs. Lucas, wife of Wm. Lucas, Esq. Blackheath.
9. At her house, in Dover-street, the Countess Dowager of Mexborough, last surviving sister of the late Lord Delaval, and aunt to Sir Edw. Astley, Bart. of Melton Constable, Norfolk.
10. At Hinchelsea-lodge, in his 63d year, William Schreiber, Esq.
- At his seat, Ashley-park, Surrey, and of Clea Hall, in Cumberland, Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart. aged 49. He is succeeded in his title and estates, by his eldest son Henry, aged 13 years.
- At her house, at Hampton-court, the Hon. Dorothy Charlotte Montague, relict of the Hon. John Geo. Montague, eldest son of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich.
11. At Yarmouth, Norfolk, in his 78th year, the Rev. Benjamin Wimberley Salmon, one of his Majesty's Chaplains, and nearly 40 years Rector of Calstor, in that County.
14. At her house, in Grosvenor-street, the Dowager Countess of Ely, relict of John, Earl of Ely, of the Kingdom of Ireland.
- At Tunbridge Wells, aged 45, Mrs. Robinson, wife of R. M. Robinson, Esq. of Orgen Hall, Herts.
18. At Margate, Capt. Clough, Master of the Ceremonies at that place.
20. At Southampton, Sir Henry Wm. Carr, K.C.B. Lieut. Col. of the third Regiment of Guards.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Dingwall, in the County of Ross, Mrs. Simpson, relict of the Rev. Thos. Simpson, aged 90.  
At Glasgow, David Stirling, Esq. Accountant of the Royal Bank.

## IN IRELAND.

At Castletown-house, Kildare, Lady Louisa Connolly, relict of the Rt. Hon. Thos. Connolly. Her Ladyship was related to the Dukes of Leinster, Wellington, and Richmond, to the latter of whom she was sister. The fine mansion of Castletown, the largest in the British Empire, devolves to Col. Edward Pakenham, of the Donegal Militia.  
At Sandy's Well, Cork, Major Reynell, of the RA.

brother to Sir R. Reynell, Bart. and to Major General Reynell.

The Rt. Hon. John Preston Baron, of Bellintra County Meath, and one of his Majesty's Privy Council, aged 56.

## ABROAD.

At Paris, M. Maurice de Broglie, Bishop of Ghent, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire.  
At Calcutta, in the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, Edward, youngest son of the late Geo. Millett, Esq. East India Director, in his 20th year.  
At Gibraltar, on board his Majesty's Ship, *Spey*, Edward Palk, Esq. aged 16, fifth son of the late Sir Lawrence Palk.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &amp;c.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been pleased to appoint James Henry Arnold, LL.D. to be his Grace's Vicar General, and Maurice Swanbey, LL.D. to be Commissary of the City and Diocese of Canterbury, and Dean and Commissary of the Peculiarities of South Malling, Parham, and Terrius, which offices became vacant by the resignation of the Right Hon. Lord Stowell.—The Rev. William Smyth, to the Vicarage of South Elkington, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Chas. Spencer, Vicar of Bishop Stortford, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Marquess of Arlesbury.—The Rev. J. Scobell, B.A. of Balliol College, Oxford, instituted to the Rectory of All Saints, Lewes, by the Bishop of Chichester.—The Rev. John Nelson Clark, AB. instituted to the Rectory and Parish Church of Winterton, with the Chapel of East Somerton, Norfolk.—The Rev. J. Jefferson, Archdeacon of Colchester, has been collated by the Bishop of London, to the Vicarage of Witham, in Essex, void by

the death of the Rev. A. Downes, resident upon that benefice upwards of 40 years.—The Rev. Edward Ballman, Rector of Helmingham, and Pitaugh, Suffolk, appointed Chaplain to the Countess of Dysart.—The Rev. D. F. Pryce, DD. to the perpetual Curacy of Ashfield, with Thorpe, Suffolk.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has been pleased to institute the Rev. Wm. Horn, M.A. of Lore Court, formerly Fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Otium, in Kent.—His Majesty has presented the Rev. Robt. Crockett, M.A. to the Rectory of Nelston, alias Nayleston, in the County of Leicestershire, and Diocese of Lincoln, vacant by the death of the Rev. Lambton Lorraine.—Also the Rev. Chas. Richard Sumner, M.A. to the Vicarage of St. Helen, in Abingdon, and the Chapels of Radley and Drayton, Bucks, and the Diocese of Salisbury, vacant by the death of the Rev. Lawrence Caanfield.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

**HARVEST** is actually begun, or rapidly approaching, throughout the whole of the kingdom; and never, perhaps, did the earth bear a more abundant promise. The wheat crop is said to be partially affected by the *red rust*; but we have reason to think this disorder is neither considerable in its effects, nor operating over any extensive district. Upon the heavy soils the crop is a good deal down; but no season was ever more propitious to the light lands, where the appearance in every way is most bountiful. The barley is an immense crop; and though the usual amount will be a little shortened, by the increased breadth of Talavera wheat sown last spring, there is yet every reason to believe that the supply will fully meet the demand. The rains have been particularly favourable to the turnips; and the improved system of cultivation, by the adoption of the Northumberland ridges, and the use of the horse-hoe, has added indefinitely to the increase. There has been a good deal of experimenting with respect to the distance of the rows; and we have heard of one instance especially, Mr. Clark, of Bergh Apton, in Norfolk, who has planted his Swedes at the apparently immense width of three feet and a half. His success, however, completely bears out the theory; and so vast is the size of the plants, that many hundreds of agriculturists have been attracted to  
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his farm, to inspect the progress of his experiments. His neighbour, Dr. Rigby, has also brought the growth of the early York cabbage, which he has recommended as summer food for cattle, when pasture is short, in the very interesting account, lately published, of his own farm, called FRAMINGHAM, to great perfection. These cabbages have been reared to the enormous weight of ten pounds, simply by judicious management, and afford an admirable addition to the green food of cattle, particularly cows. The promise of potatoes is also so immense, that the large growers, in the vicinity of the metropolis, are disposing of their crops while in the ground, upon terms astonishingly disadvantageous to themselves.

Mr. Webb Hall has transmitted a circular letter to the Chairman of the Agricultural Associations, dated Aug. 1. His object is, to excite the landed interest to increased and more powerful efforts to obtain redress from Parliament. Let not the tenantry be deceived; the road to their prosperity lies through reduction of expense, not through elevation of the price of their commodity. The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, however inconclusive upon other points, is quite decisive as to that particular; and Mr. Hall is merely striving to keep up a feverish and useless delusion.

Aug. 20, 1821.

2 B

## NOMENCLATURE OF CLOUDS.

THAT general readers may not be embarrassed by the technical terms of the clouds, in their perusal of the daily remarks of the weather, &c. (under the meteorological tables) in which frequent mention is made of them, with a view to point out the particular changes which the lower medium is undergoing from its alternate dryness, humidity, and electric state, as caused by the combined influence, and attractive forces of the sun and moon over the incumbent atmosphere; we shall here insert, as a general reference, concise definitions of the respective modifications of clouds, which were first invented by Luke Howard, Esq. and published in the Philosophical Magazine, and which have been coming into general use among meteorologists ever since they were published monthly in the meteorological tables in Gold's London Magazine. They are as follow:

1. *Cirrus*. A cloud resembling a lock of hair, or a feather. Parallel flexuous, or diverging fibres, unlimited in the direction of their increase.

2. *Cumulus*. A cloud which increases from above, in dense, convex, or conical heaps.

3. *Stratus*. An extended, continuous, level sheet of cloud, increasing from beneath.

These three, Mr. Howard denominates simple and distinct modifications, constituting, as will immediately appear, the elements of every other variety. The two next are of what he calls an intermediate nature.

4. *Cirro-cumulus*. A connected system of small roundish clouds, placed in close order, or contact.

5. *Cirro-stratus*. A horizontal slightly inclined sheet, attenuated at its circumference, concave downwards, or undulated; groups or patches having these characters.

Lastly, says Mr. Howard, there are two modifications, which exhibit a compound structure, viz.

6. *Cumulo-stratus*. A cloud in which the structure of the *Cumulus* is mixed with that of the *Cirro-stratus*, or *Cirro-cumulus*. The *Cumulus* flattened at top, and overhanging its base.

7. *Nimbus*. A dense cloud, spreading out into a crown of *Cirrus*, and passing beneath into a shower. In addition to these definitions, the following is an abridgment of the illustrations, from Howard's Essay on the Modifications of Clouds.

The *Cirrus* is always the least dense, and generally the most elevated modification, sometimes covering the whole face of the sky with a thin transparent veil, and at other times, forming itself into distinct groups of parallel lines, or flexuous fibres. Its height, according to Mr. Dalton, is

from three to five miles above the earth's surface. It is generally found to be an indication of wind. When formed into horizontal sheets, with streamers pointing upwards, it indicates approaching rain; with depending fringe-like fibres, it is found to precede fair weather.

The *Cumulus* is generally of dense structure, appearing after a clear morning, increasing from above, where its surface is convex, and forming at its greatest magnitude, a pile of irregular semicircular clouds. This takes place about the time of the greatest heat of the day, and gradually diminishes towards evening, when it sometimes perceptibly evaporates—in this case it is an indication of fine weather.

The *Stratus* is of moderate density, and comprehends those creeping mists which rise from the valleys and lakes in calm evenings. It frequently disappears in the morning, and is then an indication of the finest weather.

The *Cirro-cumulus* appears to be formed by the descent of the *Cirrus*, the oblique denser tufts of the latter changing into the spheroidal form, when the cloud assumes the appearance of a ball of flax with one end left flying out. The *Cirro-cumulus* sometimes consists of distinct beds, floating at different altitudes, the clouds appearing smaller and smaller, till they are lost in the blue expanse. It is most frequent in summer, and, when permanent, affords one of the surest indications of an increasing temperature, and fine weather.

The *Cirro-stratus* assumes various appearances, from its being frequently connected with other modifications. By itself it is always an attenuated sheet or patch, of a uniform hazy appearance, when viewed over head, and of great apparent density towards the horizon. In this state, it gives rise to the phenomena of halos, mock-suns, &c. and indicates a depression of temperature, wind and rain. When it alternates with *Cirro-cumulus*, the prognostic is doubtful. It is frequently seen resting on the summit of high hills; and, in this state, has been long regarded as foreboding rainy weather.

The *Cumulo-stratus* is that fleecy cloud which is sometimes observed to settle on the summit of a *Cumulus*, while the latter is increasing from beneath. It usually prevails in an overcast sky, and apparently without any regard to temperature, as it is found to precede either a fall of snow, or a thunder-storm. Before a storm, it is frequently to be seen in different points of the horizon, rapidly swelling to a great magnitude. Its indication is doubtful, and must be determined by the prevalence of the other modifications that accompany it.

The *Nimbus* generally appears in the

form of a dense inverted cone of cloud, the upper part of which spreads in one continued sheet of *Cirrus* to a great distance from where the shower is falling. When the total evaporation of the cloud takes place after the shower, it is reckoned a prognostic of fair weather. When the *Nimbus* appears by itself, it generally

moves with the wind; but when formed in the midst of *Cumuli*, it sometimes moves in a contrary direction. This is often the case with thunder showers.

Those who wish for further information upon the subject, may consult, besides the work already referred to, Dr. Forster's *Treatise on Atmospheric Phenomena*.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR JULY, 1821.

*Naval Academy, Gosport.*

### GENERAL REPORT.

The greatest part of this month has been fine, but cold for the season, particularly the first eight days and nights; in one of the latter a hoar-frost occurred without the town. To the heavy rain from the eastward on the 2d instant (being upwards of an inch in depth), and the subsequent NE. and NW. winds, that depression of temperature near the ground may be justly attributed. During 23 days of the month, not  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of an inch of rain fell; but in the other 8 days and nights, upwards of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches fell in this neighbourhood, mostly in the first and last quarters of the moon.

Last month the wind prevailed 14 days from the NE., and this month it has blown 10 days from the opposite point of the compass, generally in brisk gales.

The mean temperature of the air is more than  $2^{\circ}$  lower than the mean for July, in 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821; but rather higher than the average heat of July, 1816 and 1817, yet the thermometer in the shade has not risen higher than  $76^{\circ}$  this summer: therefore, it is not probable that the sickle or the scythe will be put in general use in the low and level corn-fields before September.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 5 solar halos, 18 meteors, 2 of them caudated, lightning, with distant thunder, in the evening of the 19th; and 9 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 1 from E. 1 from SE. 1 from S. and 6 from SW.—Also,

*A Singular Meteoric Phenomenon.*—A meteoric appearance of triangular and

spheroidal forms was observed here on the 4th instant, between 9 and 10 o'clock, p. m. about W. by S.  $11^{\circ}$  or  $12^{\circ}$  above the horizon, and to the north of the moon, which was hid by a *cumulostratus*, so as only to show small portions of her deep red crescent at intervals through the apertures of that compound cloud. These geometric forms which it alternately assumed, and which were serrated about the edges, the diverging pencil rays that issued therefrom, both in horizontal and perpendicular directions; the surprising contractions and expansions it repeatedly underwent from upwards of  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  to a mere point, and then gradually increasing to its former brilliancy and extent, were occurrences that led us to determine it was not a *parascenc*, though not much beyond the ordinary distance of one from the Moon, but an electrical light in that part of the haze which was of a cirrostrative quality. About 10 o'clock the above-mentioned cloud, advancing slowly by a freshening breeze, came up, and gradually obscured this interesting phenomenon, which had been conspicuous in a variety of forms and colours more than half an hour, to the gratification of many that saw it. Some attributed it to the Moon distorted, on account of its deep red colour and curious forms, and some to a greatly diffused comet—whilst others, of a more liberal opinion, thought it was produced by some uncommon light in the haze near the horizon, it having once or twice thrown out vivid corruscations not unlike those of the *aurora borealis*.

### DAILY REMARKS.

July 1. Cloudy with *cumuli* and low attenuated *cirrostratus*, and a moist air: rain by night.

2. Heavy rain throughout the day and night, with a strong gale from the E.

3. Overcast, and a cold NE. breeze: a fine night, and a slight hoar-frost in the grass-fields.

4. AM. fair with *cumuli*: PM. plumose *cirri* and waved *cumulostratus* at intervals, through which the crescent of the moon appeared of a fiery colour.

5. Broken *cumulostratus* nearly all day, and low haze: an overcast sky by night.

6. AM. overcast: PM. light showers of rain.

7. AM. a cold northerly wind, and a shrouded sky: linear *cirri* and nimboform clouds, with sunshine about two hours in the afternoon; afterwards the sky became overcast again.

8. Fair, with various modifications of clouds: a light shower of rain in the night.

9. Fair, with an increasing temperature, and a light breeze from NW., from which quarter nimberiferous clouds came about noon : overcast after sunset.

10. Faint sunshine through an overcast sky in the morning : fair in the afternoon, and attenuated *cirrostratus* about the sky at night, with a light fall of dew.

11. Fair, with a whitish mist around the horizon, which, towards noon, transformed into nascent *cumuli*: PM. fine, with light airs, and *cirrocumuli* in beds.

12. The day nearly as the preceding, with the addition of descending *cirri*, which, towards sunset, passed to attenuated *cirrostratus*, in which there was a trace of a solar halo: a fine night. At a quarter past nine PM. a light red meteor of a large size, and of a spheroid shape, appeared in its course from the zenith towards the north: its path, which was 35° in length, formed an angle with the horizon of about 60°, and a retardation was observed in its motion just before it disappeared.

13. Fair, with light airs from the eastward. A *stratus* of considerable density rose from the fields and lakes in a linear form in the evening, and soon formed into thick horizontal *cirrostrati*.

14. A fair day: in the evening a large *nimbus* passed over, and let fall a light shower: a fine night.

15. Heavy rain and wind in the day: the night as the preceding.

16. A fair day, with brisk variable winds: cloudless by night, and much dew. This is the first day this summer on which the *maximum* temperature of the air in the shade has been 76°, or summer heat.

17. As the preceding day and night, excepting a decrease in temperature.

18. Fair, with nascent *cumuli*, and extensive beds of plumose *cirri*; the former were formed by the rarefaction of a low mist in the morning; and the latter passed to *cirrostrati*; at sunset, after being tinged with a very deep red by the horizontal rays of the sun. A fine night.

19. Fair, with a light gale from SE., and from the westward beds of *cirrus*, which, at mid-day, passed to attenuated *cirrostratus*, and produced a fine solar halo, whose radius was 22½°. In the afternoon bright and dark *cumuli* and *cirrocumuli*, which passed to thunder-clouds, and let fall a light shower of rain at six PM. A strong gale from SW. through the night, and frequent flashes of red lightning, and distant thunder from the clouds to the N. and NE.

20. Fair, with a stiff breeze from SW.: a light shower of rain in the night.

21. The day nearly as the preceding. Two brilliant meteors appeared between nine and ten PM.—one inclined to the eastward nearly in the direction of the wind, the other was opposed to it, and passed between the star Arcturus and the first in the

northern crown—at this time loose patches of *cirrostratus* were observed in different parts of the sky, succeeded by heavy rain and wind in the night.

22. Fair, with plumose and ramified *cirri*, also *cirrocumuli*, and low *cumuli*; the latter, gradually evaporated after sunset, and a copious dew followed. Two small lofty meteors appeared to the eastward at eleven PM.

23. As the preceding nearly, but the wind much stronger.

24. A fine morning, and a faint solar halo: a shrouded sky in the afternoon, followed by a change of wind to the south, whence a very strong gale sprung up with rain.

25. AM. large *nimbi* and showers of rain: PM. a strong gale from SW. and low scud passed with the wind to NE., followed by rain.

26. Fine, with a mixture of clouds, and a gale from SW. with a velocity of about seventy miles per hour, as repeatedly ascertained by watching the well-defined shadows of the lofty *cumulus* clouds pass, in a given time, in the direction of the wind on level ground, from one object to another, whose distance was previously known.

27. As the preceding nearly, but calm after noon. From a quarter before till a quarter past 11 PM. four meteors appeared—the lowest and largest of these, at five minutes before 11 o'clock, descended in a southerly direction immediately under the constellation Bootes: both the head and train were red, the latter about 15° long, accompanied by a hissing, like a sky-rocket in its ascension, and did not disappear till a second of time after the complete extinction of the former—the sky at the same time was filling with *cirrostratus*, and soon became overcast.

28. AM. a *stratus* under a shrouded sky, and a solar halo: PM. opposite winds for some time, succeeded by an inoculation of *cumuli* with *cirrostrati*, and light rain. At half-past 10 PM. a small meteor passed under Dubhe in Ursa Major, and left a white train behind it about two seconds after the body had disappeared. From that time till 12 o'clock, eight other small meteors, nearly of the same height, appeared without trains, viz. two under the northern crown, and one on each side of it, one over Jupiter and Saturn, one near the Pleiades, and two in the brightest part of the milky-way to the southward.

29. AM. sunshine and dense clouds increasing: overcast in the afternoon; and rain, and a gale from SW. after sunset.

30. Rain, and a light gale from the same quarter in the day: overcast at night.

31. A veil of attenuated *cirrostratus*, whose base frequently appeared below the summit of the adjacent hills, shrouded the sky throughout the day and night.



Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month. Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.									
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.			Nimbus.								
1	29.68	29.66	29.670	72.54	63	59	55	63	SW to W	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0.14	..	
2	29.76	29.75	29.755	69.50	55	82	85	90	E	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1.06	..
3	29.88	29.73	29.805	60.44	52	60	44	56	NE	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
4	30.18	30.07	30.125	67.49	58	54	38	70	NE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30	..
5	30.22	30.17	30.195	69.53	61	54	55	52	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
6	30.05	29.89	29.970	66.50	58	48	52	67	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
7	29.93	29.86	29.895	62.46	54	52	52	58	NW to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
8	30.10	30.03	30.065	65.49	57	51	45	60	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
9	30.16	30.14	30.150	71.53	62	54	35	42	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
10	30.18	30.16	30.170	73.47	60	50	35	50	NW	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
11	30.18	30.12	30.150	68.53	60.5	47	44	65	NE to SE	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
12	30.08	29.98	30.080	68.50	59	50	43	51	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
13	30.03	29.95	29.990	68.52	60	47	40	52	E to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
14	29.88	29.86	29.870	74.54	64	45	35	49	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
15	29.82	29.76	29.790	64.52	58	52	80	82	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
16	30.13	30.01	30.070	69.51	60	57	46	63	NW to SW	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
17	30.34	30.27	30.305	76.52	64	49	38	53	NW to W	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
18	30.34	30.24	30.290	70.57	63.5	50	43	68	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
19	30.10	29.97	30.035	75.60	67.5	48	37	60	E to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
20	29.96	29.88	29.905	75.58	66.5	56	46	69	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
21	29.85	29.83	29.840	74.58	66	64	45	56	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
22	29.64	29.62	29.630	72.54	63	62	46	50	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
23	29.72	29.64	29.680	71.58	64.5	52	49	57	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
24	29.80	29.62	29.710	71.60	65.5	55	55	76	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
25	29.91	29.69	29.800	70.57	63.5	60	50	47	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
26	30.02	29.92	29.970	70.56	63	61	45	58	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
27	30.07	30.01	30.040	71.54	62.5	58	38	60	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
28	29.98	29.94	29.960	69.50	59.5	65	50	82	E to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
29	30.10	30.08	30.090	72.57	64.5	70	60	72	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
30	29.97	29.92	29.945	67.62	64.5	90	100	110	SW	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
31	30.02	29.98	30.000	74.61	67.5	95	88	100	SW	..	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	..	..
	30.34	29.62	29.966	76.44	61.52	59.5	51.2	64.1		21	28	28	4	27	18	14	2	90	3.65								

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.34 July 17th, Wind North-West.  
 { Minimum..... 29.62 Do. 2d, Do. South-West.  
 Range of the Mercury..... 0.72  
 Mean barometrical pressure for the Month ..... 29.965  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for the lunar period, ending the 28th instant..... 29.900  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 15 days, with the Moon in North declination ..... 29.667  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination ..... 30.088  
 Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury ..... 4.700  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours ..... 0.550  
 Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 27

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 76° July 17th Wind W.  
 { Minimum..... 44 Do. 3d Do. NE.  
 Range..... 32  
 Mean temperature of the Air ..... 61.62  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 31 days with the Sun in Cancer ..... 60.13  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 26.00  
 Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 52.08

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.  
 Greatest humidity of the Air ..... 100° in the evenings of the 30th and 31st.  
 Greatest dryness of ... Ditto ..... 35 several times  
 Range of the Index ..... 65  
 Mean at 2 o'clock PM. .... 51.2  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. .. AM. .... 50.5  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. .. PM. .... 64.1  
 \_\_\_\_\_ of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock ..... 58.3  
 Evaporation for the month ..... 2.90 Inches.  
 Rain and hail, for Ditto ..... 3.65 ditto.  
 Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 2; fair, with various modifications of cloud, 16; an overcast sky, without rain, 6; rain 7—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.  
 21 28 26 4 27 18 14

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1	3	2	3	1	10	3	8	31

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Aug. 21.)

Nothing having occurred within the last month, tending materially to affect our foreign trade, we shall not have occasion for any particular remarks, beyond those which are better placed under the respective heads. The great question of peace or war in the east of Europe still remains undecided; yet it seems probable, that peace will be preserved by the influence of England, France, and Austria, whose own interest naturally leads them to avert a contest, in which, if the event should be successful, Russia must be the chief and perhaps the only gainer.

*Cotton.*—On a review of the four last weeks, it appears that the market has been on the whole in an improving state. In the two weeks ending August 7, the demand for Surats, in particular, was brisk and extensive, the sales being about 6,300 bags, of which 4,800 were Surats. The buyers seem to have been chiefly speculators, induced to purchase on account of the unfavourable intelligence from the United States, respecting the crops of cotton, which are stated to have suffered much from inundations, so that the supplies will be much less than have been calculated upon. In the second week of August, the purchases were not extensive, being only 1,200 bags, but the prices were fully supported.

The inquiry has rather revived; the demand appears principally for exportation; the sales for the week ending yesterday are 1,600 bags, but it is probable, that the renewed inquiries will lead to extensive purchases during the week: the holders are very firm, and appear confident of realizing higher prices than the present market currency. The particulars of the 1,600 bags sold, are as follows: viz. in bond, 300 Pernams, 12½*d.* a 12½*d.*; 420 Surats, 6*d.* a 6½*d.* very ordinary; a few very good, 8*d.*; 160 Madras, 6½*d.* good fair; 780 Bengals, 5½*d.* a 5½*d.* fair; good, 6*d.* and a few very good, 6½*d.*; 100 Bowed, 9½*d.* a 9½*d.*; 62 Sea Islands fair, 16*d.*; and duty paid; 40 prime Demeraras, 13*d.*; 70 Berbice good fair 11½*d.*; 18 Paras fair, 10½*d.*; 50 Minas Novas good, 11½*d.*; 33 ditto Geras good, 10*d.* and 15 ditto ordinary, 9*d.*; 8 Cariacous, 10½*d.* a 11*d.*

At Liverpool, the market has been rather dull for these three weeks past; and prices have, on the whole, declined. The arrivals in the four weeks ending August 18, were 52,677 bags; the sales in the same period, 30,800 bags.

*Sugar.*—In the last week of July, the public market was uninteresting; inferior browns were very low, but good qualities were scarce, and maintained their prices, but though few sales were reported, the delivery of 4,400 hogheads of Muscovades

from the warehouses, indicated that extensive sales had been made privately, probably at low prices; the particulars of which did not transpire. The show of new sugars being extensive in the first week of August attracted buyers, and considerable purchases were made. The demand for good and fine sugars has since been considerable, and the prices fully supported, but the inferior descriptions exceedingly heavy. The refined market has been in a very depressed state, in consequence of the unfavourable accounts from the Continental markets; and a considerable decline has taken place. Very little has been doing in foreign sugars. The quantity of refined sugar exported in the first six months of 1821, was in value, 1,328,029*l.* of which, for about 544,780*l.* to Hamburg; 432,000*l.* to the Mediterranean; 235,000*l.* to the Baltic; 40,000*l.* to Ireland; 37,000*l.* to Bremen, &c.

The report for the week ending to-day (21st) is as follows:

The demand for good and fine Muscovades has continued steady; and for these descriptions, very full prices were realized; the soft brown sugars are in plentiful supply, and might be purchased at very low rates.

There are no new supplies of sugar at market this forenoon, owing to the coopers at the West-India warehouses having struck work, demanding a higher rate of wages; the supply at market, is, however, more than adequate to the demand. Muscovades may be stated very heavy at the previous prices; the sales to-day do not exceed 1,000 hogheads. Two public sales of Barbadoes were brought forward, 241 casks; the whole went off heavily, at a further reduction of 1*s.* particularly the good sugars; good white, 69*s.* 6*d.* a 71*s.* 6*d.*; the others 62*s.* a 68*s.*

The refined market was heavy last week, yet the very reduced prices prevented the holders from selling; large lumps, 78*s.* a 80*s.* were with difficulty to be purchased, as a very general opinion prevailed that the low prices would attract the attention of the exporters, and that no further reduction could be anticipated; lumps, 82*s.* a 84*s.* were taken off for crushing.—Molasses are steady.

In foreign sugars, the only sale last week was about 200 chests of yellow Havannah, 30*s.* a 32*s.*

The public sale of Pernambuco and Bahia this forenoon consisted of damaged sugars, affording no criterion of the market prices; the whole sold exceedingly low. The Havannah sugars, 100 boxes, sold at 6*s.* a 7*s.* per cwt. lower than any previous sale, good strong white realizing only 45*s.*; the middling, 42*s.*

Average prices of raw sugar by Gazette: July 28.....32s. 2½d.  
 Aug. 4.....32s. 9½d.  
 11.....32s. 9d.  
 18.....32s. 10½d.

*Coffee*.—We regret to say that the coffee-market has been very heavy for this month past, and a considerable reduction has taken place. This morning the market was exceedingly heavy previous to the public sales, and a great decline was anticipated; and, in fact, the prices have experienced a decided reduction. Jamaica coffee is 3s. a 4s. lower than the previous market prices; good ordinary, which last week realised 106s. and 106s. sold in considerable parcels at 100s. 6d. 102s. and 102s. 6d.; fine ordinary 106s. 6d. and 107s. which last week sold 109s. a 110s. 6d. Foreign coffee may also be stated 1s. a 2s. lower:—179 bags good ordinary Havannah, small bean, selling at 108s. 6d., 109s., and 109s. 6d.; 160 bags middling Porto Rico, 115s. 6d. a 117s.; the St. Domingo was withdrawn without being put up to sale. The Berbice coffee being scarce, supported fully the previous prices, middling selling 128s. 6d., 129s., and 129s. 6d. The quantity of coffee brought forward to-day was 732 bags and 116 casks; and, as the sales afford a criterion of the market, Jamaica descriptions may be stated at the reduction of 3s. a 4s. per cwt.; foreign 1s. a 2s. lower, and the market exceedingly heavy at the decline.

*Indigo*.—There is little doing in indigo; yet the holders are firm, and confidently look to an improvement both in the demand and the prices. The premium on the last sale is nominally about 3d. per lb.

*Spirits*.—The rum-market has been heavy, except that in the first week of this

month there was a considerable improvement in the demand, which, however, did not continue. Brandy and Geneva are dull of sale, and the prices nearly nominal.

*Oils*.—The accounts of the Davis Straits and Greenland fisheries, as far as they go, are considered to be very favourable; and they have naturally thrown a damp on the market. There are sellers of Greenland oil to arrive, at 23l.; and some buyers of small parcels at 22l. The trade have not yet purchased, and at present decline doing so. Rape oil has advanced considerably, brown 40l. The last sales of old Greenland whalebone were at 78l. It is now, we understand, offered at a much lower price.

*Baltic Produce*.—The reports of war between Russia and Turkey had some influence at the end of July, on the price of hemp and tallow. The holders of hemp demanded an advance of 1l. per ton; and extensive contracts were reported at this improvement. The warlike reports having continued to subside, the prices have receded in consequence. In the course of last week, the demand for tallow being very languid, the holders were desirous to effect sales at lower rates, by which buyers were attracted, and several purchases are reported at 44s. Hemp was in more request, because the stock is reduced. Flax has remained at the same nominal price as before.

*Rice*.—While the weather continued unfavourable for the harvest, rice rose, and the demand increased, with an advance of 1s. to 2s. per cwt.; but as the weather, during the last week, has been favourable, the demand has subsided, and purchases might be made on lower terms.

*Spices at the East India Company's sale, August 13th.*  
 Saltpetre, 1000 tons Company's—passed, no offers at the Company's upset price, 26s.  
 977 tons Privilege—sold.....24s. a 26s.  
 a few lots.....26s. 6d. and 27s.  
 Peper—Company's black, 2355 bags, sold.....7½d. a 7¾d.  
 Licensed—black, 90 bags, sold.....6¾d. a 7¾d.  
 Cinnamon—1485 bales—542 bales 1st quality, sold.....7s. 1d. a 7s. 6d.  
 807 2d „ about a half sold ..6s. 1d. a 6s. 8d.  
 136 3d „ all sold.....5s. 3d. a 5s. 7d.  
 Mace—200 casks, 2d quality—one lot 6s. 1d. all the rest out, no offers at the Company's upset price, 6s.  
 Nutmegs—500 packages—not garbled; only 112 sold.....3s. 7d.  
 Oil of Mace.....out  
 Cassia Lignea—1002 chests—sold.....6l. 5s. a 8l.  
 984 chests.....6l. 5s. a 8l. 6s.  
 Sago—Licensed, 352 packages.....5s. 6d. a 6s.  
 and 20s. a 25s.  
 Ginger—Licensed, 593 bundles.....10s. a 10s. 6d.  
 Cassia Buds—100 chests.....17l. 5s. a 17l. 10s.  
 142 chests.....15l. 15s. a 18l. 4s.  
 Oil of Cassia—79 canisters.....7d. a 8d. per oz.  
 There is little variation in the prices since the above sale. Company's pepper 7½d. to 7¾d; several other considerable purchases of cassia lignea have been made at the sale prices; cassia buds have sold at a considerable advance.

**Corn;** which experienced an advance while the weather was unsettled, has retrograded since the weather has been warmer.

The harvest in the southern counties is far advanced: in the midland districts it is general: the weather has been, of late, exceedingly warm, and, in consequence, the expectation of a good crop is very generally entertained. There was a good supply of wheat at yesterday's market; the trade was heavy at the decline of 2s. on the best runs; there were scarcely any enquiries for the middling and inferior samples. No alteration in the prices of barley; there was, however, little business doing.—The holders of oats evinced a great inclination to effect sales, and in consequence a further reduction of 1s. was submitted to.—The few purchases of beans reported were at the previous currency, but a great proportion of the supply remains undisposed of.—Grey and white peas were 2s. lower.—Linseed advanced 1l. per last, in consequence of the very short supply at market.

**Import of Foreign Corn.**—The ports continue shut against the importation of all foreign grain, except buck wheat, which is importable at a permanent duty of 10s. per quarter.

Aggregate average of the twelve maritime districts of England and Wales, for the six weeks preceding the 15th of August, by which importation is regulated in Great Britain.

Wheat 52s. 7d.	Oats 19s. 3d.
Rye 32s. 6d.	Beans 30s. 9d.
Barley 24s. 8d.	Peas 31s. 6d.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

**Riga, July 27.**—*Flax* keeps up at the following prices. Marienburg cut, 38 r.; white Thiesenhansen and Druiana Rackitser, 41 r.; white mixed with light grey, 39½ to 40 r.; grey, 38½ to 39½ r.; cut Badstub, 36 r.; Risten Threeband, 28½ r.; Tow, 14 to 13½ r.—*Hemp*: the inferior sorts maintain their prices, but clean is rather lower; in general but little is doing. The prices may be noted as follows:—Ukraine clean, 109 to 108 r.; Polish ditto, 116 to 115 r. Ukraine outshot, 80 r.; Polish ditto, 91 to 90 r. Ukraine pass, 72 r.; Polish ditto, 78 to 79 r. Ukraine torse, 49½ r.; Polish, ditto, 50 r. b. *Hemp Oil* may be had for 90 r.; For fine *Polish Potashes*, 100 r. b. are now asked. *Seeds* for crushing meet with more purchasers this week. The following prices are now demanded: for remaining sowing linseed, 4½ to 5 r. Druiania, 14 to 17 r. b. Crushing linseed (of 110 to 112 lb.), 12 to 15 r. Hemp seed (of 90 to 94 lb.), 9½ to 9¼ r. *Tallow* is offered as follows: yellow crown candle tallow, 145 r.; white ditto, 140 r. Soap tallow, 135 r.

**Bergen, Norway, July 14.**—For these nine weeks past we have had such a drought here, that it is difficult to procure water even for domestic uses. Add to this, that we have had the whole time a north wind, which still continues, attended with storms, which hinders the arrival of ships; and much injury is done to vessels laden with corn not kiln-dried, because the cargoes easily become heated at this season. It is to be hoped, that we shall have a change soon, for in these parts every thing is burnt up, so that the farmer will reap little or nothing. The oldest inhabitants do not recollect such a season.

**Copenhagen, August 7.**—Our corn trade continues to be very dull, so that the prices are to be considered as merely nominal. For the purpose of relieving the farmers an ordinance has been issued, allowing them to pay a certain part of their land-tax in corn. The prices allowed are very favourable to the farmer.

We have received large supplies of sugar. Ten vessels with full cargoes have arrived within this week, from our West India possessions alone. For the encouragement of our sugar refiners, his Majesty has granted a bounty on the exportation of treacle, viz. 13 rix dollars for 1000 lb. in parcels not under 1000 lb. nor above 54,000 lb.

**Hamburg, 11 August.**—*Cotton* appears likely to rise. Hitherto, however, no rise has taken place, except in the American descriptions, of which we have had but a very short supply this year.—*Coffee*. Our prices, which were already low, were still further depressed by the arrival of considerable supplies during the course of last month. A little has been doing this week at rather lower prices; but there are no purchasers for large parcels.—*Dyeing-woods* not much in demand, and therefore rather lower. The high price of Pernambuco at the end of last month caused a greater demand for other redwoods, such as Japan, St. Martin's, &c.—*Spices*. The finest sort maintain their prices, though there is not much demand. Pimento remains unchanged. Pepper very little at market, and prices very firm. Ginger is rather lower, the demand being small, and fresh supplies continuing to arrive.—*Salt-petre* is without demand, as well for speculation as for exportation.—*Tobacco* of all kinds maintains a good price, yet without any great demand.—*Corn*. As our stock of good wheat is rapidly diminishing, and the supplies are very inconsiderable, the holders ask, and have, in some instances, obtained an advance of from 5 to 15 rix dollars, though the demand is limited to our own consumption. A couple of cargoes which arrived this week from Dantzig met a ready sale at good prices. The de-

mand for Rye is less, but sufficient to keep up the prices. Barley is dull. Oats of the best quality have met a ready sale this week. Old Rape Seed is without demand, and there is no new yet at market.—*Tea*. The state of the market is favourable. The 100 quarter chests Imperial, 200 sixteenth chests of young Hyson, and 54 quarter chests of Pekoe, lately brought from Nantes, as well as 64 quarter chests, and 18  $\frac{1}{2}$  chests of Hyson and young Hyson from Rio Janeiro are already sold.—*Sugar*. Hamburg refined have had a pretty brisk demand; the inferior sorts, however, low as the prices already were, sold at a further reduction. It is only of some sorts that we can state the prices accurately, viz. strong middle lumps 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; fine and fine middling white Havannah 12*d.* to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* ordinary brown ditto 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* brown and yellow mixed 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* middling and fine 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ *d.* The prices of other descriptions are the more to be considered as nominal, because the holders in general, ask in proportion much higher prices for them.

*Saxony, Aug. 6.*—While the inhabitants of Norway are afflicted with a severe drought which threatens to destroy all hopes of harvest, we in Saxony are complaining of the continued wet rainy weather, which hinders the corn already cut from drying, so that the grain in some instances already begins to grow. Similar complaints of wet weather are made in other parts of Germany, and further northward up to St. Petersburg. The eight Powers, through whose dominions the river Elbe flows, have, after four years' negotiations, concluded a treaty for the free navigation of that river. We shall give the particulars when officially published.

*Rastadt, Aug. 5.*—We have detailed information on which we can rely, and by which we learn that the plenipotentiaries of the South German States, from the commercial Congress at Darmstadt, have agreed on several important points. It has been adopted as a principle that they must

necessarily have in view the general interest, and carefully dismiss more local interests from their consideration: that there is, therefore, one only object to be attained, which is the adoption of general measures for the purpose of relieving the commerce and manufactures of the South of Germany from the fetters and restrictions under which they have so long languished.

The Commissioners also direct their attention to the finding of the means best calculated to make good the financial losses which the German Governments must necessarily experience by introducing freedom of commerce in the interior of the Confederation. Lastly, they have under consideration a common system of import and export duties, on goods passing to and from states, not members of this commercial confederation. Hitherto no difference has been observed in the opinions of the several plenipotentiaries. There is likewise at Darmstadt a delegate from the Society for the Encouragement of Trade. It is Mr. Müller, a merchant of Ilmenstadt; but he has no official character.

*Stockholm, Aug. 7.*—His Majesty has decreed that the united Swedish and Norwegian flag, being known and recognised by all sea-faring nations, shall alone be used by Swedish and Norwegian merchantmen navigating beyond Cape Finisterre as well in the Mediterranean, as in the West and South Atlantic, and Indian Ocean. The captains of Swedish ships of war will be ordered to afford no protection to, but to detain Swedish and Norwegian vessels found navigating under any other flag in these several seas, after the 1st of July, 1822, and the Swedish consuls in the seaports of the Mediterranean, and other seas above specified, are not to afford any protection or assistance whatever to such merchantmen as use any other flag after the above-mentioned time. Swedish and Norwegian vessels navigating the seas nearest home, may use the flags of their respective nations.

#### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Village Minstrel, and other Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, with a fine Portrait, will be published in a few days.

A New Poem, from the Pen of Mr. Barry Cornwall, will be published early in the next Season.

A Poem, by Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, in honour of the late John Keats, the Poet, is in the Press.

A Poetical Essay on the Character of Pope, by Charles Lloyd.

Sir George Naylor is preparing for Publication, by Command of His Majesty, a full Account of the Ceremonies observed at the Coronation, illustrated by Plates.

A practical Treatise on Diseases of the Liver, and on some of the Affections usually denominated Bilious; comprising an impartial Estimate of the Merits of the Nitro-muriatic Acid Bath. By George Darling, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Mr. Elmes's Lectures on Architecture, recently delivered at the Russell, Surrey, and Birmingham Institutions.

A New Translation of Goethe's Tragedy of Faustus, in 8vo. with a Portrait of the Author, and in 4to. with a Series of Twenty-seven Outlines, to illustrate the above-mentioned Tragedy, engraved by H. Moses, after Retsch's Originals.

A Series of coloured Engravings, from original Drawings, taken on the Spot, by James Wathen, Esq. illustrative of the Island of St. Helena; to which will be added, Two or Three very curious Wood Cuts, relating to *Buonaparte*, a brief Historical Sketch of the Island, and a highly finished Portrait of Mr. Wathen.

An Introduction to Entomology; or Elements of the Natural History of Insects. Vol. III. by William Kirby, MA. FR. and LS. and William Spence, Esq. FLS. Illustrated by coloured Plates.

Sketches of Upper Canada, domestic, local, and characteristic, with practical Details, for the Information of Emigrants, by John Howison, Esq.

The private and confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, during the Reign of King William III. never before published, illustrated with historical and biographical Narratives.

The History of the Literature of Spain and Portugal, by Frederick Bouterwek; translated from the German.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia,

Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, by Sir Robert Ker Porter, &c. &c. Vol. II. 4to. which completes the Work.

Travels in Palestine in 1816. By S. S. Buckingham, Esq. 4to. with Engravings. Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, with original Letters, &c. by the late Oliver Cromwell, Esq. a Descendant of the Family.

The Third Part of the Physiognomical Portraits, will be published on the 15th of September.

Mr. Glover, Assistant Librarian to His Majesty, is preparing a Bibliographical Dictionary of English Literature, from the Year 1700 to the End of the Year 1820, containing the Title of every principal Work which has appeared in Great Britain during that Period, together with the Date of Publication, its Price, and the Publisher's Name, as far as they can possibly be ascertained; alphabetically arranged under the Names of their respective Authors, and under the Subject Matter of each anonymous Publication.

#### WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.*

Illustrations of Kenilworth, a Romance, by the Author of "Waverley," &c. engraved after original Designs of Charles Robert Leslie. Prints, 16s. Proofs, 11. 4s. India Proofs, 11. 10s.

The Rabbit on the Wall, engraved by Burnet from the celebrated Picture by D. Wilkie, R.A. 13½ Inches by 18½. Prints, 11. 1s. Proofs, 31. 3s.

An Historical Account of Cumner, with Particulars of the Traditions respecting the Death of the Countess of Leicester; with an Extract from Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire relative to that Transaction, and illustrative of the Romance of Kenilworth, &c. By H. T. Usher, Esq. 8vo. 7s.

Antiquities of Ionia. By the Society of Dilettanti. Part I. Royal Folio.

*Poetry and the Drama.*

The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; comprehending a Life of the Poet, and an enlarged History of the Stage. By the late Edmond Maloné. With a new Glossarial Index. 21 Vols. 8vo. 121. 12s.

Don Juan, Cantos 3, 4, and 5, 8vo. 9s. 6d. foolscap, 7s.

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Kentish Poets; a Series of Writers in English Poetry, Natives of, or residents in Kent. By R. Freeman. 2 Vols. 16s.

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Selections from Lucian, with a Latin Translation and English Notes: to which are subjoined, a Mythological Index, and a

Lexicon adapted to the work. Compiled for the Use of Schools, by John Walker. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

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An Introduction to French Grammar. By J. B. Mallett. 18mo. 4s.

A New Greek and English Lexicon to the New Testament, on the Plan of Dawson's Greek and Latin Lexicon, for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. H. Laing, LL.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*History and Biography.*

The Life of David Haggart, alias John Wilson, &c. &c. written by himself while under Sentence of Death. 4s.

Memoirs of Count Boruwlski; containing a Sketch of his Travels, with an Account of his Reception at the Different Courts of Europe, &c. &c. Written by Himself. 8vo. 12s.

Malay Annals, translated from the Malay Language by the late Dr. John Leyden, with an Introduction by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, FRS. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.*

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. the Eleventh, Part II. 8vo. 9s.

The Principles of Forensic Medicine, systematically arranged and applied to British Practice. By J. G. Smith, MD. 8vo. 14s.

A Treatise on Indigestion and its Consequences, called Nervous and Biliary Complaints. 8vo. 9s.

*Miscellaneous.*

Reply to the Charges of Robert Adair, Esq. against the Bishop of Winchester, in consequence of a Passage in his Lordship's Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. W. Pitt. 8vo. 2s.

Enchiridion, or a Hand for the One-Handed. By George Webb Derensky. 8vo. 5s.

An Analysis of the Talents and Character of Napoleon Buonaparte. By a General Officer. 8vo. 6s.

Regal Heraldry. The Armorial Insignia of the Kings and Queens of England from coeval Authorities. By Thomas Willement, Heraldic Artist to the King. 4to. 2l. 2s. Large paper, 4l. 4s.

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count of their Banks, Public Funds, and Paper Currencies. By P. Kelly, LLD. 2 Vols. 4to. 2d Edition, revised. 4l. 4s.

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Medicina Clerica, or Hints to the Clergy for the healthful and comfortable Discharge of their Ministerial Duties. In a Series of Letters. 4s.

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## NEW PATENTS.

James Simpson, of the Strand, Middlesex, surgical-instrument-maker; for an improvement in the manufacture of snuff-cans.—July 3d.

William Church, of Threadneedle-street, London, gentleman; for an improved apparatus for printing.—July 3d.

William Coles, of New-street-square, London, mechanic; for braces or instruments for the relief of hernia or ruptures.—July 5th.

Rob. Dickinson, of Great-Queen-street, Middlesex, Esq.; for certain improvements in the construction of vessels or crafts of every description, whereby such vessels or crafts may be rendered more durable than

those heretofore constructed for the purposes of navigation.—July 14th.

Charles Newman, of Brighton, Sussex, coachmaster; for an improvement in the construction of the body and carriage of a stage or other coach, by placing a certain proportion of the outside passengers in the centre of the carriage, and a proportion of the luggage under the same, producing thereby safety to the coach, and convenience to the passengers.—July 17th.

Samuel Cooper, engineer, and William Miller, gentleman, both of Margate, Kent; for certain improvements on printing machines.—July 17th.

## BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [ T distinguishes London Commissioners, C those of the country.

## Gazette—July 21 to Aug. 21.

July 21. Anold, G. Manchester, fastlan-manufacturer. [Haslop, Manchester. C.

Cox, T. Crediton, Devon, innkeeper. [Andros, 58, Chancery-lane. C.

Drake, J. Lewisham, master-mariner. [Simpson, 31, St. Swithin's-lane. T.

Flanders, J. Atherstone, Warwick, bookseller. [Hillard, Gray's-Inn-square. C.

Gilbert, J. Maidstone, twine-maker. [Noy, 23, Great Tower-street. T.

Lodkin, W. Leir, Leicester, victualler. [Long, Gray's-Inn. C.

Lawrence, J. Pimlico, wine-merchant. [Brown, 106, Crauford-street, Portman-square. T.

Sheppard, E. Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, wine-merchant. [Shiers, Mitre-chambers, 157, Fenchurch-street. T.

July 24. Huybens, C. W. Castle-street, Leicester-square, picture-dealer. [Clarke, Bishopsgate-church-yard. T.

Jeaner, J. East Stonehouse, Devon, stone-mason. [Wright, 10, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.

Kirk, W. Sutton, York, jobber. [Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.

Lealigham, T. St. Swithin, Worcester, hosier. [Platt, New Boswell-court. C.

Mouk, A. F. Tolleshbury, Essex, dealer in cattle. [Lawrence, Maldon. C.

Roberts, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, black beer-brewer. [Shaw, Fish-place, Holborn. C.

Smith, H. Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-Inn. C.

Swowdon, J. B. Lynn, Norfolk, linen-draper. [Makinson, Temple. C.

Stanforth, W. Little East-cheap, wine-merchant. [Wadson, Austin Friars. T.

Treadway, T. Sloane-square, Chelsea, china-man. [Atkinson, 56, Chancery-lane. T.

July 28. Adcock, D. Melton Mowbray, Leicester, druggist. [Alexander, 10, New-Inn. C.

Atkinson, P. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, haberdasher. [Fisher, Furnival's-Inn, Holborn. T.

Boddy, W. Hillingdon, farmer. [Webb, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.

Cloutman, J. Curtain-road, Shoreditch, carpenter. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane. T.

Danby, M. Island-row, Commercial-road, master-mariner. [Pownall, 36, Old Jewry. T.

Gratrix, S. W. Gratrix, and J. Gratrix, Manchester, calico-printers. [Milne, Temple. C.

Haggart, J. Limehouse-hole, Poplar, victualler. [Duncan, 8, Holborn-court, Gray-Inn. T.

Holle, I. Beech-street, button-seller. [Platt, Green-Letts-lane, Cannon-street. T.

Horton, W. Yardley, Worcester, timber-merchant. [Meyrick, Red Lion-square. C.

Lawrence, G. Stratford, Essex, silk-manufacturer. [Sweet, 6, Basinghall-street. T.

Lee, J. Noble-street, Jeweller. [Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.

Sandbach, J. Bird's-buildings, Islington, slater. [Baddeley, Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields. T.

Smith, H. W. Bird's-buildings, Islington, tender. [Baddeley, Lemon-street, Goodman's-fields. T.

Vice, J. Valentine-row, Blackfriars-road, oilman. [Clutton, High-street, Southwark. T.

Wells, D. Vincent-square, Westminster, merchant. [Nowles, New-Inn. C.

July 31. Banks, W. Clapham, York, woollen-draper. [Stocker, 2, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-Inn. C.

Bullman, J. and T. Bullman, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, mercers. [Beverley, Garden-court, Temple. C.

Clarke, H. Backden, Huntingdon, grocer. [Egan, 26, Essex-street, Strand. C.

Heazue, J. Chalfont, Gloucester, linen-draper. [Hurd, Temple. C.

Hart, J. Edwardstone, Suffolk, maltster. [Hayward, 3, Essex-court, Temple. C.

Nutman, J. West Drayton, vintner. [Kearsey, 116, Bishopsgate-within. T.

Smith, J. Earl's-court, Bedwardine, Worcester, dealer in hops. [Williams, Lincoln's-Inn. C.

Scarrow, T. Jun. and J. Scarrow, Carlisle, Cumberland, wine-merchants. [Clennell, Staple-Inn. C.

Webster, J. Derby, tailor. [King, 6, Gray's-Inn-square. C.

Williams, R. Llangefel, Anglesea, draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

August 4. Garton, S. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer. [Fisher, Furnival's-Inn. T.

Stabb, T. and J. Preston, Torquay, Devon, and J. S. Prowse, Botolph-lane, merchants. [Wainwright, Furnival's-Inn. T.

Welsh, W. Liverpool, drysalter. [Taylor, 9, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.

White, J. Tarporey, Chester, innkeeper. [Milne, Temple. C.

Aug. 7. Atkinson, G. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, dealer. [Blakiston, Symond's-Inn, Chancery-lane. C.

Keech, W. Axminster, Devon, grocer. [Alexander, New-Inn. C.

Popay, G. S. South-town, Suffolk, brick-maker. [Francis, 1, New Boswell-court. C.

Redward, C. B. Portsea, Hants, scrivener. [Williams, Baptist Head-chambers, Chancery-lane. T.

Room, J. sen. Bristol, merchant. [Visard, 50, Lincoln's-Inn-fields. C.





# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From July 27 to Aug 21.

Amsterdam, C. F. ....	12-16.	12-17
Ditto at sight .....	12-13.	12-14
Rotterdam, 2 U .....	12-17.	12-18
Antwerp .....	12-10.	12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	38-6	38-3
Altona, 2½ U .....	38-7	38-3
Paris, 3 days' sight .....	25-55.	25-70
Ditto 2 U .....	25-85.	26-0
Bourdeaux .....	25-85.	26-0
Frankfort on the Main } .....	158	
Ex. M. ....		
Petersburg, rble, 3 U .....	8½	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M .....	10-24.	10-25
Trieste ditto .....	10-24.	10-25
Madrid, effective ...	36	36½
Cadiz, effective .....	35½	36½
Bilboa .....	35½	35½
Barcelona .....	35	35½
Seville .....	35½	
Gibraltar .....	30½	
Leghorn .....	47	
Genoa .....	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv. ....	27-60	
Malta .....	45	
Naples .....	39½	
Palermo, per oz. ....	116	
Lisbon .....	50	
Oporto .....	50	
Rio Janeiro .....	49	
Bahia .....	59	
Dublin .....	9½	..9
Cork .....	9	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons ...	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars .....	0	4	10	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 8½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 10d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware .....	£0	2	0	to	0	3	0
Middlings .....	0	1	6	to	0	0	0
Chats .....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red .....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 30 to Aug. 20.

	July 30.		Aug. 6.		Aug. 13.		Aug. 20.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
Newcastle .....	31	6	to	42	0	33	6	to	42	6
Sunderland .....	33	6	to	43	3	34	0	to	43	0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	July 21	July 28	Aug. 4	Aug. 11
Wheat 52 0	52	4 53	4 55	3 11
Rye - 33 0	32	1 31	10 34	11 0
Barley 24 2	25	0 25	3 26	0 7
Oats 18 11	19	4 20	1 20	7 0
Beans 30 10	30	11 31	5 31	0 0
Peas 31 4	31	1 30	11 34	1 1

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from July 26, to Aug. 20.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	29,179	1,410	220	30,809
Barley	3,650	596	—	4,246
Oats	44,700	7,000	—	51,700
Rye	17	—	—	17
Beans	6,911	—	—	6,911
Pease	1,878	—	—	1,878
Malt	6,248	Qrs.	Flour 29,538	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 6,051 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	20s. to 75s.
Sussex, ditto .....	20s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags .....	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	20s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto .....	20s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto .....	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets .....	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.		Clover.		Straw.	
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
3	0 to 4	10..3	15 to 5	0..1	4 to 1
Smithfield.					
3	10 to 4	4..4	8 to 5	0..1	8 to 1
Whitechapel.					
St. James's.					
3	0 to 4	10..3	3 to 4	15..1	1 to 1

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef ...	2s. 6d.	to	3s. 6d.
Mutton .....	2s. 4d.	to	3s. 4d.
Veal .....	3s. 0d.	to	5s. 0d.
Pork .....	2s. 8d.	to	4s. 4d.
Lamb .....	3s. 4d.	to	4s. 4d.
Leadenhall.—Beef ...	2s. 8d.	to	3s. 10d.
Mutton .....	2s. 4d.	to	3s. 2d.
Veal .....	3s. 10d.	to	4s. 10d.
Pork .....	2s. 8d.	to	4s. 8d.
Lamb .....	3s. 0d.	to	4s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from July 26, to Aug. 20, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
7,707	2,667	105,460	1,730

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Aug. 21st, 1821.)

Canals.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Bridges.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	£.	
Andover	5	—	—	350	100	Southwark	16	—	—	7356	100	
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	—	1482	100	Do. new	12	10	7 1/2 p.c.	1700	50	
Ashton and Oldham	70	3	10	1760	100	Vauxhall	18	—	—	3000	100	
Basingstoke	6	—	—	1250	100	Do. Promissory Notes	91	5	5	34,000	—	
Do. Bonds	40	24	—	54,000	—	Waterloo	5	5	5	5000	100	
Birmingham (divided)	500	2	—	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	27	10	—	5000	50	
Bolton and Bury	95	5	—	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	22	10	—	5000	40	
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	—	938	150	Bonds	100	5	—	60,000	—	
Chester and Blackwater	90	5	—	400	100	<i>Roads.</i>						
Chesterfield	120	8	—	1500	100	Barking	33	—	—	800	100	
Coventry	970	44	—	500	100	Commercial	102	10	5	1000	100	
Croydon	3	—	—	4546	100	— East-India	—	—	—	—	—	
Derby	135	6	—	600	100	Branch	100	5	—	—	100	
Dudley	63	3	—	2060 1/2	100	Great Dover Street	33	1	17 6	492	100	
Ellesmere and Chester	66	3	—	3675 1/2	133	Highgate Archway	4	—	—	2293	50	
Erewash	1060	58	—	231	100	Croydon Railway	12	1	—	1000	65	
Forth and Clyde	500	20	—	1297	100	Surrey Do.	10	—	—	1000	60	
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye	31	10	1 12	372	50	
Do. optional Loan	47	3	—	60	100	<i>Water Works.</i>						
Grand Junction	215	9	—	11,815 1/2	100	East London	87	—	—	3800	100	
Grand Surrey	60	3	—	1521	100	Grand Junction	56	2	10	4500	50	
Do. Loan	96	5	—	48,800	—	Kent	33	10	—	2000	100	
Grand Union	23	—	—	2849 1/2	100	London Bridge	50	2	10	1500	—	
Do. Loan	93	5	—	19,327 1/2	—	South London	24	—	—	800	100	
Grand Western	3	—	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	54	2	—	7540	50	
Grantham	130	7	—	749	150	York Buildings	24	—	—	1360	100	
Huddersfield	13	—	—	6312	100	<i>Insurances.</i>						
Kennet and Avon	18	—	10	25,328	100	Albion	44	2	10	2000	500	
Lancaster	25	10	1	11,690 1/2	100	Atlas	5	—	6	25,000	50	
Leeds and Liverpool	315	12	—	2879 1/2	100	Bath	575	40	—	—	—	
Leicester	290	14	—	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	—	300	1000	
Leicester & Northampton Union	83	4	—	1895	100	British	50	3	—	—	250	
Loughborough	2000	170	—	70	100	County	39	2	10	4000	100	
Melton Mowbray	—	12	—	250	100	Eagle	2	12	6	5	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	2409	100	European	20	—	—	50,000	20	
Monmouthshire	—	10	—	2409	100	Globe	122	6	—	1,000,000	100	
Do. Debutaires	92	5	—	43,328 1/2	100	Hope	3	5	—	40,000	50	
Montgomeryshire	70	—	—	700	100	Imperial	90	4	10	2400	500	
Neath	410	—	—	247	—	London Fire	24	1	4	3800	25	
North Wilts	—	—	—	170	25	London Ship	20	—	—	81,000	25	
Nottingham	200	12	—	500	100	Provident	17	18	—	2500	100	
Oxford	645	32	—	1720	100	Rack	1	19	—	2,100,000	—	
Peak Forest	65	3	—	2400	100	Royal Exchange	—	10	—	745,100	—	
Portsmouth and Arundel	35	—	—	2520	50	Sun Fire	—	8	10	—	—	
Regent's	26	—	—	12,204	100	Sun Life	23	10	—	4000	100	
Rochdale	45	2	—	5681	100	Union	35	1	4	1500	200	
Shrewsbury	165	9	—	500	125	<i>Gas Lights.</i>						
Shropshire	140	7	10	500	100	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	58	10	4	8000	50	
Somerset Coal	107	10	7	771	50	Do. New Shares	48	2	8	4000	50	
Stafford & Worcestershire	709	40	—	700	145	City Gas Light Company	102	8	—	1000	100	
Stourbridge	210	9	—	300	—	Do. New	53	4	—	1000	100	
Stratford on Avon	11	—	—	3647	—	Bath Gas	18	10	18 4	2500	20	
Stroudwater	495	22	—	—	—	Brighton Gas	15	—	13	1500	20	
Swansea	190	11	10	533	100	Bristol	26	2	—	1000	20	
Tavistock	90	—	—	350	100	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>						
Thames and Medway	21	—	—	2670	—	London	33	—	—	1000	75gs	
Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1810	75	—	1300	200	Russel	11	11	—	700	25gs	
Warwick and Birmingham	224	12	—	1000 1/2	100	Surrey	6	—	—	700	30gs	
Warwick and Napton	210	11	—	980	100	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>						
Wilts and Berks	—	—	—	14,288	105	Auction Mart	22	1	5	1080	50	
Wilsbech	60	—	—	125	—	British Copper Company	52	2	10	1307	100	
Worcester and Birmingham	24	1	—	6000	—	Golden Lane Brewery	16	1	12	2260	80	
<i>Docks.</i>												
Bristol	15	—	—	2209	146	Do.	11	1	—	3447	50	
Do. Notes	—	5	—	268,324 1/2	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19	1	—	2000	150	
Commercial	68	3	—	3132	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class	32	4	—	—	—	
East-India	168	10	—	450,000	100	Do. 2d. Class	69	3	—	—	—	
East Country	21	—	—	1038	100	City Bonds	105	5	—	—	—	
London	101	4	—	3,114,000	100							
West-India	176	10	—	1,200,000	100							

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th July to 23rd Aug.**

1821	Bank Stk.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
July 25	—	76½	75	—	95	108	—	—	—	234	59	—	—	6	76½
26	232½	76½	75	6	86½	95½	109	19½	—	—	59	—	—	6	76½
27	232½	76	76	5½	86½	95	109	19½	—	—	60	—	—	6	76½
28	—	76	75	—	—	95	108	19½	—	—	60	—	—	6	76½
30	231½	75½	74	3	—	94	108½	19½	—	—	232	59	—	5	75½
31	230½	74	74	—	85½	93	108	19½	—	230½	58	82	—	5	74½
Aug. 1	230½	75	74	—	85½	94	108	19½	—	—	57	—	75½	5	74½
2	230½	75½	74	5	85½	94	108	19½	—	231	58	—	—	6	75½
3	232	75½	74	5	86½	95	108	19½	—	231	60	—	—	6	75½
4	232	76	75½	—	86½	95½	109	19½	—	230½	60	—	—	6	75½
6	232	76	75½	—	—	95	108	19½	—	—	—	—	—	6	75½
7	233	76	75½	—	86½	95	108	19½	—	231	60	—	—	6	75½
8	—	76½	75	—	86½	95	109	19½	75½	—	60	83½	—	5	76
9	234	76½	75½	—	86½	95	108	19½	—	231	59	—	—	5	75½
10	233½	76½	75	—	86½	95	109	19½	75½	—	60	—	—	5	76
11	—	76½	75	6	86½	95½	109	19½	—	—	—	—	—	5	76½
13	234	76½	75	—	86½	95	108	19½	—	—	—	—	—	5	75½
14	235	76½	75	—	86½	95	108	19½	—	—	61	—	—	6	75½
15	—	76½	75	—	86½	95	109	19½	75½	—	60	83½	—	6	76
16	235½	76½	75	6	86½	95	109	19½	75½	—	59	—	—	6	76½
17	—	77	76	—	87½	96	109	19½	76	234	60	—	—	6	76½
18	—	77	76	—	87	96	109	19½	76	—	—	76½	—	6	76½
20	236	77	76	—	87	96	109	19½	—	—	59	—	—	6	76½
21	237	77	76	—	87	96	109	19½	—	234	—	—	—	6	76½
22	—	76½	76½	—	87	96	109	19½	76	—	—	—	—	5	76½
23	237	76½	76	—	87	96	109	19½	—	—	—	—	—	5	76½

**IRISH FUNDS.**

	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	City Debentures.	Pipe Water De- benture.	Wide Street Certificate
July 24	—	86½	85	—	109½	109	—	—	—	—
31	231	84½	84	—	108	109	93	—	—	—
Aug. 3	230½	84	83	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
4	230	84½	84	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
7	232	85	85	—	109	109	—	—	—	—
8	232	85	85	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
10	—	85	84	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
11	231½	85	85	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
17	—	85	85	—	108	108	—	—	—	—
18	—	85	85	—	108	108	—	—	—	—

**Prices of the  
FRENCH FUNDS,  
From July 27,  
to Aug. 18.**

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
July fr. c.	fr. c.	fr. c.
27	85	1525
30	85	1522
Aug. 2	86	40
4	86	35
7	87	60
8	87	90
11	87	80
14	88	30
16	88	25
18	88	20

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.					NEW YORK.		
	July 27	31	Aug. 3	10	17	July 10	14	17
Bank Shares.....	24	24	24	—	—	24	115	115
6 per cent.....	1812	99	99	99	98	98	109	109
		99½	99½	99½	99	100	110	110
		1814	101½	101½	101½	101½	111	111
		1815	103	103	103	103	112	112
3 per cent.....	70	70	70	70	70	—	—	—

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

We are not often in the habit of eulogizing our own work,—but we cannot neglect the opportunity which the following explanatory note gives us of calling the attention of our readers to the deep, eloquent, and masterly paper which stands first in our present Number. Such Confessions, so powerfully uttered, cannot fail to do more than interest the reader. We give the following chronological explanation in the author's own words, and at his request,—

NOTICE TO THE READER :—The incidents recorded in the Preliminary Confessions already published, lie within a period of which the earlier extreme is now rather more, and the latter extreme less, than nineteen years ago : consequently, in a popular way of computing dates, many of the incidents might be indifferently referred to a distance of eighteen or of nineteen years ; and, as the notes and memoranda for this narrative were drawn up originally about last Christmas, it seemed most natural in all cases to prefer the former date. In the hurry of composing the narrative, though some months had then elapsed, this date was every where retained : and, in many cases, perhaps, it leads to no error, or to none of importance. But in one instance, viz. where the author speaks of his own birthday, this adoption of one uniform date has led to a positive inaccuracy of an entire year : for, during the very time of composition, the *nineteenth* year from the earlier term of the whole period revolved to its close. It is, therefore, judged proper to mention, that the period of that narrative lies between the early part of July, 1802, and the beginning or middle of March, 1803.

We are still prevented from giving the 2d Number of the Lives of the Poets, owing to the absence of the author, who is at present on the Continent. We have every reason to expect his return in time to enable us to continue this interesting Series in our next Number, or in the one immediately succeeding.—In the meanwhile, we are enabled to promise a Second Letter from Mr. Edward Herbert, on *Greenwich Hospital*, with the prospect of others (addressed to the Family of the Powells) descriptive of Scenes in London, which our readers may feel interested in witnessing. Mr. Herbert appears to be a country gentleman of considerable curiosity, and his London Researches have led him into strange places, and have made him familiar with strange customs.

The Letters of T. T. T. and The Theban touch the Heart of Lion's Head. The feeling, temperate, and sensible spirit in which they are written, speaks eloquently for the minds of the writers, and we almost grieve at the severity which marked our rejection of their offers. They will, we are sure, properly estimate our present respect for their gentlemanly and intelligent acknowledgments of the justice of our rebukes.

The two little Poems found amongst the papers of a deceased young Lady, could never have been intended by the Authoress for publication. They are very pretty portfolio reading ; but printing would destroy them.

\* \* —No.

*Sonnet to Autumn*.—"Have not we seen that line before, Mr. Puff?"—The other Sonnet on the Anvil may as well not be hammered into shape. Venus has two dimpls.

The writer of "the following Lines" (which do *not follow*) has sent us his "*second thoughts*," which rather too closely resemble the *first thoughts* of some other Author. The verses that "are lighter" are sadly heavy. We should conceive from this specimen, that the Author had more power over tears than smiles. He might make a water-man; he is no *lighter-man*.

We are compelled to announce to E. R. that "the Storm" is blown over. The Broken Heart should certainly have a place in our pages, if we thought it would give pleasure either to the writer or to the public; but we are quite sure that its appearance in print would make more broken hearts than one.

We do not see any vast objection to the Sonnet of J. J. W.; it is as innocent as Sonnets generally are. But we have a word or two to say to this writer, on the subject of his "Russian Flower Girl, a simple Tale." Can the Author be serious in his wish that we should print it? A more painful and immoral rhapsody we never remember to have encountered from the most bewildered brain of the most bewildered novelist. J. J. W. will do well to write decently, if he cannot write ably.

The Stanzas of H. D. are very promising, if the Author be really young. But if he has reached twenty, we recommend him to cut the rhymes from his sonnets, and make essays of them.

The Streamlet is beautifully *written*. We were tempted to exclaim with Sir Roger de Coverley, "What a remarkably handsome hand!" By the bye, Mr. Carstairs appears to have been drilling our contributors of late; the soul of Tomkins is abroad!

We are grieved to reject the last lays of a Poet, who chaunts his own elegy. If he is really a swan "singing as he dies," he

Will not want beneath his head  
A downy pillow.

Let him

Put his head under his wing.

Lion's Head cannot see its way through L. L.'s "lines called *Night*." Were the Lion to put, as the writer requests, his "correcting hand" to them, L. L. would soon be induced to cry "*paws off!*"

Was G. asleep during the performance at the Haymarket which he affects to criticise? If not, we think he might as well have been so. The ability and the justice of his criticism are about upon a par.

We must also inform him that we *breed* our own critics.

There is another G. who addresses us, (for a very facetious reason,) "Dear Sir." Had all the lines been equal to the first one of his "Familiar Epistle," we should have been happy to avail ourselves of his contribution.

We are compelled to decline "One brief Remembrance of the Youthful Bard."

The papers from L——, and from Fitzroy Square, my Uncle John, &c. are received, and under consideration. *The Life*, by a Dublin Correspondent, is printed, for insertion.

We have received many other communications from Correspondents bespeaking or requiring our special lenity. We spare them accordingly, and thank them for their good *Intentions*.



# London Magazine.

N<sup>o</sup> XXII.

OCTOBER, 1821.

VOL. IV.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER

BEING AN EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF A SCHOLAR.

### PART II.

So then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-mother! thou that listest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee: the time was come at last that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces; no more should dream, and wake in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps—inheritors of our calamities: other orphans than Ann have sighed: tears have been shed by other children: and thou, Oxford-street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair-weather; the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom for many years to come, as a price of long immunity from sorrow: and if again I walked in London, a solitary and contemplative man (as oftentimes I did), I walked for the most part in serenity and peace of mind. And, although it is true that the calamities of my noviciate in London had struck root so deeply in my bodily constitution that afterwards they shot up and flourished afresh, and grew into a noxious umbrage that has overshadowed and darkened my latter years, yet these second assaults of suffering

were met with a fortitude more confirmed, with the resources of a maturer intellect, and with alleviations from sympathising affection—how deep and tender!

Thus, however, with whatsoever alleviations, years that were far asunder were bound together by subtle links of suffering derived from a common root. And herein I notice an instance of the short-sightedness of human desires, that oftentimes on moonlight nights, during my first mournful abode in London, my consolation was (if such it could be thought) to gaze from Oxford-street up every avenue in succession which pierces through the heart of Marylebone to the fields and the woods; for *that*, said I, travelling with my eyes up the long vistas which lay part in light and part in shade, "*that* is the road to the North, and therefore to ———, and if I had the wings of a dove, *that* way I would fly for comfort." Thus I said, and thus I wished, in my blindness; yet, even in that very northern region it was, even in that very valley, nay, in that very house to which my erroneous wishes pointed, that this second birth of my sufferings began; and that they again threatened to besiege the citadel of life and hope. There it was, that for years I was persecuted by visions as ugly, and as ghastly phantoms as ever haunted the couch of an Orestes: and in

this unhappier than he, that sleep, which comes to all as a respite and a restoration, and to him especially, as a blessed\* balm for his wounded heart and his haunted brain, visited me as my bitterest scourge. Thus blind was I in my desires; yet, if a veil interposes between the dim-sightedness of man and his future calamities, the same veil hides from him their alleviations; and a grief which had not been feared is met by consolations which had not been hoped. I, therefore, who participated, as it were, in the troubles of Orestes (excepting only in his agitated conscience), participated no less in all his supports: my Eumenides, like his, were at my bed-feet, and stared in upon me through the curtains: but, watching by my pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear me company through the heavy watches of the night, sate my Electra: for thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Electra! and neither in nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affection, wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife. For thou thoughtst not much to stoop to humble offices of kindness, and to servile† ministrations of tenderest affection;—to wipe away for years the unwholesome dews upon the forehead, or to refresh the lips when parched and baked with fever; nor, even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies that oftentimes bade me “sleep no more!”—not even then, didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love more than Electra did of old. For she too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the king‡ of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face§ in her robe.

But these troubles are past: and thou wilt read these records of a period so dolorous to us both as the legend of some hideous dream that can return no more. Meantime, I am again in London: and again I pace the terraces of Oxford-street by night: and oftentimes, when I am oppressed by anxieties that demand all my philosophy and the comfort of thy presence to support, and yet remember that I am separated from thee by three hundred miles, and the length of three dreary months,—I look up the streets that run northwards from Oxford-street, upon moonlight nights, and recollect my youthful ejaculation of anguish;—and remembering that thou art sitting alone in that same valley, and mistress of that very house to which my heart turned in its blindness nineteen years ago, I think that, though blind indeed, and scattered to the winds of late, the promptings of my heart may yet have had reference to a remoter time, and may be justified if read in another meaning:—and, if I could allow myself to descend again to the impotent wishes of childhood, I should again say to myself, as I look to the north, “Oh, that I had the wings of a dove—” and with how just a confidence in thy good and gracious nature might I add the other half of my early ejaculation—“And that way I would fly for comfort.”

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

It is so long since I first took opium, that if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and from circumstances connected with it, I remember that it must be referred to the autumn of 1804. During that season I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at college. And my introduction to opium arose in the following way. From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my

\* φίλον ὕπνυ δολιχῶτρον ἱπικυρον νοση.

† ἤθυ δαλυμα. Eurip. Orest.

‡ ἄμμα θνισ' ἴσω αποκλων.

§ ἀναβῶδρον Ἀγαμέμνον.

The scholar will know that throughout this passage I refer to the early scenes of the Orestes; one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the domestic affections which even the dramas of Euripides can furnish. To the English reader, it may be necessary to say, that the situation at the opening of the drama is that of a brother attended only by his sister during the demoniacal possession of a suffering conscience (or, in the mythology of the play, haunted by the furies), and in circumstances of immediate danger from enemies, and of desertion or cold regard from nominal friends.

head in cold water at least once a day: being suddenly seized with tooth-ache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by an accidental intermission of that practice; jumped out of bed; plunged my head into a basin of cold water; and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day, I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose. By accident I met a college acquaintance who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had of manna or of Ambrosia, but no further: how unmeaning a sound was it at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heart-quaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place and the time, and the man (if man he was) that first laid open to me the Paradise of Opium-caters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless: and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford-street; and near "the stately Pantheon," (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist—unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!—as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a Sunday: and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do: and furthermore, out of my shilling, returned me what seem-

ed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, in spite of such indications of humanity, he has ever since existed in my mind as the beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him, that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not: and thus to me, who knew not his name (if indeed he had one) he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford-street than to have removed in any bodily fashion. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist: it may be so: but my faith is better: I believe him to have *evanesced*,\* or evaporated. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature, that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking: and, what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it:—and in an hour, oh! Heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished, was now a trifle in my eyes:—this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea—a *φάρμακον ἀπέναντι* for all human woes: here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, ~~at~~ once discovered: happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked

\* *Evanesced*:—this way of going off the stage of life appears to have been well known in the 17th century, but at that time to have been considered a peculiar privilege of blood-royal, and by no means to be allowed to druggists. For about the year 1686, a poet of rather ominous name (and who, by the bye, did ample justice to his name), viz. Mr. *Flat-man*, in speaking of the death of Charles II. expresses his surprise that any prince should commit so absurd an act as dying; because, says he,

Kings should disdain to die, and only *disappear*.

They should *abscond*, that is, into the other world.

up in a pint bottle: and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail coach. But, if I talk in this way, the reader will think I am laughing: and I can assure him, that nobody will laugh long who deals much with opium: its pleasures even are of a grave and solemn complexion; and in his happiest state, the opium-eater cannot present himself in the character of *l'Allegro*: even then, he speaks and thinks as becomes *Il Penseroso*. Nevertheless, I have a very reprehensible way of jesting at times in the midst of my own misery: and, unless when I am checked by some more powerful feelings, I am afraid I shall be guilty of this indecent practice even in these annals of suffering or enjoyment. The reader must allow a little to my infirm nature in this respect: and with a few indulgences of that sort, I shall endeavour to be as grave, if not drowsy, as fits a themelike opium, so anti-mercurial as it really is, and so drowsy as it is falsely reputed.

And, first, one word with respect to its bodily effects: for upon all that has been hitherto written on the subject of opium, whether by travellers in Turkey (who may plead their privilege of lying as an old immemorial right); or by professors of medicine, writing *ex cathedra*,—I have but one emphatic criticism to pronounce—Lies! lies! lies! I remember once, in passing a book-stall, to have caught these words from a page of some satiric author:—"By this time I became convinced that the London newspapers spoke truth at least twice a week, viz. on Tuesday and Saturday, and might safely be depended upon for—the list of bankrupts." In like manner, I do by no means deny that some truths have been delivered to the world in regard to opium: thus it has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned, that opium is a dusky brown in colour; and this, take notice, I grant: secondly, that it is rather dear; which also I grant: for in my time, East-India opium has been three guineas

a pound, and Turkey eight: and, thirdly, that if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must—do what is particularly disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz. die.\* These weighty propositions are, all and singular, true: I cannot gainsay them: and truth ever was, and will be, commendable. But in these three theorems, I believe we have exhausted the stock of knowledge as yet accumulated by man on the subject of opium. And therefore, worthy doctors, as there seems to be room for further discoveries, stand aside, and allow me to come forward and lecture on this matter.

First, then, it is not so much affirmed as taken for granted, by all who ever mention opium, formally or incidentally, that it does, or can, produce intoxication. Now, reader, assure yourself, *meo periculo*, that no quantity of opium ever did, or could intoxicate. As to the tincture of opium (commonly called laudanum) that might certainly intoxicate if a man could bear to take enough of it; but why? because it contains so much proof spirit, and not because it contains so much opium. But crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degre* only incapable, but even in *kind*: it is not in the quantity of its effects merely, but in the quality, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines: that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute—the second, of chronic pleasure: the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his

\* Of this, however, the learned appear latterly to have doubted: for in a pirated edition of Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*, which I once saw in the hands of a farmer's wife who was studying it for the benefit of her health, the Doctor was made to say—"Be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum at once; the true reading being probably five and twenty drops, which are held equal to about one grain of crude opium."

self-possession: opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker: opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive: and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections: but then, with this remarkable difference, that in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the by-stander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears—no mortal knows why: and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benignant feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is, that even wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and to steady the intellect: I myself, who have never been a great wine-drinker, used to find that half a dozen glasses of wine advantageously affected the faculties—

brightened and intensified the consciousness—and gave to the mind a feeling of being “ponderibus librata suis:” and certainly it is most absurdly said, in popular language, of any man, that he is *disguises* in liquor: for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety; and it is when they are drinking (as some old gentleman says in *Athenæus*), that men *κατὰ ἀποβολὴν οὐσίας ἀπέ-* display themselves in their true complexion of character; which surely is not disguising themselves. But still, wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and to disperse the intellectual energies: whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal, part of his nature: but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

This is the doctrine of the true church on the subject of opium: of which church I acknowledge myself to be the only member—the alpha and the omega: but then it is to be recollected, that I speak from the ground of a large and profound personal experience: whereas most of the unscientific\* authors who have at all treated of opium, and even of

\* Amongst the great herd of travellers, &c. who show sufficiently by their stupidity that they never held any intercourse with opium, I must caution my reader specially against the brilliant author of “*Anastasius*.” This gentleman, whose wit would lead one to presume him an opium-eater, has made it impossible to consider him in that character from the grievous misrepresentation which he gives of its effects, at p. 215—17, of vol. I.—Upon consideration, it must appear such to the author himself: for, waiving the errors I have insisted on in the text, which (and others) are adopted in the fullest manner, he will himself admit, that an old gentleman “with a snow-white beard,” who eats “ample doses of opium,” and is yet able to deliver what is meant and received as very weighty counsel on the bad effects of that practice, is but an indifferent evidence that opium either kills people prematurely, or sends them into a mad-house. But, for my part, I see into this old gentleman and his motives: the fact is, he was enamoured of “the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug” which Anastasius carried about him; and no way of obtaining it so safe and so feasible occurred, as that of frightening its owner out of his wits (which, by the bye, are none of the strongest). This commentary throws a new light upon the case, and greatly improves it as a story: for the old gentleman’s speech, considered as a lecture on pharmacy, is highly absurd: but, considered as a hoax on Anastasius, it reads excellently.

those who have written expressly on the *materia medica*, make it evident, from the horror they express of it, that their experimental knowledge of its action is none at all. I will, however, candidly acknowledge that I have met with one person who bore evidence to its intoxicating power, such as staggered my own incredulity: for he was a surgeon, and had himself taken opium largely. I happened to say to him, that his enemies (as I had heard) charged him with talking nonsense on politics, and that his friends apologized for him, by suggesting that he was constantly in a state of intoxication from opium. Now the accusation, said I, is not *primâ facie*, and of necessity, an absurd one: but the defence is. To my surprise, however, he insisted that both his enemies and his friends were in the right: "I will maintain," said he, "that I *do* talk nonsense; and secondly, I will maintain that I do not talk nonsense upon principle, or with any view to profit, but solely and simply, said he, solely and simply,—solely and simply (repeating it three times over), because I am drunk with opium; and *that* daily." I replied that, as to the allegation of his enemies, as it seemed to be established upon such respectable testimony, seeing that the three parties concerned all agreed in it, it did not become me to question it; but the defence set up I must demur to. He proceeded to discuss the matter, and to lay down his reasons: but it seemed to me so impolite to pursue an argument which must have presumed a man mistaken in a point belonging to his own profession, that I did not press him even when his course of argument seemed open to objection: not to mention that a man who talks nonsense, even though "with no view to profit," is not altogether the most agreeable partner in a dispute, whether as opponent or respondent. I confess, however, that the authority of a surgeon, and one who was reputed a good one, may seem a weighty one to my prejudice: but still I must plead my experience, which was greater than his greatest by 7000 drops a day; and, though it was not possible to suppose a medical man unacquainted with the characteristic symptoms of vinous intoxication, it yet struck me that he might proceed

on a logical error of using the word intoxication with too great latitude, and extending it generically to all modes of nervous excitement, instead of restricting it as the expression for a specific sort of excitement, connected with certain diagnostics. Some people have maintained, in my hearing, that they had been drunk upon green tea: and a medical student in London, for whose knowledge in his profession I have reason to feel great respect, assured me, the other day, that a patient, in recovering from an illness, had got drunk on a beef-steak.

Having dwelt so much on this first and leading error, in respect to opium, I shall notice very briefly a second and a third; which are, that the elevation of spirits produced by opium is necessarily followed by a proportionate depression, and that the natural and even immediate consequence of opium is torpor and stagnation, animal and mental. The first of these errors I shall content myself with simply denying; assuring my reader, that for ten years, during which I took opium at intervals, the day succeeding to that on which I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of unusually good spirits.

With respect to the torpor supposed to follow, or rather (if we were to credit the numerous pictures of Turkish opium-eaters) to accompany the practice of opium-eating, I deny that also. Certainly, opium is classed under the head of narcotics; and some such effect it may produce in the end: but the primary effects of opium are always, and in the highest degree, to excite and stimulate the system: this first stage of its action always lasted with me, during my noviciate, for upwards of eight hours; so that it must be the fault of the opium-eater himself if he does not so time his exhibition of the dose (to speak medically) as that the whole weight of its narcotic influence may descend upon his sleep. Turkish opium-eaters, it seems, are absurd enough to sit, like so many equestrian statues, on logs of wood as stupid as themselves. But that the reader may judge of the degree in which opium is likely to stupify the faculties of an Englishman, I shall (by way of treating the question illustratively, rather than arguementa-

tively) describe the way in which I myself often passed an opium evening in London, during the period between 1804—1812. It will be seen, that at least opium did not move me to seek solitude, and much less to seek inactivity, or the torpid state of self-involution ascribed to the Turks. I give this account at the risk of being pronounced a crazy enthusiast or visionary: but I regard that little: I must desire my reader to bear in mind, that I was a hard student, and at severe studies for all the rest of my time: and certainly I had a right occasionally to relaxations as well as other people: these, however, I allowed myself but seldom.

The late Duke of—— used to say, “Next Friday, by the blessing of Heaven, I purpose to be drunk:” and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often, within a given time, and when, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks: for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as I did afterwards) for “a glass of laudanum *negus, warm, and without sugar.*” No: as I have said, I seldom drank laudanum, at that time, more than once in three weeks: this was usually on a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this. In those days Grassini sang at the Opera: and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. I know not what may be the state of the Opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years, but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of public resort in London for passing an evening. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres: the orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English orchestras, the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were divine to hear: and when Grassini appeared in some in-

terlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache, at the tomb of Hector, &c. I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the Paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the Barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the bye, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in Twelfth Night, I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature: it is a passage in the *Religio Medici*\* of Sir T. Brown; and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. But this is not so: it is by the re-action of the mind upon the notices of the ear, (the matter coming by the senses, the form from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed: and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. But, says a friend, a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them. Ideas! my good sir? there is no occasion for them: all that class of ideas, which can be available in such a case, has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes: it is sufficient to say, that a chorus, &c. of elaborate harmony, displayed before me, as in a piece of arras work, the whole of my past life—not, as if recalled by an act of

\* I have not the book at this moment to consult: but I think the passage begins—“And even that tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, in me strikes a deep fit of devotion,” &c.

memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music: no longer painful to dwell upon: but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction; and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings. And over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women: for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians: and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld the traveller lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds: for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my Opera pleasures: but another pleasure I had which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the Opera; for, at that time, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular Opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and auto-biographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What then was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labours that I rested from; no wages to receive: what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader: what you say is unanswerable. And yet so it was and is, that, whereas different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor, chiefly by sympathy, expressed in some shape or other, with their distresses and sorrows, I, at that time, was disposed to express my interest by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of; more than I wished to remember: but the

pleasures of the poor, their consolations of spirit, and their repose from bodily toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now Saturday night is the season for the chief, regular, and periodic return of rest to the poor: in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest: and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always, on a Saturday night, as though I also were released from some yoke of labour, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, to which the poor resort on a Saturday night, for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of his children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent: but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, hope, and tranquillity. And taken generally, I must say, that, in this point at least, the poor are far more philosophic than the rich—that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils, or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties; and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or expected to be so, or the quartern loaf a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were expected to fall, I was glad: yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of



consoling myself. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances: for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a north-west passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and head-lands I had doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, such enigmatical entries, and such sphynx's riddles of streets without thoroughfares, as must, I conceive, baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney-coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terre incognitæ*, and doubted, whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannized over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep, with the feeling of perplexities moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, or anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown that opium does not, of necessity, produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state, crowds become an oppression to him; music even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much, and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently

aware of the tendencies of my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them.—I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius: and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon matters of science. But for these remedies, I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. And, at that time, I often fell into these reveries upon taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me, on a summer-night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L—, at about the same distance, that I have sat, from sun-set to sun-rise, motionless, and without wishing to move.

I shall be charged with mysticism, Behmenism, quietism, &c. but that shall not alarm me. Sir H. Vane, the younger, was one of our wisest men: and let my readers see if he, in his philosophical works, be half as unmystical as I am.—I say, then, that it has often struck me that the scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of L— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by a dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance, and aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite granted from the secret burthens of the heart; a sa bath of repose; a resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwaried as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm: a tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opi-

um! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for "the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric steal-est away the purposes of wrath; and to the guilty man, for 'one night givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure from blood; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for

Wrongs unredress'd, and insults un-avenged;

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witnesses; and confoundest perjury; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges:—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendour of Babylon and Hekatómpylos: and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," call-est into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, oh, just, subtle, and mighty opium!

#### INTRODUCTION TO THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

Courteous, and, I hope, indulgent reader (for all *my* readers must be indulgent ones, or else, I fear, I shall shock them too much to count on their courtesy), having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards, for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I have said that my acquaintance with opium first began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten:—the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exist at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian, viz. diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms: or departed, however (which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-cad-

dies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, &c. have departed (not to speak of still frailer vessels, such as glasses, decanters, bed-makers, &c.) which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, &c. remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gowmsmen of either university, could give, I suspect, but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel-bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to six o'clock matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer: the porter who rang it, upon whose beautiful nose (bronze, inlaid with copper) I wrote, in retaliation, so many Greek epigrams, whilst I was dressing, is dead, and has ceased to disturb any body: and I, and many others, who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity: it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice a-day: and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind: but as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous, I call it, for, by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party): its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourable as the malice of the bell itself could wish: for I am 230 miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains. And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes, but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, &c. And how, and in what manner, do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period, viz. in 1812, living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my "house-keeper." And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, and in that sense a gentleman, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that in-

definite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned, perhaps; partly because, from my having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune; I am so classed by my neighbours: and, by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, &c. *esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour: yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., *esquire*, but not Justice of the Peace, nor *Custos Rotulorum*. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since "the rainy Sunday," and "the stately Pantheon," and "the beatific druggist" of 1804?—Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you, reader: in the phrase of ladies in the straw, "as well as can be expected." In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth, though, to satisfy the theories of medical men, I *ought* to be ill, I never was better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely, that the quantity of claret, port, or "particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years, during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by the opium I had taken for the eight years, between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from *Anastsius*; in divinity, for aught I know, or law, he may be a safe counsellor; but not in medicine. No: it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan; as I did: for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion: and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article, I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet, at least, (*i. e.* in 1812,) I am ignorant and unsuspecting of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its lenity. At the same time, it must

not be forgotten, that hitherto I have been only a dilettante eater of opium: eight years' practice even, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet. But now comes a different era. Move on, if you please, reader, to 1813. In the summer of the year we have just quitted, I had suffered much in bodily health from distress of mind connected with a very melancholy event. This event, being no ways related to the subject now before me, further than through the bodily illness which it produced, I need not more particularly notice. Whether this illness of 1812 had any share in that of 1813, I know not: but so it was, that in the latter year, I was attacked by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams. This is the point of my narrative on which, as respects my own self-justification, the whole of what follows may be said to hinge. And here I find myself in a perplexing dilemma:—Either, on the one hand, I must exhaust the reader's patience, by such a detail of my malady, and of my struggles with it, as might suffice to establish the fact of my inability to wrestle any longer with irritation and constant suffering: or, on the other hand, by passing lightly over this critical part of my story, I must forego the benefit of a stronger impression left on the mind of the reader, and must lay myself open to the misconstruction of having slipped by the easy and gradual steps of self-indulging persons, from the first to the final stage of opium-eating (a misconstruction to which there will be a lurking predisposition in most readers, from my previous acknowledgments.) This is the dilemma: the first horn of which would be sufficient to toss and gore any column of patient readers, though drawn up sixteen deep and constantly relieved by fresh men: consequently *that* is not to be thought of. It remains then, that I *postulate* so much as is necessary for my purpose. And let me take as full credit for what I *postulate* as if I had de-

monstrated it, good reader, at the expense of your patience and my own. Be not so ungenerous as to let me suffer in your good opinion through my own forbearance and regard for your comfort. No: believe all that I ask of you, viz. that I could resist no longer, believe it liberally, and as an act of grace: or else in mere prudence: for, if not, then in the next edition of my *Opium Confessions* revised and enlarged, I will make you believe and tremble: and à force d'enauoyer, by mere dint of pandiculation I will terrify all readers of mine from ever again questioning any postulate that I shall think fit to make.

This then, let me repeat, I postulate—that, at the time I began to take opium daily, I could not have done otherwise. Whether, indeed, afterwards I might not have succeeded in breaking off the habit, even when it seemed to me that all efforts would be unavailing, and whether many of the innumerable efforts which I *did* make, might not have been carried much further, and my gradual reconquests of ground lost might not have been followed up much more energetically—these are questions which I must decline. Perhaps I might make out a case of palliation; but, shall I speak ingenuously? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an Eudæmonist: I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others: I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness: and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit. On some other matters, I can agree with the gentlemen in the cotton-trade\* at Manchester in affecting the Stoic philosophy: but not in this. Here I take the liberty of an Eclectic philosopher, and I look out for some courteous and considerate sect that will condescend nore to the infirm condition of an opium-eater; that are 'sweet men,' as Chaucer says, 'to give absolution,' and will show some conscience in the penances

they inflict, and the efforts of abstinence they exact, from poor sinners like myself. An inhuman moralist I can no more endure in my nervous state than opium that has not been boiled. At any rate, he, who summons me to send out a large freight of self-denial and mortification upon any cruising voyage of moral improvement, must make it clear to my understanding that the concern is a hopeful one. At my time of life (six and thirty years of age) it cannot be supposed that I have much energy to spare: in fact, I find it all little enough for the intellectual labours I have on my hands: and, therefore, let no man expect to frighten me by a few hard words into embarking any part of it upon desperate adventures of morality.

Whether desperate or not, however, the issue of the struggle in 1813 was what I have mentioned; and from this date, the reader is to consider me as a regular and confirmed opium-eater, of whom to ask whether on any particular day he had or had not taken opium, would be to ask whether his lungs had performed respiration, or the heart fulfilled its functions.—You understand now, reader, what I am: and you are by this time aware, that no old gentleman, "with a snow-white beard," will have any chance of persuading me to surrender "the little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug." No: I give notice to all, whether moralists or surgeons, that, whatever be their pretensions and skill in their respective lines of practice, they must not hope for any countenance from me, if they think to begin by any savage proposition for a Lent or Ramadan of abstinence from opium. This then being all fully understood between us, we shall in future sail before the wind. Now then, reader, from 1813, where all this time we have been sitting down and loitering—rise up, if you please, and walk forward about three years more. Now draw up the curtain, and you shall see me in a new character.

If any man, poor or rich, were to

\* A handsome news-room, of which I was very politely made free in passing through Manchester by several gentlemen of that place, is called, I think, *The Porch*: whence I, who am a stranger in Manchester, inferred that the subscribers meant to profess themselves followers of Zeno. But I have been since assured that this is a mistake.

say that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why, and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out—Hear him! Hear him!—As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to name: because any event, that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of his life, or be entitled to have shed a special felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character, as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest year, it may be allowed to any man to point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in my case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewelers), set as it were, and insulated, in the gloom and cloudy melancholy of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from 320 grains of opium (i. e. eight\* thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summits of mountains, drew off in one day (*νύξ θημειον*); passed off with its murky banners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring tide—

That moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only 1000 drops of laudanum per day: and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth: my brain performed its functions as healthily as

ever before: I read Kant again; and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me: and if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else was wanting to a wise man's happiness,—of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a golden cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember, about this time, a little incident, which I mention, because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst English mountains, I cannot conjecture: but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort: his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out, that his attainments in English were exactly of the same extent as hers in the Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulph fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. I did not immediately go down: but, when I did, the group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident,

\* I here reckon twenty-five drops of laudanum as equivalent to one grain of opium, which, I believe, is the common estimate. However, as both may be considered variable quantities (the crude opium varying much in strength, and the tincture still more), I suppose that no infinitesimal accuracy can be had in such a calculation. Tea-spoons vary as much in size as opium in strength. Small ones hold about 100 drops: so that 8000 drops are about eighty times a tea-spoonful. The reader sees how much I kept within Dr. Buchan's indulgent allowance.

though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye in a way that none of the statuesque attitudes exhibited in the ballets at the Opera House, though so ostentatiously complex, had ever done. In a cottage kitchen, but panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, and looking more like a rustic hall of entrance than a kitchen, stood the Malay—his turban and loose trowsers of dingy white relieved upon the dark paneling: he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish; though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. And a more striking picture there could not be imagined, than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite fairness, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, enamelled or veneered with mahogany, by marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head, and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the young woman for protection. My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being indeed confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (madjoon), which I have learnt from Anastasius. And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung's *Mithridates*, which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the Iliad; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, Greek, in point of longi-

tude, came geographically nearest to an Oriental one. He worshipped me in a most devout manner, and replied in what I suppose was Malay. In this way I saved my reputation with my neighbours: for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him with a piece of opium. To him, as an Orientalist, I concluded that opium must be familiar: and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and (in the school-boy phrase) bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill three dragoons and their horses: and I felt some alarm for the poor creature: but what could be done? I had given him the opium in compassion for his solitary life, on recollecting that if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. I could not think of violating the laws of hospitality, by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, and thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol. No: there was clearly no help for it:—he took his leave: and for some days I felt anxious: but as I never heard of any Malay being found dead, I became convinced that he was used\* to opium: and that I must have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, because this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my dreams, and brought other

\* This, however, is not a necessary conclusion: the varieties of effect produced by opium on different constitutions are infinite. A London Magistrate (Harriott's *Struggles through Life*, vol. iii. p. 391, Third Edition), has recorded that, on the first occasion of his trying laudanum for the gout, he took forty drops, the next night sixty, and on the fifth night eighty, without any effect whatever: and this at an advanced age. I have an anecdote from a country surgeon, however, which sinks Mr. Harriott's case into a trifle; and in my projected medical treatise on opium, which I will publish, provided the College of Surgeons will pay me for enlightening their benighted understandings upon this subject, I will relate it: but it is far too good a story to be published gratis.

Malays with him worse than himself, that ran "a-muck" \* at me, and led me into a world of troubles.— But to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have said already, that on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a plough-boy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep into such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East India and Turkey—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery—and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of 8000 drops of laudanum per day (just, for the same reason, as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with cancer—an English one, twenty years ago, with plague—and a third, I know not of what nation, with hydrophobia),—I (it will be admitted) must surely know what happiness is, if any body does. And, therefore, I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapt up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure. This done, I shall quit the subject of happiness altogether, and pass to a very different one—the *pains of opium*.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, 18 miles from any town—no spacious valley, but about two miles long, by three quarters of a mile in average width; the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains

be real mountains, between 3 and 4000 feet high; and the cottage, a real cottage; not (as a witty author has it) "a cottage with a double coach-house:" let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering round the windows through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn—beginning, in fact, with May roses; and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn—but winter, in his sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, and think it matter of congratulation that winter is going; or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm, of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford us. Surely every body is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

And at the doors and windows seem to call,  
As heav'n and earth they would together  
mell;

Yet the least entrance find they none at all;  
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in  
massy hill.—*Castle of Indolence*.

All these are items in the description of a winter evening, which must surely be familiar to every body born in a high latitude. And it is evident, that most of these delicacies, like ice-cream, require a very low temperature of the atmosphere to produce them: they are fruits which cannot be ripened without weather stormy or inclement, in some way or other. I am not "*particular*," as people say, whether it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong, that (as Mr. — says) "you may lean your back against it like a post." I can put up even with rain, provided it rains cats and dogs: but

\* See the common accounts in any Eastern traveller or voyager of the frantic excesses committed by Malays who have taken opium, or are reduced to desperation by ill luck at gambling.

something of the sort I must have: and, if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used: for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter, in coals, and candles, and various privations that will occur even to gentlemen, if I am not to have the article good of its kind? No: a Canadian winter for my money: or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter, that I cannot relish a winter night fully if it be much past St. Thomas's day, and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies to vernal appearances: no: it must be divided by a thick wall of dark nights from all return of light and sunshine.—From the latter weeks of October to Christmas-eve, therefore, is the period during which happiness is in season, which, in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray: for tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally of coarse nerves, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favourite beverage of the intellectual: and, for my part, I would have joined Dr. Johnson in a *bellum internecinum* against Jonas Hanway, or any other iniquitous person, who should presume to disparage it.—But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter; and give him directions for the rest of the picture. Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained: but as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required, except for the inside of the house.

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing-room: but, being contrived “a double debt to pay,” it is also, and more justly, termed the library; for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbours. Of these, I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it popu-

lous with books: and, furthermore, paint me a good fire; and furniture, plain and modest, besitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire, paint me a tea-table; and (as it is clear that no creature can come to see one such a stormy night,) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray: and, if you know how to paint such a thing symbolically, or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot—eternal *à parte ante*, and *à parte post*; for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning. And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for oneself, paint me a lovely young woman, sitting at the table. Paint her arms like Aurora's, and her smiles like Hebe's:—But no, dear M., not even in jest let me insinuate that thy power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty; or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil. Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within thy power: and the next article brought forward should naturally be myself—a picture of the Opium-eater, with his “little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug,” lying beside him on the table. As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of that, though I would rather see the original: you may paint it, if you choose; but I apprise you, that no “little” receptacle would, even in 1816, answer my purpose, who was at a distance from the “stately Pantheon,” and all druggists (mortal or otherwise). No: you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a wine-decanter as possible. Into this you may put a quart of ruby-coloured laudamm: that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighbourhood; but, as to myself,—there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture; that being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable: but why should I confess, on this point, to a painter? or why confess at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my confessions,



and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself, of the Opium-eater's exterior,—should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person, or a handsome face, why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion—pleasing both to the public and to me? No: paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy: and, as a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816—17: up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man: and the elements of that happiness I have endeavoured to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening.

But now farewell—a long farewell to happiness—winter or summer! farewell to smiles and laughter! farewell to peace of mind! farewell to hope and to tranquil dreams, and to the blessed consolations of sleep! for more than three years and a half I am summoned away from these: I am now arrived at an Iliad of woes: for I have now to record

#### THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

—as when some great painter dips  
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and  
eclipse. *Shelley's Revolt of Islam.*

Reader, who have thus far accompanied me, I must request your attention to a brief explanatory note on three points:

1. For several reasons, I have not been able to compose the notes for this part of my narrative into any regular and connected shape. I give the notes disjointed as I find them, or have now drawn them up from memory. Some of them point to their own date; some I have dated; and some are undated. Whenever it could answer my purpose to transplant them from the natural or chronological order, I have not scrupled to do so. Sometimes I speak in the present, sometimes in the past tense. Few of the notes, perhaps, were written exactly at the period of time to which they relate; but this can little affect their accuracy; as the impressions were such that they can never

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fade from my mind. Much has been omitted. I could not, without effort, constrain myself to the task of either recalling, or constructing into a regular narrative, the whole burthen of horrors which lies upon my brain. This feeling partly I plead in excuse, and partly that I am now in London, and am a helpless sort of person, who cannot even arrange his own papers without assistance; and I am separated from the hands which are wont to perform for me the offices of an amanuensis.

2. You will think, perhaps, that I am too confidential and communicative of my own private history. It may be so. But my way of writing is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humours, than much to consider who is listening to me; and, if I stop to consider what is proper to be said to this or that person, I shall soon come to doubt whether any part at all is proper. The fact is, I place myself at a distance of fifteen or twenty years ahead of this time, and suppose myself writing to those who will be interested about me hereafter; and wishing to have some record of a time, the entire history of which no one can know but myself, I do it as fully as I am able with the efforts I am now capable of making, because I know not whether I can ever find time to do it again.

3. It will occur to you often to ask, why did I not release myself from the horrors of opium, by leaving it off, or diminishing it? To this I must answer briefly: it might be supposed that I yielded to the fascinations of opium too easily; it cannot be supposed that any man can be charmed by its terrors. The reader may be sure, therefore, that I made attempts innumerable to reduce the quantity. I add, that those who witnessed the agonies of those attempts, and not myself, were the first to beg me to desist. But could not I have reduced it a drop a day, or by adding water, have bisected or trisected a drop? A thousand drops bisected would thus have taken nearly six years to reduce; and that way would certainly not have answered. But this is a common mistake of those who know nothing of opium experimentally; I appeal to those who do, whether it is not always found that down to a certain point it can be re-

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duced with ease and even pleasure, but that, after that point, further reduction causes intense suffering. Yes, say many thoughtless persons, who know not what they are talking of, you will suffer a little low spirits and dejection for a few days. I answer, no; there is nothing like low spirits; on the contrary, the mere animal spirits are uncommonly raised: the pulse is improved: the health is better. It is not there that the suffering lies. It has no resemblance to the sufferings caused by renouncing wine. It is a state of unutterable irritation of stomach (which surely is not much like dejection), accompanied by intense perspirations, and feelings such as I shall not attempt to describe without more space at my command.

I shall now enter "*in medias res*," and shall anticipate, from a time when my opium pains might be said to be at their *acmé*, an account of their palsyng effects on the intellectual faculties.

My studies have now been long interrupted. I cannot read to myself with any pleasure, hardly with a moment's endurance. Yet I read aloud sometimes for the pleasure of others; because, reading is an accomplishment of mine; and, in the slang use of the word *accomplishment* as a superficial and ornamental attainment, almost the only one I possess: and formerly, if I had any vanity at all connected with any endowment or attainment of mine, it was with this; for I had observed that no accomplishment was so rare. Players are the worst readers of all: — reads vilely: and Mrs. —, who is so celebrated, can read nothing well but dramatic compositions: Milton she cannot read sufferably. People in general either read poetry without any passion at all, or else overstep the modesty of nature, and read not like scholars. Of late, if I have felt moved by any thing in books, it has been by the grand lamentations of Sampson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the Satanic speeches in Paradise Regained, when read aloud by myself. A young lady sometimes comes and drinks tea with us: at her request and M.'s I now and then read W.—'s poems to them. (W. by the bye, is the only poet I ever met

who could read his own verses: often indeed he reads admirably.)

For nearly two years I believe that I read no book but one: and I owe it to the author, in discharge of a great debt of gratitude, to mention what that was. The sublimer and more passionate poets I still read, as I have said, by snatches, and occasionally. But my proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding. Now, for the most part, analytic studies are continuous, and not to be pursued by fits and starts, or fragmentary efforts. Mathematics, for instance, intellectual philosophy, &c. were all become insupportable to me; I shrunk from them with a sense of powerless and infantine feebleness that gave me an anguish the greater from remembering the time when I grappled with them to my own hourly delight; and for this further reason, because I had devoted the labour of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect, blossoms and fruits, to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work, to which I had presumed to give the title of an unfinished work of Spinoza's; viz. *De emendatione humani intellectus*. This was now lying locked up, as by frost, like any Spanish bridge or aqueduct, begun upon too great a scale for the resources of the architect; and, instead of surviving me as a monument of wishes at least, and aspirations, and a life of labour dedicated to the exaltation of human nature in that way in which God had best fitted me to promote so great an object, it was likely to stand a memorial to my children of hopes defeated, of baffled efforts, of materials uselessly accumulated, of foundations laid that were never to support a superstructure,—of the grief and the ruin of the architect. In this state of imbecility, I had, for amusement, turned my attention to political economy; my understanding, which formerly had been as active and restless as a hyena, could not, I suppose (so long as I lived at all) sink into utter lethargy; and political economy offers this advantage to a person in my state, that though it is eminently an organic science (no part, that is to say, but what acts on the whole, as the whole again re-acts on each part), yet the several parts

may be detached and contemplated singly. Great as was the prostration of my powers at this time, yet I could not forget my knowledge; and my understanding had been for too many years intimate with severe thinkers, with logic, and the great masters of knowledge, not to be aware of the utter feebleness of the main herd of modern economists. I had been led in 1811 to look into loads of books and pamphlets on many branches of economy; and, at my desire, M. sometimes read to me chapters from more recent works, or parts of parliamentary debates. I saw that these were generally the very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect; and that any man of sound head, and practised in wielding logic with a scholastic adroitness, might take up the whole academy of modern economists, and throttle them between heaven and earth with his finger and thumb, or bray their fungus heads to powder with a lady's fan. At length, in 1819, a friend in Edinburgh sent me down Mr. Ricardo's book: and recurring to my own prophetic anticipation of the advent of some legislator for this science, I said, before I had finished the first chapter, "Thou art the man!" Wonder and curiosity were emotions that had long been dead in me. Yet I wondered once more: I wondered at myself that I could once again be stimulated to the effort of reading: and much more I wondered at the book. Had this profound work been really written in England during the nineteenth century? Was it possible? I supposed thinking\* had been extinct in England. Could it be that an Englishman, and he not in academic bowers, but oppressed by mercantile and senatorial cares, had accomplished what all the universities of Europe, and a century of thought, had failed even to advance by one hair's breadth? All other writers had been crushed and overlaid by the enormous weight of facts and documents; Mr. Ricardo had deduced, *à priori*, from the understanding itself, laws which first

gave a ray of light into the unwieldy chaos of materials, and had constructed what had been but a collection of tentative discussions into a science of regular proportions, now first standing on an eternal basis.

Thus did one single work of a profound understanding avail to give me a pleasure and an activity which I had not known for years:—it roused me even to write, or, at least, to dictate, what M. wrote for me. It seemed to me, that some important truths had escaped even "the inevitable eye" of Mr. Ricardo: and, as these were, for the most part, of such a nature that I could express or illustrate them more briefly and elegantly by algebraic symbols than in the usual chumsy and loitering diction of economists, the whole would not have filled a pocket-book; and being so brief, with M. for my amanuensis, even at this time, incapable as I was of all general exertion, I drew up my *Prolegomena to all future Systems of Political Economy*. I hope it will not be found redolent of opium; though, indeed, to most people, the subject itself is a sufficient opiate.

This exertion, however, was but a temporary flash; as the sequel showed—for I designed to publish my work: arrangements were made at a provincial press, about eighteen miles distant, for printing it. An additional compositor was retained, for some days, on this account. The work was even twice advertised: and I was, in a manner, pledged to the fulfilment of my intention. But I had a preface to write; and a dedication, which I wished to make a splendid one, to Mr. Ricardo. I found myself quite unable to accomplish all this. The arrangements were countermanded: the compositor dismissed: and my "Prolegomena" rested peacefully by the side of its elder and more dignified brother.

I have thus described and illustrated my intellectual torpor, in terms that apply, more or less, to every part of the four years during which I was under the Circean spells of opium.

\* The reader must remember what I here mean by *thinking*: because, else this would be a very presumptuous expression. England, of late, has been rich to excess in fine thinkers, in the departments of creative and combining thought; but there is a sad dearth of masculine thinkers in any analytic path. A Scotchman of eminent name has lately told us, that he is obliged to quit even mathematics, for want of encouragement.

But for misery and suffering, I might, indeed, be said to have existed in a dormant state. I seldom could prevail on myself to write a letter; an answer of a few words, to any that I received, was the utmost that I could accomplish; and often *that* not until the letter had lain weeks, or even months, on my writing table. Without the aid of M. all records of bills paid, or *to be* paid, must have perished: and my whole domestic economy, whatever became of Political Economy, must have gone into irretrievable confusion.—I shall not afterwards allude to this part of the case: it is one, however, which the opium-eater will find, in the end, as oppressive and tormenting as any other, from the sense of incapacity and feebleness, from the direct embarrassments incident to the neglect or procrastination of each day's appropriate duties, and from the remorse which must often exasperate the stings of these evils to a reflective and conscientious mind. The opium-eater loses none of his moral sensibilities, or aspirations: he wishes and longs, as earnestly as ever, to realize what he believes possible, and feels to be exacted by duty; but his intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt. He lies under the weight of incubus and night-mare: he lies in sight of all that he would fain perform, just as a man forcibly confined to his bed by the mortal languor of a relaxing disease, who is compelled to witness injury or outrage offered to some object of his tenderest love:—he curses the spells which chain him down from motion:—he would lay down his life if he might but get up and walk; but he is powerless as an infant, and cannot even attempt to rise.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the re-awakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that

many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or a semi-voluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions, as a Roman centurion over his soldiers.—In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before *Œdipus* or *Priam*—before *Tyre*—before *Memphis*. And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That, as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point—that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty; for, as *Midas* turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye; and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colours, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendour that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly in-

communicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* re-ascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal dependency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c. were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for 70 or 100 years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived: I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings. I *recognised* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true; viz. that the dread book of account, which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of

this at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may, and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil—and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy, whom, I confess, that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians: and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words so often occurring in Livy—*Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say, that the words king—sultan—regent, &c. or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history, viz. the period of the Parliamentary War, having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And

I heard it said, or I said to myself, "these are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sate at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642, never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby, cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel sabre, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship."—The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries.—This pageant would suddenly dissolve: and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*: and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alulagmos* of the Roman legions.

Many years ago, when I was looking over Piranesi's Antiquities of Rome, Mr. Coleridge, who was standing by, described to me a set of plates by that artist, called his *Dreams*, and which record the scenery of his own visions during the delirium of a fever. Some of them (I describe only from memory of Mr. Coleridge's account) represented vast Gothic halls: on the floor of which stood all sorts of engines and machinery, wheels, cables, pulleys, levers, catapults, &c. &c. expressive of enormous power put forth, and resistance overcome. Creeping along the sides of the walls, you perceived a staircase; and upon it, groping his way upwards, was Piranesi himself: follow the stairs a little further, and you perceive it come to a sudden abrupt termination, without any balustrade, and allowing no step onwards to him who had reached the extremity, except into the depths below. Whatever is to become of poor Piranesi, you suppose, at least, that his labours must in some way terminate here. But raise your eyes, and behold a second flight of stairs still higher: on which again Piranesi is perceived, but this time

standing on the very brink of the abyss. Again elevate your eye, and a still more aerial flight of stairs is beheld: and again is poor Piranesi busy on his aspiring labours: and so on, until the unfinished stairs and Piranesi both are lost in the upper gloom of the hall.—With the same power of endless growth and self-reproduction did my architecture proceed in dreams. In the early stage of my malady, the splendours of my dreams were indeed chiefly architectural: and I beheld such pomp of cities and palaces as was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. From a great modern poet I cite part of a passage which describes, as an appearance actually beheld in the clouds, what in many of its circumstances I saw frequently in sleep:

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,  
Far sinking into splendor—without end!  
Fabric it seem'd of diamond, and of gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright  
In avenues disposed; there towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless  
fronts

Bore stars—illumination of all gems!  
By earthly nature had the effect been  
wrought

Upon the dark materials of the storm  
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,  
And mountain-steeps and summits, where-  
unto

The vapours had receded,—taking there  
Their station under a cerulean sky. &c. &c.

The sublime circumstance—"battlements that on their *restless* fronts bore stars,"—might have been copied from my architectural dreams, for it often occurred.—We hear it reported of Dryden, and of Fuseli in modern times, that they thought proper to eat raw meat for the sake of obtaining splendid dreams: how much better for such a purpose to have eaten opium, which yet I do not remember that any poet is recorded to have done, except the dramatist Shadwell: and in ancient days, Homer is, I think, rightly reputed to have known the virtues of opium.

To my architecture succeeded dreams of lakes—and silvery expanses of water:—these haunted me so much, that I feared (though pos-

sibly it will appear ludicrous to a medical man) that some dropsical state or tendency of the brain might thus be making itself (to use a metaphysical word) *objective*; and the sentient organ *project* itself as its own object. — For two months I suffered greatly in my head,—a part of my bodily structure which had hitherto been so clear from all touch or taint of weakness (physically, I mean), that I used to say of it, as the last Lord Orford said of his stomach, that it seemed likely to survive the rest of my person.—Till now I had never felt a head-ach even, or any the slightest pain, except rheumatic pains caused by my own folly. However, I got over this attack, though it must have been verging on something very dangerous.

The waters now changed their character,—from translucent lakes, shining like mirrors, they now became seas and oceans. And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens: faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upwards by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite,—my mind tossed—and surged with the ocean.

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 May, 1818.

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes

of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, and elaborate religions of Indostan, &c. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, modes of faith, &c. is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, thought not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges, or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics, or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery, and mythological tortures, impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sun-lights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in

all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas: and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia: Vishnu hated me: Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphynxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

I thus give the reader some slight abstraction of my oriental dreams, which always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed, for a while, in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later, came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness. Into these dreams only, it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, &c. All the feet of the tables, sofas, &c. soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated.

And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way: I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear every thing when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bed-side; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

— June, 1819.

I have had occasion to remark, at various periods of my life, that the deaths of those whom we love, and indeed the contemplation of death generally, is (*cæteris paribus*) more affecting in summer than in any other season of the year. And the reasons are these three, I think: first, that the visible heavens in summer appear far higher, more distant, and (if such a solecism may be excused) more infinite; the clouds, by which chiefly the eye expounds the distance of the blue pavilion stretched over our heads, are in summer more voluminous, massed, and accumulated in far grander and more towering piles: secondly, the light and the appearances of the declining and the setting sun are much more fitted to be types and characters of the Infinite: and, thirdly, (which is the main reason) the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life naturally forces the mind more powerfully upon the antagonist thought of death, and the wintry sterility of the grave. For it may be observed, generally, that wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist, as it were, by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other. On these accounts it is that I find it impossible to banish the thought of death when I am walking alone in the endless days of summer; and any particular death, if not more affecting, at least haunts my mind more obstinately and be-



siegingly in that season. Perhaps this cause, and a slight incident which I omit, might have been the immediate occasions of the following dream; to which, however, a predisposition must always have existed in my mind; but having been once roused, it never left me, and split into a thousand fantastic varieties, which often suddenly reunited, and composed again the original dream.

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sun-rise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "it yet wants much of sun-rise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to Heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer." And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon,

the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited: but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamp-light fell upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe, but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

As a final specimen, I cite one of a different character, from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity,

sity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more!"

But I am now called upon to wind up a narrative which has already extended to an unreasonable length. Within more spacious limits, the materials which I have used might have been better unfolded; and much which I have not used might have been added with effect. Perhaps, however, enough has been given. It now remains that I should say something of the way in which this conflict of horrors was finally brought to its crisis. The reader is already aware (from a passage near the beginning of the introduction to the first part) that the opium-eater has, in some way or other, "unwound, almost to its final links, the accursed chain which bound him." By what means? To have narrated this, according to the original intention, would have far exceeded the space which can now be allowed. It is fortunate, as such a cogent reason exists for abridging it, that I should, on a maturer view of the case, have been exceedingly unwilling to injure,

by any such unaffecting details, the impression of the history itself, as an appeal to the prudence and the conscience of the yet unconfirmed opium-eater—or even (though a very inferior consideration) to injure its effect as a composition. The interest of the judicious reader will not attach itself chiefly to the subject of the fascinating spells, but to the fascinating power. Not the opium-eater, but the opium, is the true hero of the tale; and the legitimate centre on which the interest revolves. The object was to display the marvellous agency of opium, whether for pleasure or for pain: if that is done, the action of the piece has closed.

However, as some people, in spite of all laws to the contrary, will persist in asking what became of the opium-eater, and in what state he now is, I answer for him thus: The reader is aware that opium had long ceased to found its empire on spells of pleasure; it was solely by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that it kept its hold. Yet, as other tortures, no less it may be thought, attended the non-abjuration of such a tyrant, a choice only of evils was left; and *that* might as well have been adopted, which, however terrific in itself, held out a prospect of final restoration to happiness. This appears true; but good logic gave the author no strength to act upon it. However, a crisis arrived for the author's life, and a crisis for other objects still dearer to him—and which will always be far dearer to him than his life, even now that it is again a happy one.—I saw that I must die if I continued the opium: I determined, therefore, if that should be required, to die in throwing it off. How much I was at that time taking I cannot say; for the opium which I used had been purchased for me by a friend who afterwards refused to let me pay him; so that I could not ascertain even what quantity I had used within the year. I apprehend, however, that I took it very irregularly: and that I varied from about fifty or sixty grains, to 150 a-day. My first task was to reduce it to forty, to thirty, and, as fast as I could, to twelve grains.

I triumphed: but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended; nor think of me as of

one sitting in a *dejected state*. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them left by a most innocent sufferer\* (of the times of James I.). Meantime, I derived no benefit from any medicine, except one prescribed to me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence, viz. ammoniated tincture of Valerian. Medical account, therefore, of my emancipation I have not much to give: and even that little, as managed by a man so ignorant of medicine as myself, would probably tend only to mislead. At all events, it would be misplaced in this situation. The moral of the narrative is addressed to the opium-eater; and therefore, of necessity, limited in its application. If he is taught to fear and tremble, enough has been effected. But he may say, that the issue of my case is at least a proof that opium, after a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, may still be renounced: and that *he* may chance to bring to the task greater energy than I did, or that with a stronger constitution than mine he may obtain the same results with less. This may be true: I would not presume to measure the

efforts of other men by my own: I heartily wish him more energy: I wish him the same success. Nevertheless, I had motives external to myself which he may unfortunately want: and these supplied me with conscientious supports which mere personal interests might fail to supply to a mind debilitated by opium.

Jeremy Taylor conjectures that it may be as painful to be born as to die: I think it probable: and, during the whole period of diminishing the opium, I had the torments of a man passing out of one mode of existence into another. The issue was not death, but a sort of physical regeneration: and I may add, that ever since, at intervals, I have had a restoration of more than youthful spirits, though under the pressure of difficulties, which, in a less happy state of mind, I should have called misfortunes.

One memorial of my former condition still remains: my dreams are not yet perfectly calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided: the legions that encamped in them are drawing off, but not all departed: my sleep is still tumultuous, and, like the gates of Paradise to our first parents when looking back from afar, it is still (in the tremendous line of Milton)—

With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.

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#### ESTEPHANIA DE GANTEMES, A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AMONG the extraordinary institutions which took their rise from the modes of thinking prevalent in the middle ages, not the least remark-

able was that of "the Courts of Love."† These tribunals were composed of females, distinguished by their rank and character, to whom

\* William Lithgow: his book (*Travels, &c.*) is ill and pedantically written: but the account of his own sufferings on the rack at Malaga is overpoweringly affecting.

† These courts (on the existence of which some doubts had been cast by the incredulity of modern writers) have lately excited the curiosity of the learned. Some light has been gained from the examination of a work written by one Andrew, chaplain at the Court of the King of France, whom Fabricius supposes to have lived about 1170. It is in MS. in the king's library at Paris, 8768; and there have been three impressions of it. The first is without date; but attributed to a time little subsequent to the invention of printing. The second is entitled *Erotica seu Amatoria Andrea Capellani Regii, vetustissimi scriptoris ad venerandum suum amicum Gualterum scripta, nunquam antehac edita, sed sæpius a multis desiderata; nunc tandem fide diversorum MSS. codicum in publicum emissa a Dethmaro Mullero, Dorponundæ, typis Westhoviæ. 1610.* The third edition is dated "Tremoniz, typis Westhoviæ, anno 1614."

The librarian of Munich, M. Aretin, has availed himself of the information derived from Andrew's book; and he has been followed by M. Reynouard, to whose entertaining remarks on the subject I refer my reader. They are contained in the second volume of his valuable work, entitled, *Extraits des Troubadours, &c.* now publishing from the press of Didot.

the most nice and difficult questions relating to engagements between the sexes (of course, honourable ones only) were referred. The decisions to which they came on particular cases, appear to have been diligently recorded, and a code of laws to have been framed upon them, which served to regulate the intercourse between the sexes on principles so extravagantly refined, that they were perhaps in some danger of falling into their opposite extreme. To these enactments, the force of opinion, together with a due deference to the fair legislators, gave as much, or even greater authority than if they had been enforced by the rude arm of secular power. Queens and princesses had sometimes the superintendence over these seats of judicature, whose frowns were a sufficient punishment for the grossest offences, as their smiles were an adequate reward for the most implicit submission. In the remoter provinces, however, the important office of determining the law on these occasions, or of providing a new statute whenever a case to render it necessary occurred, was not unfrequently devolved on females of a station somewhat less exalted.

Estephania de Gantelmes was one of the few so pre-eminent in the best gifts of nature and fortune, as to be considered worthy of presiding over a court of this description, composed of those ladies of Provence, who approached nearest to her in birth and accomplishments. In her retirement at the Castle of Romanin, of which she was the sole and unwedded heiress, she had long devoted her attention to studies that peculiarly fitted her for the execution of her important and arduous duty. Not only the long and intricate tales of Arthur and his court, in the *Lingua d'oil*, or French language, not only the historians, fabulous or true, who had recorded in Latin the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, but the far more refined and subtle learning to be derived from the bards of her own country (whom she held to be much superior to their recent imitators in Italy) were perfectly familiar to her. These last, (the poets of her own land) both in their theory and practice, as she thought, had so *spiritualized* the passion of love,

that if Thomas of Aquinum or Albertus Magnus could have been supposed capable of entertaining such a sentiment for an earthly object, he need scarcely have blushed to avow it. But, above all the rest, Arnaud Daniel was her favourite. There was in his writings a depth and mystery into which the further she penetrated the more there appeared remaining for her understanding and imagination to develop; and sovereign was her contempt of those who preferred to him the melodious, but comparatively slight and superficial, minstrel of Limoges. One of those, who had succeeded these illustrious men, and even imitated them with some success, Bertrand d'Allamanor, was her professed admirer. But whatever proficiency he had made in the art, he was very unequal in this respect to Estephania herself; who, as the Monk of the Golden Isles has recorded of her, whenever she was composing in the strains of her native language, appeared to be under the influence of a divine fury or inspiration.

Although past the prime of life, Estephania still retained much of her personal charms. In one instance, indeed, time had even added to their attractiveness, inasmuch as there was in her eyes (that rolled like the two suns at which "Persia stands at gaze") a vivacity and splendour that might have been excessive, when united to the tenderness and delicacy of youth, but which combined well with the mature graces of more advanced life. There was one, the almost constant companion of her retreat at Romanin, whose beauty was still in the freshness of its blossom, Laura de Sades;—but it is unnecessary, as it would be vain, to attempt a description of the Laura whose name has since past current for whatever is most lovely, virtuous, and dignified in woman. Except by this favoured being, the solitude of Estephania was seldom broken in upon, save by a learned monk from the neighbouring convent, to whom she willingly listened while he was discussing some abstruse question out of the schoolmen; or by some youthful troubadour, whose rising talents she delighted to encourage, and who was always a welcome guest.

It was on an evening towards

the close of summer, when the eyes of Estephania had for an instant wandered from a copy of Armand Daniel, splendidly illuminated by Oderigi, that usually lay open on a table in the long gallery of the castle, that her notice was caught by the sight of two men on horseback, in the garb of troubadours, riding together along the road through the olive grounds at the bottom of the hill, which descended rather abruptly from the castle towards the town of St. Remy. They seemed by their gestures to be engaged in a conversation that was maintained with much warmth on both sides; and, in a few minutes, as they drew nearer, and were beginning to enter the vineyards that clothed the skirts of the declivity, she discovered the persons of Lanfranc Cigalla, and Perceval Doria, two young provençals, whom she respected equally for their proficiency in the tuneful lore. It was not long before they had delivered their steeds to the groom, mounted the flight of stairs that led to the gallery, and, after saluting their hostess and her niece, declared the cause of their visit.

It ought to have been mentioned, that in the courts spoken of above, not only disputes arising from actual embarrassments were settled, but even hypothetical cases were solved, so as to prevent, as much as possible, all doubt for the future. It was on a point of this latter kind, that the solemn decision of Estephania and her assessors was now earnestly implored by the two provençals. When I inform my readers what the subject of the altercation between the disputants was, he will probably think that it might have been more easily terminated; but nearly five hundred years have since elapsed, and have made many changes in the opinions of mankind. The question then was this: "A knight being captivated by a certain lady, whose affections are engaged to another, obtains from her a hope of his passion being returned, in the event of

her being disappointed of the affections of her other lover; for that, in that case, she would certainly bestow her love on the knight. In a little while the before-mentioned lady is married to her favoured lover. Thereupon, the knight aforesaid demands the fulfilment of the hope that had been given him. But, on the other hand, the lady as strenuously refuses it, asserting that she had not been disappointed of the affections of her lover."\* Estephania immediately saw the magnitude and difficulty of the question; and, with her usual courtesy, promised to summon the court with all speed to decide upon it. She did not attempt to detain Lanfranc and Perceval under her roof till the day of its meeting; for it was evident, that they were too much irritated against each other by their difference to remain together on the footing of friends. It was therefore settled, that they should return when the fair synod was convened to hear and to determine the cause. For this purpose, letters were immediately issued to the several ladies who composed it; and, in the mean time, the mistress of Romanin prepared herself carefully, both by meditating on the merits of the question proposed, and by searching into such precedents and authorities as would in any way tend to a satisfactory solution of it. On the evening which preceded the trial, she explained to Laura, whose youth and inexperience had kept her still unacquainted with the proceedings of the tribunal, both the nature and advantages of the institution. "As for it's antiquity," said she, "my dear niece, it may be sufficient to tell you that it traces its origin as far back as the days of King Arthur. A knight of Bretagne having plunged into a forest, in the hopes of meeting with that prince, chanced upon a young damsel, who addressed him in these words. "I know what it is thou art in quest of. Without my help thou wilt seek for it in vain. Thou hast demanded the love of a lady of Bretagne, and she

\* The question is thus stated in the original Latin. *Dum miles quidam mulieris cuiusdam ligaretur amore, quæ amore alterius erat obligata, taliter ab eâ spem est consecutus amoris, quod si aliquando contingeret eam sui coamantis amore frustrari, tunc prefato militi sine dubio suum largiretur amorem. Post modici autem temporis lapsum, mulier jam dicta in uxorem se præsui amatori. Miles vero præsatus spei sibi largitæ fructum postulat exhiberi. Mulier autem penitus contradicit asserens se sui coamantis non esse amore frustratam.*

requires of thee that thou bring unto her the famous falcon which rests on a perch in Arthur's court. In order to make thyself master of this bird, thou must prove by thy success in single combat, that the lady is more beautiful than any of those of whom the knights in this court are enamoured." After many perilous adventures, such as it was usual to encounter in those days, he came where the falcon was seated on a golden perch at the entrance of the palace, and immediately laid hands on it. A little chain of gold suspended from the perch a written paper. It was the code of love, which the knight was to take, and promulgate, as by the king's authority, if he wished to retain peaceable possession of the bird. The code, consisting of thirty-one articles, was accordingly published, and made known to those whom it concerned, in all parts of the world. But as cases have since been continually occurring, which require either a proper explanation of the statutes already existing, so as to apply them to the point in debate, or else the enactment of some new one, it has been found expedient to appoint courts invested with due powers for this purpose. Of one of these, as thou well knowest, niece, I am the unworthy, though not unwilling directress. And I beseech thee most earnestly to join with me in imploring for us the illuminating aid of the Blessed Virgin, to assist us in performing the duty which awaits us tomorrow; for thou knowest I am used ever to acknowledge, in the words of Arnaud, that without such help

Nadi contra suberna—

I sail against the wind.

Laura expressed her readiness to join heartily in the supplication, but without assigning the reason for her promptness. The truth was, that she was herself more interested in its success than she would have been willing to own. For on the result depended the most important measure of her own life. In the preceding spring, young Francesco Petrarca had declared his passion for her, and urged it, though not in the strains of her own country, yet in a language which sounded to her even more persuasive, and with such fervour as left her in as little doubt of his sincerity as of his genius. Was

it then possible, that by accepting of him as a husband she was for ever to lose him as a lover? The thought was too painful to be endured, and had not the virgin seemed to smile upon her as she turned up her beautiful eyes to the image that hung at the foot of her bed, she would probably have found some difficulty in composing them to rest. It was not till a late hour that the lady of Romanin closed hers; so intently were her thoughts employed on the business that awaited her. She arose early, and having repeated her devotions to the virgin, dispatched Laura to collect such flowers as the advanced season of the year still supplied, for decorating the hall of the castle, in which the council was to be held. Amongst the reliques of the summer, she did not neglect to intersperse those precious imitations of the violet and the eglantine that had been adjudged to her as prizes for her skill in the *Gaya Cieucia*, at Toulouse.

When the time appointed arrived, the ladies who constituted the Court Plenary were successively ushered in. First came the lovely and graceful Marchioness of Malaspina, now undisturbed mistress of that family, which had before suffered so severely in the struggles between the Emperor and the church. The Marchioness of Saluzzo followed, no unworthy possessor of the coronet that had not long since been worn by the much-enduring Griselda. Though with less pretensions, yet with more haughty mien, came the comely Ursine des Ursieres, from Montpellier. After her, the reserved and timid Laurette, of Saint Laurens; and then seven others, that, with the president, made up the stated number of twelve. They had no sooner taken their seats, and heard an explanation of the business on which they were convoked, than Cigalla and Doria, who had been some time waiting in separate apartments, were summoned to maintain their respective sides of the question with the best arguments they could. This they did in the form of a *tenson*, a species of poem that took its name from being used in such *contentions*. One party advanced his opinion, in a set number of verses, to which the other rejoined at equal length; and this mode of attack and defence was con-

tinued, till the subject, or the combatants, were exhausted. In the present instance, the contest was carried on with an earnestness that bordered on acrimony: reason and ridicule were pressed into the service of the disputants by turns; and the matter seemed to hang in so equal a balance that it was doubted, by all present, which way the scale would turn, when Hugonne de Sabran, daughter of the Count of Forcalquier, who had for some time been occupied in looking for precedents in a large tome of ancient statutes, suddenly raised herself, and whispered something in the ear of Estephania. The communication was important enough to cause an immediate suspension of the debate, and an order for all, except those who constituted the court, to withdraw. In a little more than half an hour, the doors were again opened; and of those who entered, there was not one (I do not except the rivals themselves) that awaited the sentence in such trembling expectation as Laura de Sades. As soon as order had been re-established, a short pause of anxious silence ensued; when the lady of Romanin solemnly rose, and, holding up her white arm to screen her eyes from the light shed directly on them through the gorgeous hues of a painted window on the opposite side of the hall, with a distinct and authoritative voice delivered the following sentence, which, according to custom, was couched in the language of ancient Rome: "*Comitissæ Campaniæ obviare sententiæ non audemus, quæ firmo judicio diffinivit non posse inter conjugatos amorem suas extendere vires, ideoque laudamus ut præ-*

*narrata mulier pollicitum præstet amorem.*" "We dare not contravene the sentence of the Countess of Champagne,\* who has given a definitive judgment that love cannot exert his power between married persons; and, therefore, we are of opinion that the before-mentioned lady is bound to acquit herself of the promise she hath made." What impression this sentence made on the rest of the assembly is very immaterial when compared with the effect it produced on poor Laura. In her breast it occasioned a revulsion of the most painful kind. The fond hopes she had lately cherished of a happy union with the enamoured Francesco were for ever vanished. "Love cannot extend its power between married persons." There was but one course left for her. It was, not to accept the hand of Petrarca, and by this means to secure to herself the perpetual possession of his heart. This resolution, however, could not be formed without a severe struggle. And, while the numerous guests were still sharing the festivities of the castle, and even the two Provençals, forgetting their animosity, listened to the high discourse of its mistress on the subject of their common art, Laura had stolen away unperceived to her couch, and sought in sleep an oblivion of what had past. It is an error to suppose that when the mind is under the pressure of very severe sorrow it is not disposed to seek relief in the composition of verse. The contrary is much oftener the case; and her restless spirits turned, as it were instinctively, to this source of consolation, when she thus gave vent to her feelings:

Come, gentle sleep, come to these eyes,  
And wrap them up in rest;  
And let this heart, that inly mourns,  
In dreams, at least, be blest.

But, like to nothing on this earth  
Let the sweet vision be;  
Or else it must remembrance bring  
Of something sad to me.

\* The judgment of the Countess of Champagne, here referred to, was as follows: "*Utrum inter conjugatos amor possit habere locum? Dicimus enim et stabilis tenore firmamus anorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires, nam amantes sibi invicem gratis omnia largiuntur, nullius necessitatis ratione cogente; jugales vero mutuis tenentur ex debito voluntatis obediunt et in nullo seipsos sibi ad invicem denegare. Hoc igitur nostrum judicium, cum nimia moderatione prolatum, et aliarum quamplurimum dominarum consilio roboratum, pro indubitabili vobis sit ac veritate constanti. Ab anno M.CLXXIV. tertio Kalend. Maii, indictione VII.*"

The master-key of all my soul  
Hath felt a fearful blow ;  
And every string that chimed before,  
With discord frights me now.

Then, like to nothing on this earth  
Let the sweet vision be ;  
Or else it must remembrance bring  
Of something sad to me.

Scarcely had the words passed her lips when she fell into the desired slumber, and, at the wings of the drowsy god, "the fairy portraiture" she had asked him for was quickly displayed. She seemed to herself to be led on, "soft sliding without step," till she arrived in the third heaven ; and there sounds of more exquisite sweetness than had ever before met her ear, appeared to welcome her. A maiden, in a violet-embroidered robe, the very reflex of her own image, was receiving a branch of laurel from the hands of a stripling, in whose features she discerned a resemblance of Francesco's, but heightened to an expression of seraphic beauty.

Quella ch'io cerco e non ritrovo in terra ; \*  
— Più bella e meno altera ; †

with many other fragments of songs, to the same import, were breathing from his lips. A giddy rapture took

possession of her, as she fancied herself identified with the lovely female form that stood before her ; and her own name, mingling with the sounds she had heard, was echoed on from spirit to spirit, circulating throughout the planet without end.

When morning came, Laura reflected on her dream, and was comforted. She returned to listen, with more complacency than ever, to the praises of Arnaud Daniel. What he now is, thought she, my own Francesco Petrarca will one day be ; and, perhaps, thus to live for ever with him as his Laura, will be better than any happiness we could enjoy together in that state "over which love cannot exert its power."

Reader, if thou couldst assign any more likely reason why Laura permitted her lover to sigh on to the last, I should be contented to own that my tale was in part, though not wholly, a fiction.

## WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT-FEARS.

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony ? — That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged,

and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds upore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent old—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that he should sometimes in that body, and

\* She whom I seek, and find not, on the earth ;  
† — More lovely, and less proud.



his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpoena Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. It was a work with which it abounded in particular, in Solomon's temple, the fidelity of the ark, as if the ark were a spot—attracted. There was a rabbing. I had to

manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the objection appended to each story, and the solution of the objection regularly tacked to that. The objection was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The solution was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors, young dragons would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugnors. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would, or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound Scrip- doubts from the mouth of a and a such I should have myself in such unlit is afforded, of ill-for- time, befel- ture of the. I unhappily- ous fabric- fingers right- quadruped- bel—the- out of the-

last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!) I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion

to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black-man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H. who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own “thick-coming fancies;” and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celano and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or,

— Names, whose sense we see not,  
Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turn'd round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread \*

\* Mr. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic,—seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen, and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a daylight vividness of vision, that was all but being awake. I have travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the “inner eye,” to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is C—, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble *Dream* of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the waisture of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—“Young man, what sort of dreams have you?” I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

ELIA.

## LEISURE HOURS.

## No. II.

## THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,

In a new Translation.

## Argument.

THE *tête-à-tête* of mouse and frog  
 Is told, beside a plashy bog.  
 An invitation from the latter  
 Is treated as a serious matter.  
 The mouse declares himself not able  
 To dine at sub-aquatic table:  
 Then, in digression, cracks of scars,  
 And something learnt when in the wars:  
 But still, the burden of his ballad  
 Is his antipathy to sallad.  
 The frog, with something of a sneer,  
 Talks more of sights, and less of cheer:  
 Persuades him mount on pick-a-back,  
 Then frightened, throws him like a sack.  
 The mouse, thus soused amidst the gutters,  
 A prophecy, as usual, sputters:  
 The mice put out a manifesto,  
 And follow with their army *presto*.  
 The Gods debate above the sky,  
 But Troy experience makes them shy.  
 The Poet, with *Dan-Homer* vying,  
 Excels in anatomic dying.  
 The islanders in sedges lurk;  
 The land-folks march to play *the Turk*:  
 When *Jupiter* sends down from high  
 A sort of *Muscovite* ally:  
 The mice, though each *se bene gerens*,  
 Respect the holy interference.

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ERE I begin, I invoke, as meet,  
 The Muses; all ye Nine at once retreat  
 From Helicon, and make my breast your seat,  
 For my song's sake, on knees-propp'd tablets penn'd,  
 War's stirring deeds, and strife without an end.  
 Wide to all human ears would I convey  
 How mice, by frogs confronted, fought away:  
 Rivals of those, in legends known of man,  
 Giants earth-born:—th' adventure thus began.

A mouse, but just escaped the jeopardy  
 Of a fleet weazel's gripe, now hot and dry,  
 Stoop'd to a neighbouring pool his velvet chin,  
 And suck'd the honied water gladly in.  
 A merry marsh-man spied him, and with croak  
 Of many tongues, inquisitively spoke:  
 "Strange Sir! who are you? whence? your birth and state?  
 Speak the whole truth, nor yet prevaricate:  
 And if I find you worth my friendship, come—  
 You are my guest, and you shall feast at home.

*Puff-cheek* am I, sole monarch of these bogs;  
 Supreme o'er all the commonwealth of frogs:  
 To *Lurk-in-mud*, my sire, my birth I owe,  
 With *Marsh-queen* wedding on the banks of Po:  
 And you, too, seem a gallant without peers;  
 Some scepter'd autocrat, or chief of spears:  
 Name then your race; impatient I attend."  
 The mouse replied, "But why this question, friend?  
 Known is my line to men and gods on high,  
 Nor less to birds that wing around the sky.  
*Crumb-catcher* I; from *Nibble-crust* I spring  
 And *Lick-meal*, daughter she of *Bite-at-heel* the king:  
 She bore me in a cottage; fed me there  
 With figs and nuts; variety of fare.  
 Can we be friends, in instinct so unlike?  
 You live, good friend, and diet, in a dike.  
 On food which men are fed upon I've fed;  
 No basket 'scapes me, piled with twice-baked bread;  
 No cheese-cakes, coated thick, and stuff'd with spice;  
 No liver napkin-wrapp'd, or gammon slice;  
 Cheese newly prest from cream, or honied paste,  
 Which ev'n the gods are languishing to taste:  
 All that for men the cunning cook invents,  
 His dish'd-up kick-shaws and nice condiments.  
 Yet not for this to fight I turn my back,  
 But in the van push foremost to th' attack:  
 Fearless of man, all giant though he be,  
 His bed invading, when he nought can see,  
 I gnaw his finger, nibble at his heel;  
 So sound his sleep, no torment can he feel.  
 Of all on earth, with candour be it said,  
 Two only live my sorrow and my dread;  
 Weazel and hawk: and ah! the treacherous gin,  
 The bait without, and groans and death within:  
 But worst the weazel; formidablest found;  
 Whose clutch pursues and ferrets under ground.  
 This let me waive; but, for your board, 'I see  
 Gourd, radish, colewort, is no dish for me:  
 Parsley and leek, your dainties, are not mine;  
 But thus you citizens of marshes dine."  
 Then answer'd *Puff-cheek*, laughing in his sleeve,  
 "Strange Sir, this belly-glory I conceive  
 Is over-nice: but we can feast your eyes  
 On marsh and land with store of rarities.  
 Jove, to us frogs a twi-lived forage gave;  
 We hop on land, or skulk beneath the wave,  
 And lodge on ground, in water, as we please;  
 Make but the trial; 't will be made with ease;  
 Mount on my back; but lest you slip, hold fast;  
 And safe and sound you'll reach my home at last."  
 He lent his back; the mouse adroitly leapt  
 Into the saddle-seat, and clinging kept  
 Hold of his satin neck; then blithe away!  
 With passing prospect of each neighbouring bay:  
 Pleased with the plying frog's still merry stroke  
 At first.—But soon the dum waves o'er him broke:  
 With brim-full eyes, repenting him too late,  
 He pluck'd his hair, and grieved disconsolate;  
 Close to his belly drew his hinder feet,  
 And felt the heart within him bound and beat;  
 With novel fear insisted for the shore,  
 And fetch'd a sigh that shiver'd him all o'er.

Sudden a water-snake, a sight of dread  
 To both, above the waters rear'd his head ;  
 Straight at that sight dived *Puff-cheek*, and forgot  
 He left his comrade to a shipwreck'd lot :  
 Sunk to the bottom of the pool he lay,  
 Skulk'd from the dismal death, and dodged away.  
 Th' abandon'd mouse fell flat upon the stream,  
 His paws he wrung, and utter'd many a scream ;  
 Once and again he bobb'd beneath the tide,  
 Again his tiny heels emerging plied ;  
 But 'twas not his to daft his death aside.  
 Yet stiff with oar-like tail he stemm'd the surge,  
 And pray'd the Gods to reach some haven's verge ;  
 About him the dun waters splash'd and broke ;  
 And, much exclaiming, open-mouth'd he spoke :  
 " Not so the bull love's gentle burthen bore,  
 Wafting Europa to the Cretan shore,  
 As this false frog has feign'd to bear me home,  
 His pale paunch floating on the whitening foam."

Then, as the watery weight his drench'd hairs drew,  
 " Thy deed of mischief, *Puff-cheek* ! thou shalt rue !  
 Me hast thou wreck'd, as dash'd from off a rock :  
 On shore, thou vile one ! I had brav'd thy mock :  
 Thy match in running, wrestling, boxing I,  
 But thou hast lured me 'midst the deeps to die.  
 Jove has a vengeful eye, and shall repay :  
 The army of the mice is on its way,  
 Nor shalt thou scape"—then sank beneath the tide.  
 Him *Lick-dish* from the bank's soft mire espied ;  
 Swift messenger of death, with piteous wail  
 He ran, he sought the mice, he told the tale.  
 The death once known, grave anger seized on all ;  
 The herald-summon'd council throng'd the hall  
 Of *Nibble-crust*, by day-break's earliest ray ;  
 Sire of the mouse who in the marshes lay.  
 Not nigh the banks, unhappy ! now was he  
 Stretch'd flat, and floating in that midmost sea.  
 At dawn they haste ; when *Nibble-crust* first broke  
 The silence, for his son incensed, and spoke :  
 " Oh friends ! though singly I these injuries bear,  
 The frogs for all a common death prepare.  
 But a peculiar wretchedness to me  
 Is dealt by fate, who mourn the loss of three.  
 The first an odious weazel snatch'd away,  
 Who just without the hole in ambush lay :  
 A second ruthless man to death betray'd,  
 For with new arts a wooden snare he laid,  
 Yclep'd a trap, to mice destructive found :  
 The third, his mother's darling, *Puff-cheek* drown'd.  
 Come—let us arm ; the camp of frogs assail,  
 And sheathe our bodies in compacted mail."

He spoke, and all were moved to arm, and Mars  
 Marshall'd the host, whose mind is in the wars.  
 Their legs in daffly furbish'd greaves were dight,  
 Of splitted bean-pods, nibbled yesternight ;  
 Their coat of mail a weazel's straw-braced hide ;  
 A lamp's mid-boss their oval shield supplied ;  
 Their lance a needle, lengthen'd out to wound,  
 A walnut-shell the helm, that clasp'd their temples round.  
 So were they arm'd : advised, the marshy state  
 Emerge, and, met in martial high debate,

Deliberate whence the threat'ning movement grew ;  
 When near, his staff in hand, a herald drew :  
*Cheese-scraper* he ; great *Pipkin-creeper's* son ;  
 Ill harbinger of war, he thus begun :

“ O frogs ! the mice have sent me to defy  
 Your host ; arm, arm for fight ; their power is nigh.  
 For they have seen *Crumb-catcher's* floating corse,  
 Whom your king *Puff-cheek* murder'd sans remorse :  
 But fight—whatever frogs of fame ye boast,  
 The war will task the bravest of your host.”

His errand told, the doughty frogs with fear  
 Quaked, that the news had reach'd the mouse's ear :  
 Blame murm'ring ran around ; when *Puff-cheek* rose :  
 “ Not I, my friends, contrived the waves to close  
 Above the mouse, nor I beheld him sink :  
 Doubtless he ventured from the marsh's brink  
 To swim in frog-like sport, and perish'd spent ;  
 These vile-ones now accuse me innocent.  
 But time now presses—better we debate  
 How these disloyal mice t' exterminate :  
 What to my thought seems fitting let me say :  
 Take we our weapons, and our ranks array  
 Close on the borders of the lake, where steep  
 The craggy bank impends above the deep.  
 Stand we their charge ; then, grappled by the cone,  
 Helm, mouse, and all in the swamp headlong thrown  
 Must sink or swim : but novices in water,  
 They needs must drown ; then joy !—a trophy of mouse-slaughter.”

He said, and arm'd them all : of mallows' leaves  
 They fitted to their legs the casing greaves :  
 The broad green beet to each a coralet yields ;  
 The cabbage leaf accomplishes their shields ;  
 Each for his lance a sharpen'd bulrush wields :  
 With cockle-shells they fenced their brows, and stood  
 Shaking their spears in spleen above the high-bank'd flood.

Jove to his starry court convened each God,  
 And show'd the hosts ; how stout the warriors trod :  
 Many and huge, and each with lengthening lance,  
 As centaurs 'gainst the giant ranks advance.  
 With gentle smile, “ now what immortals aid  
 The frogs, and what the mice ?” then to the blue-eyed maid ;  
 “ Ho ! daughter ! is the mice's quarrel thine,  
 Who scour thy temple-floor, and sniff thy fuming shrine ?”  
 Thus question'd Jove, and thus *Minerva* said :  
 “ Father ! not I—how'er the mice have sped—  
 Shall lend my succour : mischief on their moil !  
 They gnaw my chaplets, filch my lamps of oil ;  
 But this their deed most grieves me to the heart,  
 Fretting a robe in holes, just wov'n with all my art.  
 The weaver duns me for the yarn he lent :  
 I wove on tick ; and now, this ugly rent  
 Marring my work, he claims arrears ; nor yet  
 Can I his clamour satisfy, or debt.  
 But neither with the frogs I mean to side ;  
 Still booby-pated, and their wits beside :  
 Returning weary from the toils of fight,  
 Longing for sleep, their hubbub croak in spite  
 Allow'd me not a wink ; I wakeful lay  
 With head-ache, till the cock-crow brought the day.  
 Enough—but let not us, ye Gods ! be found  
 Mix'd in the fray, lest some untoward wound

From their sharp weapons reach us for our pains,  
Lance in the breast, or falchion in the reins :  
Though Gods should interfere, they charge pell-mell,  
And all from Heaven can see the fight as well."

She said ; and all the Gods persuaded went  
To one safe spot above the firmament.  
Forth strode the heralds with the battle-sign ;  
Gnat-trumpeters from either hostile line  
Sounded the clang of war, and Jove on high  
In thunder gave the signal from the sky.

First *Shrill-croak* wounded *Lick-snit* in the van ;  
Sheer through the stomach, thwart the liver, ran  
The pointed lance ; he fell and soil'd his locks ;  
His armour ringing with the sudden knocks.  
Then *Cranny-creeper* put his spear in rest,  
And firmly planted it in *Mud-turk's* breast ;  
Death with black shadows fastens o'er his eyes :  
The fluttering soul from out the body flies.  
*Bect-eater* sudden *Pipkin-creeper* slew ;  
Clean through the heart the griding weapon flew :  
But *Gnaw-loaf* smote on *Croak-tongue's* paunch : reclined  
He dropp'd ; the spirit left the limbs behind.  
When *Blithe-in-pool* saw *Croak-tongue's* fall, he threw  
At *Cranny-creeper* a mill-stone—smote in two  
His neck ; and darkness o'er his eyeballs grew.  
Then *Lick-board* levelling his spear of flame  
The liver pierc'd, nor wandered from his aim.  
This soon as *Cabbage-cropper* saw, he plunged  
Down from the bank ; but his pursuer lunged  
A stroke and reach'd him, ere he dived, with death ;  
Smitten he dropp'd and gasp'd away his breath :  
The marsh was purpled with his clotted blood ;  
He lay outstretched upon the shory mud,  
The glossy entrails gushing from his flank :  
But *Hawnt-pool* slew *Cheese-rasper* on the bank.  
Then *Mint-eater*, who *Gnaw-the-heel* espied,  
Sprang in the marsh, and cast his shield aside.  
But *Water-blithe* smote *Bite-at-heel* the king  
Full on the front, with stone as from a sling :  
The brain forth spattering through the nostrils gush'd ;  
With the splash'd gore the dabbled greensward blush'd.  
*Lick-platter* next brave *Mud-sleeper* assail'd  
With thrusting sword : his eyes a darkness veil'd.  
This *Garlick-eater* spied, and *Hunt-the-steam*  
Foot-dragg'd, neck-clutch'd, plunged stifling in the stream.  
To right his comrades *Crumb-matcher* advanced,  
And *Garlic-eater* through his liver lanced :  
Before him instant at his feet he fell ;  
The disembodied spirit rush'd to hell.  
*Mud-treader* saw : a grasp of mire he threw,  
His forehead smirch'd and darkened half his view.  
Wroth was the mouse ; and stooping strong to wick  
A cumbrous stone, whose weight o'erlaid the field,  
Smote *Mud-treader* beneath the knee : he sank,  
The right leg fractured, on the dusty bank.  
But *Hoarse-croak* came, avenger of the dead,  
And through his belly thrust his sharpen'd reed :  
Clean pass'd the buried shaft, and when drawn out  
The entrails gush'd upon the earth about.  
This *Corn-munch* from the river-bank espied,  
And limped from out the fight, sore-terrified,  
And leap'd into a ditch, where safe he might abide.



*Loaf-rasper* then the toe of *Puff-cheek* smote ;  
 Smarting he fled, and flounder'd in the moat.  
*Loaf-rasper* saw him prostrate, gasping lie,  
 And for the death-wound press'd exulting nigh.  
 Him too thus prostrate-gasping *Garlic-fed*  
 Saw, gain'd the van, his bulrush javelin sped,  
 But broke not *Loaf-rasper's* shield ; which caught the speary head.  
 Then *Marjoram-cropper*, like the God of war,  
 Smote on his helm, strait aiming from afar ;  
 Who fought unmatch'd in all the line of frogs,  
 But, charged by hero mice, retreated to the bogs.  
 One youth there was, no other mouse his peer,  
*Loaf-watcher's* son, who clos'd with shorten'd spear ;  
*Scrap-snatch* the brave ; a Mars, not mouse, was he ;  
 Unmatch'd in all the whisker'd chivalry.  
 He stood with lofty threat beside the bogs,  
 And swore t' exterminate the race of frogs :  
 And he had kept his vow ; since great his might ;  
 But that the sire of gods and men that sight  
 Endured not ; pitying the doom'd frogs he spoke :  
 Shook first his head, and then the silence broke :  
 " Gods ! what a thing I see ! hear *Scrap-snatch* boast,  
 (Touching me near) to crush the froggy host.  
 Quick, send we Mars, and Pallas, with her shout,  
 To turn him back, howe'er a warrior stout."  
 Jove said—" O Saturn's son ! " thus Mars replied,  
 " My own, Minerva's force were vainly tried,  
 From the frog-ranks to turn the ruin back ;  
 Nay—let us all auxiliar stem th' attack :  
 Shake thou the Titan-murdering weapon dread  
 That flash'd o'er Capaneus' audacious head  
 And quail'd the giant brood : shake, shake the brand,  
 And let the most heroic feel thy hand."  
 He spoke ; Jove hurl'd the blazing lightning down :  
 But first his thunder shook Olympus' crown :  
 Then, as the peals their " dreadful pudder," kept,  
 From the king's hand the whirling flashes swept :  
 Darting the bolt, he seem'd to thunder-strike  
 Both mice and frogs, and both he scared alike :  
 Yet, not for this the mice retreated from the dike,  
 But hotlier press'd t' extirpate from the bog  
 The generation of the warrior frog.  
 Jove with compassion looking from his skies,  
 Quick interposed, and sent the frogs allies.  
 On they came sudden : anvil-back'd, hook-claw'd,  
 Step-sidling, pincer-mouth'd, loins brawny and broad,  
 Shell-hided, eye-distorted, looking out  
 Under their breasts, with legs that twist about,  
 And stretching, griping hands : their feet divide  
 In two quaternion rows on either side :  
 Their shoulders burnish'd, flesh and substance bone :  
 With double heads and tangible by none.  
*Crabs* was their name : with clippers they assail  
 Of many a mouse, the fore-foot, hind-foot, tail ;  
 The spears were turn'd against their shelly mail.  
 The hapless mice were seized with panic fright,  
 Nor longer stood, but turn'd themselves to flight.  
 Now dropp'd the setting sun,—his downward ray  
 Closed the campaign ; the Iliad of a day.

## MADAME DE STAËL.

We may possibly give great offence to Edinburgh philosophers, but it does appear to us that the English public have had almost enough of Madame de Staël. It is not our wish, and we have, we hope, a little more taste than to deny that much remains to this lady of well-deserved and so-berly grounded celebrity; but much has necessarily dropped away with the disappearance of extrinsic and accidental causes of popular interest and admiration. Bonaparte is dead. The cord of sympathy is snapped asunder that bound the Baroness with the circle of political fashion in London. Madame de Staël had praised the English (or, at least, their constitution, which she probably had studied in the flimsy theoretic declamation of De Lolme,) and the English could do no less than praise Madame de Staël. The fact is, she saw in the English the enemies of Bonaparte. The feeling and motive of this "eternal friendship" were reciprocal. The English esteemed Madame de Staël as a good hater of Bonaparte. She made common cause with them. After stretching her arms for succour to the south and the east, she set her foot on this *ultima Thule*, as the surest refuge from oppression; and rose immediately in British estimation as a person of extraordinary discernment and magnanimity. It was not merely that she fled from oppression, but that she fled from the oppression of the man, who, with a haste something premature, it must be allowed, had begun to erect a column on the heights of Boulogne, commemorative of his conquest of England. It was the hundred-handed grasp of Napoleon that had snatched at her flight; and the tramp of French armies, set in motion, no doubt, less for the destruction of Muscovy, than to overtake the authoress of "Germany," which out-echoed the creakings of her cabriolet. Her fame preceded her to the land of fogs and tea. The novel portrait of English gentlemen drinking them-

selves dead drunk, while the ladies reasoned in the drawing room as to the possibility of the kettle boiling, was recognized with delighted humility, as a correct likeness of English male morals, and English female conversational powers. The *Lucillas* of London blushed, and sighed to be *Corinnes*. *Delphine* slipped into green morocco, and was seen peeping from under the sofa cushion of our married ladies; and the blue and brimstone-covered *Journal des Savans* obtained implicit acquiescence, when some dangler at the levees of Madame de Staël, who thought less of her anti-Bonapartism than of her fine eyes and fine compliments, placed her at once at the head of all the female writers of Europe.

Bonaparte is, however, under his willows; as safe as free stone, cement, and cramp-iron, superintended by that prince of gaolers, Sir *Hudson Lowe*, can make him. Poor Madame de Staël is also at rest, even from the disturbing forces of her own imagination. Her "magnificent eyes" can no longer enlist retailers of immortality, nor her *fleuriettes* effect a thaw in the temperament of a Scotch professor. There is now less *risque* of a partial judgment.

Madame de Staël was precisely the sort of writer to captivate and astonish Frenchmen, and perhaps Scotchmen. She was brilliant, and she was, as the French say, imposing. She made light of the profoundest speculations. Romance and philosophy were equally within her reach. She decided on every thing, analyzed every thing, and discussed and dogmatized with the air of intuition. She alike regulated the disputes of metaphysics, and corrected the theories of Christianity. The assumption of profoundness and comprehension stood her in stead no less than if she thoroughly possessed these qualities. With many persons, especially Frenchmen, the announcing any thing with a peremptory tone, and, above all, with antithetical expression,

\* Ten Years' Exile, or Memoirs of that interesting period of the Life of the Baroness de Staël Holstein, written by herself, during the years 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813, and now first published from the original MS. by her son. Translated from the French. Treutzel and Wurtz, 1821.

serves to establish the thing enunciated as a "grande vérité." Madame de Staël understood this: or more probably she imposed upon herself by this vivacity of induction and confidence of assertion. Her method of treating every thing analytically, and expressing herself with the superior sententious tone of one who announces some original discovery, gained her credit with summary thinkers for great reach of thought and subtlety of penetration. Her oracular manner was assisted by the apothegmatic terseness of phrase which she affected, and in which she excelled. That facility, which is the result of practice, is observable no less in mental, than in corporeal processes; and Madame de Staël, by a sort of knack, often hit upon a principle, which, in the form at least of its definition, and the luminous and emphatic terms in which it was developed, struck with the force of novelty. She had, on some topics of morals, and in certain relations of political justice, as connected with religious and civil liberty, considerable clearness and justness of views; but she had that sort of intellectual dexterity, improved by habit, and acquired probably in the first instance by early exercise in the gladiatorial rhetoric of ambitious conversation, which sometimes carried her successfully through subjects, that in their extent and combination were equally beyond the grasp of her talent, and the sphere of her knowledge. Her dogmatic and antithetical style served her to arrange imposingly the fragments collected from the information personally afforded her by critics or metaphysicians; and she had the ingenuity to make it appear that she knew more than she had leisure, or than came within the scope of her design, to unfold. The superficiality of her knowledge escaped detection in the sketchy tenuity of her specious and voluble disquisitions. What her admirers mistook for singular strength and depth of understanding was, in reality, the tact of genius. Aiming perpetually at point and effect, her ideas were sometimes obscured by the consciousness with which she explained them; and that poetry of expression on which she piqued herself, and to which she frequently attained, be-

trayed her into occasional turgidness: this, however, would be no disparagement in the eyes of her countrymen; who, by a strange caprice of taste, are indulgent to a certain vicious bombast in prose, while from their poetry, distinguished chiefly by a finical syllabic mechanism, they jealously exclude whatever rises above the level of a jejune and naked phraseology. Again, to the French, obscurity will often seem pardonable, or rather impressive; because it passes muster, as implying something of the profound; and rapidity in the details is loved for its own sake. Had Madame de Staël been a diffuse and prolix writer, she might possibly have betrayed the poverty of her resources, as compared with their ostensible richness and variety; but, at least, we should have heard nothing of the "prostrating force of her reasoning," (*force terrassante*) or the "feeling eloquence which is exclusively her own." Her discipline in the tactic of foreign conversation, in sallies and repartees, preserved her from this, the greatest imaginable fault in the eyes of Frenchmen or Frenchwomen. She skimmed the surface; she declaimed in axioms; she was brief, lively, and presumptuous, and she succeeded to a miracle.

What she did not penetrate to the bottom; she had the art of appearing to bring down to the level of popular intelligence. "The perspicuity," observes Madame Necker, "and I may say the grace, with which Madame de Staël goes into the detail of all these systems," (the theories of perception) "is something very astonishing. In her there was not a trace of pedantry. Avoiding, as much as she could, scientific terms, she says no more, nor indeed does she pretend to know more, than just what is necessary to appreciate the moral influence of these doctrines." But, in order to appreciate the moral influence of any set of doctrines, a previous step is necessary; the comprehending accurately the nature of the doctrines themselves. There is nothing to astonish in a female writer expressing herself with grace and clearness, or avoiding pedantic forms; the astonishment should be reserved for a thorough comprehension of the systems themselves:

which, however, she contemplates through the medium of imagination, and which she judges by the standard of feeling. What Madame Necker admits, in reference to the experimental method of philosophy, that Madame de Staël had "unfortunately never turned her eagle glance upon these matters," must equally affect her hasty decisions on that question of metaphysics which embraces the correspondence of the thinking principle with the material world. Madame Necker's defence of the inductive method of philosophizing, which she represents Madame de Staël as undervaluing, is a little at variance with her unqualified praise of the latter for rashly resting the cause of religion, and consequently suspending the interests of morals, on the truth or falsehood of the material philosophy. A more contemptible syllogism has scarcely ever been devised, than the one which affirms that, because atheists have been materialists, therefore materialists must be atheists. The "active intelligence in the bosom of man," which Madame Necker justly connects as a correspondent idea with a "God in the universe," is no less a part of that system which supposes the thinking faculty to be the result of organization, than of that which supposes it to be a distinct and independent principle. If man be a machine "breathing thoughtful breath," it is difficult to conceive why his frame is a less wonderful contrivance, or why there is less necessity of an all-wise contriver and almighty mechanist, than if he consist of two independent principles. Madame Necker herself, while confessing that the German philosophers have been impelled towards idealism, absolutely acquits the advocates of man's homogeneous nature of the imputed immoral results of their opinions, by alleging that "they also have spiritualized matter more than they have materialized mind." We are, ourselves, of opinion, that the connexion established by the Creator between the impressions made by external objects on our senses, and our perception of those objects, furnishes no evidence that, in the language of Dr. Reid, "those impressions are the proper efficient causes of the corresponding perception;" nor, if

the continuity of the mental existence be severed by the dissolution of the body, can we conceive the possible resuscitation or re-organization of the same individual mind; but common candour obliges us to repel the vulgar accusation of godless scepticism and immoral grossness, levelled indiscriminately against those who maintain the principles of *Spinozism*, and those who support their theory of the homogeneity of the human being by the Christian doctrine of a resurrection.

The fondness of Madame de Staël for distinguishing and deciding misled her, as might have been anticipated, into crude assumptions and unfounded assertions. She ascribed the genius for the gloomy and melancholy sublime, which she recognised in Milton (than whom no poet contains more gay and amiable pictures) to the study and admiration of *Ossian*: she forgot that the famous epic poem of Fingal was not *deterré* till "the Georgian age;" and seems to have devoutly believed that the frittered English hexameters of Macpherson's bastard prose were familiarised to the daughters of Cromwell's secretary. In her "Essay on the Spirit of Translations," she says, "the English, whose language admits of inversions, and whose versification is subjected to much less severe rules than that of the French, had it in their power to enrich their literature with translations, at once exact and natural; but their great authors have not undertaken this labour: and Pope, the single author of that description who has devoted himself to it, has constructed two fine poems out of the *Iliad* and *Odysséy*, but he has not preserved that antique simplicity which makes us sensible in what consists the secret of Homer's superiority." We have here this prodigy of female *lumières* gravely confessing her ignorance, either that Dryden and Cowper were translators, or that Dryden and Cowper were great authors; and advancing a proposition, of which the direct converse is true. She talks equally at random (in her "Ten Years Exile") of the Russian poets: and affronts the fame of *Derzhavin*, the *Klopstock* of Russia, by taking upon her to assert, while remarking on the fondness of the Russians for the

gorgeousness of Asiatic ornament, that their "imagination has neither manifested itself in the fine arts, nor in poetry." Her passion for a foppish display of antithesis seduces her into an absurd depreciation of the Greeks, in comparison with the Romans. The Greeks, we are assured, had not "that sentiment, that considerate will, that national spirit, that patriotic devotion, which distinguished the Romans. The Greeks were to give the momentum to literature and the fine arts. The Romans have communicated to the world the impression of their genius." And after this, not very clear distinction, she babbles about the "history of *Sallust*, calling up recollections all-powerful in their mastery over the thoughts:" about the "force of soul felt through the beauty of style:" about the "man in the writer:" the "nation in this man," and the "universe at the feet of this nation:" she would make us believe, by this jingle of prettinesses, that Greece has nothing to show but sculptors and poets, and that *Demosthenes* and *Xenophon* never existed.

What she really understood, and in what she consequently surpassed herself, was narrative or memoir, and romance. Her opportunities of personal experience and observation, and the peculiar beauty of her style, (its resemblance to oral, rather than written, eloquence) fitted her to excel in the former; while her imagination, and the sort of hectic sensibility, in which she respired, found scope and expression in the latter. She drew from herself, and infused in fictitious pages her actual sensations. "*CORINNE*," a work unique in itself, and at once lyrical, dramatic, and historical, will always remain a monument, not merely of her taste and intelligence, but of her pathetic power.

Of the moral and religious merits of Madame de Staël we should be loth to speak, were she not forced into a broad light by the indiscreet, however amiable, enthusiasm of her biographer, Madame Necker de Saussure. The office is an ungrateful one: but the interests of society are paramount to the motives of compassion or forbearance towards female weakness. It is time that the confident and pompous claims,

which, if allowed, would have a tendency injurious to the interests of true religion, should at once and for ever be withstood.

We are told, in language redolent of the French sublimity to which we have already adverted, that "a genius similar to that of Madame de Staël is the sole missionary available in a knowing and reasoning, a frivolous and scornful world. Without entering into the temple itself, she has placed herself in the porch and preluded to the sacred choirs before that pagan-hearted multitude, which burns incense to the muses, and stones the prophets:" the climax is still behind: "she has said to tender and enthusiastic souls, 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you'!!!" Notice—*Cœuvres Indites*, 1—317.

We touch the subject with hesitation—but the lips which preach a God of purity must themselves be pure. The clerical fop who, in a northern journal, elegantly compared the *Methodists* to vermin, which it was necessary to extirpate by dint of soap and combs, artlessly protested that he always thought that he "breathed in a Christian land:" but, at whatever risk of disturbing the serenity of this smug and comfortable priest, we must declare, that writing oneself down Christian conveys to us no proof of Christian character. Without this, the officiousness of proselytism can produce no effects but what, in our judgment, are utterly worthless: namely, the inducing a set of worldly-minded persons to condescend to *patroniæ* religion, and to talk of the beauty of Christian morals. It is confessed, and with some complacency, inconsistent as it may seem, that Delphine was the reality, Corinne the ideal, of Madame de Staël's own character. Is it in such characters that the Christian principle or life is exemplified? Such a kind of religion may suit the "tender and enthusiastic souls" whom Madame de Staël addresses and the phraseology explains the religion. But there is no use (there is, indeed, mischief) in cheating people into something which is *not* religion, by way of making them religious. The apostle, with whom Madame de Staël is so *decently* compared, spoke out. Without detracting from

the glorious attribute of mercy in the Father of his creatures, "by the terrors of the Lord he persuaded men."

Pious men have done incalculable mischief by clothing religious sentiments in the language of the voluptuary. "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," is the close of a hymn, either of *Watts* or *Doddridge*. The sentiment "to enjoy is to obey" may be consistent with virtue in the practice of a man of confirmed religious habits, but serves as a convenient cloak for the slave to sensuality, and the talker on Christian ethics. A man who has the power of religion certainly sees, in the arts that embellish life and the refined gratifications of social intercourse, the goodness of a paternal Creator: but we have no sympathy with the flimsy and self-flattering artifice of that illusory devotion which, instead of mixing religion with our enjoyments, makes religion consist in them: which pampers our frailties, and cheats our consciences into a false security, by setting up certain impulses of good nature, and a vague credulity in the divine love, accompanied possibly with an eager zeal against vices which neither fall in our way nor suit our humours, as compensations for the unrestricted self-allowance of a darling frailty.

We can scarcely imagine any circumstances less favourable to the formation of a consistent religious character than those of Madame de Staël's early youth. By way of counteracting the seductions of the material philosophy, Madame Necker, we are told, made it her perpetual business to stock her daughter with *ideas*. At eleven years old she was accordingly placed on a high stool, to receive the homage of visitors, who took a pleasure in attacking and embarrassing her, and exciting "that little brilliant imagination of her's:" every one approached with a compliment, or a piece of pleasantry, and to all and every thing she replied with ease and grace: while the Abbé Raynal, in "a little round peruke," was accustomed to take her hands between his, and "hold them a long time, and engage her in conversation, as if she were five and twenty." We learn

that she cut out figures in paper, and acted dramas with them of her own composing. The dramas were extemporaneous. In time they crept into manuscript. The first that showed itself was "*Sophy*, or *Secret Sentiments*." *Sophy* is a young female orphan, "who has conceived for her tutor, the husband of her friend, a passion which she does not suspect." The biographer adds, with *naïveté*, "the excuse of the heroine, the ignorance of the sentiment which she expresses, might seem, in *severe eyes*, not to extend to the author." Of this training up for a wit, and a genius, and an imaginative idealist, *Sophy* was the blossom; and *Delphine* the fruit. She observes of a tragedy of *M. Guibert*, whose "*Eslogium*" she composed, that it is "consecrated entire to love." The tragedy is *Anne Boleyn*: and a cold English reader will probably feel his ears tingle with shame when he learns that the subject of the tragedy, thus "consecrated" to exclusive love, is the incestuous passion of a brother and sister. The ingenious Frenchman treats that abominable calumny of the infamous and perjured strumpet, the Lady Rochefort, as an historical reality, favourable to the excitement of tender and pathetic emotions.

"Ah!" ejaculates the instructor of "tender and enthusiastic" souls, "how deeply does this piece excite our emotions, when, in the fifth act, Anne Boleyn and her brother Rochefort are about to lose their lives! Anne wishes to reclaim her brother to that religion, of which the sublime succours console and strengthen her. The infidelity of her brother repels all her arguments: on the point of losing her last hope, she ventures to invoke a *culpable* love: she ventures to question the heart of her lover. 'What! says she to him, wilt thou renounce for ever the hope which remains to us, that we shall one day see each other again?' At these words her brother falls on his knees and exclaims, 'I believe in God!' What tragedy contains a stroke more energetic or tender? how many sentiments expressed at once! *how many souls converted* together with that of Rochefort!"

The person, whose mind was so constituted as to see nothing but

tragic tenderness and pious conviction in this absurd and indecent rant, might have assured herself that she at least was not precisely qualified for the *conversion of souls*.

We are informed, however, that when consoling others she "soared into such immensity, that bliss and woe, the past and present, the destiny of all and of yourself vanished away:" that "one solemn sentiment displaced every other, and you seemed to be present at the most august of all spectacles, that of the divinity accomplishing his work of regeneration on the creature, by the terrible, and yet salutary, means of grief." In charity, we would desire to believe that Madame de Staël, who could discuss these subjects eloquently, and feel them vividly, carried the theory in her own instance into practical effect: but though she harangued on religion, and felt the poetry of religion, we require some better proof of her submission to its power, of her surrendering up the whole heart to that Being who will not be satisfied with less. We have little respect for that crazy piety which may possibly pass current in the boudoirs of Parisian devotees. For sound and practical views, rational plans, and scriptural motives, we have a weak, credulous superstition; a pampered morbidness of enthusiasm; and the lack-a-daisical ejaculations of an hysterical gentlewoman. She prays to the departed spirit of her father M. Necker: she makes of him a sort of mediatorial ghost, through whose intervention she may extort blessings from the Deity: if any thing befalls her, which she deems fortunate, she exclaims, "My father has obtained this for me:" and we hear of sighs, of exclamations, of pious investigations (as of the *ci-devant* finance-minister, we suppose) and of broken sentences escaping from her, of the following rational and edifying description: "*poor human nature! alas! what are we? ah! this life, this life!*" How worthy this of the preceptor of the Christian priesthood!

We cheerfully accord to Madame de Staël a certain adroit penetration of men and things, a nervous, flowing, and sometimes affecting elocution; a lively genius for politics; liberal political views; great talents for conversation—"a rare magnificence of

eyes," as we are assured by her fair cousin; many sprightly captivations, and many really amiable and generous natural qualities: but neither her own laboured defence of the "moral design of *Delphine*," nor her expressed intention of writing a book with the title of "The Education of the Heart by the Life," although Madame Necker argues, that the mere project of composing such a book demonstrates that she felt the sentiment of continual amelioration, will convince us that the sentiment was anything more than felt, or that the interests of religion could safely be entrusted to her hands.

We need not discuss the merits of her persecution by Bonaparte. The despotism of a new government succeeding an interregnum of factious anarchy is not the least defensible of despotisms. "They pretend," said Napoleon, "that she talks neither of me nor of politics: but I don't know how it happens, they who have seen her like me less. She turns people's heads (*elle monte les têtes*) in a way that does not suit me." If this lively lady was busy and loquacious in the ticklish crisis of a new dynasty, her exile was only the natural effect of a plausible state policy.

The "*Ten Years' Exile*" is an unfinished work, and, in fact, embraces only the period of seven years. There is an interval of six years between the two parts of the narrative, which commences in 1800, and abruptly terminates at Madame de Staël's arrival in Sweden, in 1812. With the circumstances personal to herself she incorporates reflections on some of the characters that figured in the French government, the state of France, the policy and disposition of Bonaparte, and the manners and institutions of the countries which she traverses, particularly Russia. These are marked by some cleverness, and some haste.

Of the translation, we can only say with *Dangle* in the Critic, that the "Interpreter is the more difficult to be understood of the two." After just hovering over the "System of fusion, adopted by Bonaparte," in the titular contents of the third chapter, (by which we conjecture is meant amalgamation) we must beg to pounce on a passage in pages 20, 21 (page 16 in the French.) "The public, at

the end of a certain time, appears to me always equitable: self-love must accustom itself to do credit to praise: for in due time, we obtain as much of that as we deserve." But *faire crédit à la louange* is "to allow praise a long credit:" she is sure to pay us in the end.

In the eighth chapter we are told, in some observations reflecting on the manners of the new Imperial Court, "Bonaparte himself is embarrassed on occasions of representation." What this possibly can mean we may defy any one to discover, till he turns to the original, "Bonaparte lui même a de l'embarras quand il s'agit de représentation." He betrays embarrassment when figure or manner is wanting.

This is quite enough. We think any garreteering wight, "who turns a Persian tale for half a crown," might have avoided a rap on the knuckles for such school-boy slips as these.

The book, which forms a part of the "*Œuvres Inédites*," has by this time lost much of its interest: and that interest, from its comparatively limited and personal nature, is inferior to that of her "*Considerations on the French Revolution*." We are somewhat sickened by the flatteries of the

magnanimous Alexander, and we detect the satire of an ill-used woman in the "still-beginning never-ending" railing on Bonaparte. The little man has grown taller in esteem since the field has been left clear for the *legitimate* despots, who put down popular liberty, in states independent of their jurisdiction, from sheer piety, and who "do not want learned men," but passive subjects. Yet it must be admitted that she had a shrewd insight into many parts of his character. Of the style, the following strikes us as a pleasing specimen, and characteristic of the writer. We recognise something of that poetical energy which we had felt and admired in *Corinne*.

"I walked about with deep melancholy in that beautiful city of Petersburg, which might become the prey of the conqueror. When I returned in the evening from the islands, and saw the gilded point of the citadel, which seemed to spout out in the air like a ray of fire, while the Neva reflected the marble quays and palaces which surrounded it, I represented to myself all these wonders faded by the arrogance of a man, who would come to say, like Satan on the top of the mountain, "The kingdoms of the earth are mine."

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\* The translator has it, "a mountain:" by which he has ingeniously contrived to lose the allusion. Did he never meet with the scenical vision of the temptation in the wilderness?

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## SONNET.

### A REFLECTION ON SUMMER.

WE well may wonder o'er the change of scene,  
 Now Summer's contrast through the land is spread,  
 And turn us back, where Winter's tempest fled,  
 And left nought living but the ivy's green.  
 The then bare woods, that trembled over head  
 Like Spectres, 'mid the storm, of what had been,  
 And wrecks of beauty ne'er to bloom again,—  
 Are now all glory. Nature smiles as free,  
 As the last Summer had commenced its reign,  
 And she were blooming in Eternity.  
 So in this life, when future thoughts beguile,  
 And from past cares our spirits get relieved,  
 Hope cheers us onward with as sweet a smile  
 As if, before, she never had deceived.

JOHN CLARE.



## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. X.

## PLACING A SCOTTISH MINISTER.

Lang patronage wi' rod of airn,  
 Has shored the kirk's undoin,  
 As lately Fenwick, sair forfairn,  
 Has proven to its ruin ;  
 Our patron, honest man ! Glencairn,  
 He saw mischief was brewin ;  
 And, like a godly elect bairn,  
 He's waled us out a true ane,  
 And sound this day.

Burns.

THE pleasantest hour, perhaps, of human life, is when a man, becoming master of his own actions, and with his first earned money in his hand, gazes along the opening vista of existence, and sees, in silent speculation, the objects of his ambition appearing before him in their shadowy succession of peace, and enjoyment, and glory. Out of a few hard-won shillings, the peasant frames visions of rustic wealth, whitens the mountains with his flocks, and covers the plain with clover and corn. The seaman casts his future anchor on a coast of silver, and gold, and precious stones ; and sees his going and returning sails wafting luxury and riches. The poet, in his first verse, feels a thrill of unbounded joy he is never to experience again ; he hears Fame sounding her trumpet at his approach, and imagines his songs descending through the most delightful of all modes of publication—the sweet lips of millions of fair maidens, now and for evermore. It was with feelings of this kind that I arranged the purchases my first wealth made, in a handsome pack secured with bolt and lock ; and proceeded to follow the gainful and healthful calling of a packman among the dales of Dumfriesshire and the green hills of Galloway. On the first morning of my trade, I halted in every green lane, spread out the motley contents of my box in orderly array before me, then placed them again in the box, and recommenced my march, amid busy calculation of the probable proceeds of my industry.

A little before noon, on a sweet morning of summer, I had seated myself on the summit of a little green fairy hill which overlooks the ancient abbey of Bleeding-Heart ;

and, spreading out all the articles I had to offer for sale before me, I indulged, unconsciously, in the following audible speculation :—“ A pleasant story and a merry look will do much among the young ; and a sedate face and a grave tale will win me a lodging from the staid and devout. For the bonnie lass and the merry lad, have I not the choicest ballads and songs ? For the wise and the grave, do I lack works of solemn import, from the Prophecies of Peden, and the Crumb of Comfort, up to Salvation's Vantage-Ground, or a Louping-on-Stone for Heavy Believers ? Then for those who are neither lax on the one hand, nor devout on the other, but stand as a stone in the wall, neither in the kirk nor out of it, have I not books of as motley a nature as they ? And look at these golden laces, these silken snoods, and these ivory bosom-busks,—though I will not deny that a well-faured lass has a chance to wheedle me out of a lace, or a ribbon, with no other money than a current kiss, and reduce my profit,—yet I must even lay it the heavier on new-married wives, rosy young widows, and lasses with fee and bounty in their laps. It would be a sad thing if love for a sonsie lass should make me a loser.” An old dame in a gray linsey-woolsey gown, a black silk riding hood pinned beneath her chin, with a large calfskin-covered Bible under her arm, had approached me unseen. She fell upon me like a whirlwind :—“ O ! thou beardless trickster, thou seventeen year old scant-o'-grace, wilt thou sit planning among God's daylight how to overreach thy neighbour ? My sooth lad, but thou art a gleg one. I question if William Mackfen himself, who has cheated

my goodman and me these twenty-seven summers, is half such a wily loon as thyself. A night's lodging ye need never ask at Airnaumrie. And yet it would be a sore matter to my conscience to turn out a face so young and so well faured, to the bense of the midnight blast." And away the old lady walked, and left me to arrange the treasures of my pack at my leisure. Her words were still ringing in my ears, when an old man, dressed in the antique Scottish fashion—a gray plaid wound about his bosom, a broad westland bonnet on his head, which shaded, but did not conceal, a few shining white hairs, and with a long white staff in his hand, came up, and addressed me:—"Gather up thy books and thy baubles, young man; this is not the time to spread out these worldly toys to the eyes of human infirmity. Gather them together, and cast them into that brook, and follow me. Alas!" said the old man, touching my treasures with the end of his staff, "here are gauds for our young and our rosie madams,—bosom-busks, brow-snoods, and shining brooches for ensnaring the eyes of youth. I tell thee, young man, woman will fall soon enough from her bright station by her own infirmities, without thy helping hand to pluck her down. Much do I fear thou hast been disposing of sundry of thy snares to the vain old dame of Airnaumrie. She is half saint and half sinner; and the thoughts of her giddy youth are still too strong for her gray hairs: seest thou not that she carries the book of redemption in her hand, when she should bear it in her head? But she gleaned her scanty knowledge on an Erastian field among the Egyptian stubble. Ah! had she been tightly targed by a sound professor on the Proof Catechism, she had not needed that printed auxiliary under her arm. But I waste precious time on an unprofiting youth. I hasten whither I am called,—for patronage, with its armed hand, will give the kirk of Galloway a sad stroke to-day, if there be no blessed interposition." And my male followed my female monitor, leaving me to wonder what all this religious bustle and preparation might mean. I was about to follow, when loud talk, and louder

laughter, came towards me through the green avenue of a neighbouring wood. A bevy of lads and lasses in holiday clothes, with books of devotion in their hands, soon appeared; and they were not slack in indulging themselves in week-day merriment. "A pretty whig, indeed!" said a handsome girl with brown locks, and coats kilted half-way up a pair of very white legs; "a pretty whig, indeed!—I'll tell thee, lad, thou'lt never be the shining star in the firmament thy aunt speaks of when she prays. I have seen a lad with as much grace in his eye as thyself, endure a sore sermon by himself when the kirk should have scaled." "And I have seen," retorted the swain, "as great a marvel as a pair of white legs, rosie lips, and mischievous eyes, making as wise a man as myself pay dear for an hour's daffin." "Daffin," said the maiden, laughing till the woods rung again; "daffin will be scant when a lass seeks for't with such a long black world's wonder as thee. It sets thy mother's oldest son well to speak of daffin." "I have climbed a higher tree, and harried a richer nest," murmured the plowman: "but what, in the name of patronage, have we here? Here's an abstract personification, as somebody called John Gondie the Cameronian, of old Willie Mackfen the pedlar—in the days of his youth." So saying, a crowd of lads and lasses surrounded my pack and me, and proceeded to examine and comment on my commodities, with an absence of ceremony which would have vexed even a veteran traveller. "As I shall answer for it," said one youth, "here's the very snood Jenny Birk-whistle lost among Andrew Lorraine's broom." "And I protest," retorted the maiden, justly offended at this allusion to the emblem of maidenhood, "I protest, here's the wisest of all printed things—even A Groat's Worth of Wit for a Penny, which thy mother longed to read ere she was lightened of Gowk Gabriel. Thy father has much to answer for, when a penny would have made a wiseman of his haveral." A loud laugh told that truth was mingled with the ready wit of the maiden. Utter ruin seemed to wait on my affairs, when a woman, with a sour sharp visage, and a tongue that rang

like a steel hammer on a smith's anvil, came up, and interposed. "Ye utterly castaway and graceless creatures, are ye making godless mirth on a green hill side?" said she, stretching forth her hands, garnished with long finger-nails, over the crowd—like a hawk over a brood of chickens, "is not this the day when patronage seeks to be mighty, and will prevail. Put yourselves, therefore, in array. The preaching man of Belial, with his red dragons, even now approaches the afflicted kirk of Bleeding-Heart. Have ye not heard how they threaten to cast the cope-stone of the kirk into the deep sink, where our forefathers of yore threw the lady of Babylon, and her painted and mitred minions? But it is ever this way. Ye would barter the soul's welfare for the body's folly. Ah! what would Hezekiah Granceaway, thy devout grandfather, say, were he to see his descendant, on a day of trial like this, standing making mouths at a poor packman-lad, with a bevy of petticoated temptresses around him? Get along, I say, lest I tear these curled love-locks from thy temples. And as for thee, thou young money-changer—thou dealer in maiden trickery and idle gauds, knowest thou not that this is ORDINATION DAY—so buckle up thy merchandize, and follow. Verily, none can tell from whose hand the blow shall come this day, that will save us from the sinful compliance with that offspring of old Mahoun, even patronage." I was glad of any pretext for withdrawing my goods from the hands of my unwelcome visitors; so I huddled them together, secured them with the lock, and followed the zealous dame, who, with a proud look, walked down the hill, to unite herself to a multitude of all ranks and sexes, which the placing of the parish minister had collected together.

The place where this multitude of motley beliefs and feelings had assembled, was one of singular beauty. At the bottom of a woody glen, the margin of a beautiful lake, and the foot of a high green mountain, with the sea of Solway seen rolling and sparkling in the distance, stood a populous and straggling village, through which a clear stream, and a paved road, winded side by side. Each

house had its garden behind, and a bare-headed progeny running wild about the banks of the rivulet; beside which, many old men and matrons, seated according to their convenience, enjoyed the light of the sun, and the sweetness of the summer air. At the eastern extremity of the village, a noble religious ruin, in the purest style of the Saxons, raised its shattered towers and minarets far above all other buildings; while the wall-flowers, shooting forth in the spring at every joint and crevice, perfumed the air for several rods around. The buttresses, and exterior auxiliary walls, were covered with a thick tapestry of ivy; which, with its close-clinging and smooth shining leaf, resembled a covering of velvet. One bell, which tradition declares to be of pure silver, remained on the top of one of the highest turrets, beyond the reach of man. It is never rung, save by a violent storm; and its ringing is reckoned ominous—deaths at land, and drownings at sea, follow the sound of the silver bell of Bleeding-Heart Abbey. Innumerable swarms of pigeons and daws shared the upper region of the ruin among them, and built and brought forth their young in the deserted niches of saints, and the holes from which corbals of carved wood had supported the painted ceiling. At the very foot of this majestic edifice, stood the parish kirk, built in utter contempt of the beautiful proportions of its ancient neighbour; and for the purpose, perhaps, of proving in how mean a sanctuary the pure and stern devotion of the Presbyterians could humble itself. Men thrash their grain, stall their horses, house their cattle, and even lodge themselves, in houses dry and comfortable—but, for religion, they erect edifices which resemble the grave: the moist clay of the floor, the dampness, and frequent droppings of water from the walls, are prime matters of satisfaction to the parish grave-digger, and preserve his spade from rust.

Into this ancient abbey, and the beautiful region around it, the whole population of the parish appeared to have poured itself, for the purpose of witnessing, and perhaps resisting the ordination of a new and obnoxious pastor, whom patronage had pro-

vided for their instruction. Youths, more eager for a pleasant sight than religious controversy, had ascended into the abbey towers;—the thick-piled grave-stones of the kirk-yard—each ruined buttress—the broken altar stone, and the tops of the trees, were filled with aged or with youthful spectators. Presbyterians of the established kirk, Burghers, Anti-burghers, Cameronians, and seceders of all denominations, paraded the long crooked street of the village, and whiled away the heavy time, and amused their fancy, and soothed their conscience, by splitting anew the straws scattered about by the idle wind of controversy. Something like an attempt to obstruct the entrance to the kirk appeared to have been made. The spirit of opposition had hewn down some stately trees which shaded the kirk-yard, and these, with broken ploughs and carts, were cast into the road—the kirk door itself had been nailed up, and the bell silenced by the removal of the rope. The silver bell on the abbey alone, swept by a sudden wind, gave one gentle toll; and, at that moment, a loud outcry, from end to end of the village, announced the approach of the future pastor. The peasants thickened round on all sides; and some proceeded to wall up the door of the kirk with a rampart of loose stones. “Let Dagon defend Dagon,” said one rustic, misapplying the Scripture he quoted, while he threw the remains of the abbey altar-stone into the path. “And here is the through-stone of the last abbot, Willie Bell. It makes a capital cope-stone to the defences—I kenn’d it by the drinking cup aside the death’s head—he liked to do penance with a stoup of wine at his elbow,” said another boor, adding the broken stone to the other incumbrances. “A drinking cup! ye coof,” said an old man, pressing through the crowd, “it is a sand-glass—and cut too on the head-stone of thy own grandfather—black will be thy end for this.” The boor turned away with a shudder; while the dame of Airnaumrie, with the black hood, and large Bible, exclaimed, “Take away that foul memorial of old Gomorrha Gunson. The cause can never prosper that borrows defence from that never-dogood’s grave. Remove the stone, I

say, else I shall brain thee with this precious book.” And she shook the religious missile at the descendant of old Gomorrha, who carried off the stone; and no farther attempt was made, after this ominous circumstance, to augment the rampart.

Amid all this stir and preparation, I had obtained but an indistinct knowledge of the cause which called into action all the grave, impatient, and turbulent spirits of the district. This was partly divulged in a conversation between two persons, to which there were many auditors. One was the male broad-bonnetted disciplinarian, who rebuked me for displaying the contents of my pack; and the other was the sour-visaged, shrill-tongued dame, who rescued my pack from the peril of pillage on the road, and with the true antique spirit of the reformed church, lent her voice to swell the clamour of controversy. Their faces were inflamed, and their voices exalted, by the rancour of mutual contradiction: and it was thus I heard the male stickler for the kirk’s freedom of election express himself: “I tell thee once, woman, and I tell thee again, that the kirk of Bleeding-Heart there, where it stands so proud and so bonnie by the side of that auld carcase of the woman of Rome,—I tell thee it shall stand empty and deserted, shall send forth on Sunday a dumb silence, and the harmony of her voice be heard no more in the land,—rather than she shall take like a bridegroom to her bosom, that sapless slip of the soul-misleading and Latin-quoting University. Instead of drinking from the pure and fresh well-head, we shall have to drink from the muddy ditch which men have dug for themselves with the spades and shovels of learning. Instead of the down-pouring of the frank and heaven-communicated spirit, we shall have the earthly spirit—the gross invention and fancy of man—a long, dull, down-come of a read sermon, which falls as seed on the ocean, and chaff on the furrowed land. Besides all this, is not this youth—this Joel Kirkpatrick, a slip or scion from the poisonous tree of patronage, that last legacy from the scarlet lady of Rome?” “I say no to that—the back of my hand to that,” interrupted the woman, in red

and visible wrath ; " I have heard him preach, and I have profited by his prayers ; he is a precious youth, and has a happy gift at unravelling the puzzled skein of controversy. He will be a fixed and a splendid star, and that ye will soon see. And here he comes, blessings upon his head ; ye shall hear a sermon soon, such as has not been heard in the land, since that chosen youth, John Rutherford, preached on the text, ' I shall kiss thee with kisses of my mouth.' " " Woman, woman," said her antagonist, thou art the slipperiest of thy kind ; and opposition and controversy turn thee round, even as the bush bends to the blast. To-day hast thou stood for the kirk in its ancient purity ; and lo ! now thou wilt take her defiled by patronage, because of that goodly youth Joel Kirkpatrick." " Silence, ye fule-fowk," said a young plowman at their side, " ye'll no let me hear the sound of the soldiers' bugle ; they are coming to plant the gospel with spear and with sword. I have seen many a priest placed, some with pith of the tongue, and some with the pith of malt : Black Ned, of the parish of Slokendrouth, was placed in his pulpit by the aid of the brown spirit of malt ; and there the same spirit supports him still. But, on my conscience, I never saw a parson guarded to the pulpit with cold steel before. It's a sight worth seeing." A stir and a movement was now observed at the extremity of the village ; and presently the helmets, and plumes, and drawn swords, of two hundred horsemen, appeared, shining and waving above the crowd. This unusual accompaniment of the ministerial functions was greeted with hissings and hootings : and the scorn and anger of the multitude burst at once into one loud yell.

The women and the children, gathering the summer dust in their hands, showered it as thick and as blinding as winter-drift on the persons of the troopers. The anger of the people did not rest here ; pebbles began to be thrown, and symptoms of fiercer hostility began to manifest themselves ; for many of the peasants were armed, and seemed to threaten to dispute the entrance to the kirk. In the midst of all this tumult, mounted on a little white horse, and dressed in black, rode a young man, around whom the dust ascended and descended as if agitated by a whirlwind. This was the minister. He passed on, nor looked to the right or left, but with singular meekness, and a look of sorrow and resignation, endured the tumultuous scorn of the crowd. Long before he reached the limit of the village, he seemed more a pillar of dust than a human being. " Is the kirk a dog, that thou comest against her with staves ? " said one : " Or is she a besieged city, that thou bringest against her thy horsemen and thy chariots ? " cried a second : " Or comest thou to slay, whom thou canst not convince ? " shouted a third : " Or dost thou come to wash thy garments in the blood of saints ? " bawled a fourth : " Or to teach thy flock the exercise of the sword rather than the exercise of devotion ? " yelled a fifth : " Or come ye," exclaimed a sixth—at the very limit of the human voice, " to mix the sound of the psalm with that of the trumpet, and to hear how divinity and slaughter will sound together ? " Others expressed their anger in hissings and hootings ; while an old mendicant ballad-singer paraded, step by step with the minister, through the crowd, and sung to a licentious tune the following rustic lampoon :—

#### PLACING THE PARSON.

##### 1.

Come hasten, and see, for the kirk, like a bride,  
Is array'd for her spouse in sedateness and pride.  
Comes he in meek mood, with his hands clasp'd, and sighing  
For the godless and doom'd, with his hope set on Zion ?  
Comes he with the grave, the austere, and the sage,—  
A warfare with those who scoff Scripture to wage ?  
He comes—hark ! the reins of his war-steeds are ringing ;  
His trumpet—but 'tis not God's trumpet, is singing.

## 2.

Clap your hands, all ye graceless ; sing loud, and rejoice,  
 Ye young men of Rimmon ; and lift up your voice  
 All ye who love wantonness, wassail, and sinning  
 With the dame deck'd in scarlet and fine-twined linen.  
 Scoff louder, thou scoffer ; scorn on, thou proud scorner ;  
 Satan comes to build kirks, and has laid the first corner.  
 The Babylon dame, from perdition's deep pool,  
 Sings and cradles her babes in the kirk's cuttie stool.

## 3.

He comes ! of all parsons the swatch and the pattern,  
 Shaped out to save souls by the shears of his patron.  
 He comes steep'd in learning's dark puddle, and chatters  
 Greek words, and tears all Calvin's creed into tatters,  
 And vows the hot pit shall shut up its grim portals,  
 Nor devour to a tithe the sum-total of mortals ;  
 Talks of works, and morality's Will-o'-Wisp glimmer,  
 And showers reason's frost on our spiritual simmer.

## 4.

He comes ! lo ! behind on their war-horses ranking,  
 Ride his bands of the faithful, their steel weapons clanking ;  
 Proud hour for religion, when God's chosen word  
 Is proclaim'd by the trump, and confirm'd by the sword.  
 Proud hour, when with bayonet, and banner, and brand,  
 The kirk spreads her sway o'er old Galloway's land,  
 Where of yore, Sandie Peden look'd down on the vales,  
 Crying—Clap me hell's flame to their heathenish tails.

Over this minstrel discordance, a far louder din now prevailed ; though the mendicant raised his voice to its loftiest pitch, and all those who purchased his ballad, swelled the noise with their utmost strength. A grove of elm and oak, old and stately, whose broad green branches had shaded the splendid processions of the hierarchy of the church of Rome, when in the height of its glory, presented a short avenue from the end of the village to the door of the parish kirk. Here the peasantry posted themselves in great numbers ; and here the horsemen halted to form for the charge, which they expected to make before they could obtain access to the church. Nor did this promise to be an easy task. Many of the peasants were well-armed ; and boat-poles, pitchforks, fish-spears, and hedging-bills—all excellent weapons for resistance and annoyance—began to thicken near the bosoms of the horses ; while behind, fowling-pieces, and pistols, and swords, appeared prepared in hands that knew well how to use them. In a remoter line still, the women, their aprons charged with

pebbles and staves, stood ready to succour, with hand and with voice, the maintainers of kirk purity.—The casting of dust—the showering of gravel and stones, and the loud outcry of the multitude, every moment augmented. John Cargill, a gifted Cameronian weaver, from one of the wildest Galloway mountains, brandished an oaken treddle with which he had armed himself, like a quarter-staff, and cried, “ Down with the men of Moab.” Tom Gunson, a smuggler, shouted till he was heard a mile distant, “ Down with them, my handy chaps, and we'll drink the auld kirk's health out of the troopers' helmets ;” and to crown their audacity, Ill Will Tinnan, the poacher, halloed, “ Ise shoot the whole troop at a gray groat the pair, and give ye the raven priest to the mends—who strikes the bargain?” Open hostility seemed almost unavoidable, when an old farmer, throwing his hat aside, advanced suddenly from the crowd to the side of the minister, and said, “ Did I ever think I should behold the son of my sooth-fast friend, Hebron Kirkpatrick, going to glorify God's name at the head

of a band of daily brawlers and paid stabbers—his horse's feet shall pass over this frail body first;" and he bent himself down at the feet of the minister's horse, with his gray locks nearly touching the dust. At this unexpected address, and remarkable action, Joel Kirkpatrick awakened as from a reverie of despondency, and lighting from his horse, took the old man in his arms with looks of concern and affection. The multitude was hushed while the minister said, "May my head be borne by the scoffer to the grave, and my name serve for a proverb of shame and reproach, if I step another step this day other than thou wilt. Thou hast long been an exemplar and a guide to me, John Halberson; and, though God's appointed preacher, and called to the tending of his flock, be assured I will have thy sanction, else my ministry may be barren of fruit." The venerable old man gazed on the young preacher with the light of gladness in his eyes, and taking his hand, said, "Joel Kirkpatrick, heed my words; I question not the authority of the voice permitted by Him whom we serve to call thee to this ministry. The word of the multitude is not always with the wisest, nor the cry of the people with the sound divine and the gifted preacher. I push thee not forward, neither do I pluck thee back; but surely, surely, young man of God, he never ordained the glory of his blessed kirk to be sustained by the sword, and that he whom he called should come blowing the trumpet against it. Much do I fear for the honour of that ministry which is entered upon with banner and brand." As John Halberson spoke, a sudden light seemed to break upon the preacher—he motioned the soldiers back; and taking off his hat, advanced firmly and meekly down the avenue towards the kirk-door, one time busied in silent prayer, another time endeavouring to address the multitude. "Hear him not," said one matron; "for he comes schooled from the university of guile and deceit; and his words, sweet as honey in the mouth, may prove bitter in the belly, even as wormwood." "I say hear him, hear him," said another matron, shaking her Bible at her neighbour's head, to enforce submission—"yet think him bitter than the gourd,

but he will be sweeter than the honey-comb." "Absolve thee," said one old man, the garrulity of age making a speech out of what he meant for an exclamation, "Absolve thee of the foul guilt, the burning sin, and the black shame of that bane and wormwood of God's kirk, even patronage; and come unto us,—not with the array of horsemen and the affair of war; but come with the humility of tears, and the contrition of sighs, and we shall put thee in the pulpit; for we know thou art a gifted youth." Another old man with a bonnet and plaid, and bearing a staff to reinforce his lack of argument, answered the enemy of patronage, "Who wishes for the choice of the foolish many, in preference to the election of the one-wise? The choice of our pastor will be as foolishness for our hearts and a stumbling-block to our feet. When did ignorance lift up its voice as a judge, and the sick heart become its own physician? We are as men who know nothing—each expounding scripture as seemeth wise in vain eyes; and yet shall we go to say this man, and no other, hath the wisdom to teach and instruct us?" "Well spoken and wisely, laird of Birkenloan," shouted a plowman from the summit of the old abbey; "more by token, our nearest neighbours, in their love for the lad who could preach a sappy spiritual sermon, elected to the ministry a sworn and ordained bender of the bicker, whose pulpit, instead of the odour of sanctity, sends forth the odour of smuggled gin."—A loud burst of laughter from the multitude acknowledged the truth of the plowman's sarcasm; while Jock Gillock, one of the most noted smugglers of the coast of Solway, shook his hand in defiance at the rustic advocate of patronage, and said, "If I don't make ye the best thrashed Robson ever stept in black leather shoon, may I be fundered in half a fathom of fresh water." "And if ye fail to know the smell of a plowman's hand from this day forthwith, compared to that of all meaner men's," cried the undaunted agriculturist, "I shall give ye leave to chop me into ballast for your smuggling cutter:" and he descended to the ground with the agility of a cat, while the mariner hastened to encounter him; and all the impetuous

and intractable spirits on both sides followed to witness the battle. "So now," said an old peasant, "doth not the wicked slacken their array? Doth not the demon of secession, who hath so long laid waste our kirk, draw off his forces of his own free will? Let us fight the fight of righteousness, while the workers of wickedness fight their own battles. Let us open the kirk portals, blocked up and barricaded by the Shimeis of the land." Several times the young preacher attempted to address the crowd, who had conceived a sudden affection for him since the salutary dismissal of the dragoons—but his flock were far too clamorous, impatient, and elated, to heed what he had to say. They were unaccustomed to be addressed, save from the pulpit; and the wisest speech from a minister without the imposing accompaniments of pulpit and pews, and ranks of douce unbonnetted listeners, is sure to fail in making a forcible impression. It was wise, perhaps, in the minister to follow the counsel of grave John Halberston, and let the multitude work their own way. They lifted him from the ground; and, borne along by a crowd of old and young, he approached the kirk—the obstacles which impeded the way vanished before the activity of a thousand willing hands. The kirk-door, fastened with iron spikes by a band of smugglers on the preceding evening, was next assailed, and burst against the wall with a clang that made the old ruin ring again, and in rushed a multitude of heads, filling every seat, as water fills a vessel, from one end of the building to the other. The preacher was borne aloft by this living tide to the door of the pulpit; while the divine, to whom was deputed the honour of ordaining and placing him in his ministry, was welcomed by a free passage, though he had to listen to many admonitions as he passed. "O admonish him to preach in the ancient spirit of the reformed kirk—in a spirit that was wonderful to hear and awful to understand," said one old man, shaking a head of grey hair as he spoke. "And O," said another peasant as the divine turned his head, unwilling thus to be schooled in his calling—"targe him tightly aenent chambering and wantonness, the glory of

youth and the pride of life: for the follies of the land multiply exceedingly." From him the divine turned away in displeasure; but received in the other ear the cross-fire of an old woman, whose nose and chin could have held a hazel nut, and almost cracked it between their extremities; and whose upper lip was garnished with a beard, matching in length and strength the whiskers of a cat. "And O, Sir, he's in a state of single-innocence and sore temptation even now—warn him, I beseech thee; warn him of the pit into which that singular and pious man fell in the hour of evil—even him whom the scoffers call sleepy Samuel. Bid him beware of painted flesh and languishing eyes—of which there be enough in this wicked parish. Tell him to beware of one whose love-locks and whose lures will soon pluck him down from his high calling, even the fair daughter of the old dour trunk of the tree of papistry, bonnie Bess Glendimming." Here her words were drowned in the more audible counsel of another of the burning and shining lights of the parish, from whose lips escaped, in a tone resembling a voice from a cavern, the alarming words, "Socinians, Arminians, Dioclesians, Erastians, Arians, and Episcopalians."—"Episcopalians!" ejaculated an old woman in dismay and astonishment, who mistook, perhaps, this curtailed catalogue of schismatics for some tremendous anathema or exorcism—"Episcopalians! God protect me, what's that?"

I have no wish to attempt to describe the effects which a very happy, pithy, and fervent inauguration sermon had on the multitude. The topics of election, redemption, predestination, and the duties which he called his brother to perform, with a judicious mind, a christian feeling, and an ardent but temperate spirit, were handled, perilous as the topics were, with singular tact, and discrimination, and delicacy. The happy mixture of active morality and spiritual belief, of work-day-world practice, and elegant theory, which this address contained, deserves a lasting remembrance.

The summary of the preacher's duties, and the description of the impetuous and mistempered spirits of the parish, and the contradictory



creeds which he had to soothe and to solder, form still a traditional treasure to the parish. To minds young and giddy as mine, these healthy and solacing things were not so attractive as the follies and outrages of a disappointed crowd; and let not an old man, without reflecting that he too was once eighteen, condemn me for forsaking the presence and precepts of the preacher, for the less spiritual and less moral, but no less instructive drama which was acting in the open air.

The dragoons were still on their saddles, but had retired to the extremity of the village, where they emptied bottles of ale, and sung English ballads, with a gaiety and a life which obtained the notice of sundry of the young maidens; who are observed to feel a regard for scarlet and lace, which I leave to those who love not their pleasant company to explain. As they began to gather round, not unobserved of the sons of Mars, some of the village matrons proceeded to remonstrate. "Wherefore gaze ye on the men with whiskers, pruned and landered, and with coats of scarlet, and with lace laid on the skirts thereof," said one old woman, pulling at the same time her reluctant niece by the hand, while her eyes, notwithstanding her retrograde motion, were fixed on a brawny trooper. "And, Deborah," said a mother to her daughter, whose white hand and whiter neck, shaded with tresses of glossy auburn, the hands of another trooper had invaded, "what wouldst thou do with him who wears the helmet of brass upon his head—he is an able-bodied man, but a great covenant-breaker, and he putteth trust in the spear and in the sword." The maiden struggled with that earnestness with which a virgin of eighteen strives to escape from the kindness of a handsome man; and kiss succeeding kiss told what penalty she incurred in delaying to follow her mother. Of the dissenting portion of the multitude, some disposed of themselves in the readiest ale-houses; where the themes of patronage, free-will, and predestination, emptied many barrels; and the clouds of mystery and doubt darkened down with the progress of the tankard. Others, of a more flexible system of morality, went to arrange, far from the tumult

of tongues and opinions in which the district gauger figured, a midnight importation of choice Geneva, the rapid consumption of which was hastened by the burning spark of controversy which raged unquenchably in their throats. Many retired sullenly homeward, lamenting that a concourse of men of hostile opinions could collect, controvert, and quarrel, and then coolly separate without blows and bloodshed, cursing the monotony of human existence now, compared with the stirring times of border forays and covenant-raids. A moiety nearly of the seceding crowd remained in clumps on the village-green. They were men chiefly of that glowing zeal, to whom mere charity and the silent operations of religious feeling seem cold and unfruitful; those pure and fortunate beings who find nothing praise-worthy, or meriting the hope of salvation, in the actions of mere men; who discover new interpretations of scripture, and rend anew the party-coloured and patched garments of sect and schism every time they meet, when the liquor is abundant. Their hope of the complete reform in the discipline of the parish kirk, or the creation of a new meeting-house to enjoy the eloquence of a preacher, the choice of their own wisdom, seemed now nearly blasted; and they uttered their discontent at the result, while they praised the dexterity or cunning with which they opposed the ordination of that protege of patronage, Joel Kirkpatrick. "The kirk session may buy a new bell-rope," said a Cameronian weaver, "for I cut away the tow from their tinkling brass yestreen; more by token, it now tethers my hummel cow on the unmowed side of John Allan's park—he had no business to set himself up against the will of the parish and the word of God." Gilbert Glass, the village glazier, found a topic of worldly consolation amid the spiritual misfortunes of the day: "The kirk windows will cost them a fine penny to repair; some one, whom I'll not name, left not a single pane whole—and each pane will cost the heritors a silver sixpence—that's work my way. It is an evil wind, Saunders Bazeley, that blows nobody good; a profitable proverb to you."—"All that I know of the proverb," replied

Saunders the slater, "is that it will be the sweet licking of a creamy finger to thee—but alake! what will I get out of the pain of riding stride-legs over the clouted roof of the old kirk, patching a few broken slates? I have heard of many a wind blowing for one's good, but I never heard of a wind that uncovered a kirk yet." To all this, answered Micah Meen, a sectarian mason; "Plague on't! I wish there were not a slate on its roof, or one stone of its wall above another. This old kirk, built out of the spare stones of the old abbey, is but a bastard-bairn of the old lady of Rome, and deserves no good to come on't. Look ye to the upshot of my words. Seventeen year have I been kirk-mason, and am still as poor as one of its mice. But bide ye, let us lay our heads together, and build a brent new meeting-house. I will build the walls, and no be too hard about the siller, if I have the letting of the seats. And we will have a preacher to our own liking, one who shall not preach a word save sound doctrine, else let me never bed a stone in mortar more." "Eh man, but ye speak soundly," said Charlie Goudge, the village carpenter, "in all, save the article of kirk-seats, which being of timber, pertain more to my calling. Whomsomever, I would put a roof of red Norway fir over your heads, and erect ye such seats as no man sits in who lends his ears to a read sermon." "And as for we two," said the slater and the glazier, clubbing their callings together, for the sake of making a more serious impression, "we would counsel ye to cover your kirk with blue Lancashire slate, instead of that spungy stone from Locherbrighill, which besides, coming from a hill of witch and devil-trysting, is fit for nought, save laying above a dead man's dwelling, who never complains of a bad roof; and farther, put none of your dull green glass in the windows, but clear pure glass, through which a half-blind body might see to expound the word." "And I would counsel ye to begin a subscription incontinent," said the keeper of a neighbouring ale-house; "and if ye will come into my home, we can commence the business with moistened throats; and," continued mine host in an under tone, "I can kittle up your spirits with some rare Geneva

from the bosom of my aloop the Bonnie Nelly Lawson there, where she lies cozie among Cairnhowrie birks, and the gauger never the wiser." A flood of sectarians inundated the parlour of the Thistle and Hand-Hammer, and a noise, rivalling the descent of a Galloway stream down one of its wildest glens, issued ringing far and wide from the change-house. "Subscribe!" said Gilpin Johnstone, a farmer of Annandale descent, "I would not give seven placks, and these are but small coins, for the fairest kirk that ever bore a roof above the walls. There's the goodman of Hoshenfoot, a full farmer, who hopes to be saved in his own way, he may subscribe. No but that I am willing to come and listen if the pew-rates be moderate." "Me subscribe," said he of the Hoshenfoot, buttoning his pockets as he spoke, to fortify his resolution, "where in the wide world, think ye, have I got gold to build into kirk-walls. Besides, I have been a follower of that ancient poetical mode of worship, preaching on the mountain side; and if ye will give me a day or two's reaping in the throng of harvest, I will lend ye the green hill of Knockhoolie to preach an hour's sound doctrine on any time; save, I should have said, when the peas are in the pod; and then deil have me if I would trust a hungry congregation near them." Similar evasions came from the lips of several more of the wealthy seceders; and one by one, they dissented and dispersed: not without a severe contest with the landlord, whether they were responsible for all the liquor they had consumed, seeing it was for the spiritual welfare of the parish.

If the entry of the minister into his ministry was stormy and troubled, ample reparation was made by the mass of the parishioners, who, after the ordination, escorted him home to the Manse, giving frequent testimony of that sedate joy and tranquil satisfaction which the people of Scotland are remarkable for expressing. "Reverend Sir, you have had but a cold and a wintry welcome to your ministry," said an old and substantial dame, "and if ye will oblige me by accepting of such a hansel, I shall send ye what will make a gallant house-heating." "And ye mauna have all the joy of giving gifts to

yourself, goodwife," said an old man with a broad bonnet, and stooping over a staff, "for I shall send our ain Joel Kirkpatrick such a present as no minister o' Bleeding-Heart ever received since Mirk-Monday, and all too little to atone for the din that my old and graceless tongue raised against God's gifted servant this blessed morning." "And talking of atonements," interrupted an old woman, whose hands were yet unwashed from the dust which she had thrown on the minister in the morning, "I have an atoning offering to make for having wickedly testified against a minister of God's kirk this morning. I shall send him a stone weight of ewe-milk cheese to-morrow." But no one of the multitude seemed more delighted, or stood higher in general favour, than John Halberson, the wise and venerable man who had given the first check to the fiery spirit that blazed so fiercely in the morning. He walked by the minister's side, his head uncovered, and his remaining white hairs glittering in the descending sun. His words were not many; but they were laid up in the heart, and practised in the future life of the excellent person to whom they were addressed. "Young man and reverend, thy lot is cast in a stormy season, and in a stony land. There be days for sowing, and days for reaping, and days for gathering into the garner. Thou hast a mind gifted with natural wisdom, and stored with written knowledge; a tongue fluent and sweet in utterance, and thou hast drunk of the word at the well-

head. Trust not thy gifts alone for working deliverance among the people. Thou must know each man and woman by face and by name: pass into their abodes, acquaint thyself with their feelings and their failings, and move them, and win them, to the paths of holiness, as a young man woos his bride. Thou must dandle their young ones on thy knees, for thy MASTEE loved little children, and it is a seemly thing to be beloved of babes. Should youth go astray, in the way in which youth is prone, take it gently and tenderly to task—severity maketh the kirk rancorous enemies, and persecution turneth love into deadly hate; humanity and kindness are the leading strings of the human heart. One counsel more, and I have done—take unto thee a wife. Ministers are not too good for such a sweet company as woman's, neither are they too steadfast not to fear a fall. Wed, saith the Scripture, and replenish the earth,—and I wish not the good, the brave, and ancient name of Kirkpatrick to pass from among us. Peace be with thee, and many days." By following the wise counsel of his venerable parishioner, Joel Kirkpatrick became one of the most popular pastors of the Presbytery, and one of the chief luminaries of the ancient province of Galloway. His eloquence, his kindness of heart, and the active charity of his nature, will be proverbial in parish tradition, while eloquence, and kindness, and charity, are revered on earth.

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

#### SONG, IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

YIELD to the spheres that witching strain

That from their orbs has roll'd;

To eastern climes return again

Their fragrance, pearls, and gold.

Be to the sun that lustre given,

Thou borrow'st from his flame:

And render back thy smile to heaven

From whence its sweetness came.

Owe to the morn that blush no more,

That from her cheek has flown;

To seraph bands their truth restore,

Her chasteness to the moon.

What then shall of the charms remain,

Which thou dost call thine own,

Except the anger and disdain,

That turn thy slave to stone?

## ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC OR TEUTONIC RACE.

ALL the low German tribes were early distinguished for maritime enterprise, but the Danes and Scandinavians, who all passed by the name of Northmen, or Normen, were by far the most remarkable for bold adventure in the middle ages. Numberless are the names of the sea kings and heroes, whose deeds are related in the histories and sagas of the north. It is impossible not to be astonished at the wide extent of the space traversed by them. To the eastward, Rorik, (Roderick) with his brothers, founded a kingdom in Novogorod, and thereby laid the foundation of the state of Russia. Oskold and Dir founded a state in Kiev, which united with that of Novogorod. Ragnwald, who settled at Polotzk, on the Dwina, was the ancestor of the grand Dukes of Lithuania. Northwards, Naddod was thrown in a storm on Iceland, which became the asylum of the noblest races of Norway. Westwards the Feroe, Orkney, Shetland, and Western Islands were often visited, and partly peopled by the Normen; and on several of them Northern Jarls (pronounce *Yarls*) long ruled, so that the harassed Gaels were not secure, even in their remotest corners, from German nations. In Ireland they settled as early as the times of Charlemain, when Dublin fell to Olof, Waterford to Sitirk, and Limerick to Ywar. In England, they made themselves dreaded under the name of Danes; they not only possessed Northumberland in common with Saxon earls, partly independently, and partly in fiefs, but all England was subject to them under Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute. From the sixth century, they disturbed the coasts of France; and the fear of Charlemain, that much danger depended over his country from them, was but too amply justified soon after his death. The devastations which they committed, not merely along the coasts, but far up the rivers, and in the middle of both France and Germany, are hardly to be credited. Rolf, in baptism called Robert, the first Duke of Normandy, became the founder of several dynasties. From him descended Wil-

liam the Conqueror, who gave England a new constitution. The Normen, who with almost incredible fortune and courage wrested from the Arabs, Apulia, Calabria, Sicily, and for a time, Jerusalem and Antioch, were adventurers from the Duchy founded by Rolf; and Tancred, whose descendants at last wore the crown of Sicily and Apulia, descended from him. If we were to relate all the bold deeds which in pilgrimages, in the service of Constantinople, and in expeditions in almost every land and sea, even to Greenland and America, were achieved by the Normen, the relation would seem a romance.

A country, for the most part sterile and mountainous, with a stern climate, possessing on one side an extent of coast from the Elbe to Lapland, of not less than 1,400 miles in length, could hardly fail to be a nursery of maritime adventurers. It was ruled by a number of petty kings, whose authority depended on their success in their expeditions. Besides the territorial chiefs, there were sovereigns, who possessed neither country nor regular subjects; the sea kings, as they were called, who, with no wealth but their ships, no force but their crews, and no hope but from their swords, swarmed in every ocean, and plundered every coast, and whose boast it was, that they never slept under a smoky roof, and never quaffed the social cup over a hearth. The youth roved about in search of booty for the bride he left at home; the father, for his wife and children. The Normen were true to one another, and virtuous men in their own eyes; for in human nature there is generally a wonderful spirit of accommodation in our principles to our convenience. The plundering Normen held murder, in the acquisition of their booty, no crime; though they piqued themselves on their esteem for women, and were the chief founders of chivalry; just as the Roman murderers and robbers of the present day pique themselves on their orthodoxy, and the fervour of their attachment to their church. We doubt if Christianity made the Normen more scrupulous, with regard to the property

of others, than it did our Scotch and English borderers, who received absolute one day, and stole cattle the next.

The Normen settled the matter with their conscience, on the terms of the following low German adage :

Ruten, roven dat en is ghein Schande  
Dat doynt die besten van dem Lande,

which means that robbing and devastating were no shame, as they were practised by the best in the land.

But these times are gone ; the seas are now covered by a very different sort of vessels from the *Snekkes* which issued from the friths and bays of Norway and Denmark ; and we have, in our time, seen Denmark in turn plundered by the descendants of those who were among the greatest sufferers from her devastations. The old Normen might exclaim with Palnatoke, in Oehlen-schlager :

———— On our power at sea  
Our real strength is founded ; for the Dane  
Is truly like a sea-fowl ; Aegir \* is  
His kind divinity, and Ocean's daughters  
On foam-clad billows sweetly sing his praise  
On every strand. This is the destiny  
Which God allotted him, and as imperish-  
able  
As nature's self is the proud gift, received  
By him from the Almighty. What, al-  
though  
His *Snekkes* may now and then be stolen  
from him,  
Or burnt? the oak grows in his woods, and  
iron  
Gleams in his mountains : and his arm and  
axe  
Can always build him more. Our isles are  
cast  
By the Eternal's hand within the depth  
Of ocean, that the keel may always find  
Its element with ease.

But the event to which we have alluded was calculated to suggest much less consolatory reflections. Well might the same poet, contrasting the ancient consequence with the recent humiliation of his native country, exclaim :

———— Though every where  
By Danish heroes Europe's thrones are  
filled ;  
Yet now must Denmark tremble for her-  
self.

What is 't to us that Regnar Lodbrok con-  
quer'd

The rude Britannia, that Biörn Ironside  
Exclaim'd with Hasting, when they over-ran  
Proud France, and Paris burned, ' Now let  
us on

To Rome, and we will conquer there as  
here ?'

That Rolf has founded Normandy ; that  
Biörn

Constantinople's suburbs fired ? What is 't  
That in Italia, Luna was unconquer'd,  
And that the proudest Spanish cities oft  
By us were plundered ? that Orvarodd  
With Danish warriors founded Russia's  
might ?

That even in distant Africa the negro  
Has bleached with fear, when swords of  
Northmen clang'd ?

From the adventurous character so long possessed by the Northmen, we might naturally expect to find copious recollections of their deeds among their descendants. From the unmix'd character too of the population, which is the most purely Teutonic of any in Europe, we are warranted in expecting to find here, if any where, the genuine songs, music, and superstitions peculiar to the Teutonic race. Accordingly, we find that Denmark and Scandinavia are not only richer than any of the other Germanic countries, in ballads of adventure of all descriptions, from the vague traditions of a dark antiquity, to the achievements of the chivalrous ages, and even to those of the comparatively recent age of Charles the Twelfth ; but that the supernatural beings of our forefathers, by whom every sea, every stream, every fountain, hill, and forest, were peopled, exist only here in all the purity and definitiveness of their attributes, occupying a place in song proportioned to their importance ; and that the genuine music of the race, which has been almost expelled from Scotland by the more animated and heart-rending strains of the Celts, and of which traces only exist in England, in a few old ballad airs, fortunately preserved from oblivion,—yet lives in all its freshness among the peasantry of Scandinavia.—These circumstances will, we hope, justify us in entering at some length into an account of

\* Aegir, in the northern mythology, the husband of Ran, one of the names for the ocean.

the ballads of Denmark and Scandinavia.

The first class, to which the title formerly given to the earliest publication of Danish ballads, namely, *Kiæmpe-Viser* (ballads of giants and warriors), ought properly to be confined, comprehends ballads relating to the ancient mythical times. Of this class, the Danes have several, the Swedes have only one, the ballad of *Grimborg*. The subjects of them are the combats and adventures of giants or heroes of extraordinary strength and courage. Most of these heroes either belonged to the court of the celebrated Dideric or Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, or were in some manner connected with it. His residence is called Bern, (supposed Verona). The splendour of this court, in the representations of the northern bards, hardly yields to that of Charlemain and his twelve peers, or of King Arthur and his round table. This class has all the marks of a very remote age. The style is not merely simple, it may be called rude. There is a great confusion throughout with respect to places and times; and a number of famous heroes, who lived in very different ages, are often brought together without much ceremony.

All traces of the traditions respecting these characters are nearly lost in England. One of the most important of them, however, is said in the new novel of Kenilworth, on the authority of Gough, still to live in the traditions of Berkshire, namely Weyland, the smith, to whom the great novelist has assigned so prominent a part. The same *Weyland* occurs in "Horn Child, and Maiden Rimenild," in Ritson's Ancient Romances, iii. 293.

Then sche let forth bring  
A sword hongand bi a ring  
To Horn sche it bitaught :  
It is make of *Miming*  
(Of all swerdes it is King,  
And *Weland* it wrought).

In the minstrelsy of the Scotch border, and Mr. Ellis's specimens of early English Romances, may also be found some account of him; and the latter has a curious Latin quotation on the subject, from Geoffrey's *Vita Merlini*.

The first Danish ballad of this

class, called the Tournament, brings together most of the personages who figure in the series, and describes the bearings on their shields, an important matter in former times, to which reference is often afterwards made. The following extract from the commencement of this ballad, which is of great length, may serve to give some idea of its nature :

There were seven and seven times twenty,  
Who from the hall outwent,  
And when they came to Brattingborg  
There pitched they their tent.  
It thunders 'neath their horses as the Danish warriors ride.

King Nilus stands on his castle wall,  
Whence he sees both far and wide—  
"Why hold these warriors their lives so cheap,  
That they long my strength to bide?"  
It thunders 'neath their horses &c.

Hear thou Sivard Snarenswend  
Thou hast roved far and wide,  
Thou shalt see these warriors' bearings,  
To the tent go quickly ride.

It was Sivard Snarenswend  
To the tent he hied amain;  
You are welcome here, my noble Sirs,  
Ye King of Danes's men.

I pray you take it not amiss,  
Nor angry be with me—  
But if with you the combat we try,  
Your bearings I first must see.

Upon the first shield doth appear  
A lion large and strong—  
With a crown also of yellow gold,  
To King Diderick it doth belong.

Upon the second shield appears  
A hammer large and tonge,  
It is borne by Vidrick Verlandson,  
Who quarter giveth none.

Upon the third shield doth appear  
A vulture red as gold—  
It is borne by the Hero Hogen  
Who is a warrior bold.

Upon the fourth shield doth appear  
An eagle, and it is red,  
It is borne by Olger, the Dane,  
Who leaves aye his foemen dead.

Amidst all the rudeness of this class of ballads, they often display much energy and greatness of conception. Take as an instance a passage in the Danish ballad of Berner the giant, and Orm Ungerswend, where a youth goes to his father's grave, to wake him from the dead, in order to obtain his sword from him to combat the giant; who, in the outset, is thus described :

It was Berner the great giant,  
 He rose over walls the most high ;  
 He was so mad and furious  
 No man durst come him nigh.  
 But the wood it standeth all in flower.  
 He was so mad and furious  
 No man durst to him go,  
 Had he been long in Denmark  
 He would have worked much woe.  
 But the wood &c.

Orm Ungerswend, stimulated by  
 the promise of the daughter of the  
 King of Denmark, challenged this  
 monster,

Berner, the high giant,  
 Who looked over his shoulder to see :  
 " Whence cometh then this little mouse,  
 Who dare speak such words to me ? "

Orm Ungerswend proceeds with-  
 out delay to the hill, in which he  
 says " his father dwells with all."

It was late in the evening,  
 The sun it goeth low,  
 Then longeth Orm Ungerswend  
 To his father to go.

It was late in the evening tide,  
 When swains to water horses take,  
 Then longeth Orm Ungerswend  
 His father from sleep to wake.

It was Orm Ungerswend,  
 He struck so hard on the hill,  
 It was, indeed, great wonder  
 That falling it did not him kill.

It was Orm Ungerswend,  
 He struck the hill with such art,  
 That it opened with the walls and marble  
 stones,  
 Which were in its lowest part.

Orm Ungerswend's father then came forth  
 In the hill there where he lay,  
 " Who calls me from my dark abode  
 Unto the light of day ?

" Who waketh me so early  
 And makes me so to moan,  
 Why can I not remain in peace  
 All under the hard stone ?

" Who dareth thus my hill to break,  
 Who dares to face mine eye ?  
 Truly I must tell to him,  
 He shall by Birting die."

" I am Orm Ungerswend,  
 Thy youngest son, father dear !  
 I come to thee now in my need,  
 Full well thou knowest my prayer."

" If thou beest Orm Ungerswend,  
 A warrior keen and brave,  
 I gave thee silver and gold before  
 As much as thou would'st have."

" Thou silver and gold did'st give to me,  
 I esteem it of no worth,  
 But I will have Birting,  
 It is so good a sword."

" Thou shalt not get from me Birting,  
 To win so fair a maid,  
 Till thou hast been in Ireland  
 To revenge thy father's death."

" Come, quickly give me Birting up,  
 'T will be full well with me,  
 Or else in a thousand pieces I break  
 The hill which is over thee."

" Then reach thou down thy right hand  
 here,  
 Take Birting from my side ;  
 But break'st thou the hill which is over me,  
 Grief and sorrow shall thee betide."

It was common in the north, that  
 the things which in life were held by  
 a man in the highest estimation,  
 should accompany him to the tomb.  
 The sort of visit which Orm Ungers-  
 wend here pays is a frequent oc-  
 currence in the *sagas* ; and every  
 reader must remember the similar  
 dialogue between Hervor and An-  
 gantyr, derived by Mr. Gray from  
 the Norse poetry.

The recommendation of the fol-  
 lowing ballad, called " The Death  
 of Sivard Snarenswend," is its bre-  
 vity, which allows us, without, we  
 hope, drawing too much on the pati-  
 ence of our readers, to give it entire:

Sivard, he slew his step-father  
 All for his mother's sake,  
 And now he longs to court to ride,  
 To try his fortune to make.  
 So cunningly runs Greyman under Sivard.

It was Sivard Snarenswend,  
 He went to his mother to know  
 Whether he should ride from her,  
 Or whether on foot he should go.  
 So cunningly, &c.

" Thou shalt not go on foot from me,  
 If the horse only bear thee can,  
 I shall to thee give the good horse,  
 The courtiers call Greyman."  
 So cunningly runs, &c.

They led Greyman from the stable out,  
 All gilt his bridle shone ;  
 His eyes they gleam'd like sparkling stars,  
 And the fire flew from his mane.

Sivard then his gloves threw off,  
 His hands they were so white,  
 Himself he girded his good horse,  
 His Squire he durst not trust.

It was Sivard's dear mother,  
 She was clad in Kirtle red ;  
 " Sivard ! it is my strongest fear  
 That the horse will be thy dede."

And she followed him long as out he went,  
For high her fear now rose :  
" And O take care of Greyman, thy horse  
So many tricks he knows."

" Now hear ye then, my mother dear,  
Ye need not be so afraid,  
In me you have a nimble son  
Who well his horse can ride."

Greyman, he started from the gate,  
And sprung o'er bridge and flood,  
And however firm in the saddle he sat,  
His boots were filled with blood.

The horse he ran through the wide Downs,  
Where the people were met in Ting,\*  
The people in Ting astounded stood,  
To see a horse so spring.

For fifteen days and fifteen nights,  
Over hill and dale he ran,  
Till he came before a lofty house,  
The doors were lock'd each one.

King Dan he stood on the highest tower,  
Where he sees both far and wide,  
" Here see I a drunken courtier,  
Who well his horse can ride.

" It is either a drunken courtier  
Who well can ride I ween ;  
Or it is Sivard, my sister's son,  
'And in combat he has been."

Greyman, he took the bits in his teeth,  
O'er the outer wall he flew ;  
The ladies and maidens were sore dismayed  
Who happened this leap to view.

The ladies and beautiful maidens look'd  
pale,

All under their scarlet so fine :  
King Dan he goes so gladly  
To welcome his sister's son in.

And it was the King of the Danes,  
And straightway then he said,  
" Go tell from me the archers good  
The gate to open wide."

It was Sivard Snarenswend,  
He rode in with all his might ;  
And thirteen of the waiting maids,  
They fainted at the sight.

The King, he said unto his men,  
" Treat Sivard I pray with care,  
For I must frankly tell to you  
No jesting will he bear."

It was Sivard Snarenswend,  
He allowed his horse to spring  
Full fifteen ells o'er the highest wall,  
And so he came to his end.

Sivard was cut by the saddle bow,  
And Greyman's back in twain ;  
And all in the palace, who saw him, cried,  
And none were glad or fain,  
So sorrowfully ran Greyman under Sivard.

The ballads of this class are sometimes varied in a whimsical enough manner, by the propounding and answering of riddles, an exercise of ingenuity in which our forefathers took great delight, and which has also found its way into their songs. In a large volume of ballads, in black letter, of the latter part of Charles the Second's reign, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there is one called " the Noble Riddle wisely expounded, or the Maid's Answer to the Knights their Questions," beginning,

There was a lady of the north country,  
Lay the bent to the bonny broom ;  
And she had lovely daughters three,  
Fa la la la, fa la la la, ra re.

One of the daughters, after some  
endearments had passed between her  
and a young knight, asks him to  
marry her

The brave young Knight to her replied, &c.  
" Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be denied,  
&c.

If thou can'st answer me questions three,  
This very day will I marry thee."

" Kind Sir, in love, O then quoth she,  
Tell me what your questions be ?"

" O what is longer than the way ?  
Or what is deeper than the sea ?  
Or what is louder than the horn ?  
Or what is sharper than a thorn ?  
Or what is greener than the grass ?  
Or what is worse than a woman was ?"

" O love is longer than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea ;  
And thunder is louder than the horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn ;  
And poison is greener than the grass,  
And the devil is worse than woman was."

When she these questions answered had,  
The Knight became exceeding glad.

The following passage from the  
Danish ballad of Child Bonved, is  
quite in the style of the above,  
though less polished :

Child Bonved binds his sword by his side,  
Still longing farther on to ride,  
And he rode till he came to a mountain  
high,

Where a shepherd with his sheep came by.

" Now hear thee shepherd, tell to me,  
Whose are the sheep thou hast with thee ?  
What is than a wheel more round ?  
And where is the best yool-drink to be  
found ?

\* *Ting*, a court or assembly, as *Stor-Ting* (great court), the name of the parliament of Norway.



Where does the fish stand in the flood ?  
Where is the bird red ?  
Where is mixing wine best understood,  
And where drinks Vidrik and his warriors  
good ? ”

The shepherd hesat, and all calmly did take,  
He could not the slightest answer make ;  
The Child he gave him so heavy a blow  
That liver and lungs they out did go.

To another flock he straightway came,  
And a shepherd also was with the same ;  
“ Hear thou, good shepherd, and tell to me  
Whose are the sheep thou hast with thee ? ”

“ This way there lies both Burg and Fort,  
Where warriors always do resort ;  
There dwells a man, called Tycho Nold,  
And twelve sons he has stout and bold.”

“ Hear thou, my dearest shepherd good,  
Tell Tycho-Nold to hasten out ; ”  
From his pocket he drew a gold-ring forth  
And he gave the shepherd this ring of worth.

And as Child Bonved nearer came,  
They parted his plunder among them,  
Some would have his sword so keen,  
And some his horse and harness so fine.

Child Bonved he welcom'd himself alone,  
He wish'd to give his good horse to none ;  
His steed and sword he wished not to lose,  
He would sooner with them in battle close.

“ Though thou had'st twelve sons to thy  
twelve,

And stood between them all thyself,  
Thou should'st sooner from steel pure  
water wring,  
Than take from me the smallest thing.”

Child Bonved he clapt the spur to his horse,  
And sprung o'er gates and walls with force ;  
And so he conquer'd Sir Tycho-Nold,  
And also his twelve sons so bold.

And so he turned his horse about,  
Child Bonved the warrior so brave and  
stout ;

And on over hill and dale rode he,  
But never a man could he hear or see.

Till at last he came to a third flock,  
Where sat a shepherd with yellow lock ;  
“ Hear thou good man with thy sheep, I pray,  
And give certain answers to what I say.

What is rounder than a wheel ?  
And where is there drunk the noblest yool ?  
Where does the sun go to take a seat ?  
And where remain the dead man's feet ?

What is 't that fills up every dale ?  
What dresses best in the royal hall ?  
What calls out louder than a crane ?  
And what is whiter than a swan ?

Who on their backs their beards do wear ?  
Who 'neath his chin his nose does bear ?  
What is blacker than a sloe ?  
And what is fleetier than a roe ?

Which is the bridge with the broadest span ?  
Which is the ugliest thing like a man ?  
Where does the road that is highest run ?  
And whence does the drink that is coldest  
come ? ”

“ The sun is rounder than a wheel ;  
In Heaven there is held the noblest yool ;  
To the west the sun goes to his seat ;  
To the east remain the dead man's feet ;

The snow it filleth every dale,  
And man is fairest drest in the hall ;  
Thunder calls louder than a crane ;  
Angels are whiter than a swan.

Women their beard on their neck do wear,  
And warlocks 'neath their chin their noses  
bear ;

Sin is blacker than a sloe,  
And thought is fleetier than a roe.

Ice is the bridge with the broadest span,  
And the toad the ugliest thing like a  
man ;

The highest road to Paradise runs,  
And the coldest drink is beneath the  
ground.”

For the former part of this Essay, see page 41 of the present Volume.

### THE POET.

At morn, at noon, at eve, and middle night,  
He passes forth into the charmed air,  
With Talisman to call up Spirits rare  
From flower, tree, heath, and fountain. To his sight  
The husk of natural objects opens quite  
To the core, and every secret essence there  
Reveals the elements of good and fair,  
Making him wise where Learning lacketh light.  
The Poet's sympathies are not confined  
To kindred, country, climate, class, or kind,  
And yet they glow intense.—Oh ! were he wise,  
Duly to commune with his destined skies,  
Then, as of old, might inspiration shed  
A visible glory round his hallow'd head.

## C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.

No. II.

GIULIO ROMANO.

I like the green plush which your meadows wear,  
 I praise your pregnant fields, which duly beare  
 Their wealthy burthen to th' industrious boore.  
 Nor do I disallow, that who are poore  
 In minde or fortune, thither should retire:  
 But hate that he, who's warme with holy fire  
 Of any knowledge, and 'mong us may feast  
 On nectared wit, should turne himselfe t' a beast,  
 And graze i' the country. *Hubington.*

A wise man should never resolve upon any thing \* \* \* \* \*. A man must do according to accidents and emergencies. *Selden's Table-Talk.*

He who possessing an active mind is yet deficient in variety and originality of ideas to feed it with, cannot subsist long without books. This we felt so sensibly in our late excursion, that we were forced to relinquish, for a time, our resolution of visiting \* \* \* \* \* (which would of course have suggested very pastoral and marine articles), and to return to London, and our indispensable authors and painters. "In height of spring-tide, when heaven's lights are long, we may contrive to drag through the day *bookless* not amiss. Before breakfast, for instance, one may take a view—if one can; at noon, a sail—if near the sea; and in the evening, a stroll amid the fresh fragrant breath of the furze and heath—if not tired; repeating Colley's lovely ode—if ever learnt, and still retained. By this time it draws towards ten o'clock, and a truss of fine blanched lettuce, a good dig of Stilton, or a slice of ham, and a handsome glass of bottled-porter,—all well-earned by exercise,—carry you comfortably to your white-curtained bed. But as the days begin to draw in, and when the mystical R. renders oysters eatable, and candles necessary, solitude at an inn becomes intolerable; especially since the disuse of coloured prints, samplers, screens, maps, &c. They have no little china pastorals on the mantle-shelves now,—no piping shepherds, in claret-coloured coats and cocked hats,—no fallow-deer couching their white breasts among pure lilies, and ideally green herbage,—no Falstaffs, *acquarred red and yellow*,—nor Shak-

speares, overlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue: crumbled to tinder are those pictorial bed-curtains, visible lectures on ornithology and botany—"all, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and with them is flown half the enjoyment I took in enacting the Tartar. I am certainly an amiable creature; every action of my life emanates from a wish to please. I left the valley of \* \* \* \* \* last spring to please the painters with my eulogies. I left the sea-weed-tangled beach of \* \* \* \* \*, "bidding the thickening waves go foam for other eyes," to please myself. And this morning, I left my most acrasian bed to please the Editor, by penning No. II. of my delightful Dogmas.

But in the first place, I must see what there is in this roll. Ah! Mr. Richard Cook, are you here at my call?—The Death of Acis, folio size. This very striking spirited design proves that the painter of Polyphemus groping for the Ithacans at the Mouth of his Cave (engraved for Sharp's elegant edition of the poets); and Douglas grimly louting on the glittering train of James IV., has not fallen off either in animation or refinement. The action of Galatea's hands has great truth and simplicity; but the lower limbs want more energy, or more helplessness; the latter, indeed, would accord better with the convulsive shrink of the arms; a frightened Amor, it is true, appears to urge forward the "faire marine," indicating very plainly her reluctance or incapacity needing such incitement; but the white knees them-

selves have none of the hesitation and uncertainty of terror arrested by pity; of love combating self-hood; they do not start wildly away, nor bend and knock with joint-loosening dread, nor stiffen rigidly, as if struck into marble—but they are graceful, composed, and elastic. Perhaps this is hyper-criticism. About the *Acis* I feel more confident,—he is carefully drawn, every muscle and bone have their rights well-acknowledged, and the expression of his face is far from tame; but precise marking is of little avail when the outline is pinched and without style. Extraordinary genius may merge the accidental pettiness of parts in the overpowering grandeur of the whole; but an inferior talent, out-balanced by mediocrity, will certainly be smothered as in a quicksand. Mr. Cook then may be a little proud, that not he himself has been able to ruin his own composition, even by such a prominent disfigurement. He has lately been very idle, but I trust we shall meet him again on the high places, raising his ears at the loud twang of Homer's phorminx, and giving chase to the thick-thrilling sounds. This print is etched with artist-like feeling, by the firm hand of William Taylor, a young man struggling for fame under great disadvantages, and whose execution does honour to Mr. Cook's selection.—O! here is Mr. Golding's long expected Princess Charlotte, after Sir Thomas. I have mentioned this picture in terms of the warmest admiration (see account of the last Exhibition) and am not the least inclined to retract, though my opinion has been strongly opposed by several who *ought* to know better than myself; and when I consider how little Sir Thomas's favourites, the old Italian masters, and the antique, are appreciated among our artists and connoisseurs, I feel quite satisfied that

the refinement, suavity, and graceful delicate chastity of this portrait, form its essential bars to popularity. With respect to the copy, or translation, by Mr. Golding, it is decidedly inferior to no line engraving of the present English school. The first essential of a print is implicit fidelity to the original,\* (which of course we suppose worthy of multiplication); where the want of this is acknowledged the real connoisseur will reject the misrepresentation with contempt. Therefore, the possession of this qualification should, of itself, render the present plate valuable to all admirers of Lawrence; if Golding had not also flattered the eye of the *print* collector by the most varied and appropriate workmanship, firm, delicate, solid, airy, clear, rich, and brilliant. The pathetic tenderness of the eyes, the great attraction of the large drawing (formerly alluded to), is not so perceptible in the plate; but its omission is rather the graver's misfortune than its fault. The expression, though true, was too subtle and ethereal to bear the touch of steel.—But who is the author of this large *Dentatus*, from Mr. Haydon's well-known picture? I am quite ignorant of his style—where is my glass? “Drawn and engraved on wood by Harvey!” On wood! So it is by Jupiter! Truly this is the most effectively elaborate performance that I ever met with; and can it be the work of the very young man I have had pointed out to me as the co-pupil of the Landseers and young Bewick? His ardour for excellence, and unwearied perseverance under the most harassing privations, were not unknown to me; but who could suppose that raw twenty-one should thus shame experienced fifty, and create a new era in xylography? Up to this day, our historical wood-cutters have thought it much to follow in some fashion those

\* I have heard some people say, that the engraver has been unfaithful to such and such a part only to improve it:—granting the possibility of that occurring, which I am prepared to say never occurred yet, still, when I would purchase a Leonardo's *Last Supper*, or a Raffaele's *Transfiguration*, I shall be much disappointed, and (unless previously taught better) much damaged in my taste, if, instead of the severe intelligent lines, and the forcible shadows of the Florentine and the Roman, I am presented with a woolly, metallic, indecisive, tame *improvement*, by that mannered petty toolman, Raffaele Morghen—the admiration of fallen, immasculate Italy, and nose-led, well-meaning England; whose copies bear about the same relation to the pictures, as does the polished bombast of Pope's *Iliad* to the downright passion of Homer's.

lines ready pencilled by the inventor on the blocks; but here a good-for-nothing fellow, taking it into his head to break through all the established customs of the craft, copies a picture, and a complex one too, on an out-of-the-way sized piece of box; with skill in drawing, knowledge of anatomy, fire of expression, character of touch, and general feeling, beseeeming much rather a practised inventor than an inexperienced engraver!—What is not to be apprehended to modern art, if such an innovating and radical example is to be spread over all the print windows in town? I see only one way, which is for all reform-hating loyal people to follow my example, and unite in buying up his whole edition; and, no doubt, this will be so discouraging to Mr. Harvey, as to induce him (*more Dibdini*) to shatter his block. Seriously, you to whom a guinea is a mite not missed, think, if ye can think, of the super-wretched situation of the young artist; who, in that trying season when uncertain of either future fame, or even the means of a miserable subsistence, devotes all his energies to preparatory study by day, while his dim lamp burns till four in the morning, that the few shillings afforded by an obscure publisher for some little desigus, may procure him the means of appearing among his companions with decency. Exhausted in mind, chilled with cold and hunger, he throws his weak fevered limbs on a hard old flock-bed, from which he awakes to act anew that most pitiable of all characters, the poor gentleman! I am very far from wishing the public to take up every man who chooses to fancy himself a painter; but when there is real and great merit suffering under sickness of heart and body, shall we refuse ourselves a hundred pounds worth of pleasant feelings for the sake of a guinea, which a glass of Madeira the less for a day or two will amply make up to us? Recollect this you, who lightly salving your consciences by the plea of *necessary* economy, refuse a shilling or two towards a poor family's dinner, and yet that very evening will carouse deep in "rich-glowing cups." In the present instance, I can furnish you with three incitements: 1st. You will enable a most deserving aspirant to

pursue his studies with more attention to a delicate constitution; which, secondly, I take it will give you some very comfortable sensations; and, thirdly, your portfolio or *boudoir* will be enriched with nearly the largest, and certainly the most astonishingly tooled wood engraving that England has ever produced: and, whoever does me the honour to find my judgment amiss, I beg leave to inform him that my name is Van Vinkbooms, and that I carry a pen!

I have nothing more to say just now about recent publications, except to recommend the new volume (5th) of Mr. Daniel's *Coasting Tour*, as fully equal in interest to the fourth. Also, an excellent large folio etching of Windsor, from the forest, by Mr. Delamotte, whose *Studies from Nature* about Sandhurst (2 Nos. 4to.) are the most genuine things of the kind ever published in this country, though a little too painter-like for beginners. From Germany I believe nothing has arrived lately, but Mr. Bohte has sent me some outline compositions from the Eleusinian Mysteries which have much spirit and elegance. The classical scholar will be highly pleased with them, and their price is moderate. In a pocket book edited by La Motte Fouqué, are inserted ten or twelve prints illustrative of Undine, Hieronymus Von Stauf, &c. very characteristic of the German school. From the former most bewitching of tales, C. F. Schultze has made fourteen designs in outline, which I shall notice some time or other; though perhaps more for the delight of recurring to their ever-fresh source than on their own account. Still, though by no means equal to Retsch, the decorator of Goethe's wonderful dramatic poem, Schultze has in several instances risen far above mediocrity. Take, for example, the inimitable stunted Gnome, in plate 6; and Kühleborn among the reeds of the Black Valley, plate 12; two figures pronounced unimprovable by a judgment which I have found infallible.

The present tendency of British art is towards mean, bald matter of fact; which is just coming round again to the first state of painting, when simple indiscriminate *imitation* was the sole object; if the eye

was dazzled and deceived, no care was taken for the satisfaction of the *mind*.\* This tendency, far from depressing, fills me with great hopes, when I consider that Michael Angelo, and Raffaëlo, rose from the ruins of similar barbarity. Art is grown old and imbecile a second time, and must, like the phoenix, devote its crazy shell to the re-production of one stronger and better able to exhibit its in-dwelling, never-dying flame. This is the course of nature, where life ever springs from death; a truth beautifully shadowed forth in the fable of Medea, who, unable to re-invigorate the ruin of what once was Æson, was forced to decompose, reduce to its original atoms, and, as it were, create anew. Though in England the principle of life is still inert, and does not yet feel the influence of the regenerative fermentation now working so perceptibly in Germany, I do not deem it altogether impertinent to endeavour to prepare a few minds to receive patiently and unpetulantly, the tender shoots which will, I trust, spring up in the good time. There are many reasons why the moderns can never succeed in the pure *classical* execution of any given subject, except at second hand; and, as the expected outbreak will be necessarily somewhat wild and licentious, I think it better to dispose the public to indulgence, by accustoming them to the flights of the romantic masters, than to harden their hearts and judgments by insisting on extreme correctness, and nice propriety. With such intention, I endeavoured to call more real and general notice towards the suavity, anorous languor, and serpentine grace of Correggio, most commonly obtained by the sacrifice of drawing and truth (once or twice even of appropriateness and common sense); and, in furtherance of it, I shall try to reconcile the *intendents* of a painter apparently far more extravagant, though, in reality, more correct and legitimate; not with any wish to hold up these derelictions for imitation or praise, but merely to prevent sterling genius from neglect

and ridicule, on account of some superficial eccentricities. I mean Giulio Pippi, surnamed Romano, the favourite disciple, and, in mythic subjects, the successful rival of D'Urbino; and also the head of a separate school, honoured by the names of Francesco Primaticcio, Teodoro Ghisi, Rinaldo Mantovano, Battista Bertano, and Giulio Campi, the Cremonese. The pictures occasionally exhibited in England as the works of this master, will certainly not bear me out in the following observations on his style; neither will the frescos executed in the Vatican, from the cartoons of Raffaëlo; but if you will turn over the folios of Messrs. Woodburne, Molteno, and Colnaghi, I think we shall not materially disagree. Poussin is vulgarly considered the most eminent in Grecian fable:—the visitors to Mantua know otherwise, and that the agility, untrammelled motions, vigour, and earnestness of Giulio's actors, show a far deeper penetration into the spirit of the traditional days,—of the age of the demi-gods,—than the painted statuary of the Frenchman, classical, and “high-thoughts-creating” as it is. “We must form our estimate of Giulio's powers,” says Fuseli, (2d lecture) “less from his tutored works at Rome, than from the colossal conceptions, the pathetic or sublime allegories, and the voluptuous reveries, which enchant in the Palazzo del T. near Mantua. Whatever be the dimension, the subject, or the scenery, minute or colossal, simple, or complex, terrible, or pleasing; we trace a mind bent to surprise, or to dazzle by poetic splendour. But, sure to strike by the originality of his conception, he often neglects propriety in the conduct of his subjects, considered as a series; and, in the arrangement, or choice of the connecting parts, hurried into extremes by the torrent of a fancy more lyric than epic, he disdains to fill the intermediate chasms, and too often leaves the task of connexion to the spectator.” If the embellishments of this palace testify the inexhaustibility of his fancy, and the universality of his pencil, his diversified attain-

\* To simplify and be perspicuous it is necessary to make this broad opposition of terms, though it is neither sufficiently delicate, nor indeed strictly philosophical.

ments are displayed in the erection, any notices on the beauties of which I shall leave to more able judges. The outrageous contradictions of Giulio's tastes and style make it difficult to arrest and stamp him with any unmistakable mark. He has more grand and poetical conceptions than Raffaëlo, and commits more impertinencies than Paolo Veronese. Equal in simplicity to Fra. Bartolomeo, he dislocates more limbs than Bandinelli, or Goltzius. No one ever understood the mechanism of the human frame better, and nobody ever played such tricks with it. His composition is as compact and united as his chiaroscuro is unprincipled and frittered. It is difficult to conceive any thing warmer, more attractive, more in harmony with Tasso's chorus, *O bella età del oro*, than his amorous groups or Bacchic scenery; or more repellant than his ungenial tone and opaque colour with "its red-bricky lights, violet demitints, and black shadows." From his mode of treating them, the most familiar attitudes assume an importance and novelty, while impossible twists wear without detection the prerogatives of suppleness. Though thoroughly imbued with the grandeur of Homer, and the purity and beauty of the antique, he had an incessant itch for grotesque deformity: a master of expression, he preferred the grimaces of an Italian mountebank: with a mind capable of conceiving, and a hand of executing every thing joyous, gentle, elegant, and sublime, he revelled in brutal vulgarity, depressing meanness, and diabolical torture, and he drops from the heaven of sanctity into the abominations of Caprea.\* In his choice of attitudes he is at once endlessly various, and *mannered*; in folds and flying curls, apparently natural, yet arbitrary; in the luxurious head-dresses of his females, at once antic and modern; classical and fantastic; and, to crown the whole, his ideas, young, lusty, and full of sap,

are starved by the austere rigidity of his execution. Such are the jarring elements of this master's works, whose characteristic is an erudite universality.

Giulio's a mighty raging flood  
That from some mountain flows;  
Rapid, and warm, and deep, and loud,  
Whose force no limit knows.

He was a decided imitator of the antique; but it was of the kernel, not of the shell, like the modern French school. He thought in their spirit, instead of copying their remains. Thus he was always original and racy. The vigorous vitality of his own mind runs through all his compositions, and, as the Faëry wine tingles, like youth, along the veins of grey Sherasmin,† so does his breath infuse life into a *caput mortuum*. He drags forth some musty mythologic fable, re-models it, and, placing it before our eyes in all its primeval bloom, commands and obtains our sympathies. He will give you an appetite for any dish which Ovid has sickened you with, and, like Æneas, and Othello, shall tell you his story over and over again, while you shall listen like Dido and Deademonæ. Even his numerous and offensive extravagancies serve his purpose of striking and rivetting his works in the mind. Like Fuseli, he may be ill apprehended, but never despised; you may hate, but cannot forget: this is the prerogative of only true and very high genius. You shall be placed before Carlo Marratti, and before Guido, before Ann. Caracci, Albano, Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Mignard, and stand neuter on the question of their merits; but M. Angelo's Brazen Serpent, Giulio's Rape of Hylas, Rembrandt's Crucifixion, or Fuseli's Hero and Leander, shall compel you perforce to an election! It is peace or war—intense love or intense detestation! and that mere wildness will never have this effect is fully evidenced by Rosso, Spranger, Van Mander, and Hemskirk.

\* In allusion to the lost Aretino prints. Fuseli says, "some have objected to the character of his physiognomies as more salacious than enamoured, less simple than vulgar, and often dismal and horrid, without being terrible.

† See Wieland's Oberon, a beautiful romance, much in need of congenial translation. In the mean time, I advise you to read Mr. Sotheby's, if you have not already.

Perhaps this last observation only applies to those already initiated in the theory of the art, inasmuch as it supposes the exercise of critical judgment; and judgment in painting, as well as in poetry, "is an acquired talent which can only be produced by deep thought, and a long continued intercourse with the best models of composition!" This unanswerable truth should temper the rashness of decision, and suggest, "that if painting be a subject on which much time has not been bestowed; the judgment *may* be erroneous; and in many cases *must* be so." The proceedings and notions of people who regard poetry and painting as matters of amusement are immaterial; but those who wish to form their taste, and elevate their imagination, must begin by submitting themselves humbly to the acknowledged masters, imputing all want of relish to their own immature or distorted vision, and taking especial care never to risque a criticism, until fully satisfied that they enter into, and comprehend, the principles and aim of the object of their study. This will ask some pains. The mysteries of Eleusis were not penetrated by the aspirants in a day: many remained in the porches. "*Non uti Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.*" "Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn." It happens not to every one to have brains of sealing-wax, ready to melt in the Muse's flame, and take the signet of Apollo. One thing, however, is certain: viz. that he who never sets out will never arrive at his journey's end.

Can we get in easily?

*Old Woman.* The Greeks got Troy by trying for't, sweet wench!

All's got by trying. *Elion's Theocritus.*

I shall now endeavour to entice you on by a slight descriptive sketch of one or two of Ghullo's inventions: and first for the Cephalus and Procris; a composition of seventeen animated figures, which, as a whole, bears us to the age when honey stilled from oaks, and when no storms or frosts stripped the green roofs from the 'wons' of the sylvans. We should read Moschus's Lament for Bion, the sweet Shepherd, before looking at the picture; or study the picture as a preparation for the La-

ment. We have nearly the same images in both. For either victim the high groves and forest dells murmur; the flowers exhale sad perfume from their buds; the nightingale mourns on the craggy lands, and the swallow in the long-winding vales. "The satyrs too, and fauns dark-veiled groan," and the fountain nymphs, within the woods, melt into tearful waters. The sheep and goats leave their pasture; and oreads, "who love to scale the most inaccessible tops of all uprightest rocks," hurry down from the song of their wind-courting pines; while the dryads bend from the branches of the meeting trees, and the river moans for white Procris "with many-sobbing streams,"

Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.

*Leigh Hunt.*

The golden bees are silent on the thymy Hymettus; and the knelling horn of Aurora's love no more shall scatter away the cold twilight on the top of Pelion!—The foreground of our subject is a grassy sun-burnt bank, broken into swells and hollows like waves (a sort of land-breakers); rendered more uneven by many foot-tripping roots, and stumps of trees stocked untimely by the axe, which are again throwing out light green shoots. This bank rises rather suddenly on the right to a clustering grove, penetrable to no star, at the entrance of which sits the stumped Thessalian king, holding, between his knees, that ivory-bright body which was, but an instant ago, parting the rough boughs with her smooth forehead, and treading alike on thorns and flowers with jealousy-stung foot; now helpless, heavy, void of all motion, save when the breeze lifts her thick hair in mockery:

Oh God! what does not one short hour  
match up

Of all man's gloss! Still overflows the cup  
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,

And lighter than the shadow of a feather.

*Chapman's Epicædium.*

From between the closely neighbour'd  
boles astonished nymphs press  
forward with loud cries;

And deer-skin-vested satyrs, crown'd with  
ivy twists, advance;

And put strange pity in their horned countenance.

Emps<sup>e</sup> lies beneath, and shows by his panting the rapid pace of death. On the other side of the groupe, virtuous love, with "vans dejected," holds forth the arrow to an approaching troop of Sylvan people, fauns, rams, goats, satyrs, and satyr-mothers, pressing their children tighter with their fearful hands, who hurry along, from the left, in a sunken path between the foreground and a rocky wall, on whose lowest ridge a brook-guardian pours from her urn her grief-telling waters. Above, and more remote than the Ephidryad, another female, rending her locks, appears among the vine-festooned pillars of an unshorn grove. The centre of the picture is filled by shady meadows, sinking down to a river-mouth:—beyond is "the vast strength of the ocean-stream," from whose floor the extinguisher of stars, rosy Aurora, drives furiously up her brine-washed steeds, to behold the death-pangs of her rival. I am not aware that Giulio ever painted *The Lament for Procris*.

The print before me (by Giorgio Ghisi) is plainly made from a drawing, or paper sketch; a custom among the old Italian engravers, easily proved by M. Antonio's celebrated *St. Cecilia with the black Collar* (a very fine impression of it is worth from twenty to thirty guineas!) after a design of Raffæello, differing much from the picture engraved by Bonosone, Strange, Massard, &c.; by his *Parnassus, Judgment of Paris, The Virgin with the long Thigh*, &c. &c. Also by this very Ghisi's *Angles of the Sistine Chapel*, after M. Agnolo; by Caraglio's *Loves of the Gods, The Labours of Hercules*, after Rosso (le maître Roux), and *The Marriage of the Virgin*; and not to multiply examples, from Parmegiano's *Vulcan throwing the Net*, by Gaspar Reverdinus, and the same master's *Mars and Venus, with Vulcan at the Forge* (in its first state), by Æneas Vicus, in which last EXTREMELY RARE plate this fact is very apparent. I notice this, to account for the thick, coarse, careless outlines of many old prints, as well as for the want of beauty in the features; which proceeded not from incompetency, but from neglect: the old masters satisfying themselves, in

their pen and ink sketches, with the vividness and intelligibility of the composition, general character, harmony of lines, &c. without attending to the details.

And now, most pleasant of readers, I must take off my hat to you. I had fully purposed, in this article, to have lectured amply on Giulio; and then touching lightly, for the present, on Primaticcio, to have enjoyed myself among the elegant groups of the seducing Parmegiano; but this has not been vouchsafed unto me to do. My fixed limits are filled with most unintentional other guess stuff; and the application of my prose motto, from "The learned Maister Selden," is as clear as—this glass of Sherris. However, the printer must contrive to edge in my little list below. VALETE.

#### Prints from Giulio Romano.

*The Death of Procris*; inscribed at bottom, "*Julius Romanus, inventor*," and the chiffre of the engraver, *G. Mantuano (Ghisi)*, about 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* according to the brilliancy of the Impression. Retouched by *Thomasinus*, and bearing his name. 5*s.* or 6*s.*

*Hylas, a Nymphis Raptus*, a very singular yet beautiful composition of twenty figures (including dogs), very desirable, as characteristic of his genuine style. (*Sente Bartoli*.) 5*s.* or 6*s.* perhaps not so much.

*The Hours leading out the Horses of the Sun*; in a very high taste of poetry: famous by the criticism of Sir Joshua. (*Ditto*.) 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.*

*Jupiter suckled by the Goat Amalthea, and fed with Honey by the Nymphs*. (*Ditto*.) 3*s.* or 4*s.* If you can spare the cash, I advise you to buy Bonosone's print, (without name,) taken, as I should imagine, from a drawing: you will find it either at Woodburne's or Colnaghi's, to a certainty, for 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.* or 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* N. B. It is not one of *Juno Bo's* (as he signs himself sometimes) best things, by any means; but it has ten times the feeling and ease of Bartoli's etching.

*L'Enfance de Jupiter*; totally different from the preceding. Prettily engraved by *Patas*, in the Palais Royal. 5*s.*

*The Dance of Apollo and the Muses*; from the small picture, a very highly finished print, by Raphael Urbin Massard. 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* or 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*

*The Triumph of Vespasian*; large folio

\* Ovid says that he was transformed into a stone before the present event; but I don't chuse to believe him.



size, engraved, in the Crozat Collection, by L. Desplaces. 10s. or 7s. 6d. There are likewise two other prints of this; one in the *Musée Français*, and the other, in the little *Galérie de Fithol*.

From Teodoro Ghisi.

Venus withholding Adonis from the Chase; a very rich upright; most elaborately finished by G. Mantuano. 1l. 1s. 0d. or 2l. 2s. 0d. I picked up a beautiful im-

pression of this scarce plate, at Mr. Trip-hook's, the bookseller, three or four years ago, and never met with its fellow till the other day, at Mr. Colnaght's. It now hides its diminished head.

Mr. Triphook has now the finest *St. Hubert*, by Albert Durer, I suppose, that can be produced. It is a match for my friend Weathercock's *M. Antonio*, the far-famed *St. Cecilia*.

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### THE HERMIT.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

•        •        •        •        •  
 THEN, spent with weary wandering, on the bank  
 All tissued with sweet flowers, I flung my side;  
 And bathed my forehead in the herbage dank  
 That sprouted cool beneath the willows wide:  
 There was the spot where broken hearts might hide,  
 So thought I, from the world of evil men;  
 Gazing for ever on the silver tide,

Or listening to the murmurs of the glen,  
 Or echo sweet that woke its hollow sounds again.

How lovely were it thus, from day to day,  
 To glide through life, from all it's troubles clear,  
 To leave at morn my rushy couch to pray,  
 Then forth and walk, companion'd by the deer,  
 And timorous hare, and wood-dove cooing near,  
 The friend of every innocent wild thing  
 That wing'd or grazed beside me without fear,  
 All in those secret arbours worshipping,  
 As once in paradise, their lonely pilgrim king.

And what were wealth to me? those little flowers,  
 Were they not richer than the gems of Inde?  
 What kingly tapestry like those waving bowers?  
 What throne so glorious as that wild rock lined  
 With golden moss, with love-sick rose entwined?  
 What were the banquet of the proud saloon  
 To the young almond's pulp, the citron's rind  
 That scoop'd the stream, when the pure feast was done?  
 Those are the Hermit's joys, to kings and courts unknown.

And when the twilight sent her pearly star  
 To tell me that the hour of rest was come,  
 My music be the waterfall afar,  
 The hunter's mellow cornet winding home,  
 The bleat of distant folds, the wild bee's hum,  
 Like evening's anthem rising to the skies,—  
 Then turn to sleep within that rushy room  
 Where slumber never from the Hermit flies,  
 Till morn looks smiling in, and breathes upon his eyes.

So mused I, in a dim, delicious trance,  
 Till dreams upon my sinking eyelids clung.  
 A shout awoke me, swift and strong the lance  
 That through the thicket o'er my forehead sung.  
 Half blind and dizzy to my steed I sprung,  
 Beside his shrinking hoof a knight lay slain.  
 Fierce fight was round me, spear and mace, high swung,  
 Through proud helms crash'd their way; blood gush'd like rain,  
 And all was trumpet-bursts, and yells of mortal pain.     Ωros.

## THE DRAMA.

## No. XXI.

A FRIEND of ours once intended to favour the world with an essay on the subject of the title-pages of books. We think that the titles which dramatic authors adopt, for the purpose of irritating their productions into notoriety, would afford even a more fertile theme. The variety which is to be seen in and about London is (as Mr. Sampson would say) "prodigious!" There are some of all sorts—

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,  
from Sebastian the Fourth, to Loyalty,  
or the King in Dublin, as may be learned from a careful perusal of those flags of invitation which are daily issued from the Cobourg or Astley's printing presses:— We have also "the Cure for Coxcombs," a light and "lively" affair at the Lyceum; and the Gerald Duval of Drury Lane may, by the help of a little imagination, pass for something that is even "severe." We hope that these satirical authors of Old Drury thrive in the sunshine of the manager's favour.

Hæc arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules  
Innixus, arces attingit igneas;  
Quos inter Augustus recumbens  
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

It is not unlikely that the remembrance of boyish impressions persuades our manufacturers of melodrame into the adoption of certain titles for their pieces. Otherwise, how can we possibly account for the extraordinary names which the Beaumonts and Fletchers of the Cobourg theatre hold out to allure the simple of both sexes within their doors. We will venture to transcribe a few of their alarming titles: first begging our fair readers and nervous friends (if we have any) to pass over the terrible array, and meet us again at the next paragraph. Observe how the catalogue swells, from a poor common assault into an absolute agglomeration of horrors!

1. Sebastian the Fourth, in the course of which a desperate combat between Messrs. Bradley and Blanchard!

2. Trial by Battle, with a desperate combat, &c!

3. One o'clock, or The bleeding Nun!

4. The Cry of Blood, or the Juror Murderer! !

5. The red Demon of the Hartz Forest, or the three Charcoal Burners! !

6. The Jew, the Gamester, the Seducer, the Murderer, and the Thief! ! !—

NB. This last, in the play-bills, is also distinguished by the title of a "domestic tale!"—

We are almost ashamed of descending from such a magnificent enumeration to common every-day matters: but we must not omit to mention that the Cobourg dramatists have ventured upon another subject of some interest; which, inasmuch as it may challenge a comparison with one of their predecessors who has attained a certain portion of celebrity, is not entirely destitute of peril. The play, or "piece," to which we allude, is called "The LEAR of private Life;" and truly, it is better adapted for private representation than for public. The person who answers to the Cordelia of Shakespeare was played by a Miss——, whom we never saw before (nor since), and Mr. Henry Kemble, the youngest and last of an illustrious brood, it was, we believe, who enacted the mad and deserted father in a style of the most determined placidity. A child might touch him (as the keepers say of the lions), he is so gentle. In truth, he is not a man to tear a passion to tatters, or to overstep the limits of the strictest ceremony. We could indulge our spleen a little on this subject; but as Greece was "magni memor Herculis," so we do not forget that the laurels of Mrs. Siddons, and the greater Kembles, should be permitted to overshadow and shelter this weaker scion of the family tree.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

This theatre is now (21st September) about to open. We are informed that some changes have taken place in the list of performers; but we hope that none of the bright cluster of comedians are gone, and also that Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble will remain, notwithstanding the addition of Mr. Young. This gentleman is the most important accession that we are aware of to the winter corps. Mr. Young is a popular actor and an elegant man. He is, perhaps, the finest declaimer on

the stage: surpassing Mr. Kemble, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Kean, in that respect; though he is less original than those gentlemen in his style of acting, and rather follows the line of the elder Kemble than strikes out one for himself. His excellence lies more particularly in such characters as Pierre, Chamont, and Colonna (in Mr. Shiel's play of *Evadne*), where there is a dash of bluntness mixed with the passion of the parts; and in some of the musical or high-sounding lines of Shakspeare his voice has frequently great power. We do not like his comedy so well as his tragedy, though his manners are really those of a gentleman. His style of speaking has well been called "oriental:" it is gorgeous, sweeping, sonorous, and musical, with less attention than many others bestow on minute points, but exceedingly imposing in its general effect. As we shall frequently have occasion to notice Mr. Young, we forbear troubling our readers with more on the subject at present.

DRURY LANE.

"Overflowing and delighted audiences nightly recognise and acknowledge the Coronation as the most correct and splendid exhibition ever produced on the British stage," are the words of Mr. Elliston, who invades the old privilege of the summer theatres by keeping open his huge playhouse, when it would have been much more liberal to close the doors. We hate all the puffing and red-letter ostentation of this theatre; but we dislike much more that Mr. Elliston (who, when he was lessee of the Circus, talked stoutly about the great theatres and their illiberality) should be allowed to "lord it o'er his betters:"—for so, at present, the Lyceum and the Haymarket are—and to show a grasping disposition, to the detriment of his rivals. It has always been customary for Covent Garden and Drury Lane to close their doors during a certain period of the year; and within that period other smaller theatres exercised their art. Last year, Mr. Elliston, under some pretence or other, kept Drury Lane open during a great part of the recess; and now he keeps it open during the whole recess without any excuse at all. We confess that we do not like this. We admire "fair play;" and it does not

seem to us fair play for Mr. Elliston to break in upon old established custom, where the infraction tends to benefit himself and to do injury to other people. There is "something rotten in the state of Denmark."

With regard to the Coronation, we beg to observe, that Mr. Elliston's red-letter intimation is not true: overflowing audiences do not attend to recognise either one thing or another; but, on the contrary, audiences of a very moderate, and sometimes meagre amount, meet at Drury Lane to witness the "fantastic tricks" which are there played off, and to see Mr. Elliston himself in a crown and royal robes, and bowing and aweing the candle-snuffers and call-boys, who gaze in dumb and profound admiration at every movement and expression which their master thinks proper to commit. Mr. Charles Kemble (whose grace on ordinary occasions few people will dispute) makes the king somewhat too lofty; and Mr. Elliston is not lofty enough, nor has he that evenness of manner which becomes a monarch. In other respects his Coronation is worth seeing: his trumpeters are important, and his bishops are awful: the lords and ladies are—so so, but the champion is a host in himself. His plumes are as high as those in the Castle of Otranto, and look altogether as full of peril. We wonder how Messrs. Carberry and Co. the plumassiers (for Mr. Elliston gives us the names of his tradesmen and "artists," down to the makers of the brass-wire) contrived to fix together upon one simple head such a towering forest of ostrich plumes—but so it is: Mr. Collett (for he has declared himself to our Lion's Head) rides over the pit, in steel and feathers, with an air that would have been thought imposing even in the fields of Cressy.

Before we dismiss this subject we may remark, that the play-bills inform us that "every person engaged in the preparations for the 19th of July," has given his advice on the subject of the "splendid exhibition" at Drury Lane. This means, we presume, that Lord Gwydir and Mr. Fellowes, and the rest of the noble exhibitors, have given their opinions on the Brydges-street pageant; and hence it is, of course, that its exceeding correctness has arisen.

*Gerald Duval, the Bandit of Bon-*

*hemis*.—After what we have felt ourselves compelled to say touching the manager of Drury Lane, it would have given us pleasure to have told our readers that this "new dramatic piece" was worthy their attention; but it is not. The drama, although founded on a tale of Mrs. Opie, which has its foundation in a fact, is tortured by the dramatist so as to appear horrid and improbable. Gerald Duval, the hero of the piece and of the story, is spoiled in his infancy; and by the time he arrives at the age of sixteen or seventeen, he is a fine flourishing instance of what mismanagement is able to produce. His prepossessions and his prejudices are strong and unopposed; and his pride thrives in proportion as his insolence is encouraged, or, which is the same thing, unchecked. He fancies various things, and obtains them; and, amongst others, he has a fancy for a young lady of rank, whose inclinations, however, do not lie towards M. Duval; on the contrary, she has a penchant for some other gentleman. This induces her to slight Gerald, who, on his part, resolves to wash away the offence with her blood. He in fact makes an attempt upon her life, which fails; and (instead of being hanged as he deserves) he is sentenced to prison for a long period of time. From this imprisonment he escapes; and though years have elapsed, he pursues his victim again and again, with all the "old original" vengeance that first stimulated him to murder. After several other attempts in vain, he is again seized, and suffers death. The original Gerald Duval is still, we believe, in prison, spinning out his punishment. When he was apprehended, he is reported to have said, *Je te retrouverai un jour*, and Mrs. Opie, and the Drury Lane dramatist, acting upon this hint, have imagined a variety of new atrocities, which, if ever the culprit survives his incarceration, he may be perhaps tempted to justify or exceed. The author of the play is said to be a Westminster scholar; this is enough to bespeak our indulgence; though we would rather that his taste should have led him, like his school-fellow Mr. Walker, to take the higher ground of the drama.

*Rosina* is, as our readers know, a pleasant simple afterpiece, and con-

tains some exceedingly pretty songs which Miss Povey executes delightfully. We do not think that this young lady has received her full share of admiration. Her voice is very fine and rich. Madame Mara, we understand, said that it was the finest voice which she had heard in England; and her experience and taste are entitled to some attention. The young lady who played Phœbe sung her songs very agreeably; and Knight,

Ever merry, ever young, made an excellent William. His quarrel scene was admirably hit off; his little jealous strut is quite a copy for an artist, and the box on the ear sends him spinning round like a teetotum, to the exceeding amusement of the wicked Phœbe, and of our laughing friends in both the galleries. Mr. Cooke acted Belville, but not to our taste; and a man of the name of Meredith (we believe), dressed like a brewer's drayman, spoiled the Irish rustic with great effect. Connor used to act this part in a fine style at the Haymarket, last year; but not so acteth Mr. Meredith. We wish that we could say a few words in favour of Mr. Barnard's Captain Belville. He seems a good-natured man, and fills all his parts respectably; but the gay, the gallant, is not for him; he is nearer Horatio than Lothario. He is fitter to give a turn to a precept than to instruct us by his example. Yet we have seen him play a waiter, or a bustling landlord, much to our satisfaction; and on the whole, with the exception, perhaps, of Cooper, he is the brightest star of the company which Mr. Elliston has enlisted for our summer's improvement and delight.

*Five Hundred Pounds* is a slight farce, in which *Nonplus*, a spendthrift, gets into debt and difficulty, and, in order to extricate himself, determines to alarm his uncle, *Subtle*, out of the money which he wants. In the prosecution of this laudable scheme he disembodies himself, and takes upon him the functions of a ghost. *Subtle*, who is averse to spirits (at least of the impalpable kind), makes a precipitate retreat on the appearance of his ghostly nephew, and in his hurry drops his pocket book, which contains the sum that *Nonplus* has occasion for! There is a lady, and some love, superadded to

this frail outline; but we will not trouble the reader with either the one or the other. We may observe, however, that the gentlemen who write farces think it incumbent on them to make their heroes as little like gentlemen as possible. They are generally successful in their amours; and are rewarded at the end of the piece, although they may have committed, in the course of representation, half a dozen actions that would have sentenced them to a last look at St. Sepulchre's.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This lively little theatre goes on merrily. Miss Kelly is the soul of the place; and the fluttering of Wrench, and the strong rugged humour and pathos of Emery, never come amiss to us.

*The Cure for Coxcombs* is a didactic afterpiece. Wrench, who is gentleman, coxcomb, and soi-disant artist, incited more by the beauty of Mrs. —, than the hope of rivaling either Raffaele or Correggio, introduces himself to her presence, with an agreeable confidence that is peculiar to himself. Here he prevails on her to sit for her portrait; and while he is daubing it with all the effect and self-satisfaction of an empiric, he mingles with the strokes of his pencil those pleasanter touches of compliment which are so well known to relieve the tedium of sitting, while they diversify the toils of the artist. At last, the painter's compliments deepen into a declaration of love; and then it is that the lady, who waits for her husband's return home, inflicts upon the unhappy penciller that sort of admonition which no one but he who has deserved it can appreciate. It effects, however, a cure of that tendency to gallantry which

led the hero of the piece into his dilemma; and hence the title of *The Cure for Coxcombs*. Wrench played exceedingly gaily and delightfully; some may think he is too "slipshod" at times, even for farce: we think not.

#### HAYMARKET.

*Venice Preserved*.—A young debutante, of the name of Brudenell, has made her appearance at this theatre, in the character of Belvidera. She is lady-like and gentle, and expresses the softer emotions agreeably; but she is not adapted to the higher walks of tragedy; and she would be lost in a conflict of the stormier passions. There must be something greatly marked in a countenance to give us truly all the fluctuations of grief, and to tell the story of profound despair; there must be a power of eye, and a depth of voice, and a dignity of gait, beyond the ordinary graces of women, to strike us on the stage. Miss Brudenell has few of these requisites. She is, if we may venture the word, too feminine; for, though it is desirable for an actress to picture all the gentle movements of the spirit in tones and looks as gentle, she must, nevertheless, have some sterner qualifications for the tragic chair. Mr. Conway played his old character of Jaffier very respectably, and in some parts very well; and Mr. Terry acted Pierre with that decided good sense and spirit which he shows in every thing. If there was any thing to object to, it was that he was too bitter almost for the part of Pierre; he did not "round it off" quite enough.

There is a clever little comedy from the pen of Mr. Kenny, called *Match Breaking*; but we must speak of it hereafter.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XX.

"All the world is out of town," and, therefore, so is music also; and it is well for the provinces that the metropolis, sometimes, is thus evacuated by those who demand the gratifications afforded by high science; since this demand would otherwise go near to deprive the residents of the body of the empire of all chance of

the progression in art that is to be drawn from the hearing of fine musical performances. For though individuals do continually visit London, and do there attend the best concerts, such single and isolated advantages could never have half the effect of a grand county meeting. A whole town, and not only a town—a

county, and perhaps even more than one county, receive from such, to them rare assemblages of talent, a simultaneous stimulus to improvement, which interest, example, conversation, and a thousand other nameless motives, bring into the fullest play. The rays are thus concentrated into a focus, from which their collected heat is thrown with a degree of force that accomplishes far more than could be done by any other contrivance. Thus the love and practice of music are mainly propagated in smaller circles, and produce not only individual solace and social enjoyment, but many advantages to trade, to charity, and to science, at a comparatively trifling expence. A little patronage from a few great names is, perhaps, almost the only thing necessary: and the subject is well worthy the attention of those who watch over and promote the progress of civilization, not less than of those interested more particularly in the cultivation of music.

These introductory remarks are drawn from us by the succession of county meetings which are just beginning. *Salisbury*, this year, has taken the lead; and is to be followed by *Worcester* and *Chester*. A festival meditated in *Norfolk* has been given up for want of public support. The *Salisbury* meeting was well attended. *Madame Camporese* and *Mrs. Salmon*, *Ambrogetti*, *Vaughan*, *W. Knyvett*, and *Bellamy*, were the principal singers; and it is a curious fact, for it shows the diffusion of language as well as of music, that the *Italians* bore away the greatest share of the popular applause. That the style of *Camporese*, wherever style is in the slightest degree understood, should attract admirers is no matter of wonder, particularly when she is compared with such a singer as *Mrs. Salmon*, who, however, generally wins all ears by her beautiful tone, and her exquisite, delicious facility. But every note from *Camporese* goes to the heart, in spite of an intractable voice which is a little *passée*. We confess, we like to know that soul gets the better of *soffeggi*. The humour of *Ambrogetti* completely relaxed the minds of his audiences; and, in his *Presto, Presto, Signori*, on the last night, he danced about the orchestra, scolded the band, and

shook hands with *Lindley* at the conclusion, with such irresistible glee, that he was dismissed with thunders of applause. The sacred performances were received with less boisterous, but not less heartfelt approbation. *Vaughan* was a particular favourite. *Mr. Card*, from *Norwich*, played a flute concerto with considerable success. *Lindley* was, as usual, wonderful, delightful, and supreme, as an instrumentalist.

*The Ninth Number of the Quadrille Rondos*.—This series of lessons has been very well sustained; and the number before us, although not equal to those which have preceded it, has yet a title to many of their excellencies. It has, apparently, been the intention of the composers who have been engaged in these publications, to give them sufficient elegance and brilliancy to satisfy performers of some attainment, and yet to place them within the reach of more moderate powers. This has certainly been effected; for, in the one respect, they cannot fail to afford amusement, and, in the other, improvement. In the present rage for quadrilles their very title will attract and recommend them to notice. *Mr. Kiallmark*, in number nine, has chosen a subject of which we confess ourselves weary, namely, the *Barcarolle*; but we know this is not the case with the rest of the world. It has always been a favourite; and it will not be less relished in its present shape. It is light, pretty, and extremely easy.

*Heart beating*, a favourite air by *Giordani*, arranged as a rondo for the pianoforte by *T. Cooke*. This lesson is intended for learners; and has greater merit than we usually find in this class of compositions. The subject is good; and is arranged in a spirited style. The passages, though extremely simple, are calculated to afford beneficial practice.

*The Psychean!! Waltz*, with variations, by *Klose*, is of the same description, though inferior. The variations are upon an unmeaning subject, and are common-place. Variation five will give good exercise to a young hand; and perhaps the whole piece is sufficiently pretty to attract the performers for whom it is intended.

*Mr. Rolfe* has published twelve

progressive pieces for the pianoforte. They are of the easiest description.

Mr. Kiallmark's Divertimento for the harp and pianoforte is a very agreeable duet. It is adapted to very small acquirements. There is no great choice of easy duets for these instruments; and as such it will be found useful.

*Fantasia on the favourite air Di piacer, by Pio Cianchettini.* There is one fault which pervades the whole of this fantasia—an over-indulged imagination. It is impossible to follow Mr. Cianchettini through his flights of fancy: the ear finds no resting place; and although there are many sweet and beautiful passages, they cloy from their constant recurrence, and fatigue from want of connexion. None but the composer himself, we are well aware, could do it justice. We have seen many meritorious works from the hand of Mr. Cianchettini; and as his composition now suffers merely from a redundancy of images, time, there is little doubt, will cool the ardour of his fancy, and render him eminent.

Mr. Burrowes has published the twelfth number of his Caledonian airs, which completes the set. It is an agreeable conclusion to a very nice collection of pianoforte lessons. They are all in the form of airs with variations; and, consequently, a test of the composer's power of invention and imagination. Scotch music is always a favourite; and amongst the airs Mr. Burrowes has selected will be found many old friends of tried excellence.

*Fantasia for the Pianoforte, on Mozart's Air E amore un ladroncello, by J. H. Griesbach.* This gentleman is a pupil of Mr. Kalkbrenner, and a young composer, the piece before us being only Op. 2. It is, however, a highly creditable composition, and would do honour to an older master. The selection of the subject is a proof of an elegant mind, and Mr. Griesbach has adorned his work with many graceful and melodious passages. The solo for the bass, at page 6, is extremely good; and we distinctly trace the school in which he has been trained in this and many other instances. We are happy to congratulate Mr. Griesbach on his success in

this early application of his talents to musical compositions.

We now turn to a Sestetto for the pianoforte, two violins, viola, violin-cello, and bass, by Mr. Kalkbrenner himself. It partakes of the leading characteristics of Mr. Kalkbrenner's style; strength combined with grace and originality. We seldom find in this gentleman's compositions a common-place passage. His manner is peculiar; perhaps more so than that of any other modern writer. We have always thought it requires a general acquaintance with this composer's style before it can be really understood and enjoyed; and we attribute it to the fact that it stands alone. We are also convinced that the more it is studied the more highly it will be appreciated. In the present work we particularly admire the minuet, trio, and adagio. The latter is very expressive. Indeed, we consider the whole piece as amongst Mr. Kalkbrenner's best productions.

Amongst the selections of this month are a third duet, by Watts, from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; the second book of Mr. Latour's arrangements from the same opera, both with a flute accompaniment, ad lib. and the second book of airs, from *Il Turco in Italia*, by Mr. R. Lacy, also with a flute accompaniment, ad lib.

The vocal pieces are few, and of little interest; the best of them is *Father, accept the humble praise*, an arranged sacred song, by Mr. T. Cooke, who, by the way, has also published his music to the Coronation spectacle at Drury-lane. The same ceremony has also called forth tributary stanzas, and music, from other hands. Mr. Danneley, of Ipswich, has printed a *bravura and chorus, Hail to our King*; and Mr. Harris, a sort of cantata, *Bright Star of Brunswick's royal Line*, of which their overflowing loyalty is the principal recommendation; and this has been found sometimes a good saleable commodity enough.

*The Luburnum Tree*, a song, by Mr. Harris, was made, we presume, for Vauxhall; since it is by no means equal to his duets, and other productions we have seen of that cast.

## THE COOK'S ORACLE.\*

DR. KITCHENER has greatly recognised the genius of his name by taking boldly the path to which it points; disregarding all the usual seductions of life, he has kept his eye steadily on the larder, the *Mecca* of his appetite; and has unravelled all the mysteries and intricacies of *celery soup*, and *beef haricot*, to the eyes of a reading public. He has taken an extensive kitchen range over the whole world of stews, and broils, and roasts, and comes home to the fireside (from which, indeed, his body has never departed) boiling over with knowledge—stored with curiosities of bone and sinew—a made-up human dish of cloves, mace, curry, catsup, cayenne, and the like. He has sailed over all the soups; has touched at all the quarters of the lamb; has been, in short, round the stomach world, and returns a second *Captain Cook*! Dr. Kitchener has written a book; and if he, good easy man, should think to surprise any friend or acquaintance by silly asking, "What book have I written?" he would be sure to be astounded with a successful reply, "a book on *Cookery*." His name is above all disguises. In the same way, a worthy old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was wont to lead his visitors around his kitchen garden (the Doctor will prick up his ears at this), which he had carefully and cunningly obscured with a laurel hedge, and who always said, with an exulting tone, "Now, you would be puzzled to say where the kitchen garden was situated;" once met with a stony-hearted man, who remorselessly answered, "Not I! over that hedge, to be sure." The Doctor might expect you, in answer to his query, to say; "A book, Sir! Why, perhaps you have plunged your whole soul into the ocean of an epic; or rolled your mind, with the success of a *Sisyphus*, up the hill of metaphysics; or played the sedate game of the mathematics, that Chinese puzzle to English minds! or gone a tour, with *Dugald Stuart*, in search

of the picturesque; or leaped double sentences, and waded through metaphors, in a grammatical steeple-chase with *Colonel Thornton*; or turned literary cuckoo, and gone sucking the eggs of other people's books, and making the woods of the world echo with one solitary, complaining, reviewing note." Such might be the Doctor's notion of a reply, to which we fancy we see him *simmering* with delight, and saying, "No, Sir! I have not meddled either with the curry of poetry, or the cold meat of prose. I have not wasted over the slow fire of the metaphysics, or cut up the mathematics into thin slices—I have not lost myself amongst the *kick-shaws* of fine scenery, or pampered myself on the mock-turtle of metaphors. Neither have I dined at the table and the expense of other men's minds! No, Sir. I have written on cookery, on the kitchen, on the solids, 'the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials!'"

If it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr. Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face, or shaking hands with a shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When *Bays* asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the *Cook's Oracle* in his eye—for to men of any mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. *Cod's-head* rises before you in all its glory! while the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well-or-

\* The *Cook's Oracle*: containing Receipts for plain Cookery, &c. the whole being the Result of actual Experiments, instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. London. Constable and Co. 1821.



dered satellites! Moorgame, mackarel, muscles, fowls, eggs, and force-meat-balls, start up in all directions, and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mullagatawny soup, or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Matthews says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading, in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons would be dished up to suit the various palates. The school-girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "steep a fortnight," and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills, and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and, indeed, we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The dinner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is done.

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "there the likeness ends;" for it continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr. Baxter," but are delighted, and re-delighted, with more first words of Dr. Kitchener. He makes several starts, like a restless race-horse, before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he

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stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, gridirons, and frying pans, which Dr. Kitchener has rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The first preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains, in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch oven.

The first introduction begins thus:

The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings;—but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog-days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellents, of roasting,—boiling,—frying,—and broiling:—moreover, the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book-maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter—having eaten each receipt, before he set it down in his book.

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot,—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart,—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak,—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot,—appears within the compass of any given old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire, and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantial of 440 closely printed pages, is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man "*alieni appetens, sui profusus*." It demands the rival of time; an *elax rerum!* The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch oven—from Dutch oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork: he leaves

us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable; he would have left us dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found them strewing the way; and him alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakspeare, Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told, that "it is a good maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper, and ability, with which he has dressed his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction, a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it out-horrors all the horrors we ever read of.

*How to roast and eat a goose alive.*— "Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free; within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by

the fire that stops her way out, the unwaried goose is kept in;\* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!" See *Weeker's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309.

The next chapter, or introduction, (for we are not within forty spits' length of the cookery directions yet!) is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus:

In "the affairs of the mouth," the strictest punctuality is indispensable;—the gastronome ought to be as accurate an observer of time, as the astronomer. The least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes.

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done, when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences upon indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime, for which there is apparently no capital punishment.

Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. The duties which invitation imposes, do not fall only on the persons invited, but like all other social duties, are reciprocal.

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb; or if, better than all, you should have taken

\* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, which ever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop: but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absenting yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you. Late comers are thus rebuked:

There are some, who seldom keep an appointment;—we can assure them they as seldom “escape without whipping”—and exciting those murmurs which inevitably proceed from the best regulated stomachs, —when they are empty and impatient to be filled.

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely, and somewhat vehemently, protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own; thus for ever excluding an author from the luxuries of table anatomy. After giving an erudite passage from the “*Almanach des Gourmands*,” the Doctor wanders into anecdote, and becomes facetious after the following recipe.

I once heard a gentle hint on this subject given to a blue-mould fancier, who, by looking too long at a Stilton cheese, was at last completely overcome by his eye exciting his appetite, till it became quite un-governable and unconscious of every thing but the *milly* object of his contemplation; he began to pick out in no small portions, the primest parts his eye could select from the centre of the cheese.

The good-natured founder of the feast, highly amused at the ecstasies each morsel created in its passage over the palate of the enraptured *Gourmand*, thus encouraged the perseverance of his guest—“Cut away, my dear sir, cut away, use no ceremony, I pray:—I hope you will pick out all the best of my cheese—the rind and the rotten will do very well for my wife and family!!”

There is something so serene and simple in the above little story, that we recommend it to persons after dinner, in preference to those highly seasoned and spicy jests, which Mr. Joseph Miller has potted for the use of posterity.

The next introduction contains “*Friendly Advice to Cooks and other Servants*,” but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Swift has in some degree forestalled our own good Doctor in this department of literature; although, perhaps, Dr. Kitchener is the most sober of counsellors. The

following, to be sure, is a little suspicious. “Enter into all their plans of economy, and endeavour to make the most of every thing, as well for your own honour as your master's profit.” This, without the note, would be unexceptionable; but the Doctor quotes from Dr. Trusler (all the Doctors are *redolent* of servants!) as follows:—“I am persuaded, that no servant ever saved her master sixpence, but she found it in the end in her own pocket.”—“Have the dust removed,” says Dr. Kitchener, “regularly every fortnight!”—What dust?—Not that, we trust, which people are often entreated to “come down with.”—The accumulation of soot has its dire evils; for “many good dinners have been spoiled, and many houses burned down, by the soot falling:”—thus the Doctor, very properly, puts the greater evil first. “Give notice to your employers when the contents of your coal cellar are diminished to a chaldron.”—*Diminished!* We should be glad to hear when our cellars had increased to this stock. There is no hope then for those chamber-gentlemen who fritter away their lives by sack or bushel! Dr. Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions:—“The best rule for marketing, is to pay ready money for every thing.” This is a good rule with the elect:—but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *sick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unfed.

The chapter on weights and measures is short, but deeply interesting and intense. There is an episode upon *trough nutmeg-graters* that would do the water-gruel generation good to hear.

And now the book begins to *boil*. The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself, and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckle and Sam Chiffney are nothing to “a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;” and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to con-

sider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket*, and thus reduce by *steam*. We should suppose a young gentleman, with half an hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

*Baking* is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit: "When baking a joint of poor meat, before it has been half baked, I have seen it (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed*."

*Roasting* is the next object of Dr. Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see people in future roasting their meat before their doors, and in their areas; for the Doctor says—

*Roasting should be done in the open air*, to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat, of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines the economical grate-makers call *roasters*, are in plain English, *ovens*.

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire*. "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin, will parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "every body knows the advantage of *slow boiling*—*slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

*Frying* is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps, in its vivacity and music, to *broiling*—but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying*, classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

A fryingpan should be about four *feches* deep, with a perfectly flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad—with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is in fact—*boiling in fat*. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it—and

then make it warm and wipe it out with a clean cloth.

*Broiling* follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr. Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it is performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported at the thought to that golden gridiron in the beef-steak club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables. And when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive*, as of boiling a *vegetable after it is dead*." No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes.

This branch of cookery, requires the most vigilant attention.

If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire,—they lose all their beauty and flavour.

If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach, than under-done meats.

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and that "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal, form the *basis of broth*."

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes—

However "les pompeuses Bagatelles de la Cuisine Masquée" may tickle the fancy of *demi-connoisseurs*, who leaving the substance, to pursue the shadow,—prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive to those which are intrinsically excellent,—in whose mouth—mutton can hardly hope for a welcome, unless accompanied by Venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red lane, without assuming the form of a frog or a spider;—or pork, with-

out being either "goosified," or "lambified," and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs;

These travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery.

We could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken me to make it the best;—concentration and perspicuity have been my aim.

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works), the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the MS. lost in the printing. In truth, a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking, would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only remark, from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinage. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained:

The imagination of most cooks, is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish,—that they seem to think, they can not make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it, every thing that ever was eaten;—and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c.:—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of "piquance," and compound flavours, may have recourse to "the Magazine of Taste."

Again—

Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg in the same sauce,—or marjoram,—thyme,—and savory;—or onions,—leeks,—shallots—and garlic: one will very well supply the place of the other,—and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this, to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble.—You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water.

The Doctor himself, however, in spite of his correction of the cooks, is not entirely free from the fanciful. When you have opened a bottle of catsup, he says, "use only the best superfine velvet taper corks." This is drawing a cork with the hand of a poet.

And now, will the reader believe it? the work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c. we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, page 142 begins anew with—*boiling!* It is little comfort to us that the joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way; and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl who, after three quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the *Scotch step*. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject:

*Obs.*—In Mrs. Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, sitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs. Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs. M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone.

Of "half a calf's-head," Dr. Kitchener says, silyly enough, "If you like it *full-dressed*, score it *superficially*; beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather*; powder it," &c. Such a calf's-head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr. Kitchener regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c. as we are by no means sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull obstinate personage, "is a very troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked*; send a quarter of a pound of butter; and

beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkins's wrestling instructions: "Lay your pig back to back in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who bought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Isaac Walton be the greatest of writers on the *catching* of fish, Dr. Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggy's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very justly, "that the humane executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them, before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon, the Doctor rather quaintly and *poizingly* observes,— "the *thinnest* part of the fish is the *fattest*." "If you have any left, put it into a pye-dish, and cover it," &c.: the direction is conditional we perceive. Remember to choose your lobsters "*heavy and lively*." "Motion," says the Doctor, "is the *index* of their freshness."

Upon oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "*native* here, and to the manner born."

The true lover of an oyster, will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator,—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death.

Who would not be an oyster,

to be thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenebrous mother of pearl,—to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our *shell*, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

N. B. This is rather a family dish than a company one,—the bones cannot be well picked, without the help of alive pincers.

Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A. D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put "pickers and stealers" into soup.

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock turtle soup, he proceeds—

This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for "the far fetch and dear bought" turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of "sovereign of savouriness," to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a "starved turtle," has not more intrinsic sapidity than a "FATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

*Obs.*—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those who "eat to live;" but if it had been composed expressly for those who only "live to eat," I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable: as it is, the lover of good eating will "wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate."

Our readers will pant to have "Mr. Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf-head, or cow-heel." It is this:

Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful,—of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter.

Gad's mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr. Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan," p. 324; but then he tells you, in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" p. 156. which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour

for entering upon it by the following observation: "*Mém. You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The following passage is rather too close an imitation of one of the puff-directions in the Critic:

To a pint of the cleanest and strongest rectified spirit, (sold by Rickards, Piccadilly,) add two drachms and a half of the sweet oil of orange peel, (sold by Stewart, No. 11, Old Broad Street, near the Bank,) shake it up, &c.

*Obs.*—We do not offer this receipt as a rival to Mr. Johnson's curaçoa—it is only proposed as an humble substitute for that incomparable liqueur.

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate upon made dishes, &c.; in the course of which he says,—“The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts; I first have it nicely *boned!*” This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs. Phillips's Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before:

Of all the fowls of the air, commend me to the shin of beef,—for there's marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs.

On pounded cheese, the Doctor writes—“The *piquance* of this *buttery-caseous* relish,” &c. Is not this a little *over-done*? The passage, however, on the frying of eggs, makes up for all.

Be sure the fryingpan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon:—when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will in about a couple of minutes, they are enough;—the white must not lose its transparency, but the yolk be seen *blushing* through it:—if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached, take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them.

The beauty of a poached egg, is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, —which should only be just sufficiently hardened, to form a transparent veil for the egg.

So much for the Cook's Oracle.—The style is a *piquant* sauce to the solid food of the instructions; and we never recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping pan, with the point of his spit,—so very cook-like does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook's Oracle; for, let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, “a feast for an emperor.” Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

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### SONG.

THERE may be some who loved, like me,  
Though reason, feeling, pride, reprov'd;  
Loved with aching constancy—  
Hopelessly loved.

Some, who to words but half sincere  
That should have been but half believed,  
Lent, like me, a willing ear,  
And were deceived.

Suffering like me, perhaps they found  
One struggling wretch, one wild endeavour,  
Break the tie that else had bound  
Their souls for ever!

And they were freed—and yet I pine  
With secret pangs, with griefs unspoken:  
No—their hearts were not like mine,  
Else they had broken!

Y.

## GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

## LAYBACH.

LAYBACH, a city whose name has excited so much interest to all Europe, is the capital of Carniola, and is situated in the ancient Vindelician Illyria, where it was a place of considerable importance. The ancients, who attributed its foundation to Jason, called it Armona, the Austrians Laybach, and the Italians Lubiana; which names have been also given to the river that runs through the city in a longitudinal direction, and divides it into two nearly equal parts. Across it are three bridges, all of them remarkable on account of the numerous images of saints, and their pious symbols; and always crowded with persons who resort to them to pay their devotions. Laybach contains, at the utmost, not more than 20,000 inhabitants, who speak a dialect differing but little from the Croatian and the real Illyrian; but there are few of them who are not also acquainted with either German, Italian, or Romaine,—and not unfrequently with all these tongues. The long residence of the French among them, has rendered them very familiar likewise with that language, so that the people are in fact polyglots: even the lower classes possess those elements of information which are not always to be found in the universities and academies of other countries, since, in addition to these different idioms, and the various Slavonian dialects, a knowledge of both Greek and Latin is more general here, among all ranks, than among people of education elsewhere.

The streets of Laybach are broad, well-built, and extremely clean. Several of the public buildings are worthy the attention of the traveller, on account of their graceful simplicity; nor will the extensive provincial library fail to excite his curiosity.

The Carniolians are of large stature, powerful, and rather inclined to stoop; they have mild, noble, and expressive countenances; and the females are remarkable for their delicacy of skin and fresh complexions; but their mouths are far from beautiful, being but poorly furnished with teeth,—the want of which is very general among the inhabitants of the sub-alpine plains, and is attributed by them to the quality of the water they drink. They possess an extraordinary attachment to finery, and a passion equally strong for dancing and theatrical amusements. Their national costume is really charming. With respect to their moral qualities, it is almost impossible to find any people more amiable or perfect: sober, devout, hospitable, and moderate in all his inclinations, the Carniolian has the reputation, among the East-Illyrian provinces, of being crafty, merely because he is more civilized. The history

of this people does not record a single revolution or political storm, not even a temporary interruption of the public tranquillity: to them, therefore, Voltaire's remark applies in its full force, "Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire est ennuyeuse!" It is, perhaps, more remarkable, that persons who have resided several years at Laybach do not remember to have heard of a single criminal. Even the language itself has no expressions for many of those crimes which are so frequent in other parts of Europe. In 1812, fifty years had elapsed since there had been an instance of a public execution; nor were the people acquainted with even so much as the forms of the various instruments elsewhere employed for the purposes of punishment.

Owing to its situation, Laybach holds regular intercourse with Vienna, Venice, and Constantinople, with all of which it has numerous connexions. The nearest Illyrian cities are—Adelsberg, celebrated for the Zirknitz lake, whose waters are as productive of fish, as its banks are of game and corn;—Idria, known for its mines;—Krainburg, whose fine situation recalls to mind the most impressive features of Swiss landscape;—the beautiful Trieste, that once rivalled Genoa in its palaces, and was not inferior to any port of the main land;—lastly, the smiling Gonizza, that commands the course of the delightful Isonzo, and whose more remote fields are irrigated by the waters of the Trinaro. This is a country replete with the reminiscences of heroic history: it preserves the memory of Castor and Pollux, the first who are said to have navigated the Save; of the conqueror of the Golden Fleece, who here founded cities during his progress; of Iapis, their first legislator; of Diomedes, the first king of Tergeste (Trieste); and of Antenor, who penetrated farther, and settled on the banks of the Brenta, where he founded Padua.

Laybach is overlooked by a castle situated upon a beautiful hill, covered with the finest plants, and commanding the city: the country around is enriched with noble woods of beech and fir; and about three quarters of a mile from the city flows the Save, upon which river, according to tradition, the Argonauts first launched their vessel.

No country surpasses Carniola in natural treasures. It is impossible to form an idea of the vast variety of its insects, and of its vegetable productions, from the *Flora* and the *Fauna Carniola*; for although two valuable works, they are very imperfect with regard to modern discoveries. The skins of the foxes and bears of this district are



highly esteemed in commerce for their extreme beauty; game of every description is abundant; and the market of Laybach is supplied, even to excess, with both salt and fresh-water fish. Here are caught the largest crabs in Europe, or perhaps in the world, being from ten to fifteen inches long; and these, with a kind of land tortoise, are highly esteemed, and reckoned great dainties. The annals of ancient epicurism inform us, that Lucullus had the delicate snails served up at his tables sent from Illyria; and even at present, the *lumache Illiriche* constitute a favourite dish of the Venetian and Neapolitan gourmands.

In proportion as the Carniolians are favoured by nature, do they seem to neglect the conveniences and the luxuries of art. When the French armies arrived here, they were obliged to order furniture from other places, for the inhabitants were unacquainted with most of the commonest articles. The walls of their rooms are only white-washed, or at most, are ornamented with some pattern, which is formed by means of the figure being cut out in a piece of wood: this is placed to the surface of the wall, and the colour then applied. Even what articles of furniture they have, are neither elegant nor convenient:

their beds resemble coffins in shape and dimensions. Notwithstanding their vicinity to, and their intercourse with, Venice, they are uncontaminated by any of its dissipations, and particularly gambling; although the French have now instructed them in some games of hazard. The promenades at Laybach are not remarkable for beauty, but the fine scenery of the environs renders these less necessary than in other places. The noble woods of Leopold's-Rube are about a quarter of a league from the city; and a variety of other enchanting rural spots render the vicinity pre-eminently delightful. *Rebell*, a landscape-painter from Rome, is now employed in taking views of the most picturesque and striking of these scenes.

This city has produced some eminent scholars and learned men:—the naturalists *Scopoli*, *Fabricius*, *Panzer*, and *Paikull*, were born here; as were also *Baron Zois*, one of the greatest mineralogists of the present day; *Pezznegger*, the translator of several of the Greek poets; *Wodnik*, *Adelung*, and *Grantz*, the two latter of whom were very eminent philologists; and *Kalister*, the present librarian at Laybach, a man whose talents and information deserve a wider field for their exertion.

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#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*Population of Naples.*—Cavalier *Luca di Samuelli Cagnazzi*, the Author of an Essay upon Population, states that in 1451, under *Alphonso I.*, the population of Naples was 1,597,376, and went on increasing progressively while the kingdom was under the *Aragonian* government, till the year 1505. Under the *Austrian* dominion its numbers fell off, but they increased again, and the population was gradually enlarged. In 1768, during the reign of *Charles III.*, the inhabitants amounted to 3,953,098; in 1775, they were increased to 4,249,430; in 1791, to 4,925,381, and in 1804 to 4,974,659. In his work this writer often corrects the errors and mis-statements of *Malthus* and other celebrated authors on the science of political economy.

*Copenhagen.*—The Museum of Northern Antiquities which was established at Copenhagen no longer ago than 1809, has so increased since that period, that it now contains upwards of 6,000 articles, and is become one of the most extensive and valuable collections of the sort, in Europe. The discovery of pieces of antiquity is announced, and the articles themselves are described, in the *Antiquarian Annals*, a publication destined to this purpose.

*Apograph.*—*Mr. Andrew Smith*, a young man at the *Ayr Stone* manufactory, has invented a machine for making copies of drawings, differing in many respects

materially from the *Pantograph*, an instrument hitherto used for that purpose; he has, therefore, distinguished it by the name of 'Apograph.' The drawings may be copied upon paper, copper, or any other substance; and may be made either to the same scale as the original, or magnified, or reduced.

*Russia.* The Academy of the Sciences at *St. Petersburg* has held a conference for the purpose of inquiring what has been done since 1815, towards investigating the history of the *Slavonic* nations, particularly during the interval between the sixth and eleventh centuries; and to ascertain what steps had been taken for discovering their remains and monuments, whether of remote antiquity or of the middle ages. *A. C. Lehrberg's* Researches into the ancient History of *Russia*, published by the Academy in 1816, was allowed to be the most solid and satisfactory historical work on the subject that has appeared. It has been faithfully translated into *Russian*, by *D. Jazykow*, at the expence of the *Chancellor*, *Count Romanzow*, and enriched with an index, and *Lehrberg's* map of *Russia* in the year 1462. Many excellent historical papers are to be found in the different journals published in this country, that deserve to be given to the world in a separate and less fugitive form.

*The Melis Library.*—The whole of the

magnificent and celebrated collection belonging to Count Melzi, of Milan, has been lately purchased by Frank Hall Standish, Esq. and will speedily be removed to this country. Among other rarities of the fifteenth century, is the *Livii Historia*, Spira 1470, printed upon vellum, with capitals most exquisitely illuminated,—the only perfect copy known to exist; another is the *Lucretius Bresciz*, Ferrandi. Mr. Dibdin enumerates in the third volume of his *Decameron*, the valuable books printed upon vellum belonging to this collection.

*Moderns Greek*.—M. Jules David, son of the celebrated French painter, after diligently studying the modern language of Greece, during his residence in that country, has published the results of four years' application and observation, in a treatise, entitled, *Parallèle des Langues Grecques, Ancienne et Moderne* in which he labours to prove that an acquaintance with the modern idiom is indispensable to those who would fully comprehend all the force and beauty of Homer and the other ancient writers. He has compared the ancient and modern idiom in a very ingenious manner, and elucidates many things in the former that had before been very negligently and superficially treated of, or even not at all noticed. Among these are, the theory of the *Syntelle* and the *Paratasis*, the collocation of words, and the structure of hypothetical sentences; on all which questions he has succeeded in throwing considerable light.

*Antique Glass*.—A cabinet has been opened at the Studij at Naples, containing a collection of various specimens of this material found among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. This valuable assemblage of articles exhibits the greatest variety both in forms and colours, and proves in the most satisfactory manner that the ancients were as well acquainted as ourselves with the manufactory of this material, whether for articles of use or those of mere decoration and luxury. There are a great number of very curious cinerary urns, most of which are inclosed in vessels of lead.

*Canova's Statue of Washington*.—The artist has represented Washington as writing his farewell address. He is seated in an ancient Roman chair, with his right leg drawn up and his left carelessly extended; holding in one hand a pen and in the other a scroll; at his feet lie the baton of a Field Marshal, and a sword like the ancient Roman *faulchion*. The costume is also Roman, the head and neck bare, a close vest and *braccie*, with a girdle round the waist, upon which are displayed Medusa's head and other classical emblems. The statue is of white marble of the finest kind, as is likewise the pedestal, upon the sides of which are four bas-reliefs, commemorating the following important circumstances in the *life of the hero*, viz. his taking of the Ame-

rican armies—the capture of the British army at York-town—his resignation of all his public trusts—and lastly, his retirement from public to private life and agricultural occupations. This is acknowledged by all connoisseurs who have seen it, to be one of the most felicitous productions of Canova's chisel.

*Italian Literature*.—The fashion of publishing books annually under the title of almanacks, so long and so extensively prevalent in Germany, is now much in vogue in Italy, where there now appear a great variety of these pocket-books, each devoted to some particular subject. Many of these relate to the Theatre and Drama, and give an account of the new pieces that are brought out on the Stage. One of these, the *Almanacco Teatrale* has undertaken a series of descriptions and views of the various theatres in Italy, which it has commenced with the celebrated *La Scala*, at Milan, altogether perhaps superior to any of its numerous rivals. — The pocket-book published by Villardi, of Milan, under the title of *L'Ape delle Dume*, is a species of compendium of natural history illustrated with very elegant plates. — *La Tersicore Milanese*, another almanack by the same publisher, contains coloured plates of the principal female-dancers at the theatre *La Scala*.—But an almanack far superior to any of its competitors, in taste, in the style and variety of its contents, and in its external elegance, is a collection of anecdotes, narratives, &c. entitled, *L'Uomo in Conversazione, ossia una Raccolta di Novelle, Faccie, Motti, &c.*—Molini, of Florence, has begun to publish a small edition of the most classical and popular writers of Italy, in the economical and convenient form of Walker's classics, and similarly embellished with frontispieces and vignettes. The first of this series is the *Decameron*, a most elegant specimen of typography, for the text of which the most correct and esteemed editions have been followed. — Leoni, who has been so successful in his versions from many of our best English authors, has now completed six volumes of his translation of Shakspeare. Pompeo Ferrario has been less fortunate in his attempt to bring his countrymen acquainted with the Shakspeare of Germany, the powerful Schiller, for he has not only translated him in prose, but in many instances has given the sense of the original very vaguely and inadequately, or else has totally mistaken it.—Sorzogno, of Milan, has announced a most extensive and voluminous undertaking in a series of the *Autobiographies* of eminent men of every age and nation, from Flavius Josephus down to Goethe; and such was the zeal with which he descanted upon the usefulness of such a publication, and the success it must necessarily meet with from a discerning public, that Bettoni, another

celebrated Milanese publisher, immediately announced a similar project, to which he lays a prior claim, having notified his intention to commence such a work two years ago at Padua.—Professor Giovanni Gherardini, already known by his version of Darwin's poem on the Loves of the Plants, and of Schlegel's Lectures on the Drama, has now translated Sismondi's interesting and elegant work under the title of *Litteratura Italiana dal Secolo decimo quarto fino al Secolo decimo nono*.—The study of the German language increases very fast in the North of Italy. In the two universities of the Lombard Venetian Kingdom, and in its Lyceums and Gymnasiums, lectureships have been instituted for this purpose, and the students have gratuitous access to the lectures there delivered on the language and literature of Germany. At Milan there are about 500 German students, 200 in the two Lyceums, and 300 elsewhere; but the collective amount of the individuals in that city who are acquainted with German, and able to converse in, or read it, is not less than 5,000.

*Spanish Literature*.—Don Juan de Dios Gil de Lara, an officer in the Artillery, has translated Moliere's comedy of *L'Avare*, which he has illustrated with explanatory notes, but he has been by no means successful in preserving the ease, spirit, and comic force of the original.—Don Antonio Savinon has been far happier in his version of Legouvé's interesting poem *La Mort d'Abel*, which he has rendered with both elegance and fidelity.—Another work on the list of translations from the French, is Louvet's notorious production, *Faublas*, which D. S. A. Llorente has selected as one worthy of being communicated to his countrymen. The reasoning by which he attempts to defend his choice of this work is suspicious and unsatisfactory: he asserts, that the popularity it has acquired among a nation so wise (sabia) as the French are, is a sufficient proof of its sterling merit; and would fain prove that the work contains within itself an antidote against the immorality it appears to inculcate, in the moral reflections that are interspersed through it.—But, unfortunately, moral reflections are not likely to make any great impression upon the reader of a voluptuous narrative, and at the same time the shocking catastrophe is so highly improbable, that any one may justly flatter himself with being able to commit similar irregularities, and indulge in the same vices, without incurring the like consequences. The tone and colouring of the work is not that of a moralist, who would dissuade from vice, which the author paints as charming, and seems only to regret that it should be *unfortunate*. In short, the moral reflections would be attended to only by such persons as would not read *Faublas*, and *Faublas* will be read only by those who

skip over moral reflections as unpalatable and impertinent.—Of other recent productions, the principal ones are political pamphlets, but none of these are distinguished by that depth of thought, vigour of expression, and comprehensive acquaintance with the subject, necessary to secure them an attention beyond that of the passing day. Most of the journals are continued, with the exception of the *Constitucional*, the editor of which has been taken care of by the Constitutional Government, into whose views he does not appear to have entered. The paper containing a greater variety of information than any other is the *Universal*; yet its long theoretical critiques are very prolix and insipid. Among the monthly periodicals, the *Revisor Politico y Literario*, edited by Don Manuel Monso de Viado, displays the talent by which that writer has distinguished himself. Viado, who is a native of Asturia, was educated at the University of Oviedo, where he was preparing himself for the profession of the law, when the war breaking out against the French Republic determined him to prefer that of arms. In 1805 he was appointed administrator general of the crown tithes in the kingdom of Granada; and on the invasion of the French the Junta of that province sent him as their deputy to Seville. By Joseph Buonaparte he was appointed administrator of the estates of the crown in Jaen. He afterwards crossed the Pyrenees with the French, and remained some time in France. Among the numerous works which he has published, the most important one is a translation of Robertson's *America*, with critical and historical notes.—This year the list of journals has been increased by two new ones.—*El Cristiano en la Sociedad*, and, *Las Decadas Medico Quirurgicas*: the objects of the latter are: 1. To inform both professional men and the public in general of all discoveries, and of every thing relative to medicine and surgery, whether in Spain or elsewhere. 2. To give an impartial account of opposite theories, discussions, &c. 3. To convey intelligence respecting all endemic diseases; or, 4. extraordinary cures. 5. Lastly, to communicate miscellaneous queries and observations, and to give lists and analyses of all medical publications appearing in Spain, and the more important foreign ones.—The Deaf and Dumb Institution at Madrid, which is under the direction of Don Tiburzio Hernandez and the Economical Society, has had a public examination of its pupils, which proved very satisfactory, and excited much interest; yet the establishment itself is not in a very flourishing condition, in consequence of the exhausted state of its funds, and the want of due support from the public. It requires also a building better adapted to the purpose, and more spacious than the present one.—

*El Romancero de Riego, por Don Benito Perez*, will be gratefully perused by every admirer of an individual, who has recently become so celebrated. In these poems the author has imitated the lofty tone of the old romances in a very skilful and successful manner.—The story of the unfortunate Cornelia Bororquia, which is well known to the readers of Langle's Travels through Spain, is given to the public in an heroic epistle, entitled, *Epistola de Cornelia Bororquia, a su Amante Vargas, escrita desde el Santo Oficio de Sevilla*. The virtuous and beautiful Cornelia was the daughter of the Marquis of Bororquia, Governor of Valencia, and was publicly burnt at Seville. Her only crime was that of refusing the dishonourable offers of a powerful, but abandoned suitor. This wretch, when he perceived that it was in vain to expect to overcome her aversion, carried her away, and had her thrown into the dungeons of the inquisition; where, on

his offering violence to the victim of his guilty passion, she stabbed him with a knife.—*El Remedio de la Melancholia, o sea Coleccion de Recreaciones Jocosas y Instructivas, por D. Angustin Zaragoza Godinez*, is a collection of anecdotes and facetias, resembling the generality of compilations of this nature.—*Juicios Atadas y Pensamientos sueltos, o juguete de Imagenacion en joco-serios Versos, Romances, y Letrillas, por Don Apolinar Ercilla*, is another work professing to be amusing and facetious, but is destitute of the requisite spirit and wit.—The celebrated orator of the Cortes, D. Francisco Martinez de la Rosa, has published a pamphlet, in which he animadverts, with extreme severity, upon the policy adopted by the northern courts.—Bignon's work on the Congress at Troppau, and Drunon's 'Essai sur les Garanties individuelles que reclame l'Etat actuel de la Société,' have each been translated into the Spanish language.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

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### ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the critical position which Russia and Turkey hold to each other, the great point of foreign political interest at present is Spain. Every movement in that country is of the most ominous import. The departure of the king from Madrid, in order to take the benefit of some mineral waters for his health, seems to have been the signal for the explosion of the popular discontent. Of this the club Fontana, assembled at Madrid, seems to be the focus; and a conspiracy, detected at Saragossa, is said to have originated in its machinations. General Riego, was at the head of this conspiracy, has been deprived of his command, and sent to retirement at Lerida. General Morillo, who was, it may be recollected, the General selected by the king to stem the revolutionary torrent in South America, from which country he has but lately returned, after having displayed powers which amply sustained the high military character he had previously obtained in the peninsular campaigns, has, however, been obliged to resign, in consequence of an universal outcry raised against him, because he attempted to repress the seditious songs of some ballad-

mongers in the public streets. A mob immediately assembled, and it was with difficulty the interposition of the soldiery saved his life. The nomination of a new minister of war, in the person of Don Rodriguez, was very near bringing on a crisis. On the 4th of September the people assembled in immense multitudes in the Puerta del Sol, and demanded the instant return of the king to Madrid, the immediate dismissal of the French ambassador, the convention of the Cortes, and the removal of every suspected individual from the king's person. In the mean time the king has transmitted two answers to the capital, replying to addresses sent to him in consequence of the tumults of the 4th. The first of these is to the permanent deputation of the Cortes, in which he expresses his regret that any discontent should follow the selection of his ministers; assures them that he feels all the inconveniences which emanate from any error in the choice of public functionaries, and that the good direction of affairs, and even the credit of the government, depend upon that choice; he goes on to say, that if his success has not been always

commensurate with his desires, which cannot fail to be sometimes the case in so difficult an exercise of the judgment, he has always had in view to select men the most conspicuous for their merit and their talents, because the consolidation of the Constitutional system depended upon the selection, as well as his own glory, which he considers as identified with the happiness of the monarchy, and the honour of the Spanish name. In answer to the municipal body, he assures them that he will meet their desires by returning to Madrid as soon as his health will permit.

The negotiations between Russia and the Porte have not assumed any new character. Immense Russian armies are assembled on the frontiers, preparing, it is said, to pass at the word of command into Moldavia and Wallachia. An imposing Turkish force is stationed on the banks of the Pruth, ready to act on the least hostile indication. The Emperor has set out on an excursion through his provinces, and, it is said, will, after inspecting the Cossacks of the Don, repair to the head quarters of General Wittgenstein, where the great question of peace or war will be finally decided. In the meantime, a letter of his to the Emperor of Austria, upon this subject, has been put into active circulation,—its concluding sentence is as follows:—"My mother is for war, my brothers are for war, my cabinet is for war,—but—I am for peace, and I will prove that I am Emperor."—There are some pacific manifestations also shown on the part of the Ottoman government; the free passage of the Dardanelles was again allowed to vessels laden with corn, and, if they chose to unload at Constantinople, the government price was 8½ piastres, which had been formerly 9. The Grand Scignior has also issued a very important proclamation to all the Turkish civil and military authorities. He expresses great regret, that in consequence of the recent insurrection, the popular indignation has not sufficiently discriminated between the innocent and the guilty; and orders, not only forbearance in future, but even protection to be extended to all the Greeks not actually implicated. This, at any

time a great concession from a government never very remarkable for its tolerant principles, cannot be looked upon, at the present crisis, in any other light than as a most pacific overture.—There is nothing new on the part of the Greeks.

The United States of America have at length received what they were so long struggling for,—the actual cession of the Floridas from Spain. By a proclamation from General Jackson, dated the 17th July, 1821, those provinces are declared to be under the American dominion, to be exercised, *pro tempore*, in his person. He says that the inhabitants shall be incorporated in the union of the United States, as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the federal constitution, and admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities, of the citizens of the United States; that, in the mean time, they shall be protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion they profess; and that all laws and municipal regulations, which were in existence at the cessation of the late government, shall remain in full force. The General concludes by enjoining an obedience to this change of government, which will not be very much disputed, unless the people of the Floridas held the Spanish government in better odour than either those of Venezuela or Madrid seem to do. This cession was the consequence of protracted, and, at times, rather angry discussions; and America seems very fully to estimate its importance.

The return of the Queen's suite has brought us the details of her Majesty's interment at Brunswick. The procession seems to have been received with marked respect in all the continental towns through which it passed. The Queen's remains were deposited in the royal vault at Brunswick, by the side of her gallant father; and at the foot of the grave is the coffin of the late Duke, her brother. There was no funeral service; but a very beautiful prayer was pronounced, at the burial-place, by the Rev. Mr. Woolff, the officiating minister of the place. When her Majesty was deposited in the tomb, one hundred young ladies, of the first families in Brunswick, ad-

vanced and strewed the place with flowers; after which ceremony, they knelt down upon the spot and, after a short prayer, departed. Thus ends the eventful history of Queen Caroline!

His Majesty has arrived in town, in high health and spirits, from his Irish excursion; and by the time this meets the eye of the reader, he will, in all probability, have met the welcome of his German subjects. His protracted stay in Ireland seems not at all to have exhausted either the hospitality or the enthusiasm of the people of that country. A series of balls and banquets enlivened his sojournment; and his departure has been followed by a subscription, already amounting to 10,000*l.* in order to commemorate his gracious visit by some national testimonial. A grand triumphal arch and an emerald crown are at present spoken of. The King departed from the town of Dunleary, which he desired might be henceforth called King's Town, and its adjacent harbour, the Harbour of George the Fourth. As the King was about to embark, a deputation from Dublin presented him with an address, accompanied by a crown of laurel. His Majesty appeared highly delighted; and thus emphatically answered the deputation:—"Gentlemen, I approached your shores with pleasure—I leave them with regret—may God Almighty bless you all."—He then embarked; and so strong, we had almost said fiery, was the loyalty of some, that four gentlemen actually plunged into the water, and swam after the boat in order to shake hands with him, which they did. It has been said that these gentlemen expected to be made *Knights of the Bath*. Upon the King's departure, Lord Sidmouth wrote a letter to the Lord Lieutenant, thanking him, in his Majesty's name, for his attention, and recommending unanimity and oblivion of all party differences amongst the people in future. A highly desirable consummation, if it be attainable. The King experienced much stormy weather on his homeward voyage, by which he was at last forced, contrary to his previous arrangement, to put into Milford Haven.

At a Court of Proprietors, held

during the last month at the Bank of England, the chairman made a very important communication with respect to the metallic currency. It was, that the issue of specie was by no means confined to the payment of either one or two pound notes; but that the holder of a note to any amount, however large, might get, upon application, its full value in the current coin of the realm. We are sorry to say, however, that he also announced the total failure of the long cherished and humane project of producing a bank note, incapable of being imitated except at such an expence as to deter from the attempt. The Bank failed, a few days ago, in the prosecution of one of their clerks, Mr. Turner, accused of having defrauded them of no less a sum than 10,000*l.* The fraud, as alleged, was one of extreme ingenuity. Upon the acquittal of Mr. Turner on the first charge, the Bank voluntarily abandoned three other bills of indictment which had been found against him.

The inquest on Honey has ended in a general verdict, imputing manslaughter to the persons who acted. In fact, the verdict is of such a nature that no person can be arraigned on it. A subscription was entered into, at the suggestion of a ministerial paper, for such of the life-guards as were injured in this unfortunate conflict, which a committee of the regiment very constitutionally and properly refused. Its amount was but trifling; and its progress and its issue show that both the public and the military concurred in its condemnation.

The Queen's funeral has had a very serious issue, with respect both to Sir Robert Baker and Sir Robert Wilson. The first of these gentlemen has been obliged to give in his resignation as chief magistrate of police, which office is held by Mr., now Sir Richard Birnie; and Sir Robert Wilson has been erased from the list of the army; he held the rank of Major-General. Sir Robert Wilson, who is at present in Paris, has addressed a letter to the Commander-in-Chief, demanding a public inquiry into his conduct.

Parliament has been further prorogued to the 29th of November.

## BIRTHS.

- Aug. 18. In Upper Brook-street, Lady Elizabeth Steele, a son.  
 — At Oakfield-lodge, Mortimer, Berks, the lady of Henry Rich, Esq. a son.  
 29. At Carlton-hall, Northamptonshire, the Hon. Lady Palmer, a daughter.  
 — At Gatcombe, the lady of Sir Lucius Curtis, Bart. a son.  
 30. At Brighthelm, the lady of Charles Craven, Esq. a daughter.  
 — At Boyle-farm, Lady Mary Stanley, a daughter.  
 31. At Stock-lodge, Essex, the lady of Thos. Eastwood, Esq. a daughter.  
 Sept. 1. At Boxley-heath, Kent, the lady of Captain Sydney Cotton, a daughter.  
 — At her father's house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, the Marchioness de Nulailiac, a son.  
 3. At Margate, the Countess Alfred Walsh, a daughter.  
 5. The lady of John Frazer, Esq. Bernard-street, Russell-square, a son.  
 — The lady of James Licardo, Esq. of the South Lawn, Lambeth, a son.  
 — The lady of the Hon. and Rev. L. Dundas, a son.  
 6. At Warwick, the lady of C. Wake, MD. a daughter.  
 — At Blackdown-house, Sussex, the lady of James Cowan, Esq. of London, a son and heir.  
 10. At the Rectory, Newington Butts, the lady of the Rev. Arthur Cyril Onslow, a daughter.  
 13. At Earl Spencer's, Wimbledon-park, Lady Sarah Lyttleton, a daughter.  
 — In Cumberland-street, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Clayton Glyn, a son.  
 — The Right Hon. Lady Mary Balfour, a daughter.  
 20. In Berkeley-square, Lady Mary Fitzroy, a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Longniddry-house, Mrs. Prysdale, a son.  
 At Lamington-house, the lady of Peter Rose, Esq. a daughter.  
 At Newton, Inverness-shire, the lady of Major L. Stewart, 24th regt. a son.  
 In Hope-street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Peter Ramsey, a son.  
 At Hopes, East Lothian, the lady of Wm. Hay, Esq. a son.

## IN IRELAND.

- The lady of C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. of Mallock-castle, in the county of Cork, a son and heir.

## ABROAD.

- At Neemuch, East-Indies, the lady of Lieut.-Col. J. Ludlow, CB. a son.  
 In the Island of St. Christopher, the lady of the late Charles Hamilton Mills, Esq. a son.  
 At Constantinople, Lady Strangford, a son.  
 At Rome, the lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of Camden-place, Kent, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

- Aug. 23. At West Wrattling, Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. Jun. eldest son of Rich. Greaves Townley, of Eboracoe, in the county of Cambridge, to Cecil, second daughter of Sir Charles Watson, Bart. of Wrattling-park, in the same county.  
 27. At Conway, North Wales, Sir David Erskine, Bart. of Canby, Fifeshire, grandson of the Earl of Kellie, to Jane Stenier, only daughter of the late Hugh Williams, Esq. of Conway.  
 29. At Putney, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Rev. W. C. Braut, of Putney-heath, to Isabella Anne, youngest daughter of the late R. v. Geo. Wright, of Hadfield, N. S.  
 30. At Marylebone-church, Major Sir Hen. Floyd, Bart. of 8th Light Dragoons, to Mary, eldest daughter of Wm. Murray, Esq. of Bryanstone-square, and of the Island of Jamaica.  
 — At Astley, in the county of Worcester, Robert Bolton Waldron, Esq. of Ferckenhall, to Lucy, youngest daughter of Thomas Shrawley Vernon, Esq. of the former place.  
 Sept. 3. At Lambeth, by Special License, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Rev. Frederick Manners Sutton, eldest son of John

- Manners Sutton, Esq. of Kilham, Notts, to Henrietta Barbara, third daughter of the Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Saville, of Edmondstone, in the same county.  
 4. At St. James's-church, George Hole, Esq. of Chumleigh, grandson of the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, to Jane, youngest daughter of R. H. Crew, Esq. Secretary to the Hon. Board of Ordnance.  
 5. George Dainty, Esq. eldest son of John Smith Dainty, Esq. of Foden Bank, in the county of Chester, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Hest, Esq. of Restormel-park, Cornwall.  
 — At St. Pancras, Joseph Kirkpatrick, Esq. Jun. Banker, Newport, Isle of Wight, to Maria Isabella, only daughter of John Kirkpatrick, Esq. of Paris.  
 6. At Worth, Sussex, by the Rev. Samuel Legar, Chaplain of the Forces, Horatio Lezatt, Esq. of the Royal Terrace, Adelphi, to Anna Maria, second daughter of the Rev. Geo. Maximilian Bethune, LL.D. of North Rectory.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. Rd. Darch, vicar of Milverton with Longford, in the county of Somerset, to Isabella Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain Elphinstone, RN. of Belfast, near Plymouth.  
 — John Gott, Esq. eldest son of Benjamin Gott, Esq. of Armlay-house, to Mary Anne, daughter of Edward Brook, Esq. of Chapel Allerton, both near Leeds.  
 8. At Abinger, in Surry, John Campbell, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Scarlett, Esq. MP. for Peterborough.  
 13. At Derby, Capt. Batty, of the 1st or Grenadier regt. of Guards, to Joanna Maria, eldest daughter of John Barrow, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty.  
 — At Marylebone-church, Capt. George Digby, RN. to Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir John Walsh, Bart. of Warfield, in the county of Berks.  
 — At Camberwell-church, Edward Lodge Ogle, Esq. to Elizabeth Frances, eldest daughter of the late J. M. Woodyear, Esq. of the Island of St. Christopher.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, William Money, Esq. of Hanover-street, Hanover-square, to Jane, only daughter of Thos. Lane, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn.  
 15. At Knaresborough, by the Rev. E. Dawkins, Fellow of All Souls', Oxford, Lieut.-Col. Dawkins, MP. Coldstream Guards, to Emma, eldest daughter of Thos. Dancombe, Esq. of Casgrave, in the county of York.  
 — At Edgobaston, Warwickshire, William Jesser Sturch, eldest son of W. Sturch, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square, to Caroline, third daughter of Timothy Smith, Esq. of Icknild-house, near Birmingham.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut.-Col. Fearon, 31st regt. to Miss Palmer.  
 — At Broadwater, Sussex, Sir Thomas Heaketh, Bart. of Rufford, Hull, in the county of Lancaster, to Miss Louisa Allmand.  
 — At Eling-cottage, Hants, the seat of Samuel Eliot, Esq. Wm. Stewart, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, to Mary, only daughter of Richard Penlyshe, Esq. of Barrington-hall, Cambridgeshire.  
 17. At Waleot-church, Eath, Arthur Male, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Robert More, Esq. and sister to Robert Bridgman More, Esq. of Linley-hall, Bishop's-castle, Shropshire.  
 18. John Pawbney Harvey, Esq. of Wiveliscombe, in the county of Somerset, to Fanny, second daughter of the late Wm. Dyne, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Dunnichen, Forfarshire, the Earl of Kintore, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Francis Hawkins, Esq. Senior Judge of Circuit and Appeal at Breckley, in the Hon. East-India Company's service.  
 At Menlough castle, Capt. Thos. Mullins, 7th Fusiliers, grandson to the Rt. Hon. Lord Venry, to Elizabeth Theodore, daughter of Sir John Blake, Bart.  
 At Seton-house, Dr. John Fletcher, of Edinburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of James Scowen, Esq.

## IN IRELAND.

**Captain Hore, RN.** son of the late Wm. Hore, Esq. of Harpurstown, in the county of Wexford, and Cousin to the Earl of Courtown, to Jane Caroline Solly, youngest daughter of Mrs. Jessop, and of the late Richard Solly, Esq. of York-place, Portman-square, London, and grand-daughter of Sir Frederic Flood, Bart.

**At Rathmelton, county of Donegal, Ireland, Wm. Darby, Esq. 13th regt.** Nephew to Admiral Sir Henry D'Estere Darby, to Laura Scott, youngest daughter of the late Col. Scott, of the 6th regt. of foot.

## ABROAD.

**At Lausanne, by the very Rev. the Dean of Raphoe, Ralph Smyth, Esq. of Gaybrook, in the county of Westmeath, Ireland, to Georgiana, eldest surviving daughter of the Hon. J. T. Capel and Lady Caroline Capel.**

**At Paris, at the chapel of his Excellency the British Ambassador, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Frederic W. Frankland, Esq. Lieut. Queen's Royal Regt. of Foot, to Catherine Margaret, only daughter of the late T. Scarth, Esq.**

**At St. Helena, by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, sen. Chaplain to the Hon. Company, George Watson, Esq. to Eleanor, eldest daughter of Thomas O'Conner, merchant in that Island.**

## DEATHS.

Aug. 21. At Peterhead, Jane, eldest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Terry.

23. In his 70th year, the Rev. Jonathan Williams, who fell down dead on his road home from Maker, where he had been dining with the Bishop of Exeter.

24. At Falmouth, aged 86, Mr. H. Barnicoat. Notwithstanding the advanced age to which this individual attained, he is said never to have experienced even an half hour's indisposition during the whole of his long life.

25. Mr. Bartolozzi, son of the late eminent engraver of that name, and of considerable reputation himself in the same profession, aged 64.

26. At Oakwood, near Chichester, in her 23d year, Louisa, third daughter of Sir George Hilliar Barlow, bart. GCB.

— At Brighton, aged 70, Chas. H. Cazenove, esq. 28. In Portland-place, after a long and severe illness, Lady Graham, wife of Sir James Graham, bart. MP. for the city of Carlisle.

29. Mr. Edward Hill, youngest son of Sir John Hill, bart. of Hawstone, Staffordshire, and Sept. 3, his brother, the Rev. Richard Hill.

— At Langley, Bucks, in his 78th year, the Rev. Gliman Wall, rector of Pit Porton, Tiverton, Devonshire.

30. Aged 52, James Robinson Scott, FRSE, FLS. late senior president of the Roy. Med. Society, Edinburgh, Lecturer on Botany, &c.

Sept. 1. Wm. Kinnard, esq. senior magistrate of the Thames Police.

2. At his house, on the Terrace, High-street, Marylebone, in his 74th year, George Elwes, esq.

— At Cottage-place, Chelmsford, aged 78, Lady Camilla Robinson, sister to the Earl of Tankerville.

5. In his 60th year, the Rev. George Cope, DD. Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of Hereford.

6. In his 53d year, Edward Charles Howell Shepherd, esq. of Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

— At Tunbridge, at the house of his son, the Rev. Thos. Knox, the Rev. Vicariss Knox, DD. rector of Runwell and Ramsden Crays, Essex, aged 68. Dr. Knox has long been known as an elegant writer and accomplished scholar. His "Essays," which first appeared about 40 years ago, are deservedly esteemed for the excellence of their style, for the pure and sound morality they inculcate, and for the correct critical taste and scholarship which they display. Dr. Knox was always a zealous advocate for classical education, on which subject he lately produced a pamphlet vindicating its utility and its advantages. His "Winter Evenings' Lucubrations" also place him high as a writer of moral Essays; nor must it be forgotten that his Essays on Education have contributed much to reform those errors in the discipline of our universities upon which he therein animadverted.

7. At Cheltenham, James Goddington, esq. banker Birmingham.

— At Charlton-house, near Blackheath, in her 17th year, Caroline, second daughter of Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, bart.

8. At Odelle Castle, near Bedford, in her 84th year, the Right Hon. Isabella, Countess of Egmont, only daughter and heiress of Lord Nassau Panlet, third son of Charles, the second Duke of Bolton.

12. At his house in South Audley-street, Colonel Evelyn Anderson, only brother to Charles Anderson Pelham, Lord Yarborough. He married Caroline Georgiana Johnston, daughter of the late Governor and Lady Cecilia Henrietta Johnston.

— At Ramsgate, Sophia, the wife of Charles Mackinnon, esq. of Camden-hill, Kensington.

— At East Retford, universally regretted, Dennis Frith, esq. aged 73.

13. At his residence, in Portland-place, aged 58, Michael Atkinson, esq.

— At Truro, in his 22d year, Thomas Vivian, esq. son of John Vivian, esq. of that place, and brother to Major General Sir Hussey Vivian.

14. At his house, in the Stable-yard, St. James's Palace, in his 66th year, Henry Frederick Girbecker, Esq. many years First Page to her Majesty Queen Charlotte.

16. At his house, in Hanover-street, Hanover-square, Lorenzo Stable, esq. aged 69.

17. Mary Anne, the wife of Charles March, esq. of Dover-street, Piccadilly.

Longevity.—At the house of Mr. Cartner, of Beaumont, near Carlisle, Mrs. Tamer Irwin, formerly of Kirkandrews, aged 100 years, who died, after a short indisposition, and in full possession of her faculties.

Lately, at Margate, aged 55, Abraham Mendez Furtado, esq. better known by the name of Charles Furtado, the celebrated piano-forte player.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Paisley, aged 17 months, James Weir, "The wonderful gigantic child." When 13 months old, and he continued to increase ever since, he weighed 5 stone: his girth round the neck was 14 inches; breast 31; belly 39; thigh 20½; and round the arm 11½. He was born in the parish of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark.

At Edinburgh, aged 71, Joseph Dale, esq. long known as a very eminent musical teacher.

At her house, George-street, Edinburgh, aged 79, the Hon. Margaret Drummond, relict of George Haldane, esq. of Glencastle.

At Ormiston, Mrs. Jane Ferguson, daughter of the Hon. James Ferguson, Lord Pitfuir.

At Burrowmuirhead, near Edinburgh, the Lady of Major A. Rose.

At Fernacarry-house, Roseneath, in his 23d year, Donald, second son of Capt. Campbell.

At Edinburgh, Jane, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wharton, esq. and Lady Sophia Wharton.

At Viewfield-house, near Dunbar, Mrs. Burnet, Lady of Mr. Burnet; and a fortnight preceding, at the same place, her sister, Miss Henrietta Lawson.

In three contiguous parishes in the county of Aberdeen, viz. Logan Buchan, Ellon, and Cruden, widow Hutcheon, aged 92, Jean Brown 100, and John Tavse 106, all, particularly the two last, retaining their faculties unimpaired till very nearly the time of their decease.

In the parish of Kenmore, Mrs. MacLearu, aged 106. This venerable woman retained her faculties to the last. Many other individuals, who have lately died in Perthshire, attained to nearly the same age, for instance, James Stuart of Graysmont, and Stewart the Tinker, in Aberfeldy, who both died at the age of 105 years.

## ABROAD.

At Bourdeaux, Madame Moreau, widow of the celebrated General Moreau.

At Rio Janeiro, in his 77th year, Field Marshal John Shadwell Connell, Counsellor of War, and Knight of the Order of the Tower and Sword. He entered the Portuguese service as Capt. 1763, with leave, being then a Lieutenant in the British army. He was Governor of Lagos and Faro,



and till 1818, of the kingdom of Algarve, in Portugal.  
 At Kingston, in Upper Canada, in his 28th year, Claude Scott Brown, esq. assistant commissary general.  
 At Otahite, the Rev. Henry Bicknell. This gentleman, who was a native of Over Compton,

Dorset, was the first individual who offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and his labours for twenty years among the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands were attended with great success.  
 At Boulogne, Edward John Holland, esq. of Devonshire-place, in his 71st year.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has presented the living of Amblesome, in Pembrokeshire, to the Rev. D. H. Haunders.—The Rev. Thos. D'Eye Betts, Clerk, B.A. instituted to the Rectory and Parish church of Colney, Norfolk, on the presentation of Jehoshaphat Postle, esq. of Colney-hall.—The Rev. Robert Crockett, M.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, to the Rectory of Nailston cum Normanton, Leicestershire.—The Rev. James Edwards, to the Rectory of Llanmadoc, Glamorganshire.—The Rev. Thomas Mills, A.B. of Christ Church, Oxford, to the Rectory of Stutton, Suffolk.—The Rev. Edward Combe, to the Rectories of Earnhill and Donnyatt, Somerset.—The Rev. I. J. Boor, to be Master of the Free Grammar School,

at Bodmin.—The Rev. John Jacob to the Head Mastership of the Dock Classical and Mathematical School, at Plymouth Dock.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has collated the Rev. George Handale, M.A. and Student of Christ Church, Oxford, to the Vicarage of Eastrith Church, near Sandwich, Kent.—The Rev. John Laty, to the Rectory of Rede, Suffolk.—The Rev. Henry De Foe Baker, M.A. to the Vicarage of Greetham, in the county of Rutland.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. John Singleton to the Rectory of Sutterby, near Spilsey, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. Wm. Vernor to succeed to the Prebend of North Newbald, in the county of York, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Wheeler.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE prominent points for consideration this month are the bulk and the condition of the crop. The harvest occupies so considerable a portion of time in all seasons, and in uncertain or wet weather it is so much protracted, that even in the best years there must be some variation in the quality of the corn; in moderate, this difference is still more considerable, and in those decidedly bad, a great portion of the growth becomes absolutely unfit for use. If the harvest, in those counties which are earliest, begins unpropitiously, it commonly happens, that the later are thrown into a period more unpromising, and thus a delayed becomes a bad harvest. The whole of the last spring and summer was of a kind to indicate that the corn would ripen late. The grain had, at no one period, been as much forward and hardened as usual by the solar heat, and the wetness of the harvest has increased the evil. It is therefore probable, that an important proportion of the crop, either from the natural accidents of the year, or from an eager desire to house or stack it with all possible dispatch, will be found to consist of what is generally called soft corn, and will need artificial means of drying before it can be ground, or will require to be mixed with old wheats, or those in the best condition, in larger bulks than ordinary. This will constitute the capital variation between the sound and the unsound grain, though in every part of the kingdom the sample is very much mixed and deteriorated by shrivelled and valueless kernels. To compensate these defects comes in the quantity, and we believe that there never was a more abundant produce from the earth. From these premises, it will follow that there will be immense differences in the value of wheats; that the old will be in demand, and much of the new excessively depreciated; but it is extremely question-

able whether the averages will rise high enough to open the ports. We are inclined to the opinion that they will not amount to the importation rate, unless the weather continue unfavourable. In the meanwhile, however, the temporary effect of the wet upon the markets cannot but be injurious to the general interests both of agriculture, and of the community at large; for the landlord will be led to consider that there is an actual benefit to the tenant, both from price and quantity, and therefore he will be the less disposed to bend to the necessity of abatements. The clergyman will follow the rule of the landowner, and the miller will certainly take some advantage of the high price of the best qualities, and advance the manufactured article above its true value. Such, indeed, have already been the effects of the delayed season; and it is yet to be seen whether these effects will be counteracted by the increased quantity which there is every reason to suppose must sooner or later come into the mart. The fluctuation, which is the circumstance most fatally injurious to the interest of all parties, is likely again to be the prevailing phenomenon of the market for some time to come, at least till the actual quantity and condition of the crop be ascertained.

The barley crop is, perhaps, even more abundant than the wheat, because the growth is principally upon the light lands, to which the rains have been highly favourable during the summer, but it is yet only partially housed, particularly in the northern and eastern districts. It may also be, and it undoubtedly is, a little shortened by the substitution of Talavera wheat, in the eastern counties especially. But there is a large stock in hand, and the new growth has, in the general, taken little injury at present, for much remains to be cut. From the same causes we have al-

fectured the wheats the sample is not quite as fine as in the best years, but bulk must again be regarded as compensating this deficiency in quality. Some premature effects of opinion have, however, appeared in the late transfers of this grain, as in the sales of wheat, though to a less extent.

Oats are, perhaps, scarcely an average crop. Upon the rich soils they are unusually good, but on inferior light or dry lands deficient both in quantity and quality. Notwithstanding the large importations it is believed the stock on hand is not great.

Beans and peas (the former especially) are an abundant growth. The quantity of old on hand is also very large.

Turnips are generally very excellent. The Swedes, which, during the short period of hot weather, drooped and declined, were wonderfully improved by the rains; and where the ridge system has been adopted they are astonishingly fine. The crop of Mr. Clark, sown at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet, which we mentioned in our last report, has gone a great way towards establishing the superiority of that method of culture, and particularly at very wide intervals. Of the multitudes of farmers who have inspected this field, there is not one but admires the prodigious size of the bulbs, the undeviating regularity of their growth, and the luxuriance of the tops: a spectator at the distance of a few yards can scarcely perceive that they are sown in ridges; so completely is the whole piece over-shaded with green. Dr. Rigby's turnips, sown at 30 inches, are such as almost to vie with Mr. Clark's, and we look upon these agriculturists' experiments to be highly important to the culture of this valuable article of good husbandry. Complaints of the injury farmers have suffered from damaged and spurious seed are very rife and heavy, particularly in Leicestershire and Lincolnshire; indeed, after the tricks practised in the preparation of the various seeds by chemical operations, lately exposed, it is impossible to guard purchasers too strongly as to the character of the merchant with whom they have dealings.

The hay is considered now to be scarcely an average crop. Pastures have been productive and the stock in grazing counties has thriven to the fullest expectation of the proprietors.

Cattle are selling ruinously low, scarcely obtaining in some instances the price they cost a year ago. Lean beasts have therefore declined. Scots are, at present, 20 per cent. lower than last autumn, though the supply is scanty. Fat stock is not likely to be over plentiful, since it is naturally to be supposed that the agricultural depression has operated against the provision of any large quantity during last season.

Sheep are certainly more numerous than

ever, and the trade for lambs was rather brisker at some fairs, but the prices (12s. or 14s. a head) cannot remunerate the grower. Shearlings are to be bought for less money than they sold for as lambs last year.

At the various fairs the demand for cattle was every where exceedingly slack. Carlisle was the worst ever remarked. Nothing scarcely was done. *Ninety thousand* sheep and lambs were penned at Wilton, and the prices they fetched were nearly 8s. a head *below* those of last year. Ewes were sold from 8s. to 23s.; lambs from 5s. to 18s.; an immense number were left unsold. At Stockwith fair, black colts, which a short time since would have brought 40l. with difficulty reached 15l.

At St. Giles's Hill fair, Winchester, the supply of cheese was unusually small, yet sales were heavy, and a great part of what was pitched was not disposed of. The prices were, best old Somerset, 70s.; new Wilts, from 40 to 46s.; seconds, 28 to 32s.; skim, 18 to 22s.

Wool has sunk in price: long wool is worth from 13s. 6d. to 15s. per stone of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. In Cornwall, the depression is attributed to their manufacturers being this year thrown out of the India trade.

The produce of hops will be large, though the mould has in some grounds affected them.

At the late meetings of the Lincolnshire and of the Glamorganshire agricultural societies, premiums were distributed for the best stock exhibited; for superior farming; and to shepherds and labourers for good conduct: and one to Mr. Whitworth, of Acre House (by the Lincolnshire) for his trouble in experiments, to ascertain the best quality of ray grass.

The Glamorganshire society awarded its prizes for the best bull, and the best boar, to the *Misses Bassett*. These ladies, by their attention to *good breeding*, have established a more than ordinary title to the rewards of *husbandry*.

As the season for wheat sowing is rapidly approaching, it may be useful to have it known that recent experiments have proved that the sulphate of copper, which has been used as a pickle for seed wheat, possesses the property of destroying any seeds of cockle which may by chance be mixed with it. At the same time, it should appear, that a great proportion of the wheat itself is liable to injury from the action of the pickle, so that this preparation requires great caution in using.

The evidence taken by the Committee of the House of Commons, to inquire into the agricultural petitions, is printed, and is very voluminous. Every engine is employed to rouse the landed interest to get up a new and stronger set of petitions for protection, as numerous signed as possible.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR AUGUST, 1821.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

## GENERAL REPORT.

The mean temperature of the air for this month, is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  higher than in August, 1820; and the mean temperature of spring water at 8 o'clock A.M. is 53°30', that is  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ° higher than in the preceding month. So sultry were the nights of the 22d, 23rd, and 24th, that the self-registering thermometer did not sink below 63° in an exposed place, and on each of those days it rose to 80° in the shade. The atmospheric and

meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month are, 3 coloured *parhelia*, 1 solar halo, 2 rainbows, 74 meteors of various sizes in the evenings (many of them with trains) which have uniformly presaged wind and rain; lightning in the evenings of the 5th, 8th, and 24th; and 6 strong gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 2 from the E. 1 from SW. and 3 from the W.

## DAILY REMARKS.

August 1. An overcast sky and a damp air, except in the afternoon, when plumose *cirri* and *cirrocumulus* appeared in flocks and in beds above nascent *cumuli*.

2. Much dew at sunrise, and a lilac haze around the horizon, surmounted by orange and lemon colours; a fair morning with *cirri* and *cumuli*, and gentle crossing winds: a wavy sky in the afternoon, and rain in the night.

3. A.M. light rain, and calm: a fine afternoon, and 2 coloured *parhelia*, one on each side of the sun, in cirrostrative clouds, at 6 P.M. From 9 till half past 10, 5 meteors shot in different directions, two of them had long sparkling trains which disappeared with the meteors, the largest of these, having been formed in the lower atmosphere to the southward, cast a whitish light on the ground. Whilst these meteors appeared, a pretty white level *stratus* rose from the grass-fields and lakes, and was followed by a dense fog throughout the night.

4. A.M. generally overcast with *cirrostratus*: in the afternoon, fair, with nascent *cumuli* and plumose *cirri*, some of the latter transformed into *cirrocumuli* in small round flocks of a silvery colour; a calm and cloudless night. From 9 till 12 P.M. 16 small and middle-sized meteors appeared in various parts of the sky; six of these had very long luminous trains, and some of them continued to issue sparks after the bodies had disappeared: they were of various colours, as white, light red, and a mixed light blue and red; 4 of the caudated meteors were thus traced in their flight between 10 and 11 o'clock; 1 through the northern crown, 1 under *Sagittarius*, 1 between *Alioth* and *Benetnasch* in *Ursa Major*, and 1 between *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, notwithstanding the light which the latter afforded.

5. Fair, with hot sunshine, and a pleasant breeze: a clear sky by night, except a few patches of cirrostrative cloud near

the northern point of the horizon, from behind which it lightened at slow intervals for three hours. From 9 till 12 P.M. 12 meteors appeared, five of them had long trains—the largest of these at 20 minutes before 11 o'clock, was of the apparent size and colour of the planet *Jupiter*, and passed through a space of about 26°, viz. from between the star  $\alpha$  and  $\kappa$  in *Draco*, thence under *Alioth* in *Ursa Major* to *Cor. Caroli*—its train was about 20° long, and threw off inflammable sparks a short time after the body had disappeared.

6. Chiefly overcast with a mixture of clouds, which let fall light showers in the afternoon: a cloudy night. At a quarter before 9 P.M. a brilliant meteor descended almost perpendicularly, and within  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ° of the moon's northern limb. This was the nearest meteor to the moon that we have hitherto seen after her first quarter, and when shining in an unclouded space.

7. At 6 A.M. a perfect rainbow, followed in the morning by compound clouds, and some drops of rain at intervals: the afternoon fine, with a brisk NW. wind; overcast with *Cirrostratus* from the westward at night.

8. Rain, and a strong gale from the SW., with but little variation in the temperature of the air during the last 24 hours. Some flashes of lightning from the passing clouds in the night.

9. A stormy day, with *Nimbi* and heavy showers, but of short duration. From 10 till 12 P.M. 10 meteors appeared, while the moon shone bright in the middle of her second quarter: so that at that age her light was not sufficient to obscure the smallest and brightest of these, of which one exhibited a long train, and passed between the constellations *Pisces* and *Pegasus*, at a quarter before twelve o'clock—the sky was apparently clear, but there was haze around the horizon, and a brisk gale from the westward, at the time of their appearance.

10. Sunshine, and a brisk westerly gale, with a prevailing mixture of clouds, and a quiescent barometer throughout the day. Four small meteors appeared in the course of the evening, three of these to the northward.
11. Sunshine between the showers, and a brisk westerly gale in the day, and one rainbow in the evening. Two brilliant meteors appeared about 10 P.M., the first, which inclined to the south, had a very quick motion, and was even seen passing with great velocity behind an attenuated cloud: the other, which inclined towards the north, advanced comparatively slow, almost in a horizontal direction, and left a short sparkling train behind it. A calm and dry night.
12. A low and level *Stratus* appeared in the fields till after sunrise, and in its ascent formed into nascent *Cumuli*. A fine day, and a beautiful sky of passing *Cirro-cumuli* at night, enlightened by the full moon.
13. A.M. sunshine, and an inoculation of various modifications of clouds: an overcast sky in the afternoon, and rain and wind by night.
14. A.M. rain and wind: P.M. fine between the showers.
15. A fair day, with prevailing *Cirrocumulus*: overcast and sultry at night, and two winds, the lower one from the W. the upper one from NW.
- 16 and 17. Calm and overcast, and rather humid below, except in the afternoons, which were fine—the nights very sultry.
18. Overcast, with *Cumulostratus* of an electric appearance, through the cirrostrative part of which the sun's disc was well-defined, and pleasant to look at with the naked eye nearly all day, and not unlike the silvery colour of the full moon in a clear winter's night. The sun having had a similar appearance the two preceding mornings, and several spectators deeming it an uncommon phenomenon, and wishing to know the cause, it may be necessary just to say that it arose from the intervention of an attenuated cloud, of such an uniform density as just to bar the passage of the solar rays. At 10 minutes before 10 P.M. a coloured meteor passed from the star  $\zeta$  in *Aquila* to  $\alpha$  in the head of *Hercules*, a space of  $26^\circ$ , the train was of a light red colour, and about  $10^\circ$  long; and a dense cloud had not long before moved off, from that part in a westerly direction. At 35 minutes past 10 o'clock, a bright meteor appeared without a train, about  $12^\circ$  above the western point of the horizon, and descended obliquely towards the SW. A fine dewy night.
19. A fine day, and a clear, calm, dewy night. The sun rose and set fiery red.
20. A slight *Stratus* early, and a cloudless day: a fine calm dewy night, with *Cirrus* from the southward. Two small meteors appeared at a quarter before 9 P.M. one on each side of the northern crown.
21. A.M. as the preceding: the afternoon fair, with plumose and horizontal bands of *Cirrus*, which in the evening passed off to dark *Cirrostratus*, and to appearance divided the sun's disc in two semicircles just before it set. A clear night. From 9 till 12 P.M. 9 small meteors appeared in various directions, in an apparently clear sky, one of which had a train behind it.
22. A hot cloudless day and night, with the exception of a *Stratus* in the evening, and a few small *Cumuli* at mid-day. Between 10 and 11 P.M. 3 small meteors appeared to the westward.
23. The day and night nearly as the preceding, but the wind came round to the S.E. in a refreshing breeze at mid-day, and in the evening veered to the east. About 9 P.M. a large and brilliant meteor, with a long coloured train, appeared several seconds in descending obliquely from near the zenith towards the NW., 7 other meteors also appeared in various parts of the sky between 9 and 12 o'clock, without any other characteristic than that of being small, at a great altitude, and having a great velocity.
24. A fair day, with *Cirrocumuli* in light flocks, and a large *Cumulostratus* cloud overhanging its base towards the north, in which direction some low flashes of lightning were observed in the evening. Much *gossamer* about for some days past. From 10 till 12 P.M. 4 small meteors appeared, two under the constellation *Hercules*, one under *Ursa Major*, and one under *Georgium Sidus*.
25. The sky overcast by a dense and humid cirrostrative haze, from which some light drops of rain fell towards the evening.
26. As the preceding day and night, excepting two hours in the evening, when *Cirrocumulus* in light flocks appeared above *Cumulostratus*.
27. An overcast sky and a strong gale from the east, with some light rain, except in the afternoon, which was fine.
28. Rain and a moderate gale from the same quarter most of the day and night.
29. Uncommonly heavy rain from 8 till 11 o'clock A.M.: P.M. foggy.
30. A.M. a fog, through which some light rain fell at intervals: P.M. showery.
31. Showery in the day; and a cloudy night.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month. Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROMETER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.	Nimbus.			
1	29.98	29.97	29.975	76	55	63.5	90	75	100	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.69		
2	30.20	30.15	30.175	76	60	68	80	60	75	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.69		
3	30.03	30.01	30.020	73	59	66	80	75	70	NE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.62		
4	30.10	30.04	30.070	72	59	65.5	74	65	75	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
5	29.97	29.94	29.955	80	60	70	64	60	70	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1			
6	29.99	29.91	29.950	76	56	66	65	51	60	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1			
7	30.07	30.05	30.060	73	57	65	68	44	48	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	30	0.1	
8	29.94	29.64	29.790	64	59	61.5	81	97	100	W	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.38	
9	29.58	29.68	29.680	70	56	62.5	82	54	67	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.20	
10	29.55	29.55	29.550	68	56	62	64	55	70	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	30		
11	29.79	29.67	29.730	68	52	60	68	68	81	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.14	
12	30.00	29.92	29.960	73	52	62.5	70	69	82	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1			
13	30.04	29.96	30.000	75	59	67	72	70	92	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	25	0.32	
14	29.81	29.75	29.780	70	52	61	88	87	86	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.09	
15	30.06	29.98	30.020	76	60	68	70	60	84	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1			
16	30.14	30.12	30.130	74	61	67.5	75	65	90	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	25		
17	30.17	30.10	30.135	77	62	69.5	83	67	89	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1			
18	30.15	30.06	30.105	73	57	65	74	60	73	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1			
19	30.21	30.21	30.210	70	56	63	71	72	80	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	20		
20	30.22	30.18	30.200	74	60	67	70	54	70	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
21	30.18	30.16	30.170	75	59	67	62	58	70	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
22	30.17	30.13	30.150	80	63	71.5	75	56	65	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	40		
23	30.09	30.02	30.055	80	63	71.5	71	58	70	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
24	29.97	29.94	29.955	80	63	71.5	65	57	70	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
25	29.97	29.95	29.965	75	63	69	70	80	80	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	30		
26	30.06	30.00	30.030	75	59	67	76	73	82	W to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.1	
27	30.12	30.07	30.095	69	58	63.5	73	56	65	NE to E	1	1	1	1	1	1	25	0.23	
28	29.90	29.86	29.880	63	57	60	67	67	91	E	1	1	1	1	1	1		1.75	
29	29.75	29.73	29.740	67	61	64	98	91	96	E to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1		0.10	
30	29.75	29.73	29.740	73	62	67.5	96	82	97	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			
31	29.84	29.72	29.780	70	60	65	87	91	87	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	10	0.37	
	30.22	29.55	29.965	80	52	65.80	75.1	66.4	79.1		19	18	25	10	20	17	14	2.60	3.71

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.22 Aug. 20th, Wind East.  
 Minimum..... 29.56 Do. 10th, Do. West.  
 Range of the Mercury..... 0.67  
 Mean barometrical pressure for the Month..... 29.965  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for the lunar period, ending the 27th instant..... 29.965  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 30.076  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.909  
 Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury..... 8.900  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 0.486  
 Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 21

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 80° on four different days.  
 Minimum..... 52° in three different nights.  
 Range..... 28  
 Mean temperature of the Air..... 65.80  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 21 days with the Sun in Leo..... 65.03  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 24.00  
 Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 53.90

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.  
 Greatest humidity of the Air..... 100° in the evenings of the 1st and 8th.  
 Greatest dryness of..... Ditto..... 44 in the afternoon of the 7th.  
 Range of the Index..... 56  
 Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 66.4  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. AM..... 75.1  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. PM..... 79.1  
 \_\_\_\_\_ of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock..... 73.6  
 Evaporation for the month..... 2.60 inches.  
 Rain and hail, for Ditto..... 3.71 ditto.  
 Prevailing Winds, W.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 5; fair, with various modifications of clouds, 11; an overcast sky, without rain, 8; foggy 1; rain, 6—Total, 31 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.  
 19 18 25 10 20 17 14

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
—	3	5	5	1	5	7	5	31

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Sept. 22.)

SINCE the date of our last report the most interesting subject of mercantile attention has been the extraordinary rise in the price of corn, as it has had a great influence on the general market. Many speculations have been made on the probability of the ports being opened for the admission of foreign grain. It is now, we believe, above a twelvemonth since we expressed it as our opinion, that even should the harvest of 1821 prove unfavourable, the average price would hardly rise, so as to allow of the importation of foreign wheat before the spring of 1822; and we think, we may still venture to maintain the same opinion. There have been, it is true, many vague reports in circulation, tending to excite a belief of the probability of the ports opening for the importation of foreign grain. These rumours are, we believe, chiefly spread for the purpose of affecting the funds, as the exaggerated statements industriously circulated of an expected failure of the harvest, in consequence of the very unfavourable weather, are calculated to excite an alarm, and promote the views of the holders of foreign grain, by getting the average price to rise above 80s. for a moment. But if the new wheat should turn out to be, in general, of a very inferior quality, it must be sold at a proportionably low price, which will keep down the average, and the more according as the quantity spoiled is large. Nor let it be thought, that the rise in the price of good wheat must be so great as to make up the difference; for, we think, we have rather better grounds than mere conjecture for saying, that if this year's crop could be proved to have entirely failed, there is sufficient old wheat in the United Kingdom for twelve months' consumption. When we speak, however, of our opinions on this subject, we do not mean to exclude the probability of the average rising sufficiently high to allow of the importation of grain from Canada; if we consider the resources of the Canadas, we may rest assured, that they will be able to supply us with more than sufficient to keep down the averages below 80s. unless the same nefarious practices that succeeded last year, in deluging the country with foreign oats, should be again resorted to with the same success; should the averages rise so far as to admit the produce of the Canadas, we can hardly grudge this advantage to our fellow subjects beyond the Atlantic, condemned by the strictness of our commercial system from disposing of their superfluous produce to any but the mother country. Having thus stated our views of this important subject, we submit the following prices, at which corn from foreign countries is admitted for home-consump-

tion: wheat 80s., rye 53s., barley 40s., oats 27s., beans 53s., peas 53s.—Prices at which corn from the British settlements in Canada is admitted: wheat 67s., rye 44s., barley 33s., oats 22s., beans 44s., peas 44s.—The aggregate averages for the week ending 8th instant, which regulate foreign importation: wheat 55s. 8d., rye 28s. 0d., barley 26s. 11d., oats 19s. 8d., beans 27s. 6d., peas 30s. 5d. For several weeks preceding, the averages were, of course, a shade lower. Being now upon the subject, we will, contrary to our usual custom, commence our monthly report with—

Corn.—Without going into long details, we will merely give the gradual advance on the prices of one description of grain, in consequence of the unfavourable weather during the last four weeks, and we select for this purpose Essex and Suffolk wheat: Per quarter.

	Red.	White.
Aug. 27.....	40s. 54s....	48s. 62s.
Sept. 3.....	45s. 60s....	54s. 70s.
10.....	54s. 78s....	60s. 82s.
17.....	54s. 78s....	60s. 82s.

This rise having naturally held out great temptation to the farmer, immense quantities, about 20,000 quarters, have been pressed into the market since Monday, the effects of which were felt yesterday, the holders having been very eager to sell at prices from 2s. to 4s. lower than on Monday, but without tempting buyers. Some sales of barley, beans, peas, and oats were effected nearly on the same terms as on Monday, but these sales were very inconsiderable, and the market was in a state of great stagnation.

The rapid advance in the price of corn excited last week great interest in the colonial market: in two weeks wheat had advanced about 20s. per quarter, other descriptions of grain had also risen materially: in consequence of this advance, the continuance of bad weather, the appearance of a bad harvest, and the reported probability of the opening of the ports for foreign corn, there were extensive speculations in rice, which advanced from 12s. to 16s. and 15s. 6d.—Large purchases of rum, which was fully 1d. per gallon higher.—Speculators made great inquiries after coffee, refined and foreign sugars, and every article of general export, which they anticipated would rise with great rapidity on the prospect of the opening of the ports. The return of fine weather, and the fall of the corn market, has again thrown a gloom upon trade, and though the advance in many articles is still maintained, yet sales cannot be made in the present dull state of the markets.

The preservation of peace between Russia and Turkey appears to be less doubtful than

it was a month back. Letters from Odessa of August 27, state, that the Russian government there has publicly announced, that Russian ships will no longer be detained in the Bosphorus by the Turks, and that trade in general is not subject to any impediments. This was considered as a proof that war was not probable.

**Cotton.**—The prices of cotton have, on the whole, improved during the last month, though the accounts from Liverpool were at first not favourable; the demand for exportation was considerable here at the beginning of this month, and low Bengals in particular were in great request; even after the demand for exportation had, in some measure, subsided, they maintained their price. The demand continued good, and the market was evidently improving till the 13th of this month, when the East India Company declared an extensive sale for the 9th of October; which, of course, tended rather to keep down the prices. The present state of the market is as follows:—The purchases of cotton, for the last week, consist of 310 Bengal, 5½d. a 6½d. in bond; 250 Surat, 6½d. a 8d.; 30 Madras, 7d. a 7½d.; 150 Upland, 9½d.: 80 Pernambuco, 12½d.

The arrivals, from the 14th to the 20th inst. inclusive:—Calcutta, 819; Madras, 50; Jamaica, 207; Rio Janeiro, 70.

The accounts from Liverpool are very favourable; the sales for the first three days this week average 2,000 bags per day. The prices of cotton here are little varied; notwithstanding the extensive sale declared by the East India Company, there are no sellers at any reduction; the particulars of the quantity at present declared:—

Bengals .....	9548
Surats .....	5975
Madras .....	576
Bourbon .....	233

16,332

The arrivals at Liverpool, for the four weeks, ending 15th of September, were 30,000 bags, and the sales 23,000.

**Sugar.**—The market has not presented any remarkable fluctuation this month; the prices of Muscovades have been in general low. Accounts having been received from Jamaica, at the beginning of September, which stated that the weather had been very unfavourable to the crops, an improvement in the demand took place, but without much influence on the prices. Foreign sugars have been uncommonly low, as the following account of a sale in the beginning of this week will show; 321 chests Havannah; the white sold 6s. a 8s., yellow 3s. a 4s. lower; good white 40s. and 40s. 6d., good yellow 25s. 6d. and 26s.; a good proportion of the latter was taken in at these prices. Brazil sugars; brown 17s. a 19s. 6d., yellow 24s. a 26s., low white 29s. 6d. a 31s. 6d., selling in considerable

parcels at these rates. A public sale of 234 chests was afterwards brought forward, but the prices offered for the first lot being exceedingly low, the whole was immediately withdrawn.

The very low prices of Havannah and Brazil sugars attracted the attention of the buyers; two parcels were brought forward to public sale; 229 chests were nearly all taken in, 27s. a 28s. for good yellow; the second sale, 140 chests, sold rather freely, 27s. 6d. and 28s. for good yellow, 25s. and 26s. for good brown, which may be stated at 1s. a 2s. higher than the previous prices; 75 packages Brazil sold at nearly the same advance, middling white 34s., ordinary 29s. 6d. a 31s. 6d.; yellow 22s.; brown 18s. a 20s.

There is little alteration in the prices of Muscovades this week; the sales are more limited; the fine sugars fully support the previous prices, and in some instances are a shade higher; the inferior browns still hang heavily on hand.

There have been considerable purchases this week of lumps and loaves; the refiners in consequence are very firm, and in several instances prices have been realised which were not before attainable: the stocks of goods on hand are very much reduced, and many houses have worked out.

The holders of Foreign sugars are not inclined to accept the present low prices of the market; the purchases by private contract are in consequence quite inconsiderable.

By public sale yesterday forenoon, 69 chests Brazil sugars were brought forward; grey sold 26s. a 28s., yellow 21s. a 22s. 6d., brown 18s. and 18s. 6d.

Average prices of raw sugar by Gazette:

Aug. 25 .....	32s. 2½d.
Sept. 1 .....	31s. 9½d.
8 .....	32s. 7½d.
15 .....	31s. 5½d.
22 .....	31s. 3½d.

**Coffee.**—The market was very heavy for nearly a fortnight, subsequent to our last report, when the demand improved, and prices rose a little; but this appearance of revived demand tempting the holders, they declared extensive sales, and an improvement of 1s. to 2s. per cwt. was, in fact, at first obtained, but the quantity brought forward being very large, naturally caused a depression, which still continues.

The quantity brought forward this week has been very extensive; on Thursday, in one sale, 687 casks and 602 bags; and, as the greater proportion consisted of ordinary, good, and fine ordinary Jamaica, a further depression of 3s. in the prices may be stated since Tuesday, and since Friday last the market has declined 6s. per cwt. in the ordinary descriptions; the finer qualities are also lower, but no considerable depression has taken place. *Havannah Coffee*

has fallen this week 8s. 6d. per cwt.; St. Domingo about 2s.

By public sale this forenoon, 145 bags, 101 brls. and 99 bhds. of Havannah coffee went off at the prices of yesterday, fine ordinary 106s. 6d. and 107s., good ordinary 103s. and 103s. 6d.

*Tea.*—At the East India sale, Bohoss sold at an advance of 2½d. to 3d., common Congou, 2d., finer sorts, 1d., Twankay 1d. higher. Owing to the large quantity of private trade teas, (chiefly caper, hyson, and gunpowder) they have been sold very reasonably, and in many instances, cheaper than they ever were before.

*Spices.*—The East India Company has declared for the 12th of November, a sale of 300,000 lb. cinnamon; 20,000 lb. mace; 100,000 lb. nutmegs; 1,000 lb. oil of mace, and 1,000 tons of saltpetre. This declaration has had but little effect on the market.

*Baltic Produce.*—The demand for tallow was very brisk towards the middle of this month, and large purchases were made at increased prices, but the market has since become very languid, so that yesterday no sales of yellow candle could be made at 46s. Hemp has likewise been in good request, and an advance of 15s. took place between the 4th and the 18th instant. Flax rather heavy, but the demand improving.

*Oils.*—There are several vessels reported from the Davis Straights fishery this week; they are well fished, but report indifferently of the ships they spoke. The accounts they bring are not credited, and in consequence the oil market must be stated exceedingly heavy; one or two parcels are reported at 22l. and 23l., but the first price could not be obtained for a cargo or a large parcel.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—There has been a brisk and extensive demand for rum, but it has now rather relaxed; the late increase in the prices is, however, fully maintained. Brandy is much inquired for; good Cognac realises 3s. 10d. and 3s. 11d., and the holders are asking 4s. Geneva remains without alteration.

*Wool.*—There is little variation in price; during the present year the demand has been steady, and, as the importation has not been considerable, nearly all the old stock has been worked up. Some advance in the price having taken place in Germany and Spain, the new wools come at higher limits. The manufacturers however generally resist the advance, and expect, that by holding off from purchasing for some time, the importers will give way: the wool market is in consequence heavy.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Riga, August 31.*—Flax. 47 r. are asked for Marienburg Crown; and the following sorts are paid for at the annexed prices: Thiesenhausen and Druiana, 46½

r.; ditto, ditto, dark grey, 43½ r.; Rinters Threeband, 29½ to 30 r.; Tow, 13 r.—*Hemp:* we have received some supplies at the end of this week, and the trade was duller. Purchases may be made at the following prices:—Ukraine, clean, 107 to 106; Polish, ditto, 112 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 83; Polish, ditto, 88 to 87 r.; Ukraine pass, 74 to 75 r.; Polish, 78; Ukraine torse, 49½ r. *Potashes* are held at 105 r.; and our stock is small. *Tallow* without demand, 138 banco roubles are asked for white crown. A little has been doing in yellow crown at 142 r.; 135 r. are asked for soap tallow; but it might probably be had rather lower. *Seeds* are in general dull; but something is, however, occasionally doing. Purchases might easily be made at the following prices: Remaining sowing linseed, 4½ to 5 silver roubles; Druiana (of 111 to 115 lbs.), at 14 to 17 b. r.; crushing (of 110 to 112 lbs.), 12 to 15 b. r. Hemp (of 93 lbs.) 9½ to 10 r. per barrel. *Grain.* Rye is but little inquired for. Courland rye (of 113 to 116 lbs.) was last sold at 55 to 59 r. Barley is rather more in demand; and Courland (of 110 lbs.) has been sold at 43 r.; and (of 106 to 109 lbs.) at 53 r.

*Odessa, 15 August.*—An imperial ukase has suddenly revoked the privileges of a free port, granted to this town by a preceding ukase; instead of which, there is to be a kind of entrepot, as there was before. This measure is ascribed to the representations of the merchants of Riga and St. Petersburg. The Governor-General, the merchants, and all the foreign consuls, have sent a memorial to his Majesty, representing the infallible ruin that must ensue to numerous individuals who have speculated on the privileges of the free port, and the certain destruction of the rising commerce of this place.

*Hamburg, 15 September.*—*Cotton:* But little doing this week: American and Brazil descriptions were duller; but East India fully maintained its price. *Coffee:* There have been large purchases this week; and the prices have not only been maintained, but the finer descriptions have even risen a trifle.—*Grain:* here, as in Holland, the accounts by the last two English mails have caused a brisker demand and higher prices; wheat, in particular, of the best quality, has been in great demand, large orders having been received; and it is 12 rix dollars higher than last week; other sorts in proportion. Rye is not in demand; yet it is held a few dollars higher. Old barley, of the best quality, and fine oats are much sought for exportation, and both paid 3 to 5 rix dollars higher. Fine rape-seed also has met a ready sale, at an advance of 8 rix dollars. We are very eager for the next accounts of the state of the corn-trade in England. *Spices:* pepper is still in demand. Pimento dull; no



change in the finer descriptions, except that cassa flor. has declined a little. *Rice*: neither the demand nor the price has yet been affected by the rise in the price of corn.—*Tea*: prices are fair, and a favorable opinion is entertained of the further course of this article.—*Sugar*: a good deal has been doing in our refined this week; and the better sorts are held at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  higher, and the stock being but small, this advance must be acceded to. Lumps meet a ready sale at  $9d.$  to  $9\frac{1}{2}d.$  and, according to all appearance, an improvement may be expected. As we have received this week large imports from Brazil, the demand for raw sugars has now become slack; and inferior sorts, in particular, might probably be had on lower terms.

*Dresden*, 20 August.—The discussions of the Committee on the navigation of the

Elbe are terminated. A convention has been agreed upon, by which the navigation of that river is free from the point when it becomes navigable (Melnik) to its mouth. The staples at Magdeburg, Dresden, and Pirna are abolished. The 35 custom-houses on the Elbe are reduced to 14, and probably will be reduced to 12. The 8 states lying on its banks, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, the three principalities of Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Denmark, have agreed on certain fixed duties, which are not to be augmented without the consent of all the states concerned. The whole convention is drawn up in a spirit highly favourable to commerce; and the most sanguine hopes are entertained that it will tend to a system of liberal trade hitherto unknown in the internal navigation of Germany.

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## NEW PATENTS.

Frederic Mighells Van Heythuysen, of Chancery-lane, London; for a new method of propelling small vessels or boats through water, and light carriages over land.—July 23d.

David Barclay, of Broad-street, London, merchant; for a spiral lever, or rotatory standard press. Communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad.—July 26th.

Thomas Barker, of Oldham, Lancashire, and John Rawlinson Harris, of Winchester-place, Southwark, hat-manufacturers; for certain improvements in the method of cleaning furs and wools, used in the manufacture of hats, from kemps and hairs.—July 26th.

John Richard Barry, of the Minories, London; for certain improvements on, and additions to, wheeled carriages.—July 26th.

Samuel Bagshaw, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire; for a method of forming and manufacturing vases, urns, basins, and other ornamental articles, which have been heretofore usually made of stone or marble, from a combination of materials never heretofore used.—July 26th.

John Manton, of Dover-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, gun-maker; for an improvement in the construction of all kinds of fowling-pieces and fire-arms.—July 30th.

Thomas Bennet, jun. of Bewdley, Worcestershire, builder; for certain improvements in steam-engines, or steam-apparatus.—Aug. 4th.

John Slater, of Birmingham, manufacturer; for improvements in making a kitchen-range and apparatus for cooking, and other purposes.—Aug. 4th.

## BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette—Aug. 25 to Sept. 18.

Aug. 25. Colston, D. E. Islington-road, upholsterer. [Pope, Old Bethlem. T.

Cooper, Geo. jun. Old Ford, Middlesex, farmer. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street. T.

Fry, G. Newbury, Berks, mercer. [Smith, Basinghall-street. T.

Hankes, R. Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn-fields, hat-manufacturer. [Harvey, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.

Hodgson, Jos. Stalndrop, Durham, shopkeeper. [Turner, 5, Bloomsbury-square. C.

Howard, E. and J. Gibbs, Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, money-scriveners. [Shaw, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn-square. T.

Lambert, R. Ardwick, near Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.

Parry, T. Manchester, R. Seaton, Pontefract, York, and J. Armitage, Pontefract, York, cotton-spinners. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.

Rothery, J. and T. Pope, Leeds, seed-crushers. [Robinson, 26, Essex-street, Strand. C.

Taylor, H. Sidney-place, Commercial-road, master-mariner. [Crabb, 2, Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square. T.

Taylor, John, New Cut, Lambeth, ironmonger. [Wootton, Nichols-lane. T.

Thorn, J. T. Plymouth, currier. [Sandys, Crane-court, Fleet-street. C.

Whiteside, R., H. Fisher, and T. Hastie, Whitehaven, Cumberland, merchants. [Falcon, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.

Aug. 28. Ashton, J. Knutsford, Chester, veterinary surgeon. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

Bedford, Thos. Bristol, stationer. [Bridges, Red Lion-square. C.

Bell, J. Downshire-hill, Hampstead, victualler. [Jones, 24, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.

Greenhouse, W. Ludlow, Salop, tanner. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.

Hillary, J. P. Mark-lane, wine-merchant. [Reardon, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street. T.

Jones, A. W. New Brompton, corn-merchant. [Toone, 3, Craven-street, Strand. T.

Marshman, Robt. Love-lane, corn-factor. [Smith, New Basinghall-street. T.

Seaton, Robt. Wentbridge, York, cotton-spinner. [Blacklock, 14, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-st. C.

Sept. 1. Bethell, Wm. V. Liverpool, merchant. [Chester, Staple-lan. C.

Bird, T. Solihull Lodge, Warwick, coal-dealer. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row. C.

Bowman, R. Manchester, grocer. [Hurd, Temple. C.

Brammall, D. Whitehouse, York, file-manufacturer. [Blagrove, Symond's-lan. C.

Cassels, R. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street, wine-merchant. [Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street. T.

Davis, S. Butts, Stafford, maltster. [Wheeler, 23, Casp'e-street, Holborn. C.

Hartland, J. Gloucester, mercer. [Stevenson, 8, Lincoln's-inn. C.

Marshman, R. Love-lane, cloth-factor. [Smith, New Basinghall-street. T.

Thomas, R. Rochdale, Lancaster, hat-manufacturer. [Hurd, Temple. C.

Wright, C. Ludgate-hill, wine-merchant. [Noel, 6, Gray's-inn-avenue, Gray's-inn. T.

Sept. 4. Crowden, R. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, boot-maker. [Fox, Austin-friars. T.

Davis, T. Great Barr, Stafford, waltster. [Reynolds, 30, Hertford-st. Fitzrov-square. C.

Driver, N. Steambridge, Gloucester, clothier. [King, 11, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.

Fisher, J. Lancaster, soap manufacturer. [Mackinson, Middle Temple. C.

Goundry, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bacon-dealer. [Bell, 9, Bow Church-yard. C.

Hart, J. and J. M'Alpin, Carlisle, hosiers. [Clennell, Staples-inn. C.

Knowler, J. and H. Walker, Salford, Lancaster, machine-makers. [Willis, Warford-court. C.

Langley, J. G. H. Bristol, porter-seller. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.

Rawlins, J. Whitehaven, Cumberland, grocer. [Clennell, Staples-inn. C.

Stafford, T. Bath, jeweller. [Nethersole, 15, Essex-street, Strand. C.

Woodward, J. and J. Shenton, Birmingham, spirit-merchants. [Drake, Old Fish-street, Doctor's Commons. T.

Sept. 8. Alexander, G. Aldermanbury, linen-dra- per. [Gates, 21, Newgate-street. T.

Baynes, G. Weston-point, Chester, innkeeper. [John, Palgrave-place, Temple. C.

Cooper, Jas. Newport, Isle of Wight, victualler. [Roe, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. C.

Egling, J. T. Great Russell-street, Covent-garden, victualler. [Cockayne, 5, Lyon's-inn. T.

Elphick, W. West Ham, Essex, farmer. [Walton, Girdlers'-hall, Basinghall-street. T.

Eybe, F. and A. Schmeck, Bury-court, St. Mary



# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Aug. 24 to Sept. 21.

Amsterdam, C. F. ....	12-17	12-16
Ditto at sight .....	12-14	12-13
Rotterdam, 2 U. ....	12-18	12-17
Antwerp .....	12-9	
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	38-2	38-0
Altona, 2½ U .....	38-3	38-1
Paris, 3 days' sight .....	25-70	25-66
Ditto .2 U .....	26-0	25-90
Bourdeaux .....	26-0	25-90
Frankfort on the Main } .....	158	157
Ex. M. ....		
Petersburg, rble, 3 U. ....	8½	
Vienna, of. flo. 2 M .....	10-25	10-23
Trieste ditto .....	10-25	10-23
Madrid, effective ...	36	
Cadiz, effective .....	36	
Bilboa .....	35½	
Barcelona .....	35½	
Seville .....	35½	
Gibraltar .....	30½	
Leghorn .....	47	
Genoa .....	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv. ....	27-00	
Malta .....	45	
Naples .....	39½	39½
Palermo, per oz. ....	116	118
Lisbon .....	50	
Oporto .....	50	
Rio Janeiro .....	48½	49
Bahia .....	59	
Dublin .....	9½	9½
Cork .....	9	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10	0	4	9½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 3½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheat bread in London 12½d. the quarter loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware .....	£2	0	0	to	4	0	0
Middlings .....	1	0	0	to	1	10	0
Chats .....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red. ....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Aug. 27 to Sept. 24.

	Aug. 27.		Sept. 3.		Sept. 10.		Sept. 17.		Sept. 24.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Newcastle.	34	8	41	6	36	6	42	3	32	0
Sunderland	35	6	42	0	35	6	43	0	37	0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Aug. 18	Aug. 25	Sept. 1	Sept. 8	Sept. 15
Wheat	56 7	55 11	54 7	55 8	61 6
Rye	34 3	31 3	26 7	28 9	28 9
Barley	26 10	26 1	25 10	25 11	27 5
Oats	21 5	20 10	20 0	19 8	21 1
Beans	29 4	29 2	27 2	27 8	29 2
Peas	32 8	31 2	32 0	30 5	31 10

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Aug. 24, to Sept. 24.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total.
Wheat	53,049	602	910	54,561
Barley	3,082	450	—	3,532
Oats	65,822	5,485	2,300	73,607
Rye	231	—	—	231
Beans	10,570	—	—	10,570
Pease	6,167	—	—	6,167
Malt	14,036	Qrs.	Flour 40,145	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 123 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	45s. to	65s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to	56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to	00s.
Kent, New Pockets	50s. to	65s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to	56s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to	00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to	50s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.		Clover.		Straw.	
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
Smithfield.					
3	0 to 4	4.	4	8 to 10	1 8 to 1 16
Whitechapel.					
3	10 to 4	4.	4	0 to 5	0 1 10 to 1 16
St. James's.					
3	0 to 4	0.	3	3 to 4	15 1 10 to 2 5

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

<b>Newgate.</b> —Beef	2s.	4d.	to	3s.	4d.
Mutton	2s.	6d.	to	3s.	2d.
Veal	2s.	8d.	to	4s.	8d.
Pork	2s.	4d.	to	4s.	4d.
Lamb	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	0d.
<b>Leadenhall.</b> —Beef	2s.	6d.	to	3s.	8d.
Mutton	2s.	6d.	to	3s.	4d.
Veal	3s.	4d.	to	5s.	4d.
Pork	3s.	0d.	to	4s.	8d.
Lamb	2s.	8d.	to	3s.	10d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Aug. 24, to Sept. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,857	2,800	145,820	1,750

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Sept. 21st, 1821.)

Canals.	Per Share.		Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Bridges.	Per Share.		Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	
	£.	s.					£.	s.				
Andover.....	5	—	—	350	100	Southwark.....	13	—	—	7356	100	
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	—	1482	100	Do. new.....	12	10	7½ p.c.	1700	50	
Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3	10	1760	100	Vauxhall.....	15	—	—	3000	100	
Basingstoke.....	6	—	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes.....	52	5	—	54,000L.	—	
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	—	54,000L.	—	Waterloo.....	5	5	—	5000	100	
Birmingham (divided).....	560	24	—	2000	25	Annunities of 8l.....	27	10	—	5000	60	
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	—	477	250	Annunities of 7l.....	22	10	—	5000	40	
Brecknock & Abegavenny.....	90	4	—	958	150	Bonds.....	100	5	—	60,000L.	—	
Chester and Blackwater.....	80	5	—	400	100							
Chesterfield.....	120	8	—	1500	100							
Coccyra.....	970	44	—	500	100	Roads.						
Croydon.....	3	—	—	4546	100	Barking.....	32	—	—	300	100	
Derby.....	135	6	—	600	100	Commercial.....	102	10	5	1000	100	
Dudley.....	66	3	—	20602	100	East-India						
Ellesmere and Chester.....	66	3	—	35734	100	Branch.....	100	5	—	—	100	
Erewash.....	1000	63	—	231	100	Great Dover Street.....	33	1	17	6	402	100
Forth and Clyde.....	500	20	—	1297	100	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	—	238	50	
Glooucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	—	—	1960	100	Croydon Railway.....	—	1	—	1000	65	
Do. optional Loan.....	47	3	—	—	60	Surrey Do.....	—	—	—	1000	60	
Grand Junction.....	212	9	—	11,8154	100	Severn and Wye.....	31	10	1	3762	50	
Grand Surrey.....	60	3	—	1521	100	Water Works.						
Do. Loan.....	98	5	—	48,900L.	—	East London.....	87	—	—	3800	100	
Grand Union.....	—	—	—	28494	100	Grand Junction.....	53	2	10	4500	50	
Do. Loan.....	93	5	—	19,277L.	—	Kent.....	32	10	—	2000	100	
Grand Western.....	3	—	—	3096	100	London Bridge.....	60	2	10	1500	—	
Grantham.....	180	7	—	749	150	South London.....	25	—	—	780	100	
Huddersfield.....	13	—	—	6312	100	West Middlesex.....	50	2	—	7540	—	
Keenot and Avon.....	17	—	16	25,238	100	York Buildings.....	24	—	—	1360	100	
Lancaster.....	26	10	1	11,6994	100	Insurances.						
Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	12	—	28794	100	Albion.....	44	2	10	2000	500	
Leicester.....	290	14	—	545	—	Atlas.....	4	15	6	25,000	50	
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	4	—	1895	100	Bath.....	575	40	—	—	—	
Loughborough.....	3500	170	—	70	100	Birmingham.....	200	25	—	300	1000	
Melton Mowbray.....	—	12	—	260	100	British.....	50	3	—	—	250	
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	100	County.....	39	2	10	4000	100	
Monmouthshire.....	—	10	—	2409	100	Eagle.....	2	12	6	5	40,000	50
Do. Debutants.....	92	5	—	43,526L.	100	European.....	20	1	—	50,000	20	
Montgomeryshire.....	70	—	—	700	100	Globe.....	123	6	—	1,000,000L.	100	
Neath.....	420	28	—	247	—	Hope.....	3	5	—	40,000	50	
North Wilts.....	—	—	—	1770	25	Imperial.....	90	4	10	2400	500	
Nottingham.....	200	12	—	500	100	London Fire.....	24	1	4	3800	25	
Oxford.....	645	32	—	1720	100	London Ship.....	20	1	—	31,000	25	
Peak Forest.....	66	3	—	2400	100	Provident.....	17	18	—	2500	100	
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	—	—	2520	100	Roek.....	1	18	2	100,000	20	
Regent.....	26	—	—	12,294	—	Royal Exchange.....	230	10	—	745,000L.	—	
Rochdale.....	45	2	—	6631	100	Sun Fire.....	—	8	10	—	—	
Shrewsbury.....	105	9	—	500	125	Sun Life.....	22	10	10	4000	100	
Shropshire.....	140	7	10	500	100	Union.....	40	1	8	1500	200	
Somerset Coal.....	107	10	—	771	50	Gas Lights.						
Stafford & Worcestershire.....	700	40	—	700	100	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	58	10	4	8000	50	
Stourbridge.....	210	9	—	300	145	Do. New Shares.....	47	10	3	8	4000	50
Stratford on Avon.....	11	—	—	3647	—	City Gas Light Company.....	103	8	—	1000	100	
Stroudwater.....	405	22	—	—	160	Do. New Light Company.....	54	4	—	1000	100	
Swans.....	190	11	10	523	100	Bath Gas.....	18	5	—	2500	20	
Tavistock.....	90	—	—	350	100	Brighton Gas.....	14	10	—	1500	20	
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	—	2670	—	Bristol.....	27	10	2	1000	20	
Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1810	75	—	1300	200	Literary Institutions.						
Warwick and Birmingham.....	224	—	12	1000	100	London.....	33	—	—	1000	750g	
Warwick and Napton.....	210	11	—	10004	50	Russel.....	11	11	—	700	250g	
Wilts and Berks.....	60	—	—	980	100	Surrey.....	6	—	—	700	300g	
Wisbeach.....	60	—	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.						
Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	1	—	126	105	Auction Mart.....	22	1	5	1080	50	
Docks.				6000	—	British Copper Company.....	52	2	10	1307	100	
Bristol.....	15	—	—	2209	145	Golden Lane Brewery.....	—	—	—	2229	80	
Do. Notes.....	103	—	—	268,324L.	100	Do.....	8	—	—	3447	50	
Commercial.....	60	3	—	3132	100	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19	1	—	2000	150	
East-India.....	168	10	—	450,000L.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	82	4	—	—	—	
East Country.....	21	—	—	1038	100	Do..... 2d. Class.....	69	3	—	—	—	
London.....	1014	4	—	3,114,000L.	100	City Bonds.....	103	5	—	—	—	
West-India.....	176	10	—	1,200,000L.	100							

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th Aug. to 24th September.**

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/2 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Exchq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Aug. 25	237	76 1/2	76	87	95	109 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	61	—	76 1/2	6	76 1/2
27	—	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	95	109	19	—	—	—	60	83 1/2	76	6	76
28	235	75 1/2	75	86	95	109	19	75 1/2	—	—	61	—	—	5	75 1/2
29	—	75 1/2	75	86	95	109	19	75 1/2	—	—	60	—	—	5	76 1/2
30	235	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	95 1/2	109	19	—	—	231 1/2	—	—	—	4	76 1/2
31	236	77	76 1/2	87	96	109 1/2	19	76 1/2	—	232 1/2	60	—	—	4	76 1/2
Sept. 1	236	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	95 1/2	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	61	—	—	5	76 1/2
3	236	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	95	108	19	—	—	—	62	—	—	5	76 1/2
4	237	76 1/2	76 1/2	86 1/2	96	109	19	—	—	233 1/2	62	83 1/2	—	5	76 1/2
5	shut.	shut.	75 1/2	86	shut.	108 1/2	19 1/2	—	—	—	—	83 1/2	—	4	76 1/2
6	—	76 1/2	75 1/2	86 1/2	—	109	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	4	76 1/2
7	—	—	75 1/2	86 1/2	—	109	—	75 1/2	—	233 1/2	65	83 1/2	—	8	76 1/2
8	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109	—	—	—	233 1/2	64	—	—	4	76
10	—	76 1/2	75 1/2	—	—	109	—	—	—	233 1/2	—	—	—	4	76
11	—	—	75 1/2	86 1/2	—	109	—	—	—	233 1/2	62	83	—	3	75 1/2
12	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 1/2
13	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109	—	75 1/2	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 1/2
14	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109	—	75 1/2	—	—	64	—	—	3	75 1/2
15	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109	—	—	—	—	62	—	—	3	75 1/2
17	—	—	75 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	64	83 1/2	—	3	76 1/2
18	—	76 1/2	75 1/2	—	96	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	4	76 1/2
19	—	—	76 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	—	76	—	234 1/2	64	—	—	6	76 1/2
20	—	—	76 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	64	84	—	3	76 1/2
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	64	—	—	2p	76 1/2
22	—	—	75 1/2	6 1/2	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	2p	76 1/2
24	—	—	76	—	—	109 1/2	—	—	—	—	63	—	—	—	76 1/2

**IRISH FUNDS.**

Aug.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Royal Canal Stock, 4 per cent.
29	—	85 1/2	85	—	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	—	—
30	230	84	84	—	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	—	46	—
31	230	84 1/2	84 1/2	—	—	108 1/2	108 1/2	93	46	—
Sept. 3	—	85	84 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	109 1/2	93	—	22 1/2
4	—	85	85 1/2	—	—	109 1/2	109 1/2	92 1/2	—	—
7	231	86	85 1/2	—	—	109	109	—	—	—
8	231	85	85 1/2	—	—	109	108 1/2	93	—	—
13	—	85	85 1/2	—	—	109	109	—	—	23 1/2
14	—	85	85 1/2	—	—	109	109	—	—	23 1/2

*Prices of the  
FRENCH FUNDS,  
From Aug. 24,  
to Sept. 17.*

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.	
Aug. fr.	c.	fr. c.	
24	88	45	—
27	88	15	—
30	87	40	1542 50
Sept. 3	88	35	1542 50
6	85	75	1547 50
8	85	75	1550 —
10	85	85	1550 —
12	86	20	1547 50
15	86	35	1548 75
16	86	35	1548 75

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.	
	Aug. 31	Sept. 4	7	11	14	18	21	Aug. 10	17
Bank Shares.....	—	—	22-176	22-176	—	23	23	113	112
6 per cent.....	1812	102	102	102	par.	par.	par.	108	108
		103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	102	102	102	109	109
		1814	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	103 1/2	109 1/2	109 1/2
		1815	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	112	—
7 per cent.....	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	102 1/2	102	102	110 1/2	—

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*



THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

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1911

## THE LION'S HEAD.

Some of our Correspondents having expressed a wish to put their heads in the Lion's Mouth this month, he hath courteously consented, and promises not to "*wag his Tail*," till they have done.

ELIA TO HIS CORRESPONDENTS.—A Correspondent, who writes himself Peter Ball, or Bell,—for his hand-writing is as ragged as his manners—admonishes me of the old saying, that some people (under a courteous periphrasis I slur his less ceremonious epithet) had need have good memories. In my "*Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*," I have delivered myself, and truly, a Templar born. Bell clamours upon this, and thinketh that he hath caught a fox. It seems that in a former paper, retorting upon a weekly scribbler who had called my good identity in question, (see P. S. to my "*Chapter on Ears*,") I profess myself a native of some spot near Cavendish Square, deducing my remoter origin from Italy. But who does not see, except this tinkling cymbal, that in that idle fiction of Genoese ancestry I was answering a fool according to his folly—that Elia there expresseth himself ironically, as to an approved slanderer, who hath no right to the truth, and can be no fit recipient of it? Such a one it is usual to leave to his delusions; or, leading him from error still to contradictory error, to plunge him (as we say) deeper in the mire, and give him line till he suspend himself. No understanding reader could be imposed upon by such obvious rhodomontade to suspect me for an alien, or believe me other than English.—To a second Correspondent, who signs himself "*a Wiltshire man*," and claims me for a countryman upon the strength of an equivocal phrase in my "*Christ's Hospital*," a more mannerly reply is due. Passing over the Genoese fable, which Bell makes such a ring about, he nicely detects a more subtle discrepancy, which Bell was too obtuse to strike upon. Referring to the passage (in page 484 of our second volume), I must confess, that the term "*native town*," applied to Calne, *primâ facie* seems to bear out the construction which my friendly Correspondent is willing to put upon it. The context too, I am afraid, a little favours it. But where the words of an author, taken literally, compared with some other passage in his writings, admitted to be authentic, involve a palpable contradiction, it hath been the custom of the ingenuous commentator to smooth the difficulty by the supposition, that in the one case an allegorical or tropical sense was chiefly intended. So by the word "*native*," I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born; or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situate in wholesome air, upon a dry chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town, with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a summer or two ago, so agreeably, that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation in the present case, I see not how we can avoid falling into a gross error in physics, as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent. Bacchus cometh the nearest to it, whom I re-

member Ovid to have honoured with the epithet "Twice born."\* But not to mention that he is so called (we conceive) in reference to the places *whence* rather than the places *where* he was delivered,—for by either birth he may probably be challenged for a Theban—in a strict way of speaking, he was a *filius femoris* by no means in the same sense as he had been before a *filius alvi*, for that latter was but a secondary and tralatitious way of being born, and he but a denizen of the second house of his geniture. Thus much by way of explanation was thought due to the courteous "Wiltshire man."—To "Indagator," "Investigator," "Incertus," and the rest of the pack, that are so importunate about the true localities of his birth—as if, forsooth, *Elia* were presently about to be passed to his parish—to all such churchwarden critics he answereth, that, any explanation here given notwithstanding, he hath not so fixed his nativity (like a rusty vane) to one dull spot, but that, if he seeth occasion, or the argument shall demand it, he will be born again, in future papers, in whatever place, and at whatever period, shall seem good unto him.

Modò me Thebis—modò Athenis.

ELIA.

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.*

In the amusing article on *Epitaphs*, No. XXI, the writer seems palpably to labour under a mistake when he talks of "the erection of Sterne's grave-stone being left to mechanics and strangers."—Now, the first paragraph of the inscription runs thus: "This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two brother Masons." (The mechanics!)—The epitaph proceeds, "although he did not live to be a member of their *Society*, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by *rule and square*." The odd notion of the contingent probability of Sterne using a hod and trowel, and the allegorically technical language at the end, leave no room for doubt that *these "mechanics"* were FREE MASONs. Now, if the writer has ever read on a winter's evening, the "History of the Secret Tribunal," I have put him in a terrible fright. JACHIN.

As Old Mortality is still on this side of the grave, a copy of the above note was sent to him, in the churchyard of ———. He returned the following answer.

*To the Editor.*

Sir,—I am a plain man, unacquainted with the art of obtaining a singular meaning from a perverse inscription: I call a spade, a spade, nor hide that useful implement under the dark cloak of allegory. In this, Jachin of the pillar has the advantage of me, and reminds me of the northern poet who sung of the first transgression, and the last too, I hope, of Eve;—

And a fig-leaf apron she put on  
To show her masonrie.

Now the epitaph on Sterne is one of those dubious compositions which are liable to various interpretations, according to the literal or figurative spirit of the reader; but the professional slang with which it abounds makes

\* Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo  
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum)  
Insuitur femori. ———  
Tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi. *Metamorph.* lib. 3.

it seem rather the work of a mason than a free-mason. A chipper and hewer of stone is always called a mason ; while, for the sake of distinction, a free-mason is called a free-mason, all the world over: the latter is one of a fraternity called a *lodge*, the former belongs to a *society*, which nurses him in sickness, and buries him when he dies. Now, what says Sterne's inscription? "This stone is erected by two brother masons, who regret he lived not to become a member of their society, because, it is evident, his admirable works were executed by rule and square" A very natural and very humane wish. The princes and proud ones—the free-masons of the earth, stood aloof, and saw Sterne, whose wit had so often awakened their pleasant drowsy-heads, borne to the grave by strangers: so up came those two humane and humble masons to do honour, in their own kind-hearted, but uncouth, way, to one whose works they admired; and they wished him to have belonged to their society, to secure him a decent funeral, and poured their affections over his grave in the simple language of their trade, which Jachin calls allegorical. Yet, even allowing those respectable men to have been free-masons, does that say they were not "hewers of the dusty palace stone?" The heroes of the rule and square, the hammer and chisel, and trowel, and plummet, are almost, without exception, all free-masons: but Jachin—Oh! shame on thy ignorance, thou brother of Boaz—has no idea of uniting the real builders of the palace with those allegorical cutters of stone called free-masons.

Yours, in good faith,

OLD MORTALITY.

The appeal of the writer of "One brief remembrance of the youthful Bard" was heard.—Judgment affirmed.

J. says, we must return his paper if we refuse it,—at the same time declaring, that "he can send it to another work."—We will thank him to remember this power when he writes again.

We have received too many Verses on the subject of the kind Incognita's Sonnet to be able to make use of any, without an apparent partiality, which it is our study to avoid.

The Advice to H. D. was given in seriousness. Lion's Head is incapable of laughing.

J. G. G. whose Poem was too *short* for the Bookseller, to whom he offered it for publication, and who fears it will be too *long* for the LONDON MAGAZINE, is unfortunately in the right.

"*Song on Sleep*,"—" *Song of Death*,"—" *The Judgment Day*,"—" *The Craniologist*," &c.—written in one hand by four different correspondents:—

"Lines written, Oct. 26, 1830, by John Allen Walker, on observing a single leaf adhering to the vertical extremity of a tall elm near Chelsea,"—(what a subject!)

"Lines supposed to be written by *Petrarch* (impossible!) on beholding Laura walking;" the author of which begs we will "not *crucify* him on the critic's *wheel*:"—

Sonnet by G. V. D. whose "Intentions are estimated in their true sense:"—and

"Stanzas addressed to Miss L—B—," which we *wish* we could insert, in return for Eliza's beautiful prose compliment to the Lion's whiskers:—

— are, some of them, almost too good to be rejected.

We have to thank an unknown Correspondent for the following.

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire  
And stir up my poetic fire ;  
Teach my burning soul to speak  
With a bubble and a squeak !  
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,  
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

John Hood

O culinary Sage !  
(I do not mean the herb in use,  
That always goes along with goose)  
How have I feasted on thy page !  
" When like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn,"  
Till midnight, when I went to bed,  
And clapp'd my *twah-diddle* \* on my head.

Who is there cannot tell,  
Thou lead'st a life of living well ?  
" What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire  
Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er ? "  
In doinp well thou must be reckon'd  
The first, and Mrs. Fry the second ;  
And twice a Job,—for in thy fev'rish toils  
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,  
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.  
Many a hungry poet eats  
His brains like thee,  
But few there be  
Could live so long on their receipts.  
What living soul or sinner  
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,  
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,  
Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear  
For ever in his ear  
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener ! thy fame  
Shall keep itself when Time makes game  
Of other men's—yea, it shall keep all weathers,  
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen feathers.  
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,  
Thy name shall perish never,  
But be magnified for ever—  
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly !

Yea, till the world is done—  
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,  
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.  
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,  
Ah ! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle  
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual ;  
But still thy fame shall be among the nations  
Preserv'd to the last course of generations.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow  
To think how flesh must pass away—  
So mutton, that is warm to-day,  
Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow !  
Farewell ! I would say more, but I  
Have other fish to fry.

\* The doctor's composition for a *nightcap*.

# London Magazine.

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 N° XXIII.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

 VOL. IV.
 

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## GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs, with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme

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for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus; for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelasian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of ever wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating, when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (*a rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup

2 M

and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods *amias*.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked.

Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of *Celæno* any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meager and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcase. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with, and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:—

A table richly spread in regal mode,  
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest  
sort  
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of  
game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or  
shore,  
Freshet or purling brook, for which was  
drained  
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you; thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid, the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a *Hellogabalus*. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams,



from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

— As appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment  
sweet.

But what meats?—

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith  
stood,

And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn;  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from  
what they brought :

He saw the prophet also how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper ; then how awaked  
He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,  
And ate the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof sufficed him forty  
days :

Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces ; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude ; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his

bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour. The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet pre-luding strains to the banquets of angels and children ; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse ; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man ; but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the

occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders? I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church; in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the

supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to be unreverend; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to enquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "thank G—." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, when we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus*. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitaliers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trowsers instead of mutton.

ELIA.

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#### ON THE SONGS OF THIBAUT, KING OF NAVARRE.

WHETHER Thibaut, King of Navarre, was or was not the favoured lover of Blanch, Queen Regent of France, and mother of Louis the ninth, is a question that has been much debated. Those, who maintain the affirmative, rely chiefly on the hearsay evidence of Matthew Paris, and on the assertion of an old French chronicler, whose name and

age are unknown. On the other side are to be taken into the account the total silence of Joinville, the contemporary historian on the subject, and that of several other annalists who lived at or near the time, the general good character of Blanch, and the disparity of her years, for she was nearly old enough to be the mother of Thibaut. But a scandalous re-

port, however improbable, when it has been once broached, seldom fails to spread far and wide; and the "Fama refert" of Matthew has been eagerly caught at by a host of later writers,—amongst whom are Duhaillan, the first of French historians, who incorporated the annals of his country into the narration; Favin, who wrote the history of Navarre; Mezerai; Rapin; and the Père Daniel.

It is well known that the curtailment of one word, which a hasty scribe had reduced to the unlucky consonants *prthns*, has thrown the whole life and character of Petrarch's Laura into confusion and perplexity. Did he mean it for *parturitionibus*?—He did, says the Abbé de Sade, at the same time claiming for himself the honour to derive his parentage from one of these ill-omened throes; and immediately the modest nymph of the Sorga is transformed into a married coquette, with as large a litter about her as the boon goddess in Mr. Hilton's picture has, and the little biographer straining after his own bubble at the top. Shall we substitute *perturbationibus* with Lord Woodhouselee?—It is quite another story: Laura is not only reinstated in her "single blessedness," but is rendered an object of interest and compassion by her numerous and undeserved sufferings.

Something of the same sort has happened in the case we are now considering. In the first of his songs, according to one of the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris,\* the King of Navarre calls his mistress "*La blonde couronnée*,"—"The crowned fair." "On reading this," says the editor of the Chansons, † (to whose account of the matter I am indebted for my information,) "I had no doubt but that Thibaut was enamoured of Blanch." But the inadvertence of a transcriber had again thrown an unmerited suspicion on the innocent. On consulting other written copies of the same

song, the candid enquirer owned that he had discovered reasons for altering his mind. In them, "*La blonde colorée*" ‡ were the words; which, in Shakspeare's language, may be rendered, one—

— Whose red and white,  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;

and the character of the Queen was again cleared.

It is quite lamentable to think how slight an accident may destroy or impeach the reputation of a virtuous princess in the eyes of posterity. I could wish that the old Punic language were recovered, and that some Carthaginian manuscripts could be disinterred, which should equally rescue the fame of Dido from the aspersions cast upon it by Virgil, who, it is to be feared, though a modest man on the whole, was yet, as a determined bachelor, somewhat free in his opinions on certain points, and besides much corrupted by his intimacy with Horace. The vindication which Ercilla, the heroic poet of Spain, (in this instance so truly deserving of the title,) has undertaken of her cause, might then be triumphantly established.

Without thus clearing the way, I could not have reconciled it to myself to say a word about the Chansons of Thibaut. But having so far satisfied my conscience, of which I hold it the duty of every critic on such occasions to be very tender, I have the less scruple in laying before my readers an imitation of one of these songs, together with the original.

First, however, I shall premise a few remarks on the origin and nature of French song-writing, which I have gleaned out of a learned dissertation by the editor before mentioned.

It appears that abusive ballads, (the first species of songs that are known to have been composed in that language,) were made as early as the expedition of Godfrey of Bouillon, on the occasion of Arnulf, chaplain to the Count of Normandy, being appointed

\* No. 7222.

† Les Poésies du Roy de Navarre, avec des Notes et un Glossaire François, &c. Paris, 1742. 2 Tom. 8vo.

‡ The same combination of words occurs elsewhere in these songs, and in the Romant de la Rose:—

*La succ blanche colorée,  
L'haleinc douce et savourée.*

Patriarch of Jerusalem, after he had disgraced himself by some irregularities of conduct during his march to the holy city. Gautier de Coincy, a monk of St. Medard de Soissons, composed a large number of Songs, yet remaining in manuscript, together with his other poems. He was in the time of Philip Augustus. The next to Coincy, were those writers of songs contained in the manuscripts of which the King of Navarre's form a part. Of these, Chrétien de Troyes and Aubion de Sezane wrote at the end of the twelfth century. Thibaut, King of Navarre, who was born in 1201, and died in 1253, is said to have been distinguished from the rest not more by his high station than by the superior elegance and refinement of his style.

The first French songs were called *Lais*, from the Latin *lessus*, a complaint; though they had often no more pretensions to the name than the nightingale has to the title of "the melancholy bird." Like the Provençal, they have in general five stanzas, with an envoi at the end. The measure is most commonly the

ten-syllable, with a pause on the fourth. The rhymes are very exact, not only to the eye but to the ear; but an indispensable alternation of the masculine and feminine rhymes was not adopted till the age of Marot and Ronsard; though one or two instances of it may be found in Thibaut's songs.

The following is one that was composed by him as an encouragement to the Crusaders. I had intended to entertain my readers with one of his love ditties; but the subject of this was so much more uncommon, and it seemed to bear so strongly the marks of a deep and solemn feeling, that I have selected it in preference to the rest. Thibaut was not one of those "who reck not their own rede;" for he himself served in the holy wars; and it might be for this, amongst his other worthy deeds, that the great Italian poet, who was very near his time, has given him the name of the "buon ré Tebaldo,"\* "The good king Thibaut." It may be supposed to have been written about the year 1236, at the time when he joined the Crusaders.

Take him, O Lord, who to that land shall go,  
Where he did die and live who reigns with Thee:  
But scarce shall they the road to heaven know  
Who will not bear his cross beyond the sea.  
By such as have compassion and kind thought  
Of their dear Lord, his vengeance should be sought,  
And freedom for his land and his countrie.

But yonder all the evil men will stay,  
Who love not God, nor truth, nor loyalty.  
"What will betide my wife?" shall each one say;  
"I would not leave my friends for any fee."  
Fond is the trust wherein they put their stead;  
For friend is none, save him that without dread  
Did hang for us upon the holy tree.

Now on shall go each valiant knight and squire,  
That loves his God, and holds his honour dear,  
And wisely doth the bliss of heaven desire.  
But drivellers, skulking at their hearths for fear,  
Keep far away: such deem I blind indeed,  
That succour not their God when he hath need,  
And for so little lose their glory here.

God, who for us did suffer on the tree,  
To all their doom in that great day shall tell:  
"Ye, who have help'd to bear the rood for me,  
Ye to that place shall go where angels dwell,  
Me there to view, and mine own Mother Maid:  
But ye, by whom I had not ever aid,  
Down shall ye sink into the deep of hell."

\* Dante Inferno, c. xxii.

Whoso in weal would pass their life away,  
 Nor meet at all with trouble or affright,  
 They are his foes esteem'd ; such sinners they,  
 As have nor sense, nor hardihood, nor might.  
 Our hearts, good Lord, from such vain thoughts set free,  
 And lead us to thy land so holly,  
 That we may stand before thy blessed sight.

*The envoi.*

Sweet lady, crowned queen above,  
 Pray for us, Virgin, in thy love ;  
 So shall we guide henceforth our steps aright.

Signor, sachiez,<sup>1</sup> ki or ne s'en ira  
 En cele terre, u Diex fu mors et vis,  
 Et ki la crois d'outre mer ne prendra,  
 A paines<sup>2</sup> mais<sup>3</sup> ira en paradis :  
 Ki a en soi pitié et ramembrance  
 Au haut Seignor, doit querre<sup>4</sup> sa vengeance,  
 Et délivrer sa terre et son país.

Tout il mauvais demorront<sup>5</sup> par deça,  
 Ki n'aiment Dieu, bien, ne honor, ne pris,  
 Et chascuns dit, Ma feme que fera ?  
 Je ne lairoie<sup>6</sup> à nul fuer mes amis :  
 Cil sont assis en trop foie attendance,  
 K'il n'est amis fors, que cil sans dotance,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ki pour nos fu es la vraie crois mis.

Or s'en iront cil vaillant Bachelier,  
 Ki alment Dieu, et l'onour de cest mont,  
 Ki sagement voelent à Dieu aler,  
 Et li morveus, li cendreus<sup>8</sup> demourront :  
 Avugle sont, de ce ne dout-je mie,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ki un secours ne font Dieu en sa vie,  
 Et por si pot pert la gloire del mont.

Diex se laissa por nos en crois pener,  
 Et nous dira au jour, ou tuit<sup>10</sup> venrout,  
 " Vos, ki ma crois m'aidates à porter,  
 Vos en irez là, ou li Angele sont,  
 Là me verrez, et ma Mere Marie ;  
 Et vos, par qui je n'oi onques aie,<sup>11</sup>  
 Descendez tuit en infer le parfont."<sup>12</sup>

Cascuns quide<sup>13</sup> demourer toz<sup>14</sup> haltiez,<sup>15</sup>  
 Et que jamais ne doive mal avoir,  
 Ainsal les tient enemis et pechiez,  
 Que ils n'ont sens, hardement, ne pooir :  
 Bian sire Diex ostez nos tel pensée,  
 Et nos metez en la vostre contrée  
 Si saintement, que vos puisse veoir.

*L'envoi.*

Douce Dame, Roine coronée,  
 Protez pour nos, Virge bien eürée,<sup>16</sup>  
 Et puis après ne nos puit mescheoir.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sachiez—sacar (Spanish), to take. <sup>2</sup> A paines—a peine, scarcely. <sup>3</sup> mais—mal (Italian), ever. <sup>4</sup> Querre—querere (Latin), to seek. <sup>5</sup> Demorer—demeurer, to stay. <sup>6</sup> Lairoie—for laiscrois. <sup>7</sup> Dotance—doubt, fear. <sup>8</sup> Cendreus—cineraceus (Latin), one who covers over the embers. <sup>9</sup> Mie—a jot. <sup>10</sup> Tuit—all. <sup>11</sup> Aie—aid. <sup>12</sup> Parfont—profound. <sup>13</sup> Quide—credit (Latin), thinks. <sup>14</sup> Toz—all. <sup>15</sup> Haltiez—healthy. <sup>16</sup> Bien eürée—bienheureuse. <sup>17</sup> Mescheoir—to fall out ill.

## ON PARTIES IN POETRY.

If the Muse would not be scandalized to find herself in company with the Demon of politics, our most considerable writers, with a few exceptions, might be classed as Constitutionalists, *Legitimates*, and Revolutionists.

The great excellence to which our political constitution approximates, is the fair and balanced representation of all the great interests of society, and, as resulting from thence, the due subordination of every part of the body politic to the whole. An analogous excellence is discoverable in the writings of our great dramatists, and dramatic poets (under which title Chaucer may be fairly included), up to the age of Milton. These, therefore, we call the upholders of our poetical Constitution. They were the elect of nature; and uttered, as it were, the common voice of mankind. They preserve the balance between the various elements of humanity; between those simple energies, and primary impressions, which it has been the fashion of late to call exclusively natural, and the complex regards that arise from artificial society. The grave and the gay, the rustic and the refined, the town and the country, are adequately represented in their writings. They never introduce characters, as corrupt ministers are said to have sometimes appointed members of parliament, merely in order to utter their own opinions, their likes and dislikes, through many mouths; nor do they dispose incidents so as to maintain their peculiar theories. There is no self, no idiosyncrasy, in their writings. They speak, in short, for the whole estate of human nature, not for that particular plot of it which themselves inherit. This praise belongs to Shakspeare pre-eminently, yet in large measure it is due to his predecessors, contemporaries, and immediate successors.

Spenser and Milton, admirable poets as they were, were not so properly Constitutional as their great compeers. They rather resemble the framers of ideal common-wealths, than citizens of any actually existing state. They do not represent nature,

if by nature we mean reality, but an abstraction, an Apotheosis of nature. Yet they were by no means alike. Milton is the most ideal, Spenser the most visionary of poets. Neither of them was content with the world as he found it: but Spenser presents you with a magic picture to exclude it from your sight, Milton produces a pattern to mend it by. After labouring in vain to stamp perfection on an earthly republic, he embodied it in a new world of Gods and God-like men. His boldest imaginations have the solemnity, the conscious grandeur, of moral truths; his ideals seem more substantial, more real than any actual reality. He rouses the mind to more than common wakefulness, while Spenser enchants it into an Elysian dream.

If, however, these mighty spirits were not Constitutionalists, they were quite as good. If they do not represent nature as it is, they show us a glorified likeness of it. That which was earthy is become celestial; but still it retains its due proportions.

But there were some, and those too of no common genius, who fell into the fatal error of representing particular parts: a race, who might justly be called metaphysical poets, set the example by giving an undue preponderance to the speculative intellect. Ben Jonson is not wholly free from this fault; Lord Brooke, the most obscure of all poets, was a far more glaring offender; and some of the imitators of Spenser are almost equally guilty. Those whom Dr. Johnson calls metaphysical poets, substituting conceits and witticism for the profound thoughts of the first commencers of this corruption, prepared the way for the epigrammatic versifiers of the French school, by teaching their readers to expect perpetual surprizes. Thus, the first serious inroad on our poetical constitution was effected by the head obtaining more than its share in the representation. A contrary abuse has prevailed in later times.

The civil wars upset Church and State; and poetry shared the fall: Milton survived the deluge; and, after tossing a weary while on the waves of controversy, was safe landed,

like Deucalion, on the summit of Parnassus. But, alas! he helped not to people the land anew. A foreign swarm was called in to replenish it. French principle in government, and in criticism, overpowered or corrupted the old British spirit; and thence arose the court or *Legitimate* school, the days of heroic verse, and mad or spurious loyalty. True it is, there were many struggles for freedom; and in poetry, as in politics, there were Whigs, and Republicans, and lawless innovators. There was Andrew Marvel, who deserves a place in the house of Poets, and did honour to a seat in the House of Commons. There was Cowley, a loyalist of the best order, who would, perhaps, have been a better poet, and a better patriot, had he been less fond of his wit and his ease. It may be said that his style is laboured, but laborious trifling is a not unfrequent resource of indolence. Then there was Waller, a true legitimate in politics, and the father of the sect in verse: and Dryden, like his own Achitophel, veering to all parties, and ever inclining, against his better judgment, to the strongest; Otway and Lee, who caught the last gleams of declining tragedy; and a tribe of rhymers and play-wrights, with and without titles, who had the merit of combining the contemptuous chilliness of high-life with the grossness of St. Giles's.

The Revolution came, and established liberty for all but the poor and the Muses. The former were still constrained to be proud of the privileges of their betters, and the latter were content to walk gracefully in their chains.

Far be it from us to undervalue that polished and elegant style which finds its best direction in pourtraying the polish and elegance, the foibles and vanity, of artificial life; and expresses, with almost equal happiness, the gentle titillation of flattery, the frosty keenness of well-bred sarcasm, or the smooth regularity of prudential moral. Nor is it incapable of higher elevations. The lofty and impassioned satire of Dryden, uniting the vehemence of anger with the self-control of conscious determination, presents the finest example of that sort of voluntary emotion, which, like a well-managed charger, is most

under command at highest speed. But the passion of Dryden is that of an advocate who pleads for a stranger, and his indignation is like that of a Judge haranguing a culprit. If he is affected, it is with the power of his own eloquence, not by real concern for his cause. After all, he is rather an energetic than a feeling writer. He has very little heart, and a great deal of nerve. Any one who will take the pains to compare his *All for Love*, with Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra, may readily comprehend the distinction. Shakspeare's characters are impassioned; Dryden's are all in a passion. In the former, love, grief, pride, remorse, are acts of the immortal being; in the latter, they are mere effects of physical temperament, diseases to be cured by low diet and phlebotomy.

Yet no author has equalled Dryden in his own way: Absalom and Achitophel is, in our language at least, quite unrivalled. It is a somewhat singular circumstance that almost all our good political poems have been written by Tories; Butler, Dryden, Swift, and the writers of the Antijacobin. Churchill forms a solitary exception; unless we may add Defoe, who displays in his True-born Englishman considerable powers of satire. Our Whigs have been a most unpoetical generation, dull when they abuse, and very dullness when they praise. The truth is, Whiggery, as distinguished from Republicanism, is a species of moderation; a good thing, doubtless for plain matter-of-fact citizens, but by no means congenial to poetry. The stern Republicans of Charles's time considered verse as an abomination; and even Milton abstained from supporting the cause in metre. Modern Republicanism is of Yankee origin,—a descent that promises little but what is anti-poetical. The Muse is degraded when she flatters a king: to flatter a mob is a baseness she never can submit to.

We must confess, that we like the style of the Legitimate Poets, as we respect the courts of Legitimate Monarchs, but we object to the too great influence of either. We take a warm interest in the details of ladies' and gentlemen's dresses, which so innocently occupy the columns of the *Morning Post* after a Drawing

Room, though we have not yet been presented ourselves, and are often at a loss for the meaning and pronunciation of the French and Italian phrases which still keep their places in the vocabulary of the toilet, notwithstanding the royal preference for articles of British manufacture. But we are always pleased with our own ignorance, when, as on this occasion, it affords an opportunity for our fair acquaintance to display their superior learning. Rebuke from the lips of a female is sometimes quite as agreeable as praise. We delight to imagine the ease of the courtiers, the bustle without confusion, the finely-contrasted self-importance of old peers and new ones; of the commoner, whose name is in Doomsday book, and the city knight, whose title appeared yesterday—where his bankruptcy may appear to-morrow. We can recal to mind the old, hearty, English gentility of George III, or picture to ourselves the graceful and gracious urbanity of our present sovereign. But though neither Quakers nor Democrats could easily persuade us to consent to the entire abolition of all this, we do not wish every day to be a court-day, and still less all the world to be a court. Our moral existence would be as much endangered by such an arrangement, as our physical life in an atmosphere of entire oxygen. We reverence our Monarch, but there is much worth preserving in our constitution that is neither courtly, nor monarchical. So also we esteem the poets who represented the courtly in human nature, with all its refinement, its fickleness, its brilliant vivacity, its attachment to the formal and conventional; with as much of good as is necessary to ease and decorum, and all the evil that can make, or conform to a fashion. They are useful in their own days, to check affectation, and curious in after times, because they record it: most curious, because they prove within how small a circle the endless race of Folly is confined; how soon Caprice exhausts her tricks, and how often she repeats them.

But, prone as man is to become a creature of the mode, there is much in his composition that opposes it. He has affections, and those affections have objects that are very little influenced by fashion. The chance is,

therefore, that a class of writers who represent only so much of man as is at the mercy of circumstance, will not be found the best representatives of his total being. Still, they are not more imperfect than others who have taken a like partial view, or received an equally limited commission.

To speak plainly, we consider the poets of the French school, Dryden, Pope, &c. to have been excellent in their way; and no one need wish them individually to have been other than they were. But those principles of criticism, which tended to prohibit all poetry that was not like theirs, were as detestable in taste as the political tenets of certain persons, who, because monarchy is good while it co-exists with freedom, wish to establish it upon the ruins of all social privileges, however hallowed by antiquity, or imperiously demanded for the welfare of mankind.

There is a whimsical, but, we think, striking analogy between the political dogmas of those worthy personages who boast themselves loyal to the shame of loyalty, and the critical rescripts which were held of authority in Queen Anne's time. An extreme of caution characterises both, with a mighty reverence for etiquette; great pretension to decorum; frequent appeals to precedent, yet chiefly to the precedents of late, and not the best periods; an instinctive horror of whatever is new or bold; and a not less intense, though less open aversion to whatever is derived from simpler and more energetic stages of society. Both, perhaps, have the merit of repressing presumption, but then they are equally fatal to originality. They may now and then prevent a goose from affecting the swan; but for this service shall they be allowed to clip the wings of the eagle? No; let their dealings be with demagogues and poetasters; the true poet, and the genuine patriot, are out of their jurisdiction.

*Legitimacy*, neither in poetry nor in government, ever attained its height in England. It is an exotic, and, heaven be praised, does not thrive well with us. Yet it helped to murder our Tragedy; and if it produced two great poets, and some excellent comic dramatists, it has to answer for much that it caused, and perhaps for more that it forbade to



be written. Wit, the characteristic of the true Legitimates, is not common; the affectation of it is pestilently so. Dryden and Pope had innumerable imitators, yet how few of them are read or remembered? Volume after volume of Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Chalmers, are full of the trash of pretenders of this school, who keep their places and elbow out their betters.

Our literature, for a while, was threatened with a Chinese despotism. *Things as they are*, the watch-word of our *Legitimate* politicians, was carried to a dreadful extent indeed. True, there were some recusants; but "their puny thwartings, and mock opposition," served only to show the strength of the prevailing mode. Among the innovators was that pretty, simpering, thin-skinned, insipid, good-sort of a gentleman, Mr. Aaron Hill; whom, for no imaginable reason that we can perceive, it has been the custom to praise up in all biographies and biographical introductions as the glory of human nature. He invented a stanza, and perpetrated much of nothing therein. Young departed so far from the established fashion as to write blank-verse, but he wrote it with the cadence of the epigrammatic couplet. We cannot think, with Dr. Johnson, that his *Night Thoughts* is one of the few poems in which blank-verse could not be exchanged for rhyme with advantage; for bad blank-verse might always be advantageously exchanged for good rhyme.

Thomson, who in his *Castle of Indolence* displays an excellent ear, is liable, in his *Seasons*, to the same censure as Young; yet, with all his defects, he deserves to be called, as an enthusiastic lady denominated Mr. Kean, "Nature restored." He is a true, warm-hearted, British,—ay, spite of geography, we will call him an English gentleman. Sometimes, to be sure, he took up with the cast finery of the Legitimates, but this was the fault of his age. He is a perfect reservoir of natural images; a man, with Thomson in his pocket, may write Pastorals and Georgics within the Rules of the Bench. None did more to weaken the sway of Legitimacy, though he still continued in nominal subjection to its decrees.

At length, the supremacy of the

French school began to be shaken, and the Constitutional writers came into repute once more. Divers attempts were made towards a reform; blank-verse abounded, and lyrics multiplied. Akenside in the former, Gray and Collins in the latter, have acquired a steady reputation. Collins, like many of the minor poets, has not obtained most popularity where most was due to him. His *Passions* have been spouted, *usque ad nauseam*, while his *Odes to Liberty*, to *Fear*, to *Poetry*, and his exquisite *Address to Evening*, are comparatively neglected.

Gray, Mason, and the Wartons, whatever were their individual merits, at least assisted to break the *Legitimate* spell, by reconciling the public to bolder metaphors, stronger images, and more varied cadence; while Akenside restored somewhat of the old energy of thought and gravity of diction. His best work is his *Hymn to the Naiads*. His blank-verse is constructed with considerable skill; it reminds you of Milton, without servilely following him.

But neither these, nor any poet of their age, were possessed of that universality, that deep and germinative knowledge, which distinguishes the earlier Constitutionalists. They were retired persons, who obtained a negative sort of freedom by withdrawing from society; not citizens of the world, enjoying and promoting general liberty. They earned, however, for the most part, the censure of Johnson, the great champion of the Legitimates, who upheld their theories when their practice began to decline. Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns, were independent men of no party, though the former kept within the rules of Legitimacy. But he had too much heart, and too continuous feelings, to belong properly to the school.

Cowper and Burns owe much of their reputation to adventitious circumstances; yet they fully deserve it all.—Cowper was indebted to his religious connections, and to the admissibility of his poems into the libraries of godly persons: yet they are entitled to better company than much that they will find there.—Burns's fame was helped on by his condition and his country, for it is an honourable propensity of—"Jews,

Scotsmen, and other imperfect sympathies," to foster, or at worst, to puff one another. But yet, neither Burns nor Cowper needed these foreign aids. As great a reputation as they enjoy they would have enjoyed without them, though, perhaps, more tardily.

Churchill, though an ultra-Whig in his politics, must be classed with the Legitimates in poetry. He inherited their point and sarcasm, with somewhat more of Juvenalian vigour and animosity. Their floweriness he probably rejected, and their polish he had not time to attain.

The school of Pope can scarcely be said to have been overthrown by the Revolution. It had long been wearing out by a gradual slow decay.

We know not whether Darwin can fairly be reckoned among its disciples; the laboured lusciousness of his lines bears no resemblance to Pope's smooth poignancy, and his exclusive attention to the forms of external nature prevents any similitude of matter. Of Hayley we know nothing. Rogers still survives like one of those gentlemen of the old court whom we occasionally meet with in society, obstinately retaining their satin waistcoats and ruffles, their low bows, and antiquated galantry.

Meanwhile, all things were preparing for change. The minds of men were called to the contemplation of first principles. Dogmas, which had been held indisputable, were weighed in the balance, and found wanting; and the portentous creations of German fancy affected poetry much as the American revolution influenced politics. It is not from a mere coincidence of time that we have bestowed on a modern class the title of the *Revolutionary School*; nor solely from that audacity of innovation, that contempt for established authorities, which was so remarkably contrasted with the prescriptions of the Legitimates.—There is a yet deeper propriety in the name. Both the politicians and the poets of *this* school referred every thing to nature, to pure unmodified nature, as they imagined her to exist before the growth of social institutions. Whatever was acquired, whatever was *positive*, whatever would not bow to a levelling, uni-

versal reason, was to be cast as a noisome weed away. Some, indeed, pretended to a certain imitation of classical models, especially in those points, such as metres, and universal suffrage, in which the ancients had been formerly supposed least imitable; but the greater part set up for unmitigated originality; and doubtless, much that was original, much that was of great promise, much that will be remembered, when the storms that accompanied its birth are but remembered, was produced at that time.

But licence sprang up with liberty: the strong used their strength tyrannously; and the feeble, casting away the restraints which had served to conceal and bolster up their feebleness, exposed themselves pitifully. All mankind became statesmen, and a very large part of them, to say nothing of womankind, became poets; and the Revolutionists of both classes had a strong tendency to form associations; as witness the Florence Miscellany, and the Corresponding Society. Happily, the poetical anarchy has not been succeeded by despotism; but, on the other hand, many approaches have been made to the restoration of the true old Constitution.

Still, however, our poetical theories are almost as imperfect as our political ones; and, as we have already hinted, from similar causes,—namely, a partial view of nature, an exclusive devotion to some of the elements of society, with a total disregard of the rest.

It is too often forgotten, moreover, that neither states nor men can return to infancy. They may, indeed, sink back to its ignorance and impotence; but its beauty, its innocence, and docility, once past, are flown for ever. It is a paradise from which we are quickly sent forth, and a flaming sword prohibits our regress thither. Those who cry up the simplicity of old times ought to consider this. Human nature, and entire human nature, is the poet's proper study. With external nature he has nothing to do, any farther than as it influences the passions, the affections, or the imaginations, of his fellow men. Besides, Nature, as presented to the senses, is mere chaos. It is the mind that gives form, and

grace, and beauty, and sublimity; and from that same mind the institutions and the prejudices of social life derive their being. Poetry, in short, has become too romantic, and the world is too little so.

The Revolution has not yet subsided: but the rage of late has been rather for Restoration and importation, than for absolute novelty. Our elder dramatists have been closely imitated by men who have succeeded in giving their bloom and fragrance, but the soul and substance are still to be supplied. The lighter Italian poets have been felicitously imitated.

The heathen Deities have been recalled from the transportation to which they were sentenced by the gruff infallibility of Johnson; and a recent attempt has been made to accommodate us with a Grecian metre.

It is a little remarkable, that the most strenuous supporter of poetical *Legitimacy* in the present day, should be the encomiast of Napoleon, and the derider of all social institutions; while the most loyal of laurelled Bards continues a decided Revolutionist in the state of the Muses.

THESESITES.

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### LEISURE HOURS.

#### No. III.

#### A DIALOGUE OF THE LIVING.

#### *On the Homeric Poematia.*

A. So you have been playing leap-frog with me.

I. But clumsily, I fear.

A. How could you imagine the poetry of painting to lie in stables and pig-sties? You might as well profess a fondness for stiff cravats, dandy coats, and patent oval hats: they are in every-day common life.

I. Nay—these make up the *swiftdress* of every-day life: I prefer the undress. I should bend the oval hat into all possible shapes, untwist the cravat, and tear holes in the coat. "Thou art sophisticated."

A. Why, I have as great a dislike to clowns and milk-maids as to them. Give me the landscapes of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where even the very daisies have a being, and the trees have a shape and life rather poetical than vegetable.

I. Yes—and you would introduce Apollo running after Daphne in the midst of your "forest walks." I had rather meet a wood-cutter, or a bare-foot girl with a nut-hook. I have no sympathy with idealities. I am no Ixion, to embrace a cloud, and call it beauty. The experience of actual things has sobered me of romance. There is nothing satisfying in it. It is like offering to dine a man half-famished on "the honey-bag stolen from the humble-bee." I shall apostrophize you in the strain of the Annual Anthology:

——— Why despise  
The sow-born grunter?

and I must remind you that one of the most poetical lines that ever was written was written on an ass's foal:

I love the *languid patience* of thy face.

The poor dumb brutes are vilified and oppressed enough, heaven knows; and it does one good to see them in quiet and at their ease. Might not this explain the pleasure we take (I should have said I take) in seeing them represented in painting? But the sagacity of the pig (I am not alluding to the learned pig), and the forest-loving instinct of his natural state, render him a far more poetical personage than you seem willing to suppose. Why are the lambs to engross all poetical consideration? Bloomfield's kind-hearted description of the hogs huddling among the oak-leaves, and of their grotesque flight when startled by the wild-ducks in the sedges, is as intrinsically poetical as that of his young lambs at play.

A. Bloomfield!—Here you bring against me the Morland of poetry: this is only the same argument over again: it is "the old pig in a new doublet."

I. Briefly then, the greater part of the pleasure which we derive from description, whether in poetry or painting, depends on association.—You, in fact, admit this, when you people your groves with reclining Gods, or peeping Dryads. The pig and the colt suggest rustic life: and rustic life is associated with the humble

comforts of a cottage; or, at all events, with the contented industrious poverty of a hut: with fresh and artless home affections: with the sort of incidents recorded in Bloomfield's exquisite ballad of Market Night:

I see him clothed in snow—'tis he!  
Dapple was hous'd: the weary man  
With joy glanced o'er his children's bed.

A. You have left out—

Thus spoke the joyful wife, and ran  
In grateful steams to hide her head:

What has the smoking of broth and turnips to do with poetry?

I. Yet you are too staunch a classic to find fault with Patroclus cooking and carving for the guests of Achilles. In Bloomfield, as well as in Homer, the circumstances belong to poetry by right of association.

A. Bloomfield and Homer! Do you remember the Mæonian line—

And dirt usurps the empire of his shoes?

I. That comes of Robert's paying too much deference to your principle of poetry. He was afraid of being vulgar. He disdained his hob-nail shoes, and got upon stilts. Take a similar image as treated by Crabbe:

— She picks her way  
Slowly and cautious in the clinging clay.

A. For heaven's sake, let us get out of the mire and talk of Homer; though we are at present on boggy ground, even with him. What could possess you to ride cheek by jowl with Tom Parnell in his jog-trot heroic? I dash'd into my subject something in this way:

Ye muses nine, that dwell upon the verdant  
hill of Helicon,  
With inspiration fire my soul to sing of  
deeds of glory.

I. But in this case, how should I have fared with the wig-blocks of the good Queen Anne's school, who determine what is rhythm, not by their ear, but by their fingers? You may be as rhythmical, or as lyrical, as you please. They will only look at your long lines, and (it is as much as they can) count them. They will discover that you have got sixteen syllables in your first verse, and fifteen in your second; and will talk to you, with a supercilious hoist of the eyebrows and a wise simper, about polish and correctness, and Mister Pope.

A. You seem to have been might-

ily careful not to offend the "word-catchers who live on syllables." I wonder you were not equally attentive to the matter-of-fact readers (no insignificant body), who expect dates, names, and reasons, in Trusler-chronology order. Pray what excuse have you for leaving them all at sea in the critical controversy of the *Batra*—you will excuse my pronouncing the word oftener than there is absolute occasion?

I. "I'll not answer that, but say it is my humour."

However, they shall have a sample, if they wish it. There is Herodotus in his *Life of Homer* (which, by the bye, he did not write), and there are Martial, and Statius, and Fulgentius, and Suidas; all which good folks seriously take it upon trust that Homer burlesqued his own heroes. Then, as to the reasons, if they be worth groping for they may find enow of them, and to spare, in Barnes and Maittaire; who have sate down to refute, in form and *seriatim*, all actual or conceivable objections to the right of authorship being vested in Homer. There is, or was, a piece of antique sculpture, where Homer stands, or stood, with mice about his feet. Therefore, he wrote the mice and frogs: what can be more clear and conclusive? The reading-desk and owl under Boileau's wigged effigies are nothing to it. So pronounced Wetstein and Kuster. But then comes Schott; and he contends that the epic burlesque (or apologue, as one ingenious gentleman, whose name has given me the slip, chooses to call it) has no necessary relation to the mice in the marble; for that these are, in fact, the *Zoili*, "the jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming (or reviewing) race" of antiquity, nibbling at the writings of which they were envious: and indeed the supporters of the other side of the question are, I think, bound to account for the absence of *Monsieur Frog*.

A. Yet though the army of mice, (I wonder if they are the same that took by storm Bishop Hatto's tower on the Rhine, as the Lakite Laureate said or sang?) though the army of mice, and the knights of the bul-rush, do not stand out in *alto relievo*, they may all the while be lying snug in the parchments. Why is Homer to be always seen roaring out heroics

with limestone eye-balls, and a mouth like the mask of angry Chremes? He could shake his sides now and then: witness lame Vulcan playing the cup-bearer; bully Thersites; and the *milling* bestowed by Ulysses on Irus the beggar, in presence of the suitors, who seem to have been lads of the fancy.

I. I never could see much drollery in these incidents. Shakspeare has made Thersites, Ajax, and others, immeasurably more entertaining than Homer. After all, this is not even properly *comedy*; much less *parody*: it is history-painting; and I do not except such traditions respecting the gods as might appear to take a tincture of humour. The traits of ludicrous character came in his way: they belonged to the truth of his personages; they were recognised as touches of legendary portrait-painting; and do not seem to have been sought and singled out by that gust of satirical humour which sports itself with such luxuriant activity in the Troilus and Cressida. But if we admit certain descriptions and portraits in the Iliad and Odyssey to be properly comic, the conclusion is a great deal too violent, that the poet either did or could furnish out a work so different in its kind as the heroi-comic. Harles, with his usual sagacity, remarks that satire and burlesque are not the growth of such rude and simple times as those of Homer, but assort better with a certain refinement of institutions, and that fastidiousness which is the fruit of the corruption of manners; such, for instance, as prevailed in Greece after the importation of Persian luxury. In short, he boldly pronounces (and he has philosophy on his side) that in the rude and simple times of Homer, no such phenomenon as a mock-heroic poem could have had any existence.

A. Well, this is a short way of getting rid of the question, and pretty effectual. But if Homer did not write it pray who did?

I. Why, Plutarch, at the end of his book On the Malevolence of Herodotus, tells us that *Pigres* or *Tigres* (the letters are often, you know, interchanged in the old MSS.) was thought to be the real author. He lived about the time of Xerxes: and was the brother of Artemisia, the

daashing Carian Queen; who set the fashion of swallowing the ashes of dead husbands, and building mausoleums, which thus were necessarily *cenotaphs*. The former is a little out of date. Henry Stephens actually met with an ancient copy of the *Batrachomyomachia*, intitled—ΤΙΓΡΗΤΟΣ ΤΟΥ ΚΑΡΟΣ.

A. So—you have let the author out of the bag at last. As you dismiss the *Frog-and-Mouse-battle* with so little ceremony, I will lay my life you will not be more complaisant to the *Hymns*. Some I am ready to give up; but Thucydides and Pausanias quote one or two as Homer's. I suppose, if you profess to say anything of these, you will say it in good earnest; and not shuffle the trouble off your hands, as you did when you ran a tilt at me, instead of breaking a spear with *clarissimo viro Barnesio*. If you try to get off by such shabby shifts here, we will have you shut up in a dark stable, à la *Morland*, with one of your sleepy shaggy colts.

I. Nay, I mean to be quite particular and methodical, I assure you. Let me recommend you and your friends to the Abbé Suchay's Dissertations on the Hymns of the Ancients; or Snedorf's *De Hymnis veterum Græcorum*; or Ruhnken's *Epistola Critica in Homeridarum Hymnos*.

A. I shall scarcely set out to the *Bibliothèque Royale* to search for them. Can't you particularize? I thought you said you would.

I. Well then—the Scholiast on Pindar ascribes to Cinethus of Chios the Hymn to Apollo. This is the one quoted as Homer's by Thucydides. But as the latter wrote his history in the eighty-ninth Olympiad, and Cinethus lived only in the sixty-ninth, it seems scarcely probable that the historian should have mistaken a poem of so recent an era for Homer's; and yet Cinethus might have made free with Homer's name, as Onomacritus did with that of Orpheus. Pausanias mentions the Hymn to Ceres as Homer's; and quotes a passage from it which is extant in the copy discovered by Mathæi at Moscow. Ruhnken thinks the author uncertain (a most safe and politic guess), but places him near Homer's time. Groddeck argues that the notions contained in it savour of

the philosophical subtleties which obtained a footing in a later age. Proclus, in the fragment of the Life of Homer, where he enumerates his poems, makes no mention of any hymns at all. As to the Hymn to Mercury, the Sophist Apollonius, in his Homeric Lexicon, denied that Apollo was ever called by Homer Letoides (son of Leto, or Latona). Yet in this hymn the epithet occurs more than once. I leave you to draw the inference.

A. Do you mean to assert that Homer composed no hymns whatever? Why hymns are quite as ancient as war-songs. There were Pamphus, and Olen, and I don't know who besides—to say nothing of Orpheus; though perhaps you think he never existed.

I. I don't think he ever did: and I use Homer's name more as the distinction of a particular point of antiquity, than of an identical bard, the author of extended poems. But I allow, that there were very ancient hymns called Orphic, and there might have been Homeric hymns also. The question is, are these the same?

A. Why not?

I. We have no evidence that they are, beyond a vague and conjectural tradition. Internal evidence is against the position. The style is a trifle more sweet and florid than the style of Homer. We have also very substantial grounds for belief that the Homeridæ, or Homeric Rhapsodists, did not barely recite Homer's oral poems, but forged others. You will remember they were not mere re-

citers: and it is likely, that from the spirit of emulation, and the power of habit, they might have acquired such a facility of imitating the Homeric style as might have deceived even sagacious judges, and those who lived much nearer to those ancient times than Thucydides and Pausanias. We have an instance of highly spirited imitation even in a comparatively modern poet; I mean Quintus Calaber. But Athenæus, b. 1, c. 19, directly hints at the idea that one of the Homeridæ was the author of the hymn to Apollo. I know that his name will have weight with you, and here I rest my cause.

A. I must say it is something refreshing to rest on so euphonious a name as Athenæus, after the stone-cutting combinations with which you have lulled my ears for the last quarter of an hour. Schott, Wetstein, Kuster, Groddeck:—pray, didn't you talk something about a "brazen candlestick?" I think the least you can do is to run off a few glib verses. I don't care whether you have the fear of Pope before your eyes, or whether you choose to astonish some dunder-head critic with the "numerous verse" of noble old Chapman; whom, my easel to a pig-stye, he never heard of. Suppose you try your hand at one of the hymns? If you don't choose to call it Homer's, you may call it Homeric, or rhapsodical, or Ciniæthian, or anything you will. What say you to BACCHUS or the PIRATES?

I. Aye, you find the *picturesque* in it. I will see what can be done.

AN IDLER.

#### SONNET.

DAUGHTERS of England! where has Nature given  
Creatures like you, so delicately form'd?  
Ye earthly types of beauty in its heaven,  
With tender thoughts and blushes ever warm'd!  
Where is the heart, with apathy so bless'd,  
That woman's beauty fall'd to lead astray?  
Where is the eye can for a moment rest  
On Beauty's face, and calmly turn away?  
O lovely woman! muse of many themes,  
The sweet reality of Fancy's dreams;  
Where is the soul that never lost its rest,  
Nor felt the thrilling aching, and the strife,  
From stolen glances on a heaving breast  
As white as marble statues warm'd with life?

## TABLE TALK.

## No. XII.

## ON CONSISTENCY OF OPINION.

——— *Servetur ad inimum*  
*Qualis ab inceptu processerit, et sibi constat.*

MANY people boast of being masters in their own house. I pretend to be master of my own mind. I should be sorry to have an ejectionment served upon me for any notions I may chuse to entertain there. Within that little circle I would fain be an absolute monarch. I do not profess the spirit of martyrdom; I have no ambition to march to the stake or up to a masked battery, in defence of an hypothesis: I do not court the rack: I do not wish to be flayed alive for affirming that two and two make four, or any other intricate proposition: I am shy of bodily pains and penalties, which some are fond of, imprisonment, fine, banishment, confiscation of goods: but if I do not prefer the independence of my mind to that of my body, I at least prefer it to every thing else. I would avoid the arm of power, as I would escape from the fangs of a wild beast: but as to the opinion of the world, I see nothing formidable in it. "It is the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil." I am not to be brow-beat or wheedled out of any of my settled convictions. Opinion to opinion, I will face any man. Prejudice, fashion, the cant of the moment, go for nothing; and as for the reason of the thing, it can only be supposed to rest with me or another, in proportion to the pains we have taken to ascertain it. Where the pursuit of truth has been the habitual study of any man's life, the love of truth will be his ruling passion. "Where the treasure is, there the heart is also." Every one is most tenacious of that to which he owes his distinction from others. Kings love power, misers gold, women flattery, poets reputation—and philosophers truth, when they can find it. They are right in cherishing the only privilege they inherit. If "to be wise were to be obstinate," I might set up for as great a philosopher as the best of them; for some of my conclusions are as fixed and as

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incorrigible to proof as need be. I am attached to them in consequence of the pains, the anxiety, and the waste of time they have cost me. In fact, I should not well know what to do without them at this time of day; nor how to get others to supply their place. I would quarrel with the best friend I have sooner than acknowledge the right of the Bourbons. I see Mr. ——— seldomer than I did, because I cannot agree with him about the *Catalogue Raisonné*. I remember once saying to this gentleman, a great while ago, that I did not seem to have altered any of my ideas since I was sixteen years old. "Why then," said he, "you are no wiser now than you were then!" I might make the same confession, and the same retort would apply still. Coleridge used to tell me, that this pertinacity was owing to a want of sympathy with others. What he calls *sympathizing with others* is their admiring him, and it must be admitted that he varies his battery pretty often, in order to accommodate himself to this sort of mutual understanding. But I do not agree in what he says of me. On the other hand, I think that it is my sympathizing *beforehand* with the different views and feelings that may be entertained on a subject, that prevents my retracting my judgment, and flinging myself into the contrary extreme *afterwards*. If you proscribe all opinions opposite to your own, and impertinently exclude all the evidence that does not make for you, it stares you in the face with double force when it breaks in unexpectedly upon you, or if at any subsequent period it happens to suit your interest or convenience to listen to objections which vanity or prejudice had hitherto overlooked. But if you are aware from the first suggestion of a subject, either by subtlety of tact or close attention, of the full force of what others possibly feel and think of it, you are not exposed to the same

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vacillation of opinion. The number of grains and scruples, of doubts and difficulties thrown into the scale while the balance is yet undecided, add to the weight and steadiness of the determination. He who anticipates his opponent's arguments, confirms while he corrects his own reasonings. When a question has been carefully examined in all its bearings, and a principle is once established, it is not liable to be overthrown by any new facts which have been arbitrarily and petulantly set aside, nor by every wind of idle doctrine rushing into the interstices of a hollow speculation, shattering it in pieces, and leaving it a mockery and a bye-word; like those tall, gawky, staring, pyramidal erections which are seen scattered over different parts of the country, and are called the *Follies* of different gentlemen! A man may be confident in maintaining a side, as he has been cautious in choosing it. If after making up his mind strongly in one way, to the best of his capacity and judgment, he feels himself inclined to a very violent revulsion of sentiment, he may generally rest assured that the change is in himself and his motives, not in the reason of things.

I cannot say that, from my own experience, I have found that the persons most remarkable for sudden and violent changes of principle have been cast in the softest or most susceptible mould. All their notions have been exclusive, bigoted, and intolerant. Their want of consistency and moderation has been in exact proportion to their want of candour and comprehensiveness of mind. Instead of being the creatures of sympathy, open to conviction, unwilling to give offence by the smallest difference of sentiment, they have (for the most part) been made up of mere antipathies—a very repulsive sort of personages—at odds with themselves, and with every body else. The slenderness of their pretensions to philosophical inquiry has been accompanied with the most presumptuous dogmatism. They have been persons of that narrowness of view and headstrong self-sufficiency of purpose, that they could see only one side of a question at a time, and *whichever* they pleased. There is a

story somewhere in *Don Quixote*, of two champions coming to a shield hung up against a tree with an inscription written on each side of it. Each of them maintained, that the words were what was written on the side next him, and never dreamt, till the fray was over, that they might be different on the opposite side of the shield. It would have been a little more extraordinary if the combatants had changed sides in the heat of the scuffle, and stoutly denied that there were any such words on the opposite side as they had before been bent on sacrificing their lives to prove were the only ones it contained. Yet such is the very situation of some of our modern polemics. They have been of all sides of the question, and yet they cannot conceive how an honest man can be of any but one—that which they hold at present. It seems that they are afraid to look their old opinions in the face, lest they should be fascinated by them once more. They banish all doubts of their own sincerity by inveighing against the motives of their antagonists. There is no salvation out of the pale of their strange inconsistency. They reduce common sense and probity to the strictest possible limits—the breasts of themselves and their patrons. They are like people out at sea on a very narrow plank, who try to push every body else off. Is it that they have so little faith in the cause to which they have become such staunch converts, as to suppose that, should they allow a grain of sense to their old allies and new antagonists, they will have more than they? Is it that they have so little consciousness of their own disinterestedness, that they feel if they allow a particle of honesty to those who now differ with them, they will have more than they? Those opinions must needs be of a very fragile texture which will not stand the shock of the least acknowledged opposition, and which lay claim to respectability by stigmatizing all who do not hold them for “sots, and knaves, and cowards.” There is a want of well-balanced feeling in every such instance of extravagant versatility; a something crude, unripe, and harsh, that does not hit a judicious palate, but sets the teeth on edge to think of. “I had rather hear my



mother's cat mew, or a wheel grate on the axle-tree, than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers" chaunt his incondite retrograde lays without rhyme and without reason.

The principles and professions change: the man remains the same. There is the same spirit at the bottom of all this pragmatism, fickleness and virulence, whether it runs into one extreme or another:—to wit, a confinement of view, a jealousy of others, an impatience of contradiction, a want of liberality in construing the motives of others either from monkish pedantry, or a conceited overweening reference of every thing to our own fancies and feelings. There is something to be said, indeed, for the nature of the political machinery, for the whirling motion of the revolutionary wheel which has of late wrenched men's understandings almost asunder, and "amazed the very faculties of eyes and ears;" but still this is hardly a sufficient reason, why the adept in the old as well as the new school should take such a prodigious latitude himself, while at the same time he makes so little allowance for others. His whole creed need not be turned topsyturvy, from the top to the bottom, even in times like these. He need not, in the rage of party-spirit, discard the proper attributes of humanity, the common dictates of reason. He need not outrage every former feeling, nor trample on every customary decency, in his zeal for reform, or in his greater zeal against it. If his mind, like his body, has undergone a total change of essence, and purged off the taint of all its early opinions, he need not carry about with him, or be haunted in the persons of others with, the phantoms of his altered principles to loath and execrate them. He need not (as it were) pass an act of attainder on all his thoughts, hopes, wishes, from youth upwards, to offer them at the shrine of matured servility: he need not become one vile antithesis, a living and ignominious satire on himself. Mr. Wordsworth has hardly, I should think, so much as a single particle of feeling left in his whole composition, the same that he had twenty years ago; not "so small a drop of pity," for what he then was, "as a wren's eye,"—except that I do not

hear that he has given up his theory that poetry should be written in the language of prose, or applied for an injunction against the Lyrical Ballads. I will wager a trifle, that our ingenious poet will not concede to any patron, (how noble or munificent soever) that the Leech Gatherer is not a fit subject of the Muse, and would sooner resign the stamp-distributorship of two counties, than burn that portion of the Recluse, a Poem, which has been given to the world under the title of the Excursion. The tone, however, of Mr. Wordsworth's poetical effusions requires a little revision to adapt it to the progressive improvement in his political sentiments: for, as far as I understand the Poems themselves or the Preface, his whole system turns upon this, that the thoughts, the feelings, the expressions of the common people in country places are the most refined of all others; at once the most pure, the most simple, and the most sublime:—yet, with one stroke of his prose-pen, he disfranchises the whole rustic population of Westmoreland and Cumberland from voting at elections, and says there is not a man among them that is not a knave in grain. In return, he lets them still retain the privilege of expressing their sentiments in select and natural language in the Lyrical Ballads. So much for poetical justice and political severity! An author's political theories sit loose upon him, and may be changed like his clothes. His literary vanity, alas! sticks to him like his skin, and survives in its first gloss and sleekness, amidst

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Mr. Southey still makes experiments on metre, not on governments, and seems to think the last resort of English liberty is in court-iambics. Still the same upstart self-sufficiency, still the same itch of newfangled innovation directed into a new channel, still the same principle of favouritism, still the same overcharged and splenetic hostility—all is right that he approves, all is wrong that opposes his views in the smallest particular. There is no inconsistency in all these anomalies. Absurdity is uniform; egotism is the same thing; a limited range of comprehension is a habit of mind that a man seldom

gets the better of, and may distinguish equally the Pantisocratist or Constitutional Association-monger.

To quit this, which is rather a stale topic, as well as a hopeless one, and give some instances of a change of sentiment in individuals, which may serve for materials of a history of opinion in the beginning of the 19th century:—A gentleman went to live, some years ago, in a remote part of the country, and as he did not wish to affect singularity he used to have two candles on his table of an evening. A romantic acquaintance of his in the neighbourhood, smit with the love of simplicity and equality, used to come in, and without ceremony snuff one of them out, saying, it was a shame to indulge in such extravagance, while many a poor cottager had not even a rush-light to see to do their evening's work by. This might be about the year 1802, and was passed over as among the ordinary occurrences of the day. In 1816 (oh! fearful lapse of time, pregnant with strange mutability), the same enthusiastic lover of economy, and hater of luxury, asked his thoughtless friend to dine with him in company with a certain lord, and to lend him his man servant to wait at table; and just before they were sitting down to dinner, he heard him say to the servant in a sonorous whisper—"and be sure you don't forget to have six candles on the table!" Extremes meet. The event here was as true to itself as the oscillation of the pendulum. My informant, who understands moral equations, had looked for this reaction, and noted it down as characteristic. The impertinence in the first instance was the cue to the ostentatious servility in the second. The one was the fulfilment of the other, like the type and anti-type of a prophecy. No—the keeping of the character at the end of fourteen years was as unique as the keeping of the thought to the end of the fourteen lines of a Sonnet!—Would it sound strange if I were to whisper it in the reader's ear, that it was the same person who was thus anxious to see six candles on the table to receive a lord, who once (in ages past) said to me, that "he saw nothing to admire in the eloquence of such men as Mansfield and Chatham; and

what did it all end in, but their being made Lords?" It is better to be a lord than a lacquey to a lord. So we see that the swelling pride and preposterous self-opinion which exalts itself above the mightiest, looking down upon, and braving the boasted pretensions of the highest rank and the most brilliant talents as nothing, compared with its own conscious powers and silent unmoved self-respect, grovels and licks the dust before titled wealth, like a lacquered slave, the moment it can get wages and a livery! Would Milton or Marvel have done thus?

Mr. Coleridge, indeed, sets down this outrageous want of keeping to an excess of sympathy, and there is, after all, some truth in his suggestion. There is a craving after the approbation and concurrence of others natural to the mind of man. It is difficult to sustain the weight of an opinion singly for any length of way. The intellect languishes without cordial encouragement and support. It exhausts both strength and patience to be always striving against the stream. *Contra audentior ito*—is the motto but of few. Public opinion is always pressing upon the mind, and, like the air we breathe, acts unseen, unfelt. It supplies the living current of our thoughts, and infects without our knowledge. It taints the blood, and is taken into the smallest pores. The most sanguine constitutions are, perhaps, the most exposed to its influence. But public opinion has its source in power, in popular prejudice, and is not always in accord with right reason, or a high and abstracted imagination. Which path to follow where the two roads part? The heroic and romantic resolution prevails at first in high and heroic tempers. They think to scale the heights of truth and virtue at once with him "whose genius had angelic wings, and fed on manna,"—but after a time find themselves baffled, toiling on in an uphill road, without friends, in a cold neighbourhood, without aid or prospect of success. The poet

Like a worm goes by the way.

He hears murmurs loud or suppressed, meets blank looks or scowling faces, is exposed to the pelting of the pitiless press, and is stunned

by the shout of the mob, that gather round him to see what sort of a creature a poet and a philosopher is. What is there to make him proof against all this? A strength of understanding steeled against temptation, and a dear love of truth that smiles opinion to scorn? These he perhaps has not. A lord passes in his coach. Might he not get up, and ride out of the reach of the rabble-rout? He is invited to stop dinner. If he stays he may insinuate some wholesome truths. He drinks in rank poison—flattery! He recites some verses to the ladies who smile delicious praise, and thank him through their tears. The master of the house suggests a happy allusion in the turn of an expression. "There's sympathy." This is better than the company he lately left. Pictures, statues meet his raptured eye. Our Ulysses finds himself in the gardens of Alcinoüs: our truant is fairly caught. He wanders through enchanted ground. Groves, classic groves nod unto him, and he hears "ancestral voices" hailing him as brother-hard! He sleeps, dreams, and wakes, cured of his thrifless prejudices and morose philanthropy. He likes this courtly and popular sympathy better. "He looks up with awe to kings; with honour to nobility; with reverence to magistrates," &c. He no longer breathes the air of heaven and his own thoughts, but is steeped in that of palaces and courts, and finds it agree better with his constitutional temperament. Oh! how sympathy alters a man from what he was!

I've heard of hearts unkind,  
Kind deeds with coldness still returning;  
Alas! the gratitude of man  
Has oftener set me mourning.

A spirit of contradiction, a wish to monopolize all wisdom, will not account for uniform consistency, for it is sure to defeat and turn against itself. It is "every thing by turns, and nothing long." It is warped and crooked. It cannot bear the least opposition, and sooner than acquiesce in what others approve it will change sides in a day. It is offended at every resistance to its captious, domineering humour, and will quarrel for straws with its best friends. A person under the

guidance of this demon, if every whimsy or occult discovery of his own is not received with acclamation by one party, will wreak his spite by deserting to the other, and carry all his talent for disputation with him, sharpened by rage and disappointment. A man, to be steady in a cause, should be more attached to the truth than to the acquiescence of his fellow-citizens. A young student, who came up to town a few years since with some hypercritical refinements on the modern philosophy to introduce him to the Gamaliels of the age, but who would allow no one else to have a right view of the common doctrines of the school, or to be able to assign a reason for the faith that was in him, was sent to Coventry by the true adepts, who were many of them as wise and as fastidious as himself. He therefore turned round upon the whole set for this indignity, and has been playing off the heavy artillery of his scurrilous abuse, his verbal logic, and the powerful distinctions of the civil and canon law upon the devoted heads of his tasteless associates; "perpetual volley, arrowy sleet," ever since! It is needless to mention names. The learned gentleman having left his ungrateful party and unprofitable principles in lurch, has gone into the opposite extreme like mad, sticks at nothing, is callous to public opinion, so that he pleases his employers, and can become "a thorn in the side of freedom," and fairly takes the bridle in his teeth, stop him who can. A more obstinate being never took pen in hand. Yet, by agreeing to his conclusions, and subscribing to his arguments (such as they are) it would be still possible to make him give up every one of his absurdities in succession, and to drive him to set up another New Daily Paper against himself!

I can hardly consider Mr. Cole-ridge as a deserter from the cause he first espoused, unless one could tell what cause he ever heartily espoused, or what party he ever belonged to, in downright earnest. He has not been inconsistent with himself at different times, but at all times. He is a sophist, a casuist, a rhetorician, what you please; and might have argued or declaimed to

the end of his breath on one side of a question or another, but he never was a pragmatist fellow. He lived in a round of contradictions, and never came to a settled point. His fancy gave the cue to his judgment, and his vanity set his invention afloat in whatever direction he could find most scope for it, or most sympathy, that is, admiration. His *Life and Opinions* might naturally receive the title of one of Hume's *Essays*—"A Sceptical Solution of Sceptical Doubts." To be sure, his WATCHMAN and his FRIEND breathe a somewhat different tone on subjects of a particular description, both of them apparently pretty high-raised, but whoever will be at the pains to examine them closely, will find them to be *voluntaries*, fugues, solemn capriccios, not set compositions with any malice prepense in them, or much practical meaning. I believe some of his friends, who were indebted to him for the suggestion of plausible reasons for conformity, and an opening to a more qualified view of the letter of their paradoxical principles, have lately disgusted him by the virulence and extravagance to which they have carried hints, of which he never suspected that they would make the least possible use. But if Mr. Coleridge is satisfied with the wandering Moods of his Mind, perhaps this is no reason that others may not reap the solid benefit. He himself is like the idle sea-weed on the ocean, tossed from shore to shore: they are like barnacles fastened to the vessel of the state, rotting its goodly timbers!

There are some persons who are of too fastidious a turn of mind to like any thing long, or to assent twice to the same opinion. — always sets himself to prop the falling cause, to nurse the ricketty bantling. He takes the part which he thinks in most need of his support, not so much out of magnanimity, as to prevent too great a degree of presumption or self-complacency on the triumphant side. "Though truth be truth, yet he contrives to throw such changes of vexation on it as it may lose some colour." I have been delighted to hear him expatiate with the most natural and affecting simplicity on a favourite passage or pic-

ture, and all the while afraid of agreeing with him lest he should instantly turn round and unsay all that he had said, for fear of my going away with too good an opinion of my own taste, or too great an admiration of my idol—and his own. I dare not ask his opinion twice, if I have got a favourable sentence once, lest he should belie his own sentiments to stagger mine. I have heard him talk divinely (like one inspired) of Boccaccio, and the story of the Pot of Basil, describing "how it grew, and it grew, and it grew," till you saw it spread its tender leaves in the light of his eye, and wave in the tremulous sound of his voice; and yet if you asked him about it at another time, he would, perhaps, affect to think little of it, or to have forgotten the circumstance. His enthusiasm is fickle and treacherous. The instant he finds it shared in common, he backs out of it. His enmity is equally refined, but hardly so unsocial. His exquisitely turned invectives display all the beauty of scorn, and impart elegance to vulgarity. He sometimes finds out minute excellencies, and cries up one thing to put you out of conceit with another. If you want him to praise Sir Joshua *cos amore*, in his best manner, you should begin with saying something about Titian—if you seem an idolizer of Sir Joshua, he will immediately turn off the discourse, gliding like the serpent before Eve, wary and beautiful, to the graces of Sir Peter Lely, or ask you if you saw a Vandyke the other day, which he does not think Sir Joshua could stand near. But find fault with the Lake Poets, and mention some pretended patron of rising genius, and you need not fear but he will join in with you and go all lengths that you can wish him. You may calculate upon him there. "Pride elevates, and joy brightens his face." And, indeed, so eloquent is he, and so beautiful in his eloquence, that I myself, with all my freedom from gall and bitterness, could listen to him untired, and without knowing how the time went, losing and neglecting many a meal and hour,

— From morn to noon,

From noon to dewy eve, a summer's day!

When I cease to hear him quite,  
Other tongues, turned to what ac-

cents they may of praise or blame, will sound dull, ungrateful, out of tune, and harsh, in the comparison.

An overstrained enthusiasm produces a capriciousness in taste, as well as too much indifference. A person who sets no bounds to his admiration takes a surfeit of his favourites. He over-does the thing. He gets sick of his own everlasting praises, and affected raptures. His preferences are a great deal too violent to last. He wears out an author in a week, that might last him a year, or his life, by the eagerness with which he devours him. Every such favourite is in his turn the greatest writer in the world. Compared with the lord of the ascendant for the time being, Shakspeare is common-place, and Milton a pedant, a little insipid or so. Some of these prodigies require to be dragged out of their lurking-places, and cried up to the top of the compass;—their traits are subtle, and must be violently obtruded on the sight. But the effort of exaggerated praise, though it may stagger others, tires the maker, and we hear of them no more after a while. Others take their turns, are swallowed whole, undigested, ravenously, and disappear in the same manner. Good authors share the fate of bad, and a library in a few years is nearly dismantled. It is a pity thus to outlive our admiration, and exhaust our relish of what is excellent. Actors and actresses are disposed of in the same conclusive peremptory way: some of them are talked of for months, nay, years; then it is almost an offence to mention them. Friends, acquaintance, go the same road;—are now asked to come six days in the week, then warned against coming the seventh. The smallest faults are soon magnified in those we think too highly of: but where shall we find perfection? If we will put up with nothing short of that, we shall have neither pictures, books, nor friends left—we shall have nothing but our own absurdities to keep company with! “In all things a regular and moderate indulgence is the best security for a lasting enjoyment.”—BURKE.

There are numbers who judge by the event, and change with fortune. They extol the hero of the day, and

join the prevailing clamour whatever it is; so that the fluctuating state of public opinion regulates their feverish, restless enthusiasm, like a thermometer. They blow hot or cold, according as the wind sets favourable or otherwise. With such people the only infallible test of merit is success; and no arguments are true that have not a large or powerful majority on their side. They go by appearances. Their vanity, not the truth, is their ruling object. They are not the last to quit a falling cause, and they are the first to hail the rising sun. Their minds want sincerity, modesty, and keeping. With them—

————— To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

They still, “with one consent, praise new-born gauds,” and Fame, as they construe it, is—

————— Like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by  
the hand;  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he  
would fly,  
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever  
smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing.

Such servile flatterers made an idol of Buonaparte while fortune smiled upon him, but when it left him, they removed him from his pedestal in the cabinet of their vanity, as we take down the picture of a relation that has died without naming us in his will. The opinion of such triflers is worth nothing: it is merely an echo. We do not want to be told the event of a question, but the rights of it. Truth is in their theory nothing but “noise and inexplicable dumb show.” They are the heralds, outriders, and trumpeters in the procession of fame; are more loud and boisterous than the rest, and give themselves great airs, as the avowed patrons and admirers of genius and merit.

As there are many who change their sentiments with circumstances, (as they decided lawsuits in Rabelais with the dice), so there are others who change them with their acquaintance. “Tell me your company, and I’ll tell you your opinions,” might be said to many a man who piques himself on a select and superior view of things, distinct from the vulgar. Individuals of this class are quick and versatile, but they are not before-

hand with opinion. They catch it, when it is pointed out to them, and take it at the rebound, instead of giving the first impulse. Their minds are a light, luxuriant soil, into which thoughts are easily transplanted, and shoot up with uncommon sprightliness and vigour. They wear the dress of other people's minds very gracefully and unconsciously. They tell you your own opinion, or very gravely repeat an observation you have made to them, about half a year afterwards. They let you into the delicacies and luxuries of Spenser with great disinterestedness, in return for your having introduced that author to their notice. They prefer West to Raphael, Stothard to Rubens, till they are told better. Still they are acute in the main, and good judges in their way. By trying to improve their taste, and reform their notions according to an ideal standard, they perhaps spoil and muddle their native faculties, rather than do them any good. Their first manner is their best, because it is the most natural. It is well not to go out of ourselves, and to be contented to take up with what we are, for better for worse. We can neither beg, borrow, nor steal characteristic excellencies. Some views and modes of thinking suit certain minds, as certain colours suit certain complexions. We may part with very shining and very useful qualities without getting better ones to supply them. Mocking is catching, only in regard to defects. Mimicry is always dangerous.

It is not necessary to change our road in order to advance on our journey. We should cultivate the spot of ground we possess to the utmost of our power, though it may be circumscribed and comparatively barren. *A rolling stone gathers no moss.* People may collect all the wisdom they will ever attain, quite as well by staying at home as by travelling abroad. There is no use in shifting from place to place, from side to side, or from subject to subject. You have always to begin again, and never finish any course of study or observation. By adhering to the same principles you do not become stationary. You enlarge, correct, and consolidate your reasonings, without contradicting and shuffling about in your conclusions. If truth consisted in *hasty assumptions and petulant*

contradictions, there might be some ground for this whiffing and violent inconsistency. But the face of truth, like that of nature, is different and the same. The first outline of an opinion, and the general tone of thinking, may be sound and correct, though we may spend any quantity of time and pains in working up and uniting the parts at subsequent sittings. If we have mistaken the character of the countenance altogether at first, no alterations will bring it right afterwards. Those who mistake white for black in the first instance, may just as well mistake black for white when they reverse their canvass. I do not see what security they can have in their present opinions, who build their pretension to wisdom on the total folly, rashness, and extravagance (to say no worse) of their former ones. The perspective may change with years and experience: we may see certain things nearer, and others more remote; but the great masses and landmarks will remain, though thrown into shadow and tinged by the intervening atmosphere: so the laws of the understanding, the truths of nature will remain, and cannot be thrown into utter confusion and perplexity by our blunders or caprice, like the objects in Hogarth's Rules of Perspective, where every thing is turned upside down, or thrust out of its well-known place. I cannot understand how our political Harlequins feel after all their summersaults and metamorphoses. They can hardly, I should think, look at themselves in the glass, or walk across the room without stumbling. This at least would be the case if they had the smallest reflection or self-knowledge. But they judge from pique and vanity solely. There should be a certain decorum in life as in a picture, without which it is neither useful nor agreeable. If my own opinions are not right, at any rate they are the best I have been able to form, and better than any others I could take up at random, or out of perversity, now. Contrary opinions vitiate one another, and destroy the simplicity and clearness of the mind: nothing is good that has not a beginning, a middle, and an end; and I would wish my thoughts to be

Linked each to each by natural piety!

T.

## THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

*From the end*

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,  
 And Earth has buried all her flowers:  
 No more the lark, the linnet sings,  
 But Silence sits in faded bowers.  
 There is a shadow on the plain  
 Of Winter ere he comes again,—  
 There is in woods a solemn sound  
 Of hollow warnings whisper'd round,  
 As Echo in her deep recess  
 For once had turn'd a prophetess.  
 Shuddering Autumn stops to list,  
 And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,  
 With clouded face, and hazel eyes  
 That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer's gone like pageant bright;  
 Its glorious days of golden light  
 Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver,  
 Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.  
 Gone the sweetly scented breeze  
 That spoke in music to the trees;  
 Gone for damp and chilly breath,  
 As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,  
 Or newly from the lungs of Death—  
 Gone its virgin roses' blushes,  
 Warm as when Aurora rushes  
 Freshly from the God's embrace,  
 With all her shame upon her face.  
 Old Time hath laid them in the mould;  
 Sure he is blind as well as old,  
 Whose hand relentless never spares  
 Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs!  
 Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now  
 From where so blushing-blest they tarried  
 Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,  
 Gone; for Day and Night are married.  
 All the light of love is fled:—  
 Alas! that negro breasts should hide  
 The lips that were so rosy red,  
 At morning and at even-tide!

Delightful Summer! then adieu  
 'Till thou shalt visit us anew:  
 But who without regretful sigh  
 Can say—adieu—and see thee fly?  
 Not he that e'er hath felt thy power,  
 His joy expanding like a flower  
 That cometh after rain and snow,  
 Looks up at heaven and learns to glow:—  
 Not he that fled from Babel-strife  
 To the green sabbath-land of life,  
 To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,  
 And cool his forehead in the breeze,—  
 Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,  
 Shook from its wings a weight of grief,  
 And perch'd upon an aspen leaf,  
 For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell!—on wings of sombre stain,  
 That blacken in the last blue skies;

Thou fly'st—but thou wilt come again  
 On the gay wings of butterflies.  
 Spring at thy approach will sprout  
 Her new Corinthian beauties out,  
 Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words  
 Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds;  
 Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,  
 And April smiles to sunny hours.  
 Bright days shall be, and gentle nights  
 Full of soft breath and echo-lights,  
 As if the God of sun-time kept  
 His eyes half-open while he slept.  
 Roses shall be where roses were,  
 Not shadows, but reality;  
 As if they never perish'd there,  
 But slept in immortality:  
 Nature shall thrill with new delight,  
 And Time's relumined river run  
 Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright,  
 As if its source were in the sun!

But say, hath Winter then no charms?  
 Is there no joy, no gladness warms  
 His aged heart? no happy wiles  
 To cheat the hoary one to smiles?  
 Onward he comes—the cruel North  
 Pours his furious whirlwind forth  
 Before him—and we breathe the breath  
 Of famish'd bears that howl to death.  
 Onward he comes from rocks that blanch  
 O'er solid streams that never flow,  
 His tears all ice, his locks all snow,  
 Just crept from some huge avalanche—  
 A thing half-breathing and half-warm,  
 As if one spark began to glow  
 Within some statue's marble form,  
 Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm.  
 O! will not Mirth's light arrows fail  
 To pierce that frozen coat of mail?  
 O! will not Joy but strive in vain  
 To light up those glazed eyes again?

No! take him in, and blaze the oak,  
 And pour the wine, and warm the ale;  
 His sides shall shake to many a joke,  
 His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,  
 His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,  
 And even his palsy charm'd away.  
 What heeds he then the boisterous shout  
 Of angry winds that scold without,  
 Like shrewish wives at tavern door?  
 What heeds he then the wild uproar  
 Of billows bursting on the shore?  
 In dashing waves, in howling breeze,  
 There is a music that can charm him;  
 When safe, and shelter'd, and at ease,  
 He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark! those shouts! that sudden din  
 Of little hearts that laugh within.  
 Oh! take him where the youngsters play,  
 And he will grow as young as they!



They come! they come! each blue-eyed Sport,  
 The Twelfth-Night King and all his court—  
 'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with mistletoe!  
 Music with her merry fiddles,  
 Joy "on light fantastic toe,"  
 Wit with all his jests and riddles,  
 Singing and dancing as they go.  
 And Love, young Love, among the rest,  
 A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve?  
 Then read our Poets—they shall weave  
 A garden of green fancies still,  
 Where thy wish may rove at will.  
 They have kept for after treats  
 The essences of summer sweets,  
 And echoes of its songs that wind  
 In endless music through the mind:  
 They have stamp'd in visible traces  
 The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine—  
 The flights of soul in sunny places—  
 To greet and company with thine.  
 These shall wing thee on to flowers—  
 The past or future, that shall seem  
 All the brighter in thy dream  
 For blowing in such desert hours.  
 The summer never shines so bright  
 As thought of in a winter's night;  
 And the sweetest loveliest rose  
 Is in the bud before it blows.  
 The dear one of the lover's heart  
 Is painted to his longing eyes,  
 In charms she ne'er can realize—  
 But when she turns again to part.  
 Dream thou then, and bind thy brow  
 With wreath of fancy roses now,  
 And drink of Summer in the cup  
 Where the Muse hath mix'd it up;  
 The "dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth,"  
 With the warm nectar of the earth:  
 Drink! 'twill glow in every vein,  
 And thou shalt dream the winter through:  
 Then waken to the sun again,  
 And find thy Summer Vision true!

INCOG.

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### SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

#### No. IV.

THE advanced season of the year, and several other considerations, having induced us to abandon our original intention of walking through Italy, by Florence, Bologna, and Rome, to Naples, we determined to proceed to Genoa, and there embark in some country vessel. We accordingly left Milan one morning, about nine o'clock, in one of the boats called *Corriere*, which carry passengers on the canal as far as Pavia. We found this mode of conveyance pleasant enough: the boats are fitted up very conveniently, with rooms and seats, and are drawn along at a good rate by two horses, which are changed once on the way. The regular post road, from Milan to Pavia, runs sometimes on one side of the canal, and sometimes on the other, but always close to the embankment: the charge for the passage, a distance of about twenty

miles, is only twelve sous. One of them leaves Pavia, and one Milan every morning. We found an agreeable, merry company assembled, among which were several students returning to the university, the vacation having expired at the festival of S. Carlo di Borromeo. We had not proceeded far when two boys entered the cabin, and placing themselves in the middle, began a comic dialogue; as it was in *Stretto Milanese* we understood but little of it; we heard, however, that it was in rhyme, and a quarrel between a man and his wife. It created very hearty laughter, in which we joined, our risibility being excited by the drollery of their gesticulation, and the natural screaming, scolding voice of the boy who played the wife. When the scene was finished, one of them sang a song in the Milanese dialect, while the other went round the company, with his tattered hat in his hand, to appeal to the generosity of his audience. These primitive comedians collected a few sous, with which they regaled themselves on some roasted chestnuts and dried grapes, at the first little public-house we came to.

We left the boat about five miles from Pavia, in order to visit the *Certosi*, a celebrated convent, which lies about half a mile to the left of the canal. We approached it by a pleasant avenue: on reaching the edifice we found a curious red brick façade, much like some of our old manor-houses in England; we passed through this into a large, open, paved court-yard, overgrown with weeds, and in parts covered with rubbish; the clumsy front of the church faced us on entering; two ranges of stone building flanked the court; they seemed to be totally deserted, the windows were all broken, and the iron bars, in the lower story of the building, in the last state of corrosion; the chain that once ran, from post to post, round the yard, was nearly all broken away, and only some small pieces lay rusting on the ground.

After calling and waiting for some time, an old porter came limping out with a large bundle of keys; he unlocked the door, in silence, and admitted us into the church. A laboured altar, a number of painted

chapels, an inlaid flooring, a quadrated ceiling, painted with the delightful blue produced from the lapis lazuli ground, and thick, clumsy columns, dark and unornamented, struck us on entering. On going round the church and contiguous apartments, we were surprised by the abundance of labour and materials that every where met our sight; the number of statues and paintings, the quantity of mosaic, of inlaying of lapis lazuli, *verde* and *giallo antico*, jasper, agate, and other valuable stones, and the elaborate carving in wood, and gilding, were really astonishing. Here, however, as at the *Domo*, and several other places we have seen in the Milanese, there is a greater display of labour, and oddness, and expence, than of good taste or fine effect. The statues of milk-white marble are polished to shine like those figures in china, with which we still see the chimney-pieces ornamented in some old-fashioned houses in England; among the quantity of paintings are a few good pieces of the Lombard school: the mosaics are in bad taste, and the carving in wood has all the preposterousness of that epoch for ever execrable in the annals of art—the sixteenth century. It really makes the perspiration stand on one's forehead, to think how these poor men must have turned, and twisted, and fatigued themselves! How much bad taste must have toiled to arrive at such a perfection of deformity. What ease and simplicity in the ancients! a twined foliage, the luxuriant, elegant vine, the broad oak leaf, the acanthus, the arbutus, and a few other objects, equally *naïf*, suffice for them, and are susceptible of endless variety.

We observed throughout the buildings, signs of neglect and desertion, and of fast approaching decay; the roof of the church has been long in want of repair, and the water has in many places soaked through, and stained the costly colouring. Our old guide, on our remarking this circumstance, shrugged up his shoulders, and said something about the demoralization of the times.

Bidding farewell to the *Certosi*, we renewed our journey: the evening was calm and soothing, and after a pleasant walk we arrived, about two

hours before sun-set, at the ruined walls of the ancient, and once celebrated city of Pavia. We employed the rest of the evening in visiting the university, in walking about the town, making melancholy reflections on its present fallen condition, and in talking of the *chêvaleresque* and amiable Francis I.—who was made prisoner in the battle of Pavia, close at hand.

The next morning we departed early: we left Pavia by crossing a curious covered bridge over the Tacino, and in about an hour and a half we passed another branch of the same river, on a bridge of boats, and breakfasted at a little village near the bank. Hence a short walk brought us to the shore of the "broad Po," which we also crossed on a bridge laid over boats, paying two soldi each for the passage. We walked bravely on, in spite of the bad roads, which (the soil of this part of Piedmont being very argillaceous) the late rains had in certain places rendered almost impassable. About noon we had a delightful repast at a small village, and tasted again that delicious Piedmontese rustic bread, no doubt the same sort that Rousseau found so much to his taste, and of which he spoke with such satisfaction many years afterwards. In the afternoon we continued at a brisk pace, and passing through the town of Voghera (where we had our passports signed) and several villages, and a fine country, we arrived, about an hour after sun-set, at Tortona; and there an excellent supper and clean beds solaced us for the fatigues of the day, which had not been inconsiderable. We were *en route* the next morning before daylight: almost immediately on leaving the town we crossed a fine bridge, thrown over a wide bed, which, at that season, contained but an inconsiderable stream; when the sun arose, we saw, full before us, the pass of the *Bocchetta*, and the line of the rugged Apennines or Ligurian Alps, just tipped with snow which had fallen the preceding night; and to the right our view extended nearly to the plain of Marengo, on which Bonaparte won Italy. We reached Novi, a large town on the entrance of the Genoese territory, at the foot of the mountain, about nine

o'clock; we there took a good breakfast, to strengthen us for the fatiguing ascent of the *Bocchetta*, and refusing various proffers of mules and chaises, set out after an hour. We soon passed the scene of the deadly battle which took place on the heights behind Novi, between the Russians and the troops of the French republic; we had not, however, ascended much higher ere a heavy fall of rain began, which continued with few intermissions until evening. We regretted this, less, perhaps, for the discomfort it occasioned, than because it prevented our view of the fine mountain scenery. When we had got to the summit of the first ridge, a tremendous storm came on: there was no place to take shelter in, so we were obliged to continue on the open road. The thunder burst over our heads in deafening crashes, which were echoed and lengthened out by the mountains; the flashes of lightning, dissipating the vapours which concealed every object (even the road on which we were walking) sometimes showed us the deep abysses close by the road's side, and as others brought out some little white village far down in the valley, or illuminated, for a moment, the fine chessnut woods which clothe the mountain to a certain height: the large rain drops pattered heavily upon us, and on the nearly naked trees, and in every chasm by which we passed, we heard the swollen torrent fretting and roaring down the steeps.—This "hurlyburly" did not cease until we came close to the old town of Gavi, which, in its perched position with its dark buildings, ruined fortifications, and riven towers, with wide, dense masses of vapour floating beneath, and black clouds hanging close above, presented a picture romantic, savage, and sublime.

At Gavi we dried our wet clothes, laughed at the rueful figure we each made, refreshed ourselves with a cup or two of warm wine, and again put ourselves in motion. After an agreeable variety of "up hill and down hill," deep muddy roads, swollen streams (to cross), and drenching showers, we arrived at the town of Voltagio, as the bells were sounding the "*Ave Maria*." Immediately that we got to the inn, we had a good fire lighted, and took a "wee

drappie" to expel the effects of external moisture: our hostess and her daughter bustled about to prepare supper, whilst another pretty young woman sat in a corner busy at her wheel, and sang some beautiful Italian airs, with a good voice.—We had not been there long when a decent looking young man came in and sat down by the fair songstress; they presently began to chaunt together, and in the course of the evening they sang several sweet melancholy duets with much taste and feeling. Here was wherewithal to make the heart happy! we took our supper by the side of a bright wood fire, forgot our fatigue and drenching, and chatted awhile with the people of the house. Our old host spoke of Suwarrow and Bonaparte; he said the former had once slept under his roof, that he had seen him several times during the wars in that part, and that he was a very cross looking little old man; of the latter he said, that the sole cause of his fall was, his having acted like a bad Catholic, in oppressing the holy church, and taking the Pope prisoner. This latter opinion we have frequently heard in Italy.—He described to us the haggard appearance of the poor wretches who came out of Genoa, after the famous siege sustained by Massena, in a very striking manner: we have frequently been surprised at the fine, simple, spirited manner in which the vulgar, and particularly the vulgar of Italy, describe any thing that comes home to their bosoms; and this present was a good instance—it brought Dante to our minds. We went to bed about ten, and soon lost all thoughts of the cruel Suwarrow, of the ambitious, and, perhaps, hardly less cruel, Bonaparte, of the Pope, and of Massena, in a refreshing sleep.

The next morning the bad weather continued: as we went on, however, it cleared up by degrees; we passed through several villages, observed some fine mountain scenes (though under a very different aspect to what we had last seen them in the summer season, green with foliage, and prank't with flowers), and about 11 o'clock reached the narrow rough pass of the Bocchetta. While we

stood there examining the harshness and *pêle-mêle* confusion of the mountains, the clouds cleared up, and the vapours floating away, gave us a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean; it was but a glimpse, but it was rich in pleasure; it was impossible for us to see again that classic sea, on whose waters and on whose shores we had spent so many memorable hours, without emotions of delight!

The descent from the pass is very rapid: as we got lower down we saw the rough mountain (crowned by the celebrated battery of the *Sprone*, and a continuation of towers and fortifications), against which proud Genoa leans her shoulders, and were delighted with a variety of mountain scenery, equal, we think, to any in the lesser Alps. Watch-towers that perch on the points and angles, church spires, white villages, and country mansions, that rise from the midst of woods of chesnut and oak, or peep between the boles and interstices of the trees—cattle and flocks grazing on the flats, and goats that sound their rustic bells on the cliffs above clear waters that throw themselves down the steep rocks, or babble along narrow deep valleys—such are the components of scenes which will ever charm, and such are here found in abundance.

In about two hours and a half from the time of our leaving the pass of the Bocchetta, we reached the *Val di Polcevera*, which winds at the foot of the mountains that shut in Genoa. This valley is exceedingly populous; village succeeds to village with little intermission; the number of villas and country houses (all fantastically painted on the outside) is astonishing, and gives an imposing idea of the former affluence and splendour of the Genoese.—The termination of this valley brought us close to the sea shore; then turning to the left and passing the magnificent suburb *Il Borgo di San Pier d'Arena* (a long stately row of houses parallel to the sea shore), we soon arrived at the *Lanterna* (light-house), whence we discovered the city and the port; and in less than another half hour we were inclosed by the triple walls of *Genova la Superba*.

## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. XI.

## THE HAUNTED SHIPS.

Though my mind's not  
 Hoodwink'd with rustic marvels, I do think  
 There are more things in the grove, the air, the flood,  
 Yea, and the charnell'd earth, than what wise man,  
 Who walks so proud as if his form alone  
 Fill'd the wide temple of the universe,  
 Will let a frail maid say. I'd write i' the creed  
 O' the sagest head alive, that fearful forms,  
 Holy or reprobate, do page men's heels;  
 That shapes, too horrid for our gaze, stand o'er  
 The murderer's dust, and for revenge glare up,  
 Even till the stars weep fire for very pity.

ALONG the coast of Solway, romantic on the Scottish side, with its woodlands, and bays, and cliffs, and headlands; and interesting on the English side, with its many beautiful towns with their shadows on the water, rich pastures, safe harbours, and numerous ships; there still linger many traditional stories of a maritime nature, most of them connected with superstitions singularly wild and unusual. To the curious these tales afford a rich fund of entertainment, from the many diversities of the same story; some dry and barren, and stripped of all the embellishments of poetry; others dressed out in all the riches of a superstitious belief and haunted imagination. In this they resemble the inland traditions of the peasants; but many of the oral treasures of the Galwegian or the Cumbrian coast have the stamp of the Dane and the Norsemen upon them, and claim but a remote or faint affinity with the legitimate legends of Caledonia. Something like a rude prosaic outline of several of the most noted of the northern ballads, the adventures and depredations of the old ocean kings, still lends life to the evening tale; and, among others, the story of the Haunted Ships is still popular among the maritime peasantry.

One fine harvest evening I went on board the shallop of Richard Faulder, of Allanbay; and, committing ourselves to the waters, we allowed a gentle wind from the east to waft us at its pleasure towards the Scottish coast. We passed the sharp promontory of Siddick; and skirting the land within a stone cast, glided along

the shore till we came within sight of the ruined Abbey of Sweetheart. The green mountain of Criffell ascended beside us; and the bleat of the flocks from its summit, together with the winding of the evening horn of the reapers, came softened into something like music over land and sea. We pushed our shallop into a deep and wooded bay, and sat silently looking on the serene beauty of the place. The moon glimmered in her rising through the tall shafts of the pines of Caerlaverock, and the sky, with scarce a cloud, showered down on wood, and headland, and bay, the twinkling beams of a thousand stars, rendering every object visible. The tide too was coming with that swift and silent swell observable when the wind is gentle; the woody curves along the land were filling with the flood till it touched the green branches of the drooping trees; while in the centre current the roll and the plunge of a thousand pellocks told to the experienced fisherman that salmon were abundant. As we looked, we saw an old man emerging from a path that winded to the shore through a grove of doddered hazel; he carried a halve-net on his back, while behind him came a girl, bearing a small harpoon with which the fishers are remarkably dextrous in striking their prey. The senior seated himself on a large gray stone which overlooked the bay, laid aside his bonnet, and submitted his bosom and neck to the refreshing sea breeze; and taking his harpoon from his attendant, sat with the gravity and composure of a spirit of the flood, with his ministering nymph behind him. We pushed our shallop

to the shore, and soon stood at their side. "This is old Mark Macmoran, the mariner, with his grand-daughter Barbara," said Richard Faulder, in a whisper that had something of fear in it; "he knows every creek, and cavern, and quicksand, in Solway,—has seen the Spectre Hound that haunts the Isle of Man; has heard him bark, and at every bark has seen a ship sink; and he has seen, too, the Haunted Ships in full sail; and, if all tales be true, he has sailed in them himself;—he's an awful person." Though I perceived in the communication of my friend something of the superstition of the sailor, I could not help thinking that common rumour had made a happy choice in singling out old Mark to maintain her intercourse with the invisible world. His hair, which seemed to have refused all intercourse with the comb, hung matted upon his shoulders; a kind of mantle, or rather blanket, pinned with a wooden skewer round his neck, fell mid-leg down, concealing all his nether garments as far as a pair of hose, darned with yarn of all conceivable colours, and a pair of shoes, patched and repaired till nothing of the original structure remained, and clasped on his feet with two massy silver buckles. If the dress of the old man was rude and sordid, that of his grand-daughter was gay, and even rich. She wore a boddice of fine wool, wrought round the bosom with alternate leaf and hly, and a kirtle of the same fabric, which, almost touching her white and delicate ankle, showed her snowy feet so fairy-light and round that they scarcely seemed to touch the grass where she stood. Her hair, a natural ornament which woman seeks much to improve, was of bright glossy brown, and encumbered rather than adorned with a smood, set thick with marine productions, among which the small clear pearl found in the Solway was conspicuous. Nature had not trusted to a handsome shape, and a sylph-like air, for young Barbara's influence over the heart of man; but had bestowed a pair of large bright blue eyes, swimming in liquid light, so full of love, and gentleness, and joy, that all the sailors from Annanwater to far Saint Bees acknowledged their power, and sung songs about the bonnie lass of Mark

Macmoran. She stood holding a small gaff-hook of polished steel in her hand, and seemed not dissatisfied with the glances I bestowed on her from time to time, and which I held more than requited by a single glance of those eyes which retained so many capricious hearts in subjection.

The tide, though rapidly augmenting, had not yet filled the bay at our feet. The moon now streamed fairly over the tops of Caerlaverock pines, and showed the expanse of ocean dimpling and swelling, on which sloops and shallops came dancing, and displaying at every turn their extent of white sail against the beam of the moon. I looked on old Mark the mariner, who, seated motionless on his gray stone, kept his eye fixed on the increasing waters with a look of seriousness and sorrow in which I saw little of the calculating spirit of a mere fisherman. Though he looked on the coming tide, his eyes seemed to dwell particularly on the black and decayed hulls of two vessels, which, half immersed in the quicksand, still addressed to every heart a tale of shipwreck and desolation. The tide wheeled and foamed around them; and creeping inch by inch up the side, at last fairly threw its waters over the top, and a long and hollow eddy showed the resistance which the liquid element received. The moment they were fairly buried in the water the old man clasped his hands together, and said, "Blessed be the tide that will break over and bury ye for ever! Sad to mariners, and sorrowful to maids and mothers, has the time been you have choked up this deep and bonnie bay. For evil were you sent, and for evil have you continued. Every season finds from you its song of sorrow and wail, its funeral processions, and its shrouded corpses. Woe to the land where the wood grew that made ye! Cursed be the axe that hewed ye on the mountains, the hands that joined ye together, the bay that ye first swam in, and the wind that wasted ye here! Seven times have ye put my life in peril, three fair sons have ye swept from my side, and two bonnie grand-bairns; and now, even now, your waters foam and flash for my destruction, did I venture my infirm limbs in quest of food in your deadly bay. I see by that ripple and that foam,

and hear by the sound and singing of your surge, that ye yearn for another victim, but it shall not be me nor mine." Even as the old mariner addressed himself to the wrecked ships a young man appeared at the southern extremity of the bay, holding his halve-net in his hand, and hastening into the current. Mark rose, and shouted, and waved him back from a place which, to a person unacquainted with the dangers of the bay, real and superstitious, seemed sufficiently perilous: his granddaughter too added her voice to his, and waved her white hands; but the more they strove the faster advanced the peasant till he stood to his middle in the water, while the tide increased every moment in depth and strength. "Andrew, Andrew," cried the young woman, in a voice quivering with emotion, "turn, turn, I tell you: O the Ships, the Haunted Ships!" but the appearance of a fine run of fish had more influence with the peasant than the voice of bonnie Barbara, and forward he dashed, net in hand. In a moment he was borne off his feet, and mingled like foam with the water, and hurried towards the fatal eddies which whirled and roared round the sunken ships. But he was a powerful young man, and an expert swimmer: he seized on one of the projecting ribs of the nearest hulk, and clinging to it with the grasp of despair, uttered yell after yell, sustaining himself against the prodigious rush of the current. From a sheeling of turf and straw, within the pitch of a bar from the spot where we stood, came out an old woman bent with age, and leaning on a crutch. "I hear the voice of that lad Andrew Lammie; can the child be drowning that he skirls sae uncannilie?" said the old woman, seating herself on the ground, and looking earnestly at the water. "Ou aye," she continued, "he's doomed, he's doomed; heart and hand can never save him; boats, ropes, and man's strength and wit, all vain! vain! he's doomed, he's doomed!" By this time, I had thrown myself into the shallow, followed reluctantly by Richard Faulder, over whose courage and kindness of heart superstition had great power; and with one push from the shore, and some exertion in skulling, we came within a quoit-cast of the unfortu-

nate fisherman. He staid not to profit by our aid; for when he perceived us near he uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and bounded towards us through the agitated element the full length of an oar. I saw him for a second on the surface of the water; but the eddying current sucked him down; and all I ever beheld of him again was his hand held above the flood, and clutching in agony at some imaginary aid. I sat gazing in horror on the vacant sea before us: but a breathing-time before, a human being, full of youth, and strength, and hope, was there: his cries were still ringing in my ears and echoing in the woods; and now nothing was seen or heard save the turbulent expanse of water, and the sound of its chafing on the shores. We pushed back our shallop, and resumed our station on the cliff beside the old mariner and his descendant. "Wherefore sought ye to peril your own lives fruitlessly?" said Mark, "in attempting to save the doomed. Whoso touches those infernal ships never survives to tell the tale. Woe to the man who is found nigh them at midnight when the tide has subsided and they arise in their former beauty, with fore-castle, and deck, and sail, and pennon, and shroud. Then is seen the streaming of lights along the water from their cabin windows, and then is heard the sound of mirth and the clamour of tongues, and the infernal whoop and hallo, and song, ringing far and wide. Woe to the man who comes nigh them." To all this my Allanbay companion listened with a breathless attention. I felt something touched with a superstition to which I partly believed I had seen one victim offered up; and I inquired of the old mariner, "How and when came these haunted ships there? To me they seem but the melancholy relics of some unhappy voyagers, and much more likely to warn people to shun destruction, than entice and delude them to it." "And so," said the old man with a smile, which had more of sorrow in it than of mirth; "and so, young man, these black and shattered hulks seem to the eye of the multitude. But things are not what they seem: that water, a kind and convenient servant to the wants of man, which seems so smooth, and so dimpling, and so gentle, has swal-

lowed up a human soul even now ; and the place which it covers, so fair and so level, is a faithless quicksand, out of which none escape. Things are otherwise than they seem. Had you lived as long as I have had the sorrow to live ; had you seen the storms, and braved the perils, and endured the distresses which have befallen me ; had you sat gazing out on the dreary ocean at midnight on a haunted coast ; had you seen comrade after comrade, brother after brother, and son after son, swept away by the merciless ocean from your very side ; had you seen the shapes of friends, doomed to the wave and the quicksand, appearing to you in the dreams and visions of the night ; then would your mind have been prepared for crediting the maritime legends of mariners ; and the two haunted Danish ships would have had their terrors for you, as they have for all who sojourn on this coast. Of the time and the cause of their destruction I know nothing certain : they have stood as you have seen them for uncounted time ; and while all other ships wrecked on this unhappy coast have gone to pieces, and rotted, and sunk away in a few years, these two haunted hulks have neither sunk in the quicksand, nor has a single spar or board been displaced. Maritime legend says, that two ships of Denmark having had permission, for a time, to work deeds of darkness and dolour on the deep, were at last condemned to the whirlpool and the sunken rock, and were wrecked in this bonnie bay, as a sign to seamen to be gentle and devout. The night when they were lost was a harvest evening of uncommon mildness and beauty : the sun had newly set ; the moon came brighter and brighter out ; and the reapers, laying their sickles at the root of the standing corn, stood on rock and bank, looking at the increasing magnitude of the waters, for sea and land were visible from Saint Bees to Barnhourie. The sails of two vessels were soon seen bent for the Scottish coast ; and with a speed outrunning the swiftest ship they approached the dangerous quicksands and headland of Borranpoint. On the deck of the foremost ship not a living soul was seen, or shape, unless something in darkness and form resembling a human shadow could be call-

ed a shape, which flitted from extremity to extremity of the ship, with the appearance of trimming the sails and directing the vessel's course. But the decks of its companion were crowded with human shapes ; the captain, and mate, and sailor, and cabin boy, all seemed there ; and from them the sound of mirth and minstrelsy echoed over land and water. The coast which they skirted along was one of extreme danger ; and the reapers shouted to warn them to beware of sand-bank and rock ; but of this friendly counsel no notice was taken, except that a large and famished dog, which sat on the prow, answered every shout with a long, loud, and melancholy howl. The deep sand-bank of Carsethorn was expected to arrest the career of these desperate navigators ; but they passed, with the celerity of waterfowl, over an obstruction which had wrecked many pretty ships.

“ Old men shook their heads and departed, saying, ‘ We have seen the fiend sailing in a bottomless ship ; let us go home and pray : ’ but one young and wilful man said, ‘ Fiend ! I’ll warrant it’s nae fiend, but douce Janet Wither-shins, the witch, holding a carouse with some of her Cumberland cummers, and mickle red wine will be spilt atween them. Dod I would gladly have a toothfu ! I’ll warrant its name o’ your cauld sour slae-water like a bottle of Bailie Skrinkie’s port, but right drap-o’-my-heart’s-blood stuff that would waken a body out of their last linen. I wonder where the cummers will anchor their craft ? ’ ‘ And I’ll vow,’ said another rustic, ‘ the wine they quaff is none of your visionary drink, such as a drouthie body has dished out to his lips in a dream ; nor is it shadowy and unsubstantial like the vessels they sail in, which are made out of a cockle-shell or a cast-off-slipper, or the paring of a seaman’s right thumb-nail. I once got a hansel out of a witch’s quagh myself,—auld Marion Mathers of Dustiefoot, whom they tried to bury in the auld kirk-yard of Dunscore, but the cummer raise as fast as they laid her down, and nae where else would she lie but in the bonnie green kirk-yard of Kier, among douce and sponible fowk. So I’ll vow that the wine of a witch’s cup is as fell



liquor as ever did a kindly turn to a poor man's heart; and be they fiends or be they witches, if they have red wine asteer, I'll risk a drouket sark for ae glorious tout out.' 'Silence, ye sinners,' said the minister's son of a neighbouring parish, who united in his own person his father's lack of devotion with his mother's love of liquor. 'Whisht!—speak as if ye had the fear of something holy before ye. Let the vessels run their own way to destruction: who can stay the eastern wind, and the current of the Solway sea? I can find ye Scripture warrant for that: so let them try their strength on Blawhooly rocks, and their might on the broad quicksand. There's a surf running there would knock the ribs together of a galley built by the imps of the pit, and commanded by the Prince of Darkness. Bonnie and bravely they sail away there; but before the blast blows by they'll be wrecked; and red wine and strong brandy will be as rife as dyke-water, and we'll drink the health of bonnie Bell Blackness out of her left-foot slipper.' The speech of the young profligate was applauded by several of his companions, and away they flew to the bay of Blawhooly, from whence they never returned. The two vessels were observed all at once to stop in the bosom of the bay, on the spot where their hulls now appear: the mirth and the minstrelsy waxed louder than ever; and the forms of maidens, with instruments of music and wine cups in their hands, thronged the decks. A boat was lowered; and the same shadowy pilot who conducted the ships made it start towards the shore with the rapidity of lightning, and its head knocked against the bank where the four young men stood, who longed for the unblest drink. They leaped in with a laugh, and with a laugh were they welcomed on deck; wine cups were given to each, and as they raised them to their lips the vessels melted away beneath their feet; and one loud shriek, mingled with laughter still louder, was heard over land and water for many miles. Nothing more was heard or seen till the morning, when the crowd who came to the beach saw with fear and wonder the two Haunted Ships, such as they now seem, masts and tackle gone; nor mark, nor sign, by which

their name, country, or destination could be known, was left remaining. Such is the tradition of the mariners; and its truth has been attested by many families whose sons and whose fathers have been drowned in the haunted bay of Blawhooly."

"And trow ye," said the old woman, who, attracted from her hut by the drowning cries of the young fisherman, had remained an auditor of the mariner's legend; "And trow ye, Mark Macmoran, that the tale of the Haunted Ships is done? I can say no to that. Mickle have mine ears heard; but more mine eyes have witnessed since I came to dwell in this humble home by the side of the deep sea. I mind the night weel: it was on Hallowmass eve: the nuts were cracked, the apples were ate, and spell and charm were tried at my fire-side; till, wearied with diving into the dark waves of futurity, the lads and lasses fairly took to the more visible blessings of kind words, tender clasps, and gentle courtship. Soft words in a maiden's ear, and a kindlie kiss o' her lip, were old world matters to me, Mark Macmoran; though I meah not to say that I have been free of the folly of dauning and daffin with a youth in my day, and keeping tryste with him in dark and lonely places. However, as I say, these times of enjoyment were passed and gone with me; the mair's the pity that pleasure should fly sae fast away—and as I could nae make sport I thought I should not mar any; so out I sauntered into the fresh cold air, and sat down behind that old oak, and looked abroad on the wide sea. I had my ain sad thoughts, ye may think, at the time: it was in that very bay my blythe good-man perished, with seven more in his company,—and on that very bank where ye see the waves leaping and foaming, I saw seven stately corsees streaked, but the dearest was the eighth. It was a woeful sight to me, a widow, with four bonnie boys, with nought to support them but these twa hands, and God's blessing and a cow's grass. I have never liked to live out of sight of this bay since that time; and mony's the moonlight night I sit looking on these watery mountains and these waste shores; it does my heart good, whatever it may do to my head. So ye see it was Hallowmass night; and

looking on sea and land sat I; and my heart wandering to other thoughts soon made me forget my youthful company at home. It might be near the howe hour of the night: the tide was making, and its singing brought strange old world stories with it; and I thought on the dangers that sailors endure, the fates they meet with, and the fearful forms they see. My own blythe good-man had seen sights that made him grave enough at times, though he aye tried to laugh them away. Aweel, atween that very rock aneath us and the coming tide, I saw, or thought I saw, for the tale is so dream-like that the whole might pass for a vision of the night, I saw the form of a man: his plaid was gray; his face was gray; and his hair, which hung low down till it nearly came to the middle of his back, was as white as the white sea-foam. He began to howk and dig under the bank; an' God be near me, thought I, this maun be the unblesst spirit of Auld Adam Gowdgowpin, the miser, who is doomed to dig for shipwrecked treasure, and count how many millions are hidden for ever from man's enjoyment. The Form found something which in shape and hue seemed a left-foot slipper of brass; so down to the tide he marched, and placing it on the water, whirled it thrice round; and the infernal slipper dilated at every turn, till it became a bonnie barge with its sails bent, and on board leaped the form, and scudded swiftly away. He came to one of the Haunted Ships; and striking it with his oar, a fair ship, with mast, and canvass, and mariners, started up: he touched the other Haunted Ship, and produced the like transformation; and away the three spectre ships bounded, leaving a track of fire behind them on the billows which was long unextinguished. Now was nae that a bonnie and a fearful sight to see beneath the light of the Hallowmass moon? But the tale is far frae finished; for mariners say that once a year, on a certain night, if ye stand on the Borran-point, ye will see the infernal shallows coming snoring through the Solway: ye will hear the same laugh, and song, and mirth, and minstrelsy, which our ancestors heard; see them bound over the sand-banks and sunken rocks like sea-gulls, cast their anchor

in Blawhooly bay, while the shadowy figure lowers down the boat, and augments their numbers with the four unhappy mortals to whose memory a stone stands in the kirk-yard, with a sinking ship and a shoreless sea cut upon it. Then the spectre ships vanish, and the drowning shriek of mortals, and the rejoicing laugh of fiends are heard, and the old hulls are left as a memorial that the old spiritual kingdom has not departed from the earth. But I maun away, and trim my little cottage fire, and make it burn and blaze up bonnie, to warm the crickets, and my cold and crazy bones, that maun soon be laid aneath the green sod in the eerie kirk-yard." And away the old dame tottered to her cottage, secured the door on the inside, and soon the hearth-flame was seen to glimmer and gleam through key-hole and window.

"I'll tell ye what," said the old mariner, in a subdued tone, and with a shrewd and suspicious glance of his eye after the old sybil, "it's a word that may not very well be uttered, but there are many mistakes made in evening stories if old Moll Moray there, where she lives, knows not mickle more than she is willing to tell of the Haunted Ships and their unhallowed mariners. She lives cannie and quietly; no one knows how she is fed or supported; but her dress is aye whole, her cottage ever smokes, and her table lacks neither of wine, white and red, nor of fowl and fish, and white bread and brown. It was a dear scoff to Jock Matheson, when he called old Moll the uncannie carline of Blawhooly: his boat ran round and round in the centre of the Solway,—everybody said it was enchanted,—and down it went head foremost: and had nae Jock been a swimmer equal to a sheldrake he would have fed the fish;—but I'll warrant it sobered the lad's speech; and he never reckoned himself safe till he made auld Moll the present of a new kirtle and a stone of cheese." "O father," said his grand-daughter Barbara, "ye surely wrong poor old Mary Moray: what use could it be to an old woman like her, who has no wrongs to redress, no malice to work out against mankind, and nothing to seek of enjoyment save a cannie hour and a quiet grave—what use could the fellowship of fiends and the commu-

nion of evil spirits be to her? I know Jenny Primrose puts rowan-tree above the door-head when she sees old Mary coming; I know the good wife of Kittlenaket wears rowan-berry leaves in the headband of her blue kirtle, and all for the sake of averting the unsonie glance of Mary's right ee; and I know that the auld laird of Burntroutwater drives his seven cows to their pasture with a wand of witchtree, to keep Mary from milking them. But what has all that to do with haunted shallops, visionary mariners, and bottomless boats? I have heard myself as pleasant a tale about the Haunted Ships and their unworldly crews as any one would wish to hear in a winter evening. It was told to me by young Benjie Macharg, one summer night, sitting on Arbigland bank: the lad intended a sort of love meeting; but all that he could talk of was about smearing sheep and shearing sheep, and of the wife which the Norway elves of the Haunted Ships made for his uncle Sandie Macharg. And I shall tell ye the tale as the honest lad told it to me. Alexander Macharg, besides being the laird of three acres of peatmoss, two kale gardens, and the owner of seven good milch cows, a pair of horses, and six pet sheep, was the husband of one of the handsomest women in seven parishes. Many a lad sighed the day he was bridged; and a Nithsdale laird and two Anandale moorland farmers drank themselves to their last linen, as well as their last shilling, through sorrow for her loss. But married was the dame; and home she was carried, to bear rule over her home and her husband, as an honest woman should. Now ye maun ken that though the flesh and blood lovers of Alexander's bonnie wife all ceased to love and to sue her after she became another's, there were certain admirers who did not consider their claim at all abated, or their hopes lessened by the kirk's famous obstacle of matrimony. Ye have heard how the devout minister of Tinwald had a fair son carried away, and bedded against his liking to an unchristened bride, whom the elves and the fairies provided: ye have heard how the bonnie bride of the drunken laird of Soukitup was stolen by the fairies out at the back-

window of the bridal chamber, the time the bridegroom was groping his way to the chamber door; and ye have heard—but why need I multiply cases? such things in the ancient days were as common as candle-light. So ye'll no hinder certain water elves and sea fairies, who sometimes keep festival and summer mirth in these old haunted hulks, from falling in love with the weel-faured wife of Laird Macharg; and to their plots and contrivances they went how they might accomplish to sunder man and wife; and sundering such a man and such a wife was like sundering the green leaf from the summer, or the fragrance from the flower. So it fell on a time that Laird Macharg took his halvenet on his back, and his steel spear in his hand, and down to Blawhooly bay gade he, and into the water he went right between the two haunted hulks, and placing his net awaited the coming of the tide. The night, ye maun ken, was mirk, and the wind lowne, and the singing of the increasing waters among the shells and the peebles was heard for sundry miles. All at once lights began to glance and twinkle on board the two Haunted Ships from every hole and seam, and presently the sound as of a hatchet employed in squaring timber echoed far and wide. But if the toil of these unearthly workmen amazed the Laird, how much more was his amazement increased when a sharp shrill voice called out, 'Ho! brother, what are you doing now?' A voice still shriller responded from the other haunted ship, 'I'm making a wife to Sandie Macharg!' and a loud quavering laugh running from ship to ship, and from bank to bank, told the joy they expected from their labour. Now the laird, besides being a devout and a God-fearing man, was shrewd and bold; and in plot, and contrivance, and skill in conducting his designs, was fairly an overmatch for any dozen land elves: but the water elves are far more subtle; besides, their haunts and their dwellings being in the great deep, pursuit and detection is hopeless if they succeed in carrying their prey to the waves. But ye shall hear. Home flew the laird,—collected his family around the hearth,—spoke of the signs and the sins of the times, and talked of mortification and prayer for

averting calamity; and finally taking his father's Bible, brass clasps, black print, and covered with calf-skin, from the shelf, he proceeded without let or stint to perform domestic worship. I should have told ye that he bolted and locked the door, shut up all inlet to the house, threw salt into the fire, and proceeded in every way like a man skilful in guarding against the plots of fairies and fiends. His wife looked on all this with wonder; but she saw something in her husband's looks that hindered her from intruding either question or advice, and a wise woman was she. Near the mid hour of the night the rush of a horse's feet was heard, and the sound of a rider leaping from its back, and a heavy knock came to the door accompanied by a voice, saying, 'The cummer drink's hot, and the knave bairn is expected at Laird Laurie's to-night; sae mount, good-wife, and come.' 'Preserve me!' said the wife of Sandie Macharg; 'that's news indeed; who could have thought it? the laird has been heirless for seventeen years! Now Sandie, my man, fetch me my skirt and hood.' But he laid his arm round his wife's neck, and said, 'If all the lairds in Galloway go heirless, over this door threshold shall you not stir to-night; and I have said, and I have sworn it: seek not to know why nor wherefore—but, Lord, send us thy blessed morn-light.' The wife looked for a moment in her husband's eyes, and desisted from further entreaty. 'But let us send a civil message to the gossips, Sandy; and hadnae ye better say I am sair laid with a sudden sickness; though its sinful-like to send the poor messenger a mile agate with a lie in his mouth without a glass of brandy.' 'To such a messenger, and to those who sent him, no apology is needed,' said the austere laird, 'so let him depart.' And the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the muttered imprecations of its rider on the churlish treatment he had experienced. 'Now Sandie, my lad,' said his wife, laying an arm particularly white and round about his neck as she spoke, 'are you not a queer man and a stern? I have been your wedded wife now these three years; and, beside my dower, have brought you three as bonnie bairns as ever smiled

aneath a summer sun. O man, you a douce man, and fitter to be an elder than even Willie Greer himself, I have the minister's ain word for't, to put on these hard-hearted looks, and gang waving your arms that way, as if ye said, 'I winna take the counsel of sic a hempie as you,' your ain leal wife; I will and I maun have an explanation.' To all this Sandie Macharg replied, 'It is written—"wives, obey your husbands;" but we have been stayed in our devotion, so let us pray; and down he knelt: his wife knelt also, for she was as devout as bonnie; and beside them knelt their household, and all lights were extinguished. 'Now this beats a,' muttered his wife to herself; 'however, I shall be obedient for a time; but if I dinna ken what all this is for before the morn by sunket-time, my tongue is nae langer a tongue, nor my hands worth wearing.' The voice of her husband in prayer interrupted this mental soliloquy; and ardently did he beseech to be preserved from the wiles of the fiends and the snares of Satan; from witches, ghosts, goblins, elves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies; from the spectre shallop of Solway; from spirits visible and invisible; from the Haunted Ships and their unearthly tenants; from maritime spirits that plotted against godly men, and fell in love with their wives—'Nay, but his presence be near us!' said his wife in a low tone of dismay. 'God guide my gude-man's wits: I never heard such a prayer from human lips before. But Sandie, my man, lordsake rise: what fearful light is this—barn, and byre, and stable, maun be in a blaze; and Hawkie and Hurley, Doddie, and Cherie, and Damson-plum, will be smoor-ed with reek, and scorched with flame.' And a flood of light, but not so gross as a common fire, which ascended to heaven and filled all the court before the house, amply justified the good wife's suspicions. But to the terrors of fire Sandie was as immoveable as he was to the imaginary groans of the barren wife of Laird Laurie; and he held his wife, and threatened the weight of his right-hand—and it was a heavy one—to all who ventured abroad, or even unbolted the door. The neighing and prancing of horses, and the bellowing of cows, augmented the horrors of the

night; and to any one who only heard the din it seemed that the whole onstead was in a blaze, and horses and cattle perishing in the flame. All wiles, common or extraordinary, were put in practice to entice or force the honest farmer and his wife to open the door; and when the like success attended every new stratagem, silence for a little while ensued, and a long, loud, and shrilling laugh wound up the dramatic efforts of the night. In the morning, when Laird Macharg went to the door, he found standing against one of the pilasters a piece of black ship oak, rudely fashioned into something like human form, and which skilful people declared would have been clothed with seeming flesh and blood, and palmed upon him by elfin adroitness for his wife, had he

admitted his visitants. A synod of wise men and women sat upon the woman of timber, and she was finally ordered to be devoured by fire, and that in the open air. A fire was soon made, and into it the elfin sculpture was tossed from the prongs of two pair of pitchforks. And the blaze that arose was awful to behold; and hissings, and burstings, and loud cracklings, and strange noises, were heard in the midst of the flame; and when the whole sunk into ashes a drinking cup of some precious metal was found; and this cup, fashioned no doubt by elfin skill, but rendered harmless by the purification with fire, the sons and daughters of Sandie Macharg and his wife drink out of to this very day."

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

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#### VERSES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THE blessings that to earth are sent,  
Like Angel guests, but come and go;  
The spell dissolves, the tie is rent,  
And brief the date of bliss below.

And thou, the darling of the muse,  
Thy flower has bloom'd, thy light has shone;  
Mine eye thine ocean-track pursues;  
I feel thy grasp, and thou art gone.

I trace in joys that passing fly,  
In hopes that chase the hour-glass sand,  
The watchings of a Father's eye,  
The beckonings of a Father's hand.

Not here our home; and grief and care,  
Those stern, kind monitors, repeat  
Here is your prison-house, and there  
The bourne where kindred spirits meet.

The waving mantle faintly seen,  
Of him, whom we no more may see,  
Tells of the pleasures that have been,  
But tells of those that yet shall be.

There is a shore, whence never keel  
Shall waft the parted friend away;  
Rapt on the prophet's fiery wheel,  
The soul shall spurn its perish'd clay.

And they, whose hearts despondence wrings,  
While change and chance their link discover,  
Shall stoop their interclasping wings,  
Met at Heaven's gate, and met for ever.

OLEN.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, FROM ISLINGTON TO WATERLOO BRIDGE, IN MARCH, 1821.

The son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses: with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, streights, and isthmuses.—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.*

"I SHOULD like very much to travel," said a young cockney, with his feet on the fender. "London is a vast place; but the world is ten times bigger, and, no doubt, a many strange things are to be seen in it."

"And pray, young man," said an old gentleman, whom he called the philosopher, "pray are you so familiar with the features of your own country; are you so well acquainted with its men and manners, that you must go out of it for matter of investigation and speculation?"

"As for men," replied the cockney, "we may see them any where. I've seen Cribb, and Spring, and the best good ones that ever peel'd;—and, as for manners, I learned them at the dancing school. I have not been all over England, to be sure, like my father's riders; but I've been to Margate, Brighton, and Moulsey Hurst; so that what I have not seen by sack I have seen by sample. Besides, London is the very focus of England, and sure I am, that I know it from Wapping to Hyde Park corner, and have seen all that is instructive in it. I've been up the Monument, and down St. Paul's, over the bridges, and under the tunnel. I've seen the king and court—Mrs. Salmon's royal waxwork too, and the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change—I've seen Drury Lane and Covent Garden play-houses, besides the houses of Lords and Commons—the Soho Bazaar,—and both Bartlemy Fair, and the Brighton pavilion. I never missed a Lord Mayor's show, nor any thing that is worth seeing; and I know, by sight, Lord Castlereagh, Jack Ketch, Sir William Curtis, Billy Waters, and many other public and distinguished characters."

"If you have seen no more than you say," said the philosopher, "you have seen a great deal more than is English; and if you only wish to study mankind, it is at least a reason against your leaving the country.

England has, to be sure, its national character; but it gives birth to many mongrels, who belong rather to the Spanish, Dutch, or other breeds:—there are foreigners born here, as well as others who visit us, and why should we go abroad to study them, when we have them all in epitome at home? Different nations, like different men, are only compounds of the same ingredients, but in varied proportions. We shall find knaves and honest men in every state, and a large proportion of fools and dunces in them all. We shall find every where the same passions, the same virtues and vices, but altered in their proportions, by the influences of education, laws, and religion; which in some parts tend to improve, and, in others, to pervert the common nature of mankind. It is in their civil and religious institutions that we are to look for the grand causes effecting those distinctions which constitute national character,—but before we go to investigate them, we should, at least, understand a little of our own."

"Pshaw!" said the cockney, who began to grow tired of this harangue, "there are sights to be seen abroad which can't be brought over here; and as for men being the same all the world over, it's all my eye,—an't there the Hottentots that have noses like your Pug's, and heads as black and woolly as my poodle's? An't the Frenchmen all skinny, and have'n't the Spaniards large whiskers? There are the Patagonians too, that are all as big as the Irish giant, and Laplanders no bigger than Miss What's-her-name, the dwarf?"

"Pshaw!" said the philosopher, in his turn; "all these are minor distinctions, and shrink as it were to nothing, when compared with the immeasurable distances between the minds of men:—whether I be Englishman or Hottentot, a Laplander, or a Patagonian,

If I could stretch from pole to pole,  
And grasp the ocean in a span,  
I must be measured by my soul;—  
The mind's the standard of the man.'

"There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between a Hottentot's nose, and my own, which, as you observe, is a fine Roman one, and very like Cæsar's; but there is, I flatter myself, a much greater difference between our understandings. The first is only a difference in the conformation of matter, but the last is a gradation in mind, which, to speak in common language, is the most material matter of the two."

Here the cockney was quite out of patience; he did not care, he said, about mind and matter; and as to the difference of men's minds, why men would differ, but he meant to be of his own mind, and the philosopher might be of his, and so they parted.

As I was present at this conversation, it occurred to me that if men were so much alike every where, or rather, if every soil produced the same varieties, I could see as much of them in a walk through the populous streets of London as in a hasty journey all over the Continent. O! I will not travel, said I, for in the first place, it's unnecessary; and, secondly, I do not feel equal to its fatigues and dangers, and, lastly, said I, (for we always get to the true reason at last) I can't afford it. Besides, I had not seen Waterloo Bridge, and we ought to see our own bridges, before we go to see the bridges of others.

A traveller, said I, should have all his wits about him, and so will I. He should let nothing escape him, no more will I—he should extract reflections out of a cabbage stump, like sun-beams squeezed out of cucumbers; so will I, if I can—and he should converse with every and any one, even a fish-woman. Perhaps I will, and perhaps I will not, said I. Who knows but I may make a sentimental journey, as good as Sterne's; but, at any rate, I can write it, and send it to the LONDON MAGAZINE.

I had hardly left the threshold of my door, ere I met, as I thought, with an adventure. I had just reached that ancient and grotesque house which is said to have been a summer seat of Queen Elizabeth, though now

in the centre of the village, or rather town of Islington, when I observed that the steps which led down to the door, had become the seat, or rather the couch, of an unfortunate female. She had, like Sterne's Maria, her dog, and her pipe, and like her too, she was evidently beside herself. "Poor unfortunate and interesting Maria," said I, "as she came into my mind, exactly as Sterne had drawn her. I had touched a string—at the name of Maria, the female for the first time raised her head, and I caught a glance of her uncommon countenance. The rose had not fled from it, nor the bloom, for this was damson, and that was damask; there was a fixedness in her gaze, and although she quickly turn'd her head away, she could not hide from me that she had a drop in her eye.

"It won't do," said I, shaking my head, "Maria found Sterne's handkerchief, and washed it with tears, and dried it in her bosom; but if I lose mine here, it's ten to one if I see it again; and if this Maria should wet it with her eyes, methinks it would dry best again at her nose. There is nothing to sympathize with in her bewilderment—she's rather bewitched than bewitching—she's a dry subject," and so I left her.

My eyes, however, were full charged with the tears, and my bosom with the sighs, which I had expected to mingle with those of the supposed unfortunate. Some sentimentalists would have vented them upon the first dead dog, or lame chicken, they might meet with, but I held them too valuable to be wasted upon such objects. I hate the weeping-willow set, who will cry over their pug dogs, and canaries, till they have no tears to spare for the real children of misfortune and misery,—but sensibility is too scarce, and too valuable, not to be often imitated, and these therefore are the ways in which they advertise their counterfeit drops. They should be punished like any other impostors, and they might be made of some use to society at the same time; for as other convicts are set to beat hemp, and pick oakum, so I would set these to perform funerals, and to chop onions. These reflections, and the incidents which gave rise to them, I resolved to treasure up, for they

would perhaps have their use in some part of my journey. They will warn me against being too sentimental, said I. In the first place, it's ridiculous—secondly, it's useless—and, lastly, it's inconvenient, for I just recollect that there's a very large hole in my pocket handkerchief.

These reflections brought me into Colebrook Row, or rather into a heap of mud that stood at the end of it, for street reveries are very subject to such sudden terminations. They say that Englishmen have a rusticity about them, that only rubs off by a little travel; but that must certainly be erroneous, for I had hardly gone a quarter of a mile, ere I lost, in the mudding of my boots, the little all of polish that I wore about me. Barring the first agony of mortification, I bore it, however, with uncommon fortitude, for I knew that travellers must expect to meet, as I did, with sad and serious accidents. There passed, moreover, a young gentleman, in very tight *trotter-cases*, but whilst his feet gave evident signs of suffering, I observed that his countenance was calm, vacant, and stoical. Pshaw! said I, if he can bear his pinches so well, I may surely put up with my splashes—this pain of mine exists only in imagination, whereas his poor feet,—like Shakspeare's stricken deer, “distend their leathern coats almost to bursting.” What a felicity there is in a happy application of words! I was so pleased with the resemblance which I had discovered between the foot of a dandy and a stricken deer, that I quite forgot my vexation, and its cause. I found, as I thought, that I had a genius for apt quotations, and resolved not to be sparing of them; they would give to my travels an air of great learning, and, if learning be better than riches, there would be no more harm in showing it thus, than in pulling out a large purse, as some do, to give a poor beggar a halfpenny.

“Give a poor beggar a halfpenny,” said a man, as if he had heard and echoed the last part of my thought. The City Road was excessively dirty, but he had swept a cleaner passage over it, and as I trod across his little track of Terra Firma, I dropped the merited coin into his hat, for I saw

he had only half a crown in it. “Thank your honour,” said he, looking full in my face, and then looking down upon my boots, he thanked me again, and still more emphatically. “It's very true,” said I, entering into his feeling—“it's very true—and if I too had looked upon my boots you probably had not had it.” He thought, no doubt, with certain philosophers, that man's main spring is selfishness, and perhaps he was not quite wrong; but, at all events, to decide it, I resolved to watch his customers, and analyze his profits. “A plague take the fellow!” said an old gentleman, whom he had hunted fifty paces for a halfpenny; “you ought to be reported to the Mendicity society.” He gave it him to get rid of his importunity, thought I; he would have kept his halfpenny by walking a little faster—but he walks very lame, poor old gentleman, and that perhaps makes him pettish. The next halfpenny he got from a lady, who had walked a long way down the road to avail herself of his labour. ‘Twas rather for her upper leather's than her soul's sake, said I; and as for that old lady that followed her, I can read in his face that she has given him a pocket-piece—but they all go in charity, as it is call'd, and I have learn'd, by the bye, what to do with a forged or flash note. As nobody else seemed inclined to give him any thing, I summ'd up my calculation; one third had been given from inconvenience, and one third for convenience, and the rest, or the pocket-piece, was the gift of pure charity.

We may say of charity, as Hamlet Travestied, does of death—that it's truly a fine thing to talk of. We all preach it—we all praise and admire, but when we come to the practise of it, we “leave that to men of more learning,” and are as careful of our pence, as of our lives, when we “find they've no chance of returning.”

I had hardly ended these uncharitable reflections when I was obliged to retract and repent them. I had begun to read a very conspicuous hand-bill, which was pasted on some palings near Sadler's Wells, and invited the admirers of fisty-cuffs to a grand sparring benefit, at the Fives Court. But I had hardly got far-



ther than the noble science of self-defence, when it was for the most part eclipsed by a new hand bill, fresh from the pole of the bill-sticker,—and, altogether, they then appeared as follows :—To the Fancy—on such a day—a Sermon will be preached by such a bishop—at such a church, for the benefit of such a charity, and as a little piece of the other bill, expressed at the bottom that *real good ones* were expected, I applied it, of course, to the exclusion of pocket-pieces. I had a fresh subject, besides, in this piece of waggery of the bill-sticker's, which had afforded me no little entertainment. Shakspeare was right, and so was the philosopher, in my estimation, for I saw that what they had represented was correct, that certain characters are confined to no class, condition, nor country. We may meet with dull pedagogues and authors, and with sensible clowns and witty bill-stickers; and I doubt not that we shall as readily meet with blunt Frenchmen, with shuffling Englishmen, and honest and brave Italians.

I met with no other incident worth relating, or reflecting upon, till I came to a public house near Lady Huntingdon's chapel, and there I met with matter of interest and amusement, inasmuch as it involved a question upon national and domestic government.

It was no less than a quarrel between a man and his wife, who had just ejected him from his seat in the parlour; and the argument was, not whether he should go there at all, but whether he should go there without her permission, first sought and obtained. There were not wanting auxiliaries and allies upon each side, and there were as many advocates for the rights of woman, as there were supporters of the doctrine of the free-will of man. There was, besides, a third party, composed chiefly of young persons, perhaps spinsters and bachelors, who, by siding sometimes with one, and sometimes the other, seemed inclined to provoke the opposing parties to a general combat. It was evident, from the clamour of the females, and from the swearing of the men, that the argument, if such it might be called, would never arrive at any legitimate

conclusion; and, taking advantage therefore, of a general pause, the effect of exhausted rage, I was induced to offer my aid as a mediator between the two sexes. Now, it so happens, that when persons are angry or ridiculous, they like to make parties of all the spectators, and as I had taken no part in the fray, but had been strictly neutral, the proposal was generally agreed to; especially as I had the appearance of one of the meek among men. Getting therefore upon one of the benches, I stretched forth my hand, and proceeded as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the question which you have referred to me is of the greatest importance, not only to me, but to you,—not only to you, but to all the world. It requires to know which of the sexes was born for dominion—whether woman should rule,—["or man should be ruled," said an Irishman.] It not only questions whether wife should rule husband, or husband rule wife,—but also if queens should ascend the throne, or if kings should sit on it; for whichever may be unfit to command a family, must be equally unqualified to govern a nation. The conclusion of this sentence was followed by shouts of applause from both parties, each applying to the other the unfitness to which I alluded. "If," said I, "we may judge from a law which exists, and has existed, I should say that the softer sex are unqualified for the thrones, from which by that very law they stand excluded." Here I was obliged to bow to the applause of my male hearers, and also to the ladies, in order to avoid the force of a flying patten.

"But there is one circumstance," I continued, "and it certainly goes strongly against such a conclusion; I mean that in that instance, the men were the law makers." Here again I had to bow to the ladies, and duck to the gentlemen. "I will say, moreover, that if we refer to the history of a nation where that law was unknown, we shall find that the reigns of two thirds of her queens have been happy or glorious. (Loud applause from the females.) This fact, however, goes no further in support of this side of the question, than the Salic law on the other; for, allowing that the

sway of those queens was so sweet and splendid, yet we must remember, that they governed by their ministers, and conquered by their generals and admirals. (Cheers from the men.)

“ If we trace still farther back in history, even unto the days of Saul and David, and if we find a frequent mention of kings, and of their being anointed, what then shall we say of this question, if in the whole course of that history, we find no instance of an anointed queen? (Hisses and groans from the ladies.) If such be the fact, what shall we infer from it, but that there were no priestesses? (Shouts and laughter from the ladies.) But why had they no priestesses? I must confess that I am unable to answer. (Cheers from the males.) I will now consider the other branch of the subject, for although it is evident, that those who are unfit to rule families must be unqualified to govern kingdoms; yet it does not follow, therefore, that those who are unable to govern kingdoms, are unequal to the lighter task of governing a family. There are many very worthy women whom I should be loth to trust with a sceptre, but they sway the domestic rod with vigour and success. (Hear! from the men.) And there are also many men of a different stamp, of indolent or profligate characters, whose affairs thrive best, or would thrive better, under the guidance of their wives. (Hear! from the women.)

“ We know, too, that there are others who have willingly resigned to their wives the controul of their purse, and the direction of their affairs; convinced, by experience, that they were the best merchants, the best accountants, and the best orators. (Hear, hear! from the ladies.)

“ Upon these grounds, we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex—(screams of applause from the women, and groans from the men) I say, upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex—(the same tumult repeated.) I say,” said I, raising my voice, “ I say, that upon these grounds, we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex, provided that the whole, or the greater portion of men, may be supposed idle, profligate, or the most ignorant. But I must confess, and I do it with all sincerity, that this would appear to me to be a most unhandsome, most uncharitable, and unjust estimate. (Shouts from the men, and hisses from the ladies.)

“ How then shall we decide this great question, seeing that the trial by battle is by parliament abolished? It may be ruled from precedent, or rather the want of it, that the female sex be excluded from the sovereignty and the priesthood; but their claims to domestic dominion are as yet uncontroverted, (cheers from the ladies)—and as yet unestablished. (Cheers from the gentlemen.)

“ There only remains, in my opinion, a middle course to pursue :

“ Let all agree—let none engross the sway,  
But each command by turns, and each obey.

“ Let the lady be paramount in the kitchen and the nursery, and absolute in the garrets. Let the gentleman be king in his parlour, and emperor in his study—and as for the drawing room, and the garden, let their sway there be divided. Let her be a judge in fashions, in novels, and in all fancy articles; and let him decide on politics, on liquors, and on horseflesh. As for all other matters of argument, let them be considered as drawn battles at draughts; and, finally, let each sex consider itself as bound to the other, by an alliance offensive and defensive.”

The conclusion of this my oration was followed by very general cries of applause, which were the more gratifying, when I considered the difficulty of pleasing all parties in a concern of so much interest to each. Nor was that my only reward, for I received I know not how many invitations to partake of porter, gin, and punch, all of which I declined, alleging that I wished to go straightway to Waterloo Bridge—at least, as much as it was possible to do so, by Gray’s Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, and the Strand.

I had just reached the middle of Elm Street, when I was alarmed by loud and piercing screams, and as a carriage had rapidly turned the corner, I fear’d that some unfortunate human being had been run over.

There is something in the shrill

cry of a female in distress, that irresistibly impels, and wings one to her succour; I flew up the hill—turned the corner—and beheld at my feet a poor swine, which was screaming under the repeated lashes of a ruffian drover.

She had sunk down, apparently from exhaustion, in the middle of the kennel, and as she startled and kicked under the blood-thirsty thong, her struggles and splashes were truly shocking. Aged—and a female—exposed to insult, cruelty, and indignity—her grunts so like groans—and her squeaks so like screams—it was impossible for humanity to look on and be passive. I straddled over the unfortunate sow, and interposed my own body betwixt her and her tormentor; and had it been at the risk of immolation, my feelings could not have allowed me to shrink from it. I should have died a glorious martyr to humanity!

I protected the innocent—and I did more, for I threatened to chastise her oppressor; and I should certainly have done so with his own whip, if I could only have wrested it from him. However, I accepted the brute's challenge to fight, and here I must say, that upon any other occasion, I should have deemed it disgraceful and ungentlemanly—but in such a cause—as the champion of humanity—the guardian of the brute creation—I thought it not only gentlemanly, but angelic; and I felt that I was quite in my duty when I folded up my new coat, and confided it to the care of a decent shopkeeper. We exchanged only a few blows, and if I did not thrash him heartily, he owed it to my humanity; for it was merely from a reluctance to end in blood what I had begun in tears, that I so speedily declined the combat. The spectators, indeed, did not seem to enter into my feeling—but whip me the man who would not prefer the praise of mercy to the meed of victory! Besides, I considered it a sin—a kind of profanation to mar and disfigure “the human face divine,” and one of us, at least, was handsome.

I did not, however, resign the cause or interests of the poor sow, but slipping a crown into the hand of the drover, I recommended her to his mercy as a man, and a Christian:

“coax her,” said I, “call her, or run before her, and entice her with a cabbage-leaf—do any thing but whip her so cruelly.”

“And now,” I continued, addressing myself to the by-standers, amongst whom were some very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen; “now let me impress upon your memories one very great error as regards pig driving.” A pig will run this way, and that, and any way, perhaps, but the right one; but it is uncharitable and cruel to attribute to *obstinacy*, what may only originate in an over anxiety to please. I have seen a pig run backward, and forward, and sideways, and if it had been possible to run a dozen ways at once, I verily believe it would have done it.”

The sow got up—the crowd dispersed—and I pursued my journey. It afterwards struck me that I heard at a distance, the same shrill, human-like, and persevering screams—but it might be fancy, for I believe they will ring in my ears as often as I pass the corner of Elm-street, Gray's Inn Lane.

Gray's Inn Lane, by the bye, is not, as I conjecture, the true name of it; the ancient appellation must have been any thing but what it now bears, perhaps *Grazing Lane*, because ere it was built upon, the cattle used to graze in it. Be that as it may, there is nothing farther to remark of Gray's Inn Lane, but that it brings one into Holborn.

Hence, and through Chancery Lane, I amused myself by speculating on the faces of the passengers. It's a study I'm very fond of, and if I am in any thing superstitious, it is in the signs and forebodings of the countenance. Who cannot trace in the face of a dandy the circulation of his two ideas, his opinion of himself and others; and who is there that mistakes the keen eye of a genius? But it is Temper that writes the most legible hand in the countenance; and, it is easy, therefore, to distinguish, amongst a crowd, the pet lamb of his mother; the tyrant of his family; and the humble servant of his wife. There's that man, said I, looking at a gentleman who was standing on the edge of the pavement, his curled lip indicates his pride; but I know by the very rest-

lessness of his eye that he's afraid of baiffits. As for that man who has just passed, I would not live with such a temper for my board and lodging. That lady's mask is handsome, but I must say with the fox, "cerebrum non halet;" and her little girl's doll has more wit in her one eye, than she has in two.

My judgments, however, were not always fortunate; the man with restless eyes was only looking for his poodle dog, and as the cross-looking man went soon afterwards into a cook-shop, I supposed that he had been rather hunger'd than ill-natured. As for the lady and the child, I don't know whether I set them down rightly or not, but, in the mean time, I will suppose so, and cling to my study.

I was now in the Strand, close to Temple Bar; and from hence to Waterloo Bridge, I calculated would be the journey of an hour. Who is there that can walk along this, or any of the principal City streets, without admiring the number of elegant shops, and the still more elegant and wonderful productions which they contain? They are to me the sources of the greatest pleasure, and when time will permit me to do so, I inspect them from the goldsmiths' and jewelers', down to the humbler repositories of the timman and brazier. Nay, I have even been caught, and rallied by my acquaintance, for looking in lovingly at the haberdashers' and milliners'. It is not that I am merely smitten with the beauty of their articles, that I look into them with such admiration and delight, but it is because that I can there trace an evident and progressive improvement in the arts and manufactures of my country. This affords me a delight with which all ought to sympathize, and that calls forth an admiration in which all must participate. Whether we examine those paintings and prints, which are more strictly termed works of art, whether we examine those fabrics which have been produced by the most complicated machinery, or those minor articles which are the work of the handy-craftsman, we shall find that there prevails in all a degree of taste which can only be the result of a general cultivation of mind. It is this that

has led to so many ingenious inventions, and has tended above all to promote the general alliance between elegance and utility; and when we contemplate the mighty effects of its progress hitherto, who can calculate its future attainments?

Long may it continue its mighty march, to the honour and happiness of my countrymen; and may they, in better days, obtain for their industry and ingenuity those rewards which, hitherto, have not kept pace with their merits.

May they still travel onwards in the path of improvement, and, surmounting all obstacles which a meaner ambition would plant in their way, reach that point of excellence and perfection, to which man in this world may be destined to attain!

Here a bookseller's shop gave a new turn to my speculations. We are, certainly, a reading people, I thought, as I looked in at the window; but I would fain know if this cultivation of the mind conduces to happiness. I was inclined to decide in the affirmative; for the collection before me suggested the names of Shakspeare, Addison, Milton, and a host of other authors, linked with a thousand delightful reminiscences. Much must depend upon one's course of reading. said I, still running over the titles:—*A Sermon to Sinne*;—*The Fool's Jest Book*;—*Dialogues of the Dead*;—*Life in London*;—*Tomline's Sea Worthies*;—*The Newgate Calendar*;—*Cato's Letter to the Country*;—*The King's Reply to his People*;—*Words to the Wyse*;—*Witte's Cronykill*;—*A New Spelling Book*.—But what have we here?

It happened very strangely—I might almost say miraculously—that I read a solution of my speculation in a book before me. It was called *The Prayse of Ignorance*; and, in the two grave-looking brown-complexioned pages that lay open, I read as follows:

—Hee was made to bee happye: but not learned: for, eating of the Tree of Knowledge hee was caste out of Paradyse.

Hy was the Blisse of Ignorance: but We being born to bee learned, and unhappy withall, have noght but the Ignorance of Blisse.

Soe we aske not which bee the most happye: but which bee the leeste unhap-

pye; and trulye hee hath leeste Paines that hath not most Bokes.

Hee is your Berkshire or Hampshire manne with a harde Head and a long Stomack. Which is a Hogge amongst Wittes, but a Witte amongst Hogges; and when hee sleepes, you wot not which can grunt loudeste. For why? Hee beares no care on hys Head; excepte hys Hatte: and that hee hath not much care withall, except a-Sundayes. One maye rede in hys Vysage that he wots not to write: but hee maketh hys Marke; and soe hath one to ten chaunces againste the Gallowes.

Hys Haire is unkempte; and soe is hys Intellecte: but betwixt both hee saveth a World of Trouble. Hys Head itches: it doth not ake. It is as emptye as a drye Bowle; but his Belly is crammede to the fulle; for hee is no author.

You maye write him downe a Manne with one Idea: but hee is more blessed than anye with two; for hee hath nonne of their feverishe Deliriums. How can hys Minde wander?

Now look you to our Schollar. Hee cries in hys verye Birthe: for hee is stryped into hys A. B. C. Most of hys Wordes doe end in O, and hys Whyppings have many Syllables. Hee hateth hys Boke fulle sore: and noc Marvel! For hee wotteth, to the Sorrowe of hys Bottom, that Learning is at the Bottom of hys Sorrowe. There is a naturall Hyphen betwixt them. A connexion of Minde and Matter. One cometh not without the other: and hee curseth them both in hys Waye. Hys Grammar brings him freshe Annoye: for hee only weepeth in another Tense. But hee gets the Interjections by Hart. Figures are a great Greefe unto him; and onlye multiple hys Paines. The dead Tongues doe bringe him a lively sorrowe: hee gettes them at hys Finger's endes.

And soe hee waxeth in Growth: into a Quarto or Folio, as maye bee. A greater Bulke of Learning and Heavinesse; and belike hee goeth madde with Study overmuch. Alsoe, hee betaketh him to write: and lets his Braines be suckede forthe through a Quill. If hee seeke to gette Monneye hys Boke is unsolde; and if hee wolde have of the Worlde's Fame, hee is prayde of those that studye not hys Rimes: or is scornde and mockede of those that will not understande hys Conceites. Which is a great Sorrowe: for Poesie hath made hys Hart tender; and a little Worde is a great Paine. Soe he gets noe Substance; but loses Fleashe. Lastlye he dyeth a pitifull Death: the kindly Creditour of an unkindlye Worlde; and then hee is weepede for; and it is

askde: "Why will hee not write again?"

And the Pariahe Clarke hys witte sufficeth to hys Epitaph: which runnes:

Alake! alake! that studye colde not save  
Soe great a Witte out of so small a grave  
But Learning must decaye and Letters  
both

And Studye too. Death is a dreadfull Gosh  
Which spareth nonne\_\_\_\_\_

Unfortunately, I could neither read further, nor turn over the leaf through the glass; and, still more unfortunately, I did not go in and purchase the book.

However, I had read enough to lead me to a decision, that the ignorant are most happy; and, as I walked away from the window, I repeated the lines:

No more: where Ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise.

As this was the second great question that I had decided, I walked onward to Waterloo Bridge, without any doubt of being able to determine the third; viz. as to the merits and demerits of the bridge, and its architect.

But here an unforeseen difficulty presented itself; for owing to the lateness of my arrival, and the sudden fall of a very dense fog, I was unable to do any thing more than determine to come again.

I accordingly walked back into the Strand, and finding a stage at Somerset House, I took my seat in it, and turned towards home. I had three travelling companions, two males and one female, and after we had discussed the usual topics, and paid the usual compliments, the conversation dwindled away into a profound silence: I therefore employed myself in the arrangement of my travels, and in recollecting the various incidents and reflections to which they had given rise. I must request, Mr. Editor, your utmost indulgence towards one so inexperienced as a traveller, and if you should find that the style of my narration is rugged and uneven, and that the incidents and reflections are abrupt and unconnected, I beg that you will attribute it to the unpleasant jolting of the stage, and the frequent interruptions and stoppages that it met with.

INCOG.

Tom Hood

## WARNER'S CHURCH OF ENGLAND THEOLOGY.\*

## MOCK MANUSCRIPT SERMONS.

The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.—*Milton's Lycidas.*

WE thought it right, in a late Number, to expose in rather plain terms, an infamous invasion attempted to be made by the country dances upon our churches. We endeavoured to point out the hypocrisy of that attempt, by which it was sought to build a Hymn Book, the frame-work of which should be *Neil Gow* stuccoed over with the sacred cement of *Whitefield* and *Wesley*. Our readers will hardly believe that this species of religious craft has not confined itself to the organ-loft and the pews; but has cunningly crept its way up the steps, and seated itself in the Pulpit. The Rev. R. Warner, rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts. has accomplished a great invention for those indolent and cautious pastors, who would fain have their flocks believe that the Sabbath words that float from their lips, floated originally from their pens. Sir Roger De Coverley made it his boast, that his curate delivered sound discourses from the pages of Tillotson and Barrow; and the curate himself had no inclination to disguise the source from which the sacred waters ran. But the Rev. R. Warner is a very different person from either Sir Roger De Coverley or his curate: he thinks that idle pastors had better retail *his* little parcels of Theology, made up like packets of gout specifics, or Seidlitz powders, for ready use and infallible relief: it is not his opinion that the clergy should let the congregation into the secrets of the cushion, and therefore his "Series of Ten Sermons" is "printed in a beautiful *Manuscript Character*, stitched in *black covers*." We almost expect to see the advertisement conclude with the earnest advice, "Be sure to ask for Warner's Blacking."

Many of our readers have seen a set of *Skeleton Sermons*, qualified for the use of young divines, whose abi-

lities for composition might not be altogether of the highest or the clearest order. These bladders and corks for young dabblers, these theological pick-locks for opening the pews of the heart, were bought up eagerly, and the most difficult passages of old divinity were opened by them. Sermons composed from these skeletons were doubly didactic, for they taught not only the congregation but the teacher. By the help of these leading-strings the most timid person might wander safely through all the tangled mazes of Scripture controversy, and perhaps be enabled ultimately to walk alone. There might be some deceit, it is true, in passing off such cast-iron discourses as though they were hammered and wrought out of the malleable ore of the preacher's brain; but as some trouble was really necessary to render the articles fit for use, it was the less culpable to endeavour to put them forth as original. We wish we could speak as tenderly of the series of ten sermons now before us; but the hypocrisy of the endeavour to foist a limited number of packets of very indifferent and common-place prose upon a church congregation, as the patient labours of the week, by means of a "manuscript character" and a "black cover," is so offensive in our eyes, that we should hold ourselves to be poor advocates of honesty and decorum, if we were to pass by so gross an infringement of the candour and decency of the church. If a printed sermon is to be selected, why should there be any disguise? Is there any peculiar virtue in a *manuscript character*? Any superior holiness in a *black cover*? None:—but the ready-made homily, thus clothed, is an apparent assurance to the flock, that the shepherd has been watching and toiling all the week for its safety and its welfare. It is intended that this "manuscript

\* Church of England Theology, a Series of Ten Sermons. By the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts. Longman and Co. London, 1821.

character" should give a colourable history of nights and days of intense reading and severe application,—of deep and holy thought, and serious writing; and that it should be a guarantee for continual exertion. Would some unruly churchwarden, or pestilient overseer, insinuate that the curate was a lover of loo, or a worshipper of double-barrelled guns, is it not sufficient for him to reply by inquiring how, in such case, his sermons could be so beautifully composed and so fairly copied? Would any one say he was an idle and a negligent man,—is not the constant discourse, in its neat black cover, an ample answer? The subjects of these sermons, too, are the most important on which a minister can discourse, and thus prove, in a still stronger manner, his erudition, zeal, and ability. That congregation would be an ungrateful congregation indeed, that could suspect a clergyman of negligence or want of power, who should descant learnedly upon

1st. The Scriptural Doctrine of the Fall and Corruption of Man.—2d. Do. of Repentance.—3d. Do. of Faith.—4th. Do. of Good Works.—5th. Do. of Conversion and Atonement through Christ.—6th. Do. of Regeneration by Baptism.—7th. Do. of the Gifts of the Holy Spirit; for Whitsunday.—8th. Do. of the Holy Trinity.—9th. Do. of the Holy Sacrament.—10th. On the Figurative Language of Scripture.

All which *Do's* are printed in a neat MS. character, and stitched in black covers; so that it is next to impossible that even the persons in the galleries should detect the pious and erudite fraud.

But we have consumed all the space we can afford for this unseemly publication, and shall content ourselves with once for all protesting against the hypocrisy which blackens more than the covers of this pitiful series of sermons. We are quite sure that no ingenuous mind would knowingly second these contrivances; and we therefore hope that the few observations we have hastily made, will have some effect in showing them in their true (and not their manuscript) character.

When the heads of our Establishment every where raise the cry that "the Church is in danger," when the land is acknowledged to be full of Dissenters, against whom accusation is preferred that their teachers are not intelligent, scholastic, profound—like the clergy of the Church of England,—is the justice of our charge, the strength of our cause, to be rested on the "Ten Sermons of the Rev. R. Warner?" Infidelity is said to be more active now than ever, and in its ingenuity more subtle:—but what need we fear, since the essence of "Church of England Theology" is contained in ten magical packets, one packet a dose, which can be sent by return of coach to any part of the infected kingdom?

Alas! Leviathan is not so tamed.

It remains to be said, in justice to the Rev. Richard Warner, that he is not the original discoverer of this ingenious plan for a machine to abridge the labours of his clerical brethren. Dr. Trusler of Bath, his predecessor, was the renowned inventor; and his fame in this, and similar undertakings, is thus immortalized by the pen of Cowper:

But hark—the doctor's voice!—fast wedged  
between  
Two empirics he stands, and with swollen  
cheeks

Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far  
Than all invective is his bold harangue,  
While through that public organ of report  
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,  
Announces to the world his own and their's!  
He teaches those to read, whom schools dis-  
miss'd,

And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,  
And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r  
Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.

He grinds divinity of other days  
Down into modern use; transforms old  
print

To zig-zag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.

Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?  
Oh, name it not in Gath!—it cannot be  
That grave and learned clerks should need  
such aid.

He doubtless is in sport, and does but  
droll,

Assuming thus a rank unknown before—  
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!

## LIFE OF HÖLTY.\*

**LEWIS HENRY CHRISTOPHER HÖLTY** was born on the 21st of December, 1748, at Mariensee in the Electorate of Hanover, where his father, Philip Ernest Hölty, had officiated as a clergyman from the year 1742. His mother, Elizabeth Juliana Gösel, who was his father's second wife, was the daughter of a solicitor at Celle. She also dying young, his father in 1758 married his third wife, who became a widow in 1775.

According to the testimony of his step-mother, who had known him from his tenderest infancy, Hölty was exceedingly handsome until his ninth year, in which the small-pox effaced his beauty. He early manifested a sprightliness of disposition and a desire of knowledge which were very remarkable. As soon as he could manage a pen, he began to write down whatever had struck his fancy in the course of recital, or in ordinary conversation. His deportment towards every person was affectionate and winning; and he let no opportunity pass of defending those whom he esteemed, when any thing to their prejudice was uttered in his presence. He was consequently a universal favourite, as well on account of his personal beauty, as of his droll sallies and observations. His mother died of a consumption, and he was, in the week of her decease, attacked by an inveterate small-pox, which, added to the effects of grief, for a long time threatened him with the loss of sight, and deprived him of that sprightliness which was natural to him. After the lapse, however, of two years, he recovered the use of his eyes, and redoubled his ardour and diligence in learning. His father, who was a member of the German Society of Göttingen, was well versed both in sciences and languages, and also imbued with a taste for poetry. Under his superintendance, young Hölty became instructed in the Latin, French, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as the German language,—in Geography, History, and all the other branches of a school education. His

diligence was so intense, that he would not suspend his application even during breakfast; he never appeared at dinner or supper without being summoned, and secretly stayed up every night until three o'clock. This last practice, when discovered by his father, was prohibited by him, and Hölty's mother allowed him only a scanty light when he withdrew to his bed-chamber at eleven o'clock, the hour at which the family usually retired. However, all the care that was taken to remove lamps and candles out of his reach proved ineffectual, for it was found out a considerable time after, that he used to provide himself with oil during the day, and to scoop lamps out of turnips. In order, besides, to awaken early for the purpose of reading the books which he huddled together from all quarters, he used to tie a string round his arm, to which a stone was attached, and this he laid on a chair by his bed-side, that when about morning he should turn in the bed, the stone might fall and the chuck upon his arm arouse him.

Notwithstanding all this eagerness, he was far from being either morose or haughty: on the contrary, his cheerful, mild, obliging, and tender disposition, rendered him the joy of his family before he became their pride. Out of school-hours, he found a pleasure in wandering through a shady wood, with books in his pockets, which he used to read aloud,—and in contemplating the beauties of nature. At Göttingen he afterwards perused the best authors in this manner. His propensity also for the terrific early displayed itself. He used to visit the church-yard, and other appalling places, at all hours without fear, and even weaned some grown persons from their apprehensions by exhibiting them in a ridiculous light. He often dressed himself out like a ghost, and glided alone among the graves in the evening, merely for his pleasure, and without intending to frighten any one. At the age of eleven he made his first

\* From a life of him written in German, by Voss.



essay in poetry, and became so attached to the pursuit, that even while in church rhymes occurred to his mind, which he used to write upon the wall when he happened to have no paper. Of the concerns of the body he was quite regardless, and it required no small persuasion to induce him, upon arriving at Göttingen, to exchange his dusty woollen coat for the grave brown suit with gilt buttons which he was obliged to wear.

After some time spent at a public school in Celle, he in 1769 commenced, at Göttingen, as a student of theology, where he was to remain for three years. To his other studies he here added that of the Italian language. In the third year he made the acquaintance of Bürger and Miller, and afterwards of Voss, Boie, Hahn, Leisewitz, Cramer, and Count Stollberg. Having been permitted to remain another half year at the University, he laboured assiduously until he obtained an exhibition which was in the gift of two ladies, and commons free, in addition. He was also appointed to a situation in the Philological Seminary, and signified to his father that he intended to supply all his remaining wants by the profits arising from tuition.

Those who saw Höltz for the first time did not readily discover his character. He was robust, round-shouldered, and awkward, unwieldy in his gait, and of a deathly paleness, silent, and inattentive to those about him. Notwithstanding his simple air, however, his laughing eye, which was of the clearest blue, sparkled with an expression of sincerity and archness, which diffused itself over his entire countenance, when he was enjoying his books, rambling through a beautiful country, or lying on his back under a blooming tree. His feelings, which were intense, he usually suppressed,—and whenever he gave them vent it was almost invariably in some characteristic manner. He was in the company of a few friends at Hahn's, when the news was brought that Klopstock was to pass through Göttingen. He had been hitherto rocking himself very composedly in his seat, with his bread and butter in his hand, but, upon hearing this, he stood up, and began to whirl himself about on the

heel of his left foot, with a very slow and awkward motion. "What are you about there?" inquired one of the friends. "Enjoying myself!" replied he, smiling. Of little confidential parties he was particularly fond, especially where the board was crowned with Rhenish wine. He would recline upon rose leaves, anoint his beard like Anacreon, and make such solemn preparations for drinking, as if he were about to realize the termination of his own song, written in praise of that genial beverage; but the matter ended there. Voss never saw him weep but twice. One day Höltz avowed, as if accidentally, that he used to spit blood in the morning; but it was not, until after many repeated and ineffectual remonstrances, that he was at length persuaded to consult Richter. This physician, after inquiring into the case, gave him consolation, but in such a manner that Höltz understood him, and on returning home he wept bitterly. The other occasion, was his hearing of the death of his father. He entered Voss's room with a troubled countenance. "How goes it, Höltz?" inquired the latter. "Very well," answered he, smiling, "but my father is dead,"—and tears gushed along his pallid cheeks.

He spoke little or nothing, even among friends, when the company was numerous. When he did, it was only to interrupt the conversation by some droll sally, rendered still more laughable by the dryness with which it was uttered, and the serious countenance of the speaker. He often visited Leisewitz without exchanging a word with him, until at last by some chance they entered into conversation: however, his oddities did not prevent him from being loved and revered by his companions, who esteemed him as it were something sacred. To this appearance of indifference he joined an ardent curiosity. He had the earliest intelligence of the new works which appeared at the fairs, and rummaged through all the reviews which contained either praise or blame of himself, or his friends, although he equally disregarded both, as issuing for the most part from the pens of inexperienced or venal critics. He often sat during whole days, and the greater part of the night, poring over

folios and quartos, transcribing or selecting. He laboured through some indifferent English and Italian odes, and there are to be found among his papers, translations from Tasso and Ariosto, and little Greek poems, which were never intended for publication. In his latter years he learned the Spanish language, and thus extended that wide field of knowledge the flowers of which he loved to cull upon their native soil.

Höly was never seen to be discontented or peevish when surprized over his books. He quietly closed the volume, and gave his friend a most cordial welcome. One of his favourite amusements was the writing of rhymed terminations,\* and parodies in imitation of the noisy poetasters of the day. At some of the social meetings, poems on some prescribed subject were to be given in, and the defaulter was obliged to wear, as a punishment, a paper coronet in the shape of a grenadier's cap. On one occasion, it was by main force that Höly escaped the superimposition of one of these crowns, formed out of a Göttingen weekly paper, in which a "condemned" poem of his own (a term of disapprobation which he used to affix to those compositions in which he had not succeeded according to his wishes), had been printed. He was kind and obliging in the extreme, and never, even by a look, evinced any disinclination to form one at their meetings, or rambles through the fields, although, as was often discovered, he had thereby been obliged to postpone very important business, and to repair the lost time by the sacrifice of his night's rest. He instructed Miller in English, Hahn in Greek, Voss in English and Italian,—and Miller in return introduced him to a knowledge of the language of the minstrels,† with which he had become acquainted through the medium of the Swabian dialect.

In the autumn of 1773, Höly began to teach for money, and in the following summer to translate from the English, in which pursuit Voss co-operated at the beginning. A letter of his, written in April 1774, contains the following passage:—

It occurred to me to give lessons in Greek and English, for the purpose of earning something, and taking the burthen off my father. I gave daily five lessons. But I have not been paid by one half of my pupils; some have gone away, and others show no intentions of paying. I have contracted debts, and must again have recourse to my father.

Among other pieces which he translated about this period, were Hurd's Dialogues, and the first part of Shaftesbury. It has been asserted, but erroneously, by Miller, that Voss completed the translation of the remaining parts.

Some more passages of the letter above alluded to will convey a more vivid idea of Höly's mind than a cold description could furnish:—

I am still here. Who knows how long the separation will last, when once I shall be severed from my friends? I will stay with them as long as I possibly can. My principal occupations are to be the reading of Greek and the writing of poetry. How sweet is the idea of immortality! Who would not with pleasure endure all the miseries of life when that is to be the recompence? It is a delight incomparable to look forward to a succession of future beings, who will love our memory, and wish themselves transported back to our days, and in whose breasts we shall kindle the love of virtue....I should like to live for a few years in some great town, and to be introduced into every kind of society, with the view of studying man more attentively, which I feel will be indispensably necessary if I am to make my fortune as a poet. I have spent my years among books....If I had no brothers and sisters, who after my father's death would be in want of my assistance, I should not be anxious about obtaining any situation, but depend upon translation alone, living sometimes in town, sometimes in the country. In the town I would amass knowledge of mankind, and in the country write poems. My desire for rural life is so strong, that I could hardly make up my mind to pass all my days in town; and, in fact, whenever I think of the country my heart begins to beat. A cottage with a wood near it—a meadow with a silvery spring—and a wife to share my cottage—are all I wish for on earth. Of friends I feel no want, for I possess them already. Their love will brighten my sad hours, and my happy ones they will render still more happy. Their letters and works I would read near my spring, and in my wood, and recal

\* Bouts Rimés.

† Minnesinger, chanteurs d'amour.

those blissful days when I enjoyed their society.....shall I make more ballads? Perhaps I shall manufacture some more, but they will not be numerous. A writer of ballads appears to me like a harlequin, or the proprietor of a show-box. My predominant inclination is for rural poetry, and the sweet and melancholy musings of the poet. It is in these that my heart takes the most lively interest. I will summon all my powers. I will not be a poet at all, unless I can become a great one. If I cannot produce anything which shall bear the stamp of immortality, and rival the works of my friends, no syllable of mine shall ever be printed. A middling poet is a nonentity!

In another letter, bearing date the 13th of December, 1773, he writes thus:—

I have just left the society of our friends. I thank Heaven that brought us together, and shall continue to do so as long as the breath is in me. Sacred friendship, how much hast thou blessed me! I knew nobody—I could open my heart to none—thou hast united noble hearts to mine—thou hast caused me many a happy hour, and wilt contribute to sweeten all the future bitternesses of my life. Laura was born, and has been educated in town. She is the handsomest being I have ever seen; no image of ideal beauty could I create more perfect. She has a tall commanding figure, a fine shape, an oval face, light hair, large blue eyes, a blooming complexion, a grace and charm in all her looks and gestures. Never did I see a female dance with more elegance: my heart has trembled with delight when I have heard her sing a foreign song (for she also understands Italian and French). She takes great pleasure in the works of Kleist and Gessner; whether she reads Klopstock I do not know. When I first became acquainted with her, she was with her sister, who was married in my native place, and died in December 1768. It was a beautiful May evening; the nightingales were beginning to sing, and the twilight shades to close in. She was walking through an orchard of apple-trees in full bloom, clad in the colour of innocence. Pink ribbons waved upon her beautiful bosom, and a beam of the westerling sun frequently tinged her white robe and lovely neck. What wonder that such transcendent charms made an impression on me, so deep, that no distance could efface it! I should fill a sheet, were I to tell of all the love-sick fantasies and follies which I at that time committed. After the lapse of a twelvemonth she returned to town. In a year one has time for many a celestial dream, and amatory composition. Neither was wanting... I saw her twice after her

marriage. When I visited my parents last autumn, I heard that she was ill, and, probably, near her end. It is sinful to love her any longer. My love is, indeed, extinguished, and nothing remains but a sweet remembrance, and tender heart-beating, when her image appears before my eyes. Still I have, at times, the most ardent wish to see her once more. Might she not have felt a reciprocal attachment for me? I never declared my affection for her, nor was capable of so doing. How could a young man make a declaration of love, and expect a return, who had not yet been at college, and on whose chin the down of manhood is yet scarcely apparent? Enough of the affairs of the heart—I am, indeed, ashamed of having written this letter, but, let it be, *littera non crebescunt*.

It is here necessary to explain the relations which subsisted between the Göttingen friends, as alluded to here, and in subsequent letters. The several poems, separate and collected, which Höltz had published since the year 1769, had gained him the reputation of a youthful genius. From Kästner and Murray he received striking marks of attention. About the year 1771, he became acquainted with Bürger, the then unknown author of some pieces in the Almanack of the Muses, and with Miller. When, in spring 1772, Voss was conducted out of the obscurity of Mecklenburgh to Göttingen by Boie, the publisher of the Almanack of the Muses, Höltz invited him, through a friend, to a party at which Miller was present. Voss found two well-dressed persons who spoke in an unusual dialect, and a mute dressed in rags, who poured out coffee, and appeared to be a mean domestic of Höltz's. After some time, the friend expressed a wish that Voss should hear the new ballads recited, and, lo! the domestic, who was Höltz himself, with his face brightening up, read aloud Leander and Ismene. The other two were Miller and his cousin. Thus originated a friendship, in which Boie and Frederick Hahn, a man of a noble but gloomy mind, afterwards participated.

On a cheerful autumnal evening the younger friends, who were walking in the fields, became, on approaching a fine oak, in the heat of conversation, suddenly inspired as it were to devote themselves in solemn

league to their country. To this society Bole, Count Stollberg, and Christian and Frederick Leopold afterwards acceded. They met every Sunday evening for various literary purposes. Several residents of distant towns attached themselves as honorary members to this society, without actual co-operation. Even Klopstock, to whom Count Stollberg had sent, in 1773, a selection of poems, the joint production of the members, judged favourably of it, and wished to become one himself. Bürger was a friend, but not a member. He sometimes frequented their meetings, and submitted his poems (as for instance, his *Lenora*, stanza by stanza), to their criticism. The report of Bürger's verses attracted Cramer. The society declared against German iambic verse, and Voss in vain represented to Bürger the unfitness of the language for that sort of metre, by an attempt to translate in it the description of Priam's palace, proving also the facility of composing in hexameters. When the original members separated, Overbeck, and afterwards Sprickmann, acceded to the surviving ones.

The domestic and retired character of this literary union, the co-operation of noblemen of education, and other circumstances, at length excited jealousies, to which the two visits of Klopstock mainly contributed, for, on his journey to and from Carlsruhe, he had devoted a few days to the society exclusively. The masters in a certain academy, which in the beginning was fostered by the muse of Haller, and some other persons, allowed themselves all manner of licence in inveighing against poets and their pursuits. Voss, at one time, intended to rise in defence of the abused Höltz, but, upon consideration, rested his defence upon the uprightness and purity of his character. During this persecution, a story was circulated, which had been fabricated at a drinking-bout, that a society of bards was formed, consisting of a hundred individuals, who, wrapped in the skins of beasts, used to offer sacrifice on the neighbouring hills at midnight, to invoke Odin and Klopstock, to burn in effigy, and to drink, not wine, but *strong beer*. This tale was tricked out with many other circumstances.

Denina, in his "Literature of the Prussian Monarchy," removes the scene of the solemnity to the neighbourhood of the Blockberg, and states that there is, in the castle of Stollberg, at Wernigerode, a large hall, wherein the bards of Germany, with Gleim as their president, used to celebrate, with beer and tobacco, an annual feast, at which the seat of honour was left vacant for the genius of Klopstock. Gleim pointed out this passage to Voss, and asked him where the confounded Italian had made out the lie.

The following strange fabrication, insignificant as the materials may have been out of which it was composed, must not be passed over in silence. The youths of the society, on fine days, delighted to hold their meetings in remote villages, sometimes in the house of a worthy host, where some new composition, such as Miller's "May is enticing," with Bach's music, was frequently taught in confidence to the young rustics; sometimes in the clean cottage of a peasant, which was Höltz's choice; or on the green sward of a luxuriant orchard, where they drank potations of rich milk. It occurred once or twice, on a moonlight night, that they passed the word, one to another, how agreeable it would be to remain in the country (to "rusticate" was the technical expression), and to compose each a poem. This plan being concerted, Höltz's poem "To Daphne's Canary-bird," that of Voss on André, and Hahn's reminiscence "Burst thy Clouds, O Moon," were composed in Scharf's garden at the same time. The two first had lain down in their clothes to rest, and were breathing the sweets of repose, when Hahn, holding a light and some paper, roused them, and began to write. A continued laugh which struck their ears prevented them from yielding to the melancholy inspiration of the moon-light scene. This proceeded from one of those engaged at the nocturnal worship of Odin, which was, however, unaccompanied by smoking and the invocation of Klopstock.

In the summer of 1773, Klopstock's birth-day was celebrated. All, including Höltz, dressed in their holiday-clothes, assembled in the afternoon at Hahn's, around a table

which sparkled with flasks of Rhenish wine. At the upper end of the chamber lay Klopstock's works, upon an arm-chair. Some of the odes were recited. Klopstock and the Rhenish made the conversation warm; enthusiasm rose to its height; and sentiments were uttered, replete with a noble indignation, against that levity which turns into a jest every serious feeling for the sublime. The judicious Boie endeavoured to excuse it, and the argument became still warmer. One drew forth the Comic Tales. 'To the flames!' echoed all round the room, and the flames blazed accordingly. "Here, with the portrait out of the pocket-book," cried another. A shout of exultation arose as the unoffending print was thrice carried upward by the heat. This affair, which was nothing but a sudden burst of indignation against those who misinterpreted the *desipere in loco* in which the youths indulged, was terminated by Boie, who, smiling, reproved their disorderly conduct.

There were, however, many of the instructors at Göttingen, who, far from joining in the petty war against those young and ingenuous spirits, favoured them with their countenance and support. To Kästner in particular Höltz was indebted for many substantial kindnesses. After the death of the young bard, some insinuations were thrown out against his multifarious reading, which Kästner resented in a poignant epigram.

About Michaelmas 1774, he accompanied Miller to Leipsic. The following is extracted from his journal:—

We travelled from Nordheim to Rosala, the residence of Count Stollberg, in an open carriage, with the clear starry heavens above us. At Rosala we were transferred to what is called the *yellow coach*, a vehicle for travelling hung with yellow cloth, in which eight passengers can sit—two before, two behind, and two on each side. I chose one of the side seats, on account of the prospect; and gazed out, as from a window, upon the mighty and beautiful world. We passed through Eisleben, where Luther first saw the light, but could neither see the house in which he was born, nor the town itself, as it was midnight when we passed through it. Here we got a

merry travelling companion, an officer. We took our dinner in his company at Merseburg, and drank a great deal of the beer of that place, which Klopstock calls the *monarch of malt-drinks*. It is the true *EINHERIUM OIL*, and I am firmly persuaded that Odin drinks Merseburg beer among his people in Valhalla. We partook so heartily of the divine nectar, that our faces became as red as fire, like Uzen's when he ascended to the deity. Between Merseburg and Leipsic we took coffee in a hotel, at the door of which a phaeton had drawn up, which conveyed two lovely young females. The one was remarkably beautiful, and quite captivated my fancy. I stationed myself near the door, when she got out and re-ascended. She once passed me so closely, that her fine arm touched me a little. With sorrow I saw them drive off; but I was glad that my heart was still capable of feeling. What a heaven is love! he is an angel who can live in this heaven; a son of perdition, who has never gained admittance to it. Notwithstanding my matted hair, she would, perhaps, have smiled on me, if she had known that the celebrated poetic dreamer \* was standing before her.

There is still pointed out at Halle a solitary seat in a rock, called "Höltz's bench;" but Höltz never visited that town, during this or any other journey. The person who originally bestowed the name thought, no doubt, that the feeling poet would have chosen such a seat for his meditations.

Late in the autumn of 1774, Höltz began to spit blood, which he considered merely as the consequence of an obstinate cough, contracted in the first year of his academic course; or, of a stitch of long continuance, with which he had been afflicted. In the beginning of May, 1775, a few weeks after the death of his father, he crossed Hanover from Göttingen, on his return to Mariensee, where he continued to undergo his course of medicine under the care of Zimmermann. On the 8th of May he thus writes to Voss at Wandsbeck:—

Zimmermann has informed Leisewitz, that I may, perhaps, recover from my consumption, by the use of the prescribed remedies, and an adherence to the regimen pointed out to me. You perceive, therefore, the danger of my situation, and how narrow the pathway is between life

\* Höltz's friends sometimes passed jokes on the visions of his dreams, which he was so fond of celebrating, and he used goodhumouredly to circulate their jokes.

and death, along which I advance. Little as I fear death, I should have wished to survive for a couple of olympiads more, in order to enjoy life with you, my friends, and to avoid being swept away with the great tide of mortality, without ever having risen above the surface. But God's will be done! As to other matters, I live here very agreeably. Mariensee is pleasantly and poetically situated. It is surrounded by woods, corn-fields, and meadows. But what is the beautiful country to me when I have no friend to wander with me through it! I assure you I am grieved to the heart when I think of the social days at Göttingen, and turn myself round to look for friends, and find none. I must remain here until Michaelmas. There is no alternative. I must first submit to the course of medicine, and wait the return of my health. It will be bliss if I can scrape together as much money as will carry me to Wandsbeck at Michaelmas. Perhaps I shall visit you for a few days towards the end of May, if my health improve. How long does Klopstock stay? Is Miller still there? I am yearning for news from him. It would be sinful for you to leave me long in my solitude without writing to me. O the joy of passing one day in dear Hamburg! O that we were there—that we were there! Send me such of my poems as you consider to want correction, and let me know what improvements may have occurred to you. Remember me to Klopstock, Claudius, Bode, and all friends of the bard's, both male and female. A copy of *Armo omnia sua secum portante* would also be very acceptable to me. Lastly, I should wish to have a copy of the song of the gracious dame. Farewell! I eagerly await your answer.

Höly wrote again on the 11th of May, concerning the state of his disorder, and his hopes of recovery.

I have a longing desire to hear something from you. Write then to me, Voss. Write to me, Miller, if you be there. I should be glad to hear of your domestic affairs; of your arrangements for the Almanack, of Klopstock, of a thousand other things. When I perceive symptoms of convalescence I will also saddle my poetic nag again. I shall send you by the earliest opportunity a couple of convivial songs, which I composed at Göttingen. Have you yet enjoyed yourself at the theatre? Are the poets cried down in Hamburg also? Have you seen beautiful visions in your dreams, and made a purse of gold by celebrating them in your verses? The Hamburgers must certainly have already begun to go on pilgrimage in crowds to St. Wandsbeck! O you must enjoy golden days! I hope I shall soon see you. Farewell!

The mere opening of these letters agonizes the heart—it seems as if one heard from afar the voice of a departed friend. There certainly are, and will ever be kindred spirits to sympathize with this feeling. On the 26th of May, he states that his health had been improving for the last fortnight, and that he could again breathe freely, and without pain:

That \* \* \* has fallen in love is quite gratifying to me. I always heartily rejoice when I hear that one of my friends has won the affections of some amiable girl. I should wish that all were transported to that heaven of love, where once a golden seat was for a short time conceded to me. Now I totter on the threshold, and the door is shut fast against me. I am desirous to get an explicit account of the English girl of whom \* \* \* is enamoured, and of the whole amour. If you wish to do me a favour, devote some time or other one half hour to that subject. Have you seen the maid? She is, no doubt, handsome and amiable. What are her parents? Has \* \* \* made a formal proposal for her? Has he no proofs of reciprocal affection on her part? How did he become acquainted with her? I have not yet thought of the translation. But it must soon be resumed if I think of earning a mite to pay my travelling expenses to Hamburg. The beautiful May has glided away imperceptibly. I sauntered about the garden the entire morning, or else in the neighbouring wood; or lay in the grass, and read the Messiah, or Shakspeare. Often as I made the attempt to write, the verses would not flow upon me. The novelty of this abode was partly the cause, the headache partly. I will now spread all sails, and you may reckon on numerous contributions. You shall receive from me, if fortune be propitious, some odes and hymns, a terrific, and a tender ballad, a fantasy on the state of the human soul before its birth, and perhaps an elegy. I will also collect some of my old compositions. I have constant invitations from my readers and admirers here, and pass almost every evening in company. They look with wonder upon me, because my name has occasionally appeared in the newspapers. No one individual is capable of judging of the merits of the pieces themselves. I do not even think that they have all understood your conditions of subscription. The following is the proof. A certain person told me, about two days ago, that I had been praised in the Hamburg Correspondent, and that it was therein stated, that my future articles were to be signed "T." I believe Prometheus mixed up some improper ingredient in the

clay out of which he kneaded the brains of most men. . . Give Claudius and Claudia, and all the young masters and misses who have a regard for me, the salutation of a bard. I wish with all my wishing powers that God may strengthen you, and preserve you for your friends and beloved. Farewell—write to me often, whenever you have half an hour to yourself.

On the 12th of June, he thus writes from Mariensee :

I again send you two articles. They were both composed in the lovely month of May, among nightingales and luxuriant trees,—and I shall be rejoiced if they exhale any of that vernal sweetness which on all sides streamed in upon me as I sang. I can send you three sheets if you want so much; if not, I will not stint the others for want of room. I wish you would send me all the pieces which you have of mine, and point out those passages which need the file or burnisher. I have leisure enough for using these favourite implements,—and I wish to remove all inequalities from the surface, before I send the children of my imagination into the world. I shall, with much thankfulness, adopt any alterations which you and Claudius may suggest.

Again, on the 22d of August :

You receive herewith three poems, which I struck off last week, and sundry alterations which I have made in former compositions. Make what use you please of them. The “Future Mistress” is my favorite. You can, perhaps, still retrench some faults, and add some beauties. . . . We are, at present, in the midst of the hay harvest—the meadows exhale their sweets, and are alive with mowers. I often lie at dusk on a hay-stack, and indulge my fancies, until the silver moon comes forth upon the sky, and agreeably surprises me.

On the 10th of October, he writes from Zelle :

Write to me by the very first post, whether you will continue at Wandsbeck during this winter, or in what other place you will fix your quarters. I grope about in the dark, and know not where to find you. I am ignorant whether you are already settled in Mecklenburgh, or lingering at Flensburg on the shore of the ocean, or in what corner of the earth you have secreted yourself. If you be still at Wandsbeck, I shall go to you; if you remove into Mecklenburgh, I shall either follow you, occupy your apartment at Wandsbeck, or choose Hanover for my abode. I am thinking of passing the fair month of May somewhere or other in the country,—either at Mariensee, or with Brückner. The spring is so delightful in the country, and mortals are destined to enjoy the sweets of so few of

them, that I should be sorry to spend any spring within the dismal walls of a town.

In the autumn of 1775, Höly went to Hanover, in order to undergo a short *after-course* of medicine, as he expressed it, under the care of Zimmermann, having determined to set out afterwards for Wandsbeck. His hopes rose and fell, but he maintained his cheerfulness, and used to pass jokes upon himself. The following extract is from a letter which he sent to Voss on the 14th of May, 1776, accompanied by some contributions, for the Almanack of the ensuing year :

If you still have room, I will communicate to you some longer poems which are still partly in my head, and partly out of it. I have done nothing this long while. They are meagre, unpoetical times here,—as meagre as Pharaoh’s lean kine, or myself. The forenoon I am obliged to devote to translating; after dinner, I get a head-ache, and flush in the face, and feel disposed to do nothing, until about five o’clock. I seldom quit my chamber, and scarcely see a human being. . . . I have a great wish for the proposed excursion to Lubeck, in order to see rational people once again. I should like it best at Michaelmas: I shall then be rid of my translation, and able to pass some weeks with you in tranquillity. I have an uncommon desire to see you once again. My residence here is extremely disagreeable to me; I must either go elsewhere soon, or else I shall become rusty. Miller has already written several romances. Answer my letter soon. I shall, in future, write frequently to you.

These were Höly’s last words to him, who, with anxiety, awaited his coming. Höly died at Hanover, on the 1st of September, 1776.

Such was the life of this youth, whose genius struggled so successfully against the pressure of bodily disease that he shines among the first poets in every department of the art which he cultivated. His poems were not the creations of a mind which centered all in itself, but of one which looked upon nature with the eye of love, and embodied in verse the genuine feelings of the heart. From his desire to investigate the traces of primæval simplicity of manners, in regions where nature is unshackled in her operations, he had, in the winter of 1774, planned to undertake, along with Voss, a pedestrian tour through Italy and Si-

cily. They intended to omit the known track, and the haunts of the antiquarian and the artist,—and in their stead, to remain for a longer time in peaceful villages, remote from the highway, or to wander about with the shepherds of the Apennines, and Ætna. They expected to earn with delight, among the gardens of Hesperia, a sufficiency for their maintenance, by translating from the English and Italian languages,—and entered into a contract with a bookseller to that effect. Höly proposed to himself, as a beginning, an extract from the Connoisseur, with Hurd, Shaftesbury, and Plato's Republic; to his destined companion, he proposed Blackwell, the source from which commentators derived all their Homeric knowledge at that period.

To speak of Höly's piety would be superfluous. His poems evince that he revered religion with the same feelings with which every good man does. From the time that he was able to earn a livelihood, his high spirit prevented him from soliciting any assistance from his family; hence he was sometimes in straitened, although never in actually needy, circumstances. Voss, while at Hamburgh, happened upon one occasion to deplore the necessity Höly was under, of fatiguing himself with translating, even in the extremity of his disease, upon which a

benevolent lady sent him a donation of fifty dollars. He was, however, already dead when the money arrived, and it was therefore presented to his eldest brother.

Even in the last year of his life, Höly, not thinking his end so nigh, occupied himself in forming a collection of his poems. Death surprised him, and his papers were confided to Boie, who undertook to edit them, and to devote a part of the profits of the sale to the erection of a little monument of marble on the grave of the Hanoverian poet. Having been, however, appointed to an official situation in Dithmarschen, he was obliged to delay the execution of this project, and a certain person, who gave out that he was a friend of the deceased, had the audacity to publish a garbled collection of his poems, culled from various periodicals, as well of those that had been condemned, as of those that had been approved by the author himself. This circumstance induced Voss, with the assistance of Count Stolberg, to undertake the first genuine edition of his works, and the profits were sent to Höly's mother, to enable her to defray the expenses of educating her younger children, as a monument was considered to be no distinction of merit in Hanover, where the grave of a LEIBNITZ remains unknown. X. x.

Dublin, August 9, 1821.

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SONNET,—A DREAM.

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,  
 When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept  
 So, on a Delphic reed, my idle spright  
 So play'd, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft  
 The Dragon-World of all its hundred eyes,  
 And seeing it asleep, so fled away;—  
 Not to pure Ida with its snow-cold skies,  
 Nor unto Tempe, where Jove grieved that day;  
 But to that second circle of sad Hell,\*  
 Where in the gust, the whirlwind, and the flaw  
 Of rain and hailstones, lovers need not tell  
 Their sorrows. Pale were the sweet lips I saw,  
 Pale were the lips I kiss'd,—and fair the form  
 I floated with about that melancholy storm.

April, 1819.

JOHN KEATS.

\* Dante; Inferno, c. 5.

“The stormy blast of hell  
 With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
 Whirl'd round, and dash'd amain with sore annoy.”



## EDWARD HERBERT'S LETTERS TO THE FAMILY OF THE POWELLS.

## No. II.

## GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

To Russell Powell, Esq.

MY DEAR RUSSELL!—The kind interest which all your family took in the letter which I addressed to your sister, descriptive of the Coronation, has rendered the task of writing to any one of you the most delightful amusement of my evening hours; and I have now a double pleasure in witnessing the various scenes which make up the great drama of life in this metropolis, from a knowledge of the gratification I shall have in describing them, and the interest you will feel in hearing them described. You well know my restless and unappeasable hunger of mind, after all that is either curious or instructive in this world,—not regarding personal comfort, or even personal safety, in the attainment of any interesting object, and ever disciplining my temper and my mind to meet and mingle with all descriptions of persons, in order to the observing of their habits, their pleasures, or their peculiarities. I love to visit the great national buildings, which commemorate either the country's taste, or the country's charities and wealth;—I love to behold the revelries, the glories, the pastimes, of the rich and the great;—I take a deep interest in the amusements, the rude sports, the noisy vivacity of the poor. You know that my knowledge of London had previously arisen principally from the books which I had read, and that my actual experience of life had been gained chiefly from the small life of market towns and country revels. How often, Russell, have we ejaculated wishes to each other, when standing at a wrestling match, or looking upon the lads of single stick, or, when walking over the most celebrated houses “for miles round,”—that we could see and admire those higher and more exciting struggles and combats of the great city,—those theatres, temples, and palaces, of which we had so often read, even to dreaming—that we could watch and wonder at the workings of that tre-

mendous hive, into which,—*hush* drone as I am!—I have at length ventured to creep. I am now, my dear Russell, seeing all that can be seen,—insinuating myself into scenes and amongst characters which half of London even know only by hearsay,—wandering amongst the noblest buildings around me,—harvesting, in truth, within the granary of my mind, food enough to last your hungry spirits through the winter. *Russell!* strange and opposite have been my researches of late.—I have been to the green-room of a principal theatre, and witnessed all the craft, hate, and envy, “found only on the stage,” as my Lord Byron well expresses it in his sweet nuisance, *Don Juan*;—and I have penetrated into all the heartless eagerness, guileful ferocity, and desperate spirit of the cock-pit. Greenwich Hospital has opened to my eyes its majestic, enormous, and beautiful charities;—and the bear-garden has made me familiar with its strange, antique, and brutal mysteries. I have beheld the costly state and fineries of a court,—the strife, the terrors, the appalling fierceness of a bull-fight,—the pictorial wealth and stately formalities of Hampton palace,—the beautiful and exciting conflict of two great pugilists. Have not my pursuits been various, and my curiosity unwearied and determined?—My letters will now, if my health and leisure permit, give to you, my dear Russell, or to your sisters, if the subject should beseech them, faithful accounts of my *travels*,—accounts which will be novel at least; for I do not remember to have read any description of several of the scenes which I have enumerated.—The buildings, the theatres, the court, will have gaiety and beauty enough to interest the ladies' minds; for what female heart is proof against pointed lace, or can contemplate ruffles without emotion?—while the rougher diamonds of the cock-

pit, the bear-garden, and such rude mines, will be rich jewels in the cap of your curiosity. I have, indeed, a scene in store which will be brighter and costlier than all the rest; but I dare not hint at it yet, lest I ruin my chance of being taken to it at all, or rashly endanger my safety while there:—rest, rest, perturbed Russell! until I shall in my wisdom see fit to exhibit this brilliant and matchless gem to your wondering, your delighted eyes.

I should not omit to inform you, that Mrs. Mallinson's letter of introduction to the Mortons has been to me most serviceable and successful, for they have taken me by the hand with the utmost friendship and liberality, and have obtained for me the sight of many London lions:—indeed, they appear to me to have access to all the chief *cages* of the city, and the *Hectors* and *Fannys* of this marvellous metropolis are familiar to them as household words. To render my letters the more intelligible to you, as the Mortons will make the principal *dramatis personæ* of my epistolary drama, I will attempt as clear a description of them as I can accomplish; relying upon your ingenuity for colouring my sketch with the lively and gallant tints of your own imagination. I shall merely offer you the family in outline, after the style of Retsch's *Faust*, being convinced that none but a masterly hand can safely venture upon a minute finishing. Mr. Morton, the father, is one of those gentle and silent characters, which are rather spirits of the household, than active and common mortal portions of it:—never mingling in the petty strifes and light joys of the moment,—but softening and quieting the former with a bland and pleasant placidity, and heightening the latter by a cheerful and generous regard. His age I should guess to be about fifty-six; you may perceive that Time is beginning to write a few faint lines upon his forehead, and that his eye begins to show that patient wisdom which only comes of the light of many years. His hair (which Mrs. Morton tells me was a raven black “when they were married,” and of which she has one *precious* lock, neatly folded in fra-

grant paper, and kept in the innermost recess of her pocket book) is just dashed with a glossy white, which seems to light upon him more like the glory than the waste of age, and brightens, if possible, the serene sweetness of his forehead. He speaks very little, but he looks as if his thoughts ran on with the radiant solemnity of a river. His observations, indeed, when they do come forth, are remarkable only for their simplicity and humane gentleness;—and you feel convinced that they are, as the old play hath it, killed with kindness. His thoughts remain with him, but his feelings come forth and speak, and you may ever perceive that his mind discourses silently and with itself, while his heart is the active and eloquent minister to his tongue. I wish, Russell, you could see him sitting at his table, or at his fireside, and lighting the conversation with his pleasant looks. All customs, all pleasures, all regulations, take their exactness from his presence, and I never saw order wear so attractive a garb as that in which Mr. Morton clothes her. He has the most precise and quiet mode of taking his seat, or reading the newspaper (and quiet as he naturally is, he is yet deeply interested in the political agitations which ever disturb the heart of his country), or stirring the fire, or putting on his spectacles. He goes to an office somewhere in the city daily, but I do not see that his merchant-life distracts his home comforts, or molests his morning thoughts; whether it be that his peculiar temperament places all commercial fluctuation in a mild and softening atmosphere, or that he meets not with those temporary difficulties and perplexities which call daily at the most obscure and dusty dens of business, and afflict the nerves of the oldest and most staid merchant, I know not; but the rise and fall of stocks—the intricacies of the markets—the uncertainties and dangers of the shipping—the more polished difficulties, and changes, and higher mysteries of the court, abide not with Mr. Morton. He hears the din of the nation, and it stuns him not:—he sees the great game of the world played, and heeds not its rogueries, its ruin, or its fascinations. His

heart is in his home, and in his family, and he does not ever look to the winners and the losers elsewhere. Such is Mr. Morton. To me he is unusually loquacious, which is a sure mark of his regarding me kindly;—and the other evening he took particular joy, during our rubber, in always having a king for my queen, and laughed outright in detecting a revoke which I committed; which was the most gratifying sign.—He, in general, pities the objects of his triumphs, and silently pines over his own success, which he ever thinks “runs too much on one side.”

Mrs. Morton is a woman of the most superior mind and admirable manners; and I never hear her mentioned, even by *friends*, without expressions of the most untainted endearment. The silence and worldly inaptitude of her life-partner have called forth the powers of her mind, and given a constant exercise to her fine judgment. She has the most pleasing way of insinuating plain advice that I ever beheld; and I believe it is impossible to disregard the sweet persuasion and delicate earnestness of her voice and expression. She is younger than Mr. Morton by some years, and has a face still eloquent with beauty. The dark eye,—the happy forehead,—the pale cheek,—the mouth, made ever pleasant by a thousand amiable smiles, seem still to retain the sweeter virtues of youth, and enforce the wisdom of experience by giving it a charm which experience seldom possesses. Mrs. Morton is admirably well read in all the sound authors of our language, and can converse on subjects which seldom come under the consideration of women. She is mistress of the learned enthusiasm, holy poesy, and breathing piety of Bishop Taylor, and can lead you through the quaint periods of Sir Thomas Browne's rich and antique philosophy. Shakspeare and Spenser are familiar to her, in their deepest fancies, and most curious excellencies; and she is skilful in her knowledge of the works of the most eminent painters. She enlightens common walks, the idlest evening rambles, with talk, all breathing information, and pleasure, and truth. The distant gloomy landscape reminds her of this

or that picture; and she points out the disposition of the lights and shades which frames the resemblance. She never delivers her opinions authoritatively, or with a consciousness of power, but suggests wisdom for the adoption of others;—and often so expresses an ingenious thought, that her husband, by a word or two, seems to originate rather than confirm it. It is her chief desire to make Mr. Morton appear superior to herself, and to that end, her voice and her manner are gentle and subdued in his presence, as though she took all her feelings, thoughts, and wishes, from his heart and mind;—though to those whose observation is acute, it is evident that her knowledge is far more profound than she chuses to lay open. By an ease of manner peculiar to herself she accommodates her mind to that of every person with whom she converses, and never offends an inferior capacity with the least sign of superiority. With all these higher qualifications of mind, she is at heart a very woman, and has all the delicate tenderness, and unfailling love, of her sex. The lock of hair which she preserves with the youthful mystery of a girl, awakens early pride and young joy within her, and sets her dreaming over Mr. Morton's marriage dress and manly person, and calls up the mode of his hair, and the astounding colour of his coat. “Your uncle was dressed in bright blue, and had ruffles of this breadth (measuring a width upon her sleeve, that never fails to exalt all the female eyebrows in the room), I think he was certainly the handsomest man of his time!—I wore that dress which you now and then contemplate in my drawer, and I cannot say I think the brides of the present age dress so becomingly as those of my own day.” Such womanly reminiscences as these are always said with a mellowed tone of voice, and with a glisten of the eye, which show how much the devoted nature of the sex triumphs over the acquired formalities and tastes of life. Mrs. Morton sits at her table like a queen, in the true dignity of grace, and I am happy to say, Russell, that I stand well at her drawing-rooms and domestic court.

This excellent couple are without children of their own, but they have taken to their bosoms two nieces and a nephew, the daughters and son of Mr. Morton's brother, whom they cherish as their own, and upon whom they lavish all those paternal endearments which, in the want of an object to rest upon, so often irritate and embitter the married life. The eldest of these young ladies is naturally of a good heart, I believe; but she has so many acquired faults, so many lady-artifices and studied prettinesses, that I never know when she is thoroughly interested or earnestly moved. She is a polite adorer of literature and the drama,—and follows the stage more like a religion than a light and occasional amusement. From certain connexions she has become intimate with some of the performers, and the consequence is, that a morning visit from any tragedian is a sure forerunner of seriousness for the day, a support and a stay to her pensive looks, which she leans upon with a most dignified reserve. Miss Prudence Morton (she was the first of an intended series of the cardinal virtues, which, to her mother's deep disappointment, was broken in upon by the perverse arrival of two brothers into this breathing world) Miss Prudence Morton, I repeat her name, is a decided Blue, at least as far as youth and its established foibles will permit her to be. She is tall, and has dark earnest eyes, which at evening parties go through and through you in search of literary information. She loves to secure to her own reading the person and the attention of some young gentleman in the sonnet line, and to extract all the sweets from his brain as store for the cells of her own pericranium. She sits at him. She so disposes her attitude, that his bodily retreat is rendered impracticable. Her eyes are levelled against him, and she steadily fires down upon his helpless ears the twenty-pounders of her heavy interrogatories. "Have you seen Campbell's song in the last New Monthly, and is it not charming?—Not seen it! I own I wonder at that. Mr.— (naming some literary name) copied it out for me before it was in; and I like it amazingly.—O! and are those your lines in the *LONDON*? I know they are—but why do you use that

signature? Not but that I could always detect you! Not yours! dear me! Well I thought them not quite pensive enough.—But I don't believe you.—O! What is Lord Byron about? Mr.— (naming another literary name) tells me that he is writing a tragedy. I think Marino Faliero, horrid! Mr.— (naming an actor) assures me it would never *get up*! Have you read Don Juan? I have not: but I think it abounds with beautiful passages, though it is a sad wicked book. O! what do you think of —'s prose? Is it not flowery and beautiful? You never know whether it is poetry or prose, which is so vastly delightful."—This is a slight and meagre sketch of the style of Prudence's conversation, which I must, as usual, leave to the powers which you possess of making a miserable description opulent. She has great good-nature, the eternal palliative of all disagreeable qualities, and can at a quiet fireside make herself amusing and intelligent, but a stranger at tea, or an extra wax candle in the sconce, is the never-failing destroyer of all her natural freedom. And she straightway exalts herself into the wary, the wise, the literary Prudence. Some of her sayings are remembered, but considering the plentiful crop of her conversation it is wonderful that a few scanty ears only are preserved. When her form is at its height she, like the lovely Marcia, "towers above her sex," and that considerably, and I shall not easily forget the prodigious step and grasp with which she wheeled me down the stone-staircase of Mr. Morton's house the other day at dinner.

Agnes Morton, younger than either her brother or sister, is one of those sweet little fairy creatures which we seem to recognize as the realization of some dim poetic dream, or favourite beauty of the fancy. Her light blue eyes, softening beneath the shadowy yet even tracery of her eye-brows, gleam upon you with a modesty and tenderness almost unearthly:—and the airy figure, ever simply attired, seems framed only to be lighted about by such gently radiant eyes. Her very motion has feeling in it: and her voice is quite Shakspearian, being low and sweet, an excellent thing in woman. Indeed her elf-like shape, melo-

dious tones, and retired looks, seem contrived by nature as contrasts to the gigantic figure, vehement voice, and vampire gaze of Miss Prudence. Agnes, worthy owner of that innocent appellation, hath the sweetest and simplest wisdom in the world: Agnes with her lamb-like heart, and "those dove's eyes," by gentleness carries all before her. She rules all hearts, as by some fairy spell. Her soft exclamations of attachment, disregard, or wonderment, are potent as acts of parliament, or wills of princes. You must not imagine, Russell, that I am heart-stricken more than becomes a respectful friend, though I fear my description rather borders on the style of the last new novel:—my affections are, as you know, wedded to books and life, and I see no very great probability of my ever deviating into the lover. Besides, the times are ill, my prospects are bounded, and Mr. Vansittart has set his face decidedly against Cupid.

Thomas Morton, the nephew, or Tom, as he is more familiarly and affectionately called by his near acquaintance and friends, (and I always think that pleasant monosyllabic appellation is a species of short-hand for kind-heartedness), is the life, delight, and perplexity of the household;—spirited, volatile, effervescing in health, and twenty years of age; he is at once the source of mirth, affection, and disorder. When you enter the house he, like Latimer's peculiar bishop, "is never idle;" either the foil is in his hand, and he is pinking away at an old portrait of a great great uncle, whose canvas countenance he has already converted into a frightful rival of the nutmeg-grater; or with *muffles* on his knuckles, he is dipping away scientifically at the *day-lights* of a pier glass, or getting considerably the best of a corner-cupboard. One while you shall leave him reading one of Plutarch's lives, or burying his brain in the dark soil of Bishop Andrewes' Divinity; but leave the room for ten minutes, and you will find him on your return trying the latest quadrille with six chairs and a plate warmer; or exercising his legal powers of oratory, and convincing a green baize table of the strength of his talents and his hand, and the inveterate justice of his cause. He has a

fine manly person, which, however, he a little distorts by the decisive cut of his coat, and the Corinthian roundness of his collar,—but it is not at all unpleasant to behold his light lithe person disdaining the restraint and imprisonment of dress, and dancing about under the Merino and the buckram with all the loose liberty of a boy at school. His spirits, when excited, run riot, and trample upon fashion in their freedom. Buttons, stay-tape, and button-holes are set at defiance; and the natural man bursts through all his envious clouds, and asserts his untameable glory. Tom is intended for the law, if it shall please his volatile spirits to suffer such intention to run its unshackled course; but there is no vouching for so heedless and unreliable a mind, which at a moment's warning, or even none at all, might waste its sweets behind a grocer's counter, or inspire crossed-legs and a thimble on a raised board under a dim sky-light. He reads poetry to please Prudence; but he occasionally tries her patience by the vehemence and sameness of his quotations. He has an ill knack of wrenching a profound or romantic passage from its original beauty and meaning, and of applying it to some unlucky and ludicrous circumstance, to the utter dismay of his elder and more inspired sister. She looks upon him with her tragic eyes, a look of learned remonstrance; and he receives her rebuke with a burst of triumphant laughter, which sinks him only deeper in Miss Prudence's displeasure. To Agnes, Tom is all that is respectful, gentle, and sincere, recognizing her unobtrusive manner and exquisite softness of heart with all the generous and sensitive regard of his nature. The affectations and enormities of Prudence sit uneasily upon him; but the pretty manners and engaging looks of Agnes disarm his ridicule and tame his heedlessness. Mrs. Morton is continually annoyed at the follies and bursts of rash gaiety in Tom, but her inimitable discernment into character makes her perceive a virtue under all, which will yet surmount its present impediments. Prudence, with all her temporary afflictions, sets a proper value upon his services at theatres and parties,—Agnes loves him for his marked and unceasing gentleness and

affection,—and old Mr. Morton silently delights to see how fine spirited a lad Tom is, and though often worn with his noisy mirth, and suffering in his furniture from Tom's turbulent exercises, still he never fails to take a pride in the boy, and to say "Aye, aye, let him be young—we were all young ourselves, and have all had our troublesome days. I myself, (he will sometimes continue, to the regular astonishment of Agnes) I myself was once dangerous to the glasses, and had my boisterous propensities. Tom is a kind nephew." And Tom is kind. He is kind even to me, Russell, who sometimes venture to sift advice over his fleeting failings: and his readiness to fly any where in my service, or accompany me on any of my extravagant wanderings, is so lively and pleasurable, that I should hate myself if I thought I had written one word which would in reality prejudice his frank character in your eyes.—There, I have given you a picture of the Mortons, and it is not "done in little," I think, but manufactured after the style of poor Dr. Primrose's family group,—huge, awkward, and unsatisfactory. Tell me, when you write to me, whether you detect in my poor language Mr. Morton from Mrs. Morton, or Tom from Agnes. I own I pique myself on Prudence.

Many of my days, my dear Russell, are passed, as you will readily conjecture, in the society of this excellent family; and one or other of them generally accompanies me on my excursions in search of the picturesque, as it may be called, of this mighty city. At evening, we discuss the wonders we have seen, and many and various are the observations we make—each admiring, or severely commenting upon, the events of the day, after his or her own peculiar turn of mind. I remember the Coronation was food for many candle-light hours, for though I then was not so familiar with the Mortons, I saw them, and spoke to them, at that august ceremony. Mrs. Morton described the felicitous effect of the grouping and the colour of the scene, and thus opened to me the mystery of the beauty that delighted me; and I will say, that if I have been at all successful in describing any part of that magnificent procession, it is to Mrs. Morton that I am indebted

for the learning, eloquence, and discernment she displayed in her account of it. Mr. Morton was not present, as he did not think that the pleasure compensated for the danger of attempting to be there; but he cheerfully used his interest and his purse in procuring tickets "for the girls," and listened, and still listens, with one of his own quiet smiles, to the unravelling of the brilliant and tangled threads of the subject, so perseveringly taken in hand by the rest of his family.

We were all sitting one afternoon over our fruit,—sipping it might be a temperate glass of Mr. Morton's *particular*, which leapt into the glass "with all its sun-set glow," ever at the same interval, and ever in the same moderate quantities; our discourse was at its meridian, and we sat basking in the warmth of bright talk, and could have been satisfied to have ever so sunned ourselves. Mrs. Morton was in the full plumage of wisdom,—Miss Prudence had laid aside those two dilating eyes, so wont to expand over a whole company,—Agnes sat with her little white hand in Mr. Morton's, and smoothing with the other the scanty silken hair which scarcely shadowed his forehead. Tom was cutting out an orange into a sick alderman, and finding in his labours their own exceeding great reward; for he could procure no one to eulogize his sculpture in fruitage—all present having often been treated with a sight of the same specimen of the ideal in art. I had my forefinger of my right hand pertinaciously hooked round the stem of my glass, in which bloomed that purple flower which I have gathered ever since I was no higher than a wine glass. We were all peculiarly happy, alternately talking, alternately listening,—when the perfect blue of the sky, and the intense lustre of the sun, carried our thoughts to the country, and I know not how it was that they travelled to Greenwich. One ignorant question of mine led on to one sweet remembrance of the ladies, and another, another—and my mind became excited in the narration I heard—and curiosity led to uttered desires—and desires grew to projected realizations, till in due course of scheming, we arrived at a deter-

mination to visit Greenwich Hospital on the following day. Mrs. Morton would fain have gone that very afternoon, that her *best* half (in her estimation) might partake of the pleasure; but Mr. Morton protested against it, declaring that he had seen the building many years ago, and that the evening damps were much against the journey home. The visit accordingly was postponed until the morrow; and the evening subsided into a quiet tea, and a patient rubber, in the course of which I led a small diamond that forced Mr. Morton's king of trumps, and crowned my misfortune by omitting to lead through the *honour*, which lost us the game, and which abducted from Mr. Morton a kindly and monitory moaning, till I left the house for the night. But on shaking my hand at parting, he told me that he believed we could not have won the game; and he begged I would not think more about it, although indeed any card would have been better than the diamond.

I wish I could begin this paragraph with the explosion of some such eloquent gun as commences the *deep* tragedy in the Critic; and thus convey to you a perfect and an instantaneous idea of the rich "saffron morning," without the usual flourish of sun and clouds, and all the established finery of blue firmament, and "gilding the eastern hemisphere," and singing birds and fresh zephyrs; but I have no way of breaking all this splendour to you, Russell, without having recourse to these popular terms: you will therefore have the kindness to imagine one of the brightest days that ever shone in the first chapter of a novel, and you will approach within thirty degrees of that admirable morning on which it was our fate to visit Greenwich Hospital. Our company fell off rather in the morning. Mr. Morton, as usual, came down to breakfast (I was invited to that meal, and was punctual) in his easy slippers, but otherwise neatly armed in cleanliness for his City duties. He shook my hand, and slightly recurred to our misfortunes the night before by hoping that I had thought no more of the diamond, as it was really not worth caring about. He

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rejoiced in the fineness of our day, and begged me to admire particularly Sir James Thornhill's paintings at Greenwich Hospital, which he remembered were very blue and very beautiful; and he then wondered whether this Sir James Thornhill was any relation of the Baronet in the Vicar of Wakefield, for he never lost the impression, made in youth, that this tale was a true one, and that all its characters had liyed precisely as Goldsmith has so exquisitely described them. When we were all assembled at the breakfast table, Prudence broke the ice of an apology, by hinting that she doubted whether the day "would last;" and, indeed, that she took no peculiar delight in seeing a great old building, full of lame uncultivated old men; and that, indeed, she expected Miss — would call with the lines; and, indeed, that she could not altogether think herself *well*, for she had heard the clock strike *two*, and could not see very clearly with her eyes in the morning, giving them at the same moment a profound roll, as though they were revolving like satellites around her head, to convince us that her sight *was* affected. Mrs. Morton, foreseeing no great advantage from Miss Prudence's society under her then state of mind, very wisely begged her not to think of venturing in so dire a state of health; and Miss Prudence, with a sigh that seemed "to shatter all her bulk, and end her being," consented to give up the pleasure of Mr. Herbert's company, with the same species of reluctance that Richard displayed to receive the crown at the hands of the pertinacious Lord Mayor. Agnes looked pale, and was evidently affected with a head ache, though she made no complaints, and was anxious to assure us that it would be removed by the ride and the fresh air. Tom would have accompanied us, but he had some other engagement, which I guessed, by his shrewd winks and nods, was not of that order that, in the opinion of ladies, ought to supersede a visit to so noble a building as Greenwich Hospital. He wished he could make one with Herbert, but (squaring with his clenched hands, and scientifically touching at the tea-urn) he had business in hand

that must be taken by the forelock. He took an opportunity, while the ladies were gone up to attire, to let me into the secret of "a bull bait down the Edgeware Road, near the four mile slab," which would be worth whole pailfuls of pensioners, and he was desirous of fleshing a young ring-tailed and tulip-eared puppy, of which he had the most extravagant expectations; not but that I should be entertained where I was going. In less than a quarter of an hour from the period of this assurance our breakfast party had separated; Mrs. Morton, Agnes, and myself, were seated in the carriage, rattling through the stony-hearted streets. Mr. Morton was steadily walking towards his counting-house, with a placid heart, and an umbrella under his arm, (for he never was betrayed by a fine morning into an abatement of this salutary provision against the malice of the clouds). Miss Prudence had arranged herself over a volume of Wordsworth, and a lace-frill, and sat like Lydia Languish over the tears of sensibility, ready for any one that should come: while Tom, with a blue neckerchief, and a white hat, was shaking his way down the Edgeware Road, in the taxed cart of one of the cognoscenti, discussing the breed of *picd* and *brindled*, and sitting with his two hands round the lugs of his little tulip-eared puppy, which sat up in restless state between his legs.

I shall not detain you, Russell, over the common adventures of the road; you will know that the principal incidents were the paying of turnpikes, a tax which those who prize smooth roads and easy riding seldom think an evil. We passed Charing Cross, a part of the world that echoes the word "Greenwich" unceasingly, and is kindly sending coaches there every quarter of an hour of the day. We passed over Westminster Bridge—we passed Astley's Theatre—we passed the Asylum—we passed the Elephant and Castle—we passed the Bricklayer's Arms—we passed the Robin Hood—we passed the Canal—the Three Compasses—the Seven Stars—all buildings and places very uninteresting to you, excepting so far as they show, being the leading objects of a given

road out of London, that public houses, in proportion to other houses, are as about four to one—extravagant odds! as Tom would say.

How shall I give you an idea of the beauty of the far-famed Hospital of Greenwich, rising with its fair domes and stately walls, by the side of one of the noblest rivers in Europe?—In no way, I fear, save by sending you the "perspective view," sold by the boatswain in the painted Hall, done in a very masterly manner by some one, if I recollect rightly, connected with the Hospital. The beautiful park rises grandly on the *larboard* side of the building, to speak professionally, and seems to protect it from all rude storms, and tempests; as it, in turn, shields its old glorious inmates from the blasts and billows of the world. There are four divisions, all stately and majestic; and the court yards and kingly statue speak, like an English history, of the reign of George the Second. The very dress of the pensioner appears a sober record of the fashion of that day, and removes the wearer from the modern manners and look of the foolish mankind of this round-hatted generation. Every old sailor appears coeval with the foundation of the charity, and walks the deck of the building under his three cornered beaver, more like a formal gentleman out of one of Sir James Thornhill's pictures, than the living hulk of a man of war, laid up in the blessed harbour of his country. All the arrangements of this admirable charity are so well ordered that the sailor has his life embalmed in comfort, and preserved as much in its original shape and appearance as possible. The watches are set—the food is portioned out—the cooks are of the crew—the lieutenants preside—the bed-rooms are like cabins—the wainscotting is of oak—the very cloth of the dress is blue. It is life in a stone ship,—on an untroubled sea,—with no end to fresh meat and water,—a naval romance! There is no more to do than to take care of their munificent vessel; and I will do them the justice to say, that they are ever washing the decks. You can hardly go over the rooms without finding one man at his Bible—another at a sea voyage—another



looking through a telescope at the vessels in the river: they are a silent, contemplative race, made so, it may be, by the eternal and higher noise of the sea, which has unfitted them for the lighter voices of their kind. But from this general character for reserve and retirement let me exempt honest Master Ball, as comely a man as ever wore checked shirt,—as conversational a man as ever piped all hands,—as cheerful a man as ever brake biscuit, or damped a tobacco-tinted tooth with a tumbler of cold grog. He is, if I mistake not, the boatswain of one of the long rooms, and sits there as jolly as though he should never be old; smiling on all comers, and looking over two shining bronzed cheeks with the most easy and winning assurance in the world. Mrs. Morton well remarked, that he looked as if he would give sickness no more quarter than the enemy. His forehead shone insufferably bright, and quite dazzled the eyes of the beholder; and his hands were crossed over the lower button of his waistcoat, which fastened as convex a little garment as ever bent round a comfortable body. Agnes thought the forehead was like that of Mr. Morton; but we all negatived her opinion, and left her to the solitary possession of it; which, however, woman-like, she tenaciously held. But I know not how it is, I am getting out of order, and am describing a character with which, at present, I have clearly no business.

The terrace that runs along the whole range of the building, between it and the water, is pleasantly situated, but, as it does not much abound with pensioners, it is by no means a striking attraction in my eyes. But in the walk below it, at the edge of the water, narrow, inconvenient, and thronging with watermen, sailors, and other bronzed men,—we all delighted to walk. There do the maimed and weather-tried tenants of the place saunter out their indolent and late holiday of existence. There do they sit for hours, like Crabbe's Peter Ghrimes, but without his crimes, looking upon the flood. There do they lean,—there stand,—there recline,—there sidle about. The passing of a packet,—the slow drifting of a merchantman,—the heavy slumber of

a Dutch vessel,—the arrowy course of a wherry,—are all beheld and thought over with an unchangeable profundity and a deathless silence. It appears to me that words are of no use by the water side. The only object that calls up an extraordinary expression of surprise or distaste on the mahogany line of visages along the railing, is the aquatic innovation of a steam-boat;—*that* elevates the bristles of twenty or thirty pair of rugged old eyebrows, and crumples up so many dark brown cheeks till they look like a row of biffens.—But not a word passes. The long—rapid—smoking machine goes rattling by, convulsing the river, and agitating the lesser craft:—but much as it offends the eyes of the oldest sailors, it is passed and passes in a dignified silence. I was much amused, and nudged my good friends on each side to share in my amusement, by watching one hale old man, with a peculiar and shrewd cock of his tricornered beaver, probing, with his gimlet eye, the rusty hole in the bottom of a worn-out skiff. He stood sideways, peering into it with all the sagacity of the raggie's marrowbone survey—now ogling it on this side—now contemplating it on that,—and appearing to see in it something far deeper than our poor optics could discern. He looked closer and closer, and twined his glosy antiquated fingers upon the small of his back,—and pursed his under lip,—and gave his head a more intense twist—till I really thought the hole might not be a mere hole, and that I ought not, as Mr. Puff says, to be “too sure that he was a beef-eater.” Five minutes elapsed, but the inquisition was not over;—indeed, it deepened and deepened, and just as I was satisfied the scrutiny was ripening to a purpose, and that the old man was arriving at his conclusion, he suddenly dispersed all our expectations by loosening his hands, giving the silver buckle of his right leg an easy elevation into the sun, and, whistling off the last notes of some ricketty tune, he left us with an empty stare at ourselves, the building, and the river. And this is, with these charming old men, an incident—a sample of life. Thus do they dwell, thus exist in doing nothing with more industrious

exactness than any other kind of idlers in the world.

By the kindness of one of Mr. Mor-ton's friends, who holds some place of trust in the Hospital, we were conducted to the chapel, one of the most beautiful places of worship I ever beheld, but possessing, perhaps, too much of architectural splendour for the sincerity and serenity of devotion. It had not the unobtrusive quiet of the little Oratory of Warwick Castle: but the gothic style is to my feelings always more associated with the sacred earnestness of prayer. A steady, sober pensioner, with a white willow wand in his hand, marshalled us up to the extreme end of the interior, and pointing to a huge painting by West, over the communion table, began his daily labour of description. The Preservation of St. Paul from Shipwreck must be a brave subject for an old sailor to enlarge upon; and accordingly, our guide lifted up his voice and spake. He pointed out the mariners,—the sea,—the vessel; and nothing that I can say will afford you an idea of the deep rugged vigour of his voice. When he came to a word with an R in it,—it rattled in his mouth like a loose sail in a stiff wind; and his laborious expulsion of sound resembled the exertions attendant upon working a boat against a heavy sea. He resolutely adhered to his own mode of pronunciation, which made good havoc with many stout words, that had stood the storms of other tongues;—but so like the monotonous tones of the sea was this his delivery of sound, that I could have closed my eyes and fancied myself sitting near the mainmast, with all the world of ropes and booms creaking and rattling around me. The picture is a clever picture, but it has all the hardness and stiffness peculiar to West. The pulpit is not at all suited to the purity of the chapel. The ceiling is extremely rich. At the entrance there is an inner portico supported on beautiful columns of white marble, which caught the heart of Agnes, and was not displeasing to the severer eyes of her aunt and myself.

The Painted Hall faces the chapel, and is, to be sure, sufficiently splendid:—the ceiling is, as a very clever little account of Greenwich Hospital

remarks, well described by Sir Rich. Steele. And as his language cannot fail to be more satisfactory than “any thing that I can say upon it,” I have borrowed an old copy of that dull essayist, and transcribe for you part of the passage, as follows:—

In the middle of the ceiling is a very large oval frame, painted and carved in imitation of gold, with a great thickness rising in the inside to throw up the figures to the greater height; the oval is fastened to a great soffit adorned with roses, in imitation of copper. The whole is supported by eight gigantic figures of slaves, four on each side, as though they were carved in stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each end of the ceiling is raised in perspective, with a balustrade and elliptic arches, supported by groups of stone figures, which form a gallery of the whole breadth of the hall; in the middle of which gallery (as though on the stocks,) going into the upper hall, is seen, in perspective, the tafferrill of the Blenheim man-of-war, with all her galleries, port-holes open, &c., to one side of which is a figure of Victory flying, with spoils taken from the enemy, and putting them on board the English man-of-war. Before the ships is a figure representing the city of London, with the arms, sword, and cap of maintenance, supported by Thame and Isis, with the other small rivers offering up their treasures to her; the river Tyne pouring forth sacks of coals. In the gallery, on each side of the ship, are the Arts and Sciences that relate to Navigation, with the great Archimedes, many old philosophers consulting the compass, &c.

At the other end, as you return out of the Hall, is a gallery in the same manner, in the middle of which is a stern of a beautiful galley filled with Spanish trophies; under which is the Humber with his pigs of lead; the Severn with the Avon falling into her, with other lesser rivers. In the north end of the gallery is the famous Tycho Brahe, that noble Danish knight, and great ornament of his profession and human nature. Near him is Copernicus, with his Pythagorean system in his hand: next to him is an old mathematician, holding a large table, and on it are described two principal figures of the incomparable Sir Isaac Newton, on which many extraordinary things in that art are built. On the other end of the gallery, to the south, is the learned Mr. Flamstead, Reg. Astron. Profess., with his ingenious disciple, Mr. T. Weston. In Mr. Flamstead's hand is a large scroll of paper, on which is drawn the great eclipse of the Sun that happened in April, 1715; near him is an old man with a pendulum, count-

ing the seconds of time, as Mr. Flamstead makes his observations, with his great mural arch and tube, on the descent of the Moon on the Severn; which at certain times forms such a roll of the tides, as the sailors corruptly call the Hygre, instead of the Eagre, and is very dangerous to all ships in its way. This is also expressed by rivers tumbling down, by the moon's influence, into the Severn. In this gallery are more arts and sciences relating to Navigation.

Mr. Flamstead looks down, with his ingenious disciple, in a way to awe all sublunary objects. The mixture of gods, rivers, virtues, fame, king, queen, and Tycho Brahe, is sufficiently various to hit the taste of the most dainty admirer of variety. I do not, however, see in this description any account of the portrait of the first pensioner, the original man of blue, the Adam of Greenwich Hospital, whom death turned out of his waterside Paradise:—I see no mention of him, although the little stunted boatswain pointed him out in the ceiling, and dared us to get to any part of the hall without encountering the eyes of this seaman in the shrouds. I think, however, in spite of this, that he was blind. At the end of the hall are the portraits of George I. and his family, all little well-wigged princes, and formidable princesses, doubtless very staring likenesses. Sir James Thornhill figures away also himself, in a splendid suit, and enclouded in a wig of inestimable curl. "The whole of this celebrated work was not completed till 1727; and cost 6,635*l.* being after the rate of 8*l.* per yard for the ceiling, and 1*l.* per yard for the sides." This appears to me, Russell, to be very cheap workmanship, and might well be adopted by private families. The sides of the hall have representations of fluted columns, which, as the boatswain says, "you would believe were carved;—they are all as smooth as this wall." Mrs. Morton engraved a smile upon his copper visage, by examining closely, and very generously still professing a disbelief;—he drew his willow wand across it, winked at me, and re-assured her that it was "nothing but painted." Lord Nelson's car stands in one corner, and when it is remembered how great were the remains which it bore, through a grateful weeping people, to

its last and eternal cabin, and how glorious was the wood of which it was constructed, it is affecting little to say that it inspires gentle, and proud, and melancholy thoughts.

The kitchen, and the dinner room, with their homely furniture and pease-soup atmosphere, are refreshing to behold, provided you have not allayed the cravings of your appetite; and the cleanliness observable around is the pleasantest provocative of hunger in the world. When we passed through these rooms, the scouring was going on, and there was a thorough sloppiness apparent over everything. The bread-room had a delightful wheaten odour, which took my senses mightily. Agnes, as she peeped with her pretty face through the grating at the imprisoned loaves, heaved a sigh as though she pitied the confinement of even a *half-quarter*!—so much like a prison did this huge pantry look, and so ready was her pity for any thing that reminded her of a prison.

We took a survey of the rooms, in which were the little cabins of this happy crew, all as smart and neat as the peaceful hearts and golden leisure of their tenants could make them. Each pensioner appeared to have brought with him the hammock from his favourite vessel; and the clean silence of the long apartments seemed one perpetual sabbath. On entering,—there sat our good friend Ball, reading near the window, with his comely blue legs crossed placidly over each other, and his bright old eyes twinkling with a roguish joy peculiar to himself. He did not rise up,—neither did he lay aside his volume—Robinson Crusoe, or Philip Quarll it might be,—but he looked archly upon us, and answered our queries with an honest merriment that made me wish myself an old bald-headed sailor of some sixty years of age, sitting in a long room at Greenwich Hospital, and answering three inquisitive visitors without a care as to what queries were put to me. The little cabins, or bed-rooms, are small, and decked after the taste of the proprietors:—here you shall see a flaming ship,—there a picture of Nelson, done on glass, with desperate blue coats, and alarming yellow breeches, and sold by those foreign peddlars at

a price which almost persuades one that they must have stolen the colours, or pilfered the pictures ready framed and glazed.

We were shown into some of the rooms of state, and were hurried from portrait to portrait in cruel haste. In one room we beheld Captain Spearing, the marvellous gentleman that lived seven days in a coal-pit without food, and afterwards married and had nine children, as he by his own ingenious and entertaining narrative avoucheth. The belief among the sailors, however, is, that a Robin Redbreast brought him food, but I do not altogether side with the pensioners in this creed. He looked so well and neat in his light flaxen wig, though upwards of ninety, as I was told, that I had serious thoughts of trying a coal-pit myself, and could well endure the Robin Redbreast's victuals to survive so well and flourish so merrily.

Age, indeed, in this matchless building, is as verdant and pleasant as youth elsewhere. You see white hairs in every direction—but no white faces. The venerable chaplain, whom I saw, had a cheerful vivacity, and a sprightly vein of conversation, quite captivating and instructive; and I am very sincere in wishing, Russell, that you and I could have a cozey dish of tea with him, and a long chat over the early governors and the golden days of Greenwich Hospital.

I have given you, my good friend, a very imperfect and hasty sketch of this great charity; but I would not

tire you with the minute details, which you will read in the agreeable and intelligent little pamphlet, sold at the hospital (a copy of which I now send you).—We sauntered into the park, and buried ourselves for some hours in the green solitude of that solemn and peaceful retreat. The rich trees, spreading and mingling their ample foliage—the soft verdure of the grass—the deep and silent dells—the lofty and green eminences (commanding a view of the mighty city, and its spacious living river), all well and wondrously contrasted with the scene we had been witnessing, and disposed our hearts to feel brimmed with peace and grateful joy, and gently to marvel “why there was misery in a world so fair!” I shall never forget Mrs. Morton's voice, musical and eloquent in that blessed place, and Agnes letting her sweet nature breathe itself in unrestrained freedom. We returned to town, and recounted to Mr. Morton, late into the night, the wonders we had seen!

Forgive this letter of fearful length; not often will I so err; but the Mortons are described, and you will not have that description to undergo again. Miss Prudence had seen Mr. —, the tragedian, and was profoundly pensive:—Tom was tired to death, and slept in his chair a sort of dog-sleep, learned, I believe, at the strife he had been witnessing.—Farewell.—Love to all the Powells—  
not forgetting yourself, my dear Russell.

Your's faithfully,  
EDWARD HERBERT,  
*Albany.*

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## LETTER TO CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS, ESQ.

ON THE EXETER EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

*Exeter, 16 Oct. 1821.*

Dear Mr. Van Vinkbooms,

I am an old man and a lover of old pictures, and I take the privilege of age to address you with that marked affection which you will not dislike, when you know that I read your dogmas the first among the articles in the LONDON MAGAZINE, and that I learn enough from them to set me up as a connoisseur in this western

city. As you are a sort of foster-father to the fine arts, and look after the sister Muses with a careful and parental eye, I am quite sure that you will regard any advancement of their influence and welfare as so much achieved by your constant labours in their behalf; and I therefore venture, for nearly the first time in my life (having only written papers

on political economy in a country newspaper, which, however, were readily inserted on my merely paying the common price of an advertisement), to address these few lines to inform you that Painting hath set her blessed foot in the west—that she is rising like a sun in this quarter (which, let alone its not being the east, is the truest and most apposite figure that I can adopt). The mists of ignorance are rolling away towards the distant villages, and we are beginning to break forth with a splendour which will rival the proud lustre of Plymouth (the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Eastlake) and the enlightened glories of Birmingham (the birth-place of no one).

It has long been considered, dear Mr. Cornelius, a desideratum, or, *anglicè*, a thing to be desired, that Exeter should add to its agreeable theatre (that theatre from which the great Mr. Kean was selected), to its public assemblies, and its architectural riches,—an institution for the encouragement of the fine arts; and at length, partly by the exertions of a respectable tradesman of the name of Cole (a dealer in drawings and looking-glasses), and chiefly by the instantaneous exertions of the nobility and gentry of Devon—such an institution has been formed. Application having been made to the principal persons of wealth and taste in the county for the loan of their pictures, to form an exhibition, for the delight, glory, and instruction of the inhabitants of Exeter, the Earl of Morley, Sir Thomas Ackland, Lord Clifford, Mr. Bielfield, and others, with a most praiseworthy alacrity, supplied a few of their paintings towards forwarding the plan; and with many disappointments, and under considerable disadvantages, a small and interesting exhibition has been opened. I myself furnished my solitary little landscape, leaving a great yellow stain on the white pannel of my best drawing-room, to bear testimony of my zeal in the cause. Certain it is, Mr. Cornelius, that more might have been done; for it is not to be supposed, that Sir Thomas Ackland's best picture is the faded portrait of one of his ancestors by Sir Joshua Reynolds; or that his collection is so limited, as to afford no more than four trifling

works; but let me not undervalue the sanction of his name to an undertaking in the bud, as I may poetically call it. Sir Stafford Northcote (a relation of the great Northcote the painter, I presume,) indeed, discouraged the attempt at first, as I am informed,—but on seeing that others thought it practicable, he begged that one of his pictures might be inserted in the room, and his name in the catalogue. There appears to be a cowardly *feeling of the way*, and not a march at once to success! The best works—indeed I may say almost the only works worth seeing, are from the collection of a Mr. W. Kendall,—a worthy and intelligent gentleman of these parts, who has contributed with a liberal hand. There are a few, a very few, fine portraits, by Opie, Northcote, and Owen;—particularly one of Northcote's own fine sensible head!—And a very rich, ripe, old landscape, *A Flemish Revel*, by Ostade and Teniers (worth the price of admission and catalogue in itself), which I look at again and again without tiring, and which I point out to my children as a warm, glowing, fruitful specimen of the old masters. You will be glad to hear that the fine arts (to take up my first figure) are dawning in the west—and I rejoice, that I am one of the first to announce to you such gratifying intelligence. Pray encourage us, Mr. Van Vinkbooms!—Pray tell Mr. Cole that he is a laudable person—pray impress upon the nobility and gentry of Devon, that by taking a lukewarm interest in this important work they are letting slip an opportunity of doing a great service to their county. Up with your voice, Mr. Van Vinkbooms, up with it, and awaken this alumbering enthusiasm of Devonshire men! Halloo! to the heart of Sir Thomas Ackland! Speak aloud into the ears of the Earl of Egremont, and spare not! Thunder into the mind of Mr. Dickenson! Call out, and waken to the watch, Mr. W. A. Harris! The sister Muses are now likely to obtain a seat here; and I trust, I do trust, Mr. Cornelius will give them his vote, which, in the election for fame, is a *plumper!*

I am, dear Mr. Van Vinkbooms,

Your's extremely,

SENEX.

## A VISIT TO JOHN CLARE,

WITH A NOTICE OF HIS NEW POEMS.\*

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.**Wansford, Oct. 12, 1821.*

I HAVE just returned from visiting your friend Clare at Helpstone, and one of the pleasantest days I ever spent, was passed in wandering with him among the scenes which are the subject of his poems. A flatter country than the immediate neighbourhood can scarcely be imagined, but the grounds rise in the distance clothed with woods, and their gently swelling summits are crowned with village churches; nor can it be called an uninteresting country, even without the poetic spirit which now breathes about the names of many of its most prominent objects, for the ground bears all the traces of having been the residence of some famous people in early days. "The deep sunk moat, the stony mound," are visible in places where modern taste would shrink at erecting a temporary cottage, much less a castellated mansion; fragments of Roman brick are readily found on ridges which still hint the unrecorded history of a far distant period, and the Saxon rampart and the Roman camp are in some places seen mingled together in one common ruin. On the line of a Roman road, which passes within a few hundred yards of the village of Helpstone, I met Clare, about a mile from home. He was going to receive his quarter's salary from the Steward of the Marquis of Exeter. His wife Patty, and her sister were with him, and it was the intention of the party, I learned, to proceed to their father's house at Casterton, there to meet such of the family as were out in service, on their annual re-assembling together at Michaelmas. I was very unwilling to disturb this arrangement, but Clare insisted on remaining with me, and the two cheerful girls left their companion with a "good bye, John!" which made the plains echo again, and woke in my old-bachelor heart the reflection "John Clare, thou art a very happy fellow."

As we were within a hundred yards of Lolham Brigs, we first turned our

steps there. "Tradition gives these brigs renown," but their antiquity is visible only to the poet's eye—the date of the present structure is 1641; still, the Roman road crossed over on the same foundation, and that is enough; or if more certain evidence of Roman origin were wanted, a fragment of a most ancient wall runs into the road diagonally at this place, leaving the mind in that degree of obscurity, with respect to its age or use, which Burke esteems to be essentially connected with the sublime. Of the Poem, Clare gave me the following account. He was walking in this direction on the last day of March, 1821, when he saw an old acquaintance fishing on the lee side of the bridge. He went to the nearest place for a bottle of ale, and they then sat beneath the screen which the parapet afforded, while a hasty storm passed over, refreshing themselves with the liquor, and moralizing somewhat in the strain of the poem. I question whether Wordsworth's pedlar could have spoken more to the purpose. But all these excitations would, I confess, have spent their artillery in vain against the woolpack of my imagination; and after well considering the scene, I could not help looking at my companion with surprise: to me, the triumph of true genius seemed never more conspicuous, than in the construction of so interesting a poem out of such common-place materials. With your own eyes you see nothing but a dull line of ponds, or rather one continued marsh, over which a succession of arches carries the narrow highway: look again, with the poem in your mind, and the wand of a necromancer seems to have been employed in conjuring up a host of beautiful accompaniments, making the whole waste populous with life, and shedding all around the rich lustre of a grand and appropriate sentiment. Imagination has, in my opinion, done wonders here, and especially in the concluding verse, which contains as lovely a groupe as

\* The Village Minstrel and other Poems. By John Clare, the Northamptonshire Poet. 2 vols.—Taylor and Hassey, 1821.

ever was called into life by the best  
"makers" of any age or country.

THE LAST OF MARCH.

Written at Lolham Brigs.

Though o'er the darksome northern hill  
Old ambush'd winter frowning fies,  
And faintly drifts his threatenings still  
In snowy sleet and blackening skies;  
Yet where the willow leaning lies  
And shields beneath the budding flower,  
Where banks to break the wind arise,  
'Tis sweet to sit and spend an hour.

Though floods of winter bustling fall  
Adown the arches bleak and blea,  
Though snow-storms clothe the mossy wall,  
And hourly whiten o'er the lea;  
Yet when from clouds the sun is free  
And warms the learning bird to sing,  
'Neath sloping bank and sheltering tree  
'Tis sweet to watch the creeping Spring.

Though still so early, one may spy  
And track her footsteps every hour;  
The daisy with its golden eye,  
And primrose bursting into flower;  
And snugly, where the thorny bower  
Keeps off the nipping frost and wind,  
Excluding all but sun and shower,  
There, children early violets find.

Here 'neath the shelving bank's retreat  
The horse-blob swells its golden ball;  
Nor fear the lady-smocks to meet  
The snows that round their blossoms fall:  
Here by the arch's ancient wall  
The antique elder buds anew;  
Again the bulrush sprouting tall  
The water wrinkles, rippling through.

As spring's warm herald April comes,  
As nature's sleep is nearly past,  
How sweet to hear the wakening hums  
Of aught beside the winter blast!  
Of feather'd minstrels first and last,  
The robin's song's again begun;  
And, as skies clear when overcast,  
Larks rise to hail the peeping sun.

The startling peewits, as they pass,  
Scream joyous whirring over-head,  
Right glad the fields and meadow grass  
Will quickly hide their careless shed:  
The rooks, where yonder witchens spread,  
Quawk clamorous to the Spring's approach;  
Here silent, from its watery bed,  
To hail her coming, leaps the roach.

While stalking o'er the fields again  
In stripp'd defiance to the storms,  
The hardy seedsman sows the grain,  
And all his hopeful toil performs,—  
In flocks the timid pigeon swarms,  
For scatter'd kernels chance may spare;  
And as the plough unbeds the worms,  
The crows and magpies gather there.

Yon bullocks lowe their liberty,  
The young grass cropping to their fill;  
And colts, from straw-yards neighing free,  
Spring's opening promise 'joy at will:

Along the bank, beside the rill,  
The happy lambkins bleat and run,  
Then weary, 'neath a sheltering hill  
Drop basking in the gleaming sun.

At distance from the water's edge,  
On hanging sallow's farthest stretch,  
The moor-hen 'gins her nest of sedge  
Safe from destroying school-boy's reach.  
Fen-sparrows chirp and fly to fetch  
The wither'd reed-down rustling nigh,  
And, by the sunny side the ditch,  
Prepare their dwelling warm and dry.

Again a storm encroaches round,  
Thick clouds are darkening deep behind;  
And, through the arches, hoarsely sound  
The risings of the hollow wind:  
Spring's early hopes seem half resign'd,  
And silent for a while remain;  
Till sunbeams broken clouds can find,  
And brighten all to life again.

Ere yet a hailstone pattering comes,  
Or dims the pool the rainy squall,  
One hears, in mighty murmuring hums,  
The spirit of the tempest call:  
Here sheltering 'neath the ancient wall  
I still pursue my musing dreams,  
And as the hailstones round me fall  
I mark their bubbles in the streams.

Reflection here is warm'd to sigh,  
Tradition gives these brigs renown,  
Though heedless Time long pass'd them by  
Nor thought them worthy noting down:  
Here in the mouth of every clown  
The "Roman road" familiar sounds;  
All else, with everlasting frown,  
Oblivion's mantling mist surrounds.

These walls the work of Roman hands!  
How may conjecturing Fancy pore,  
As lonely here one calmly stands  
On paths that age has trampled o'er.  
The builder's names are known no more;  
No spot on earth their memory bears;  
And crowds, reflecting thus before,  
Have since found graves as dark as theirs.

The storm has ceas'd,—again the sun  
The ague-shivering season dries;  
Short-winded March, tho' 't soon be done,  
Thy fainting tempest mildly dies.  
Soon April's flowers and dappled skies  
Shall spread a couch for lovely May,  
Upon whose bosom Nature lies  
And smiles her joyous youth away.

(V. ii. p. 118.)

From Lolham Brigs we turned to-  
wards the village of Helpstone, and  
at a distance I saw "Langley Bush,"  
which Clare regretted was fast hast-  
ening to utter decay; and could he  
have the ear of the noble proprietor,  
he said, he would beg that it might  
be fenced round to preserve it from  
unintentional as well as wanton in-  
jury. There is a melancholy cadence,  
in the construction of the little poem

which he addressed to this Bush, that chimes on my ear whenever its name is mentioned, and seems to attach me to it as to a rational object, though I know nothing further of its history than is contained in the following lines.

What truth the story of the swain allows,  
That tells of honours which thy young  
days knew,

Of "Langley Court" being kept beneath  
thy boughs

I cannot tell—thus much I know is true,  
*That thou art revenc'd: even the rude clan*  
Of lawless gipsies, driven from stage to  
stage,

Pilfering the hedges of the husbandman,  
Spare thee, as sacred, in thy withering  
age.

Both swains and gipsies seem to love thy  
name,

Thy spot's a favourite with the sooty crew,  
And soon thou must depend on gipsy-fame,  
Thy mouldering trunk is nearly rotten  
through.

My last doubts murmur on the zephyr's  
swell.

My last look lingers on thy boughs with  
pain;

To thy declining age I bid farewell,  
Like old companions, ne'er to meet again.  
(V. i. p. 164.)

The discretion which makes Clare hesitate to receive as canonical all the accounts he has heard of the former honours of Langley Bush, is in singular contrast with the enthusiasm of his poetical faith. As a man, he cannot bear to be imposed upon,—his good sense revolts at the least attempt to abuse it;—but as a poet, he surrenders his imagination with most happy ease to the illusions which crowd upon it from stories of fairies and ghosts. The effect of this distinction is soon felt in a conversation with him. From not considering it, many persons express their surprise that Clare should be so weak on some topics and so wise on others. But a willing indulgence of what they deem weakness is the evidence of a strong mind. He feels safe there, and luxuriates in the abandonment of his sober sense for a time, to be the sport of all the tricks and fantasies that have been attributed to preternatural agency. Let them address him on other subjects, and unless they entrench themselves in forms of language to which he is unaccustomed, or take no pains to understand him according to the sense rather

than the letter of his speech, they will confess, that to keep fairly on a level with him in the depth and tenour of their remarks, is an exercise requiring more than common effort. He may not have read the books which they are familiar with, but let them try him on such as he has read, (and the number is not few, especially of the modern poets,) and they will find no reason to undervalue his judgment. His language, it is true, is provincial, and his choice of words in ordinary conversation is indifferent, because Clare is an unpretending man, and he speaks in the idiom of his neighbours, who would ridicule and despise him for using more or better terms than they are familiar with. But the philosophic mind will strive to read his thoughts, rather than catch at the manner of their utterance; and will delight to trace the native nobleness, strength, and beauty of his conceptions, under the tattered garb of what may, perhaps, be deemed uncouth and scanty expressions. But why do I plead for his language? We have nothing in our poetry more energetic or appropriate than the affecting little poem of

#### CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

Each scene of youth to me's a pleasing toy,  
Which memory, like a lover, doats upon;  
And mix'd with them I am again a boy,  
With tears and sighs regretting pleasures  
gone.

Ah! with enthusiast excesses wild  
The scenes of childhood meet my moisten-  
ing eye,  
And with the very weakness of a child  
I feel the raptures of delights gone by.

And still I fancy, as around I stroll  
Each boyish scene, to mark the sport  
and game,  
Others are living with a self-like soul,  
That think, and love such trifles, just  
the same.

An old familiar spot I witness here,  
With young companions where we oft  
have met:  
Tho' since we play'd 'tis bleach'd with  
many a year,  
The sports as warmly thrill my bosom  
yet.

Here winds the dyke where oft we jump'd  
across,  
'Tis just as if it were but yesternight;  
There hangs the gate we call'd our wooden  
horse,  
Where we in see-saw ridings took de-  
light.



And every thing shines round me just as  
then,  
Mole-hills, and trees, and bushes speck-  
ling wild,  
That freshen all those pastimes up agen—  
O grievous day that chang'd me from a  
child !  
To seek the plaything and the pleasing toy,  
The painted pooty-shell \* and summer-  
flowers,  
How blest was I when I was here a boy ;  
What joys were mine in those delightful  
hours !  
On this same bank I bound my posies up,  
And cull'd the sweetest blossoms one by  
one ;  
The cowalips still entice me down to stoop,  
But all the feelings they inspir'd are gone.  
Though in the midst of each endear'd de-  
light,  
Where still the cowalips to the breezes  
bow,  
Though all my childish scenes are in my  
sight,  
Sad manhood marks me an intruder now.  
Here runs the brook which I have damm'd  
and stopt  
With choking sods, and water-weeds, and  
stones,  
And watch'd with joy till bursting off it  
plopt,  
In rushing gushes of wild murmuring  
groans.  
Here stands the tree with clasping ivy bound,  
Which oft I've climb'd, to see the men  
at plough,  
And checquer'd fields for many a furlong  
round,  
Rock'd by the winds upon its topmost  
bough.  
Ah, on this bank how happy have I felt,  
When here I sat and mutter'd nameless  
songs,  
And with the shepherd-boy, and neatherd,  
knelt  
Upon yon rush-beds, plaiting whips and  
thongs.  
Fond memory warms, as here with gravel-  
shells  
I pil'd my fancied cots and walled rings,  
And scoop'd with wooden knife my little  
wells,  
And fill'd them up with water from the  
springs.  
Ah, memory sighs, now hope my heart be-  
guiles  
To build as yet snug cots to cheer de-  
spair,  
While fate at distance mocks with grinning  
smiles,  
And calls my structures " castles in the  
air."

Now e'en the thistles quaking in the wind,  
The very rushes nodding o'er the green,  
Hold each expressive language to my mind,  
And, like old comrades, tell of what has  
been.

O " sweet of sweets " from infancy that  
flow,  
When can we witness bliss so sweet as  
then ?

Might I but have my choice of joy below,  
I'd only ask to be a boy agen.

Life owns no joy so pleasant as the past,  
That banish'd pleasure, wrapt in memo-  
ry's womb :

It leaves a flavour sweet to every taste,  
Like the sweet substance of the honey-  
comb. (V. ii. p. 14.)

If elegance and tenderness of ex-  
pression are required, from what au-  
thor in our language can we adduce  
more delightful instances than are  
found in the following

## BALLAD.

Winter's gone, the summer breezes  
Breathe the shepherd's joys again,  
Village scene no longer pleases,  
Pleasures meet upon the plain ;  
Snows are fled that hung the bowers,  
Buds to blossoms softly steal,  
Winter's rudeness melts in flowers :—  
Charmer, leave thy spinning wheel,  
And tend the sheep with me.

Careless here shall pleasures lull thee,  
From domestic troubles free ;  
Rushes for thy couch I'll pull thee,  
In the shade thy seat shall be ;  
All the flower-buds will I get  
Spring's first sunbeams do unseal,  
Primrose, cowslip, violet :—  
Charmer, leave thy spinning wheel,  
And tend the sheep with me.

Cast away thy " twilly willy,"  
Winter's warm protecting gown,  
Storms no longer blow to chill thee ;  
Come with mantle loosely thrown,  
Garments, light as gale's embraces,  
That thy lovely shape reveal ;  
Put thou on thy airy dresses :—  
Charmer, leave thy spinning wheel,  
And tend the sheep with me.

Sweet to sit where brooks are flowing,  
Pleasant spreads the gentle heat,  
On the green's lap thyme is growing,  
Every molehill forms a seat :  
Fear not suns 'cause thou'rt so fair,  
In the thorn-bower we'll conceal ;  
Ne'er a sunbeam pierces there :—  
Charmer, leave thy spinning wheel,  
And tend the sheep with me,  
(V. ii. p. 34.)

In the following little poem the  
art of the composition, admirable as

\* Snail shell.

it is, and yielding to no other in this respect, is yet exceeded and kept properly under by the easy grace and delicate fancy with which the lover urges his passion.

## BALLAD.

I love thee, sweet Mary, but love thee in  
fear ;  
Were I but the morning breeze, healthy  
and airy,  
As thou goest a walking I'd breathe in  
thine ear,  
And whisper and sigh how I love thee,  
my Mary !

I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain ;  
Wert thou but a streamlet a winding so  
clearly,  
And I little globules of soft dropping rain,  
How fond would I press thy white bo-  
som, my Mary !

I would steal a kiss, but I dare not pre-  
sume ;  
Wert thou but a rose in thy garden,  
sweet fairy,  
And I a bold bee for to rife its bloom,  
A whole summer's day would I kiss thee,  
my Mary !

I long to be with thee, but cannot tell how ;  
Wert thou but the elder that grows by  
thy dairy,  
And I the blest woodbine to twine on the  
bough,  
I'd embrace thee and cling to thee ever,  
my Mary ! (V. i. p. 195.)

One more quotation, and I return to my companion. Is it possible, that any mode of education, or any rank in life, could have taught Clare to express, in better language than he has chosen, the lovely images under which he commemorates

## PLEASURES PAST.

Spring's sweets they are not fled, though  
Summer's blossom  
Has met its blight of sadness, drooping  
low ;  
*Still flowers gone by And beds in memory's  
bosom,*  
*Life's nursing buds among the weeds of  
woe.*  
Each pleasing token of Spring's early morn-  
ing  
Warms with the pleasures which we once  
did know ;  
Each little stem the leafy bank adorning,  
Reminds of joys from infancy that flow.  
Spring's early heralds on the winter smiling,  
*That often on their errands meet their  
doom,*  
Primrose and daisy, dreary hours beguiling,  
Smile o'er my pleasures past when'er  
they come ;

And the speckl thrortle never wakes his  
song,  
*But Life's past Spring seems melting from  
his tongue.* (V. ii. p. 205.)

I have dwelt more at length than may be necessary in a letter to you, on the subject of Clare's power of language, but some of his friends object, in my opinion most unreasonably, to his choice of words: one wishes that he would *thresh* and not *thump* the corn, another does not like his eliding the first syllable of some of his words, as "proaching, &c." Every one seems to think that the words or phrases which are in common use in his native place, or where he happened to pass the greater part of his life, ought to be reckoned the true and entire "world of words" for all Englishmen; and so each disallows by turns almost every expression which has not received the sanction of the court. At this rate, Spenser and Shakspeare ought to be proscribed, and Clare may be well content to endure their fate. But in reality, Clare is highly commendable for not *affecting* a language, and it is a proof of the originality of his genius. Style at second-hand is unfelt, unnatural, and common-place, a parrot-like repetition of words, whose individual weight is never esteemed,—a cluster-language framed and cast into set forms, in the most approved models, and adapted for all occasions,—an expedient, in fact, to give an appearance of thinking, without "the insupportable fatigue of thought." It suits the age, for we abound with machinery, invented to supersede man's labour; and it is in repute, for it "is adapted to the meanest capacities;" but there never was a great poet, or grand original thinker in prose, who did not compose his phraseology for himself; words must be placed in order with great care, and put into combinations which have been unknown before, if the *things* which he is solicitous to express, have not been discovered and expressed before. In poetry, especially, you may estimate the originality of the thoughts by that of the language; but this is a canon to which our approved critics will not subscribe: they allow of no phrase which has not received the sanction of authority, no expression for which, in the

sense used, you cannot plead a precedent. They would fetter the English poet as much as they circumscribe the maker of Latin verses, and yet they complain that our modern poets want originality!

Helpstone consists of two streets, intersecting each other at right angles. In the middle stand the church and a cross, both rather picturesque objects, but neither of them very ancient. Clare lives in the right hand street. I knew the cottage by the elm trees, which overhang it:

— The witchen branches nigh,  
O'er my snug box towering high—

and was glad to hear that they are not now likely to be cut down.

On a projecting wall in the inside of the cottage, which is white-washed, are hung some well engraved portraits, in gilt frames, with a neat drawing of Helpstone Church, and a sketch of Clare's Head which Hilton copied in water colours, from the large painting, and sent as a present to Clare's father. I think that no act of kindness ever touched him more than this; and I have remarked, on several occasions, that the thought, of what would be his father's feelings on any fortunate circumstance occurring, has given him more visible satisfaction, than all the commendations which have been bestowed on his genius. I believe we must go into low life to know how very much parents can be beloved by their children. Perhaps it may be that they do more for them, or that the affection of the child is concentrated on them the more, from having no other friend on whom it can fall. I saw Clare's father in the garden: it was a fine day, and his rheumatism allowed him just to move about, but with the aid of two sticks, he could scarcely drag his feet along: he can neither kneel nor stoop. I thought of Clare's lines:

I'll be thy crutch, my father, lean on me;  
*Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee:*

And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown,

To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.

(Vol. i. p. 67.)

The father, though so infirm, is only fifty-six years of age; the mother is about seven years older. While I was talking to the old man, Clare had prepared some refreshment

within, and with the appetite of a thresher we went to our luncheon of bread and cheese, and capital beer from the Bell. In the midst of our operations, his little girl awoke, a fine lively pretty creature, with a forehead like her father's, of ample promise. She tottered along the floor, and as her father looked after her with the fondest affection, and with a careful twitch of his eyebrow when she seemed in danger, the last verse of his Address to her came into my mind:

Lord knows my heart, it loves thee much;  
And may my feelings, aches, and such,

The pains I meet in folly's clutch

Be never thine:

Child, it's a tender string to touch,

That sounds "thou'rt mine."

(V. i. p. 163.)

A few more years, and we shall probably see him advanced to that state of patriarchal felicity, which is so beautifully pourtrayed in his Sunday Walks:

With love's sweet pledges poddling at his heels,

That oft divert him with their childish glee  
In fruitless chases after bird and bee;

And, eager gathering every flower they pass,  
Of yellow lambtoe and the totter-grass,

Oft whimper round him disappointment's sigh

At sight of blossom that's in bloom too high,

And twitch his sleeve with all their coaxing powers

To urge his hand to reach the tempting flowers:

Then as he climbs, their eager hopes to crown,

On gate or stile to pull the blossoms down  
Of pale hedge-roses straggling wild and tall,

And scrambling woodbines that outgrow them all,

He turns to days when he himself would tease

His tender father for such toys as these,  
And smiles with rapture, as he plucks the flowers,

To meet the feelings of those lovely hours,  
And blesses Sunday's rest, whose peace at will

Retains a portion of those pleasures still.

(V. ii. p. 107, 8.)

Our meal ended, Clare opened an old oak bookcase, and showed me his library. It contains a very good collection of modern poems, chiefly presents made him since the publication of his first volume. Among the works of Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Crabbe,

and about twenty volumes of Cooke's Poets, I was pleased to see the Nithsdale and Galloway Sang of our friend Allan Cunningham, to whom Clare expresses a great desire to be introduced; he thought, as I did, that only "Auld Lang Syne" could have produced such poems as *The Lord's Marie, Bonnie Lady Anne, and the Mermaid of Galloway*. The Lady of the Bishop of Peterborough had just made him a present of Miss Aikin's Court of Queen Elizabeth. From Sir W. Scott he received (I think) the *Lady of the Lake*, and Chatterton's Poems of Rowley, in lieu of two guineas which were offered him; he had requested to have the value of the gift enhanced by the autograph of Sir Walter, in one or both the volumes, but his wish was refused. Crabbe's Works were sent him, by Lord Milton, on the day I called at Helpstone. To see so many books handsomely bound, and "flash'd about with golden letters," as he describes it, in so poor a place as Clare's cottage, gave it almost a romantic air, for, except in cleanliness, it is no whit superior to the habitations of the poorest of the peasantry. The hearth has no fire-place on it, which to one accustomed to coal fires looked comfortless, but Clare found it otherwise; and I could readily picture him enjoying, as he describes himself in one of his early Sonnets,

—The happy winter-night,  
When the storm pelted down with all his  
might,  
And roar'd and bellow'd in the chimney-  
top,  
And patter'd vehement 'gainst the window-  
light,  
And on the threshold fell the quick  
eaves-drop.  
How blest I've listen'd on my corner stool,  
Heard the storm rage, and hugg'd my  
happy spot,  
While the fond parent wound her whirring  
spool,  
And spar'd a sigh for the poor wander-  
er's lot.  
In thee, sweet hut, this happiness was  
prov'd,  
And these endear and make thee doubly  
lov'd. (V. ii. p. 152.)

Having directed my man to set off in an hour's time, and wait for me at the top of Barnack Hill, I walked with Clare to the lower end of the street, to see the place where "Jenny" drowned herself. It is a large

pond, partly overhung with trees; a deep wood backs the field; and in front is an ancient building, which looks like an old manor-house, but it is now in ruins: the scene is, perhaps, the most picturesque of any in the neighbourhood. Here let me refer you at once to the poem of *Cross Roads, or the Haymaker's Story*. It is so true to nature, so full of minute incidents, all telling the story in the most dramatic way, that any attempt to glance at it otherwise than in the words of the original, would be to destroy some portion of its interest; and altogether it is a most affecting narrative. The following lines are beautifully characteristic of those numberless recollections, which rush upon the memory after an irreparable deed is done, and seem to have been so strikingly prophetic of the fact, that our indifference to them assumes even a culpable taint, and we almost feel as if we might have prevented the mischief. An old woman, who was Jenny's companion, thus narrates the story:

Poor thoughtless wench! it seems but  
Sunday past  
Since we went out together for the last,  
And plain enough indeed it was to find  
She'd something more than common on her  
mind;  
For she was always fond and full of chat,  
In passing harmless jokes 'bout beaus and  
that,  
But nothing then was scarcely talk'd about,  
And what there was, I even forc'd it out.  
A gloomy wanness spoil'd her rosy cheek,  
And doubts hung there it was not mine to  
seek;  
She ne'er so much as mention'd things to  
come,  
But sigh'd o'er pleasures ere she left her  
home;  
And now-and-then a mournful smile would  
raise  
At freaks repeated of our younger days,  
Which I brought up, while passing spots  
of ground  
Where we, when children, "hurly-bur-  
ly'd" round,  
Or "blindman-buff'd" some morts of  
hours away—  
Two games, poor thing, Jane dearly lov'd  
to play.  
She smil'd at these, but shook her head and  
sigh'd  
Whene'er she thought my look was turn'd  
aside;  
Nor turn'd she round, as was her former  
way,  
To praise the thorn, white over then with  
May;

Nor stooped once, tho' thousands round her  
grew,  
To pull a cowslip as she us'd to do :  
For Jane in flowers delighted from a child—  
I like the garden, but she lov'd the wild,  
And oft on Sundays young men's gifts de-  
clin'd,  
Posies from gardens of the sweetest kind,  
And eager scrambled the dog-rose to get,  
And woodbine-flowers at every bush she  
met.  
The cowslip blossom, with its ruddy streak,  
Would tempt her furlongs from the path  
to seek ;  
And gay long purple, with its tufty spike,  
She'd wade o'er shoes to reach it in the  
dyke ;  
And oft, while scratching through the bri-  
ary woods  
For tempting cuckoo-flowers and violet buds,  
Poor Jane, I've known her crying sneak to  
town,  
Fearing her mother when she'd torn her  
gown.  
Ah, these were days her conscience view'd  
with pain,  
Which all are loth to lose, as well as Jane.  
And, what I took more odd than all the rest,  
Was, that same night she ne'er a wish ex-  
prest  
To see the gipsies, so belov'd before,  
That lay a stone's-throw from us on the  
moor :  
I hinted it ; she just reply'd again—  
She once believ'd them, but had doubts  
since then.  
And when we sought our cows, I call'd,  
" Come mull ! "  
But she stood silent, for her heart was full.  
She lov'd dumb things ; and ere she had  
begun  
To milk, caress'd them more than e'er  
she'd done ;  
But though her tears stood watering in her  
eye,  
I little took it as her last good-bye ;  
For she was tender, and I've often known  
Her mourn when beetles have been tram-  
pled on :  
So I ne'er dream'd from this, what soon  
befel,  
Till the next morning rang her passing-bell.  
(V. ii. p. 88.)

And how wonderfully natural on  
these reflections !

That very morning, it affects me still,  
Ye know the foot-path sidles down the hill,  
Ign'rant as babe unborn I pass'd the pond  
To milk as usual in our close beyond,  
And cows were drinking at the water's edge,  
And horses brows'd among the flags and  
sedge,  
And gnats and midges danc'd the water o'er,  
Just as I've mark'd them scores of times  
before,  
And birds sat singing as in mornings gone,  
While I as unconcern'd went soodling on,  
But little dreaming, as the wakening wind

Flapp'd the broad ash-leaves o'er the pond  
reclin'd,  
And o'er the water crink'd the curdled wave,  
That Jane was sleeping in her watery grave.  
The neatherd boy that us'd to tend the  
cows,

While getting whip-sticks from the dang-  
ling boughs

Of osiers drooping by the water side,  
Her bonnet floating on the top espied ;  
He knew it well, and hasten'd fearful down  
To take the terror of his fears to town,—  
A melancholy story, far too true ;

And soon the village to the pasture flew,  
Where, from the deepest hole the pond  
about,

They dragg'd poor Jenny's lifeless body  
out,

And took her home, where scarce an hour  
gone by

She had been living like to you and I.  
I went with more, and kiss'd her for the  
last,

And thought with tears on pleasures that  
were past ;

And, the last kindness left me then to do,  
I went, at milking, where the blossoms

grew,  
And handfuls got of rose and lambtoe  
sweet,

And put them with her in her winding-  
sheet.

A wilful murder, jury made the crime ;  
Nor parson 'low'd to pray, nor bell to chime ;  
On the cross roads, far from her friends and  
kin,

The usual law for their ungodly sin  
Who violent hands upon themselves have  
laid,

Poor Jane's last bed un-christian-like was  
made ;

And there, like all whose last thoughts  
turn to heaven,

She sleeps, and doubtless hop'd to be for-  
given. (V. ii. p. 92.)

The tale is a true one, and in a  
little village it would doubtless make  
a deep impression at the time ; but  
Clare received it from tradition, for  
the circumstance happened long ago :  
he would learn therefore the mere  
fact, that such a girl was drowned  
in such a pond, and all those par-  
ticulars which constitute the poetry  
of the story, would remain to be  
created by the activity of his own  
imagination. The true poet alone  
could so faithfully realize to himself,  
and few of that class would dare to  
dwell so intensely upon, the agonizing  
considerations which pass in the  
mind of a person intent on self-de-  
struction : the subsequent reflections  
of the narrator on her own indiffer-  
ence in passing the pond where  
Jenny lay drowned, and on the un-  
concern of the cattle and the insects.

may be, perhaps, more easily conceived, but are no less faithfully and eloquently uttered.

In our way to Barnack, we skirted the "Milking pasture," which, as it brought to my mind one of the most delicious descriptions I ever saw of the progress of love, shall be my apology, if any is necessary, for the following quotation.

Now from the pasture milking-maidens  
come,  
With each a swain to bear the burden home,  
Who often coax them on their pleasant way  
To soothe longer out in love's delay ;  
While on a mole-hill, or a resting stile,  
The simple rustics try their arts the while  
With glegging smiles, and hopes and fears  
between,  
Snatching a kiss to open what they mean :  
And all the utmost that their tongues can  
do,  
The honey'd words which nature learns to  
woo,  
The wild-flower sweets of language, "love"  
and "dear,"  
With warmest utterings meet each maiden's  
ear ;  
Who as by magic smit, she knows not why,  
From the warm look that waits a wish'd  
reply  
Droops fearful down in love's delightful  
swoon,  
As sinks the blossom from the suns of noon ;  
While sighs half-smother'd from the throbbing  
breast,  
And broken words sweet trembling o'er the  
rest,  
And cheeks, in blushes burning, turn'd  
aside,  
Betray the plainer what she strives to hide.  
The amorous swain sees through the feign'd  
disguise,  
Discerns the fondness she at first denies,  
And with all passions love and truth can  
move  
Urges more strong the simpering maid to  
love ;  
More freely using toying ways to win—  
Tokens that echo from the soul within—  
Her soft hand nipping, that with ardour  
burns,  
And, timid, gentlier presses its returns ;  
Then stealing pins with innocent deceit,  
To loose the kerchief from its envied seat ;  
Then unawares her bonnet he'll untie,  
Her dark-brown ringlets wiping gently by,  
To steal a kiss in secretly feign'd disguise,  
As love yields kinder taken by surprise :  
While, nearly conquer'd, she less disap-  
proves,  
And owns at last, 'mid tears and sighs, she  
loves.  
With sweetest feelings that this world be-  
stows  
Now each to each their inmost souls dis-  
close,

Vow to be true ; and to be truly ta'en,  
Repeat their loves, and vow it o'er again ;  
And pause at loss of language to proclaim  
Those purest pleasures, yet without a name :  
And while, in highest ecstasy of bliss  
The shepherd holds her yielding hand in  
his,  
He turns to heaven to witness what he feels,  
And silent shows what want of words con-  
ceals ;  
Then ere the parting moments hustle nigh,  
And night in deeper dye his curtain dips,  
Till next day's evening glads the anxious  
eye,  
He swears his truth, and seals it on her  
lips. (V. ii. p. 78.)

At the end of that same pastoral, "Rural Evening," how perfect in form, character, and colour, is the following sketch of an aged woman in the almshouse.

Now at the parish cottage wall'd with dirt,  
Where all the cumber-grounds of life resort,  
From the low door that bows two props be-  
tween,  
Some feeble tottering dame surveys the  
scene ;  
By them reminded of the long-lost day  
When she herself was young, and went to  
play ;  
And, turning to the painful scenes again,  
The mournful changes she has met since  
then,  
Her aching heart, the contrast moves so  
keen,  
E'en sighs a wish that life had never been.  
Still vainly sinning, while she strives to  
pray,  
Half-smother'd discontent pursues its way  
In whispering Providence, how blest she'd  
been,  
If life's last troubles she'd escap'd unseen ;  
If, ere want aneak'd for grudg'd support  
from pride,  
She had but shar'd of childhood's joys, and  
died.  
And as to talk some passing neighbours  
stand,  
And shove their box within her tottering  
hand,  
She turns from echoes of her younger years,  
And nips the portion of her snuff with tere-  
binth. (V. ii. p. 82.)

But you are tired, or at least I am, with this long letter. Briefly then, suppose that I parted with my interesting companion, on the top of Barnack Hill, a place which he has celebrated in his poems ; that he pursued his way to Casterton ; and that after dinner I tried to put these my imperfect recollections of the day on paper for your amusement.

## THE DRAMA.

## No. XXII.

SOME thousand gentlemen and ladies will find our article this month vastly unsatisfactory; for the Captain of our cruiser "The Critic" being confined to his hammock, and the vessel being still on the peace or summer establishment, the command has alighted on the gunner's-mate; a worthy man who will fire his thirty-six-pounders with great alacrity till the signal is hoisted to cease; but who cannot readily come into the modern innovation of using locks and taking exact aim. He calls out roughly in the old style, "Mind the heave of the sea! Blaze away, my lads!" and never heeds whether his shot tells: in this way two-thirds are wasted; but whenever a ball *does* take effect, the cracking timbers show how hard it was rammed home.

Taking No. XXI. as a pattern, it seems the custom to open the periodical batteries on Covent Garden—but as Drury will occupy a very little time, let us despatch it, and toss it over our left shoulder as lightly as the intolerably tolerable Mr. Cooper (under the alias *Geraldi Duval*) has tossed that very fine young woman, Miss Smithson, every evening, "Sundays excepted," since our last. Our good-natured Commander has called Mr. Cooper "an inoffensive actor, with no great points about him:" the latter limb of the sentence is undeniable, seeing that the gentleman alluded to is as plump as a partridge; but for the former, we must be mutinous or dissentient. Once indeed, he nearly reached that much desired consummation by doing little or nothing for two hours but walk in and out through the doors, and through the *flays*, dressed in black, with a shovel-hat, pressing the head of his cane against his mouth, and uttering groans: occasionally broaching sentiments indicative of a gusto for graves, an *amore* for exequiæ, a connoissance in coffins—assuming to be a human treatise on urn-burial; by

which agreeable procedure he contrives to win the heart, hand, and mouth of a gay lady, with white flounces and dark ringlets. His name was Nicodemus.—The Ghost was the orbit of his course: in which farce we were grieved to see and hear our old favourite "little Knight" fly directly in the face of Hamlet, and for the temporary purpose of pleasing the *un-play-going* pit and gallery of Drury, exaggerate rustic character (of which we have seen a little) into a caricature of Mr. What d'ye call him, the Droll of the Cobourg. It would not be desirable to search for a more apposite illustration of the danger arising from a bad neighbourhood, than in Mr. K.'s degradation to his present style of mocking, not imitating humanity:—his case, however, admits an easy remedy; he must recollect his former self, or see Emery at least once a week. For the rest, "The Coronation, as usual, till further notice," and the actor emperor himself, or themselves, (to speak regally) *as usual*—modestly swaggers past those ever-arms-presenting distemper guards, with a "NEW MANTLE!" more purple than port, and a pompously condescending face more purple than the mantle. There has also been a farce as *usual*—Monsieur Tonson high; the plot is well known. Good-bye, Drury!

At Mr. Smirke's house they have begun rather *strong*, treating the nobodies\* in town with their principal dish on the very first night, instead of trying third-rate *debutants* in first-rate parts, on an easy audience. This gives rise to two doubts—one, whether any live novelties are forthcoming besides horses; the other, is Mr. Young to be considered the acknowledged king, as of yore, two years back? Green-room report answers the first in the negative; and as far as concerns the male division, the public have no reason to lament; but for the female, or O. P. side, for

\* 'There is nobody in town,' said Topham Beauclerc, 'besides myself and about a million of vulgar!'

there do the ladies use the hare's foot, let the pump in Bow-street pour streams of grief. Empty is the dressing-room of O'Neill; hollow are the drawers of the natural, lively lady-like Brunton; or, only filled by pretty, vain Foot, and unoffending Mrs. Brudenell, who, not to speak profanely, but technically, *is no good*.—Miss Dance has kindly fulfilled our prognostication made five minutes after her primal entry; and has renounced Covent Garden (so we will put it to spare her blushes) for ever and a day. We have been told, that this young lady is well connected, and chose the stage solely out of love for the art: these circumstances might be gathered from her having, as a LADY, dressed Mrs. Haller in an evening costume from the last "*Journal des Dames*," very attractive and unpenitential; and from the determined, sustained manner in which she acted every scene, from first to last. The Stranger, with all its glaring faults, is a heart-breaking business, as London knows; but if any tears were shed that night, they rather gushed from the indelible recollections of Siddons and O'Neill, than from any fault of the debutante, who delicately feeling for other painted cheeks besides her own, contrived, in most eloquent dumb show, to assure the sentimental milliners and little government clerks that "she, Mrs. Haller, was not Mrs. Haller the countess-house-keeper, but Miss D. of ——. In short, we never, certainly, saw an *English* countess with such stiff, tutored, *unfashionable* brachial actions; and we trust, that it may be long ere we meet with any at all resembling it among the house-keepers of even "the first families." She never forgot who she was, nor where she was, for an instant; neither did the uninterested part of the audience. There was some talk of the house being packed on the first night of the King's appearance;—of this we know nothing, for we were not present; but we were on Miss D.'s first night, and knowing a little how these things are managed, we took some tent; and we do affirm, that never were clappers placed so thickly, nor so judiciously, in the whole course of our theatrical experience. This sort of management will make any thing go

down at this present degenerate time, when the theatres are nearly deserted by all real play-goers. "It is Lombard-street to a Chanay aringe." But the proof of the pudding is in the eating—how fills the treasury? Does he, she, or it bring *disordered* (i. e. cash for check) houses? There is the higher tribunal, above even friendly encores and hired bravos (not assassins); there is the grand test! The public fancy that managers often employ undue measures to thrust down mediocrity like a horse-ball—no such thing! it is the aspirant himself or his injudicious followers. The manager does not care a d—n who's damned, or who's saved, as long as he brings the "*stumpy*." It would be, no doubt, a singular improvement to the house to possess another Siddons, but that can hardly be hoped; in the meantime the histrionic lord mayor has Charles Kemble, Wm. Macready, and Charles Young, and heeds not the tears of a dozen neglected Misses.—A new bull to be baited attracts a north-west countryman; and a new somebody to be d—d has irresistible charms for a London pittance.

We must now go back a little to consider the second of our dubious points, viz., what is to be the exact rank of Mr. Young? This indeed is an entanglement not easily unravelled. After the retirement of Mr. Kemble, his range of parts fell of necessity to the lot of Mr. Y.; for there was no one else to assume them, and the town was already accustomed to this gentleman's performances in the highest class, during the temporary secessions of the great John. Charles Kemble, indeed, made one or two inroads, as in Hamlet for instance; but, elegant, and easy as he is in genteel comedy, he becomes artificial in the loftier tragedy, and his Princely Dane never produced a permanent effect: he was therefore compelled, after some struggling, to delight the audience with Falconbridge, instead of lulling them with King John; while the rival Charles swayed his mild sceptre in peace. But now a scene of disquiet begins slowly to open.—A young actor, already highly esteemed at Bath, made a trial at Covent Garden in Phillips's Orestes.—Polished and heavy as this part is (and therefore



the worst calculated to display Mr. Macready's peculiar powers that could well have been chosen) his passion and nature broke right through it, and convinced the managers that they had alighted on something rather above par, than below it. He was engaged; but, the arduous business being already filled by Young and C. Kemble, his great talents were not immediately brought out. Messrs. Morton, Shiel, and Dimond hearing that he possessed tones of deep menace, like the preparatory roar of a lion, and seeing that he stood firm on his legs, and could assume a murderous smile, manufactured a stock of 'slaves,' and traitors, and assassins, for his express use. Mr. C. Kemble was the nice young man in these things, and Mr. Young a Turkish admiral, an old Moorish priest, or any body with a long beard, and speeches to match. The public thought that Mr. Macready was a man of some forty years, with a desperate physiognomy, and the ladies hated him; he played his part with such intolerable plausibility. We, who had previously seen him enter into the needy tricks of Lackland, more heartily than even Jones, and set off the free, full-blown character of Alexander, knew better: but we kept silence, merely hinting at a speedy flame-up of the smouldering fire. We did not wait long—the audiences got tired of ranting Irish tragedies, and Mr. M. of personating "painted devils only fit to affright babes;" he determined to make or mar himself, he set his theatrical life upon the cast, and played Richard III.—with complete success! Many of his most ardent admirers were astonished—for our own part, we should have been astonished if he had failed. At the commencement of the play he had three difficulties to overcome: his own diffidence and extreme agitation; the prejudices of the public against the audacity of a *second-rater* (for in sad truth, he was considered little better); and the unhooded opposition of Kean's partisans, aptly cognominated from their odious showing "THE WOLVES." The house filled early; and it was

evidently the crisis of Mr. M.'s fate. At first it seemed to go off rather flatly—it was a new kind of Richard, and they did not know what to make of it: but at length a test of intellect and feeling offered—mouths were opened and bodies leaned forwards—a low hush!—"Good, it will do by —!" burst from an old amateur near us; up went the applause, around, above, and below; the burden rolled from Macready's mind—the roofing of terrible suspense fell in, and the vanquishing flame burst high, shaking its light over all the house. The business proceeded sweepingly, maugre the pitiful attempts of the creatures from the "Coal Hole!" till in the Tower scene during "the smothering," the pit rose simultaneously perforce, cheering and waving their hats and handkerchiefs! The enthusiasm which ran through all the spectators was indeed surprising: in the dress circle (the formal, cold, dress circle,) bravos were heard from men and females loud as those which greet Noblet and Bigotini; and when the curtain fell, a deafening call dragged forth the proud actor, faint, fevered, and shaken with internal emotions, to receive the congratulations of the warm-hearted. From this æra may be dated the commencement of Mr. Young's rapid decline in the favour of the Covent-Gardenites: his graceful attitudes, his mellow and equable voice, and his imposing but heartless delivery, were no match for the familiar pathos and whirlwind fury of Macready, who drives on, right or wrong, like a stream from the mountain; "Passion, the all in all" in acting, "being everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd."\* Mr. Young at the close of the season disappeared. His re-engagement seemed to us an omen of no good; we fancied that it involved the dismissal of his rival, whom we cannot afford to lose, much as we like Young in many parts, and highly as we respect him personally. This event has not taken place, and Mr. C. Kemble, besides, is likely to lend his strong shoulder to the dramatic wheel. If this noble triumvirate would lay aside

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\* Charles Lamb.

all petty jealousies, and play into each other's hands, we might anticipate a royal season; but to effect this their respective ranks must first be settled.—One must be the Apex, for Covent Garden will not, like Brentford, bear two monarchs. Let Mr. Young then, who is suavity itself, give a little way—out of generosity; and let Mr. Macready try to overcome him in this sweet contention. As for Charles Kemble he possesses a despotic right over Cassio, Charles Surface, Falconbridge, Edgar, and Mr. Lovemore, in *The Way to Keep Him*, which nobody will be hardy enough to impugn; and we trust that he has sufficient sense of justice to temper his hot ambition, and to make himself contented with his own pleasant realm, without seeking to acquire a new one. Macready must keep Richard, because he can look like a villain, and Young cannot; and Rob Roy, because he made it what it is; and Hotspur, because it suits his temper; and Henry 5th, because he is young and free; and Zanga, and Sir Giles Overreach: but he shall not touch Leon, nor Duke Aranza, nor Mr. Oakley, nor Cardinal Wolsey, nor Jaques, nor Cassius, nor Cato, nor Rolla, nor Joseph Surface, which last is and shall be Mr. Young's in spite of Mr. Hazlitt. If some coalition of this kind can be brought about all will go well, otherwise there will be the customary huffs and miffs, perhaps tiffs and cuffs,\* and a great deal of rugging and riving, during which the *role* in dispute will go to pot, and the public be kept in an alternating fever of expectation and disappointment. For our parts we will have an eye to these two gentlemen, excellent in divers ways if they could but think so; and the first who introduces a discord (it will not surely be Young from his high love of *harmony*) shall receive as hearty a flogging as we can lay on. Diximus.

23d Oct.—A piece (the Exile) has been dragged out of the ash-hole, lately, to serve as a vehicle for the folly of the day, called *A Coronation*. This Thing is a curious example of the small particle of

intellect sometimes allotted by Providence to poor human nature. The affecting tale of *Elizabeth* was attacked some years ago by a butcherly fellow, who, with trifling alterations, such as stretching out one plain effective word into a drivelling chambermaid's mewl, half an hour long, or cutting short what the interest of the tale required to have at length, succeeded in making it as ludicrous a tragedy as ever drew tears from the pitying barmaids and recruiting sergeants' fancy girls of Petty France, during their carnival 'clept Gooseberry Fair.—We do not here refer to those humorous people, the Governor, Altradoff, and Servitz, with his inefable tri-cornered cocked hat; with them it is impossible to quarrel, for they gave us the pleasure of seeing a little and hearing less of Messrs. Farren, Liston, and Fawcett; neither do we object to the part called Calmar, inasmuch as it induced Mr. Duruset to wear a very smart dress, (Russian no doubt, as it exactly matched Cherubino's Spanish uniform in Figaro) and to sing one song and a-half, the corresponding share being supplied by Mrs. Vaughan, late Miss Tennant.—Mr D. is, doubtless, surprised at the slight approbation that followed his warbling in late seasons. The plain truth is, that from his suppressed and timid manner the House does not hear one word he breathes! Perhaps this arises (as from the application of his hand to the pit of his stomach we are apt to suspect) out of some internal oppression, which might be greatly alleviated by the use of peppermint or ginger lozenges; at all events let him try to throw off his ungrounded flutter, and send forth his voice *ore rotundo*, or *aperto*, as in his original Cymon.—A whisper at parting; depend more on your memory than on the prompter, whose sounds are not quite so melodious as your own.

And now we have got on an agreeable subject, viz. the performers, why return to one so disagreeable as the performance? Those who have seen, or mean to see, *The Pageant*, will despise our feeble description; and the country gentlemen may be

\* See Theatrical Annals, for 1821.

assured that all our able pens could write would not afford them anything like a distinct notion of its prodigious splendour, which exceeds even the grand banquet at Drury, and comes little behind the late reality in Westminster-Hall. Nevertheless, it wanted solemnity from first to last; and in this respect lags very lamely behind the coronation of Henry V. or Elliston the 1st. The absence of the awe-spreading organ had much to do with it. Of horses, Cossack and Tartar, who imitate wildness with the courbettes, and demi-voltes of the high manège, there is no lack; besides six that draw the gold car of the Empress Elizabeth, who, by the bye, takes all the applause showered upon the cattle and the coachmaker to herself, and bows to the pit most condescendingly. Mr. Young, as Darran, was at once easy and elegant in every motion; so much so, that it is worth any artist's while to see him pluck forth his mooned scimitar. His delivery, though beautiful in itself, is rather suited to the lecturer than to the actor: in the pulpit he would make what the old ladies call "a fine man." A great passion for music, and that of the sweetest kind, has proved in his case of serious disadvantage; for his ear being attuned to a luscious harmony, cannot support a sudden, natural, but harsh burst: he rather sings than speaks, and his usual method of intonation may be signified thus  $\diamond$  while his violent starts are no abrupter than this  $<$ : Young can consequently swell a note of rage to the loudest without shaking a fibre of his body; practised lungs stand him in the stead of sympathetic fury. John Kemble was fire itself compared with Mr. Young. Nevertheless, it requires no common talent to pitch the idea of a character on a very dangerous height, and maintain it there to the consummation without a single dereliction: and this talent seems to us the undoubted prerogative of Charles Young, whose style may be compared to the equable flow of a wide rolling river, while that of Macready's resembles an inland sea, vexed and tormented by sudden whirl-blasts; not grand *per se*, but dangerous. Again, Young would seem, like Goffredo, to awe his opponents by a re-

gal majesty. Macready, like Antar, "howls at them and they are horror-struck!—he yells in their faces, "Oh, by Abs, I will not be controlled!"—neither can he be. Miss Foote looked (she is) beautiful; if her well-feigned

—————"sorrow had not made  
"Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self."

Mrs. Vining is not so handsome as Miss Foote; but then she has "a desperate moan," and a "talking grief," solemn as the strain of "Old Poulter's mare," whom we dare swear she never heard of, any more than of the gentleman who revived it; Robert Southey, LL.D. to wit.—With regard to Mr. Comer, who presented one Friskey or Whiskey, he ought to have an opportunity of showing the public how easily and gaily he can carry off a Zummerzetzshire lad, if London has not spoil him. That is justice. The original music, by Mazzinghi, is heavy enough, and cuts sadly against Bishop's airy polacca from the Farmer's Wife ("Go, trisler, go!") and his striking chorus, led by Pyne, Taylor, Isaacs, and Tinney; in which, however, there is an evident weakness towards the conclusion, arising, in our opinion, from an undue predominance in the kettle drums over the voices! This is a vulgar trick unworthy of Mr. Bishop, who possesses more fancy and spirit than all our other English composers put together. But it is no matter, for there was nothing in the appearance of any part of the audience (nor ever is at this time of the year) betraying a foolish squeamishness. The dress circle was filled, and well filled, chiefly with good-natured people from those happy parts of our island where the influence of Mrs. Bell is scarcely felt. They came to cry and laugh, and they did so. One family in particular, close to us, who occupied a whole box, drew considerable attention, from their fine, unsophisticated way of developing their sympathies. Some tolerably civilized looking persons in the private boxes regarded them with as much astonishment as they would some wild Cherokees. We followed this Wrongheaded party out of the house, and had the gratification of seeing them, Sir Francia, my Lady, Squire

Richard, Miss Jenny, and all, embark in the capacious receptacle, drawn by the 'ould wheezy-bellied coach horses,' attended and encumbered by 'heavy Ralph and John Moody.'

HAYMARKET.

We were just going to offer a few remarks on *Match-Breaking*, (a petite comedy, in which Messrs. Chatterly, Terry, Oxberry, and some others, "of whom the world hath no fame," dance the hays on a rope of loyalty; and lively Mrs. Baker kisses Miss R. Corri's neck after a fashion extremely instructive to young gentlemen going to be married;—this is a long parenthesis,) when we were summoned to devote a scrap of room to a Miss Blake, from the Bristol or Bath theatre, who wished much to know what London would think of her in the tight coat and lax character of Capt. Macheath; and about this point we shall not differ much, we apprehend, from our brother critics. She is not tall nor bashful, but very plump and pleasant countenanced; and formed too well a woman, ever to resemble a man: broad cloth seemed to trammel her as much as the iron armour of Saul did the son of Jesse. Her bow was delightfully feminine and awkward; and she held her riding whip as if she would not have touched her horse with it for the world. I could ha—that is we could have kissed her therefore heartily; for be it known, that going on the forlorn hope is far less frightful to us than the bare chance of meeting, within four walls, one of those præternatural amazons who wear no veils, narrow-brimmed hats, and neckcloths, and who will, out of pure spite, flog me a little unoffending horse with all the brutality of a sporting squire or a hackney coachman! To return, Miss Blake's tones in speaking are full, soft, warm, and heartfelt: and her *reading*, to speak technically, discovers sense and sentiment; qualities to which the difficult part of *Mac-heath* is all unused. Of her singing, even if it came under our department, we should be loth to say much on only one trial; for though, like a sensible girl, she had suppressed the obvious signs of trepidation, yet an inward tremble, and a

feeling of strangeness curbing her powers, were evident to the curious eye. Suffice it to say that, as far as her womanly nature would permit her, she gave her songs with great feeling and propriety; using little or no ornament to spoil the effect of those charming old tunes: and loud plaudits from all parts of a full house acknowledged her good taste and able execution. For all this, however, she will never be a *star*, at least in the *Beggar's Opera*, and there are unfortunately not many characters adapted for the display of her counter-tenor voice; but let us see her soft limbs in petticoats, and we will tell you more about her. As to the rest of this opera, "least said is soonest mended." Miss R. Corri (Polly) is a very nice little musical automaton, accurately tuned, who seems to delight the frequenters of this theatre hugely, though not quite so much as Mr. J. Russell in *Filch*. Many of our readers have, no doubt, been annoyed with this important little person's unconscious caricatures of Matthews, but not one, we are sure, ever suffered so much as we did last night under the infliction of his copper voice.

*Filch* is as great a favourite with us as with Mrs. Peachum. "Come hither, *Filch*! I am as fond of this child as though my mind misgave me he were my own." Who does not see in this the prepossessing and modest *winningness* so accordant with his name? forming of itself such a fine contrast to the horrid and mysterious designations of *Crookfingered Jack*, *Wat Dreary*, and *Robin of Bagshot*, alias *Gorgon!* alias *Carbuncle*, alias *et cætera!* His very first speeches are full of pity and gratitude.—Speaking of Betty Sly's transportation, he says, "In truth 'tis a *pity* to lose so good a customer! 'twas to her I was obliged for my education!" Here is the whole duty of pupils towards their former tutors exemplified in a sentence. But it is not merely for these tenderer qualities that he is distinguished—he is a philosopher and a moralist, witness the deep reflection and truth of "'Tis woman that seduces all mankind," and his noble declaration that, "he won't betray any body," but keep his honour bright and untarnished. Even amid

the unhallowed sophistications which have been mother's milk to him, he retains an ardent and abstracted aspiration after honesty; and thinks seriously of taking up and going to sea! And is it to be endured that Mr. Russell is to come impudently forwards, and travestie before our noses the delicate, ("He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman!") the intellectual Filch, into a corporeal uproarious blackguard, "a desperate villain" \* from Tothill-fields or Fleet-lane, who has not *now* enough ever "to bring him to the gallows with any credit." No! rise

ghost of the lamented and never to be replaced Simmons, the real Filch! and scourge this usurper howling down the Haymarket!—One word more; perhaps Mr. J. Russell has heard of Shakspeare, at least, in the manager's copies; now we recommend him to find out Hamlet's advice, touching the interpolations of those who play the fool—but we forget—it would be of no † use; and we can only sincerely commiserate the shrewd and caustic Terry on his being obliged to put up with the outrageous bawling, and extraneous slang of this illjudging actor!

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XXL

THE events in the musical world are few and scattered; for the metropolis is empty, and England has not, like the Continent, a host of cities wherein composers and singers and instrumentalists arise, or to which they repair, like those delicate birds of passage which furnish the rarest objects to a lower sense. Yet England has now its great towns, (as populous and more opulent perhaps than many of the continental cities,) which give high encouragement to art. But England is not yet a musical nation. It is also split by religious dissent, and the methodists who form the majority in some districts have no "relish for poetry or music, above the pitch of a Tabernacle hymn," as some of their distinguished brethren have declared. The same exclusive spirit pervades almost the whole of the three great denominations. London is therefore the only place that affords encouragement to art. Bath indeed takes a prominent character in its support, when London empties itself of its patrician patrons, who refresh themselves, and repair the fatigues of the winter campaign (from April to August) during the summer (from No-

vember to February), by the aid of the salutary springs of Bladud. The grand concentration of professors and amateurs at Birmingham, and the meeting of the three choirs, with occasional festivals at Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, and other towns, serve to propagate more extensively the knowledge and practice of the science. But these are casual, not continual supports; and perhaps the grand reason why music fails to receive the same constant encouragement in England that it does abroad, (after the necessary allowance for national cultivation) is, that music is *dear* in this country, and *cheap* every where else. Even the Italians who visit us come to "make their fortunes," and those who are content with moderate pay in Italy, we have recently seen, have the modesty to require their carriages and dinners of three courses and fourteen covers here, with salaries which are never heard of abroad. So generous a creature do the Signors and Signoras esteem John Bull; impoverished, ruined, complaining, complaisant, complying John Bull.

We must, indeed, except Madame Catalani, who, by a memoir of her

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\* So Mr. Russell's panegyrist in the Morning Post says.

† A judicious audience at Covent Garden one night hissed this person throughout Lawyer Flexible, as prettily as any moderate man could desire. We sat in a private box so close to him, that we could have pulled him by the leg on his exit through the doors; and we do affirm, that he never visibly altered a hair!! but went on playing at the one shilling gallery. "This shows a most pitiful ambition."

travels, engagements, presents, and charities, places the emoluments lavished upon public performances on the Continent at an elevation far beyond any thing that this country bestowed even upon her own, her favorite Billington, in the height of the rage with which that great singer was followed after her return from Italy. During her stay here, it was said that Madame Catalani had earned more than 40,000*l.* She left this country seven years ago, went to Paris, where she enjoyed the patent of the *theatre Italic*, with an annual allowance of 7,000*l.* from the court, and engaged the first composers and singers, who, when *Catalani* did not sing, had little attraction: she therefore quitted Paris.

At Berlin, her success was completed by a letter of acknowledgement from the King, written with his own hand, accompanied by the grand medal of the academy. At Hanover, the Duke of Cambridge received her "with the amenity which distinguishes him." She gave a concert for the poor, and was crowned at the theatre. From thence she went to Stutgardt, where her singing made such an impression on the King, that, just previous to his death, which happened soon after her arrival, he pronounced her name. At Munich, the Queen embraced her (we almost wish for the moment to have been the Queen) and recommended her to her daughter, the Empress of Austria. At Vienna she gave Concerts at the Redoubt, and 3,000 persons (at a high price of admission) are said to have been present at each of them. The Emperor presented her with a superb ornament of opal and diamonds, and the magistracy, to manifest their sense of her charity, struck a medal to her honour.

At St. Petersburg, though the price of admission was fixed at twenty-four roubles, hundreds were nightly disappointed of seats; and at length Madame Catalani gave a concert at the Exchange, when 4,000 persons were present. The receipts of this evening were bestowed upon 200 unfortunate families. Their Imperial Majesties embraced her at parting, and loaded her with rich presents, consisting of a girdle of diamonds and other or-

naments. In four months she realized 15,000 guineas, and refused an offer of 10,000 to give ten concerts in Poland, in consequence of fear of the climate. She also sang in more than forty other cities and towns, and frequently appropriated the receipts of concerts to the poor. Madame Catalani has determined on retiring (after a short time), and with this view has refused various offers in Italy, being desirous to conclude her public career in England, where her first great honours were obtained. She now purposes to make a tour in Great Britain and Ireland, and to return to London next spring. Such have been the respect and the profits which have attended this wonderful creature. In private life her manners are amiable and exemplary. She is the wife of M. Vallèbrèque, whom she first met at the house of General Lasnes in Portugal, and has two children, a boy and a girl.

Mrs. Dickons has retired from public life, and is residing in France.

Signora Corri is gone to Italy with her father and a younger sister, Angelina, who made her debüt last season, at her benefit concert.

The King's Theatre, it is reported, is engaged by Mr. Ebers, and Rossini will come to England to compose for the next season.

There have been two provincial meetings since our last report, at Worcester and Chester; the former of which was unfortunately attended by the death of Mr. Griffiths, a bass singer, in an apoplectic fit, during Mr. Vaughan's song of "Gentle Airs," in the church. This professor was amongst the few living who sang at the Abbey.

The publications are a little more numerous at this season than usual. *Twelve Monferrinas for the Piano-forte, by M. Clementi.* A Monferrina is a dance peculiar to the state of Monferrato. They are of an extremely singular construction, and to us entirely new. They are all in six-eight time, and consist of a major and minor movement. They partake of the graceful character of the waltz, but want its simplicity, and are capable of much expression; in this respect alone they are difficult.

The tenth number of the *Operatic Airs* is by Halder, upon a very pretty

air of Bishop's, My Native Highland Home, from the *Slave*. A very agreeable flow of melody is maintained throughout the piece, which is animated and brilliant. The introduction, however, is rather commonplace.

A *Tema with Variations and Waltz*, by the same composer, is in the smooth style of the former but less difficult. The variations present nothing novel in their construction; they are, however, agreeable, and the young performer may derive from them both pleasure and profit.

A *Fantasia for the Pianoforte*, by Gladstones, is in a scrambling, unconnected style, with but little to attract the ear. It ought to be remembered that the word *Fantasia* is not a licence for every sort of extravagance: composers are too apt to consider it as a sanction for every excess of the imagination.

No. 10 of the *Quadrille Rondos*, by Calkin, is lively and agreeable. The cadences are, perhaps, rather awkward, but the subject is pretty, and keeps up the spirit of the piece.

*Adeste Fideles with Variations for the Harp*, by Dussek. There is, perhaps, more sameness in compositions for the harp than for any other instrument, and in the piece before us this defect is very apparent. Arpeggios constitute the principal features of the variations under the form of the triplets, (ascending and descending) quadruplets, &c. &c. The air is, however, well preserved, and its sweetness will not fail to recommend the lesson, united as it is with a certain portion of brilliancy and facility of execution.

*Introduction and Polacca Duets for two Harps, or Harp and Pianoforte*, by Chipp. This is a very agreeable and easy composition, and in every way suited to a *concert de famille*.

*The First Numbers of a Series of Operatic Overtures*, composed and arranged by J. F. Dannelly, does not promise much. Mr. Dannelly has taken detached passages of the overture to *Il Don Giovanni*, and interspersed them among paraphrases of his own, where they float like drops of oil upon the surface of water. There is neither solution nor even mixture, and both fluids are rendered useless.

Among the arrangements of the

present month are, the overture to *Il Turco in Italia* for the piano-forte, by Watts; Mozart's overture to *Il Seraglio*, with a flute and violoncello accompaniment; the overture, *sinfonias*, marches, and chorusses in Handel's oratorio of *Hercules*, adapted for the organ or pianoforte by Dr. Crotch. Some of these adaptations will be found particularly useful as voluntaries.

The third book of selections from Himmel's *Fanchon*, by V. Novello, as duets for the pianoforte. We have already mentioned the great beauty and elegance of these duets—this number scarcely equals its predecessors, because the subjects are not altogether so beautiful and interesting.

The vocal department of composition is by no means distinguished by any considerable accessions. *Hark the wind with sullen roar*, a trio, and *No time is like the present*, a song, by J. Watson, are admirable—for their absurdity. The trio is indebted to Mr. Bishop's *Fast into the waves*, but the song owes no obligations to anybody, except indeed it be to the poet, who has added incessant and evanescent as rhymes to present, to our already numerous stock.

*The Christmas rose*, a duet, by Mr. Dannelly, promises something at the beginning, but the close is boisterous and barren. This, like the said rose, is both in and out of season.

*The wounded negro boy*, is, we earnestly hope, defunct, dead of his wounds. So may he himself be at rest, and all honest passengers be no more disturbed by his dolorous wailings.

*The parting moment fast drew nigh*, is too chromatic to be pleasing.

*Deep in my soul*, by G. V. Duval, Esq. begins with the very notes of Mr. Horsley's lately published and beautiful canzonet *Laura*. There is more pretension in this ballad than in any of the former, and as a whole it is better by some degrees. Mr. Duval probably did not know that Mr. Horsley has published a song called *Medora*, upon the same words.

*Summer*, by Sir John Stevenson, is by no means equal to his general productions. Its principal fault is a total want of character. It twinkles like the "many twinkling leaves" of the season it celebrates, and to about as much purpose.

*The Rose of affection*, from the same hand, is just a pleasing pretty ballad. The poet has fallen into a curious rhetorical error, when he talks of "*the soft hues*" of a *promise* never fading from his mind.

We would earnestly recommend Pope's "*Verses by a Person of Qua-*

lity," as a serious study to every honest gentleman who designs to show his passion "in rhyme." Love, if we may trust to the instances of most of our "Ballad mongers," is become a terrible affliction, but one remove from ideotic imbecility.

Oct. 20, 1821.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Italian Literature.*—Professor Barbieri, of Milan, who has already distinguished himself as a writer for the stage, is now employed in publishing a selection of the best modern dramas of Italy, and translations from the most celebrated theatrical productions of Germany and other countries. A 12mo. volume, generally containing three pieces, appears monthly: in the first are translations of Delavigne's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, Kotzebue's Count Benjowsky, and a comedy from the pen of the editor himself, entitled *Il Terno al Lotto*. In the higher departments of science and philosophy, many productions have appeared that show the Italians to have shaken off that apathy and torpidity which have hitherto prevented the south of Europe from attaining the rank enjoyed by its northern rivals. *Il Catechismo Agrario*, by Caro Pollini, Member of the Veronese Society for the Promotion of Agriculture and Trade, although a small volume, is one of considerable interest. The writer treats in a plain and perspicuous manner of whatever is necessary to be known by the husbandman, and has been very favourably mentioned. He has, however, little that can be termed original, most of what he says having already been communicated to the public by Re and other Italian authors on agricultural topics. The *Collezione dei Classici Italiani*, publishing at Pavia, proves by the success which it has received, that, attached as they are to the lighter and more elegant arts, the Italians do not neglect the more abstruse branches of science, nor are averse to studies which, from their dryness and speculative nature, present so little to captivate the imagination, or to allure any but those who are decidedly reflecting. In this respect, therefore, Italy may be allowed to be not at all less active than her neighbours. Among the works already given in this collection, is a translation of Kant's *Critic of Pure Reason*. Signora Luana Folliero, of Naples, a lady who addressed an elegant patriotic ode to her countrymen, delineating in powerful language and glowing colours the advantages of the "New Constitution," has written a treatise on the *Physical and Moral Education of Females*.—Salvatore Fabbrichard, manager of the Teatro Fiorentino in the same

city, has offered a prize of 200 ducats for the best comedy or tragedy that shall be sent in the course of the present year. A collection of Poems by Mâh, published at Naples under the title of *Poesie di un Amico degli Uomini*, &c. breathes a warm patriotic spirit, indulging in lofty anticipations of freedom, but his hopes and his prophecies have since been frustrated. In many places the author speaks in high terms of commendation of several men of rank, who, like himself, prefer the independence of their country to the privileges annexed to a nobility depressing to the community in general, and hostile to its interests. *La Storia della Filosofia Greca*, by Dr. Sacchi, of Pavia, is a work of considerable interest and information, in which the author displays great erudition, and throws considerable light upon a difficult subject. There are four volumes now published: the first contains the History of the Ionic and Pythagorean schools; the second, that of the Italic; the third, of the Eleatic; and the fourth, an account of the Heraclitic and Sophistic sects. Professor Ressi, of Pavia, has published a work on political economy, entitled *Dell' Economia della Specie Humana*, in which he expounds very perspicuously the theories of Quesnay, Smith, Stevard, and Ortes; and adduces the various opinions of Malthus, Herreschward, Lauderdale, Sismondi, and Lichtenstein. Another work relating to the philosophy of politics and government is *Sull' Amministrazione della Giustizia Penale ne' Governi Costituzionali*, Napoli, 1821, on the Administration of Penal Justice in Constitutional Governments. The author, Francesco de Marco, enquires into the real principles of penal justice, and, in explaining the nature of constitutional government, he deduces the necessity of trial by jury; pointing out, at the same time, the various forms which modern nations have given to this method of trial. This work will be found to display an intimate acquaintance with modern juridical knowledge. The Neapolitan press has also ushered forth to the world a project for a system of universal public instruction, *Saggio d' Istruzione Universale e Publica*, by Nicole Corelli, Professor of Chemistry. This publication, which was dedicated to the National Par-



liament, owed its birth to certain appearances in the political horizon that promised the dawn of a brighter era, but which have since passed away. Besides the general views which he here takes of the subject, the author proposes the establishment of a committee of jurors, whose object should be the improvement of all arts and sciences. Under the title of *Memorie Storiche*, &c. we are presented with a biography of Count Vincenzo Dandolo, and an account of his various works. Compagnoni, the author, and intimate friend of Dandolo, exhibits his merits in chemical knowledge, and the testimonies which foreigners have paid to his acquisitions and labours in this branch of science.

*Germany*.—A pocket edition of a series of translations from the most classic writers of foreign countries is now publishing in Germany. Among the works already published are, Voltaire's *Candide* and Charles XII, Moliere's *Tartuffe*, Shakspeare's *Tunon of Athens*, and Lord Byron's *Poems*.

*Denmark*.—A literary discussion respecting the merits of northern and classical mythology has lately excited much attention. Baden continues to attack the system of northern mythology, and has himself been attacked in return by his opponents, the advocates for it, among whom are Professor Finn, Magnussen, and others, who accuse him of not comprehending the spirit of the mythology which he labours to explode. He has, however, the artists Eckersberg and Hoyer on his side. On the other hand, the three greatest poets of Denmark, men of indisputable genius, and perfectly indigenous in their taste, have given authority to the anti-classic party, and have borrowed most freely from the stores of the Edda. So far as this is done with discretion it is commendable, but exclusive systems of taste are desirable neither in literature nor in art.

*Numismatics*.—A Greek silver medal, lately found among the ruins of Antiochia, and brought from Aleppo to Paris, has the head of Demetrius Soter, king of Syria, and that of a female. It is singular that no other medal of this monarch presents the two heads. M. Hauctroche, in a recent work, proves that the female head is of Laodice, the sister and wife of Demetrius I; and that this authentically confirms the conjectures of Visconti respecting a fine Cameo (published in his *Iconographie Grecque*, pl. 43, no. 27.) representing both those personages.

*Steam Vessels*.—These vessels are now employed in the Adriatic. One (*La Carolina*) goes regularly every second day from Venice to Triest. Another (*L'Eridano*), passes regularly between Pavia and Venice, and with such celerity that the voyage is accomplished in 37 hours. Not

long since a steam-boat ventured to sea in a violent tempest, when no other vessel could, to the assistance of a richly-freighted merchant ship.

*Armenian Journal*.—A Journal in the Armenian language is now printed at the Armenian convent at Venice. This publication, the contents of which are chiefly translated from the Italian journals, has a very considerable circulation throughout all the Levant. At Constantinople it has many subscribers, and has even found way into the Seraglio. The Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia avail themselves of it very extensively, for the political bulletins which they are obliged to draw up every week for the Grand Signior.

*Nubia*.—M. Gau, of whose travels we have before spoken, has commenced the publication of them under the title of "New-discovered Monuments of Nubia on the banks of the Nile, between the first and second Cataracts, drawn and measured in 1819." The works which have hitherto appeared respecting this very interesting country, afford but very little intelligence respecting its architecture and monuments of art. Even the plates to Belzoni's book are devoted chiefly to the bas-reliefs in the tombs of Thebes, and what antiquities of Nubia are represented are not given with architectural precision. M. Gau, on the contrary, confines himself exclusively to Nubia, and has delineated every subject with the greatest exactitude and correctness. Of the principal buildings he gives plans, elevations, sections, and details, and the bas-reliefs are represented both in outline and coloured; and all these plates are upon the same scale as those in the magnificent French work on Egypt, to which the present publication is intended as a supplement. M. Gau gives the representations and admeasurements of twenty-one different monuments, upon 60 plates, ten of which are coloured; and these are all engraved by the same artists as executed those in the French work: consequently the uniformity of the two works, in this respect, will be preserved. The text, which is in German and French, and written by one of the most intelligent and erudite antiquarians, will be published with the twelfth and last number. M. Gau's drawings elucidate in the most satisfactory manner the origin and progress of architecture throughout that region, where it took its rise in Nubia or Ethiopia, matured itself in Egypt, and attained its acmè at Thebes. They represent the temples situated farthest to the south, which are probably the most ancient of any, and are entirely excavated from the rock. Nearer to Egypt these temples are only half sunk into the ground, and in the neighbourhood of the first cataract they are found completely above ground.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE spirit of the Greeks towards the Turks still continues in as great a state of exasperation as ever, notwithstanding the apparently pacific document issued by the Porte; and fortune seems to favour their exertions. The latest accounts have brought intelligence, that *Novarice*, the most important place in the *Morea*, has fallen into their hands, with a considerable quantity of valuable stores. It is not at all improbable that in a very short time the whole of the Peninsula will renounce, or escape, the dominion of the Turks, in whose possession but a very few places continue to linger. In the mean time, a very enthusiastic spirit in favour of the Greek insurrection seems to have been excited on the Continent: the last accounts from *Marseilles* state, that a great number of young Germans, who had been prevented from embarking at *Trieste*, had arrived there in order to charter a vessel for *Idria*, and that two French generals were to accompany them in their enterprise. We confess, we are not at all surprised at this patriotic sympathy. Independent of the natural desire which so many military men, cast altogether upon perhaps but slender resources by the universal peace, must have to resume the activity which opens to them wealth and honour—independent of the feeling always excited in favour of the weak against the strong, and of the oppressed against the oppressor—independent of the religious dislike with which Christendom must have observed the endurance of a Mahometan yoke, and the humane dislike with which mankind in general must have witnessed the arrogance, the cruelty, and but too often the atrocity of its imposition,—there is something in the very name of Greece to excite the ardour and the enthusiasm of civilized humanity. Even where the politician might be chilled by the frost of interest, the patriot

and the scholar could not withhold a sacred and warm aspiration for the cause which conjures up the shade of classic empire, and becomes consecrated by the names of *Marathon* and *Cheronea*. The accessions which we have mentioned are of the highest importance to the Greeks, who, although intelligent and active, must necessarily be deficient in the science of tactics; and this advantage can never be counterbalanced by a corresponding one on the part of their antagonists, whose stupid bigotry renounces the improvements to be derived from Christian communication. However, although Greece has led the van of this important enterprise, and thus set the inspiring and patriotic example, it is not perhaps on that side that the Turkish dominion has to fear its final and rapidly approaching overthrow in Europe. Russia, apparently acquiescing in the views of the surrounding cabinets, and renouncing all idea of territorial acquisition, has still in silence concentrated an overwhelming force. Russia has ever deemed a free communication with the Mediterranean an object of paramount importance, and this she could at once secure by possessing herself of the northern part of Turkey. To prevent this accession, Austria alone could effectually interpose: but she has had her quietus in the occupation of Italy, and gratitude, if not policy, must prevent her interposition. What effect such a change might hereafter have upon our possessions in India it would perhaps be too curious to contemplate; but at all events, no change can deteriorate those who are groaning under the abject, stupid, and uncivilized bigotry of the Turks.

On the part of Spain there is nothing very new, at least in a political point of view; but the Extraordinary Cortes have been occupied with a subject internally of much importance to that country. Our readers, perhaps, may recollect that in the King's

speech a new division of the country was pointed out, as a project proper for their attention. The ancient division of the Spanish provinces amounted to thirty-two, an apportionment so unequal as to occasion much local inconvenience. The prefects appointed by the Constitution, and those provincial assemblies to whom the administration of justice was confided, found the exercise of their respective functions much impeded, and in some instances entirely frustrated, by the great distance of some of their districts from the provincial capitals, and in many cases by the excessive population placed under their government. Some idea may be formed of this by the fact, that Catalonia alone contains under the present partition one thousand square leagues of territory, and upwards of a million of inhabitants, confided to one provincial assembly and one prefect. Under the new system this province is to be divided into four. The project at present recommended divides the whole country, and its adjacent islands, into fifty-one provinces, fixing the maximum of the population of each at four hundred thousand people. This new organization is to be followed by a fresh census and valuation of property, in order to promote a more equitable assessment of taxes, and to fix the internal militia establishment on a better basis. This plan, creating no less than nineteen new provinces, and materially altering the boundaries of the old, must produce a considerable change in the geographical division of Spain; it will also produce much expense, by the creation of so many additional public functionaries: but, on the whole, the plan seems a good one, and its temporary inconveniences are likely to be much more than counterbalanced by the permanent beneficial effects which must result from the improved administration of the laws, and the more equitable collection of the revenue. The departmental division of France, originally proposed by the Abbé Sieyès, and acted on with such effect by Napoleon, gave rise, in all probability, to this alteration.

We are truly sorry to state that the yellow fever has appeared in the peninsula, and, notwithstanding all

the precautions of the board of health, continues to make dreadful ravages. In Catalonia and Arragon it rages with such fury, that on the 23d and 24th September the deaths, exclusive of children, amounted to 260! It is said that the entire population of Tortosa have fallen victims to it, and that the city is converted into a desert. The bishop fell in the cause of humanity, on the third day of an illness contracted during his exertions to comfort those afflicted; a death not unworthy of a Christian apostle. A natural alarm has communicated itself to France, and a lazaretto has been established at the Pas-de-Bissolie on the right bank of the Bidassoa, where every person coming from Spain is subjected to a quarantine, of a duration proportioned to the length of his journey. Those who come from an infected district are forced back. At Barcelona the mortality is stated as dreadful: hopes were entertained that the cool weather towards the close of September would have arrested the progress of this cruel disorder, but ninety had died on the last day of that month, and six hundred new cases were declared on the day following.

In Lisbon a strong anti-British feeling has shown itself, which certainly adds but little to the fame of Portuguese gratitude. The dismissal of Lord Beresford has been followed up by a fiscal imposition upon the importation of all British manufactures, of such a nature as to amount almost to a total prohibition. The English ambassador sent in a formal remonstrance against the imposition of these new duties, and next day had an unavailing meeting with the new ministry.

Some very extraordinary trials have taken place in Paris, the results of which mark, better than a volume of observations, the state of public feeling in that country. The principal was that of M. Barginet, who was indicted for a libel on the king, as the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Queen of England and Napoleon, who both died of cancer." The publication, which M. Barginet, who is a very young man, boldly avowed, manifestly ascribed to poison the death of the two distinguished individuals named in the title. In the

fifth page, the following expressions, which must serve as a specimen of the whole, occur: "But our young hands will not carry the censor before the idols to whom human blood is sacrificed—before we were subjects of kings we were citizens of a country; we will speak for it, and we will wait for the future. Caroline was sacrificed to private interest, and Napoleon to policy. I hesitate not to repeat, that both died of the same distemper! Where will that cruel delirium end, which has taken possession of European cabinets? Weary of treachery and perfidy, have they resolved henceforward to employ only poison and the steel?" The jury, after some deliberation, acquitted the author of this production, probably upon the ground, though not expressed, that it was a libel rather on the king of England than the king of France. This was followed by the trial of M. Flocon, as the author of a pamphlet addressed to "Francis Charles Joseph Buonaparte, born at the Castle of the Tuilleries, March 20, 1811;" and its author, who also avowed himself, was charged with "an attack upon the order of the succession to the throne, an offence against the person of the king, and an offence against the members of the Royal Family." The passage on which the charge principally rested, was the following, "Twice have I seen the soil of France polluted by the steps of foreigners, whose arms have twice imposed upon us shame and slavery; and being then too young, I could not enjoy the glorious right of dying by the hands of the enemy. Time rolls on, things change, men pass away, sovereigns are alarmed, yes, for the sad offspring of a degenerate race!" M. Flocon, who defended himself, contended that he had not transgressed the boundaries of free discussion allowed by the charter, and the jury agreed with him. So far we should have to congratulate France, on having thus acquired the invaluable privilege of the interposition of a jury before conviction and its consequences: but still she must advance much farther, before she enjoys the glorious freedom of discussion allowed in England. She

has a despotic censorship to abolish, and she has to guarantee her literary property against the interference of the police. Paris teems at this moment with placards, and pamphlets, and caricatures, on the death of Napoleon; but their existence is ephemeral; the very day on which they issue from the press they are seized, and suppressed by the brigands of government. The publishers have latterly successfully evaded this interposition, by sending forth an immense impression at the moment from the press, which is instantaneously bought up by pre-arranged purchasers: this plan secures, at all events, some trifling profit, before the pillage commences. We have seen some of those productions, which are highly characteristic of the ingenuity and invention of that mercurial country.

We are sorry to have to place in the very front of our domestic intelligence the premature, but total failure, of all the splendid anticipations to which his Majesty's visit to Ireland had given rise in the minds of those who possessed a superficial acquaintance with the character of that people. The gaudy and hollow bubble of conciliation has burst, and a system of outrage, robbery, murder, and assassination has commenced, scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of any civilized country. The counties of Limerick, Mayo, and Cavan are at present the chief seats of the disturbance. In the former of these counties the outrages are of the most horrible and aggravated nature. A most respectable magistrate, a Mr. Going, was attacked upon the public highway, and, to use the vulgarly emphatic phrase in which the intelligence of his death was announced in Dublin, "his body was made a riddle of!" Any one of the seven wounds inflicted on him must have proved mortal; and such was the daring ferocity of his assassins, that even the dead body was obliged to be guarded home by a military escort. The unfortunate gentleman was distinguished for his loyalty, and has, we regret to state, left a large family almost unprovided for. Government have offered a reward of 2000*l.* for the apprehension of his murderers, who, as if to show that

they were actuated solely by a sanguinary spirit, left his watch and a large sum of money he had on his person untouched! At a meeting of the Irish privy council, it was resolved, and too justly, to proclaim this district. In various other parts of this unfortunate country, midnight meetings, robbery of arms, and incessant organization, prove clearly enough that these outrages originate in previous concert. If any thing were wanting to show this, it would be the almost incredible, but too well authenticated, fact, that in an hour after the murder of Mr. Going, it was announced to the country by bonfires upon all the hills, and echoed by a savage yell of exultation from the villages! If this system be not speedily and manfully suppressed, we should not be surprised at a renewal of the horrors of 1798. In the mean time, the different factions in Dublin seem labouring to evince how hollow and hypocritical were their promises of forbearance. The obnoxious toast which brought down public censure upon Alderman Darley has been repeated, in spirit, though not in terms, by the new Lord Mayor, who is in high favour with his party in consequence, and does not appear at all in disfavour with the government, as the Lord Lieutenant was not only present when the toast was given, and drank it, but toasted in return, "the Dublin Corporation." If the King was in earnest, when he so strenuously recommended conciliation, this is strange conduct; and if he was not—but it is hard to say, whether the "emerald flowers," and the "laurel crowns," and the shouts of servile and disgraceful adulation, which alternately insulted the spirit and understanding of himself and Lord Londonderry, deserved any other return than derision and disappointment.

The reception of his Majesty at Hanover has been quite as loyal, though with much less of servility and ostentation. He is splendidly lodged at the beautifully-situated palace of Herrenhausen, and on the 10th of October made a solemn public entry into the capital of his German dominions, accompanied by his royal brothers the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge, and attended by all the

nobility of the kingdom. A grand triumphal arch was erected in his honour, and a salute of 110 pieces of artillery announced the moment at which he passed under it! The city was splendidly illuminated in the evening. We lament to add that his Majesty has had a slight attack of the gout, which confined him to his chamber, and for a time interrupted the national festivities. It is confidently reported, that he means to visit Berlin before his return, and also that he has acceded to the urgent entreaties of the French monarch to receive in Paris some return for the numberless favours for which Louis is indebted to this country. Lord Lauderdale has received a summons to meet his Majesty in that capital on the first of December.

Sir Robert Wilson has laid before the electors of Southwark copies of all the correspondence which has passed between him and the Duke of York on the subject of his dismissal from the service. He has demanded to know what charge has been preferred against him, who has preferred it, and that he may meet his accusers before a competent tribunal;—he has also demanded from Lord Sidmouth depositions which were said to have been made against him, in order that he might prosecute the parties who made them for perjury: these demands have all met with a direct refusal. It appears, however, from a published note of a conversation between Sir Robert Wilson and Sir Richard Birnie, that there has been no *written* information given against the ex-general. In the mean time the public have warmly discussed the subject, and a subscription has been opened to remunerate Sir Robert for his pecuniary losses. This already amounts to a very considerable sum, and the leading Whig Lords have contributed munificently; the Duke of Bedford, Lord Darlington, Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Lambton have each subscribed five hundred pounds; and a number of others in proportion. A meeting was held at the City of London Tavern for the purpose of advancing this object, at which it was agreed, that any overplus which might exist after defraying Sir Robert Wilson's losses, should be handed over to the

families of Honey and Francis, the two unfortunate men who fell victims on the day of the Queen's funeral. Mr. Lambton was in the chair, and Messrs. Ellice and Hume made statements which certainly went altogether to exculpate that officer from any charge of having preconcerted with the mob the impediments by which the funeral procession was diverted from its course. As this subject will of course become the topic of parliamentary investigation, we abstain from all comment, uninformed as we are upon the facts which led ministers to advise the measure of dismissal.

There has been a very curious acquittal in one of the courts of Paris, on the ground of *excessive bad character!* A man of the name of Desjardins was tried, for having, on his own confession, admitted that he was an accomplice of Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri, and the case was clearly proved. Desjardins set up, as his defence, that he was so notorious for his falsehood, that nobody in the world could give credit to a word he said, and produced a whole host of witnesses, his friends and relatives, who all swore to the fact with such effect, that he was declared *not guilty*. We recollect but one similar instance, which occurred some years ago in Ireland, on a charge against a man of highway robbery. In the course of the trial the prisoner roared out from the dock that he was guilty. The jury acquitted him, and the judge reimonstrated. "Good God, gentlemen, did you not hear the man himself declare that he was guilty!" "We did, my Lord," said the foreman, and "that was the very reason we acquitted him, for we knew the fellow to be so notorious a liar that he never told a word of truth in his life."

A statement of the revenue has been published, by which it appears that there has been an improvement of 849,000*l.* comparing the last quarter with the corresponding quarter in 1820: in the Customs, an increase of 150,000*l.*; in the Stamps, about 50,000*l.*, and in the Excise of very near 70,000*l.* We sincerely congratulate the country on this statement.

The American papers announce a new method of raising money by lottery. The following is the expedient, as announced by public advertisement, and it is alike remarkable for its novelty and its modesty. "A young man of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient for the attainment of his wishes—he offers himself as the prize of a lottery, to all widows and virgins under thirty-two! The number of tickets to be 600, at fifty dollars each. One number only to be drawn from the wheel, the *fortunate* proprietor of which is to be entitled to *himself*, and the 30,000 dollars!" This ideal value of a husband seems, in some degree, countenanced by the circumstance of two ladies having in the course of last month fought a duel, from motives of jealousy, in the forest of Boulogne; two shots each were fired, but fortunately the fair combatants escaped, without any other wounds than those which Cupid had previously inflicted.

It is mentioned in the Irish papers, that though the bogs are now quiescent, several mountains in the county of Galway have lately moved away to the sea shore; it is rather late in the season for a visit to a watering place. These moving mountains are situated on the estate of Mr. Martin, the member of parliament, and are part of the possessions which Moore has immortalized in the Fudge family.

Place me amid O'Rourke's, O'Tooles,  
The royal, ragged house of Tara,  
Or place me where Dick Martin rules  
The houseless wilds of Cunnemara.

Mr. Martin is so well liked in Galway, that nothing but a convulsion of nature could deprive him of any of his territory.

At this late period of the month we can only refer our readers to an important Russian Ukase, which has been just received, and will be found in our Commercial Report. The regulations to which it subjects all trading vessels will materially affect the interests of England.

## BIRTHS.

- Sept. 21. At Tamerton, Cornwall, the lady of Col. Sir Edmund Keynton Williams, KCB. and KTS. a daughter.
28. At her father's house, Bedale, Yorkshire, the lady of Sir J. P. Bressford, Bart. a son.
- Oct. 3. In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, the lady of H. Brongiam, Esq. a daughter.
- At East Bourne, Sussex, the lady of R. Robertson, Esq. a daughter.
6. In Great James-street, Bedford-row, the lady of Edward Holroyd, Esq. a daughter.
8. At Adbury-place, Berkshire, the lady of Sir James Fellowes, a son.
9. At the Bishop of Chester's Palace, Chester, Lady Charlotte Law, a son.
10. In Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, the lady of Wm. Loftus Lowndes, Esq. a son.
11. In Foley-place, Mrs. Chas. Neate, a son.
14. At High Legh, Cheshire, the lady of John Legh, Esq. a son.
15. At Camberwell, the lady of Charles Jardine, Esq. a daughter.
16. At Walmer, the lady of Rear Admiral Harvey, CB. a daughter.
- At Landue, Cornwall, the lady of Thos. John Phillips, Esq. a daughter.
17. In Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of Dr. Fitton, a son.
- At Loudam-hall, Suffolk, Lady Sophia Macdonald, a son.
19. In Great Ormond-street, Queen-square, Mrs. Duff, four fine children, three boys and one girl.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Drummond-place, the lady of Sir Wm. Milliken Napier, Bart. a son.
- At Edinburgh, Lady Torpichen, a son.
- At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Liddell, the lady of the Hon. H. T. Liddell, of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, a son and heir.
- At Edinburgh, the lady of Rear Admiral Otway, Commander in Chief, a daughter.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Roebuck-house, near Dublin, the hon. Mrs. Peter La Touche, a son.
- In Rutland-square, Dublin, the Countess of Longford, a son.
- At Helmsfort, in Queen's County, Lady Louisa Do-rothea Campbell, wife of Major Gen. Campbell, a son and heir.
- At Cork, the lady of Capt. Dilkes, RN. a son.
- At Dublin, the lady of Sir Francis Hassard, a daughter.

## ABROAD.

- At Malta, the lady of Geo. Ward, Esq. Deputy Paymaster-General to the Forces, a daughter.
- At the Government-house, Jersey, the lady of His Excellency Sir Colin Halkett, KCB. and GCH. a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

- Sept. 22. Henry Carter, Esq. of Parliament-st. Westminster, to Eliz. Jane, daughter of the late Dr. Bourgeois, and third niece of Sir Francis Bourgeois, of Dulwich College.
- Lately. Charles Dormer, Esq. son of the late Jas. Dormer, Esq. of Warwickshire, and Cousin to the present Lord Dormer, of Grove Park, to Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Chas. De Coetlogon, Esq. of Ashford Cottage, Middlesex, and Welbeck-street, London.
28. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Malling, eldest son of Col. Welsh, of Hertford-street, Mayfair, to Frances Sophia, daughter of the late Wm. Hunter, Esq.
- Oct. 1. At Whippingham, Isle of Wight, Lieut. Col. Samuel Hall, 90th Regt. to Sophia, Mary Lambert, eldest daughter of Charles Lambert, Esq. of Fitzroy-square, London; and of Osborne-house, Isle of Wight.
2. At St. James', Westminster, Major Jas. Hackett, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Marguerite, eldest daughter of the late Col. Gledsdale, of Whitehaven, Cumberland.
6. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Thos. Hunt, Esq. of Montague-street, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Dr. John M. Lettson, and Granddaughter of the late Wm. Nanson, Esq. of Russell-square.

## VOL. IV.

6. At St. James's Church, by the Rev. Chas. Jas. Hoare, Rector of Blandford, Dorsetshire, Henry Charles, second son of Henry Hurl Hoare, Esq. of Barn Elms, in the county of Surrey, to Mrs. Prince, youngest daughter of the late General Ainslie.
- H. W. Sober, Esq. of White Stanton, Somerset, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir John Dashwood King, Bart. MP.
- At St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry Fisher Sloane, Esq. of Rockbeare Court, in the County of Devon, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Porter, Esq. of Rockbeare-house, in the same county.
9. At St. John's Church, Chester, Mr. Robert Mercer, of Heburne Bridge, near Blackburn, to Miss Jemima Morris, of Chester. The parties were to have been married thirty-six years ago; the bridegroom has since that period been living in matrimony, and has had eighteen children by his first wife; and what adds to the singularity of this marriage, is, that until the day previous to its taking place, the happy couple had not seen each other for thirty-six years.
10. At Mary-le-bone Church, B. R. Haydon, Esq. historical painter, to Mrs. Hymon, of Stonehouse-c. Devonshire.
18. At Llanurthe, Monmouthshire, John Hawkins, Esq. of Halam, Herts, to Maria Ann, daughter and co-heiress of the late Chas. Dodd, Esq. of Piggot's End, Herts.
- At Atterdon Church, Kent, the Hon. Captain Campbell, RN. MP. to Charlotte, second daughter of Gen. Gascoyne, MP.
16. At St. James's Church, John Paul Bedford, Esq. of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, to Miss Greene, late of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.
- At Ansley, Warwickshire, John Chetwode, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Chetwode, bart. of Oakley, Staffordshire, and nephew to the Earl of Stamford, to Elizabeth Juliana, eldest daughter of John Newdigate Ludford, Esq. DCL. of Ansley-hall.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Valleyfield, John Hay, Esq. Jun. of Smithfield, and Hayston, to Miss Anne Preston, daughter of the late Lieut. Col. George Preston, of the Royal Marines, and niece of Sir Robt. Preston, of Valleyfield, Bart.
- At Aberdeen, Wm. Knight, LL.D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Institution of Belfast, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Glennie, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic.

## IRELAND.

- By the Rev. John Mackenzie, DD. the Lord Edward Chichester, second son of the Marquis of Donegal, to Amelia Dians, daughter of Henry Deane Grady, Esq. of Merriou-square, Dublin.

## ABROAD.

- At Guernsey, Thos. Carey, Esq. of Hozel, in that Island, to Barbara, eldest daughter of the late Col. Jackson, MP. for the County of Mayo, Ireland.
- At Leghorn, by the Rev. Thos. Hall, Chaplain to the British Factory, the Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Dungannon, to Sophia, daughter of Georges D'Arcy Irvine, Esq. of Castle Irvine, County of Fermanagh, Ireland.
- At Leghorn, John Christie, Esq. of Hoddesdon, in the County of Hertford, to Caroline, eldest daughter of John Falconer, Esq. His Britannic Majesty's Consul General for Tuscany.
- At Windsor, Nova Scotia, John McKay, Esq. of Betyhill, Sutherlandshire, Captain 27th Regt. of Infantry, to Amelia Isabella, third daughter of the late Benjamin De Wolf, Esq. of that place.

## DEATHS.

- Sept. 20. In Wigmore-street, Gen. And. Cowell, formerly of the Coldstream Guards, in his 60th year.
21. At Hampstead, after but a few minutes illness, Catherine, the wife of Charles Barton, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law.
- Lately at Harley, in his 66th year, H. Peter, Esq. formerly Lieut. Col. of the Cornwall Mill-

- tia, and for many years a Magistrate of that County.
22. At Southwick Park, Mary Anne, the wife of Thos. Thistlethwaite, Esq.  
— At his house, Alsop's-place, Regent's Park, Robt. Bath, M.D. in his 74th year.  
— At Highbury-park, in his 71st year, Benjamin Hopkinson, Esq.
23. At the house of her brother, Viscount Clifden, at Rochampton, the Honourable Emily Anne Agar.
24. At Boxley-house, in Kent, in her 68th year, Mrs. Frances Marsham, aunt to the Earl of Romney.
26. At Storrington, Sussex, Colonel H. Bishopp, youngest son of old Sir Cecil Bishopp, Bart. of Parliament-park, in the same county.
27. At Cullompton, Mrs. Hannah Palmer, widow of the late Mr. John Palmer, of Raddon-court, Thorverton, aged 92, leaving eig. children, 47 grand-children, and 45 great-grand-children, one of the latter is married.
- At Greenwich, in his 63d year, Lieut. Col. Wm. Frederick Macbean, formerly of the sixth Regiment of Foot, youngest son of the late Gen. Forbes Macbean, Royal Artillery.
- Lately at Orleton, the seat of Sir John Owen, Bart. MP. (his guardian) Richard Le Hunte, Esq. of St. Botolph's, Pembroke-shire, and Artrunton, County of Wexford, aged 18.
29. Aged 78, Jas. Donnithorne, Esq. of Somerset-street, Portman-square.
30. After a long illness, John Hewson, MD. of Middlewich, Cheshire, aged 58.
- Oct. 1. At Plymouth, George Henry Strutt, Esq. of Millford, Derbyshire, eldest son of Geo. Benson Strutt, Esq. of Belper, in the same County.
2. Joseph Harper, D.D., a gentleman well known in the literary world, by his work, "On the Principles of Theological Criticism, as applied to Poetry." He was many years a Member of Trinity College, Oxford, and some time Deputy Professor of Civil Law in that University.
3. At Cheltenham, in her 81st year, Mrs. Whately, relict of the Rev. Dr. Whately, of Nonsuch-park, Surrey.
4. At his house in Stamford-street, in his 61st year, John Reunle, Esq. the celebrated Engineer. Every part of the United Kingdom possesses some monument of his skill, and memorial of his fame; nor can any country produce works superior in magnitude, utility, and science, to his canals, the breakwater at Plymouth, and the Waterloo bridge. His remains were interred on the 16th in St. Paul's Cathedral, near those of Wren, Milne, Barry, Reynolds and West. Sixteen mourning coaches, and a long train of private carriages formed the funeral procession.
- At Newport, Isle of Wight, aged 92, Samuel Bailey. This individual by excessive parsimony, amassed upwards of 10,000*l.* yet his appearance was always that of a beggar; and his manner of living was equally wretched. He has left a widow and four sons, between whom he has divided his property.
6. At Worcester, in consequence of an apoplectic attack, with which he was seized at the cathedral the preceding day, during one of the musical performances, in which he was employed as a singer, Mr. John Griffiths. He fell back in his seat during the time that Mr. Vaughan was singing "Gentle Airs;" and was carried out and bled but with no effect, continuing in a senseless state until the time he expired, about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th. He was one of the most powerful bass singers ever heard; and was some years ago engaged in that capacity at the Covent Garden Oratorios. He has been a member of the Worcester Choir upwards of thirty years.
- At Rosehill-house, near Southampton, in her 47th year, Harriet, wife of Charles Plunkett, Esq. and third daughter of the late W. Villebois, Esq. of Feltham-place, Middlesex.
7. Suddenly, while riding in her carriage, Mrs. Williams, of Craig-y-du, Anglesea, the lady of Owen Williams, Esq. MP. for Marlow.
8. At Hastings, in Sussex, in his 43d year, Francis Fred. North, Esq. of that place, and of Rough-ham, in Norfolk.
11. Of an enlargement of the heart, aged 18, Ho-ratio Nelson Matcham, second son of George Matcham, Esq. and nephew to the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, and the present Earl. Oct. 12. After two years painful illness, aged 69, Wm. Angus, Esq. an eminent historical and landscape engraver.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Greenlay-house, Galloway, Lady Gordon, wife of Sir Alexander Gordon, of Culzean.

## IN IRELAND.

At his house, Turner's Grove, county of Armagh, aged 55, Arthur Kay, Esq. a magistrate of the county and captain of the Armagh regiment of militia.

Ou his way to his residence in the county of Cavan, Col. Sankey, of the Royal City of Dublin regt. of militia. The Colonel was one of the senior aldermen of the corporation of Dublin, and has commanded the militia of the city ever since 1793.

## ABROAD.

At Constantinople, on his travels, aged 27, J. Douglas Strutt, Esq. only son of Joseph Strutt, Esq. of Derby.

At Dinapore, Bengal (29th March), Col. Alexander McLeod, CB. commanding the 59th regt., after an illness of only three days.

At Rome, in his 80th year, Sir Walter Synnot, Bart. of Ballymoyer, in the county of Armagh.

At Muttra, East Indies, Charles Ryder, Esq. Major in the 3d native cavalry, son of Thomas Ryder, Esq. of the Charter-house.

At Lisbon, Lady Maria J. Macdonell, widow of Lieut.-General Alexander Macdonell, of Lochgarry.

At Madrid, Lieut. Thomas Attwood, son of T. Attwood, Esq. of his Majesty's band, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. This unfortunate gentleman lost his life by assassination.

At Bath, Esq. Canada, aged 27, Daniel Haggerman, Esq. barrister at law, and a member of the provincial parliament of Upper Canada.

At Frankfurt, Lady Charlotte Hill, eldest daughter of the Marchioness of Downshire, Baroness Sandys.

At Calcutta, aged 68, Colonel Colin Mackenzie, CB. of the Madras Engineers, Surveyor-General of India. His public services as an Engineer and Surveyor, on the continent of India, during the long period of forty years, obtained for him the approbation of the different governments under which he was employed. As an antiquary, his talents were highly esteemed by those able to appreciate them, from the knowledge of Oriental literature and antiquities.

In the South of France, after a painful illness, George Maxwell, Esq. jun. of Carracker, and Lieut.-Colonel of the Galloway militia.

## LONGEVITY.

In Fairfax county, America. Mr. Robert Thomas, aged 107 years. He lived to see the sixth generation, and perhaps the number of descendants of this man is unequalled in history. Although his habits were not particularly abstemious, he never had occasion to consult medical aid; and he retained the full use of his intellectual faculties to the last.

In Campbell county, Virginia (May 17), aged 121 years, Mr. Chas. Layne, sen. He was born at Albemarle, near Buckingham county, in the year 1700, and has left a widow, who is herself arrived at the extraordinary age of 110 years. His numerous descendants extend to the fourth generation.

At Palmerston, near Limerick, Mrs. Buckner, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Buckner, at the extraordinary age of 112 years. She retained her faculties to the last, and was able, until a few days prior to her decease, to superintend her domestic affairs. So little was her memory impaired, that she had a full recollection of the death of Queen Anne, and lived to witness five reigns, one of which, itself, extended to the usual age of man.

At Holloway-head, near Northwick, at the extraordinary age of 121 years, and in the full possession of all his faculties, Mr. John Maddox. Aged 100 years and five months, Barbara Humble, of the Dog-bank, Newcastle.



At Piling Avenue, Leith-walk, in his 102d year, Jas. Allison, a native of Gorgoncock, in Str. Inghshire, and a gardener by profession. Although upwards of 40 when he first married, he buried three wives, and lived to see the fourth

generation of his descendants. His memory was remarkably strong, and he possessed a vivid recollection of the events connected with the rebellion of 1745.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. T. Erskine, AM. son of J. F. Erskine, Esq. of Mar, and chaplain to the Right hon. Lord Abercromby, instituted to the vicarage of Brighton, in the county of Derby, vacant by the death of the Rev. Richard Morton, on the presentation of the Right Hon. Earl Manvers.—The Rev. Henry Wray Whinfield, to the rectory of Hattlesdon-cum-Potgrove, Northamptonshire.—The Rev. Charles Mackle, MA, to the rectory of Quarley.—The Rev. B. Crutwell, LLB., to the rectory of Sparksnall, Suffolk.—The Rev. L. Brown, BA, to the rectory of Thorrington, Suffolk.—The Rev. W. Cockburn, to the rectory of Tilbridge, Devon.—The Rev. W. J. Farrington, to the rectory of Tilbridge, Devon.—The Rev. J. Wetherall, LLB., appointed one of the Prebendaries of Hereford Cathedral.—The Bishop of Bristol has appointed the Rev. S. Seyer rural dean of his diocese.—The Rev. H. Law, BA, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and son of the

Bishop of Chester, has been collated by his Lordship to the vicarage of Childwall, Lancashire.

OXFORD.—The Rev. Geo. W. Hall, DD, Master of Pembroke College, after being previously nominated by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor to the University, to be Vice-Chancellor for the year ensuing, was invested with that office, in full convocation; after which he nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz. the Rev. Thomas Lee, DD, President of Trinity College, the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, DD, Principal of Brazenose College; the Rev. Richard Jenkyns, DD, Master of Balliol College; and the Rev. John Collier Jones, DD, Rector of Exeter College.

CAMBRIDGE.—Wm. Joseph Bayne, Esq. BA, of Trinity College, elected a Fellow of that Society.—The circumstance of there being only one vacancy at the annual election of Fellows, has not happened before for upwards of 30 years.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE harvest has been now so far completed in all but the extreme northern parts of the country, that a fair estimate can be formed of its productiveness; and there can remain no doubt that in bulk it is greatly beyond the average. The sample, as we had before stated, consists of varieties of cold and damp, and mixed and sound corn. Yet we have not the smallest hesitation as to the growth and stock being abundantly more than sufficient for the consumption of the year. There is not, nor has there ever been, the smallest chance of the ports opening, except some grand manœuvre be played off, to which we cannot imagine any power possessed by individuals to be adequate, in the present state of knowledge and of the press. For observe how the slight rise that took place about a month since affected the market. In the weeks ending Sept. 22 and 29, and Oct. 6, and 13; 27,436 quarters of English wheat, 15,110, 20,210, and 13,783, arrived coastwise at the port of London, while the several markets of the kingdom indicated a like redundant supply. During the year 1818, the foreign and English average supplies jointly, were not 12,000 quarters weekly; and in no instance of late years has such a vast quantity of English growth come at once into Mark Lane, as during these weeks. A great proportion too is of *old wheat*. We consider these as strong symptoms of that surplus which we believe to exist. We have lately travelled over the country in many directions, and never do we remember such a congregation of stacks as is now every where to be seen. These appearances only corroborate the expectations naturally to be formed from the excitement towards agriculture of so many

years of high prices, from the vast breadth of enclosures, and the immense improvements in the science itself. All these conspired to raise the expectation of the increase, which is now brought to the proof by the facts of the season.

It has long been suspected, that portions of foreign wheat have been smuggled out of the warehouses, under the King's Lock. In one case, we understand, this suspicion has been very recently proved to be well founded, viz. at Bridlington, in Yorkshire; where, either by collusion with the officers of excise, or by their neglect or folly, a considerable quantity has actually been removed. There is great reason to believe that similar practices exist in other quarters, and the landed interest could not do better than to petition the Board of Trade to cause *the same officer of the customs* who was employed in the investigation of this affair, to survey all the warehouses where foreign grain is deposited. We have the surest grounds for believing that frauds of various kinds, to the same intent, viz. the introduction of foreign wheat into the home market, would be detected.

The wheat sowing is now beginning, and agriculturists of high note have published the results of various experiments, relative to the prevention of smut in wheat. Amongst others, Sir John Sinclair, and Mr. Blaikie, the highly respected steward of J. W. Coke, Esq. claim from their rank in practical science the first regard. Sir John advocates the use of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) as a pickle, and he gives the following recipe for its use: "After dissolving five pounds' weight of the sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol, in *hot* water, add as much cold water as may be sufficient to cover three

bushels of wheat. Let the wheat be gradually passed through a riddle, in order that all the light grains may swim on the surface, and be skimmed off. Stir the wheat repeatedly, that it may be effectually cleared of all the light grains; let the wheat continue in the liquid for five or six hours, or it may remain even longer, without risk. It should then be taken out, and thrown upon the floor. If it is to be sown broadcast, it should be crusted with lime in the usual way; but if intended for drilling, it should be stirred about, for five or six hours in *dry* weather, or double that time in *moist*; or by the use of a fanner, it will soon become perfectly dry; it may then be drilled with as much facility as grain that had not undergone any operation. After from six to nine bushels have passed through this operation, then add one pound of the sulphate for every three bushels, until thirty bushels have been used, when the liquor has probably become so foul or turbid, that a fresh quantity of the preparation should be made ready.

"The advantages to be derived from the use of this specific are very great: 1. The expense is but trifling, the price of blue vitriol not exceeding from 6*d.* to 8*d.* or 10*d.* per lb. Five pounds will be sufficient for nine bushels, or from 6*d.* to 10*d.* or 1*s.* per acre, according to the price of the vitriol, and the quantity of seed sown; and after being used, the water may be evaporated, and the remains of the sulphate will again crystallize: 2. Liming is not necessary; and in many places, lime recently slaked cannot be had: 3. The grain may afterwards be kept with safety for some time: 4. The plant is so strengthened, that it is less liable to be lodged, or to suffer from other disorders besides smut; and, 5. This plan is much superior, in point of cleanliness, to those disgusting processes that are usually recommended for the same purpose.

"The grain should be perfectly dry before the solution of vitriol is applied."

Mr. Blaikie's remarks are much more extended, and are published in a small pamphlet. This gentleman takes up the subject under the impression, that last year has produced a far greater proportion of smutted wheat than is usual, and that as smut is *contagious in the seed*, the consequences may be vastly spread and prolonged by the injudicious or incautious use of smutted seed.

Mr. B. thinks thorough washing an useful precaution, and the process of pickling an indispensable one. His recommendations are as follow:

"First, put a quantity of clean water into the tub or cistern sufficient to cover all the wheat seed intended to be put into it, about three or four inches deep; then pour the wheat *very gently* into the water, and this

operation is best performed by shaking the wheat through a riddle into the water; the seeds of weeds, balls of smut, and light corn, will then float on the surface, and may be skimmed off at pleasure, for the perfect corn only will descend to the bottom: after the refuse has been carefully skimmed off, the wheat should be well stirred up, and, if the water appears turbid or foul, it should be poured off, and more clean water added, and the wheat again stirred up; this process should be repeated until the wheat appears clean, which is denoted by the water being quite clear when poured off—the wheat should then be put into the pickle previously prepared for it.

"I prefer that of salt water made sufficiently strong to float a fresh or new laid hen's egg, and I recommend that application, not because it is the oldest practice (though I confess I am a great stickler in defence of many ancient husbandry practices, without meaning to undervalue the greater part of what I call modern improvements in the practice of the first and most honourable of arts), I approve of the salt-water steep because it is not only very effective, but there is no risk attending the use of it, and the expence has also become trifling since the reduction of the duty upon adulterated salt when used for husbandry purposes. The wheat seed should be well stirred about in the pickle, and the refuse rising to the surface of the salt water skimmed off; if the grain or kernel is quite sound it may be let remain in a brine of this description for the space of twelve hours, without danger of receiving any injury; but raw or damp samples should not be hazarded so long in the pickle. When the wheat is taken out of the pickle and laid upon a floor, it should then be well mixed up with quick lime, and spread upon the floor to dry; if the weather prove wet, or any other impediment occur to prevent the pickled wheat being sown in due time, it should be spread thin upon the floor and turned frequently.—Wheat pickled in salt water may, with proper attention to spreading thin, turning, and admitting a free circulation of air, be kept for several weeks without sustaining any injury, and this is one great advantage of the common salt pickle over urine or other alkali pickles. Whether prepared or not, the seed will still be liable to contract the disease by *inoculation* upon farms where there had recently been any smutted wheat upon the premises."

In addition to these processes Mr. Blaikie earnestly advises sundry precautions to prevent the spread of the infection. He says, that clean, or even pickled wheat, put into sacks which have recently contained smutted wheat, will be infected. He urges the necessity of cleaning barn floors, and washing them with urine, and crusting them with quicklime, before the seed wheat

is laid upon them. Green manure taken from the barn door, where smutted wheat has been threshed, will, he says, infect the seed sown.

He further considers the disease as caused by an insect, the eggs of which adhere to the seed; and recommends that the rising ear be observed as soon as it issues from the sheath; and he avers that "if no infection ascends with the ear from the root, there will be no smut in the produce." These assertions are such as to challenge, by their usefulness, the most minute regard of the scientific agriculturist.

Mr. Blaikie extends his remarks to the nature of seed, and recommends kiln drying as an excellent and certain mode of rendering damp corn fit for seed, where sound is not to be procured. He says, "kiln drying damp seed wheat tends in some degree to destroy smut infection; but the greatest advantage derived from the practice is, *hardening the kernel, and thereby rendering it less liable to be injured by any of the usual processes of pickling, or other dressing for the prevention of smut.*"

"This is a matter of great importance, and is well worthy of the wheat grower's particular attention.

"Urine pickle is very generally used in some districts for the prevention of smut—it is effective, but dangerous, and should never be used without great caution, for it not only destroys the embryo of the smut insect but the germ of the wheat also, unless care is taken to counteract its effects.

There is greater danger in using stale than fresh urine pickle; and it is said that the alkali in the urine of cows, and some other brute animals, is much stronger than in human urine; if so, there is still greater danger in using the former than the latter pickles for seed wheat.

"Wheat seed-pickled in urine should be sown as soon after the operation as possible; the earth absorbs the pernicious properties of the alkali, and the germ of the wheat kernel is thereby preserved. On the other hand, if left only a few hours out of the ground after the pickling operation is performed, the germ of the grain receives material injury, and is in some cases entirely destroyed."

Mr. Blaikie gives singular proofs of this effect. He urges sowing *too much* rather than *too little* seed, as being on the safe side.

We have cited these observations at this length, because the time is most important, and the defective crop of last season adds to the momentous value of such participations of knowledge; nor can we better close our report than by expressing an earnest hope, that the remarks and facts relative to the spade cultivation of wheat, drawn from Mr. Owen's report to the county of Lanark, and the practice of Mr. Falls, of Newcastle, and printed in our report for June last, will meet attention *now*. Nothing could be more beneficial to society at large, than the repetition of these experiments in sundry places. Oct. 20, 1821.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1821.

*Naval Academy, Gosport.*

### GENERAL REPORT.

Nearly one-half of this month was fine sunny weather: the other part comes under the characteristics of rain and wind, with a shrouded sky, it having rained (more or less) on 19 different days, of which on 9 whole days the labours of husbandmen have been suspended in the corn fields, by a fall of between 3 and 4 inches in depth. The winds having prevailed mostly from SW. the barometer has fluctuated much, and the atmosphere was frequently loaded with impure vapours, an unusual host of small winged insects, and flying gossamer.

The mean temperature of the air was more than 6° above that of September,

1820, and 4° higher than the average of September for the last six years; therefore, it may be termed a very warm month.

The temperature of spring water did not arrive at its *maximum* height for the year till the 19th instant.

The atmospheric and meteoric *phenomena* that have come within our observation this month, are 3 coloured *parhelia*, 6 *paraselenæ*, 5 lunar and 3 solar halos, 36 meteors, 4 rainbows, lightning in the evenings of the 6th and 21st, and thunder in the evening of the 6th; also 10 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, viz. 7 from SW. 1 from W. and 2 from NW.

### DAILY REMARKS.

September 1. A.M. fair, with *Cumuli*: in the afternoon *Nimbi* and light showers of rain: a cloudy night. About 11 P.M. 3 small meteors descended in a westerly direction between the clouds.

2. Fine, with a mixture of the modifications of clouds: much dew in the night, and winds crossing each other at right angles.

3. Overcast and rather damp nearly all day and night.

4. Overcast and showery at intervals, with a brisk gale from SW.

5. A sunny day and a pleasant breeze: an overcast sky by night.

6. At 6 A.M. two beautiful coloured *parhelia* appeared, one on each side of, and both 28° 35' distant from, the sun, which

was then due east. The silvery colour behind the red portion of the parhelion to the north of the sun, was so brilliant as scarcely to be viewed with the naked eye; the parhelion to the south of the sun was formed last, and both entirely disappeared when the clouds had passed off. These mock suns were followed by a faint solar halo, and frequent showers in the day. Vivid lightning and distant thunder prevailed throughout the night.

7. A moderate gale from SW. and showers at intervals, except in the afternoon, which was fine.

8. A fair day and night after 9 AM. when the veil of cloud moved off by a NW. wind.

9. An overcast sky and light showers, with a brisk SW. gale. At a quarter past 8 PM. a coloured meteor, with a short train, descended almost perpendicularly from behind a large cloud, and appeared to fall in the western point of the horizon. A very stormy night followed.

10. A showery day, and cloudy and fine by night. At half past 7 AM. a bright parhelion appeared to the north of, and  $22^{\circ} 40'$  radius from, the sun; and at 8 o'clock a perfect rainbow appeared, also two others and a solar halo in the course of the day. Between 7 and 8 PM. two faint *paraeselenæ* appeared, one on each side of the moon, at the exterior edge of a large solar halo, on the top of which a small inverted arc tended to create another *paraeselenæ*: each of them was  $22^{\circ} 45'$  distant from the moon.

11. A sunny day, with much *Cirrus* and *Cumulostratus*: passing beds of *Cirrostratus* after sunset, in which three coloured *paraeselenæ* appeared between 8 and 9 o'clock, one on each side of the moon, the other at the top of a large halo that surrounded her: after these rare *phenomena* had disappeared, the moon was apparently encompassed by a close yellow corona, and a green circle  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  in diameter, followed in the night by heavy showers, and a gale from SW. this change was previously indicated by the sinking of the barometer in the afternoon.

12. A fair day, and a continuation of the gale from the same quarter: a large lunar halo, and a yellow corona encircled by two rings, followed by a light shower of rain.

13. A fair morning: PM. steady rain, with light shifting winds.

14. Drizzling rain and light variable winds most of the day: a large lunar halo and much dew in the night.

15. A *Stratus* early, followed by a fair day, with *Cumuli*, &c., and two winds: an overcast sky by night.

16. AM. overcast and drizzling rain at intervals: PM. cloudy and fine. In the evening a yellow discus halo appeared in an attenuated *Cirrostratus*, surrounded by a dull red colour. A brilliant meteor passed between the moon and Jupiter at 10 PM. and at 11 o'clock, a *paraeselenæ* was observed to the north of the moon.

17. Fine, except dark passing clouds.

18. AM. an attenuated veil of cloud, yet warm and pleasant: PM. fine. At 10 minutes past 8 PM. a meteor with a sparkling train appeared between the stars Alamak in Andromeda and Algol in Medusa's head: and between that time and 10 o'clock, several other meteors were seen without trains, towards the east.

19. A fine sunny day, with a gale from NW.: passing beds of *Cirrostratus* by night. At 20 minutes past 8 PM. a brilliant meteor, with a train extending through a space of about  $15^{\circ}$  and of a light red colour, passed towards the south, between the Dolphin and Pegasus. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, a similar meteor appeared in a northerly direction, and between this time and 10 o'clock, three others without trains.

20. Light rain and wind, with little intermission. The swallows, previous to their departure, have been congregating for some days past in this neighbourhood.

21. Steady rain and calm nearly all day and night. After sunset the clouds near the western horizon, presented a variety of colours; pale lightning soon afterwards followed, and continued to discharge itself from the clouds at slow intervals from 7 o'clock till near midnight.

22. A *Stratus* early, followed by a fine day, but a moist air; six small meteors appeared in the evening: a clear sky and a heavy dew by night.

23. AM. overcast and calm: PM. fine, and six small meteors in the evening.

24. Drizzling rain nearly all day: a clear dewy night.

25. Overcast and showery; and a perfect rainbow at mid-day.

26. Overcast nearly all day: light rain and an equinoctial gale from the SW. by night.

27. Light showers at intervals, and a continuation of the gale from the same quarter.

28. Mostly overcast in the day: a stiff gale from the west, with rain in the night.

29. *Nimbi* and frequent showers in the day, with a strong gale from NW. and a rising barometer: a clear star-light night, four small meteors, and much dew.

30. AM. fair: PM. overcast, and rain in the night.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month. Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.								
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.	Nim bus.	Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.
1	30.04	29.98	29.985	74	55	64.5	82	70	84	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.00	
2	30.12	30.09	30.105	75	61	68	80	64	100	NW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.25	
3	29.98	29.94	29.960	73	64	68.5	80	78	85	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
4	29.99	29.88	29.965	77	60	68.5	84	67	94	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.05
5	30.01	29.88	29.945	72	60	66	78	64	90	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
6	29.96	29.85	29.905	75	64	69.5	75	68	88	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.50	.15
7	29.72	29.67	29.695	69	58	63.5	85	68	90	SE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.13
8	29.78	29.68	29.730	68	57	62.5	84	62	84	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
9	29.73	29.64	29.685	70	56	63	77	66	90	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.15	.54
10	29.98	29.84	29.910	70	54	62	85	70	88	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.19
11	30.09	30.02	30.055	70	57	63.5	81	64	90	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.24
12	29.86	29.72	29.790	69	54	61.5	96	74	80	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25	.02
13	30.07	30.02	30.045	68	56	62	75	68	90	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.57
14	30.11	29.96	30.135	67	51	59	67	62	84	SE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.08
15	31.29	30.26	30.275	69	62	65.5	76	66	90	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10	
16	30.28	30.26	30.270	73	61	67	85	80	100	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
17	30.21	30.16	30.185	73	60	66.5	83	75	90	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
18	30.06	30.00	30.030	71	55	63	80	78	84	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.20	
19	30.04	29.95	29.965	66	49	57.5	76	64	76	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
20	30.01	29.87	29.940	67	50	63	74	78	100	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.09
21	29.76	29.72	29.740	67	54	60.5	86	91	100	SW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.20	.50
22	29.78	29.77	29.775	70	55	62.5	96	70	100	NW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
23	29.72	29.70	29.710	70	57	63.5	94	70	80	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		
24	29.90	29.68	29.790	69	49	59	86	75	90	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.10	.03
25	30.05	30.02	30.035	68	61	64.5	88	76	85	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.08
26	30.05	30.03	30.040	72	59	65.5	95	74	94	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.12
27	29.98	29.92	29.950	67	55	61	82	78	83	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.20	.05
28	29.96	29.60	29.780	67	54	60.5	80	70	100	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.30
29	29.78	29.50	29.640	61	45	53	74	70	82	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1		.14
30	29.95	29.90	29.925	61	54	57.5	78	59	75	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	.25	.06
	30.29	29.50	29.929	77	45	63.06	80.2	70.9	88.9		22	28	28	5	20	25	19	2.00	3.34

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER	{ Maximum.....	30.29	Sept. 15th,	Wind	West.
	{ Minimum.....	29.50	Do. 29th,	Do.	West.
	Range of the Mercury.....	0.79			
	Mean barometrical pressure for the Month.....	29.929			
	..... for the lunar period, ending the 26th instant.....	29.920			
	..... for 15 days, with the Moon in North declination.....	29.973			
	..... for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination.....	29.963			
	Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury.....	5.560			
	(Greatest variation in 24 hours.....	0.460			
	Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere.....	27			
THERMOMETER	{ Maximum.....	77°	September 4th,	Wind	SW.
	{ Minimum.....	45°	Do. 29th,	Do.	NW.
	Range.....	32			
	Mean temperature of the Air.....	63.06			
	..... for 31 days with the Sun in Virgo.....	64.72			
	Greatest variation in 24 hours.....	20.00			
	Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM.....	54.57			
DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.					
	Greatest humidity of the Air.....	100°	in six different evenings.		
	Greatest dryness of.....	54	in the afternoon of the 19th.		
	Range of the Index.....	46			
	Mean at 2 o'clock P.M.....	70.9			
	..... at 8 Do. .. AM.....	80.2			
	..... at 8 Do. .. PM.....	88.9			
	..... of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock.....	80.0			
	Evaporation for the month.....	2.00	inches.		
	Rain, for Ditto.....	3.34	ditto.		
	Prevailing Winds, SW.				

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 2; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 11; an overcast sky, without rain, 8; rain, 9.—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.  
22 23 28 5 20 25 19

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
1	1	—	3	1	11	6	9	30

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Oct. 23.)

THE state of the corn-market (undoubtedly the subject of most general interest) since the date of our last report, has fully justified the opinions we there expressed. In fact, had there been any real grounds to apprehend such a deficiency in our own crops, as to call for the opening of the ports to foreign grain, the truth must by this time have been ascertained. The decline in the prices, therefore, allows us to presume, that the public in general now see that their fears were ill founded. From the present state of the averages, all probability of the opening of the ports after the 15th of November, seems done away. With respect to the importation from Canada, barley and oats are at present the only articles which are at prices that would admit them from our North American possessions.

The state of our foreign trade has not yet essentially varied. But a great change seems on the eve of taking place in our commercial relations with Portugal. The legislature of that kingdom seems disposed to adopt a rigorous prohibitory system, similar to that which, contrary to general expectation, was introduced into Spain by the Cortes; and which has had the effect of deluging that kingdom with contraband goods, and of causing a system of smuggling to be experienced which sets the laws at defiance, and is equally ruinous to the national manufacture, to the honest merchant, and to the public revenue. The Portuguese Cortes have already resolved to raise the duty on British woollen manufactures to 30 per cent. instead of 15, which they state to be according to the true sense of the existing treaties between the two nations.

The Commercial Confederation of the States of the South of Germany, which we have had frequent occasion to mention, 12,000 Bengal, of which 9,206 sold, viz. 1,570 good and very good.....5½d. a 8½d.

			6,660 fair and good fair.....5½d. a 5½d.
			1,051 very ordinary.....5½d. a 5½d.
			remainder bought in from 5½d. a 7d.
			500 good to very superior Toonel 7½d. a 8½d.
6,000 Surat.....	3,000 sold.....		845 good fair to very good.....6½d. a 7½d.
			1,650 very ordi. leafy to middling 6d. a 6½d.
			remainder bought in from 5½d. a 7½d.
576 Madras.....	510 sold.....		fair to good fair.....6½d. a 7½d.
			remainder bought in from 7½d. a 7½d.
230 Bourbon.....	130 sold.....		very ordinary stringy to good ... 9. d. a 12½d.
			remainder bought in at 11½d.
116 Packing.....	116 sold.....		fair to good..... 5½d. a 6½d.

18,922

12,962

It is estimated that of the quantity sold 9,000 bales were taken for home-consumption, 2,000 for export, and the remainder on speculation: the Bengals sold at a reduction of ½d. a ¼d., Surats at the decline of ½d. a ¼d. per lb.

does not appear likely to obtain the object proposed. It is acknowledged on all hands, that it would be highly desirable to remove the impediments to internal commerce, by abolishing the entries on goods passing from one of the Confederate States to another, and to establish custom-houses on the frontier of the Confederation, to levy duties on goods exported to, or imported from, states not members of it; but this regulation would cause a deficiency in the revenue of each member, which it would be difficult to supply.

The fair at Leipsic is stated to be very unfavourable on the whole; and the English cottons and printed calicos are said to have been neglected, notwithstanding their low prices, and, the dearer French, Swiss, and Saxon preferred to them on account of their superiority both in quality and in the beauty of the patterns. This statement has been so often repeated nearly *verbatim et literatim*, that we hardly know what credit is to be attached to it. We should imagine, however, that the English manufacturer must soon learn how to suit the taste of his customers, and we cannot doubt his ability.

We are happy to find that the accounts from Yorkshire for the last quarter are highly favourable to the manufactures of that great county.

*Cotton.*—The sale of cotton at the India House which we mentioned in our preceding, naturally tended to depress the prices, the quantity declared being above 19,000 bags, of which 12,000 were Bengals, and 6,000 Surats.

The following are the particulars of this sale at the India House, 12th instant, including about 3,000 bags taken afterwards at the sale prices:—

			1,570 good and very good.....5½d. a 8½d.
			6,660 fair and good fair.....5½d. a 5½d.
			1,051 very ordinary.....5½d. a 5½d.
			remainder bought in from 5½d. a 7d.
			500 good to very superior Toonel 7½d. a 8½d.
			845 good fair to very good.....6½d. a 7½d.
			1,650 very ordi. leafy to middling 6d. a 6½d.
			remainder bought in from 5½d. a 7½d.
			576 Madras.....510 sold.....
			fair to good fair.....6½d. a 7½d.
			remainder bought in from 7½d. a 7½d.
			230 Bourbon.....130 sold.....
			very ordinary stringy to good ... 9. d. a 12½d.
			remainder bought in at 11½d.
			116 Packing.....116 sold.....
			fair to good..... 5½d. a 6½d.

For this week past the sales have been considerable, particularly of East India descriptions; the demand, which was steady, appears, however, to have rather subsided yesterday and this forenoon; the purchases exceed 2,300 packages, chiefly for home-

consumption; the Brazil and New Orleans for the French market, the remainder on speculation, the particulars are 966 Bengals, very ordinary 5½d. a 5½d.; fair 5½d.; and good fair 6½d.; 767 Surats, common ordinary 6d. a 6½d.; good fair 7d. a 7½d.; good 7½d.; and a few very good at 8d.; 25 Pernambuco, good 12½d.; 50 Paraiba, fair 12½d.; 15 Para, 9½d., fair: 588 New Orleans 10½d., ordinary a 11½d.; good: all in bond. The sales during the last four weeks (exclusive of the India sale) have been about 5,300 bags.

At Liverpool the market has not been interesting, and the prices have rather declined this week. The sales for five weeks from 15th September to 20th October were 37,600 bags; the arrivals 35,000 bags. Of the sales 14,000 bags were in the week ending 22d September; the favourable commencement of which we noticed in our report. The importations of Bengal, Surat, Madras, Bourbon, and Manilla, which amounted to 44,900 bales in the first nine months of 1820, have been only 15,500 up to 1st October this year. The stock on the 1st October, 1820, was 213,850 bales, and 1st October, 1821, 162,850 bales.

*Sugar.*—There have been no remarkable fluctuations during the preceding four weeks; the demand for good Muscovades has been steady and considerable, and the prices have not much varied, but low browns have been heavy for some time past. Colour sugars have been in great request and scarce. At a public sale on the 13th instant, of 91 hogheads 9 tierces Barbadoes, of which a large proportion were colour. These descriptions sold 2s. a 3s. higher than at any previous sale; 70s. a 76s. 6d. for middling to good white; other sugars 65s. a 67s.

The request for refined goods for home-consumption has been very considerable during the course of this month; but the purchases for exportation have been on a very limited scale. The only demand for shipping to any extent has been for the Mediterranean.

East India sugars are extremely low; it seems singular, that though the importation of East India sugar has been considerably less the first nine months of this year, than during the same period, 1820, and though the consumption has increased, the prices have continued to decline at each succeeding sale. The following is the report of the sugar market for the last week.

There was a steady and considerable demand for good sugars last week; the brown continued neglected; no alteration whatever in the prices by private contract could be stated. The public sale of St. Lucia sugars on Friday consisted of about 350 casks; the proportion sold went a shade higher than the previous rates, low brown 50s. 6d. a 52s. 6d., remainder 53s. a 58s. 6d.

There was very little business done in

Muscovades this forenoon, the buyers waiting the event of the public sale, there was no alteration in the prices by private contract. By public sale to-day, 267 hhds. 44 tra. Jamaica sugars were brought forward, the whole went off heavily, and generally 6d. a 1s. per cwt. under the previous market prices; low dry brown 51s. 6d. a 52s. 6d., the good brown 54s. a 56s., a few lots sold 58s., 59s., a 62s. 6d. The Barbadoes sale this forenoon, consisting of colour sugars, went off at very full prices, one lot at 76s. 6d., the remainder 81s. a 70s.; the previous rates were fully supported; the sale consisted of 137 casks Barbadoes.

The grocers continue to be the chief purchasers of refined goods, and such has lately been the demand for fine parcels, that the prices must be stated a shade higher; the inferior goods are without alteration. There is some request for single loaves for crushing.—Molasses are heavy.

By public sale on Friday, 330 chests Havannah sugars were brought forward, chiefly yellow descriptions, for which the request some weeks ago was considerable; good brown sold 25s. 6d.; all the yellow good and fine quality was taken in at one price, 29s.; fine strong white at 46s.

Accounts of a most distressing nature have been received from Jamaica, where a drought of above a year's duration, threatens not only destruction to the sugar crops, but even universal famine, the soil being burnt almost to a cinder, and affording no vegetation to supply food either for man or animals. Should these statements be fully confirmed, their influence on the market cannot well be doubted.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

September 29 .....	30s. 7d.
October 6 .....	31s. 2½d.
13 .....	30s. 5½d.
20 .....	30s. 9½d.

*Coffee.*—During the week succeeding our last report, the coffee market was in a very unusual state; St. Domingo being 6s. to 8s. per cwt. higher in proportion than Jamaica; and Demarara to Berbice from 10s. to 12s. higher than the usual proportion. The first public sales this month accordingly excited some interest; and the circumstance being rather peculiar, we shall give the particulars of the sales rather more fully than usual. There were five sales amounting to 561 casks, 662 bags, at which the prices began to return to the usual proportions of value. Ordinary, good, and fine ordinary Jamaica, fully supported the prices of the preceding week, and in several instances went a shade higher; all other descriptions falling into the usual proportion of the market; Foreign Coffee, St. Domingo and Havannah, 4s. a 5s. lower, extensive parcels of good ordinary Havannah selling at 92s. 92s. 6d. and 93s.; St.

Domingo very ordinary at 97s. ordinary in casks 100s. Dominica coffee again 2s. lower. Middling, good, and fine middling coffee at an irregular reduction of 3s. a 6s. several parcels of good middling Jamaica selling at 120s. a 123s. 6d. fine middling 125s. a 128s. 6d.; for 200 bags very good St. Domingo 102s. was offered: the whole were taken in 102s. 6d.; 130 bags Porto Rico also withdrawn at 100s. 6d. The very great reduction in the prices was expected to attract the attention both of speculators and shippers; and we accordingly find, in the succeeding week, a general improvement. 1036 casks and, 1825 bags, by public sale, going off very freely. The good or fine ordinary Jamaica at an advance of 2s. to 4s. and all other qualities rather higher. During the second week of this month the prices continued firm, rather improving than otherwise; but at these public sales on the 16th of 452 casks and 1340 bags, the whole went off very heavily, the ordinary Jamaica 1s. to 2s. lower; good middling 2s. to 4s. lower. St. Domingo, and other foreign descriptions, were also 1s. lower, and the market heavy at the decline. The quantity of coffee brought forward by public sale, last week, after (Tuesday), was 1637 casks and 2077 bags; a great proportion was taken in, the demand being languid: no reduction in the prices was however submitted to, till towards the close of the week, when middling and good middling Jamaica and Dutch coffee gave way 2s. a 3s. per cwt.

There were three public sales of coffee brought forward this forenoon, consisting of 374 casks and 743 bags; the whole went off with great heaviness, but no reduction in the prices can be stated.—56 casks 705 bags very ordinary St. Domingo were taken in at 100s. 6d., with the exception of one lot sold at 101s.; the middling and good middling Jamaica sold again at very low prices, at nearly the reduction we have stated; good middling 121s. and 121s. 6d.; middling 115s. 6d. fine ordinary coloury foxy 105s. and 106s. 6d. Generally the market may be stated heavy, and the biddings at public sale languid, yet no reduction in the prices can be quoted, except the middling and good middling qualities, which are fully 2s. a 3s. lower than on Tuesday last.

*Indigo*.—At the East India sale, which commenced on the 2d instant, every description of indigo sold much higher than at the preceding sale; fine 9d. per lb. good 1s., middling 1s. to 1s. 3d. commencing fully 1s. 3d. higher. About 300 chests of shipping, and 250 chests of ordinary were bought in by the proprietors. The importation which was 14,847 chests, &c. in the first nine months of 1820, has been only 9,734 chests, &c. during the same period this year. The prices have not changed since the sale.

*Spices*.—The market is heavy, and prices but little varied. The Company's laxod price of mace is reduced to 5s.; nutmegs to 3s. An amount of 20,000 lb. of cloves is reported from Holland, and advertised for sale the same day as the Company's sale of spices.

*Silk*.—The prices of East India silk are nominal, on account of the commencement of the India House sale: the prices hitherto are considerably higher than last sale; Bengals at the advance of 8 to 10 per cent.

*Cocoa*.—The reduction of the duty, and the low prices seem to have a favourable effect on the consumption of cocoa. Grocers have lately purchased Grenada, 90s. to 95s. Berbice, 54s. to 55s.

*Tea*.—The Company's sale is fixed for 4th December, viz.

Bohea.....	900,000
Congou, Campoi, Pe- koe, and Souchong }	4,850,000
Twankay.....	1,000,000
Hyson-skin.....	100,000
Hyson.....	250,000

Including private trade 7,100,000 lb.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands*.—At the beginning of the month there was a brisk demand for brandy, which, however, soon subsided. Cogniac of a favourite mark realized 4s. 6d. and superior quality, 4s. 4d. At a public sale on the 12th instant, 86 puncheons of Jamaica, and 84 of Leeward Islands, sold freely at prices rather higher than the previous sales by private contract, viz. Jamaica. .9 to 12. OP. 1s. 6d.

12 to 16 ..... 1s. 7d.

18 to 21 ..... 1s. 8d. to 1s. 9d.

22 to 24 ..... 1s. 10s. to 1s. 11d.

Leeward Islands, UP. 1s. 4d.

Last week there were few purchasers of rum by private contract; the prices were maintained, except at a public sale of 104 puncheons Jamaica, which went 1d. per gallon lower.—A sale of 88 puncheons of Leeward Islands, and 123 of Jamaica this morning was at about the same reduction of 1d. Brandies are nearly nominal. In Geneva there is no alteration.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow*.—The demand for tallow continues languid; a further depression of 6d. a 1s. per cwt. must again be stated: the market is heavy at the reduction.—Hemp is in good request, and the late advance in the prices is fully maintained: there is little alteration in flax.—Letters were yesterday received, dated St. Petersburg, 28th ultimo; the Exchange remained nearly the same, 9½d.

*Oils, &c.*—The oil market continues without briskness; there are several rather extensive buyers of Greenland at 21½. but we believe they cannot find any parcels at that rate. Seal and linseed oils are a shade lower.

*Corn*.—Referring our readers to the tables, by which they will see the reduction



of the average prices, we add the report of the market of yesterday.

In addition to the arrivals of English wheat, 17,609 qrs. there was a large proportion of the previous supply left over to yesterday's market; the trade was in consequence exceedingly heavy, and although one or two parcels of fine new white sold at an advance of 2s. per quarter, yet every other description was 2s. a 3s. lower; the best old declined in the same proportion: a great quantity of the wheat still remains undisposed of, although the holders were offering damp and inferior parcels at very depressed prices, to induce the buyers to come forward.—There were large supplies of new barley brought to market last week, but at a decline of 4s. there have been extensive purchases, and the quantity offering was so reduced, that an improvement of 1s. was realized on Friday's prices.—The arrivals of English oats last week exceeded 28,000 qrs.; the trade was in consequence heavy; a few prime parcels of both old and new went off at a decline of 1s. but generally the market must be quoted 2s. lower.—Beans met a dull sale, at the decline of 1s.—In peas no alteration whatever can be stated.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Riga, September 28.*—*Corn.* There have been some purchases lately of oats, at 40 to 44 r. per last. The nominal price of holmdried rye (of 115 to 116 lbs.) is 56 to 57 roubles. *Potashes*, 108 roub. have been paid for Polish, the stock of which is nearly exhausted. *Seeds*, the weather being constantly wet and cold makes the prospect of the crop this year more and more unfavourable, and it is feared, that a very small quantity of really good quality will be brought to market, which will of course sell very dear. Hitherto there are no sellers, and the imports will hardly commence before the beginning of next month. *Tallow*, is rather more in demand, 145 banco roubles have been paid for yellow and white crown, and there remain purchasers for soap tallow at 130 roubles. *Hemp*, especially clean, has fallen; Polish clean 110 r.; Ukraine ditto 100. Other descriptions keep up better. Polish outshot, 87 r. Ukraine, 82 r. Polish pass, 74 to 77. Ukraine ditto 74 r. Torse, 51 r. per Slb. *Flax*, Thiesenhausen and Druania Rackitzer, 44½; Badstub cut, white and light grey mixed, 38 to 38½ r.; Risten Threeband, 29 r.; Tow, 13 r.; per Slb. *Hemp Oil*, to be had at 87 r. b. per Slb. Fine white Havannah *Sugars* have been sold at 18½ cop. 7 months credit. The prices of Salt decline more and more, the last prices paid were, St. Ubea, 47 r.; grey French 37½ r.; fine Liverpool 52 r. at present, only 50 r. are offered for the latter.

*Odessa, Sept. 14.*—Yesterday an express arrived from St. Petersburg with an

order from the Minister of Finance, by which our free port is to remain unchanged, on the same footing as hitherto till further orders: and the merchants may import their goods as before.

22 *Sept.*—Several vessels have lately arrived from Constantinople. Our situation is very singular. But lately, we thought we had every reason to expect the speedy commencement of hostilities; and we are now convinced more and more, and every day, that we have been mistaken. Our commercial relations with Turkey are, in fact, interrupted, yet the hopes of peace prevail. Every body wishes to see the end of this state of uncertainty.

*St. Petersburg, Sept. 28.*—An imperial ukase of the 4th instant regulates the trade in the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, and the Russian possessions in the north-west coast of America, and the east coast of Siberia as follows. "Having perceived by the statements laid before us, that the trade of our subjects in the Aleutian islands, and in the Russian possessions along the north-west coast of America, is subjected to many obstacles and disadvantages from the practice of smuggling, and as we find that the chief cause of these disadvantages lies in the want of regulations respecting the limits of navigation along those coasts, and a standard of commercial relations as well in those parts, as in general on the east coast of Siberia, we have thought fit to determine these relations as follows:—

Sec. I. "All trade, whale-fishery, fishery in general, and every kind of business, in the harbours and bays, and in general along the whole northwest coast of America, from Behring's Straits to the 51st degree of north latitude, as well as along the Aleutian islands, and on the east coast of Siberia, and also along the Kurile islands, that is to say, from Behring's Straits to the South Cape of the island of Oorooop, in 45 deg. 51 north lat., are allowed exclusively to Russian subjects.

Sec. II. "In consequence, every foreign vessel is prohibited, not only to land on any of the coasts and islands belonging to the Russian possessions, and mentioned in the preceding Section, but even to approach them within less than one hundred Italian miles, on pain of confiscation of both ship and cargo," &c.

*Hamburg, Oct. 13.*—*Cotton.* The demand and sale very limited.—*Coffee* has been exclusively purchased this week, and the prices are therefore more firm.—*Corn.* While our stock of wheat is considerably increased by fresh supplies, the sales are limited to our own consumption, so that the prices of several descriptions have fallen 5 or six six dollars. The holders of the finest sorts keep away from the market. A good deal of business has been doing this week in Oats and Barley of the best qua-

lity, as well for exportation to England (it being supposed probable that the ports will be open) as for home consumption, so that the prices have risen 2 dollars. Fine Black Rape-seed has also been purchased for exportation to England at their current prices.

*Indigo*.—Among the most important changes this week, is the increased demand and price of this article. The new rise of 9d. to 1s. 5d. per lb. in the London sale just terminated, and the certain information that it was caused by the real demand, confirm the opinion, that the cultivation of this dye has been so limited in India for some years past on account of the price being too low to remunerate the planter, so that the stock both in and out of Europe is now inadequate to the consumption, and even an abundant crop would not have an

unfavourable influence.—50 Chests have in consequence been sold here lately (chiefly from the interior of Germany) at a considerable advance, and one fine parcel realized 23s. Flemish.

*Rice*.—Having fallen to the price at which it stood before the sudden rise in the price of Corn, a more considerable demand may be expected.

*Tobacco*.—Firm in price, but little doing 200,000 lbs. of Porto Rico, roll and leaf, have lately been imported from St. Thomas.

*Sugar*.—Hamburg refined have met with a brisk sale this week at the current prices. Lumps are little inquired for, and occasionally parcels might be had a trifle lower. Several parcels of raw sugars, hitherto withheld, are now brought to market, which, with the want of demand, still further depresses the prices.

### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Reasons for Opposition to the Principles and Measures of the Present Administration.

Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, a Dramatic Poem; The Legend of Richard Faulder; The Mermaid of Galloway; and Twenty Scottish Songs. By Allan Cunningham.

The History of Civil Government, from the Primitive Ages of the World to the Fall of the Roman Empire, by the late James Tyson, Esq.

Two Tragedies, (Sardanapalus, and the Two Forscaris.) By Lord Byron.

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## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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John Collins, of Lambeth, Surrey, engineer; for an improvement on cast-iron rollers for sugar-mills, by more permanently fixing them to their gudgeons.—Aug. 14th.

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Dominique Pierre Deurbroucq, of King-street, Soho, Middlesex, Gent.; for an apparatus for the purpose of condensing the alcoholic steams arising from spirituous liquors, such as wine, brandy, beer, cyder, &c. during their fermentation. Communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad.—Sept. 11th.

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T distinguishes London Commissioners, C those of the country.

Gazette—Sept. 22 to Oct. 23.

Sept. 22. Arnold, J. H., Llanblethlan, Glamorgan, cattle-jobber. [Jennings, 4, Elm-court, Temple. T.  
Colyer, W. Broad-street, St. Giles's, boot and shoe-maker. [Jones, 1, New-inn. T.  
Hallstone, W. Mildehall, Suffolk, grocer. [Gregory, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.  
Hancock, S. Judd-street, St. Pancras, hardware-man. [Pringle, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.  
Jones, T. St. John-street, West Smithfield, stationer. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.  
Mead, T. Sandwich, Kent, victualler. [Lodington, 2, Sergeants'-inn, Fleet-street. C.  
Rowley M. Bear-street, Leicester-square, dealer. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.  
Williams, H. Plough-court, Lombard-street, merchant. [Pearce, St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street. T.  
Sept. 25. Beeston, J. Drayton in Hales, Salop, mercer. [Baxter, Gray's-inn-place. C.  
Gibson, T. Jun. Liverpool, ship-bread baker. [Chester, 3, Staple-inn. C.  
Gird, H. Park-lane, Middlesex, saddler. [Bourdillon, Bread-street, Cheapside. C.  
Knowles, J., and H. Walker, Salford, Lancaster, machine-makers. [Willis, Warrin-court. C.  
Lavender, J. Leominster, Hereford, mercer. [Cardale, Gray's-inn. C.  
Sept. 29. Barnby, J. New Malton, York, dealer. [Smithson, Old Jewry. C.  
Richardson, J. Manchester, cotton and twist-dealer. [Whitlow, King-street, Manchester. C.

Stuart, H. Worcester, wine-merchant. [Hannam, Piazza-chambers, Covent-garden. T.  
Oct. 2.—Mercer, H. Liverpool, merchant. [Batye, Chancery-lane. C.  
Ward, T. Seamer, York, maltster. [Lever, Gray's-inn. C.  
Whitehead, R. Withnell, Lancaster, corn-merchant. [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row. C.  
Oct. 6. Bower, J. Tothill-street, Westminster, grocer. [Tottle, 33, Poultry. T.  
Evans, T. B. Strand, wine and brandy-merchant. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-street. T.  
Moody, S. Frome Selwood, Somerset, baker. [Perkins, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.  
Rowbottom, W. Oldham, Lancaster, machine-maker. [Milne, Temple. C.  
Thompson, J. T. Long Acre, coach-joiner. [Stevens, Little St. Thomas Apostle, Queen-st. T.  
Wells S. Middleton-garden, Pentonville, green-grocer. [Tatham, Castle-street, Holborn. T.  
Oct. 9. Bursay, J. Jun. Goadge-street, Tottenham-court-road, bookseller and stationer. [War-rand, Mark-lane. T.  
Hamelin, P. Belmont-place, Vauxhall, plasterer. [Denton, Gray's-inn-square. T.  
Loud, W. Sloane-street, Chelsea, linen-draper. [Dobson, 55, Chancery-lane. T.  
Oct. 13.—Barton, J. Blackburn, Lancaster, upholsterer. [Bigg, 29, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.  
Belcher, J. London-lane, Enfield, stone-mason. [Harwer, 29, Hatton-garden. T.



# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

*From Sept. 25 to Oct. 23.*

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-16	12-17
Ditto at sight	12-13	12-14
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-17	12-18
Antwerp	12-9	12-10
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-1	
Altona, 2½ U	38-2	
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70	25-75
Ditto . 2 U	26-0	26- 5
Bourdeaux	26-0	26- 5
Frankfort on the Main		157
Ex. M.		
Petersburg, rblc, 3 Us.	8½	
Vienna, cf. flo. & M	10-23	
Trieste ditto	10-23	
Madrid, effective	36	
Cadiz, effective	36	
Bilboa	35½	
Barcelona	35½	35½
Seville	35½	
Gibraltar	39½	
Leghorn	47	46½
Genoa	43½	
Venice, Ital. Liv.	26-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	39½	39½
Palermo, per oz.	118	
Lisbon	50	
Oporto	50	
Rio Janeiro	48½	
Bahia	59	58
Dublin	9	8½
Cork	9	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

*At per Ounce.*

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	13	6	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	0	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	0	4	10½

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

### Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 31s. 2½d.

*Bread.*

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 12d. the quartern loaf.

### Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£0	0	0	0	0	0
Champions	2	10	0	4	0	0
Oxnobles	1	10	0	2	5	0
Apples	0	0	0	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Oct. 1 to Oct. 22.

	Oct. 1.	Oct. 8.	Oct. 15.	Oct. 22.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	30 6 to 44 6	33 0 to 46 3	38 3 to 44 9	36 0 to 44 6
Sunderland	37 0 to 44 3	42 9 to 47 6	36 9 to 46 3	36 6 to 45 3

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.  
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Sept. 22	Sept. 29	Oct. 6	Oct. 13
Wheat	68 10 70	7 64	7 61	4 4
Rye	32 2 34	6 31	11 28	4
Barley	33 3 35	1 35	2 33	5
Oats	22 7 23	4 22	10 21	11
Beans	33 11 36	8 34	9 33	3
Peas	22 7 35	10 33	5 31	6

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Sept. 25, to Oct. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	66,802	2,760	9,615	79,177
Barley	25,052	2,995	1,785	29,832
Oats	62,628	4,050	15,455	82,133
Rye	636	—	—	636
Beans	16,678	—	—	16,678
Pease	7,543	—	—	7,543
Malt	14,365	Qrs.	Flour 41,858	Sacks.
Foreign Flour — barrels.				

### Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	40s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 50s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	40s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Farnham, ditto	160s. to 180s.
Yearling Pockets	105s. to 140s.

### Average Price per Load of

Hay.		Clover.		Straw.	
£.	s.	£.	s.	£.	s.
<i>Smithfield.</i>					
3	0 to 4	4.	4	0 to 5	0.1 8 to 1 16
<i>Whitechapel.</i>					
3	10 to 4	4.	4	0 to 5	5.1 10 to 1 16
<i>St. James's.</i>					
3	0 to 4	4.	3	7 to 4	15.1 10 to 1 19

*Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at*

Newgate.—Beef	2s. 0d.	to 3s. 6d.
Mutton	2s. 0d.	to 3s. 6d.
Veal	2s. 8d.	to 4s. 8d.
Pork	2s. 8d.	to 4s. 8d.
Lamb	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	2s. 4d.	to 3s. 6d.
Mutton	2s. 0d.	to 2s. 8d.
Veal	3s. 8d.	to 5s. 0d.
Pork	3s. 8d.	to 5s. 2d.
Lamb	0s. 0d.	to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Sept. 28, to Oct. 21, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,651	1,750	113,150	1,540

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Oct. 16th, 1821.)

	Per Share.		Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	£.		Per Share.		Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	£.
	£.	s.						£.	s.				
<i>Canals.</i>													
Andover.....	5	—	—	350	100	—	<i>Bridges.</i>						
Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	—	—	1482	100	—	Southwark.....	13	—	—	7356	100	—
Ashton and Oldham.....	70	8 10	—	1780	100	—	Do. new.....	12	10	7p.c.	1700	50	—
Basingstoke.....	6	—	—	1260	100	—	Vauxhall.....	15	—	—	3000	100	—
Do. Bonds.....	40	2	—	54,000L	—	—	Do. Promissory Notes.....	92	5	—	54,000L	—	—
Birmingham (divided).....	560	24	—	2000	25	—	Waterloo.....	27	10	—	5000	100	—
Bolton and Bury.....	95	5	—	477	250	—	— Annuities of 8l.....	27	10	—	5000	60	—
Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	4	—	558	150	—	— Annuities of 7l.....	27	10	—	5000	40	—
Chelmer and Blackwater.....	92	5	—	400	100	—	— Bonds.....	100	5	—	60,000L	—	—
Chesterfield.....	120	8	—	1500	100	—	<i>Roads.</i>						
Covenry.....	970	44	—	500	100	—	Barking.....	32	—	—	300	100	—
Croydon.....	3	—	—	4546	100	—	Commercial.....	106	10	5	1000	100	—
Derby.....	135	6	—	600	100	—	<i>East-India</i>						
Dudley.....	62	3	—	2060½	100	—	Branch.....	100	5	—	—	100	—
Eillesmere and Chester.....	63	3	—	3579½	100	—	Great Dover Street.....	33	1 17 6	—	492	100	—
Erewash.....	1000	58	—	231	100	—	Highgate Archway.....	4	—	—	2383	50	—
Forth and Clyde.....	500	20	—	1297	100	—	Croydon Railway.....	—	—	—	1000	65	—
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	—	—	1900	100	—	Surrey Do.....	—	—	—	1000	60	—
Do. optional Loan.....	47	3	—	—	60	—	Severn and Wye.....	31	10	—	3762	50	—
Grand Junction.....	217	9	—	11,815½	100	—	<i>Water Works.</i>						
Grand Surrey.....	58	10	—	1521	100	—	East London.....	91	—	—	3800	100	—
Do. Loan.....	99	5	—	48,800L	—	—	Grand Junction.....	55	2 10	—	4500	50	—
Do. Loan.....	—	—	—	28,494	100	—	Kent.....	32	10	—	2000	100	—
Grand Western.....	93	5	—	19,327½	—	—	London Bridge.....	50	2 10	—	1500	—	—
Grantham.....	3	—	—	3096	100	—	South London.....	25	—	—	800	100	—
Huddersfield.....	180	7	—	749	150	—	West Middlesex.....	50	10	2	7540	—	—
Kenet and Avon.....	13	—	—	6312	100	—	York Buildings.....	24	—	—	1390	100	—
LANCASTER.....	17	16	—	25,328	100	—	<i>Insurances.</i>						
Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	12	—	11,000½	100	—	Albion.....	45	2 10	—	2000	500	—
Leicester.....	290	14	—	2579½	—	—	Atlas.....	4	15	6	25,000	50	—
Leicester & Northampton Union.....	84	4	—	1895	100	—	Bath.....	575	40	—	—	—	—
Loughborough.....	3000	170	—	70	—	—	Birmingham.....	300	25	—	300	1000	—
Melton Mowbray.....	—	12	—	250	—	—	British.....	50	3	—	250	250	—
Mersey and Irwell.....	—	30	—	—	100	—	County.....	39	2 10	—	4000	100	—
Monmouthshire.....	—	10	—	2409	100	—	Eagle.....	3	12 6	5	40,000	50	—
Do. DeBentures.....	92	5	—	43,526L	100	—	European.....	20	1	—	50,000	20	—
Montgomeryshire.....	70	—	—	700	100	—	Globe.....	124	6	—	1,000,000L	100	—
Neath.....	420	25	—	247	—	—	Hope.....	3	5	—	40,000	50	—
North Wilts.....	—	—	—	1770	25	—	Imperial.....	80	4 10	—	2400	500	—
Nottingham.....	200	12	—	500	100	—	London Fire.....	24	1 4	—	3800	25	—
Oxford.....	645	82	—	1720	100	—	London Ship.....	20	1	—	31,000	25	—
Peak Forest.....	66	3	—	2400	100	—	Provident.....	17	18	—	2500	100	—
Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	—	—	2520	—	—	Royal Exchange.....	250	10	—	745,100L	—	—
Regent's.....	25	—	—	12,294	—	—	Sun Fire.....	—	8 10	—	—	—	—
Rochdale.....	45	2	—	5631	100	—	Sun Life.....	22	10	—	4000	100	—
Shrewsbury.....	185	9	—	300	125	—	Union.....	40	1 8	—	1500	200	—
Shropshire.....	140	7 10	—	500	100	—	<i>Gas Lights.</i>						
Somerset Coal.....	107	10	—	771	50	—	Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	58	10	4	8000	50	—
Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	700	40	—	700	100	—	Do. New Shares.....	47	10	3 4	4000	50	—
Stourbridge.....	210	9	—	300	145	—	City Gas Light Company.....	103	8	—	1000	100	—
Stratford on Avon.....	—	—	—	3647	—	—	Do. New.....	54	4	—	1000	100	—
Stroudwater.....	485	22	—	—	—	—	Bath Gas.....	18	5	18 4	2500	20	—
Swansea.....	150	10	—	533	100	—	Brighton Gas.....	14	—	—	1500	20	—
Tavistock.....	90	—	—	350	100	—	Bristol.....	27	10	2	2500	20	—
Thames and Medway.....	20	—	—	2670	—	—	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>						
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk.....	1810	75	—	1300	200	—	London.....	30	—	—	1000	75gs	—
Warwick and Birmingham.....	224	12	—	1000	100	—	Russel.....	10	10	—	700	25gs	—
Warwick and Napton.....	210	11	—	980	100	—	Surrey.....	6	—	—	700	30gs	—
Wilts and Berks.....	—	—	—	14,288	—	—	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>						
Wisbeach.....	60	—	—	125	105	—	Auction Mart.....	22	1 5	—	1080	50	—
Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	1	—	6000	—	—	British Copper Company.....	52	2 10	—	1367	100	—
<i>Docks.</i>													
Bristol.....	15	—	—	2209	145	—	Golden Lane Brewery.....	12	—	—	2250	50	—
Do. Notes.....	100	5	—	268,324L	100	—	Do.....	8	—	—	3447	60	—
Commercial.....	71	3	—	3132	100	—	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19	1	—	2000	150	—
East-India.....	164	10	—	450,000L	100	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	82	4	—	—	—	—
East Country.....	22	—	—	1038	100	—	Do..... 2d. Class.....	69	3	—	—	—	—
London.....	101	4	—	3,114,000L	100	—	City Bonds.....	105	5	—	—	—	—
West-India.....	170	10	—	1,200,000L	100	—							

**Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th September, to 26th Oct.**

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent.	Long An. Navy.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Opium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Exchq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Sept. 26	shut.	shut.	76½	6	96½	109½	—	75½	—	—	—	—	—	4p	76½
27	—	—	75½	6½	—	109½	—	—	—	233½	64	—	—	4	76½
28	—	—	76	—	—	109½	—	76½	—	234½	64	—	—	3	76½
29	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oct. 1	shut.	—	76½	—	—	109½	—	—	—	—	62	—	—	3	76½
2	—	—	76½	—	96½	109½	—	—	—	—	64	84½	—	2	77½
3	—	78	76½	7½	—	110	—	76½	—	—	64	—	—	3	77½
4	—	—	76½	7½	—	110	—	—	—	235	66	—	—	4	77½
5	—	—	77	—	—	110½	19½	77½	—	—	69	—	—	4	77½
6	—	—	77	—	—	110½	—	—	—	—	68	—	—	4	77½
7	—	—	77	—	—	110½	—	—	—	—	66	—	—	3	77½
8	—	—	77	—	—	110½	—	—	—	—	66	—	—	3	77½
9	—	78	77	—	—	110½	19½	—	—	235½	66	84½	—	3	77½
10	—	—	77	—	—	110½	19½	77½	—	236	66	—	—	3	77½
11	237	76½	77	8	87	95	110½	10	—	—	68	—	—	5	77½
12	236½	76½	77	8	87	95	110½	19½	—	238½	70	—	—	5	78
13	237½	76½	77	8	87	95	110½	19½	—	—	71	—	—	5	77½
15	—	77	77	8	87	95	110½	19½	—	238	72	86½	—	5	78
16	—	77	77	8	87	96	111	19½	—	—	72	—	—	5	78
17	238½	77½	78	7½	87	96½	111	19½	—	239	73	—	—	5	78
18	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	239	77½	77	8½	87	96½	111½	19½	78	239½	74	—	—	5	78
20	239½	77½	78	—	87	96½	111½	19½	—	—	74	—	—	5	78
22	240½	77	78	—	88	96½	111½	19½	—	—	73	87	—	5	79
23	240	77	77	—	88	96½	111½	19½	—	241	74	—	—	6	78
24	240	77	78	—	88	96½	111½	19½	—	240	73	—	77	6	78
25	240½	77	78	—	88	96½	111½	19½	—	241	73	—	—	6	78
26	240	77	78	—	87	96½	111½	19½	—	—	70	—	77	6	78

**IRISH FUNDS.**

Sept.	Bank Stock.	Government De-benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De-benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De-benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	City Debentures.
27	230½	85½	85½	—	—	109½	109½	—	71½	94
28	230½	85½	85	—	—	109½	—	46	—	—
Oct. 1	—	85½	—	—	—	109	—	46½	—	—
6	232½	86	85½	—	—	109½	109	—	71½	—
18	236½	87	86½	—	—	109½	109½	—	71½	—
19	—	87	86½	—	—	109½	109½	—	72	—
20	236½	87	86½	—	—	109½	109½	47½	73	—

*Prices of the  
FRENCH FUNDS.  
From Sept. 22.  
to Oct. 20.*

1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Sept. fr.	—	—
22	87 30	1555
25	87 40	1561 25
29	88 60	—
Oct.	—	—
1	88 90	1580
4	89 5	1595
8	89 90	1590
12	90 35	1580
15	89 65	1587 50
17	90 5	1595
20	89 60	1590

**AMERICAN FUNDS.**

	IN LONDON.					NEW YORK.				
	Sept. 26	Oct. 2	12	16	23	Sept. 3	7	10	15	25
Bank Shares.....	23	23	23	23	23	113	112	112	110½	111
6 per cent. ....	1812	1812	1812	1812	1812	108	108½	108½	109	109
1813.....	par.	par.	90½	99	99	109	109½	109½	110	110
1814.....	102	102	101	101	101½	109½	110½	110½	111	111
1815.....	104	103½	102	102	102	112	112½	112½	112½	112½
7 per cent. ....	102½	102	—	—	—	110½	110½	110½	110½	110½

*By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.*



THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

No. XXIV.      DECEMBER, 1821.      Vol. IV.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

1791  
The first of the year was a very dry one, and the  
ground was very hard, and the crops were  
very poor. The weather was very hot, and  
the crops were very dry. The ground was  
very hard, and the crops were very poor.

The second of the year was a very wet one, and  
the ground was very soft, and the crops were  
very good. The weather was very cool, and  
the crops were very green. The ground was  
very soft, and the crops were very good.

The third of the year was a very dry one, and  
the ground was very hard, and the crops were  
very poor. The weather was very hot, and  
the crops were very dry. The ground was  
very hard, and the crops were very poor.

The fourth of the year was a very wet one, and  
the ground was very soft, and the crops were  
very good. The weather was very cool, and  
the crops were very green. The ground was  
very soft, and the crops were very good.

## THE LION'S HEAD.

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THE close of the year, coinciding with the completion of the Fourth Volume of the LONDON MAGAZINE, agreeably reminds us, that a few words of acknowledgment are due, first, to our numerous friends and the public for their firm and increasing support; and next, to our kind Contributors in general, whose exertions have raised the LONDON MAGAZINE to its present distinguished rank in periodical literature, and have procured for it so large a share of public favour.

As, on the one hand, we are happy to say, that greater encouragement could not have been expected than we have experienced; so, on the other, we are proud to affirm, that a greater number of men of talent than the LONDON MAGAZINE now unites in its support, were never before combined in furtherance of any undertaking of a similar nature.

But gratitude for public patronage is best evinced by increased endeavours to deserve it; and the most agreeable return we can make to our contributors for their individual exertions is to associate their labours with productions of kindred talent. As evidence of our zeal in these endeavours, we present the following account of a part of our resources for the ensuing year; from whence it will appear, that the future Numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE will be enriched, not only by the continued exertions of its present Correspondents, but by papers from new Contributors on important and interesting subjects, the very nature of which will be an earnest to the literary world that they proceed from men of the highest intellectual ability.

1. The Essays of ELIA.
2. The Essays of the Author of TABLE TALK.
3. TWELVE TALES OF LYDDAL CROSS, by the Author of TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.
4. The Continuation of Dr. JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS.
5. NOTICES of the EARLY FRENCH POETS; *vide* "CLEMENT MAROT," in the present Number.
6. LEISURE HOURS: Translations of SELECT POEMS from Classic Authors of Greece and Rome, with critical Remarks.
7. TRANSLATIONS in Prose and Verse from the most eminent of the FINE WRITERS of MODERN GERMANY, with a CHARACTER of the Genius of each Author, forming an ANTHOLOGY of their finest Passages. By the ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER; *vide* the Articles on RICHTER in our present Number.

8. EDWARD HERBERT'S LETTERS.—The Subject of the next will be THE GREEN ROOM of the London Theatre.

9. The BEAUTIES of the LIVING DRAMATISTS, A Series of humorous Papers, the first of which will appear in the Number for January.

10. The BEAUTIES of the TERM REPORTS.

11. OSMYN, a Persian Tale. Part II.

12. ESSAYS ON the FINE ARTS, by CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS, Esq.

13. LETTERS to a YOUNG MAN OF TALENT whose Education had been neglected.

14. ESSAYS by THURMA, Author of the Article on "Westminster Abbey," in the present Number.

15. The Third Part of the CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

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In reference to the last Article, we have to lay before our Readers the following Letter:

*To the Editor of the London Magazine.*

SIR,

\* \* \* \* \*

But to leave this subject, and to pass to another more immediately connected with your Journal:—I have seen in the Sheffield Iris a notice of my two papers entitled *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*. Notice of any sort from Mr. Montgomery could not have failed to gratify me, by proving that I had so far succeeded in my efforts as to catch the attention of a distinguished man of genius: a notice so emphatic as this, and introduced by an exordium of so much beauty as that contained in the two first paragraphs on the faculty of dreaming, I am bound in gratitude to acknowledge as a more flattering expression and memorial of success than any which I had allowed myself to anticipate.

I am not sorry that a passage in Mr. Montgomery's comments enables me to take notice of a doubt which had reached me before: the passage I mean is this: in the fourth page of the Iris, amongst the remarks with which Mr. Montgomery has introduced the extracts which he has done me the honour to make, it is said—"whether this character," (the character in which the Opium-eater speaks) "be real or imaginary, we know not." The same doubt was reported to me as having been made in another quarter; but, in that instance, as clothed in such discourteous expressions, that I do not think it would have been right for me, or that on a principle of just self-respect, I could have brought myself to answer it at all; which I say in no anger, and I hope with no other pride than that which may reasonably influence any man in refusing an answer to all direct impeachments of his veracity. From Mr. Montgomery, however, this scruple on the question of authenticity comes in the shape which might have been anticipated from his own courteous and honourable nature, and implies no more than a suggestion (in one view perhaps complimentary to myself) that the whole might be professedly and intentionally a fictitious case as respected the incidents—and chosen as a more impressive form for communicating some moral or medical admonitions to the unconfirmed Opium-eater. Thus shaped — I cannot have any right to quarrel with this scruple. But

on many accounts I should be sorry that such a view were taken of the narrative by those who may have happened to read it. And therefore, I assure Mr. Montgomery, in this public way, that the entire Confessions were designed to convey a narrative of my own experience as an Opium-eater, drawn up with entire simplicity and fidelity to the facts; from which they can in no respect have deviated, except by such trifling inaccuracies of date, &c. as the memoranda I have with me in London would not, in all cases, enable me to reduce to certainty. Over and above the want of these memoranda, I laboured sometimes (as I will acknowledge) under another, and a graver embarrassment:—To tell nothing *but* the truth—must, in all cases, be an unconditional moral law: to tell the *whole* truth is not equally so: in the earlier narrative I acknowledge that I could not always do this: regards of delicacy towards some who are yet living, and of just tenderness to the memory of others who are dead, obliged me, at various points of my narrative, to suppress what would have added interest to the story, and sometimes, perhaps, have left impressions on the reader favourable to other purposes of an auto-biographer. In cases which touch too closely on their own rights and interests, all men should hesitate to trust their own judgment: thus far I imposed a restraint upon myself, and all just and conscientious men would do: in every thing else I spoke fearlessly, and as if writing private memoirs for my own dearest friends. Events, indeed, in my life, connected with so many remembrances of grief, and sometimes of self-reproach, had become too sacred from habitual contemplation to be altered or distorted for the unworthy purposes of scenical effect and display, without violating those feelings of self-respect which all men should cherish, and giving a lasting wound to my conscience.

Having replied to the question involved in the passage quoted from the *Iris*, I ought to notice an objection, conveyed to me through many channels, and in too friendly terms to have been overlooked if I had thought it unfounded: whereas, I believe it is a very just one:—it is this: that I have so managed the second narrative, as to leave an overbalance on the side of the *pleasures* of opium; and that the very horrors themselves, described as connected with the use of opium, do not pass the limit of pleasure.—I know not how to excuse myself on this head, unless by alleging (what is obvious enough) that to describe any pains, of any class, and that at perfect leisure for choosing and rejecting thoughts and expressions, is a most difficult task: in my case I scarcely know whether it is competent to me to allege further, that I was limited, both as to space and time, so long as it appears on the face of my paper, that I did not turn all that I had of either to the best account. It is known to you, however, that I wrote in extreme haste, and under very depressing circumstances in other respects.—On the whole, perhaps, the best way of meeting this objection will be to send you a Third Part of my Confessions: \* drawn up with such assistance from fuller

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\* In the Third Part I will fill up an omission noticed by the *Medical Intelligencer*, (No. 24.) viz.—The omission to record the particular effects of the Opium between 1804—12. This *Medical Intelligencer* is a sort of digest or analytic summary of contemporary medical essays, reviews, &c. wherever dispersed. Of its general merits I cannot pretend to judge: but, in justice to the writer of the article which respects myself, I ought to say, that it is the most remarkable specimen of skilful abridgement and judicious composition that I remember to have met with.

memoranda, and the recollections of my only companion during those years, as I shall be able to command on my return to the north: I hope that I shall be able to return thither in the course of next week: and, therefore, by the end of January, or thereabouts, I shall have found leisure from my other employments, to finish it to my own satisfaction. I do not venture to hope, that it will realize the whole of what is felt to be wanting: but it is fit that I should make the effort, if it were only to meet the expressions of interest in my previous papers, which have reached me from all quarters, or to mark my sense of the personal kindness which, in many cases, must have dictated the terms in which that interest was conveyed.

This, I think, is what I had to say. Some things, which I might have been disposed to add, would not be fitting in a public letter. Let me say, however, generally, that these two papers of mine, short and inconsiderable as they are, have, in one way, produced a disproportionate result though but of a personal nature, by leading to many kind acts, and generous services, and expressions of regard, in many different shapes, from men of talents in London.

To these hereafter I shall look back as to a fund of pleasant remembrances. Meantime, for the present, they have rendered me a service not less acceptable, by making my residence in London, in many respects, agreeable, at a time when, on other accounts, it should naturally have been far otherwise.

I remain, Sir,

Your faithful friend and servant,

London, Nov. 27, 1821.

X. Y. Z.

---

Lion's Head regrets that it must defer many Answers to Correspondents till next Month.

THE

# London Magazine.

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N<sup>o</sup> XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1821.

VOL. IV.

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## The Early French Poets.

[AN article appeared in a former Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, entitled "Notices of the Early French Poets," which, had the writer completed his design, would doubtless have been followed by several others of the same kind. We are happy to announce, that one of our Correspondents has taken up the subject with the intention, as will be seen in the following paper, of continuing it.]

CLEMENT MAROT.

IN the course of this last summer, I happened to reside for some weeks in a place where I had free access to a large collection of books, which formerly belonged to the kings of France; but, like other royal property, having been confiscated at the Revolution, still continues unreclaimed, and is now open to the use of the public. Of this occasion I gladly availed myself, to extend my acquaintance with some of their earlier writers, whose works are not commonly to be met with in our own country; and amongst these, fixed my attention principally on such of their poets as were of most note at the restoration, or more properly speaking, the general diffusion of polite learning in Europe. What the result of this inquiry has been, I invite my readers to judge.

The French of the present day, I know, set but little store on these revivers of the poetical art. Their extreme solicitude for what they call the purity of their language, makes them easily offended by phrases, the irregularities of which we should be

ready to pardon, in consideration of higher excellence, or even to welcome, as so many means of aiding us in that escape from the tameness of common every-day life, which it is one great end of poetry to effect. I do not know of any other people who have set up an exclusive standard of this sort. What would the Greeks of the age of Pericles have said to a literary censor, that should have endeavoured to persuade them to throw aside the works of Homer and Hesiod, because he could have pointed out to them, in every page, modes of expression that would not have passed muster in a coterie at Aspasias's? What reply should we make to a critic, that would fain put us out of conceit with some of the finest things in Spenser and Shakspeare, because they were cast in a mould utterly differing from that impressed on the language of our politer circles, though similar enough to the stamp of our country-folks' talk? Let any one take up Voltaire's commentary on the tragedies of Corneille, and he will see to what a pitch this

fastidiousness has been carried in the instance of a writer comparatively modern. I am not much afraid lest the generality of my readers should be subject to any such disgust. Our ignorance is a happy security from this danger; though I trust it will not prevent us from being alive to the many beauties that will meet us in the search we are about to engage in.

We will begin with Marot; not because his works are of very rare occurrence, (for there have been many editions of them,) but because, though frequently spoken of, and even recommended as a model of elegant "badinage" by Boileau, he is but little known amongst us; which indeed is not much to be wondered at, when his own countrymen seem to have almost lost sight of him. "Marot is much talked of, but seldom read," says one of their critics.\* "We do not read with pleasure that which has need of a dictionary to explain it. Almost all his expressions are antiquated."—"Villon and Marot, and some others, are satirical poets; and their epigrams may be said to be the only titles they have to celebrity in the present day," says another.† All this may show the little taste the French now have for their elder poets. How otherwise could they have overlooked those exquisite sketches, the Temple of Cupid, and the Eclogue of Pan and Robin, by Marot; the latter of which is worthy the author of the *Faerie Queene*, ‡ as the former is of Chaucer?

We might almost suppose ourselves to be reading an imitation of the proem to the Canterbury Tales, in the following verses with which the Temple of Cupid opens:

Sur le printemps que la belle Flora  
Les champs couverts de diverse fleur a,  
E son amy Zephyrus les esvente,  
Quand doucement en l'air souspire e vente.

The whole poem is indeed so fanciful, and so replete with a peculiar kind of sprightly humour, that I am not without hopes of amusing my readers by an abstract of it.

In this merry spring-tide, the God commands that his eyes may be unbandaged, and looking round his celestial throne, sees all nations bending under his sway, like a scion under the wind; and the other deities themselves, submitting to his power. But observing that Marot continued still refractory, he resolves to tame the rebel; and taking an arrow out of his quiver, executes his purpose so effectually, as to render the unhappy poet an object of commiseration to all who have a heart capable of pity. In order to assuage his sufferings, Marot resolves on a far-off journey in search of the goddess Ferme-amour, a pure and chaste dame, whom Jupiter had sent upon earth, committing the government of loyal spirits to her care. A long time did the Poet compass land and sea, like a knight-errant, on this quest. Of all to whom he came he inquired whether she dwelt in their land; but of none did he gain any tidings of her. At length he determines to go to the *Temple Cupidique*, in the hopes of finding her there; and setting out early in the morning, has no difficulty in discovering his way; for many a passing pilgrim had sprinkled it with roses and branches of rosemary; and as he advanced, he fell in with other pilgrims who journeyed on, sighing and relating their sad haps. Joining their company, he arrives with them at the royal temple; where, in the enclosure that surrounded it, the sweet breath of the west-wind, and Tityrus, and the god Pan with his flocks and herds, and the sound of pipes and flageolets, and of birds answering to them, soon refreshed his wearied spirits.

\* M. Dussault, in a review of a Selection of Marot's Works, inserted in his *Annales Littéraires*, t. i. p. 198.

† M. Avenel, one of the writers in the *Lycée Français*, t. ii. p. 106, an entertaining miscellany that lasted but a short time after the decease of Charles Loyson, a young poet of considerable promise, who was a chief contributor to it. He died in the course of last year.

‡ Indeed he has closely copied it in the *Shepherd's Kalendar*, Ecl. 12.



Tous arbres sont en ce lieu verdoyans ;  
 Petits ruisseaux y furent ondoyans,  
 Toujours faisant, au tour des prez herbus  
 Un doux murmure : et quand le cler Phebus  
 Avoit droit là ses beaux rayons espars,  
 Telle splendeur rendoit de toutes pars  
 Ce lieu divin, qu'aux humains bien sembloit  
 Que terre au ciel de beauté ressembloit.

His heart assured him that this was the residence of Ferme-amour ; and Hope led him onward to the delightful place. It seemed as if Jove had come from heaven on purpose to frame it ; and there was wanting nothing but Adam and Eve to make one believe that it was the terrestrial paradise itself.

Over the portal he observes a scutcheon with the arms of Love engraved on it ; and higher up the figure of Cupid himself, with his naked bow out-stretched and ready to discharge an arrow at the first comer. He now enters ; and is welcomed by Bel-accueil, who takes him by his right hand, and leads him through a narrow path into the beautiful enclosure of which he was the first porter.

Le premier huis de toutes fleurs vermeilles  
 Estoit construite, et de boutons yssans,  
 Signifiant que joyes non pareilles  
 Sont a jamais en ce lieu fleurissans :

The door was built up of all flowers red  
 And buds, that from their buttons issued,  
 Denoting well that joys without compare  
 For ever in that place y-blooming were.

This was the barrier kept by Bel-accueil in his green robe ; who day and night opens to true lovers and gracious ; and willingly enlists them under his banners ; whilst he excludes (as reason is) all those who are such as the perfidious and disloyal Jason.

We now come to the great altar, which is a rock of that virtue, that every lover who would flee from it is drawn nearer, like steel to the magnet. The canopy is a cedar, which stretches so wide as to cover the altar, on which body, and heart, and goods, must be given up as an offering to Venus.

De Cupido le diademe  
 Est de roses un chapelet,  
 Que Venus cuellit elle meme  
 Dedans son jardin verdelet ;  
 Et sur le printemps nouvelet  
 Le transmit à son cher enfant  
 Qui de bon cœur le va coiffant ;  
 Puis donna pour ces roses belles  
 A sa mere un char triomphant  
 Conduit par douze colombelles.  
 Devant l'autel deux cypres singuliers  
 Je vey fleurir sons odeur embasmée :  
 Et me dit-on que c'estoient les pilliers  
 Du grand autel de haulte renommée.  
 Lors mille oiseaux d'une longue ramée,  
 Vindrent voler sur ces vertes courtines,  
 Prestz de chanter chansonnettes divines.  
 Si demanday pourquoi là sont venus :  
 Mais on me dit, amy, ce sont matines,  
 Qu'ilz viennent dire en l'honneur de Venus.

On Cupid's brow for crown was set  
 Of roses a fair chapelet,  
 The which within her garden green  
 Were gather'd by Love's gracious queen,  
 And by her to her infant dear  
 Sent in the spring-time of the year.  
 These he with right good-will did don ;  
 And to his mother thereupon  
 A chariot gave, in triumph led  
 By turtles twelve all harnessed.  
 Before the altar saw I, blooming fair,  
 Two cypresses, embalm'd with odours rare.  
 And these, quoth they, are pillars that do bide  
 To stay this altar famed far and wide.  
 And then a thousand birds upon the wing  
 Amid those curtains green came fluttering,  
 Ready to sing their little songs divine.  
 And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine ?  
 And these, they said, are matins, friend ; which they  
 In honour of Love's queen are come to say.

Before the image of Cupid burned the brand of Distress, "le brandon de Destresse," with which Dido, Biblis, and Helen of Greece, were inflamed. Now, however, it served as a lamp to the temple.

The saints of either sex, who are invoked here, are Beau-parler, Bien-celer, Bon-rapport, Grace, Marcy, Bien-servir, Bien-aymer, and others, without whose aid no pilgrim can succeed in overtaking the prey which he pursues in the Forest of Loves.

Chandelles flambans, ou esteintes,  
 Que tous amoureux pelerins  
 Portent devant tels saints et saintes,  
 Ce sont bouquets de romarins.

Les chantres, linotz, et serins,  
 Et rossignolz au gay courage,  
 Qui sur buissons de verd bocage  
 Ou branches, en lieu de pulpitres,  
 Chantent le joly chant ramage,  
 Pour versets, respons, et epistres.

Les vitres sont de clair et fin crystal,  
 Ou peintes sont les gestes authentiques  
 De ceux qui ont jadis de cœur loyal  
 Bien observé d'Amour les loix antiques.

Torches quenched or flaming high,  
 That all loving pilgrims bear  
 Before the saints that list their prayer,  
 Are posies made of rosemary.

Many a linnet and canary,  
 And many a gay nightingale,  
 Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,  
 Instead of desks on branches smale,\*  
 For verse, response, and 'pistle loud,  
 Sit shrilling of their merry song.

The windows were of crystal clear,  
 On which old gestes depeinten are,  
 Of such as with true hearts did hold  
 The laws by Love ordain'd of old.

\* This reminds one of a line in Shakspeare's sonnets:

"Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

In secret tabernacles and little shrines are deposited necklaces, rings, crowns (coins), ducats, and chains of gold; by which greater miracles are wrought in love than even by the mighty saint Beau-parler (Fine-talk) himself.

The vaults and arches are marvelously interlaced with trellis-work of vines, from which the young buds and grapes are seen depending.

The bells are tabours, dulcimers, harps, lutes, hoboos, flageolets, trumpets, and clarions; from which, whenever they are sounded, there issues a chime so melodious, that there is no soldier, however fond of war, who would not quit lance and sabre to become a monk in this temple.

On the sick and infirm, who are recommended for charity, the ladies bestow smiles, and kind looks, and kisses, for alms. The preachers are elderly matrons, who exhort their younger sisters not to lose the flower of their age; and many are the converts that are won over by this doctrine. The cemetery is a green wood; the walls, hedges and brakes; the crosses are fruit-trees; and the *De Profundis*, merry songs. Ovid, Master Alain Chartier, Petrarch, and the Romant of the Rose, serve for Mass-book, Breviary, and Psalter; and the lessons chaunted are rondeaux, ballads, and virelays. Other manner of chaunts there are, that consist only of cries, wailings, and complaints. The little chapels, or oratories, are leafy chambers and branching cabinets; labyrinths in woods and gardens, where one loses oneself while the green lasts; the wickets are low bushes, and the pavement all of green sward.

The eau-benite (or holy-water) stood in a lake, called the lake of tears, made from the weeping of lovers. Nothing can grow near it; but every thing there is withered throughout the year. The water-sprinkle was a faded rose. As for the incense that was burned within the temple, it was composed of daisies, pinks, amaranths, roses, rosemary, red buttons, lavender, and every flower that casts a comfortable smell; but the marigold too (the flower of care, "de la soucie") was amongst them:

*Voils qui mi trouble le sens.*

Genius, the arch-priest, stands ready to administer the vows to all who are desirous of professing. The altars, whereon they are sworn, are couches covered with sumptuous ornaments: no candles are used day or night; and the terms of their profession are so clear, that novices know more than the most learned clerks.

The masses for requiem are serenadings; and the solemn words repeated for the deceased, as paternosters and avemaryes, are the gossiping and prattle of women. The sacred processions are the morris-dancing, and mumming, and antic feats of amorous champions; their consolings are to talk pair by pair, or to read the *Ars Amandi* for gospels; and their holy relics are the lips of their ladies. On all sides, says Marot, I look round me and contemplate; and in my life I think I never saw a temple so well fitted at all points, excepting one—and that was, that there was no *pix* (*paix*) on the altar. Joy there is, and mourning full of wrath; for one rest, ten travails; and in brief, it would be hard to say whether it were more like Hell or Paradise: I know not what to compare it to better than a rose encompassed with thorns; short pleasures and long complaining.

After some other adventures in the temple, he at last finds *Ferme-amour* in the choir between a great prince and an excellent lady, who were invested with the royal fleur-de-lys and ducal ermines. *Bel-accueil* opens for him the entrance into the choir, and he gladly enlists himself under the standard of *Ferme-amour*; but the play on the words, *choeur* and *cœur*, on which the conclusion turns, cannot be preserved in English.

It may be seen from this view of one of his poems how strong a resemblance Marot bears to Chaucer. He has the same liveliness of fancy; the same rapidity and distinctness of pencil; the same archness; the same disposition to satire: but he has all these generally in a less degree. His language does not approach much nearer to the modern than old Geoffrey's; though his age is so much less remote from ours. Marot was contemporary with our writers in the

time of Henry VIII. ; and had they left any thing equal to this piece, or to the Epistle of Maguelonne à son Amy Pierre de Provence, or to the Hero and Leander of this writer, many a lover of antique simplicity would have risen up amongst us to show how superior such compositions were to the nugæ canoræ of later times.

A passage in the last mentioned of these poems, descriptive of the reception Hero gives her lover, after his first swimming across the Hellespont, appears to me to be a model of ease and sweetness.

Elle embrassa d'amour et d'aise pleine  
 Son cher espoux quasi tout hors d'aleine,  
 Ayant encor ses blancs cheveux mouillez  
 Tous degouttans, et d'escume souillez.  
 Lors le mena dedans son cabinet ;  
 Et quand son corps eut essayé bien net,  
 D'huile rosat bien odorant l'oignit,  
 Et de la mer la senteur estaignit.\*

Du Bellay, a poet who lived in Marot's time, considered his Eclogue on the Birth of the Dauphin as one of his best productions. It is little more than a translation of the Pollio of Virgil.

His tale of the Lion and Rat opened the way for La Fontaine's excellence in that species of writing.

The epigrams, for which he is so much applauded, are often gross and licentious. I have selected one that is not open to this objection.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté,  
 Et ne le sçaurois jamais estre.  
 Mon beau printemps et mon esté  
 Ont fait le sault par la fenestre.  
 Amour tu as esté mon maistre,  
 Je t'ay servi sur tous les Dieux.  
 O si je pouvois deux fois naistre,  
 Comme je te servirois mieux.

The merit of this so much depends on the delicacy and happy turn of the expression that I am loth to venture it in English.

CLEMENT MAROT, whom I have thus endeavoured to introduce to the notice of my readers, was born at Cahors, in Quercy, in 1484. His father Jean, † a Norman, was also a poet of some celebrity ; as appears from an epigram addressed by his son to Hugues Salel, another writer of whom it is intended to give some account in a future paper.

De Jan de Meun s'enfle le cours de Loire.  
 En maistre Alain Normandie prent gloire :  
 Et plaint encore mon arbre paternel.

“ The Loire swells with pride at the name of Jean de Meun. Normandy glories in Master Alain (Alain Chartier), and still mourns for my paternal tree.”

During the captivity of Francis I. in Spain, Clement was apprehended on a suspicion of heresy, and confined in the Châtelet at Paris, from whence

\* It will be found on a comparison with the Greek poem of Musæus, that Marot has followed it very closely. I have not Marlow and Chapman's poem, lately re-edited with a pleasant preface, nor Mr. Elton's translation, to compare with this.

† Jean Marot's poems were republished at Paris, 1723, in two volumes ; together with those of Michel, who was, I think, the son of Clement.

he was transferred to Chartres. Having been delivered through the intercession of his friends, but still fearing a second imprisonment, he took refuge, first with Margaret of Navarre, the King's sister, and afterwards at Ferrara, with Renée, Duchess of that city, and daughter of Louis XII. To these events of his life he refers in some verses addressed to those through whose kindness he had obtained his freedom.

J'euz à Paris prison fort inhumaine :  
 A Chartres fuz doucement encloué :  
 Maintenant vois, ou mon plaisir me maine ;  
 C'est bien et mal. Dieu soit de tout loné.

"At Paris my prison was a cruel one; in my confinement at Chartres I had milder usage. Now I go where my pleasure leads me. It is good and evil. God be praised for all."

At Ferrara, he contracted a friendship with Calvin, and is said to have embraced the opinions of that reformer. But at the solicitation of Paul III. the Duke of Ferrara determined on banishing all the wits and learned men, who were suspected of heresy, out of his territories; and the Duchess prevailed on the King of France to allow Marot to return to his court, and to restore him to favour, on condition of his again becoming a dutiful son to the Church. Against the charge of dissension he thus defends himself:

Point ne suis Lutheriste,  
 Ne Zuinglien, et moins Anabaptiste :  
 Je suis de Dieu par son Filz Jesus Christ.  
 Je suis celuy qui ay fait maint escrit,  
 Dont un seul vers on n'en sauroit extraire,  
 Qui a la loi divine soit contraire.  
 Je suis celuy, qui prens plaisir, et peine  
 A louer Christ et la mere tant pleine  
 De grace infuse ; et pour bien l'eprouver,  
 On le pourra par mes escrits trouver.

*A Monsieur Bouchart, Docteur en Theologie.*

"I am neither Lutheran nor Zuinglian; and still less an Anabaptist: I am of God by his Son Jesus Christ. I am one that have written many a poem; from none of which a single line can be adduced contrary to the divine law. I am one whose delight and whose labour it is to exalt my Saviour and his all-gracious Mother. The best proof of this may be found in my writings."

From his verses to the King, written during his residence at Ferrara, it appears that he thought himself in danger of being put to the stake as a heretic. The arguments which he uses to defend himself on account of having prohibited books in his possession, are much the same as Milton has since urged on a similar subject in his *Areopagitica*.

On his return to France in 1536, he employed himself in translating some of the Psalms into French metre, from the version of Vatable, the royal professor of Hebrew, which

gave so much scandal to the doctors of the Sorbonne, that they induced the King to prevent him from continuing his work.

Still however he persisted in delivering his sentiments on religion with such freedom as to keep alive the resentment of his enemies; and he at last found it necessary to remove to Geneva. Here he was accused of having committed some gross irregularities of conduct, of which I am willing to believe him innocent. He then retired to Turin, and died in poverty at the age of sixty.

## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. XII.

## MILES COLVINE, THE CUMBERLAND MARINER.

William Glen was our captain's name,  
 He was a briak and a bold young man,  
 As brave a sailor as e'er went to sea,  
 And he was bound for New Barbarie.  
 The first of April we spread our sail  
 To a low, a sweet, and a pleasant gale ;  
 But we had not sail'd more leagues than two,  
 Till the sky grew dark and the tempest blew,  
 The lightning flash'd, and loud roar'd the sea,  
 As we were bound for New Barbarie.

*Old Ballad.*

ON the English side of the sea of Solway lies a long line of flat and unelevated coast, where the sea-fowl find refuge from the gun of the fowler, and which, save the headland and the deep sea, presents but one object of attraction, namely, the cottage of Miles Colvine, the Cumberland mariner. The owner of this rude dwelling, once a seaman, a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman, was shipwrecked on the coast about thirty years ago, and was the only living soul that escaped from the fatal storm. The vessel was from a foreign land, and something mysterious always hung over her fate and the destiny of her crew. The conduct of Miles Colvine was less likely to remove than confirm suspicion. He heard all enquiries concerning the ship and the crew in perfect tranquillity and silence, and once only he deigned to answer, when a shepherd asked, "was it the blood of beasts I saw upon the deck?"—"No, it was the blood of men." From this time forward, no farther intercourse was courted by the peasantry, and he was allowed to construct a small hut, fence it round with a wall of loose stone, and occupy it, without any molestation. He seemed anxious to shun all intercourse with human beings, and sought and found his subsistence in the sea; for it was the common remark of the Allan bay fishermen that no man dipped a hook, or wetted a net, between Skinverness and Saint Bees, with greater skill and success. In this solitude, exposed to every storm that swept the beach from sea or land, amid much seeming wretchedness and privation, he resided during a summer and autumn: winter, a season of

great severity on an unsheltered coast, was expected either to destroy or drive him from his abode, but he braved every storm, and resisted all offers of food or raiment.

The first winter of his abode was one of prodigious storm and infinite hardship. The snow lay long and deep on the ground, the ice was thick on lake and pool, and the Solway presented one continual scene of commotion and distress. The shore was covered with the wrecks of ships, the eddies choked with drowned men, and the sea itself so rough and boisterous that the fishermen suspended their customary labours, and sat with their families at the hearth-fire, listening to the sounding of the surge, and relating tales of maritime disaster and shipwreck. But on Miles Colvine the severe and continued storm seemed to have no influence. He ranged the shore, collecting for his fire the wrecks of ships; he committed his nets and hooks to the sea with his usual skill; and having found a drifted boat, which belonged to some unfortunate vessel, he obtained command over the element most congenial to his heart, and wandered about on the bosom of the waters noon and night, more like a troubled spirit than a human being. When the severity of winter had passed away, and sea-birds laid their eggs in the sand, the mariner remitted his excursions at sea, and commenced a labour which surprised many. The sea shore, or that portion of the coast which lies between the margin of the sea and the cultivated land, a region of shells, and drift sand, and pebbles, has ever been regarded as a kind of common, and the right of suspending nets, hawling boats a-

ground, and constructing huts for the summer residence of the fishermen, has never been disputed by the natural lord of those thriftless domains. It was on this debateable ground, between the barren sea and the cultivated field, that the mariner fixed his abode; but it soon appeared that he wished to extend his possessions, and augment his household accommodation. He constructed a larger and more substantial house, with equal attention to durability and neatness; he fenced off the sea by a barrier of large stones, and scattered around his dwelling a few of the common flowers which love to blossom near the sea breeze. The smoke of his chimney, and the unremitting clank of his hammer finishing the interior accommodations, were seen and heard from afar. When all this was concluded he launched his boat and took to the sea again, and became known from the Mull of Galloway to the foot of Annan-water.

I remember the first time that ever I saw him was in the market-place of Dumfries: his beard seemed of more than a year's growth, his clothes, once rich and fine, were darned and patched, and over the whole he wore a kind of boat-cloak, which, fastened round his neck, descended nigh the ground; but all this penury could not conceal the step and air of other and better days. He seldom looked in the face of any one; man he seemed to regard with an eye of scorn, and even deadly hatred; but on women he looked with softness and regard, and when he happened to meet a mother and child he gazed on them with something of settled sorrow and affection. He once made a full stop, and gazed on a beautiful girl of four or five years old, who was gathering primroses on the margin of the Nith; the child, alarmed at his uncouth appearance, shrieked and fell in its fright into the deep stream; the mariner made but one spring from the bank into the river,—saved the child, replaced it in its mother's bosom, and resumed his journey, apparently unconscious that he had done aught remarkable. Ever after this the children of Dumfries pursued him with the hue and cry, "Eh! come and see the wild bearded man, who

saved Mary Lawson." On another occasion, I was hunting on the Scottish mountain of Criffel, and having reached its summit I sat down to look around on the fine prospect of sea and land below me, and take some refreshment. At a little distance I saw somewhat like the figure of a human being, bedded in the heath, and lying looking on the Solway from a projecting rock, so still and motionless that he seemed dead. I went near: it was Miles Colvine; he seemed unconscious of my approach, and, looking stedfastly on the sea, remained fixed, and muttering, as long as I continued on the mountain. Indeed, wherever he went he talked more like a man holding communion with his own mind, than one sharing his thoughts with others, and the general purport of such imperfect sentences as could be heard was that he had vowed many men should perish for some irreparable wrong they had offered to a lady. Sometimes he spoke of the lady as his wife, or his love, and the men he had doomed to destruction as the lawless crew of his own vessel. At other times he addressed his seamen as spirits, whom he had sent to be tortured for wrongs done in the body, and his lady as an angel that still visited his daily dreams and his nightly visions. Through the whole the cry of revenge, and the sense of deep injury, were heard and understood by all.

When Miles Colvine had fairly finished his new residence, and the flowers and fruits had returned to field and tree, he was observed to launch his boat: this was a common occurrence, but a small lair of sheepskins, a jar of water, and some dried fish, called kippered-salmon by the Scotch, looked like preparation for a long journey. The journey was begun, for he was seen scudding away southward, by the light of the stars, and no more was seen or heard of him for some time. Day after day his door continued shut, his chimney ceased to smoke, and his nets hung unemployed. At length the revenue cutter from Saint Bees arrived at Allanbay, to land a cargo of fine Hollands which the officers had taken from an Irish smuggler, between Carrickfergus and the Isle of Man. They had been terribly alarmed, they said, on their way, by the appearance, about

the third watch of the night, of a visionary boat, navigated by a bearded fiend, which scudded with supernatural swiftness along the surface of the water. This tale, with all the variations which a poetical peasantry readily supply, found its way from cottage to hamlet, and from hamlet to hall. Old men shook their heads, and talked of the exploits of the great fiend by sea and land, and wished that good might happen to Old England from the visit of such a circumnavigator. Others, who were willing to believe that the apparition was Miles Colvine on a coasting voyage, seemed no less ready to confound the maritime recluse with an evil being, who had murdered a whole ship's crew, sunk their ship, and dwelt on the coast of "cannie Cumberland," for the express purpose of raising storms, shaking corn, and making unwedded mothers of half the fair damsels between Sark-foot and Saint Bees. Several misfortunes of the latter kind, which happened about this time, confirmed this suspicion, and his departure from the coast was as welcome as rain to the farmer after a long drought.

About a fortnight after this event, I happened to be on a moonlight excursion by water, as far as the ruined castle of Comlongan. I was accompanied by an idle friend or two, and, on our return, we allowed the receding tide to carry us along the Cumberland coast, till we came nearly opposite the cottage of Miles Colvine. As we directed our boat to the shelter of a small bank, I observed a light glimmering in the mariner's house, and landing and approaching closer, I saw plainly the shadows of two persons, one tall and manly, the other slim and sylph-like, passing and repassing on the wall. I soon obtained a fairer view. I saw the mariner himself, his dress once rude and sordid was replaced by one of the coarsest materials, but remarkably clean, his beard was removed, and his hair, once matted

and wild, now hung orderly about his neck and temples. The natural colour was black, but snow-white locks now predominated; his look was hale, but sorrowful, and he seemed about forty years of age. The figure of the creature that accompanied him was much too tender and beautiful to last long in a situation so rude and unprotected as the cottage of a fisherman. It was a female, richly dressed, and of a beauty so exquisite, and a look so full of sweetness and grace, that the rude scene around was not wanted to exalt her above all other maidens I had ever seen. She glided about the cottage, arranging the various articles of furniture, and passing two white hands, out-rivalling the fairest creations of the sculptor, over the rude chairs and tables, and every moment giving a glance at the mariner, like one who took delight in pleasing him, and seemed to work for his sake. And he was pleased. I saw him smile, and no one had ever seen him smile before; he passed his hand over the long clustering tresses of the maiden; caused her to sit down beside him, and looked on her face, which outgrowing the child had not yet grown into woman, with a look of affection, and reverence, and joy.

I was pondering on what I witnessed, and imagining an interview with the unhappy mariner and his beautiful child, for such his companion was, when I observed the latter take out a small musical instrument from a chest, and touching its well-ordered strings with a light and a ready hand, she played several of the simple and plaintive airs so common among the peasantry of the Scottish and English coasts. After a pause she resumed her instrument, and, to an air singularly wild and melancholy, sang the following ballad, which relates to the story of her father's and mother's misfortunes; but the minstrel has observed a mystery in his narrative which excites suspicion rather than gratifies curiosity.

O MARINER, O MARINER.

1.

O mariner, O mariner,  
When will our gallant men  
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring  
With their homeward hail agen;



Full fifteen paced the stately deck,  
 And fifteen stood below,  
 And maidens waved them from the shore,  
 With hands more white than snow ;  
 All underneath them flash'd the wave,  
 The sun laugh'd out aboon,  
 Will they come bounding homeward,  
 By the waning of yon moon ?

## 2.

O maid, the moon shines lovely down,  
 The stars all brightly burn,  
 And they may shine till doomsday comes,  
 Ere your true love return ;  
 O'er his white forehead roll the waves,  
 The wind sighs lowne and low,  
 And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth  
 Is one of wail and woe ;  
 So wail they on, I tell thee maid,  
 One of thy tresses dark  
 Is worth all the souls who perish'd  
 In that good and gallant bark.

## 3.

O mariner, O mariner,  
 It's whisper'd in the hall,  
 And sung upon the mountain side  
 Among our maidens all,  
 That the waves which fill the measure  
 Of that wide and fatal flood,  
 Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship  
 Or wash thy hands from blood ;  
 And sailors meet, and shake their heads,  
 And ere they sunder say,  
 God keep us from Miles Colvine,  
 On the wide and watery way.

## 4.

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,  
 His thigh thus smiting soon,  
 By all that's dark aneath the deep,  
 By all that's bright aboon,  
 By all that's blessed on the earth,  
 Or blessed on the flood,  
 And by my sharp and stalwart blade  
 That revel'd in their blood—  
 I could not spare them ; for there came  
 My loved one's spirit nigh,  
 With a shriek of joy at every stroke  
 That doom'd her foes to die.

## 5.

“ O mariner, O mariner,  
 There was a lovely dame  
 Went down with thee unto the deep,  
 And left her father's hame ”—  
 His dark eyes like a thunder cloud  
 Did rain and lighten fast,  
 And, oh, his bold and martial face  
 All grimly grew and ghastr:  
 I loved her, and those evil men  
 Wrong'd her as far we ranged ;  
 But were ever woman's woes or wrongs  
 More fearfully avenged ?

The ballad had proceeded thus far, when a band of smugglers from the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, uniting the reckless desperation of the former with the craft and tact of the latter, attracted by the secure and naked coast, and perhaps by the lonely house, which presented hope of plunder with little appearance of resistance, landed to the number of seven, and leaping over the exterior wall, seized the door and shook it violently, calling loudly for admittance. I lay down with my two companions behind a small hedge of furze, to see the issue of this visit, for at that time I imagined the mariner maintained some mysterious correspondence with these fierce and lawless men. "Open the door," said one, in a strong Irish accent, "or by the powers I'll blow your cabin with peelings of potatoes about your ears, my darlings."—"Hout, Patrick, or what's your name," said one of his comrades, in Lowland Scotch, "ye mauna gang that rough way to wark, we maun speak kindly and cannilie, man, till we get in our hand, and then we can take it a' our ain way, like Willie Wilson's sow, when she ran off with the knife in her neck." The mariner, on hearing this dialogue, prepared himself for resistance, like one perfectly well acquainted with such encounters. With a sword in one hand, a cocked pistol in the other, and a brace in his belt, he posted himself behind the door, and in a low voice admonished his daughter to retire to a little chamber constructed for her accommodation. With a voice which, though quivering with emotion, lost nothing of its native sweetness, the young maiden answered, "Oh let me be near you?—let me but be near you?"—Her low and gentle voice was drowned in the wild exclamations of one of the smugglers. "Och, my dears, let us break the door, and clap a red turf to the roof, and all to give me light to see to kiss this maiden with the sweet voice. By the holy poker that stirred the turf-fire beneath the first potatoe, I have not been within seven acres broad of a woman since we sailed with Miles Colvine's lady.—And by the bagpiper she was a bouncer, and a pretty din she made about it after all, and took it into her

head to shriek till the shores rang, and pray till the saints grew deaf; ah, my hearties, it wouldn't do.—What the devil holds this door?—stand by till I show you how handsomely I'll pitch it against the wall. Ah, I wish you had seen me when I upset the house of Ranald Mullen, in Lurgan, and made the bonniest blaze you ever saw in the wide world, at all—at all." And setting his shoulders to the door, he thrust with all his might, and though seconded by his comrades, who seemed all alike eager for violence, the door resisted his utmost efforts. "Stand back, my darlings," said the miscreant, "I'll show you a trick worth two of this; I'll teach you how we bring out a bonnie lass from a bolted chamber, in little Ireland;" so saying, he proceeded to prime a pistol, having previously hammered the flint with a little steel cross, curiously chased and ornamented, which he took from his bosom. "Ah," said he, "may the devil cork me up in a stone bottle, and send me to seek out the latitude of the lake of darkness, if I don't carve up that old he-goat into relics!—Now, come on, my early boys—my souls of boys; the boy that won't do as I do deserves to be whipped through Purgatory with the tail of Saint Patrick's ass. Thack an' thunder! hell's to hinder us when I clap my pistol under the thatch." In a moment the door opened, Miles Colvine stood on the threshold, a cocked-pistol in his right hand, his sword gleaming in his left, his eyes shooting from them a fierce dark light, but his manner perfectly calm and collected. Behind him came the beautiful form of his daughter, with a bent pistol in her hand, and shuddering from head to foot at the immediate peril which seemed to beset her father. These maritime desperadoes started back at this sudden apparition of an armed man, and even their miscreant leader, forward as he was, recoiled a pace or two. The mariner eyed him for a moment, and said, "Did my sword then do its work slovenly, and did the deep sea not devour thee, thou immeasurable villain? but God has given thee back to earth, to become a warning how sure and how certain just vengeance is." And leaping on him as he spoke, I saw the

pistol flash, and the gleam of the descending sword, in almost the same instant. I instantly started up with my companions, and the smugglers, perceiving this sudden reinforcement, carried off their companion, groaning, and cursing, and praying; and pushing their boat from the shore, vanished along the misty bosom of the summer sea.

I found Miles Colvine standing on the threshold of his house, and his daughter on her knees beside him. He knew me, for we had often passed each other on the beach and on the sea, and he was aware that I was a friend, for I had endeavoured in vain to oblige him in his forlorn state with little acts of kindness. "Come hither, sir," said the mariner, "I have to thank you for aid this night." He paused for a moment, and then said, in a lower tone, "I know your faith is not my faith, and that your life is not embittered with what has embittered mine. But tell me, sir, tell me, do you believe that the events of our life are ordained, for what hath happened to night seems of a wise Being's ordering." "Surely, sir," I said, "God knoweth all things, present and to come, but whether he permits evil deeds to be wrought, or ordains good ones to be done"—"Enough, enough," said the mariner, "May Colvine, my love, trim thy father's shealing, and set the supper-table in array, for it is ordained that our deliverers shall rest with us, and break bread at our board; so come in, Francis Forster." And into the mariner's cottage we walked, not unawed by the presence of a being of whose temper and courage we had seen such a proof.

If the exterior of the cottage was rude and unskilfully built, the interior was wonderfully commodious and neat. The floor was laid of drifted ship timber, and the walls were hung with nets as with tapestry, and fish-spears and gaff-hooks of steel, sharp and bright, were grouped like weapons for battle in a chieftain's hall of old. The fruits of the fisherman's skill were every where visible; the chimney-mantle, a beam of wood which extended from side to side of the cottage, was covered with kippered salmon, large, and red, and savoury, and various kegs were filled with salted fish of the many excellent

kinds which the Solway affords. A small bed stood near the chimney, swelled with the feathers of sea-fowl, and hillocked high with quilts and mantles, from beneath which some linen looked out, only rivalled in whiteness by the snow. A very small chamber was constructed at the farther end, into which May Colvine disappeared for a moment to re-adjust her dress, and, perhaps, add some other of those artificial attractions which women always bring in to the aid of their natural charms. The mariner seated himself, motioned me to a seat, over which a sheep-skin was thrown, while a lamp, fed plentifully with oil, and suspended from the roof, diffused light over the apartment. Nor was the place devoted to brute comfort alone: several books, among which I observed Robinson Crusoe, and Homer's *Odyssey* in Greek, with a curious collection of northern legendary ballads, were scattered about, and a shepherd's pipe and a fiddle were there to bring music to assist in the dissipation of melancholy thought. May Colvine now came forth from her little chamber, with an increase of loveliness, such as a rose appears when refreshed in dew. She had laid aside the snood of silk and pearl which enclosed her hair, and the curling luxuriance of her ringlets descended over her shoulders, while her white temples, and whiter neck, were seen through the waving fleece which fell so profusely over them. Her father gazed on her like one who recalls the lovely past in the beautiful present, and his thoughts had flitted to other days and remoter climes, for after a brief reverie he said, "Come, my love, the vessel is ready, the mariners aboard, the sails spread to the wind, and we must pass the haunted headland before the moon goes down." The maiden meanwhile had filled the supper board with such coarse fare as the cabin afforded, and addressing her father said, "Sir, the table is prepared, your guests are waiting, and will expect you to bless the fare which is set before them." The mariner laid his hat aside, and sitting in his place, after the manner of the Presbyterians, said—"Thou who spreadest thy table on the deep waters, and rainest down abundance in the desert places, make this coarse

food seem savoury and delicate unto these three men and this tender virgin,—but my hands, on which the blood of man yet reeks unatoned for, may not presume to touch blessed food.” And spreading the fold of his mantle over his face, and stooping down, he appeared to busy himself in mental devotion, while, tasting the supper set before us, and obeying the mute invitation of the maiden to a glass of water, we complied with all the forms which this extraordinary audience seemed to impose upon us. After this was past, the young woman took up one of the instruments, and singing as she played, with inexpressible sweetness and grace, her father gradually uncovered his face, his looks began to brighten, and uttering a deep sigh, he waved his hand, the minstrelsy ceased, and he thus addressed us:—

“I was not always an unhappy man—I had fair domains, a stately house, a beauteous wife, and a sweet daughter: but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesseth man’s heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild sea-coast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti of smugglers, those fierce, and vulgar, and intractable spirits, who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, become daily more hardened of heart and fierce of nature. I was young then, and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men’s lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them; but they soon saw in the passive manner in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, and they soon found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the

former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Buccaneers in the plunder of Panama. I had also been wedded for a number of years, my wife was young and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much too delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were preparing for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the captain of the Free trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine’s bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted, that he had men on board, who, to the traditional lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds; and could, with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the Troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry on my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of the most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with all its rich variety of colour, and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative, we embarked at twilight, and standing out

of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness, and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard overhead the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of the morning we plucked up our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness, we danced and we sang on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

In about fifteen days the spice groves of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till day-light. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beautiful land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, and life, and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched by her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. "But come," said he, "Miles Colvine, I have a curious and a cunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come, and come alone."—I rose and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded, he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a light nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I en-

treated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair, with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell upon a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not, surely, to be spoken. Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a power far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

The evening passed away, and morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light evil that I recognized the silver vessel to be part of the treasure I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board. I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel that the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the element. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and everywhere symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation over head I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in lowland Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's gold and silver alone the sin had been but small, and a grey-headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and hot hell will hold us; and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-hounds as you." A voice replied to all this, in a tone too low and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. "Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail, but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil-one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou eternal villain—captain, shall I call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you, nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuit, and before the twilight had passed away a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair I heard the same friendly voice, that I had so lately heard, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come,

for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you." I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck, I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inexpressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of wickedness and debauchery partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scottish sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady, a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlas, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcass among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scotch sawney as thee?" The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend seethe my saul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na' cauld iron for this!"—And out came his cutlas as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the toasting iron; didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel, my hearty." A blow from the captain's cutlas was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs, were given and received in the dark. "Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, "say not one word, for words

slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gangway and fight along with you." I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them, thrust one of them through and through; a second, and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword, and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unhurt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed, as my Scottish friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gangway, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel,

urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness through the midnight waters. We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm, augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allanbay, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging whirled her fairly round, and down she went head foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that, couched among the slain, started to its feet before me, in health and unhurt. There is a fate in all things: it was that fiend in human form whom I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unhopd for. As we sank, a passing vessel saved my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father's love, and saved too the heroic sailor; while the drunken wretches went to the bottom, without the chance of swimming for an existence they deserved not to prolong."

Such was the narrative of Miles Colvine. He has been dead for several years, and though his daughter wedded the man who saved her father and her, he refused to forsake the sight of the Solway and the sound of its waters, and was found at his cottage door cold and stiff, with his eyes open and looking seaward.

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

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#### MY FIRST PLAY.

At the north end of Russell-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a wine vault. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see my *first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles,

from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-buildings, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan. It was

to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge.—From either of these connexions it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honour of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versa*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honours which St. Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me,

and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an Agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, “Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play;”—chase *pro* chase. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilus and Cressida, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomedes—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit; and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugarcandy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!—The orchestra lights at length arose, those “fair Auroras!” Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of



the past. I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotions was as if the sun itself should have been brought down to minister at the sacrificial altar. I took those significations to be something more than elemental fires. Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend bel-dams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the taylor carrying his own head, to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the *Lady of the Manor*, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called *Lun's Ghost*—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the *Way of the World*. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysterical affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. *Robinson Crusoe* followed; in which *Crusoe*, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replète with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished, I could not tell how—

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present "a royal ghost,"—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelvemonths—had wrought in me.—Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which (with unmixed perception) I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella*. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

ELIA.

## JOHN PAUL FREDERICK RICHTER.

Virum, ex hodiernis Transrhenanis, quem ego præ cæteris stupeo, et qui locum principis in litteris Germanicis mereatur jure: de quo spero quod mihi gratias agetis, utpote nomen ejus, hactenus inauditum per nostras Athenas, nunc palam apud vos proferenti—libros vero speciosissimi argumenti in usum vernaculi lectoris civitate posthac donaturo. Quod si me fefellerit opinio quam de illo habeo, sciatis nusquam gentium reperiri inter Teutonicos scriptores qui possit penitus approbari.—*Trebell. Pollio (inter Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores: Is. Casauboni, Par. 1603, 4to. p. 274) ex editiōne Grasmæriensi.*

Grasmere, Oct. 18, 1821.

MY DEAR F.—You ask me to direct you generally in your choice of German authors; secondly, and especially, among those authors to name my favourite. In such an ocean as German literature, your first request is of too wide a compass for a letter; and I am not sorry that, by leaving it untouched, and reserving it for some future conversation, I shall add one *moment* (in the language of dynamics) to the attractions of friendship, and the local attractions of my residence;—insufficient, as it seems, of themselves, to draw you so far northwards from London. Come, therefore, dear F., bring thy ugly countenance to the lakes; and I will engraft such German youth and vigour on thy English trunk, that henceforwards thou shalt bear excellent fruit. I suppose, F., you know that the Golden Pipin is now almost, if not quite, extinct in England: and why? Clearly from want of some exotic, but congenial, inoculation. So it is with literatures of whatsoever land; unless crossed by some other of different breed, they all tend to superannuation. Thence comes it that the French literature is now in the last stage of phthisis—dotage—palsy, or whatever image will best express the most abject state of senile—(senile? no! of anile)—imbecility. Its constitution, as you well know, was, in its best days, marrowless and without nerve; its youth without hope, and its manhood without dignity. For it is remarkable, that to the French people only, of all nations that have any literature at all, has it been, or can it be, justly objected—that they have “no paramount book;” none, that is to say, which stands out as a monument

adequately representative of the intellectual power of a whole nation; none which has attested its own power by influencing the modes of thinking, acting, educating, through a long tract of centuries. They have no book on which the national mind has adequately acted; none, which has re-acted, for any great end, upon the national mind. We English have mighty authors, almost, I might say, almighty authors, in whom (to speak by a scholastic term) the national mind is contained *eminenter*; that is, virtually contained in its principles: and reciprocally these abstracts of the English mind continue, in spite of many counteracting forces, to mould and modulate the national tone of thought; I do not say *directly*, for you will object, that they are not sufficiently studied; but indirectly, inasmuch as the hundreds in every generation, who influence their contemporary millions, have themselves derived an original influence from these books.—The planet Jupiter, according to the speculations of a great German philosopher, is just now coming into a habitable condition: its primeval man is, perhaps, now in his Paradise; the history, the poetry, the woes of Jupiter, are now in their cradle. Suppose then, that this Jovian man were allowed to come down upon our earth, to take an inquest among us, and to call us—nation by nation—to a solemn audit on the question of our intellectual efforts and triumphs. What could the earth say for herself? For our parts, we should take him into Westminster Abbey: and, standing upon the ancestral dust of England, we should present him with two volumes—one containing Hamlet,

Lear, and Othello; the other containing Paradise Lost. This, we should say, this is what we have achieved: these are our Pyramids. But what could France present him? and where? Why, her best offering must be presented in a Boudoir: the impudence even of a Frenchman would not dare to connect the sanctities of religious feeling with any book in his language: the wildest vanity could not pretend to show the correlate of Paradise Lost. To speak in a language suitable to a Jovian visitor, that is, in the language of astronomy, our books would appear to him as two heavenly bodies of the first magnitude, whose *period*, the cycle and the revolution of whose orbit, were too vast to be calculated: whilst the very best of France could be regarded as no more than satellites fitted to move about some central body of insignificant size. Now whence comes this poverty of the French literature? Manifestly hence, that it is too intensely steeped in French manners to admit of any influences from without: it has rejected all alliance with exotic literature; and like some royal families, or like a particular valley in this county, from intermarrying too exclusively in their own narrow circle, it is now on its last legs; and will soon go out like a farthing rushlight.

Having this horrid example before our eyes, what should we English do? Why, evidently we should cultivate an intercourse with that literature of Europe which has most of a juvenile constitution. Now that is beyond all doubt the German. I do not so much insist on the present excellence of the German literature; (though, poetry apart, the *current* literature of Germany appears to me by much the best in Europe:) what weighs most with me is the promise and assurance of future excellence held out by the originality and masculine strength of thought which has moulded the German mind since the time of Kant. Whatever be thought of the existing authors, it is clear that a mighty power has been at work in the German mind since the French revolution, which happily coincided in point of time\* with the

influence of Kant's great work.—Change of any kind was good for Germany. One truth was clear—Whatever was, was bad. And the evidence of this appears on the face of the literature. Before 1789 good authors were rare in Germany: since then they are so numerous, that in any sketch of their literature all individual notice becomes impossible: you must confine yourself to favourite authors, or notice them by classes. And this leads me to your question—Who is *my* favourite author?—My answer is, that I have three favourites: and those are Kant, Schiller, and John Paul Richter. But setting Kant aside, as hardly belonging to the *literature*, in the true meaning of that word,—I have, you see, two. In what respect there is any affinity between them, I will notice before I conclude. For the present, I shall observe only, that in the case of Schiller, I love his works chiefly because I venerate the memory of the man: whereas, in the case of Richter, my veneration and affection for the man is founded wholly on my knowledge of his works. This distinction will point out Richter as the most eligible *author* for your present purpose. In point of originality, indeed, there cannot arise a question between the pretensions of Richter and those of any other German author whatsoever. He is no man's representative but his own: nor do I think that he will ever have a successor. Of *his* style of writing, it may be said, with an emphatic and almost exclusive propriety, that except it proceeds in a spirit of perfect freedom it cannot exist; unless moving from an impulse self-derived it cannot move at all. What then is his style of writing? What are its general characteristics?—These I will endeavour to describe with sufficient circumstantiality to meet your present wants: premising only that I call him frequently *John Paul*, without adding his surname, both because all Germany gives him that appellation, as an expression of affection for his person, and because he has himself sometimes assumed it in the title-pages of his works.

First, the characteristic distinc-

\* The *Critik der Reinen Vernunft* was published about five years before the French Revolution, but lay unnoticed in the publisher's warehouse for four or five years.

tion of Paul Richter, amongst German authors, I will venture to add amongst modern authors generally, is the two-headed power which he possesses over the pathetic and the humorous: or, rather, let me say at once, what I have often felt to be true, and could (I think) at a fitting opportunity prove to be so, this power is *not* two-headed, but a one-headed Janus with two faces:—the pathetic and the humorous are but different phases of the same orb; they assist each other, melt indistinguishably into each other, and often shine each through each like layers of coloured chrystals placed one behind another. Take, as an illustration, Mrs. Quickly's account of Falstaff's death:—here there were three things to be accomplished; first, the death of a human being was to be described; of necessity, therefore, to be described pathetically: for death being one of those events which call up the pure generalities of human nature, and remove to the background all individualities, whether of life or character, the mind would not in any case endure to have it treated with levity: so that, if any circumstances of humour are introduced by the poetic painter, they must be such as will blend and fall into harmony with the ruling passion of the scene: and, by the way, combining it with the fact, that humorous circumstances often *have* been introduced into death-scenes, both actual and imaginary,—this remark of itself yields a proof that there is a humour which is in alliance with pathos. How else could we have borne the jests of Sir Thomas Moore after his condemnation, which, *as* jests, would have been unseasonable from any body else: but being felt in him to have a root in his character, they take the dignity of humorous traits; and do, in fact, deepen the pathos. So again, mere naïveté, or archness, when it is felt to flow out of the cheerfulness of resignation, becomes humorous, and at the same time, becomes pathetic: as, for instance, Lady Jane Gray's remark on the scaffold—"I have but a little neck," &c. But to return: the death of Falstaff, as the death of a man, was in the first place to be described with pathos, and if with humour, no *otherwise* than as the one could be

reconciled with the other: but, *2dly*, it was the death, not only of a man, but also of a Falstaff: and we could not but require that the description should revive the image and features of some memorable a character; if not, why describe it at all? The understanding would as little bear to forget that it was the death-bed of a Falstaff, as the heart and affections to forget that it was the death-bed of a fellow creature. Lastly, the description is given, not by the poet speaking in his own universal language, but by Mrs. Quickly,—a character as individually pourtrayed, and as well known to us, as the subject of her description. Let me recapitulate: first, it was to be pathetic, as relating to a man: *2dly*, humorous, as relating to Falstaff: *3dly*, humorous in another style, as coming from Mrs. Quickly.—These were difficulties rather greater than those of levelling hills, filling up vallies, and arranging trees in picturesque groupes: yet Capability Brown was allowed to exclaim, on surveying a conquest of his in this walk of art—"Aye! none but your Browns and your G— Almighties can do such things as these." Much more then might this irreverent speech be indulged to the gratitude of our veneration for Shakspeare, on witnessing such triumphs of his art. The simple words—"and a' babbled of green fields," I should imagine, must have been read by many a thousand with tears and smiles at the same instant; I mean, connecting them with a previous knowledge of Falstaff and of Mrs. Quickly. Such then being demonstrably the possibility of blending, or fusing, as it were, the elements of pathos and of humour—and composing out of their union a third metal *sui generis* (as Corinthian brass, you know, is said to have been the product of all other metals, from the confluence of melted statues, &c. at the burning of Corinth);—I cannot but consider John Paul Richter as by far the most eminent artist in that way since the time of Shakspeare.—What? you will say, greater than Sterne?—I answer, *yes*, to my thinking; and I could give some arguments and illustrations in support of this judgment. But I am not anxious to establish my own preference, as founded on any thing of

better authority than my idiosyncrasy, or more permanent, if you choose to think so, than my own caprice.

Secondly, Judge as you will on this last point, that is, on the comparative pretensions of Sterne and Richter to the *spolia opima* in the fields of pathos and of humour; yet in one pretension he not only leaves Sterne at an infinite distance in the rear, but really, for my part, I cease to ask who it is that he leaves behind him, for I begin to think with myself, who it is that he approaches. If a man could reach Venus or Mercury, we should not say he has advanced to a great distance from the earth: we should say, he is very near to the sun. So also, if in any thing a man approaches Shakspeare, or does not remind us of him, all other honours are swallowed up in that: a relation of inferiority to him is a more enviable distinction than all degrees of superiority to others, the rear of *his* splendours a more eminent post than the supreme station in the van of all others. I have already mentioned one *quality* of excellence, viz. the interpenetration\* of the humorous and the pathetic, common to Shakspeare and John Paul: but this, apart from its *quantity* or degree, implies no more of a participation in Shakspearian excellence, than the possession of wit, judgment, good sense, &c. which, in some degree or other, must be common to all authors of any merit at all. Thus far I have already said, that I would not contest the point of precedence with the admirers of Sterne: but, in the claim I now advance for Richter, which respects a question of *degree*, I cannot allow of any competition at all from that quarter. What then is it that I claim?—Briefly, an activity of understanding, so restless and indefatigable that

all attempts to illustrate, or express it adequately by images borrowed from the natural world, from the motions of beasts, birds, insects, &c. from the leaps of tigers or leopards, from the gamboling and tumbling of kittens, the antics of monkeys, or the running of antelopes and ostriches, &c. are baffled, confounded, and made ridiculous, by the enormous and over-mastering superiority of impression left by the thing illustrated. The rapid, but uniform motions of the heavenly bodies, serve well enough to typify the grand and continuous motions of the Miltonic mind. But the wild, giddy, fantastic, capricious, incalculable, springing, vaulting, tumbling, dancing, waltzing, caprioling, *pirouetting*, sky-rocketing of the charmois, the harlequin, the Vestris, the storm-loving raven—the raven? no, the lark, (for often he ascends “singing up to heaven’s gates,” but like the lark he dwells upon the earth,) in short, of the Proteus, the Ariel, the Mercury, the monster—John Paul, can be compared to nothing in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, except to the motions of the same faculty as existing in Shakspeare.—Perhaps, meteorology may hereafter furnish us with some adequate analogon or adumbration of its multitudinous activity: *hereafter*, observe: for, as to lightning, or any thing we know at present, it pants after them “in vain,” in company with that pury old gentleman Time,† as painted by Dr. Johnson. To say the truth, John Paul’s intellect—his faculty of catching at a glance all the relations of objects, both the grand, the lovely, the ludicrous, and the fantastic,—is painfully and almost morbidly active: there is no respite, no repose, allowed—no, not for a moment, in some of his works, nor whilst you can say *Jack Robinson*.

\* *Interpenetration*:—this word is from the mint of Mr. Coleridge: and, as it seems to me a very “laudable” word (as surgeons say of *pus*) I mean to patronize it; and beg to recommend it to my friends and the public in general.—By the way, the public, of whose stupidity I have often reason to complain, does not seem to understand it:—the prefix *inter* has the force of the French *entre*, in such words as *s’entrelacer*: *reciprocal* penetration is the meaning: as if a black colour should enter a crimson one, yet not keep itself distinct; but, being in turn pervaded by the crimson, each should diffuse itself through the other.

† “And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.”

So that, according to the Doctor, Shakspeare performed a match against Time; and, being backed by Nature, it seems he won it.

And, by the way, a sort of name-sake of this Mr. Robinson, viz. Jack-o'-the-lantern, comes as near to a semblance of John Paul as any body I know. Shakspeare himself has given us some account of Jack: and I assure you, that the same account will serve for Jack Paul Richter. One of his books (*Vorschule der Aesthetik*) is absolutely so surcharged with quicksilver, that I expect to see it leap off the table as often as it is laid there; and therefore, to prevent accidents, I usually load it with the works of our good friend ——— Esq. and FRS. In fact, so exuberant is this perilous gas of wit in John Paul, that, if his works do not explode,—at any rate, I think John Paul himself will blow up one of these days. It must be dangerous to bring a candle too near him: many persons, especially half-pay officers, have lately “gone off,”\* by inconsiderately blowing out their bed-candle. They were loaded with a different sort of spirit, it is true: but I am sure there can be none more inflammable than that of John Paul! To be serious, however, and to return from chasing this Will-o'-the-wisp, there cannot be a more valuable endowment to a writer of inordinate sensibility, than this inordinate agility of the understanding; the active faculty balances the passive; and without such a balance, there is great risk of falling into a sickly tone of maudlin sentimentality, from which Sterne cannot be pronounced wholly free,—and still less a later author of pathetic tales, whose name I omit. By the way, I must observe, that it is this fiery, meteoric, scintillating, coruscating power of John Paul, which is the true foundation of his frequent obscurity. You will find that he is reputed the most difficult of all German authors; and many Germans are so little aware of

the true derivation of this difficulty, that it has often been said to me, as an Englishman, “What! can you read John Paul?”—meaning to say, can you read such difficult German? Doubtless, in some small proportion, the mere language and style are responsible for his difficulty; and, in a sense somewhat different, applying it to a mastery over the language in which he writes, the expression of Quintilian in respect to the student of Cicero may be transferred to the student of John Paul:—“*Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit:*” he may rest assured that he has made a competent progress in the German language who can read Paul Richter. Indeed he is a sort of *proof* author in this respect; a man, who can “*construe*” him, cannot be stopped by any difficulties purely verbal. But, after all, these verbal obscurities are but the necessary result and product of his style of thinking; the nimbleness of his transitions often makes him elliptical: the vast expansion and discursiveness in his range of notice and observation, carries him into every department and nook of human life, of science, of art, and of literature; whence comes a proportionably extensive vocabulary, and a prodigious compass of idiomatic phraseology: and finally, the fineness, and evanescent brilliancy of his oblique glances and surface-skimming allusions, often fling but half a meaning on the mind; and one is puzzled to make out its complement. Hence it is, that is to say, from his mode of presenting things, his lyrical style of connexion, and the prodigious fund of knowledge on which he draws for his illustrations and his images, that his obscurity arises. And these are causes which must affect his own countrymen no less than foreigners.—Further than as

\* Of which the most tremendous case I have met with was this; and, as I greatly desire to believe so good a story, I should be more easy in mind if I knew that any body else had ever believed it. In the year 1818, an Irishman, and a great lover of whiskey, persisted obstinately, though often warned of his error, in attempting to blow out a candle: the candle, however, blew out the Irishman: and the following result was sworn to before the Coroner. The Irishman shot off like a Congreve rocket, passed with the velocity of a twenty-four-pounder through I know not how many stories, ascended to the “highest heaven of invention,” viz.—to the garrets, where slept a tailor and his wife. Feather beds, which stop cannon-balls, gave way before the Irishman’s skull: he passed like a gimblet through two mattresses, a feather bed, &c., and stood grinning at the tailor and his wife, without his legs, however, which he had left behind him in the second floor.

these causes must occasionally produce a corresponding difficulty of diction, I know of no reason why an Englishman should be thought specially concerned in his obscurity, or less able to find his way through it than any German. But just the same mistake is commonly made about Lycophron: he is represented as the most difficult of all Greek authors. Meantime, as far as language is concerned, he is one of the easiest:—some peculiar words he has, I acknowledge, but it is not single words that constitute verbal obscurity; it is the construction, synthesis, composition, arrangement, and involution of words, which only can obstruct the reader: now in these parts of style Lycophron is remarkably lucid. Where then lies his reputed darkness? Purely in this,—that, by way of colouring the style with the sullen hues of prophetic vision, Cassandra is made to describe all those on whom the fates of Troy hinged, by enigmatic periphrases, oftentimes drawn from the most obscure incidents in their lives: just as if I should describe Cromwell by the expression, “*unfortunate tamer of horses,*” because he once nearly broke his neck in Hyde-Park, when driving four-in-hand; or should describe a noble lord of the last century as “*the roaster of men,*” because, when a member of the Hell-fire-club, he actually tied a poor man to the spit; and, having spitted him, proceeded to roast him.\*

Third. You will naturally collect from the account here given of John Paul’s activity of understanding and fancy, that over and above his humour, he must have an overflowing opulence of wit.—In fact he has. On this earth of ours (I know nothing about the books in Jupiter, where Kant has proved that the authors will be far abler than any poor Terra Filius, such as Shakspeare or Milton,) but on this poor earth of ours, I am acquainted with no book of such unintermitting and brilliant wit as his *Vorschule der Aesthetik*: it glitters like the stars on a frosty night; or like the stars on Count

—’s coat; or like the *ἀνάριθμον νίλασμα* the multitudinous laughing of the ocean under the glancing lights of sun-beams; or like a feu de joie of fire-works: in fact, John Paul’s works are the galaxy of the German literary firmament. I defy a man to lay his hand on that sentence which is not vital and ebullient with wit. What is wit? We are told that it is the perception of resemblances; whilst the perception of differences, we are requested to believe, is reserved for another faculty. Very profound distinction no doubt; but very senseless for all that. I shall not here attempt a definition of wit: but I will just mention what I conceive to be one of the distinctions between wit and humour, viz.—that whilst wit is a purely intellectual thing, into every act of the humorous mood there is an influx of the *moral* nature: rays, direct or refracted, from the will and the affections, from the disposition and the temperament, enter into all humour: and thence it is, that humour is of a diffusive quality, pervading an entire course of thoughts; whilst wit—because it has no existence apart from certain logical relations of a thought which are definitely assignable, and can be counted even, is always punctually concentrated within the circle of a few words. On this account, I would not advise you to read those of John Paul’s works which are the wittiest; but those which are more distinguished for their humour. You will thus see more of the man. In a future letter I will send you a list of the whole distributed into classes.

Fourthly and finally, let me tell you what it is that has fixed John Paul in my esteem and affection. Did you ever look into that sickening heap of abortions—the Ireland Forgeries? In one of these (Deed of Trust to John Hemynges) he makes Shakspeare say, as his reason for having assigned to a friend such and such duties usually confided to lawyers—that he had “*founde muche wickednesse amongste those of the lawe.*” On this, Mr. Malone, whose

\* “*Proceeded to roast him,—yes: but did he roast him?*” Really I can’t say. Some people like their mutton underdone; and Lord — might like his *man* underdone. All I know of the sequel is, that the sun expressed no horror at this Thyestean cookery, which might be because he had set two hours before: but the Sun newspaper *did*, when it rose some nights after (as it always does) at six o’clock in the evening.

indignation was justly roused to see Shakspeare's name borrowed to countenance such loathsome and stupid vulgarity, expresses himself\* with much feeling: and I confess that, for my part, that passage alone, without the innumerable marks of grossest forgery which stare upon one in every word, would have been quite sufficient to expose the whole as a base and most childish imposture. For, so far was Shakspeare from any capability of leaving behind him a malignant libel on a whole body of learned men, that, among all writers of every age, he stands forward as the one who looked most benignantly, and with the most fraternal eye, upon all the ways of men, however weak or foolish. From every sort of vice and infirmity he drew nutriment for his philosophic mind. It is to the honour of John Paul, that in this, as in other respects, he constantly reminds me of Shakspeare. Every where a spirit of kindness prevails: his satire is every where playful, delicate, and clad in smiles; never bitter, scornful, or malignant. But this is not all. I could produce many passages from Shakspeare, which show that, if his anger was ever roused, it was against the abuses of the time: not mere political abuses, but those that had a deeper root, and dishonoured human nature. Here again the resemblance holds in John Paul; and this is the point in which I said that I would notice a bond of affinity between him and Schiller. Both were intolerant haters of ignoble things, though placable towards the ignoble men. Both yearned, according to their different temperaments, for a happier state of things: I mean for human nature generally, and, in a political sense, for Germany. To his latest years, Schiller, when suffering under bodily decay and anguish, was an earnest contender † for whatever promised to elevate human nature, and bore emphatic witness against the evils of the time. John Paul, who still lives, is of a gentler nature: but his aspirations tend to the same point, though expressed in a milder and more hopeful spirit. With all this, however, they give a rare lesson on

the manner of conducting such a cause: for you will no where find that they take any indecent liberties, of a personal sort, with those princes whose governments they most abhorred. Though safe enough from their vengeance, they never forgot in their indignation, as patriots and as philosophers, the respect due to the rank of others, or to themselves as scholars, and the favourites of their country. Some other modern authors of Germany may be great writers: but Frederick Schiller and John Paul Richter I shall always view with the feelings due to great men.

For the present, my dear F. farewell, and believe me to be,

Most faithfully yours,

GRASMERIENSIS TEUTONIZANS.

P. S. You will observe in my motto from Trebellus Pollio, that I announce an intention of translating a few *Analecta Paulina* into English: two specimens chosen at random from the *Flegel-jahre* I subjoin: they were adopted hastily, and translated hastily; and can do little towards exhibiting, in its full proportions, a mind so various as that of John Paul. In my next letter I will send you a better selection, and executed in a style of translation more corresponding to the merits of my brilliant original. Once again, however, let me remind you of the extraordinary difficulties which beset the task; difficulties of apprehending the sense in many cases, difficulties of expressing it in all.—But why need I say this to you, who in six weeks will be able to judge for yourself upon all points connected with German literature; and to unite with me and others in furnishing an Anthology in our own language, better reflecting, by absolute specimens, the characteristics of the most eminent German writers, than all merely analytic evolutions of style and manner could ever do. Every man shall take his own favourite: mine, in any case, is to be Paul Richter:—but I talk too much: so “manum de tabulâ.”

\* Inquiry, &c. p. 279.

† Goethe has lately (*Morphologic*, p. 108. *Zwcyter heft*) recurred to his conversations with Schiller, in a way which places himself in rather an unfavourable contrast.



## THE HAPPY LIFE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN SWEDEN.

FROM RICHTER.

Sweden apart, the condition of a parish priest is in itself sufficiently happy: in Sweden, then, much more so. There he enjoys summer and winter pure and unalloyed by any tedious interruptions: a Swedish spring, which is always a late one, is no repetition, in a lower key, of the harshness of winter, but anticipates, and is a prelibation of perfect summer,—laden with blossoms,—radiant with the lily and the rose: insomuch, that a Swedish summer-night represents implicitly one half of Italy, and a winter-night one half of the world beside.

I will begin with winter, and I will suppose it to be Christmas. The priest, whom we shall imagine to be a German, and summoned from the southern climate of Germany upon presentation to the church of a Swedish hamlet lying in a high polar latitude, rises in cheerfulness about seven o'clock in the morning; and till half past nine he burns his lamp. At nine o'clock, the stars are still shining, and the unclouded moon even yet longer. This prolongation of star-light into the forenoon is to him delightful; for he is a German, and has a sense of something marvellous in a starry forenoon. Methinks, I behold the priest and his flock moving towards the church with lanterns: the lights dispersed amongst the crowd connect the congregation into the appearance of some domestic groupe or larger household, and carry the priest back to his childish years during the winter season and Christmas matins, when every hand bore its candle. Arrived at the pulpit, he declares to his audience the plain truth, word for word, as it stands in the Gospel: in the presence of God, all intellectual pretensions are called upon to be silent; the very reason ceases to be reasonable; nor is any thing reasonable in the sight of God but a sincere and upright heart.

• • • • •  
Just as he and his flock are issuing from the church the bright Christmas sun ascends above the horizon, and shoots his beams upon their faces. The old men, who are numerous in Sweden, are all

tinged with the colours of youth by the rosy morning-lustre; and the priest, as he looks away from them to mother earth lying in the sleep of winter, and to the church-yard, where the flowers and the men are all in their graves together, might secretly exclaim with the poet:—"Upon the dead mother, in peace and utter gloom, are reposing the dead children. After a time, uprises the everlasting sun; and the mother starts up at the summons of the heavenly dawn with a resurrection of her ancient bloom:—And her children?—Yes: but they must wait awhile."

At home he is awaited by a warm study, and a "long-levelled rule" of sun-light upon the book-clad wall.

The afternoon he spends delightfully; for, having before him such a perfect flower-stand of pleasures, he scarcely knows where he should settle. Supposing it to be Christmas-day, he preaches again: he preaches on a subject which calls up images of the beautiful eastern-land, or of eternity. By this time, twilight and gloom prevail through the church: only a couple of wax lights upon the altar throw wondrous and mighty shadows through the aisles: the angel that hangs down from the roof above the baptismal font, is awoke into a solemn life by the shadows and the rays, and seems almost in the act of ascension: through the windows, the stars or the moon are beginning to peer: aloft, in the pulpit, which is now hid in gloom, the priest is inflamed and possessed by the sacred burthen of glad tidings which he is announcing: he is lost and insensible to all besides; and from amidst the darkness which surrounds him, he pours down his thunders, with tears and agitation, reasoning of future worlds, and of the heaven of heavens, and whatsoever else can most powerfully shake the heart and the affections.

Descending from his pulpit in these holy fervours, he now, perhaps, takes a walk: it is about four o'clock: and he walks beneath a sky lit up by the shifting northern lights, that to his eye appear but an Aurora striking upwards from the eternal

morning of the south, or as a forest composed of saintly thickets, like the fiery bushes of Moses, that are round about the throne of God.

Thus, if it be the afternoon of Christmas day: but, if it be any other afternoon, visitors, perhaps, come and bring their well-bred, grown-up daughters; like the fashionable world in London, he dines at sunset; that is to say, like the unfashionable world of London, he dines at two o'clock; and he drinks coffee by moonlight; and the parsonage-house becomes an enchanted palace of pleasure gleaming with twilight, star-light, and moon-light. Or, perhaps, he goes over to the schoolmaster, who is teaching his afternoon school: there, by the candle-light, he gathers round his knees all the scholars, as if—being the children of his spiritual children—they must therefore be his own grand-children; and with delightful words he wins their attention, and pours knowledge into their docile hearts.

All these pleasures failing, he may pace up and down in his library already, by three o'clock, gloomy with twilight, but fitfully enlivened by a glowing fire, and steadily by the bright moonlight; and he needs do no more than taste at every turn of his walk a little orange marmalade—to call up images of beautiful Italy, and its gardens, and orange groves, before all his five senses, and as it were, to the very tip of his tongue. Looking at the moon, he will not fail to recollect that the very same silver disk hangs at the very same moment between the branches of the laurels in Italy. It will delight him to consider that the Eolian harp, and the lark, and indeed music of all kinds, and the stars, and children, are just the same in hot climates and in cold. And when the post-boy, that rides in with news from Italy, winds his horn through the hamlet, and with a few simple notes raises up on the frozen window of his study a vision of flowery realms; and when he plays with treasured leaves of roses and of lilies from some departed summer, or with the plumes of a bird of Paradise, the memorial of some distant friend; when further, his heart is moved by the magnificent sounds of Lady-day, Sallad-season, Cherry-time, Trinity-Sundays, the rose of June, &c. how can he fail to forget

that he is in Sweden by the time that his lamp is brought in; and then, indeed, he will be somewhat disconcerted to recognize his study in what had now shaped itself to his fancy as a room in some foreign land. However, if he would pursue this airy creation, he need but light at his lamp a wax-candle-end, to gain a glimpse through the whole evening into that world of fashion and splendour, from which he purchased the said wax-candle-end. For I should suppose, that at the court of Stockholm, as elsewhere, there must be candle-ends to be bought of the state-footmen.

But now, after the lapse of half a year, all at once there strikes upon his heart something more beautiful than Italy, where the sun sets so much earlier in summer-time than it does at our Swedish hamlet: and what is that? It is the longest day, with the rich freight that it carries in its bosom, and leading by the hand the early dawn blushing with rosy light, and melodious with the caroling of larks at one o'clock in the morning. Before two, that is, at sun-rise, the elegant party that we mentioned last winter arrive in gay clothing at the parsonage; for they are bound on a little excursion of pleasure in company with the priest. At two o'clock they are in motion; at which time all the flowers are glittering, and the forests are gleaming with the mighty light. The warm sun threatens them with no storm nor thunder showers; for both are rare in Sweden. The priest, in common with the rest of the company, is attired in the costume of Sweden; he wears his short jacket with a broad scarf, his short cloak above that, his round hat with floating plumes, and shoes tied with bright ribbons: like the rest of the men, he resembles a Spanish knight, or a provençal, or other man of the south; more especially when he and his gay company are seen flying through the lofty foliage luxuriant with blossom, that within so short a period of weeks has shot forth from the garden plots and the naked boughs.

That a longest day like this, bearing such a cornucopia of sunshine, of cloudless ether, of buds and bells, of blossoms and of leisure, should pass away more rapidly than the shortest,—is not difficult to sup-

pose. As early as eight o'clock in the evening the party breaks up; the sun is now burning more gently over the half-closed sleepy flowers: about nine he has mitigated his rays, and is beheld bathing as it were naked in the blue depths of heaven: about ten, at which hour the company re-assemble at the parsonage, the priest is deeply moved, for throughout the hamlet, though the tepid sun, now sunk to the horizon, is still shedding a sullen glow upon the cottages and the window panes, every thing reposes in profoundest silence and sleep: the birds even are all slumbering in the golden summits of the woods: and at last, the solitary sun himself sets, like a moon, amidst the universal quiet of nature. To our priest, walking in his romantic dress, it seems as though rosy-coloured realms were laid open, in which fairies and spirits range; and he would scarcely feel an emotion of wonder, if, in this hour of golden vision, his brother, who ran away in childhood, should suddenly present himself as one alighting from some blooming heaven of enchantment.

The priest will not allow his company to depart: he detains them in the parsonage garden,—where, says he, every one that chooses may slum-

ber away in beautiful bowers the brief, warm hours until the re-appearance of the sun. This proposal is generally adopted: and the garden is occupied: many a lovely pair are making believe to sleep, but, in fact, are holding each other by the hand. The happy priest walks up and down through the parterres. Coolness comes, and a few stars. His night-violets and gillyflowers open and breathe out their powerful odours. To the north, from the eternal morning of the pole, exhales as it were a golden dawn. The priest thinks of the village of his childhood far away in Germany; he thinks of the life of man, his hopes, and his aspirations: and he is calm and at peace with himself. Then all at once starts up the morning sun in his freshness. Some there are in the garden would fain confound it with the evening sun, and close their eyes again: but the larks betray all, and waken every sleeper from bower to bower.

Then again begin pleasure and morning in their pomp of radiance;—and almost I could persuade myself to delineate the course of this day also, though it differs from its predecessor hardly by so much as the leaf of a rose-bud.

## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT—THE HOUSE OF WEEPING.

FROM RICHTER.

Since the day when the town of Haslau first became the seat of a court, no man could remember that any one event in its annals (always excepting the birth of the hereditary prince) had been looked for with so anxious a curiosity as the opening of the last will and testament left by Van der Kabel. This Van der Kabel might be styled the Haslau Cræsus; and his whole life might be termed, according to the pleasure of the wits, one long festival of God-sends, or a daily washing of golden sands, nightly impregnated by golden showers of Danaë. Seven distant surviving relatives of seven distant relatives deceased, of the said Van der Kabel, entertained some little hopes of a place amongst his legatees, grounded upon an assurance which he had made, "that upon his oath he would not fail to remember them in his will." These

hopes, however, were but faint and weakly; for they could not repose any extraordinary confidence in his good faith—not only because, in all cases, he conducted his affairs in a disinterested spirit, and with a perverse obstinacy of moral principle, whereas his seven relatives were mere novices, and young beginners in the trade of morality,—but also because, in all these moral extravagances of his (so distressing to the feelings of the sincere rascal), he thought proper to be very satirical, and had his heart so full of odd caprices, tricks, and snares, for unsuspecting scoundrels, that (as they all said) no man, who was but raw in the art of virtue, could deal with him, or place any reliance upon his intentions. Indeed the covert laughter which played about his temples, and the falsetto tones of his sneering

voice, somewhat weakened the advantageous impression which was made by the noble composition of his face, and by a pair of large hands, from which were daily dropping favours little and great, benefit-nights, Christmas-boxes, and new-year's gifts: for this reason it was that, by the whole flock of birds who sought shelter in his boughs, and who fed and built their nests on him, as on any wild service-tree, he was, notwithstanding, reputed a secret magazine of springes; and they were scarce able to find eyes for the visible berries which fed them, in their scrutiny after the supposed gossamer snares.

In the interval between two apoplectic fits he had drawn up his will, and had deposited it with the magistrate. When he was just at the point of death he transferred to the seven presumptive heirs the certificate of this deposit; and even then said, in his old tone—how far it was from his expectation, that by any such anticipation of his approaching decease, he could at all depress the spirits of men so steady and sedate, whom, for his own part, he would much rather regard in the light of laughing than of weeping heirs: to which remark one only of the whole number, namely, Mr. Harprecht, inspector-of-police, replied as a cool ironist to a bitter one—“that the total amount of concern and of *interest*, which might severally belong to them in such a loss, was not (they were sincerely sorry it was not) in their own power to determine.”

At length the time is come when the seven heirs have made their appearance at the town-hall, with their certificate-of-deposit; *videlicet*, the ecclesiastical councillor Glantz; Harprecht, the inspector-of-police; Neupeter, the court-agent; the court-fiscal, Knoll; Pasvogel, the bookseller; the reader of the morning lecture, Flacks; and Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace. Solemnly, and in due form, they demanded of the magistrate the schedule of effects consigned to him by the late Kabel, and the opening of his will. The principal executor of this will was Mr. Mayor himself: the sub-executors were the rest of the town-council. Thereupon, without delay, the schedule and the will were fetched from the register-

office of the council, to the council-chamber: both were exhibited in rotation to the members of the council and the heirs, in order that they might see the privy seal of the town impressed upon them: the registry-of-consignment, indorsed upon the schedule, was read aloud to the seven heirs by the town-clerk: and by that registry it was notified to them, that the deceased had actually consigned the schedule to the magistrate, and entrusted it to the corporation-chest; and that on the day of consignment he was still of sound mind:—finally, the seven seals, which he had himself affixed to the instrument, were found unbroken. These preliminaries gone through, it was now (but not until a brief registry of all these forms had been drawn up by the town-clerk) lawful, in God's name, that the will should be opened and read aloud by Mr. Mayor, word for word as follows:—

“I Van der Kabel, on this 7th of May, 179—, being in my house, at Haslau, situate in Dog-street, deliver and make known this for my last will; and without many millions of words; notwithstanding I have been both a German notary, and a Dutch schoolmaster. Howsoever I may disgrace my old professions by this parsimony of words, I believe myself to be so far at home in the art and calling of a notary, that I am competent to act for myself as a testator in due form, and as a regular deviser of property.

“It is a custom with testators to premise the moving causes of their wills. These, in my case, as in most others, are regard for my happy departure, and for the disposal of the succession to my property—which, by the way, is the object of a tender passion in various quarters. To say any thing about my funeral, and all that—would be absurd and stupid. This, and what shape my remains shall take, let the eternal sun settle above, not in any gloomy winter, but in some of his most verdant springs.

“As to those charitable foundations, and memorial institutions of benevolence, about which notaries are so much occupied, in my case I appoint as follows: to three thousand of my poor townsmen, of every class, I assign just the same number of flo-

rins, which sum I will that, on the anniversary of my death, they shall spend jovially in feasting, upon the town common, where they are previously to pitch their camp, unless the military camp of his Serene Highness be already pitched there, in preparation for the reviews: and when the gala is ended, I would have them cut up the tents into clothes. Item, to all the school-masters in our principality I bequeath one golden Augustus. Item, to the Jews of this place I bequeath my pew in the high church.—As I would wish that my will should be divided into clauses, this is to be considered the first.

“CLAUSE II.

“Amongst the important offices of a will, it is universally agreed to be one, that from amongst the presumptive and presumptuous expectants, it should name those who are, and those who are not, to succeed to the inheritance; that it should create heirs, and should destroy them. In conformity to this notion, I give and bequeath to Mr. Glantz, the councillor for ecclesiastical affairs; as also to Mr. Knoll, the exchequer officer; likewise to Mr. Peter Neupeter, the court-agent; item to Mr. Harprecht, director of police; furthermore to Mr. Flacks, the morning lecturer; in like manner to the court-bookseller, Mr. Pasvogel; and finally, to Monsieur Flitte,—nothing: not so much because they have no just claims upon me—standing, as they do, in the remotest possible degree of consanguinity; nor again, because they are, for the most part, themselves rich enough to leave handsome inheritances; as because I am assured, indeed I have it from their own lips, that they entertain a far stronger regard for my insignificant person than for my splendid property; my body, therefore, or as large a share of it as they can get, I bequeath to them.”

At this point, seven faces, like those of the seven sleepers, gradually elongated into preternatural extent. The ecclesiastical councillor, a young man, but already famous throughout Germany for his sermons printed or preached, was especially aggrieved by such offensive personality: Monsieur Flitte rapped out a curse that rattled even in the ears of magistracy: the chin of Flacks, the morning lecturer, gra-

vitated downwards into the dimensions of a patriarchal beard: and the town-council could distinguish an assortment of audible reproaches to the memory of Mr. Kabel, such as prig, rascal, profane wretch, &c. But the Mayor motioned with his hand; and immediately the Fiscal and the bookseller recomposed their features and set their faces like so many traps, with springs, and triggers, all at full cock, that they might catch every syllable; and then, with a gravity that cost him some efforts, his worship read on as follows:—

“CLAUSE III.

“Excepting always, and be it excepted, my present house in Dogstreet: which house, by virtue of this third clause, is to descend and to pass in full property, just as it now stands, to that one of my seven relatives above-mentioned, who shall, within the space of one half hour (to be computed from the reciting of this clause), shed, to the memory of me his departed kinsman, sooner than the other six competitors, one, or, if possible, a couple of tears, in the presence of a respectable magistrate, who is to make a protocol thereof. Should, however, *all remain dry*, in that case, the house must lapse to the heir general—whom I shall proceed to name.”

Here Mr. Mayor closed the will: doubtless, he observed, the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet, in no respect contrary to law: to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house: and then, placing his watch on the session table, the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half past eleven, he calmly sat down—that he might duly witness, in his official character of executor, assisted by the whole court of aldermen, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testator.

That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have met a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged than this of Seven United Provinces, as it were, all dry and all confederated for the purpose of weeping.—I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in

astonishment, and in peals of laughter: the congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog to which, in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out—Halt! whereupon, standing up, as he was, on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted and remained petrified:—from the graspings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all—that for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief: no hydraulics could effect this: yet in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone), in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

“Was there ever such a cursed act,” said the merchant Neupeter, “such a piece of buffoonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can’t understand what the d—l it means.” However, he understood thus much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear: and *that* was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting, and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artisan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is barber-ously razoring and scraping by the light of a cobbler’s candle: furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title *Last Will and Testament*: and at one time, poor soul! he was near enough to tears—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sat down quietly to business: he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works any ways moving or affecting, that he had himself either published or sold on commission;—took a flying survey of the Puthetic in general:

and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that in the end he should brew something or other: as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an emetic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered by smearing it on his nose: time,—gentlemen, time was required for the operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the Sessions-chamber: with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him: he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but for the whole city of Strasburg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable laughter and indecent mirth, until Harprecht, the Police Inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said—that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself that he might by means of laughter, squeeze or express the tears required from the well-known Meibomian-glands, the caruncula, &c. and might thus piratically provide himself with surreptitious rain;\* but in that case, he must remind him that he could no more win the day with any such secretions, than he could carry to account a course of sneezes or wilfully blowing his nose; a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most pews at a funeral sermon. Monsieur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement; and, upon his honour, with no *ulterior views*.

The inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatized heart, endeavoured to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion by staring with them wide open and in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning-lecturer Flacks, look-

\* In the original, the word is *Fenster-schweiss*, window-sweat; i. e. (as the translator understands the passage) Monsieur Flitte was suspected of a design to swindle the company, by exhibiting his two windows streaming with spurious moisture, such as hoar frost produces on the windows when melted by the heat of the room, rather than with that genuine and unadulterated rain which Mr. Kabel demanded.

ed like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him: meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy laden clouds that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide, too gay and gladsome a spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical councillor,—who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence,—now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber:—No man, he said, who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people; and a heart, he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellowmen, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve an indirect purpose of his own: “this heart,” said he, “has already shed tears (but they were shed secretly), for Kabel was my friend:” and, so saying, he paused for a moment and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed, that all were still sitting as dry as corks: indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself by interrupting their several water-works had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallow-deer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Van der Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them

all, Flacks was the only one who continued to make way: he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects:—Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts;—the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the grey hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condemned as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles:—Well done, Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped up—and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical councillor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue:—“Oh, Kabel, my Kabel,” he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, “the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor—”

—*ruption*, he would have said: but Flacks, starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said,—“with submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief I am weeping;” then sitting down, with great satisfaction he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done, he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his *aridity*. Glantz, the councillor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes,—those very eyes which he had already brought into an *Accessit*,\* or inchoate state of humidity: this vexed him: and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons: and, at this moment, he was ready to weep for spite—and “to weep the more because he wept in vain.” As to Flacks, a protocol was

\* To the English reader it may be necessary to explain, that in the Continental Universities, &c. when a succession of prizes is offered, graduated according to the degree of merit, the elliptical formula of “*Accessit*” denotes the second prize: and hence, where only a single prize is offered, the second degree of merit may properly be expressed by the term here used.

immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel: and the message in Dog Street was knocked down to him for ever. The Mayor adjudged it to the poor devil with all his heart: indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves—not into mere amber that incloses only a worthless insect, like the tears of the Heliades, but, like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy gold.

Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly; and observed, with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of *wet* and *dry*,—to allow of any cordiality between them; and they stood aloof therefore: but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which they now awaited in a state of anxious agitation.

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## TABLE-TALK.

### No. XIII.

#### ON THE SPIRIT OF PARTISANSHIP.

I HAVE in my time known few thorough partisans; at least on my own side of the question. I conceive, however, that the honestest and strongest-minded men have been so. In general, interest, fear, vanity, the love of contradiction, even a scrupulous regard to truth and justice, come to divert them from the popular cause. It is a character that requires very opposite and almost incompatible qualities—reason and prejudice, a passionate attachment founded on an abstract idea. He who can take up a speculative question, and pursue it with the same zeal and unshaken constancy that he does his immediate interests or private animosities, he who is as faithful to his principles as he is to himself, is the true partisan. I do not here speak of the bigot, or the mercenary or cowardly tool of a party. There are plenty of this description of persons (a considerable majority of the inhabitants of every country)—who are “ever strong upon the stronger side,” staunch, thorough-paced sticklers for their passions and prejudices, and who stand by their party as long as their party can stand by them. I speak of those who espouse a cause from liberal motives and with liberal views, and of the obstacles that are so often found to relax their perseverance or impair their zeal. These may, I think, be reduced chiefly to the heads of obligations to friends, of vanity, or the desire of the lead and distinction, to an over-squeamish delicacy in regard to ap-

pearances, to fickleness of purpose, or to natural timidity and weakness of nerve.

There is nothing more contemptible than party-spirit in one point of view; and yet it seems inseparable in practice from public principle. You cannot support measures unless you support men;—you cannot carry any point or maintain any system, without acting in concert with others. In theory, it is all very well. We may refine in our distinctions, and elevate our language to what point we please. But in carrying the most sounding words and stateliest propositions into effect, we must make use of the instrumentality of men; and some of the alloy and imperfection of the means may insinuate itself into the end. If we do not go all lengths with those who are embarked with us in the same views; if we are not hearty in the defence of their interests and motives; if we are not fully in their confidence and they in ours; if we do not ingraft on the stock of public virtue the charities and sentiments of private affection and esteem; if the bustle and anxiety and irritation of the state-affairs do not kindle into the glow of friendship as well as patriotism; if we look distant, suspicious, lukewarm at one another; if we criticise, carp at, pry into the conduct of our party with watchful, jealous eyes; it is to be feared we shall play the game into the enemy's hands, and not co-operate together for the common good with all the



steadiness and cordiality that might be wished. On the other hand, if we lend ourselves to the foibles and weaknesses of our friends; if we suffer ourselves to be implicated in their intrigues, their scrambles and bargainings for place and power; if we flatter their mistakes, and not only screen them from the eyes of others but are blind to them ourselves; if we compromise a great principle in the softness of a womanish friendship; if we entangle ourselves in needless family-ties; if we sell ourselves to the vices of a patron, or become the mouth-piece and echo of a *coterie*; we shall be in that case slaves of a faction, not servants of the public, nor shall we long have a spark of the old Roman or the old English virtue left. Good-nature, conviviality, hospitality, habits of acquaintance and regard, favours received or conferred, spirit and eloquence to defend a friend when pressed hard upon, courtesy and good breeding, are one thing—patriotism, firmness of principle, are another. The true patriot knows when to make each of these in turn give way to or control the other, in furtherance of the common good, just as the accomplished courtier makes all other interests, friendships, cabals, resentments, reconciliations, subservient to his attachment to the person of the king. He has the welfare of his country, the cause of mankind at heart, and makes that the scale in which all other motives are weighed as in a balance. With this inward prompter, he knows when to speak and when to hold his tongue, when to temporise, and when to throw away the scabbard, when to make men of service to principles, and when to make principles the sole condition of popularity,—nearly as well as if he had a title or a pension depending in reversion on his success: for it is true that “in their generation the children of this world are wiser than the children of the light.”—In my opinion, Charles Fox had too much of what we mean by “the milk of human kindness” to be a practical statesman, particularly in critical times, and with a cause of infinite magnitude at stake. He was too easy a friend, and too generous an enemy. He was willing to think better of those with whom he acted,

or to whom he was opposed, than they deserved. He was the creature of temperament and sympathy, and suffered his feelings to be played upon, and to get the better of his principles, which were not of the most rigid kind—not “stuff o’ the conscience.” With all the power of the crown, and all the strong-holds of prejudice and venality opposed to him, “instead of a softness coming over the heart of a man,” he should (in such a situation) have “turned to the stroke his adamantine scales that feared no discipline of human hands,” and made it a struggle *ad internecionem* on the one side, as it was on the other. There was no place for moderation, much less for huckstering and trimming. Mr. Burke saw the thing right enough. It was a question about a principle—about the existence or extinction of human rights in the abstract. He was on the side of legitimate slavery; Mr. Fox on that of natural liberty. That was no reason he should be less bold or jealous in her defence, because he had every thing to contend against. But he made too many coalitions, too many compromises with flattery, with friendship, (to say nothing of the baits of power) not to falter and be defeated at last in the noble stand he had made for the principles of freedom.

Another sort are as much too captious and precise, as these are lax and *cullible* in their notions of political warfare. Their fault is an overweening egotism, as that of the former was too great a facility of temper. They will have every thing their own way to the minutest tittle, or they cannot think of giving it their sanction and support. The cause must come to them, they will not go to the cause. They stand upon their punctilio. They have a character at stake, which is dearer to them than the whole world. They have an idea of perfect truth and beauty in their own minds, the contemplation of which is a never-failing source of delight and consolation to them,

Though sun and moon were in the flat sea  
sunk,

and which they will not soil by mixing it up with the infirmities of any cause or any party. They will not, “to do a great right, do a little

wrong." They will let the lofty pillar inscribed to human liberty fall to the ground sooner than extend a finger to save it, on account of the dust and cobwebs that cling to it. It is not this great and mighty object they are thinking of all the time, but their own fantastic reputation and puny pretensions. While the world is tumbling about our ears, and the last hold of liberty, the ark containing our birth-right, the only possible barrier against barefaced tyranny, is tottering—instead of setting the engines and the mortal instruments at work to prop it, and fighting in the trenches to the last drop, they are washing their hands of all imaginary imperfections, and looking in the glass of their own vanity, with an air of heightened self-complacency. Alas! they do not foresee the fatal consequences; they have an eye only to themselves. While all the power, the prejudice, and ignorance of mankind are drawn up in deadly array against the advance of truth and justice, they owe it to themselves, forsooth! to state the naked merits of the question (heat and passion apart) and pick out all the faults of which their own party has been guilty, to fling as a make-weight into the adversary's scale of unmeasured abuse and execration. They will not take their ready stand by the side of him who was "the very arm and burgenet of man," and like a demi-atlas, could alone prop a declining world, because for themselves they have some objections to the individual instrument, and they think principles more important than persons. No, they think persons of more consequence than principles, and themselves most of all. They injure the principle, through the person most able to protect it. They betray the cause by not defending it as it is attacked, tooth and nail, might and main, without exception and without remorse. When every thing is at stake, dear and valuable to man, as man; when there is but the one dreadful alternative of entire loss, or final recovery of truth and freedom, it is no time to stand upon trifles and moot-points; that great object is to be secured first, and at all hazards.

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.

But there is a third thing in their

minds, a fanciful something which they prefer to both contending parties. It may be so; but neither they nor we can get it. We must have one of the two things imposed upon us, not by choice but by hard necessity. "Our bane and antidote are both before us:" and if we do anything to neglect the one, we justly incur the heavy, intolerable, unredeemed penalty of the other. If our pride is stung, if we have received a blow or the lie in our own persons, we know well enough what to do: our blood is up, we have an actual feeling and object to satisfy; and we are not to be diverted from our purpose by sophistry or mere words.

The quarrel is personal to ourselves; and we feel the whole stress of it, rousing every faculty and straining every nerve. But if the quarrel is general to mankind; if it is one in which the rights, freedom, hopes, and happiness of the whole world are embarked; if we see the dignity of our common nature prostrate, trampled upon and mangled before the brute image of power, this gives us little concern; our reason may disapprove, but our passions, our prejudices, are not touched; and therefore our reason, our humanity, our abstract love of right (not "screwed to the sticking place" by some paltry interest of our own) are easily satisfied with any hollow professions of good-will, or put off with vague excuses, or staggered with open defiance. We are here, where a principle only is in danger, at leisure to calculate consequences, prudently for ourselves, or favourably for others: were it a point of honour (we think the honour of human nature is not our honour, that its disgrace is not our disgrace—we are not the *rabble!*) we should throw consideration and compassion to the dogs, and cry—"Away to Heaven respective lenity, and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!" But charity is cold. We are the dupes of the flatteries of our opponents, because we are indifferent to our own object: we stand in awe of their threats, because in the absence of passion we are tender of our persons. They beat us in courage and in intellect, because we have nothing but the common good to sharpen our faculties or goad our will; they have no less an alternative in view than

to be uncontrolled masters of mankind, or to be hurled from high,—

To grinning scorn a sacrifice,  
And endless infamy!

They do not celebrate the triumphs of their enemies as their own: it is with them a more feeling disputation. They never give an inch of ground that they can keep; they keep all that they can get; they make no concessions that can redound to their own discredit; they assume all that makes for them; if they pause, it is to gain time; if they offer terms, it is to break them: they keep no faith with enemies: if you relax in your exertions, they persevere the more: if you make new efforts, they redouble theirs. While they give no quarter, you stand upon mere ceremony. While they are cutting your throat, or putting the gag in your mouth, you talk of nothing but liberality, freedom of enquiry, and *douce humanité*. Their object is to destroy you, your object is to spare them—to treat them according to your own fancied dignity. They have sense and spirit enough to take all advantages that will further their cause: you have pedantry and pusillanimity enough to undertake the defence of yours, in order to defeat it. It is the difference between the efficient and the inefficient; and this again resolves itself into the difference between a speculative proposition and a practical interest.

One thing that makes tyrants bold is, that they have the power to justify their wrong. They lay their hands upon the sword, and ask who will dispute their commands. The friends of justice and humanity have not in general this ark of confidence to recur to, and can only appeal to reason and propriety. They oppose power on the plea of right reason and conscience; and shall they, in pursuance of their claims, violate in the smallest tittle what is due to truth and justice? So that the one have no law but their wills, and the absolute extent of their authority, in attaining or securing their ends, because they make no pretensions to scrupulous delicacy: the others are cooped and caged in, by all sorts of nice investigations in philosophy, and misgivings of the moral sense; that is, are deprived or curtailed of

the means of succeeding in their ends, because those ends are not bare-faced violence and wrong. It might as well be said that a man has a right to knock me on the head on the highway, and that I am only to use mildness and persuasion in return, as best suited to the justice of my cause; as that I am not to retaliate and make reprisals on the common enemies of mankind in their own style and mode of execution. Is not a man to defend his liberty, or the liberties of his fellow-men, as strenuously and remorselessly as he would his life or his purse? Men are Quakers in political principle, Turks and Jews in private conscience.

The whole is an error, arising from confounding the distinction between theory and practice, between the still-life of letters and the tug and onset of contending factions. I might recommend to our political mediators the advice which Henry V. addressed to his soldiers on a critical occasion.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head,  
Like the brass-cannon: let the brow o'er-whelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean:  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;

Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

To his full height.

So, in speculation, refine as much as you please, intellectually and morally speaking, and you may do it with advantage. Reason is then the instrument you use, and you cannot raise the standard of perfection you fix upon and propose to others too high, or proceed with too much candour and moderation in the advancement of truth: but in practice, you have not your choice of ends or means. You have two things to decide between, the extreme, probably, of an evil and a considerable good, and if you will not make your mind up to take the best of the two with all its

disadvantages and draw-backs, you must be contented to take the worst: for as you cannot alter the state of the conflicting parties who are carrying their point by force, or dictate what is best by a word speaking; so by finding fault with the attainable good, and throwing cold water on it, you add fuel to your enemy's courage and assist his success. "Those who are not for us are against us." You create a diversion in his favour, by distracting and enervating men's minds, as much as by questioning the general's orders, or drawing off a strong detachment in the heat of a battle. Political, is like military warfare. There are but two sides, and after you have once chosen your party, it will not do to stand in the midway, and say you like neither. There is no other to like, in the eye of common sense, or in the practical and inevitable result of the thing. As active partisans, we must take up with the best we can get in the circumstances, and defend it with all our might against a worse cause (which will prevail, if this does not) instead of "letting our frail thoughts dally with faint surmise;"—or, while dreaming of an ideal perfection, we shall find ourselves surprised into the train, and gracing the triumph, of the common enemy. It is sufficient if our objects and principles are sound and disinterested. If we were engaged in a friendly contest, where integrity and fair dealing were the order of the day, our means might be as unimpeachable as our ends; but in a struggle with the passions, interests, and prejudices of men, right reason, pure intention, are hardly competent to carry us through: we want another stimulus. The vices may be opposed to each other sometimes with advantage and propriety. A little of the alloy of human frailty may be allowed to lend its aid to the service of humanity; and if we have only so much obstinacy or insensibility as enables us to persevere in the path of public duty with more determination and effect, both our motives and conduct will be above the ordinary standard of political morality. To suppose that we can do much more than this, or that we can set up our individual opinion of what is best in itself, or of the best means of attaining it, and be listened to by the

world at large, is egregiously to overrate their docility or our own powers of persuasion.

It is the same want of a centripetal force, of a ruling passion, of a moral instinct of union and co-operation for a general purpose, that makes men fly off into knots and factions, and each set up for the leader of a party himself. Where there is a strong feeling of interest at work, it reconciles and combines the most discordant materials, and fits them to their place in the social machine. But in the conduct and support of the public good, we see "nothing but vanity, chaotic vanity." There is no forbearance, no self-denial, no magnanimity of proceeding. Every one is seeking his own aggrandizement, or to supplant his neighbour, instead of advancing the popular cause. It is because they have no real regard for it but as it serves as a stalking-horse to their ambition, restless inquietude, or love of cabal. They abuse and vilify their own party, just as they do the Ministers.

Each lolls his tongue out at the other,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

John Bull does not aim so maliciously, or hit so hard at Whigs and Reformers, as Cobbett. The reason is, that a very large proportion of these Marplots and regenerators of the world are actuated by no love of their species or zeal for a general question, but by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. They are discontented with themselves and with every thing about them. They object to, they dissent from every measure. Nothing pleases their fastidious tastes. For want of something to exercise their ill humour and troublesome officiousness upon, they abuse the Government:—when they are balked or tired of this they fall foul of one another. The slightest slip or difference of opinion is never forgiven, but gives birth to a deadly feud. Touch but their petty self-importance, and out comes a flaming denunciation of their own cabal, and all they know about the individuals composing it. This is not patriotism, but spleen—but want of something to do and to talk about—of sense, honesty, and feeling. To wreak their spite on an individual, they will ruin the cause, and serve up the friend

and idol of the people sliced and carbonadoed, a delicious morsel to the other side. There is a strange want of keeping in this. They are true neither to themselves nor to their principles. The Reformers are in general, it must be confessed, an ill-conditioned set; and they should be told of this infirmity that most easily besets them. When they find their gall and bitterness overflowing on the very persons who take the lead, and deservedly take the lead, in their affairs, for some slight flaw or misunderstanding, they should be taught to hold their tongues, or be drummed out of the regiment as spies and informers.

Trimming, and want of spirit to declare the honest truth, arise in part from the same source. When a man is not thoroughly convinced of an opinion, or where he does not feel a deep interest in it, he does not like to make himself obnoxious by avowing it; is willing to make all the allowance he can for difference of sentiment, and consults his own safety by retiring from a sinking cause. This is the very time when the genuine partisan, who has a rooted attachment to a principle, and feels it as a part of himself, finds himself most called upon to come forward in its support. His anxiety for truth and justice leaves him in no fear for himself, and the sincerity of his motives makes him regardless of censure or obloquy. His profession of hearty devotion to freedom was not an ebullition called forth by the sunshine of prosperity, a lure for popularity and public favour; and when these desert it, he still maintains his post with his integrity. There is a natural timidity of mind also, which can never go the whole length of any opinion, but is always interlarding its qualified assent with unmeaning *buts* and *ifs*; as there is a levity and discursiveness of imagination which cannot settle finally in any belief, and requires a succession of glancing views, topics, and opposite conclusions, to satisfy its appetite for intellectual variety. I have known persons leave the cause of independence and freedom, not because they found it unprofitable, but because they found it flat and stale for want of novelty. At the same time, interest is a great stimulator; and per-

haps the success of their early principles might have reconciled them to their embarrassing monotony. Few persons have strength and simplicity of mind (without some additional inducement) to be always harping on the same string, or to put up with the legitimate variety to be found in an abstract principle, applicable to all emergencies. They like changeable silks better than homespun. A sensible man once mentioned to me his having called on ——— that morning, who entertained him with a *tirade* against the Bourbons for two hours; but he said he did not at all feel convinced that he might not have been writing Ultra-royalist paragraphs for the ———, just before he came, in their favour, and only shifted his side of the argument, as a man who is tired of lying too long on one side of his body is glad to turn to the other. There was much shrewdness, but equal probability in this conjecture.

I think the spirit of partisanship is of use in a point of view that has not been distinctly adverted to. It serves as a conductor to carry off our antipathies and ill-blood in a quarter and a manner that is least hurtful to the general weal. A thorough partisan is a good hater; but he hates only one side of a question, and that the *outside*. His bigotry throws human nature into strong light and shade; he has his sympathies as well as antipathies; it is not all black or a dull drab-colour. He does not generalise in his contempt or disgust, or proceed from individuals to universals. He lays the faults and vices of mankind to the account of sects and parties, creeds and classes. Man in himself is a good sort of animal. It is the being a Tory or a Whig (as it may happen) that makes a man a knave or fool; but then we hardly look upon him as of the same species with ourselves. Kings are not arbitrary, or priests hypocritical, because they are men, but because they are kings and priests. We form certain nominal abstractions of these classes, which the more we dislike them, the less natural do they seem, and leave the general character of the species untouched, or act as a foil to it. There is nothing that is a greater damper to party spirit than to suggest that the errors and enormities of

both sides arise from certain inherent dispositions, common to the species. It shocks the liberal and enlightened among us, to suppose that under any circumstances they could become bigots, tools, persecutors. They wipe their hands clean of all such aspersions. There is a great gulph of prejudice and passion placed between us and our opponents; and this is interpreted into a natural barrier and separation of sentiment and feeling. "Our withers are unwrung." Burke represented modern revolutionists to himself, under the equivocal similitude of "green-eyed, spring-nailed, velvet-pawed philosophers, whether going on two legs or on four;" and thus removed to a distance from his own person all the ill attributes with which he had complimented the thorough-bred metaphysician. By comparing the plausible qualities of a Minister of state to the sleekness of the panther, I myself seem to have no more affinity with that whole genus, than with the whiskers and claws of that formidable and spirited animal. Bishop Taylor used to reprimand his rising pride by saying at the sight of a reprobate, "There goes my wicked self:" we do not apply the same method politically, and say "There goes my Tory or my Jacobin self." We suppose the two things incompatible. The Calvinist damns the Arminian, the Protestant the Papist, &c. but it is not for a difference of nature, but an opposition of opinion. The spirit of partizanship is not a spirit of our misanthropy. But for

the vices and errors of example and institution, mankind are (on this principle) only a little lower than the angels: it is false doctrine and absurd prejudices that make demons of them. The only original sin is differing in opinion with us: of that they are curable like any occasional disorder, and the man comes out, from beneath the husk of his party and prejudices, pure and immaculate. Make proselytes of them, let them come over to our way of thinking, and they are a different race of beings quite. This is to be effected by the force of argument and the progress of knowledge. It is well, it is perfectly well. We cast the slough of our vices with the shibboleth of our party; a Reform in Parliament would banish all knavery and folly from the land. It is not the same wretched little mischievous animal, man, that is alike under all denominations and all systems, and in whom different situations and notions only bring out different inherent, incorrigible vices and propensities; but the professions and the theory being changed for the one, which we think the only true and infallible one, the whole world, by the mere removal of our arbitrary prejudices and modes of thinking, would become as sincere, as benevolent, as independent and as worthy people as we are! To hate and proscribe half the species under various pretexts and nicknames, seems, therefore, the only way to entertain a good opinion of ourselves and mankind in general.

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 CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

## Lives of the Poets.

## No. II.

## SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE life of Sir William Jones has been written by his friend Lord Teignmouth with that minuteness which the character of so illustrious and extraordinary a man deserved. He was born in London on the twenty-eighth of September, 1746. His father, whose Christian name he bore, although sprung immediately from a race of yeomen in Anglesea, could yet, like many a Cambro-Bri-

ton beside, have traced his descent, at least in a maternal line, from the ancient princes of Wales. But what distinguished him much more was, that he had attained so great a proficiency in the study of mathematics as to become a teacher of that branch of science in the English metropolis, under the patronage of Sir Isaac Newton, and rose to such reputation by his writings, that he at-

tracted the notice and esteem of the powerful and the learned, and was admitted to the intimacy of the Earls of Hardwicke and Macclesfield; Lord Parker, President of the Royal Society; Halley; Mead; and Samuel Johnson. By his wife, Mary, the daughter of a cabinet-maker in London, he had two sons, one of whom died an infant, and a daughter. In three years after the birth of the remaining son, the father himself died, and left the two children to the protection of their mother. An extraordinary mark of her presence of mind sufficiently indicated how capable this mother was of executing the difficult duty imposed on her by his decease. Doctor Mead had pronounced his case, which was a polypus on the heart, to be a hopeless one; and her anxious precautions from reaching him were on the point of being defeated by the arrival of a letter of condolence and consolation from an injudicious but well-meaning friend, when, on discovering its purport, she had sufficient address to substitute the lively dictates of her own invention for the real contents of the epistle, and by this affectionate delusion not merely to satisfy the curiosity but to cheer the spirits of her dying husband.

So great was her solicitude for the improvement of her son, that she declined the pressing instances of the Countess of Macclesfield to reside under her roof, lest she should be hindered from attending exclusively to that which was now become her main concern. To the many inquiries which the early vivacity of the boy prompted him to put to her, the invariable answer she returned was, *read, and you will know*. This assurance, added to the other means of instruction, from which her fondness, or more probably her discernment, induced her to exclude every species of severity, were so efficacious that in his fourth year he was able to read at sight any book in his own language. Two accidents occurred to hinder this rapid advancement from proceeding. Once he narrowly escaped being consumed by flames from having fallen into the fire, while endeavouring to scrape down some soot from the chimney of a room in which he had been left

alone; and was rescued only in consequence of the alarm given to the servants by his shrieks. At another time, his eye was nearly put out by one of the hooks of his dress, as he was struggling under the hands of the domestic who was putting on his clothes. From the effects of this injury his sight never completely recovered.

In his fifth year he received a strong impression from reading the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse. The man must have a cold imagination who would deny that this casual influence might have first disclosed not only the lofty and ardent spirit, but even that insatiable love of learning, by which he was afterwards distinguished above all his contemporaries. Amidst the general proscription of reading adapted to excite wonder, that germ of knowledge, in the minds of our children, it is lucky that the Bible is still left them.

At the end of his seventh year he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Thackeray, the master of Harrow school; but had not been there two years before a fracture of his thigh-bone, that happened in a scramble among his play-fellows, occasioned another suspension of his studies. During the twelvemonth which he now passed at home with his mother, he became so conversant with several writers in his own language, especially Dryden and Pope, that he set himself about making imitations of them.

On his return to Harrow, no allowance was made for the inevitable consequences of this interruption: he was replaced in the class with those boys whose classical learning had been progressive while his was stationary, or rather retrograde, and unmerited chastisement was inflicted on him for his inferiority to those with whom he had wanted the means of maintaining an equality. Impelled either by fear, by shame, or by emulation, he laboured hard in private to repair his losses; of his own accord recurred to the rudiments of the grammar; and was so diligent that he speedily outstripped all his juvenile competitors.

In his twelfth year he entered into a scheme for representing a play in conjunction with his schoolfellows;

but instead of seeking his Dramatic Persons among the heroes of Homer, as Pope had done in his boyhood, Jones, by a remarkable effort of memory, committed to paper what he retained of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, which he had read at his mother's; and himself sustained the part of Prospero in that Comedy. Meanwhile his poetical faculty did not lie dormant. He turned into English verse all Virgil's *Eclogues* and several of Ovid's *Epistles*; and wrote a Tragedy on the fable of *Meleager*, which was acted during the holidays by himself and his comrades, and in which he sustained the character of the hero. A short specimen of the drama is preserved. The language brings to our recollection that of the *Mock Tragedy* in *Hamlet*.

When the other boys were at their sports, Jones continued to linger over his book, or, if he mingled in their diversions, his favourite objects were still uppermost in his thoughts; he directed his playmates to divide the fields into compartments to which he gave the names of the several Grecian republics; allotted to each their political station; and "wielding at will the fierce democracies," arranged the complicated concerns of peace and war, attack and defence, councils, harangues, and negotiations. Dr. Thackeray was compelled to own that "if his pupil were left naked and friendless on Salisbury plain, he would yet find his way to fame and riches."

On the resignation of that master, the management of the school devolved on Dr. Sumner, by whom Jones, then in his fifteenth year, was particularly distinguished. Such was his zeal, that he devoted whole nights to study; and, not contented with applying himself at school to the classical languages, and during the vacations to the Italian and French, he attained Hebrew enough to enable him to read the psalms in the original, and made himself acquainted with the Arabic character. Strangers, who visited Harrow, frequently inquired for him by the appellation of the great scholar.

Some of his compositions from this time to his twentieth year, which he collected and entitled *Limon*,\*

in imitation of the ancients, are printed among his works. A young scholar who should now glance his eye over the first chapter, containing speeches from Shakspeare and Addison's *Cato* translated into Greek iambs on the model of the Three Tragedians, would put aside the remainder with a smile of complacency at the improvement which has since been made in this species of task under the auspices of Porson.

His mother was urged by several of the legal profession, who interested themselves in his welfare, to place him in the office of a special pleader; but considerations of prudence, which represented to her that the course of education necessary to qualify him for the practice of the law was exceedingly expensive and the advantages remote, hindered her from acquiescing in their recommendation; at the same time that his own inclination and the earnest wishes of his master concurred in favour of prosecuting his studies at college. Which of the two universities should have the credit of perfecting instruction thus auspiciously commenced was the next subject of debate. But the advice of Dr. Glasse, then a private tutor at Harrow, prevailing over that of the head master, who, by a natural partiality for the place of his own education would have given the preference to Cambridge, he was in 1764 admitted of University College in Oxford, whither his mother determined to remove her residence, either for the purpose of superintending his health and morals, or of enjoying the society of so excellent a son.

Before quitting school he presented to his friend Parnell, nephew of the poet, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, a manuscript volume of English verses, consisting, among other pieces, of that essay which some years after he moulded into his *Arcadia*; and of translations from Sophocles, Theocritus, and Horace. If the encouragement of Dr. Sumner had not been overruled by the dissuasion of his more cautious friends, he would have committed to the press his Greek and Latin compositions, among which was a Comedy in imitation of the style of Aristophanes, entitled *Normo*.

\* *Limon*, a meadow.



Like many other lads, whose talents have unfolded in all their luxuriance under the kindness of an indulgent master, he experienced a sudden chill at his first transplantation into academic soil. His reason was perplexed amid the intricacies of the school logic, and his taste revolted by the barbarous language that enveloped it.

On the 31st of October he was unanimously elected to one of the four scholarships founded by Sir Simon Bennet. But as he had three seniors, his prospect of a fellowship was distant; and he was anxious to free his mother from the inconvenience of contributing to his support. His disgust for the University, however, was fortunately not of long continuance. The college tutors relieved him from an useless and irksome attendance on their lectures, and judiciously left the employment of his time at his own disposal. He turned it to a good account in perusing the principal Greek historians and poets, together with the whole of Lucian and of Plato; writing notes, and exercising himself in imitations of his favourite authors as he went on. In order to facilitate his acquisition of the Arabic tongue, more particularly with regard to its pronunciation, he engaged a native of Aleppo, named Mirza, whom he met with in London, to accompany him to Oxford, and employed him in retranslating the Arabian Nights' Entertainments into their original language, whilst he wrote out the version himself as the other dictated, and corrected the inaccuracies by the help of a grammar and lexicon. The affinity which he discovered between this language and the modern Persian, induced him to extend his researches to the latter dialect; and he thus laid the foundation of his extraordinary knowledge in oriental literature.

During the vacations he usually resorted to London, where he was assiduous in his attendance on the schools of Angelo, for the sake of accomplishing himself in the manly exercises of fencing and riding; and, at home, directed his attention to modern languages, and familiarised himself with the best writers in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese: "thus," he observed, "with the fortune of

a peasant, he gave himself the education of a prince."

The year after his entrance at college, he accepted a proposal that was made him to undertake the education of Lord Althorpe, then a child about seven years old; and for that purpose spent much of his time at Wimbledon, where he composed many of his English poems, and studied attentively the Hebrew Bible, particularly the prophetic writings, and the book of Job.

In the summer of 1766, a fellowship of University College unexpectedly became vacant; and being conferred on Jones, secured him the enjoyment of that independence which he had so much desired. With independence he seems to have been satisfied; for, on his return to Wimbledon, he declined an offer made him by the Duke of Grafton, then first Lord of the Treasury, of the place of interpreter for eastern languages. The same answer which conveyed his refusal recommended in earnest terms his friend Mirza as one fitted to perform the duties of the office, but the application remained unnoticed; and he regretted that his inexperience in such matters had prevented him from adopting the expedient of nominally accepting the employment for himself and consigning the profits of it to the Syrian.

In 1767 he began his treatise *De Poesi Asiatica*, on the plan of Lowth's *Prælectiones*, and composed a Persian grammar for the use of a school-fellow, who was about to go to India. His usual course of study was for a short time interrupted by an attendance on Earl Spencer, the father of his pupil, to Spa. The ardour of his curiosity as a linguist made him gladly seize the opportunity afforded him by this expedition of obtaining some knowledge of German. Nor was he so indifferent to slighter accomplishments as not to avail himself of the instructions of a celebrated dancing master at Aix-la-Chapelle. He had before taken lessons from Gallini in that trifling art. From a pensioner at Chelsea he had learnt the use of the broadsword. He afterwards made an attempt, in which, however, he does not seem to have persevered, to become a performer on the national instrument of his forefathers, the harp. Ambition of such

various attestations reminds us of what is related concerning the Admirable Crichton, and Pico of Mirandola.

Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark, who in 1768 was on a visit to this country, had brought with him a Persian history of Nadir Shah in manuscript, which he was desirous to have translated from that language into the French. On this occasion Jones was applied to by one of the under secretaries to the Duke of Grafton, to gratify the wishes of the Danish monarch. The task was so little to his mind that he would have excused himself from engaging in it; and he accordingly suggested Major Dow, a gentleman already distinguished by his translations from the Persian, as one fit to be employed; but he likewise pleading his other numerous occupations as a reason for not undertaking this, and the application to Jones being renewed, with an intimation that it would be disgraceful to the country if the King should be compelled to take the manuscript into France, he was at length stimulated to a compliance. At the expiration of a twelvemonth, during which interval it had been more than once eagerly demanded, the work was accomplished. The publication of it was completed in 1770, and forty copies were transmitted to the court of Denmark. To the history was appended a treatise on Oriental poetry, written also in French. One of the chief difficulties imposed on the translator had been the necessity of using that language in the version, of which it could not be expected that he should possess an entire command; but to obviate this inconvenience, he called in the aid of a Frenchman who corrected the inaccuracies in the diction. Christian expressed himself well satisfied with the manner in which his intentions had been fulfilled: but a diploma, constituting the translator a member of the Royal Society at Copenhagen, together with an earnest recommendation of him to the regard of his own sovereign, were the sole rewards of his labour. Of the history he afterwards published an abridgment in English.

The predilection he had conceived for the Muses of the East, whom

with the blind idolatry of a lover, he exalted above those of Greece and Rome, was further strengthened by his intercourse with an illustrious foreigner whom they had almost as much captivated. The person, with whom this similarity of taste connected him, was Charles Reviczki, afterwards imperial minister at Warsaw, and ambassador at the English court with the title of Count. Their correspondence, which turns principally on the object of their common pursuit, and is written in the French and Latin languages, commenced in 1768. At this time he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the summer of the ensuing year, Jones accompanied his pupil to the school at Harrow. During his residence there he transcribed his Persian grammar. He had already begun a dictionary of that language, with illustrations of the principal words from celebrated writers, a work of vast labour, which he resolved not to prosecute without the assurance of an adequate remuneration from the East India Company.

At the entreaty of Dr. Glasse, he now dedicated some portion of his time to religious inquiry. The result was a conviction of the truth of Christianity, in his belief of which, it is said, he had hitherto been unconfirmed. In the winter he made a second visit to the Continent with the family of his noble patron. After a longer stay at Paris than was agreeable to him, they passed down the Rhine to Lyons, and thence proceeded by Marseilles, Fréjus, and Antibes, to Nice. At the last of these places they resided long enough to allow of his returning to his studies, which were divided between the arts of music and painting; the mathematics; and military tactics,—a science of which he thought no Briton could, without disgrace, be ignorant. He also wrote a treatise on education; and began a tragedy, entitled Soliman, on the murder of the son of that monarch by the treachery of his step-mother. Of the latter, although it appears from one of his letters that he had completed it, no traces were found among his papers, except a prefatory discourse too unfinished to meet the public eye. The subject has been treated by Champfort, a late French writer, and

one of the best among Racine's school, in a play called *Mustapha and Zean-gir*. I do not recollect, and have not now the means of ascertaining, whether that fine drama, the *Solimano* of Prospero Bonarelli, is founded on the same tragic incident in the Turkish History.

An excursion which he had meditated to Florence, Rome, and Naples, he was under the necessity of postponing to a future occasion. On his way back he diverged to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire; but was disappointed, as the Frenchman excused himself, on account of age and sickness, from conversing with a stranger. At Paris he succeeded by the help of some previous knowledge of the Chinese character, and by means of Couplet's Version of the Works of Confucius, in construing a poem by that writer, from a selection in the king's library, and sent a literal version of it to his friend Reviczki. From the French Capital the party returned through Spa to England. During their short residence at Spa he sketched the plan of an epic poem, on the discovery of Britain by the Prince of Tyre. The suggestion and advice of his friends, who thought that abilities and attainments like his required a more extensive sphere of action than was afforded them by the discharge of his duties as a private tutor, strengthened, probably, by a consciousness of his own power, induced him to relinquish that employment, and henceforward to apply himself to the study and practice of the law. An almost enthusiastic admiration of the legal institutions of his own country, a pure and ardent zeal for civil liberty, and an eminent independence and uprightness of mind, were qualifications that rendered this destination of his talents not less desirable in a public view than it was with reference to his individual interests. He accordingly entered himself a member of the Temple, on the 19th of September, 1770. To faculties of so comprehensive a grasp, the abandonment of his philological researches was not indispensable for the successful prosecution of his new pursuit. Variety was perhaps even a necessary aliment of his active mind, which without it might have drooped and languished. Indeed, the culti-

vation of eastern learning eventually proved of singular service to him in his juridical capacity.

In 1771 he published in French a pamphlet in answer to Anquetil du Perron's Attack on the University of Oxford, in the discourse prefixed to his "*Zind-Avesta*;" and entered on "*A History of the Turks*," the introduction to which was printed, but not made public till after his death. He had a design to apply for the office of minister at Constantinople, in the event of a termination of the war with Russia, and looked forward with eagerness to an opportunity of contemplating the Turkish manners at their source. A small volume of his poems, consisting chiefly of translations from the Eastern languages, with two prose dissertations annexed, made their appearance in the following year, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. From the preface to the poems, it appears that his relish for the Greek and Roman writers had now returned; and that he justly regarded them as the standard of true taste. His terms not having been regularly kept in the University, (where his mother and sister had still continued to reside) he did not take his degree of Master of Arts till the Easter of 1773. In the January following he was called to the bar. At the conclusion of the preface to his *Commentaries de Poesi Asiatica*, published at this period, he announces his determination to quit the service of the muses, and apply himself entirely to his professional studies. In a letter to Reviczki, of February, 1775, we find him declaring that he no longer intended to solicit the embassy to Constantinople. This year he attended the spring circuit, and sessions at Oxford; and the next was appointed one of the commissioners of bankrupts, and was to be found regularly as a legal practitioner in Westminster Hall. At the same time, that he might not lose sight of classical literature, he was assiduous in his perusal of the Grecian orators, and employed himself in a version of the Orations of *Isæus*; nor does he appear to have broken off his correspondence with learned foreigners, among whom were the youngest Schultens, and G. S. Michaelis. The translation of *Isæus*, which appears to

be executed with fidelity, was published in 1779, with a dedication to Earl Bathurst, in which he declares "his Lordship to have been his greatest, his only benefactor." His late appointment is the obligation to which he refers.

A vacancy had now occurred on the bench at Fort William, in Bengal; and Jones was regarded by his brethren at the bar as the fittest person to occupy that station. The patronage of the minister, however, was requisite to this office; and the violent measures which government had lately adopted, with respect to the American Colonies, were far from being such as accorded with his notions of freedom and justice. He was resolved that no consideration should induce him to surrender the independence of his judgment on this, or any other national topic. "If the minister," says he, in one of his letters to his pupil, Lord Althorpe, "be offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak of public affairs, and on that account, shall refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence without a debt, or a care of any kind." His patriotic feelings displayed themselves in a Latin Ode to Liberty, published in March, 1780, under the title of *Julii Melesigoni ad Libertatem*, an assumed name, formed by an anagram of his own in Latin.

The resignation of Sir Robert Newdigate, one of the members returned to parliament for the University of Oxford, in the meantime, induced several members of that learned body, who were friendly to Jones, to turn their eyes towards him as their future representative. The choice of a candidate undistinguished by birth or riches, and recommended solely by his integrity, talents, and learning, would have reflected the highest honour on his constituents; but many being found to be disinclined to his interest, it was thought more prudent to relinquish the canvass. He published in July a small pamphlet, entitled, an Enquiry into the Legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence. The insurrection which had for some days disgraced the British metropolis, at the begin-

ning of June, suggested the publication of this tract. In the autumn of this year he made a journey to Paris, as he had done the preceding summer. During a fortnight's residence in that capital, he attended some causes at the Palais; obtained access to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which opened to him a nearer insight into the manners of the ancient Arabians; and mingled in the society of as many of the American leaders as he could fall in with, purposing to collect materials for a future history of their unhappy contest with the mother country. In the midst of this keen pursuit of professional and literary eminence he had the misfortune to lose his mother, who had lived long enough to see her tenderness and assiduity in the conduct of his education amply rewarded.

An Essay on the Law of Bailments, and the translation of an Arabian Poem on the Mohammedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, to the latter of which undertakings he was incited by his views of preferment in the East, testified his industry in the pursuit of his legal studies; while on the other hand, several short poems evinced, from time to time, his intended relinquishment of the tuneful art to be either impracticable or unnecessary.

In the summer of 1782 the interests of one of his clients led him again to Paris, from whence he returned by the circuitous route of Normandy, and the United Provinces. In the spring of this year he had become a member of the Society for Constitutional Information. A more equal representation of the people in parliament was at this time the subject of general discussion, and he did not fail to stand forward as the strenuous champion of a measure which seemed likely to infuse new spirit and vigour into our constitutional liberties. His sentiments were publicly professed in a speech before the meeting assembled at the London Tavern, on the 28th of May; and he afterwards gave a wider currency to them from the press. He maintained that the representation ought to be nearly equal and universal; an opinion in which few would now be found to coincide; and which, if he

had lived a little longer, he would probably himself have acknowledged to be erroneous. At Paris, he had written a Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government, and it was published by the Society. A bill of indictment was found against the Dean of St. Asaph, whose sister he afterwards married, for an edition printed in Wales; and Jones avowed himself the author.

In the beginning of 1783 appeared his translation of the seven Arabian poems, suspended in the temple at Mecca about the commencement of the sixth century.

In the March of this year, he was gratified by the long desired appointment to the office of judge in the supreme court of judicature, at Fort-William, in Bengal, which was obtained for him through the interest of Lord Ashburton; and he received the honour of knighthood usually conferred on that occasion. The divisions among his political friends after the decease of that excellent nobleman, the Marquis of Rockingham, afforded him an additional motive for wishing to be employed at a distance from his country, which he no longer hoped to see benefited by their exertions. He was immediately afterwards united to Anna Maria Shipley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, a learned and liberal prelate. His attachment to this lady had been of long continuance, and he had been waiting only for an honourable independence before he could resolve to join the fortunes of one so tenderly beloved to his own.

Sir William Jones embarked for the East in April, 1783. It is impossible not to sympathise with the feelings of a scholar about to visit places over which his studies had thrown the charm of a mysterious interest; to explore treasures that had rested as yet in darkness to European eyes; and to approach the imagined cradle of human science and art. During his voyage he made the following memoranda of objects for his inquiry, and of works to be begun or executed during his residence in Asia.

1. The Laws of the Hindus and Mahomedans.
2. The History of the Ancient World.
3. Proofs and Illustrations of Scripture.

4. Traditions concerning the Deluge, &c.
5. Modern Politics, and Geography of Hindustan.
6. Best Mode of Governing Bengal.
7. Arithmetic and Geometry, and Mixed Sciences of the Asiatics.
8. Medicine, Chemistry, Surgery, and Anatomy, of the Indians.
9. Natural Productions of India.
10. Poetry, Rhetoric, and Morality of Asia.
11. Music of the Eastern Nations.
12. The Shi-King, or 300 Chinese Odes.
13. The best Accounts of Thibet and Cashmir.
14. Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and Commerce of India.
15. Mogul Constitution contained in the Deferi Alemgihri, and Ayein Acbari.
16. Mahratta Constitution.

To print and publish the Gospel of St. Luke, in Arabic.

To publish Law Tracts, in Persian or Arabic.

To print and publish the Psalms of David, in Persian Verse.

To compose, if God grant me life,

1. Elements of the Laws of England.  
Model—the Essay on Bailment. Aris-  
tole.
2. The History of the American War.  
Model—Thucydides and Polybius.
3. Britain Discovered, an Heroic Poem on  
the Constitution of England.  
Machinery. Hindu Gods.  
Model—Homer.
4. Speeches, Political and Forensic.  
Model—Demosthenes.
5. Dialogues, Philosophical and Historical.  
Model—Plato.
6. Letters.  
Model—Demosthenes and Plato.

In the course of the voyage the vessel touched at Madeira; and in ten weeks after quitting Cape Verd Islands arrived at that of Hinzuam or Joanna, of which he has left a very lively and pleasing description.

In September he landed at Calcutta; and before the conclusion of the year, entered on the performance of his judicial function, and delivered his first charge to the grand jury, on the opening of the sessions. This address was such as not to disappoint the high expectations that had been formed of him before his arrival.

It was evident that the leisure, or perhaps even the undivided attention and labour of no one man, could have sufficed for prosecuting researches so

extensive and arduous as those he had marked out for himself. The association of others in this design was the obvious method of remedying the difficulty. At his suggestion, accordingly, an institution was, in January, 1784, framed as closely as possible on the model of the Royal Society in London; and the presidency was offered to Mr. Hastings, then Governor-general in India, who not only was a liberal encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, but had made himself a proficient in the former of these languages at a time when its importance had not been duly appreciated; and was familiarly versed in the common dialects of Bengal. That gentleman, however, declining the honour, and recommending that it should be conferred on the proposer of the scheme, he was consequently elected president. The names of Chambers, Gladwyn, Hamilton, and Wilkins, among others, evince that it was not difficult for him to find coadjutors. How well the institution has answered the ends for which it was formed the public has seen in the Asiatic Researches.

A thorough acquaintance with the religion and literature of India appeared to be attainable through no other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit; and he therefore applied himself without delay to the acquisition of that language. It was not long before he found that his health would oblige him to some restriction in the intended prosecution of his studies. In a letter written a few days after his arrival in India, he informs one of his friends that "as long as he stays in India, he does not expect to be free from a bad digestion, the morbus literatorum; for which there is hardly any remedy but abstinence from too much food, literary and culinary. I rise," he adds, "before the sun, and bathe after a gentle ride; my diet is light and sparing, and I go early to rest; yet the activity of my mind is too strong for my constitution, though naturally not infirm; and I must be satisfied with a valetudinarian state of health." All these precautions, however, did not avail to secure him from violent and reiterated attacks. In 1784 he travelled to the city of Benares, by the route of

Guyah, celebrated as the birth-place of the philosopher Boudh, and the resort of Hindu pilgrims from all parts of the East; and returned by Gour, formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Bengal. During this journey he laboured for some time under a fit of illness that had nearly terminated his life. Yet no sooner did he become a convalescent than he applied himself to the study of botany, and composed a metrical tale, entitled *The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife*; and a *Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India*; the latter of which he communicated to the Society. He had not been many months settled after his return to Calcutta, when he found the demand made on him for his company, by the neighbourhood of that place, so frequent as to produce a troublesome interruption to the course of his literary engagements. He therefore looked out for a situation more secluded, to which he might betake himself during the temporary cessations of his official duties; and made choice of *Christnanagur*, at the distance of about fifty miles, which, besides a dry soil and pure air, possessed an additional recommendation in its vicinity to a *Hindu College*. Indeed he omitted no means that could tend to facilitate his acquaintance with the learning and manners of the natives. A considerable portion of his income was set aside for the purpose of supporting their scholars, whom he engaged for his instruction.

The administration of justice was frequently interrupted by the want of integrity in the *Pundits*, or expounders of the statutes. To prevent the possibility of such deception, this upright magistrate undertook to compile and translate a body of *Hindu and Mohammedan laws*, and to form a digest of them in imitation of that of the *Roman law* framed by the order of the Emperor *Justinian*. The mind can scarcely contemplate a plan of utility more vast or splendid than one which aimed at preserving the fountain of right uncontaminated for twenty millions of people. During the period of sessions and term, when his attendance was required at Calcutta, he usually resided on the banks of the *Ganges*, five miles from the court.

In 1785 a periodical work, called the Asiatic Miscellany, which has been erroneously attributed to the Asiatic Society, was undertaken at Calcutta; and to the first two volumes, which appeared in that and the following year, he contributed six hymns addressed to Hindu deities; a literal version of twenty tales and fables of Nizami, expressly designed for the help of students in the Persian language; and several smaller pieces.

A resolution, which had passed the Board of the Executive Government of Bengal, for altering the mode of paying the salaries of the judges, produced from him a very spirited remonstrance. The affair, however, seems to have been misconceived by himself and his brethren on the Bench; and on its being explained the usual harmony was restored. At the commencement of 1786, while this matter was pending, he made a voyage to Chatigan, the boundary of the British dominions in Bengal towards the east. In this "Indian Montpelier," where he describes "the hillocks covered with pepper vines, and sparkling with blossoms of the coffee tree," in addition to his other literary researches he twice perused the poem of Ferdausi, consisting of above sixty thousand couplets. This he considered to be an epic poem as majestic and entire as the Iliad; and thought the outline of it related to a single hero, Khoarau, (the Cyrus of Herodotus and Xenophon), whom, as he says, "the Asiatics, conversing with the Father of European History, described according to their popular traditions by his true name, which the Greek alphabet could not express." A nearer acquaintance with the great epic bard of Persia had now taught him therefore to retract the assertion he had made in his Commentary on Asiatic Poetry, that "the hero, as it is called, of the poem, was that well known Hercules of the Persians, named Rnstem; although there are several other heroes, or warriors, to each of whom their own particular glory is assigned." At the time of writing this, he had an intention, if leisure should be allowed him, of translating the whole work. A version of Ferdausi, either in verse unfettered by rhyme, or in such numerous prose as the prophetic

parts of the Bible are translated into, would, I think, be the most valuable transfer that our language is now capable of receiving from foreign tongues.

In 1787 he flattered himself that his constitution had overcome the climate; but his apprehensions were awakened for the health of Lady Jones, to which it had been yet more unfavourable; and he resolved, if some amendment did not appear likely, to urge her return to her native country; preferring, he said, the pang of separation for five or six years, to the anguish, which he should hardly survive, of losing her.

At the beginning of 1789 appeared the first volume of the Society's Researches, selected by the President. Two other volumes followed during his life-time, and a fourth was ready for the press at the time of his decease.

In the same year he published his version of an ancient Indian drama of Calidas, entitled Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring; a wild and beautiful composition, which makes us desire to see more by the same writer, who has been termed the Shakspeare of India, and who lived in the last century before the Christian era. The doubts suggested by the critics in England, concerning the authenticity of this work, he considered as scarcely deserving of a serious reply.

In his discourses, delivered before the Society, he discusses the origin of the several nations which inhabit the great continent of Asia, together with its borderers, mountaineers, and islanders; points out the advantages to be derived from the concurrent researches of the members of the Society, amongst which the confirmation of the Mosaic account of the primitive world is justly insisted on as the most important; and enlarges on the philosophy of the Asiatics. Besides several other essays, particular dissertations are allotted to the subjects of the Indian chronology; the antiquity of their zodiac, which he maintains not to have been formed from the Greeks or Arabs; the literature of the Hindus; and the musical modes used by that people.

In the course of the last two years he edited the Persian poem by Hattifi, of Latife and Mejnoun, the Petrarch and Laura of the Orientals.

The book was published at his own cost; and the profits of the sale appropriated to the relief of insolvent debtors in the goal at Calcutta.

In 1793 Lady Jones, to whose constitution, naturally a weak one, the climate continued still unpropitious, embarked for England. The physicians had long recommended a return to Europe as necessary for the restoration of her health, or rather as the only means of preserving her life; but her unwillingness to quit her husband had hitherto retained her in India. His eagerness to accomplish his great object of preparing the Code of Laws for the natives would not suffer him to accompany her. He hoped, however, that by the ensuing year he should have executed his design; and giving up the intention he had had of making a circuit through Persia and China on his return, he determined to follow her then without any deviation from his course. In the beginning of 1794 he published a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, on which he had been long employed, and which may be regarded as initiatory to his more copious pandect.

The last twenty years of his life he proposed passing in a studious retreat after his return to England; and had even commissioned one of his friends to look out for a pleasant country-house in Middlesex, with a garden, and ground to pasture his cattle.

But this prospect of future ease and enjoyment was not to be realized. The event, which put an unexpected end both to that and to his important scheme for the public advantage, cannot be so well related as in the words of Lord Teignmouth. "On the 20th of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of agueish symptoms, mentioning his intention of taking some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that "an ague in the spring is medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal,

an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician who after two or three days was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants, alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event: not a moment was lost in repairing to his house. He was lying on a bed, in a posture of meditation, and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features, and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone in our last moments it can be found." "The funeral ceremony," adds his noble biographer, "was performed on the following day, with the honours due to his public station; and the numerous attendance of the most respectable British inhabitants of Calcutta evinced their sorrow for his loss, and their respect for his memory. The Pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *darbar*, a few days after that melancholy event, could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made in the sciences which they professed."

A domestic affliction of the severest kind was spared him by his removal from life. Eight years after that event, his sister, who was married to an opulent merchant retired from business, perished miserably, in consequence of her clothes having taken fire.

His large collection of Sanscrit, Arabic, and other eastern manuscripts, was presented by his widow to the Royal Society. A catalogue



of them, compiled by Mr. Wilkins, is inserted in his works.

The following list of desiderata was found among his papers, after his decease.

**India.**

The Ancient Geography of India, &c. from the Purānas.

A Botanical Description of Indian Plants, from the Coshās, &c.

A Grammar of the Sanscrit Language, from Pānini.

A Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language, from thirty-two original Vocabularies and Niructi.

On the ancient Music of the Indians.

On the Medical Substances of India, and the Indian Art of Medicine.

On the Philosophy of the Ancient Indians.

A Translation of the Vēdas.

On Ancient Indian Geometry, Astronomy, and Algebra.

A Translation of the Purānas.

Translation of the Mahābharat, and Rāmāyan.

On the Indian Theatre, &c. &c.

On the Indian Constellations, with their Mythology, from the Purānas.

The History of India, before the Mohammedan Conquest, from the Sanscrit Cashmir Histories.

**Arabia.**

The History of Arabia before Mohammed.

A Translation of the Hamāsa.

A Translation of Hariri.

A Translation of the Fācabatāl Khulafā. Of the Cāfiāh.

**Persia.**

The History of Persia, from authorities in Sanscrit, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Persian, ancient and modern.

The Five Poems of Nizāmi, translated in prose.

A Dictionary of pure Persian—Jehangiri.

**China.**

Translation of the Shī-cing.

The Text of Con-fu-tsu, verbally translated.

**Tartary.**

A History of the Tartar Nations, chiefly of the Moguls and Othmans, from the Turkish and Persian.

By an unanimous vote of the East India Company Directors, it was resolved, that a cenotaph, with a suitable inscription, should be raised to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral; and that a statue of him should be sent to Bengal, for the purpose of being placed there in a proper situation.

A monument has also been erected to his memory in the anti-chapel of

University College, Oxford, by Lady Jones, with the following inscription :

M. S.

Galleim Jones equitis aurati,

Magis amulavit gloria.

Ingenium in illo erat scientiarum omnium capax.

Disciplinisque optimis diligentissimè exercitum.

Erat indoles ad virtutem eximia.

Et in Justitiā, Libertate, Religione vindicandā

Maximè probata.

Quicquid autem illa vel honestum

Conallia, Exemplo, Ancoritate virus promoveret.

Id omne scriptis suis immortalibus

Etiam nunc tuetur atque ornat.

Prestantissimum hunc virum,

Cum a provincia Bengalā,

Ubi Judicia integerrimè munus

Per decennium obierat,

Reditum in patriam meditaretur,

Ingressus morbi vis oppressit,

X. Kal. Jun. A. C. MDCCCLXXXIV. ÆL XLVIII.

Ut quibus in ædibus

Ipsæ olim socius inclarusset,

In istadem memoria ejus potissimum conservaretur,

Honorarium hoc monumentum

Anna Maria filia Jonathan Shipley, Episc. Amsph.

Conjugi suo, B. M.

P. C.

To the name of poet, as it implies the possession of an inventive faculty,

Sir William Jones has but little pretension. He borrows much; and what he takes he seldom makes better.

Yet some portion of sweetness and elegance must be allowed him.

In the hymns to the Hindu deities, the imagery, which is derived chiefly from Eastern sources, is novel and attractive.

That addressed to Narayena is in a strain of singular magnificence. The description, in the fourth stanza, of the creative power or intelligence, issuing from the primal germ of being, and questioning itself as to its own faculties, has something in it that fills the mind with wonder.

What four-form'd godhead came,  
With graceful stole and beamy diadem,  
Forth from thy verdant stem?

Full-gifted: Brahma! Rapt in solemn thought

He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw:

But whilst his viewless origin he sought,  
One plain he saw of living waters blue,  
Their spring nor saw nor knew.

Then in his parent stalk again retired,  
With restless pain for ages he inquired  
What were his powers, by whom, and why, conferr'd?

With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fired,

He rose, and rising heard  
Th' unknown, all-knowing word,

Brahma! no more in vain research persist.  
My veil thou canst not move.—Go, bid all worlds exist.

To the hymns he subjoins the first Nemean ode of Pindar, "not only," he says, "in the same measure as

3 A 2

nearly as possible, but almost word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added which are printed in Italic letters." Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing him with Pindar will see how far he is from fulfilling this promise.

Of the Palace of Fortune, an Indian tale, the conclusion is unexpected and affecting.

The Persian song from Hafez is one of those pieces that, by a nameless charm, fasten themselves on the memory.

In the Caissa, or poem on Chess, he is not minute enough to gratify a lover of the game, and too particular to please one who reads it for the poetry. The former will prefer the Scaccia Ludus of Vida, of which it is a professed imitation; and the latter will be satisfied with the few spirited lines which the Abbé de Lille has introduced into his *L'Homme des Champs*, on this subject. Vida's poem is a surprising instance of difficulty overcome, in the manner with which he has moulded the phraseology of the classics to a purpose apparently alien from it; and he has made his mythology agreeable, trivial as it is, by the skill with which it is managed. But I find that both the Caissa, and the Arcadia, which is taken from a paper in the *Guardian*, were done, as the author says, at the age of 16 or 17 years, and were saved from the fire in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest. It is, therefore, hardly fair to judge them very strictly.

His Latin commentary on Asiatic poetry is more valuable for the extracts from the Persian and Arabic poets, which he has brought together in it, than to be commended for any thing else that it contains, or for the style in which it is written. Certain marks of hurry in the composition, which his old school-fellow, Doctor Parr, had intimated to him

with the ingenuousness of a friend and a scholar, are still apparent. He takes up implicitly with that incomplete and partial, though very ingenious system, which Burke had lately put forth in his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. He has supported that writer's definition of Beauty by a quotation from Hermogenes. A better confirmation of his theory might have been adduced from the Philebus of Plato, in which Socrates makes the same distinction as our eloquent countryman has taken so much pains to establish between that sensation which accompanies the removal of pain or danger, and which he calls delight—and positive pleasure.\*

As the work, however, of a young man, the commentary was such as justly to raise high expectations of the writer.

His style in English prose, where he had most improved it, that is, in his discourses delivered in India on Asiatic History and Literature, is opulent without being superfluous; dignified, yet not pompous or inflated. He appears intent only on conveying to others the result of his own inquiries and reflections on the most important topics in as perspicuous a manner as possible; and the embellishments of diction come to him unbidden and unsought. His prolixity does not weary, nor his learning embarrass the reader. If he had been more elaborate, he might have induced a suspicion of artifice; if he had been less so, the weightiness of his matter would seem to have been scarcely enough considered.

But he has higher claims to the gratitude of his country, and of mankind, than either prose or poetry can give. His steady zeal in the cause of liberty, and justice, and truth, is above all praise; and will leave his name among the few

—quos æquus amavit  
Jupiter, aut ardens exivit ad æthera virtus,  
Dis geniti.

\* Ἀληθείας ἴδου τίνας, ὃ Σωκράτης, ὑπολαμβάνων, ἄρθως τίς διασοῖτ' αὖ; ΣΩ. Τὰς περὶ τε τὰ καλὰ λεγόμενα χροίματα, καὶ περὶ τὰ σχήματα, καὶ τῶν ὁσμῶν τὰς πλείστας, καὶ τὰς τῶν φθόγγων, καὶ ὅσα τὰς ἰδέαιας ἀναισθητοῦς ἔχοντα καὶ ἀλίπνοις, τὰς πληρώσεις αἰσθητὰς καὶ ἰδέαιας καθαρὰς λυπῶν παραδίδωσι. "What pleasures then, Socrates, may one justly conclude to be true ones?—Soc. Those which regard both such colours as are accounted beautiful; and figures; and many smells and sounds; and whatsoever things, when they are absent, we neither feel the want of, nor are uneasy for; but when present, we feel and enjoy without any mixture of uneasiness." He then goes on to exemplify these true pleasures in forms, colours, &c. Compare the *De Rep.* p. 584.

## LEISURE HOURS.

## No. IV.

## BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

*From the Homeric Hymns.*

I MUST beseech my numerous readers (or, in other words, the readers of the LONDON) that they will not take their notion of *Bacchus* from the squab personage who counterfeits his presence over the door of a spirit-shop. If their memory, in its range of association, should unluckily light on that blubber-cheeked urchin, with a belly like the tun on which he squats astride, they will infallibly take the part of the *Pirates*, and this will be a serious injury to the poetical justice of the fable. If, however, they go astray in this matter it is no fault of theirs; for most prodigious pains have been taken in *Pantheons* without number to pervert their classical knowledge, and debauch their taste as connoisseurs. I remember in a certain Mr. *Tooke*, there was a print of the god of wine, a sort of *Daniel Lambert* in mythology—a lump of porpoise obesity, trundled along in a car, which, very appropriately, resembled a tub. We used to daub him over lake-colour; and give him eyes like black-heart cherries. This feat in the art of design might possibly have been intended to disgust school-boys with the vice of tipping; but it was a horrible outrage on the figure which I have at this moment before my eyes, in a plaster cast; leaning with easy indolence of composure against the stump of a tree, over which the panther's hide has straggled from his shoulders, and hangs loosely down with the head and paws conspicuous: the legs are crossed, in the manner peculiar to the statues of *Bacchus* and *Apollo*; the fingers are pressing the stops of a flute which he applies to his lips: the head, with the hair short and curled, retains the air of boyhood, while the limbs have the flower and fulness of adolescence: the folds and indentations of the flesh, induced by the natural curvature of the body in its leaning pos-

ture, and the fall in the back, are exquisite; there is nothing sharp, nothing angular; all is smooth in outline: but neither is there anything gross or puffy; nothing reminding us of "a tun of man." This apparently resembles the statue at the villa Albani, over which *Winkelmann*\* shed tears because it had been once mutilated. That also leans against a tree, but it is twisted round with ivy and the folds of a serpent; and the drapery, which in the same manner is thrown over it, has fallen down as low as the waist, instead of descending at once from the shoulders, and it is the trailing folds, that would otherwise sweep the ground, which are gathered up and disposed so as to rest on the branch. Of the belly of this statue it is remarked, that no figure of the antique more perfectly conveys the idea of what *Anacreon* meant by a belly like that of *Bacchus*. So much for the modern tradition. It is remarkable, that some statues of *Apollo* are placed in this posture, leaning against a tree, but with a swan at his feet, and they very much resemble those of *Bacchus* in the physiognomy and shape: in fact, they were often confounded together, and *Macrobius* tells us, that the one God was frequently venerated in the form of the other. (*Saturn*. l. 4, c. 18.) "Painters and poets our indulgence claim," says *Horace* in *Francis's* version of him; their claim should not be allowed by me, in this instance at least: what sacrilegious buffoonery! to confound this twin personification of the *Sun* in *Aries* (symbolized by his horns) with an Olympian jolly companion; a lord of goblet-misrule, and a patron of toppers! It is the same groveling degeneracy of sentiment which has degraded the emblem of elemental fire into a sooty limping blacksmith, and that of the prolific energy of nature into a wrinkled and bearded old man

\* History of the Art of Antiquity; of which there is a French translation by Hubea.

with goats' feet. What a different idea Horace himself conceived of him, notwithstanding Juvenal's assertion, ("satur est cum dicit Horatius Evæ! 7—62") when he feigns himself breaking in upon him unawares among "remote rocks," and finds him uttering oracles to the nymphs! while not only the fountains are gushing with wine, but the rivulets run milk, and honey drops from the oaks! From the cabinet figures of the *babe* Bacchus one would be tempted to conjecture that a colossal infant had been mistaken for a full-grown God; and that some blundering artist had transferred to a form of mature age the dimpled rotundity of visage and prominence of figure, by which it was meant to describe the form of tender childhood. However this be, our elementary systems of mythology faithfully transmit the deception, and keep the gin-shop in countenance. They are not merely "adorned with sculptures," (as the title-page to the folio edition of Dryden's Virgil has it,) after the Sir Tunbelly Clumsy model, but the libel in the text connives at the caricature in the print. The artists, however, are redeeming their character; and, what is somewhat odd, are leaving the dialogue-writers in the lurch. Here is, for instance, Mr. Hort, who has put out a clever little book, entitled the *New Pantheon*; and he "keeps the word of promise to the hope" in the neat outline engraving; but in the text, we have the old story put into the mouth of the pupil in answer to the question, "how was he represented?" "Sometimes as an aged man\* with a venerable beard; (it should have been stated that this was the *Indian* Bacchus, whose marches, like Napoleon's, did not allow him time to *shave*;) but more frequently—(here it comes) as a young man with horns, a *red face*, a *body bloated and puffed up*!" Mr. Hort is a very sensible man, and we do reckon on his erasing this piece of scandal from his very next edition. Let him look at the piece of Roman sculpture in *Montfaucon*, plate 151, where Bacchus, crowned with vine-leaves, in

a tunic reaching only to the knee, and girt about the breast and the slender waist with two girdles at some distance from each other, holds up in his left hand a wand encircled with grapes. He has his *Hebris* or fawn's skin on his shoulders, and above it a mantle, and his *cothurni*, or buskins, on his legs. The image of a young girl stands beside him on a pedestal; one of the *Thyades*, perhaps. What elastic youth, what a spirited air of poetic dignity in the turn of the head, the elevation of the eyes, and the firm, vigorous, and well-planted attitude! Then again, there is the *triumph* of Bacchus, plate 156, where he appears in his *eyrma*, or trailing robe, riding on a chariot like a throne, drawn by four centaurs, that spring different ways in order to give you a full view of the majestic youth, who "turns and winds them" at his pleasure: while *ARIADNE* sits pleased and secure beside him. Who would dare to talk of his *red face*? Once more,—there are two heads in plate 162, which might be mistaken for those of women. Both *Spence* and *Winkelmann*, indeed, describe the youth of Bacchus as distinguished from that of Apollo by its greater *effeminacy*. These gems have a picturesque head-gear, not unlike that of some of the savage women in the South Sea Islands. The *mitra* or fillet, clasped with two gems, binds the brow, and the broad leaves of the vine, disposed fan-fashion, and the inner leaf turned towards you, spread up at the back part of the head, and form a sort of tiara, which leaves the luxuriant hair visible on the top; clusters of grapes are dropping down from the temples below the ears, where they assume the appearance of fantastic ear-rings: the half of the bosom is bared, like the breast of an Amazon. No *bloating*; no *puffing up*. Mr. Hort will turn the poets upon me: he will point, perhaps, to *Dryden's* feast:

The jolly God in triumph comes—

Flush'd with a purple grace

He shows his honest face;

as he does over the liquor-shop: I give him *DRYDEN*; but I have *EURYPIDES* on my side.

\* The heads of the Indian Bacchus represent a *youthful* face, with a Druidical length of beard: the forehead is crowned with *fig-leaves*.

*Arap το μεν σαρμ', &c.*

But thou art *not* in form unsightly, stranger !  
Such as may win the women, for whose sake  
Thou comest to Thebes : for that long hair of thine  
Flows down, not shorn to foil the wrestler's gripe ;  
Even o'er thy cheeks pour'd loose, and full of love.  
Thy skin through delicate care is *clear-complexion'd* ;  
For not beneath the sunbeams, but the shade,  
Thou layest nets for Venus with thy beauty.

*Speech of Pentheus, Bacchæ, 453.*

A similar description of Bacchus is given in the fourth book of the *Endymion* of Keats ; the work of a poet, " sweet silken floweret fading timelessly."

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,  
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,  
With sidelong laughing ;  
And little rills of crimson wine imbued  
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white  
For Venus' pearly bite :  
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,  
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass  
Tipsily quaffing.

I think it is now time for Bacchus to make his *entrée*,

THE HYMN.

Of Bacchus, son of glorious Semele,  
How he appear'd beside the barren sea  
Upon a jutting crag, I now shall speak :  
He seem'd a youth, the down upon his cheek ;  
The locks, that dropp'd in clusters round his head,  
Gleam'd raven-black, and nodded with his tread ;  
His nervous shoulders broad a purple mantle spread.  
Anon there sprang from the ship's banks of oars  
Some Tuscan pirates ; leaping on the shores  
Through the black-surfaced deep, ill-doom'd, unwise ;  
They look'd upon him, and with winking eyes  
And interchanging nods, upon him strait  
Sprang, and on ship-board hurried him elate.  
They said he was of noble kings the son,  
And fain would bind the tightening shackles on.  
They held him not : the withes fell off, and lay,  
Dropt from his arms and ankles, far away.  
He sat, and smiled ; and in his eyeballs bright  
There swam a glory of cærulean light.

The steersman recognized that beaming eye,  
And to his comrades call'd with warning cry ;  
" Ill-fated men ! what strength-excelling God  
Seize ye to bind ? The ship, that on its road  
Plied the lithe sail, sinks powerless with the load :  
Apollo of the silver bow is he,  
Or Jove himself, or Neptune of the sea.  
His bears no semblance to a mortal's face ;  
In aspect like th' Olympus-dwelling race.  
Be quick—dismiss him on the solid land,  
Nor dare to touch him with constraining hand ;  
Lest, if in aught incensed, he call the sweep  
Of baffling blasts and eddies of the deep."  
The chief with thwart reply—" Wretch ! catch the wind !  
Hoist sail, set every rope, the work for men to mind :  
Ægypt, I trust, or Cyprus, if I please,  
This youth shall visit, or the polar seas,

Or climes beyond; in time he shall unfold  
 His friends, his kinsmen, and his stores of gold.  
 Kind Fortune in our way has thrown the prize."—  
 He rears the mast and sail; the crew supplies  
 Each ready rope: a fresh and steady gale  
 Blows in the centre of the heaving sail:—  
 When miracles appear'd; as o'er the tide  
 The bounding vessel dipp'd her sable side,  
 Sweet-flavour'd wine in rills came purling red,  
 And clouds of odour all ambrosian shed: }  
 They gazed with looks astonied, blank, and dead:  
 Upon the top-most yards a broad vine clung  
 Trail'd here and there: the grapes in clusters hung:  
 Round the slim mast the ivy's blacker green  
 Curl'd flowering up, with berries gemm'd between:  
 Wreath'd foliage garlanded each thong-loop'd oar:  
 They saw and call'd, "Ho! pilot, make for shore!"  
 When in their eyes the God transform'd appear'd;  
 A lion on the topmost deck he rear'd  
 His shape, and roar'd: in mid-ship suddenly,  
 By every sign a bear, he ramp'd on high,  
 And shook his shaggy neck: again the prow  
 A lion watch'd, and scowl'd, and glared below.  
 They to the poop fled thronging and, astounded,  
 The wiser steersman in their fear surrounded.  
 Keen-springing at a bound he grasp'd the chief;  
 They saw, they leap'd, impatient of relief;  
 From death within they reckless plunged without:  
 The blessed sea received their hurried rout:  
 Dolphins, they cleft with finny oafs the tide;\*  
 The God the steersman held, and gracious cried,  
 "Good pilot! in my grateful soul confide!  
 I am the shouting Bacchus, born from love  
 Of Cadmus' daughter when embraced by Jove."  
 Hail! boy of fair-eyed Semele! may none  
 Build the sweet rhyme forgetful of her son!—

The readers of that delightful book, the *Metamorphoses*, will recollect that Ovid has taken up the same story. He has treated it with more of dramatic effect, and the part which Bacchus plays has more of stratagem, and more of malice. I question whether the dallying dissimulation of the one partakes so much of the romantic and supernatural, as the serene immobility and deriding silence of the other. Where the God reveals himself, however, Ovid is superior to the Homerida. The un-

real shapes that are grouped around the feet of Bacchus, and the dignified attitude of the God with his thyrsus, exceed infinitely in picturesque taste, and unaffected sublimity, the roaring and ramping machinery of the brute-transformed hero of the hymn: although it must be allowed that the being now a bear, and now a lion, and in different parts of the ship, is a stroke well conceived to exemplify the *ubiquity* of a divinity. Perhaps the reader may like to judge for himself.

METAMORPHOSES, III. X. 649.

The specious God, as if the fraud but now  
 Flash'd on his sense, gazed from the crooked prow  
 O'er the wide prospect of the seas, and shed  
 Apparent tears: "O mariners!" he said,  
 "Not this the promised shore, the prayed for land—  
 What act of mine deserved it at your hand?"

\* This is an *Ovidian* refinement on the original; but it would foist itself in.

Where is the boast if ye, to manhood grown,  
 Deceive a boy? the many mocking one?"  
 I felt mine eyes already fill, but they  
 Laugh'd at my tears, and dash'd with oars the spray:  
 By him, the God himself, I swear to thee,  
 (Nor is there God more prompt to hear than he,)  
 So true the wonders which my tongue shall tell,  
 As that my words all common faith excel.  
 In the mid-sea the ship was felt to stand,  
 As if within the dock it press'd the sand.  
 Amazed they lash their oars and hoist the sail,  
 And strive to win their course by wave and gale.  
 Twined ivy-sprays the tangled oars enring,  
 And round the sails with drooping berries cling:  
 The grapes in clusters on his temples nod;  
 Shrouded in vines he shakes the javelin of the God;  
*Tigers around and shadowy lynxes lie,*  
*And mottled panthers grim are crouching nigh.*

AN IDLER.

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 A BOILED PIG.

A COLONEL of militia, of some note  
 For portly strut, a flaming *martinet*,  
 To government yclep'd of petticoat  
 Did homage; though 'twould put him in a fret  
 To whisper, that *Madame la Colonelle*  
 From the famed Wife of Bath would bear the bell.

The *Major* was a wag, demure and sly,  
 And oft insidiously would jest upon it;  
 And say that in the twinkle of an eye  
 He read the case; the sovereign wore the bonnet;  
 "Nay now," said he, and look'd most grave and big,  
 "You dare not ask your friends to a *boil'd Pig!*"

"I'd have you, Sir, to know (my wife *she* knows it)  
 That in my *own* house I am lord and master;  
 Depend upon't, she'll never ask who *chose* it,  
*Boil'd Pig* I'll have, or to the door I cast her:  
*Major*, you have *carte blanche*; invite to dine  
 Whatever friends *you* wish, as I shall mine."

What pass'd *at home* is all *behind the curtain*—  
 Prayer jocular, or meek solicitation.  
 That the good lady gave consent, is certain,  
 Pleased doubtless with the soft expostulation:  
 Piqued too this fleering *Major* should run riot,  
 Nor let her wear the pantaloons in quiet.

The day arrived; and all the usual set,  
 With friends from ten miles round, be sure, were there:  
 New *Stulz* and silver-paper'd epaulette  
 Then saw the light; and *Martin's* jetty glare  
 Smooth'd neat-toed *Hoby*: all were usher'd in,  
 And made their leg, with something of a grin.

Dinner announced, the *Major* led the *Lady*;  
*She* smirking, *he* all shrugg'd humility;  
 Captain and Ensign, at the sound of "ready,"  
 With scuffling slide of rude gentility  
 Went shouldering through the door, and down the stair;  
 The Colonel waddled last, the blithest there.

All seated, queerish expectation sate  
 On every phiz of would-be unconcern;  
 The Major's servant in a napkin pat  
 Had tuck'd a pig, just roasted to a turn:  
 He, to the kitchen diving with the fish,  
 Lagg'd busy, till the *boil* was in the dish.

Then brisk he wafted it along; and, ranging  
 The stairs with heedful glances up and down,  
 The *boil'd* and *roasted* grunters interchanging,  
 Full fairly earn'd the *Major's* promised crown;  
 Clapp'd on the cover, snug as heart could wish,  
 Stalk'd up the table, and set down the dish.

"No, Thomas!" quoth the Colonel; "Thomas, no!"  
 (And his cheek blush'd 'convivial rosy-red'),  
 "Take, take it to your master there below;  
 'Tis better at the bottom than the head:  
 Come, Major!—you shall see with your own eyes;  
 Lift up the cover; come, come, show your prize!"

"Unmerciful, indeed!" the Major cried,  
 With a mock candour and a vanquish'd air;  
 "Well—if I *must*, ——" and daff'd the tin aside;  
 The laughs roar'd; with flush, and gasp, and stare,  
 Out burst the Colonel, half a squeak, half yell,  
 "ROASTED at last, by all the devils in Hell!"

His eyes reproachful in the socket roll'd  
 Upon the wife, who sate, like *Thais*, by him;  
 But not a muscle of her features told  
 If she had meant to please him or deny him;  
 Resolved that *she*, at least, would not be teased,  
 Nay—and, perhaps, not *very* much displeas'd.

The Major sate with cucumber composure,  
 And grave compassionating length of face,  
 As though he felt for this untoward disclosure,  
 Proof ocular of the suspected case,  
 And wish'd ten thousand times he had been foil'd,—  
 "Come, Colonel! never mind—we'll CALL it *boil'd*!"

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SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

No. V.

In our last letter\* we brought you pleased us most, was the prettiness  
 to Genoa, in which city we shall not —let us see, aye, prettiness will do,  
 detain you long, for we have gone of the women; their heads are like  
 far since we wrote, and as we have those of Guido's Madonnas. Few  
 for some time indulg'd in our old cities of the same size can make a  
 and habitual vice, idleness, we shall brighter display of female charms  
 be compelled to hurry you along than Genoa does on the morning pro-  
 with more than usual haste. We menade, after mass on feast days, in  
 begin then with Genoa, and pray the Strada Balbi or Strada Nuova.  
 you not to pish! or pshaw! most The ladies are commonly habit'd in  
 grave and reverend Signor, if we a costume which resembles that of  
 confess that what struck us first, and Andalusia, and is particularly neat,

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\* See November, No. XXIII, page 495.



and modest, and pretty; but what shall we say of the men who accompany them? Husbands, Cicisbeos, or first cousins—the varlets are such mean-looking, ill-dressed fellows, that one might suppose them to be the ladies' valets; and when one mixes with them in society, their manners are not calculated to remove the impression left by their appearance. The Genoese are commonly accused of cupidity and avarice, and the accusation is not unjust: from high to low, they are greedy to gain, and vigilant to keep; their thrift is sordid, and they do not blush to save and spare even to meanness. This disposition seems to be inveterate, for it does not forsake them in the social hour. We were invited, with some other foreigners, to dine with a Genoese of distinction, who certainly could not plead a narrow revenue in excuse of his parsimony. The table was laid in a spacious saloon, paved with marble, richly adorned with painting, and gilding, and Venetian mirrors which were placed almost all round, and reached from the ceiling to the floor; the ladies were elegantly dressed, and the servants had on their finest liveries. The appearance of the gentlemen was far less respectable than that of English mechanics in their Sunday clothes; the master of the house wore an old-fashioned old blue coat, with brass buttons, a black silk waistcoat, black neck-handkerchief, nankeen breeches, and top-boots! The meagre dinner corresponded marvellously ill with the splendour of the apartment and the finery of the fair guests, but for the men it was good enough; we could get a much better one in Paris for two francs; it was poor in quantity, and ordinary in quality; we drank common wine, and had but little even of that. With the dessert, however, one lonely melancholy bottle of French wine was produced, out of compliment to the English there, who were at table. The whole was hurried off with unmannerly haste, and after dinner a cup of coffee and a little sip of Rosolio broke up the company.

The characters of men necessarily influence the characters of women, and therefore we were not surprised to find that the pretty, poetical-looking ladies of Genoa were unpoetized

by a low, bargain-driving disposition: at the Opera, one night, we were sitting in the box of a young lady, handsome, rich, and noble, who, in the middle of the performance, observing a French *Marchand* in the pit, beckoned him to come to her; and, on his entering the box, began chaffering about the prices of some silks and shawls: we, who, more's the pity! are quite novices in the art, were really astonished at the coolness and dexterity with which she contrived to make the Frenchman lower his demand; at length, however, he would yield no further, the difference between what she offered and what he asked was a mere trifle, but neither of them would budge: when the fair dame found all her manœuvres ineffectual her tranquillity forsook her, she burst out into vulgar violence, called the poor fellow *Voieur* and *Brigand*, and almost thrust him out of the box. There were two other ladies present, who did not seem to feel either shame or surprise at this transaction, but on the contrary, took every opportunity to assist their friend with an argument. It is possible, that observing this mercenary disposition in the Genoese, which forces itself upon every stranger's attention, people have sometimes assumed consequences which the facts will not warrant.

The common accusation of dishonesty which one traveller repeats after another, is, we apprehend, as little deserved by the Genoese as by any other Italians. Quotations from Virgil or Dante are very little to the purpose, let us look at the facts. The Genoese are commonly esteemed as very honest servants all over Italy, and in Gibraltar the porters are composed of the natives of Genoa and those of Barbary. The boatmen at the same place are always Genoese, and they are considered very honest fellows. The circumstance mentioned by Forsyth, that "native porters are excluded from the Porto Franco," (the magazines of goods, and place where business is transacted, &c.) is not the effect of suspicion but convenience. The Bergamasque porters have existed as a confraternity from the earliest period of Genoese commerce: all the money which they earn is paid to their *Capi*, by whom they are governed according to cer-

tian peculiar laws which exist among themselves: they support one another in sickness or other distress, and admit none into their community but those who are born at Bergamo; in consequence of which rule, the wives of those men are often sent to Bergamo when the time of their delivery approaches, in order that their children may inherit the privilege of exercising the national vocation. It requires a tolerable share of credulity to suppose that children bred and taught in Genoa will remain honest because they were born in Bergamo, and we believe no one thinks any such thing: the porters are found to be more manageable and more serviceable as a body, than they would be while existing as scattered and unconnected individuals; for this reason, advantage is taken of this union which has resulted from chance, or from very remote circumstances, and the Bergamasques are protected and encouraged. These men experienced very severe distress during the latter period of the French government, from the many obstructions laid in the way of commerce; they contrived, however, to exist, and may possibly some day regain their ancient prosperity. The rule which "excludes from this free port the clergy, the military, and women, as persons who may pilfer, but who cannot be searched," still exists, but is not much attended to: the same rule would be as useful and applicable to other cities as to Genoa.

We should not have spent so many words on this subject, but as we have spoken freely of the meanness of the Genoese, we thought it but fair to defend them on a point in which we believe they have been slandered; indeed, we are always happy when we can wipe off an opprobrium from any set of men; it is ever pleasant to show that there is not quite so little virtue in the world as was supposed. With respect to the scenery we have but little to say: Genoa, notwithstanding its long list of palaces, has only two fine streets, Nuova and Balbi; indeed, they may be considered as one, for they run nearly in a line, and are only interrupted by an

indifferent square (*Piazza del Annonziata*). These are the only promenadable streets in Genoa,\* but they are indeed fine: they consist of a long succession of stately palaces, bearing the sounding names of their ancient proprietors, as Durazzo, Balbi, Serra, Negroni, Doria, &c. The gorgeous saloon in the Serra Palace is perhaps unequalled in the world, but how contemptible it is to allow the Custode to beg money of visitors!—It degrades the splendid wonder to a show. There are some of the most impudent beggars in Genoa we ever met with; in one of the churches we were dodged about for half an hour by a ragged priest, who forced us to listen to his stupid explanations of the pictures, architecture, &c. and when we went away begged us to give him some money to buy a cigar!—The palaces of Genoa are generally bedaubed on the outside with painted columns, pilasters, cornices, &c.: to us it appears, that if modern poverty or rapacity have stripped these aristocratic mansions of their marble fronts, it would be better to see the plain stucco, or even the bare walls, than these shabby apologies for ancient magnificence, these phantoms of glories that are gone. There is an air of neglect and desertion in almost all the palaces, which indeed are generally "a world too wide" for the shrunken circumstances of their present possessors. The pictures that once crowded every edifice are nearly all gone; we saw little in the way of the Fine Arts that we remember now, except the Basso Relievo of the *Virgine Addolorata*, by Michael Angelo, which is in the *Albergo de' Poveri*. This divine piece we shall never forget, we hope at least we never shall,—nay, we are sure we never can, for it must rush into our minds, whenever any thing shall wake a tender and solemn emotion within us. We never felt more forcibly the immeasurableness of the gulf which lies between excellence and mediocrity, than when our guide, tired with our long stay, drew us on and pointed out another piece of sculpture, a thing by Puget, a statue

\* The large square "*Piazza dell' Acqua Verde*," at the end of the *Strada Balbi*, might be converted into a fine parade; at present it is almost exclusively the resort of the vulgar.

of the Virgin ascending to heaven, with a group of angels beneath her. The Albergo is a majestic building, and looks more like the palace of an Emperor than a poor-house and hospital. Of its domestic economy we can say little or nothing; it is of course well furnished with the usual mummery of Catholic superstition, such as tawdry Madonnas in the extacies of beatitude, and ill-carved crucifixes.

At Genoa one does not, of course, escape the usual abomination of Italian filth; a wide dark hall on the basement story of the Doria palace is converted into a public *Cloaca*, although, as it is used as a common passage, the disgusting stench must be an hourly nuisance, to say nothing of the scandal of thus polluting the palace of the greatest man whom Genoa ever produced: but what can be expected from the people of a city where "Luoghi comuni all' Inglese," is written up in the public streets, as a special recommendation of this or that Albergo. The greatest enjoyment which we had at Genoa was in ascending the fortified mountains against which the city leans; from the lofty peak of the battery of the Sperone, the view is delightful; we saw the *mura triplicate*, which incloses the city, running along the chain of hills on which we stood. The view on every side is delightful; on the right, we looked down upon the lofty *Junale* or lighthouse, and on the beautiful Riviera di Ponente; on the left, on the pleasant suburbs of Albaro, on gentle hills covered with villas, and on the other equally fine coast or Riviera di Levanti: before us lay the close shining mass of the city and the port, and beyond the far stretching sea, ruffled by a gentle breeze, and now and then streaked by a passing vessel, or shadowed by a drifting cloud. A Corsican sentinel, whom we met on the hill, told us that sometimes on a fine day the mountains of his native island might be seen; he said, he had often seen them while doing duty in that lonely spot: the poor fellow spoke with a good deal of feeling. The natives of islands are certainly more attached to their country than continental people. Behind the hills

the view is curious and highly picturesque; we got into one of the turrets, or watch-boxes, that project from the parapets, and amused ourselves for half an hour in peeping through the eyelets or loop-holes. We saw far below the winding valley of Polcevera, thickly set with villages, and churches, and clustering villas; we traced for a long way the road by which we had descended from the Bocchetta to Genoa, and, with a backward glance, contentedly ran over the groups of broad and leafy chesnut-trees which we had passed on our way. We afterwards strolled for an hour along these extensive walls, the repeated labours of the Genoese Republic at different periods.\* In many places they are raised on the brink of precipices, and many of the turrets hang over black and shadowy ravines. Time has laid his hand upon them, and the weather has been busy to sap and to destroy; here and there they are almost in ruins, but the most important parts are under repair, and a strong fortress is newly added to the works. From the necessity of occupying the heights, the Genoese have been compelled to extend the line of fortification so far as to render it weak; it would require an army to man the works. We did not see a single piece of artillery, indeed we believe no one has seen a cannon up here since Genoa was taken by the English, and we apprehend the works will never be furnished until Genoa falls into stronger hands than those of the King of Sardinia. We descended from these romantic heights with regret, a regret to which travellers are particularly exposed; their pleasures are in constant ebb; beauty and grandeur appear before them, but in a short hour they pass away, like the wonders of a dream, perhaps never to return, and heaviness comes over the heart when we bid farewell even to insensible objects which we shall see no more. In the evening, however, over a chirping bottle of *buon vino d'Asti*, we forgot our momentary pensiveness, and were very busily and very merrily employed in discoursing of the odd ups and downs of this workday world, when the captain of the Sparanzello in

\* They were finished in the year 1536.

which we had agreed to take our passage to Naples, came to tell us we must get ready immediately, as the wind was fair, and he had determined to sail out that evening: we had no time to lose; our things lay dispersed about in the most picturesque confusion, on the floor, on the beds, on tables, on chairs; the very genius of disorder could hardly have arranged our effects in positions more unfavourable to haste, so of course in they went, pell mell, as chance directed, shoes into breeches, shirts into hats, and stockings into waistcoat pockets: it was an awful scene; the sailors swore dreadfully that the port would be shut, while we were crying,—“Where’s Eustace? Where’s Forsyth? Where’s the book of roads? D——n the book of roads, I’ve lost my shirt. Give me the pistols and the telescope. Where?—upon the corner,” &c. In half an hour we contrived to cram every thing in, *tant bien que mal*; some sailors took charge of our port-manteau, and we ran down to the quay.

On passing the barrier, we had to pay the customary tax to the impromptu honesty of the sentinel, and then getting into a boat, as soon as we had manœuvred through the throng of wherries and lighters, we saw our vessel steering out, her angular sail and scanty rigging faintly relieved against the darkening sky. The water foamed with our oars, and in a little time we reached the vessel, scrambled up the side, and got fairly on board, and while we were discharging the boat the captain arrived, bringing with him another passenger. Oh! Babel, what was thy confusion, compared with the uproar which took place on board the “San Guiseppe,” when its commander, Don Guiseppe Russo, arrived? The sailors ran up and down, yelling in unintelligible Neapolitan; a lamp was placed in the bows, and the sails spread; the wind blew in noisy gusts, the cordage rattled, and the old vessel groaned heavily as she hulled to and fro. While this was passing, we seated ourselves on a coil of ropes, to gaze on the scene which seemed to retreat before us, and on which the thickest shadows of night were now settling. A thousand lights were burning in Genoa, but the feeble illumination scarcely

rendered any object distinct; long black lines traversed the city, intersected occasionally by broad gaps, and sometimes the straining eye might distinguish a tower, or the broad front of a palace. The mountains behind looked almost like clouds, and described a dim and fantastic line in the air, but little darker than the sky. These mountains are the first of the Apennine chain; Genoa lies just at their feet, and is hence called *Porta d’Italia*. As night came on, the lights in the city grew more bright; but as we sailed away, they seemed to sink one after another into the sea, until nothing but the flaming *Lanterna* was visible. The confusion on board at length subsided; the captain had retired below deck, and the sailors, muffled up in their hooded capotes, were sitting or lying about, idle and silent. A steady land-wind sprang up, we went on rapidly, and all was “calm as a midnight sleep.” Nothing disturbed the stillness and silence of the hour, except the shrinking waters which plashed and murmured beneath our keel, and now and then leaped up in sudden spray. Our fellow-passenger was a young German, he spoke English pretty well, and we entered into conversation. He had taken a passage on board a Genoese vessel several days before; the vessel sailed out, but was obliged to put back, on account of contrary winds; on returning to the port he was apprehended by an order from the government, and thrown into a prison among felons; and a few papers, letters of introduction, private notes, &c. all which he had upon his person, were seized and inspected. As he considered he must have been apprehended in consequence of some mistake, and expected he should be set free the next morning, he took only a night-bag of clothes with him on shore, and suffered his trunks to remain on board the vessel, which sailed the next morning for Naples. He had the misfortune to be the subject of a petty state in Germany, which could not compel the respect of the Majesty of Sardinia, and which had no stationary Consul, nor *Chargé d’Affaires* at Genoa; his remonstrances were consequently unheeded, the inspection of his papers was carried on very leisurely; and when he was at

length liberated, no apology was offered for the ignominious manner in which he had been treated, and no compensation made for the inconvenience and expense to which he had been wantonly, or at least unnecessarily subjected. We spent an hour in conversation, and then prepared to descend, but we found the captain was very busily employed below, and was not yet prepared to receive us. We now all at once heard a great noise of hammering, chopping, swearing, &c. and we began to suspect, what we afterwards found to be true, that the captain, fully aware that if we once got to sea we should have no resource but hard words, however he might slight the promises he had made to provide us with all necessary accommodations for sleeping, had thought proper to interpret the agreement in his own way; for no words, the windy breath of mortal man, could disturb the equanimity of Don Guiseppe Russo, when opposed to the hope of gain. On descending to the cabin, we found some rough and dirty planks laid across oars placed horizontally; their iron points being driven into the sides of the vessel, and their opposite extremities being fastened by ropes to the deck. Over the planks was laid a folded sail cloth, to serve at once as mattress and coverlet. As the captain had no more sail cloth to spare than what sufficed for us, the young German was supplied with a sailor's capote, which was a means of introducing him to a pretty good number of those amiable creatures familiar to man, and signifying love, as Master William Shakspeare saith. As we supposed the inconvenience would be of short duration, and knew it was of no use to complain, we determined to put up with it as well as we could. The captain had informed us the voyage would not be more than five or six days at the utmost, and in laying in our provisions we had calculated for seven or eight, supposing that it would certainly be enough, or that if, by accident, the voyage should be drawn out to greater length, the captain would supply us with at least common necessaries. The German had stipulated that the captain should furnish his meals, but finding that the whole supplementary stock of the captain's cabin consisted of one

fowl, and about three pounds of meat, and that when that was consumed he would be obliged to content himself with dirty macaroni, and indifferent cheese, coarse bread, and bad wine, he thought it advisable to cancel that part of his agreement, and to mess with us. The crew consisted of nine men and a boy, numerically enough to manage a vessel of ten times her burden, but so idle and spiritless, so extenuated by bad living, that they were mere shadows of men. Their allowance was three coarse biscuits, about the colour of logwood, per day, and perhaps about a bottle and a half of wine, always bad, and always adulterated; never meat or fish, or macaroni, unless they were *in port*. The greater part of these poor fellows were made tame to fortune's blows; but one among them, hight Stefano, was a person of no small consequence on board the San Guiseppe, as he officiated in the triple capacity of steward, captain's clerk, and spy. The captain himself stood in some fear of Stefano, for he had not received the least tincture of the polite accomplishments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and consequently was very much in the power of his learned clerk; besides this, Stefano was necessarily privy to certain smuggling transactions, which our honest captain carried on in addition to his ostensible and lawful occupation. The only one of the crew who did not care for the captain, nor for Stefano, was Guiseppe, a *maistre Carbonari*; this dignity, which is now contemptible, was at that time respected and feared; and Guiseppe made an hourly parade of it; he has probably before now atoned by a public whipping for his triumph then. After winding around the devious and beautiful shore for two days, we arrived at Leghorn, and our captain thought proper to put in there, though he thereby lost a wind that would probably have taken us to Civita Vecchia. We went on shore, were as usual examined at the health office, and then permitted to enter the town. We strolled about for an hour, took some coffee, and then went to a furnished lodging, just within the barrier. The next morning, after breakfast, we went on board the vessel, where we found

one man and a boy; the other sailors and the captain were on shore. We returned to the city, took another stupid stroll, and at an early hour repaired to the Trattoria dell' Orso, where we consumed three or four hours in eating and chat; after which we went to the Café to drink punch, and play chess. In the morning we were on board again, but the vessel was now drawn into the inner harbour, as though intending to lie there for some time; we could not find the captain, nor learn at what time he proposed to sail. On returning to the city, the German met with an acquaintance, who took us to his house, where we amused ourselves for some time with cards, and after that, two young women sang some songs and duets, accompanied by their guitars; their voices were not equal to their skill, but the whole effect was very agreeable. The elegance and airiness of Italian vocal music are looked for in vain in the music of other nations. Italian song has a grace, a pathos, peculiar to itself; it flows as it were without effort from the lips, rising or falling in sighing slides, and sprinkled with emphatic appoggiaturas, now sinking into a low murmur, now swelling into firmness and vigour; and it is admirably assisted by the throbbing arpeggios, the full or feeble chords, and the silken notes of the indolent guitar. It is much to be wished that the rough and naked force of northern music could be dulcified by the sweetness, and adorned by the smiling graces of the southern lyre, or that English singers could at least catch the magic of Italian manner; the kindling eye, the slight but expressive gesture, the voice swelling, or failing, or pausing on the final cadence; expressing, and communicating that deep emotion which makes us fancy that music is the natural language of the gentler passions. This enthusiasm, which never supposes any ear can be indifferent, gives a force, a freedom, a beauty, in short a magic charm, to the most simple and to the most complex labours of the muse; it sinks into the heart like a spell, it seizes the attention, it seduces us into sympathy, and locks up every critical and unfriendly feeling. This enthusiasm is, perhaps, a gift of the skies, but without

it what is music? It is cold and dead, like the statue of old, when first finished from the sculptor's chisel; but with it, it is like the same statue when the god had given it motion, and warmth, and life. In public singers, this source of beauty is dried up, is exhausted; their feelings are blunted by the drudgery of constant and laborious practice; they supply the place of enthusiasm by affectation, and, ceasing to feel themselves, soon cease to make others feel; they may astonish, they may even delight, but the power to "take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium," is lost, we apprehend, for ever. At this same time, Italian manner has a heavy fault; it is too voluptuous, it pampers the animal sense of pleasure, it intoxicates the feelings, it is a "continual dissolution and thaw" of that reserve which is the guard of female virtue. Song and dance, the luxury of sound and the luxury of motion, both of which the Italians are immoderately fond of, are stimulants which continually urge them to break down the defences that should stand between the sexes. Of these, the second is the most important, but both would probably be inoperative without the aid of other causes. It is very likely we shall have occasion to return to this subject, and we shall then consider it more largely; at present we shall only add, that the guitar seems peculiarly adapted for those amateurs who have but little time to spare, who have some voice, and who study music rather as a pleasure than as an art. It is agreeable in its tone, it is elegant in its position, it may be practised when we are idle, or when we are ill, and its facility must, of course, recommend it to many. Music is too commonly the grave of time, and for ourselves we have long entertained the opinion, that difficult instruments should be left to professors; for we cannot forget that, however beautiful music may be, there are other things far more beautiful, and of far more lasting importance.

We now return to our tale: The next day, hearing no news of the captain nor of the vessel, and lounging idly about, having indeed nothing to do, after we had despatched our breakfast, we chanced to remember we were not far from Pisa. We

were sauntering arm in arm, up and down the square before the governor's house at the time, but when we thought of that, we formed ourselves suddenly into an equilateral triangle, and came to a momentary stand, to

ascertain whether the German would accompany us; and that point settled in the affirmative, we set off as fast as we could walk, and in about four hours arrived at Pisa.

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### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams. *Milton.*

If I were to distinguish briefly between Greek and Gothic architecture, I would say the one appeals to the reason, and the other to the passions of men. It requires knowledge and judgment, therefore, to appreciate the excellence of Greek architecture; whereas Gothic architecture declares its own excellence by taking firm hold on the passions and imagination, while the will and the judgment are inactive, or overpowered. Whether this effect were specially sought after or not in the design of our old cathedrals, they have it in a most extraordinary degree. A vast, endless, Gothic cathedral, with its aisle, and side aisles, and transepts, and chapels, and altars; with its million of shafts and buttresses, and pinnacles, and finials; and

—Many subtil compassings,  
As habineries and pinnacles,  
Imageries and tabernacles;

its deep plumb-line of channelled pillars, its "high embowed roof," its shadowy indistinctness, has bowed down more necks in idolatry than all the

—crew, who under names of old known,

Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
Fanatic Egypt.

Wherever there is perception and sensation, an eye to see, and a capacity to feel, there is knowledge enough for Gothic architecture. Enter the west door of Westminster Abbey, and the mind is subdued in a moment. We make our bow to old superstitions, and have a respectful admiration of the first reverend absurdity that offers itself; there is no questioning, no discussion, no cavilling; it suits not with our humour. We are in no disposition to dispute

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about abstract and remote things, when we cannot comprehend what is visual, palpable, and present to us. The old bald verger might have overthrown Calvin himself under this glorious canopy of Catholicism. It is not to me extraordinary, that the Romish religion so long held sovereign sway over the passions of mankind, aided, as it was, by all the pomp of worship, and pride of art and intellect, but that its influence was ever shaken. That north window alone, with its rich tracery, and delicate mullions, and superb colouring, casting "a little glooming light, much like a shade," has made more converts, and upborne more trembling faiths, than all the volumes of Bellarmine put together. That Milton had an intense consciousness of this, his "dim religious light" is conclusive evidence:—it is a phrase that all the abstract poetry and imagination in the world had never hit on; it was personal feeling, and nothing else.

Without entering into an elaborate inquiry as to the distinguishing excellence of this stupendous building; without tracing its long pillared aisles, its height, its perspective, its vastness, up to the sublime, we acknowledge it at the very threshold. Had Burke, in describing the sublime, been describing the particular feeling of one just entering here, he could not have done it more exactly: "the mind is so entirely filled with its object, that it cannot entertain any other, nor, by consequence, reason on that object which employs it."

With all this admitted, it may be asked, is a Gothic cathedral finer than a Greek temple? Oh no! It is another thing. There is no parallel, no similitude, no point of agreement whence we could begin comparison. Their purpose, aim, and excellence,

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are entirely distinct. Our admiration of Greek architecture grows with our growth; we have the vantage of it; we comprehend its simplicity, its unity, its excellence; and never expect to see it equalled. But Gothic architecture hath the vantage of us; our admiration cannot increase, for our knowledge does not; and we never think about any thing equalling it, for we never had any standard to measure it by. In deciding between them, we are like Garrick in that fine picture of Sir Joshua's; our reason and judgment may incline one way, but then we are pulled the other without reason or apology.

Professional architects have a thousand objections against Gothic architecture, which nothing but Gothic architecture itself can reply to. If it were mere licentiousness and extravagance,\* "without just proportion or beauty," how is it that it has outlived a thousand years, and gives promise to outlive a second? How is it that these objectors can never equal it, nay, can never do any thing like it in outward resemblance? How came the greatest of them to stick his ungainly, incongruous towers as a crowning ornament to those old elegancies at the western entrance of this Abbey?

It has been well observed, that Gothic architecture is much older in our imagination than its actual chronology, or a Greek temple of three times its antiquity. The fact appears to be, that it is really older in our associations and feeling, *where alone antiquity exists at all*. This very Abbey is not only 500 years old, but there is nothing like it in existence, of less reverend antiquity. Greek temples are of yesterday. The lantern of Demosthenes has sprung up under the new street act; and the Temple of the Winds is now building, I hear, in St. Pancras church: all our architecture is Greek, or a corruption bearing some palpable relation to it; it is as familiar to us as our household furniture, in which some ornament of it is usually dis-

tinguishable: we meet with a Greek portico, a Greek column, a Greek capital, or some part of Greek architecture, building, or just built, at every turning. With our feelings, therefore, a Greek temple is not necessarily associated with great antiquity; whereas a Gothic cathedral is not only of very great age, but seems to have outlived the capabilities of the world.

There can be nothing really old that is not separated from us by a long interval of varying manners, customs, habits, and opinions; there must be a chasm between us; a breaking off of all connexion and association between it and ourselves; it must be passed away, and Greek architecture is yet passing.

A chronological table will not decide the antiquity of a thing; that depends on a thousand other circumstances besides its age, and exists only in our individual feeling and opinions; an old book, an old author, an old statue, an old building, even an old man, are all of different ages to different people; a girl just entered on her teens looks forward to unmarried twenty as hopeless age; whereas we all know "a stinky boy" meant, with Thomas Parr, a son of eighty-six, infirm, decrepid, imbecile, worn-out in mind and body. In fact, it signifies not to the antiquity of any thing, that it stretch out a long line of existence to the creation of the world; the green earth below, and the blue heavens above us, are from the first; but no man had ever the same consciousness of their great age, no man ever felt subdued by them as he would before the lone pyramids at Gizeh, or in the wilderness of the ruins of Hekatompylos. Since we know not that the days of the earth are numbered, or know not their number, it may be in its youth, its pristine vigour, its prime and lusthood. We see it instinct with life—the same that it was it is—there is no change, no decay—man's foot is still germane to it—it is the same scene of busy contention—the common table, and the

\* Sir Christopher Wren was so determined to attribute all to chance and necessity, that he ascribes the mullions and rich tracery, that were introduced into windows about the time of Edward the First, "for the better fixing in of glass, which then began to be used," although it is satisfactorily proved, that glass was in use here 500 years before.



common grave,—but before those pyramids, or amidst those ruins, all that was connected with them is gone, and for ever—what was crowded with living men is silent and desolate—the very earth seems there to have grown old, and outlived its purposes.

Burke, whose opinion of architecture is worth that of a dozen professed architect's, objects to the ground plan of our old cathedrals. But a theory is as prejudicial to truth as a definition, and the cross happened not to agree with his order of succession and uniformity; fact and feeling, however, drew from him this limitation, "at least I imagine it is not so proper for the outside;" and thus qualified, every man's experience will admit its truth. The abrupt angles of the cross cut off something from the real dimensions and magnitude of the exterior, seen from what point it may, without any compensating advantage; but in the interior, no theory can blind us to the palpable effect: it adds to the vastness, the indistinctness, the incomprehensibility, and consequently to our astonishment; we catch glimpses of two large and proportionate divisions that possibly equal in magnitude the aisle we stand in; they are, what Burke desires in architecture, a deception that makes the building more extended than it is; a "kind of artificial infinity," in which, indeed, consists the real sublimity of a gothic cathedral.

But there are higher and more enduring speculations connected with this Abbey, than the contemplation of its glorious self. It is a dull and cold imagination indeed that needs churches, or the monitory voices of tombstones, to awaken its moral sensibility; but it is not possible to walk here, surrounded by the last memorials of so many foregone ages, without awakened and intense thought. The glare and polish of a modern tomb suits not with the sanctity and reverence of a lonely contemplation; its pomp, its gilding, its freshness, its direct appeal to us, fall of their professed object; and in the great aisle and open transept we are "too much l'the sun;" the world's eye is on us; but in the quiet seclusion of the chapels, we bow

down our minds and spirits, and listen with subdued and reverential passion to their noiseless admonitions. Besides, in the great aisles, and the open transept, we are reminded, not of the corruptible, but of the incorruptible. Mind knows nothing of mortality: it is ever fresh, ever enduring; Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser, and Newton, and Locke, and Dryden, and Pope, have a living being in our hearts. If we would read philosophy from tombstones, we shall find it where birth, or fortune, or extrinsic circumstance, have given a splendour and a glory to nothingness; where men that have played a distinguished part in life's pageant—occupied a vast portion of the thought and homage of the living world—have sunk into the "cold oblivion" of the grave; in contemplating the monuments to the "illustrissimo, sapientissimo, et bellicacissimo;" in poring over an antiquarian record, as I have done, to learn who lay, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," under an unfinished tomb with initial letters, and find it was a queen; these are the things that speak eloquently, and to the heart, and teach us to hope for immortality from something within ourselves; and therefore teach us well, and to some attainable good.

There are many many hours of our lives, when "from the world's incumbrance we would ourselves as-soil," would

Plume our feathers, and let grow our wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Are all—to ruffled—

and these chapels are the woods and silent places of the "tower'd city." But shut out from them, as we have but too long been, by the preparations for the delayed coronation, I have grown familiar with the neglected cloisters of this venerable pile, and here too found food for highest speculation. Here, in an obscure corner, lie the mouldered ashes of the very men that, in the solemnity and pomp of the Roman church, hallowed the foundation stone of the mighty fabric that for so many centuries hath quietly entombed them; and here are their predecessors; the old even of their time—here they are, the splendour of one, the luxury of another, the austerity and severe morality of a third, equally forgotten; their very

names to be sought for in worm-eaten records; their monuments defaced; the high-raised and the deep-sunken effigies equally smooth and polished, by the passing feet of succeeding generations. Here lies Gerwasius de Blois! a name not readily forgotten by suffering England:—a king's son, that seven hundred years gone by was endowed with form and pulsation; lived in splendour, and luxurious enjoyment—honoured, served on the knee; with a most quick and delicate sense of his high birth and fortune—here he lies despised or forgotten; and the giant stone, that was to secure an immortality to his name, nick-named in mockery. Beside him rests the mitred Laurentius! a proud man, and in life specially honoured. What are his prized honours worth now? A nickname! The very ensigns of his glory and office, so entreated for, so cherished, and so linked and intertwined with human weakness as to be characterised on his grave, now serve only to give that grave a character, and the proud priest passes for the king's shepherd. And here rest in equal oblivion the honoured of other and later generations. Specially, indeed, but not so honoured! "*Juxta depositæ sunt Reliquiæ,*" as his epitaph would have recorded, of one whose name has passed down to us in a proverb for wit and humour—a name that is yet assumed as an earnest and promise of what is brilliant—of a man of various and extensive learning, though his learning is little suspected; our familiar friend, Tom Browne, lies here without even a *hic jacet!* And here in equal silence and obscurity rests another, who, if his living reputation had less of the splendour and pomp of the mighty of the earth, had, in the little world that circumscribed his ambition, a more palpable and indisputable pre-eminence than is given even to exalted services, or greater excellence; but it is the tenure of his bond that the reputation of a "poor player" dies with him, and the world and Thomas Betterton are even. Near adjoining, with one solitary letter of her name alone distinguishable, rests Aphra Behn. How long and patiently did I measure these cloisters,

and with what a resolved spirit did I trace over its obscure and defaced characters, before I had certainty enough to say, Peace be with thee, Aphra! In the stirring bustle of living men thou art forgotten; but to the eye of contemplation, the intelligence of all ages is wanting to perfect the long stream of intellectual light that runs upwards to the first records of existence; and the world neither is, nor has been, so prodigal of genius, that it may let thee be forgotten: "we have enough to do to make up ourselves from present and passed times, and the whole stage of things scarce serveth for our instruction."

If the publicity of the cloisters detract something from their enjoyment, how much matter does that publicity minister to our philosophy. They have nothing of the glare and rawness of a common thoroughfare; the passengers are "few and far between;" the very light comes shadowed to us through the tracery of its enclosing screen; and the dark gloom of the walls has a mellowing influence; the lawned priest, preceded by the verger and his mace—the reverend age and white hairs of the old man stumbling to his few last prayers—the thoughtless indifference of manhood, that is staid by the fresh-turned earth, for a new habitant, and for ever, and passes on; the loitering and reluctant pacing of the boys to the adjoining college—vary, but do not change the scene; and even the noisy and tumultuous rush of these same boys, dismissed, has speculation in it:

Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him.

Here they are, full of life, of joyousness; gliding along without a thought of our common doom, as if their youth were an immortal dower: here they are! but how soon will they be toiling through "the perplexed paths" of the world of business—how soon here "quietly inurn'd," and how soon after forgotten, "the greater part being as though they had not been, found in the register of God, not in the records of man."

THURMA.

## C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogmas for Dilettanti.

## No. III.

## THE AMATEUR'S BOUDOIR, OR A VISIT TO JANUS.

Here from the mould to conscious being start  
 Those finer forms, the miracles of art ;  
 Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,  
 That slept for ages in a second mine ;  
 And here the faithful graver dares to trace  
 A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's grace !  
 Thy gallery, Florence ! gilds my humble walls,  
 And my low roof the Vatican recalls !

Rogers.

And wot you what it is that we all here, that are come to hear you, will request at your hands ?

No verily, but I shall know it when you have told me.

Marry, this it is : that you would now, in this rehearsal of yours, lay aside all *by-matters* and *needless preambles*, as touching the description of fair meadows, pleasant shades ; of the crawling and winding ivie ; of rills issuing from fountains running round about ; and such like common-places, that many love to insert.—*Plutarch's Morals, by Holland.*

" THEN, if I understand your aim rightly—(which you'll excuse my thinking a little misty sometimes), you propose to furnish incipient but true amateurs with a sketch of a chalcographic selection, illustrative of all styles having any affinity to the fancy and imagination ; which plan or skeleton may be afterwards filled up or not at pleasure.—Now, Mynheer V, your present method of dilating on one painter for five or six pages together, will hardly carry your pupils to the end of their foundation in three years ; by which time one half of them may be dead, and the survivors disgusted with ungratified longings. There is another objection ; suppose some one of tasteful mind, but uncorresponding purse, has allotted twenty guineas to the fine arts—(which sum you know very well, though Janus would lift up his eyebrows, is sufficient for good sterling prints from the chief pencils, including some plaister copies from the antique, and the most elegant sulphurs from Tassie's Greek gems), this person is unhappy enough to enter the web of your harangues ;—to a certainty, like other flies, he is fascinated, spell bound. His course is constrained to Colnaghi's : modestly and coyly at first doth he inquire for a *single* subject from Correggio, or Giulio, and the panting shopman hurls on the extra strong table *whole elephantine portfolios* !! teeming with

Volpatos, Müllers, Longhis, &c. If he resists, he is more than mortal.—Alas ! he does not. He buys prints, one, two, and three ! throws down the amount with desperation, refuses all offers of portorage, dashes home by the shortest ways, views with unmixed delight his acquisitions for two minutes, and then regrets the absence of " those other two, which indeed were quite companions." The fever rises high, he bolts an early dinner, and gulps down an additional quantity of inflammation in a vehicle of port. Now, loving brother or sister ! The fetters ! The manacles !

Bind them around his hands ; with all thy force,

Strike, nail them fast, drive them into the wall :

Strike harder, strain them, let them not relax ;

His craft will work unthought of ways  
 't'escape. *Potter's Æschylus.*

While I speak he is gone, he is flown. Ah ! will no friendly pick-pocket knock him across the shins ? —No !—His fingers spread over the slippery lock,—the fatal door opens —and under the white flame of gas his ruin is accomplished. The — Number of Dogmas (MICHEL ANGELO) appears with a maddening list—over which he, wretched ! spends heavy sighs instead of light sovereigns !

You, my Corney, feel this case intimately, and therefore will remedy it

forthwith, as far as in you lies, by giving, in this third number, the preparatory outline which should have preceded your series of more detailed accounts. I am aware that this outline would require much weighing and considering, seemingly incompatible with the advanced stage of the month; but I believe a walk to our idle Janus's would spare your judicial powers any trouble. You know his boudoir, *The Argument of his Collection*, as he terms it. What think you of a description of its principal contents? He seldom sits there except on an evening, so you will be more undisturbed than at home, your readers will be amused, and W--flattered—Come! he is not very well, and will thank you for the visit." So said my respected friend S\*\*\*\* as he concluded his breakfast with a pint of boiling cocoa, after smashing in the little ends of two exhausted egg-shells. His notion struck me as a lucky hit.—Therefore have the kindness, reader, to find yourself (as the French advertisements have it) at our croney's bronzed knocker, at the sound of which feet shuffle over the stone hall, speeding—

Apris di Giano il chiuso tempio.—Tasso.

The deity of the place was in his study, lolling on a well squabbed sofa, by the side of a blazing fire; his back guarded from the draft by a large folding Indian screen, and his face from the flame by a pole do. of yellow silk and rosewood. Beside him was placed a small ridged table of French manufacture, where lay his snuff-box, and several antique cameos and intaglios, which he had just been examining with a magnifier; one, a head of Alexander on an onyx of two strata, he still retained, declaring it to be the undoubted work of—I forget who. My request was immediately granted, and the servant ordered to light the fire in his master's sanctum.—“But sit down a minute till the place gets a little

aired; I have'nt been in it these two mouths—and tell me what you think of that buhl cabinet; it came from Ld. ——'s sale, who you know was a great connoisseur:—and here is a jewel! This is a brick† from the dwelling of the Pre-adamites—from the palace of Giamschid! Istakar! Observe the severity and simple majesty of the old Persian head impressed on its surface, the stiff curls of the beard, and the peculiar bob-wig style of the hair! Talking of hair how do you like my new dog?—Here, Neptune!" and forthwith, in size and colour very like a white bear, that animal lounged from his lair behind the screen, and plunged his nose into his master's lap.—“Show us your paw, old man! Look at the webbed toes! right Newfoundland—there's muscle!—by the bye, mentioning muscle, I've a genuine bit of Terra Cotta from the hand of M. Angelo, his clay sketch for the Aurora on the tomb of Lorenzo di Medici; of which you have the large dot print, by Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Duches, 9s. 6d. That fine suit of fluted armour is new to you, I believe, Vinkbooms? It's German, of about 1507. Dr. Rusty, who is armour-mad, offered me 400l. for it, but I would not part with it for double. It illustrates Sintram! A grand idea!—à propos, this romantic *Idyll of Fouqué*, ‘The Siege of Ancona’ here, in Ollier's *Miscellany* is very congenially translated by Mr. H\*\*\*\*, who, I understand, is about to introduce to us two more of the Baron's most interesting tales, as companions to his version of Sintram. He is the author of a very deep, thorough-going, high-flying article, in the German taste, on the German drama, which, to understand, you must read with rather more attention than one does Mr. Southey's articles in the *Quarterly*. It is a good touch-stone for clear heads.‡ We are to have something from this gentleman in the next *Livraison* of the *Miscellany*, which I ar-

† The curious reader will find some account of this Persepolitan brick in the *Archæologia* some nine years back.

‡ Take this fragment, by Novalis (Von Hardenburgh) quoted in the same article, as a specimen. “The world of a tale is the one diametrically opposed to the world of truth, and for this very reason as thoroughly similar to it as chaos is similar to the perfect creation. In the future world everything is as in the former world, yet altogether otherwise: the future world is the rational chaos; the chaos that has penetrated itself, that is within itself and without itself!”

dently expect. Mr. Soane, who made so many alterations in *Undine*, (simply entitled by him a Tale from the German) and modestly regretted that he had not made more, has just completed a translation of Fouquè's *Sänger-liebe*, in the preface to which he attempts to be rather sharp on the English *Sintram*; but his criticism is flippant, and his wit ill-natured. Mr. S. is likewise engaged, or ought to be so, in the arduous task of pouring the poetry of Goethe from a German into an English vessel—I have 32 pages of it (the *Faust*) here in print, wherein he appears to have succeeded so far unexpectedly well. No doubt the venerable John Wolfgang's inspection of his MS. has been of material utility, and will give his undertaking consequence in the eyes of the public.—“Allow me to look at those sheets. Ah! this is a very good idea, the inserting the original on one side in oblong quarto so as to bind with the genuine etchings. So, Soane has turned the sadly pleasing *Ottava Rima* dedication, or address, in the *Spenserian stanza*. I am afraid he has caught the vulgar notion, that the verse in which Tasso sang the woes of *Erminia* is more adapted for the ludicrous than the pathetic: he should read *Fairfax*, or the lust canto of *Merivale's Orlando*, and scorn the censure of the *Duncery*. However, he makes amends by giving the *Induction*, which is full of very just satire on common play-goers and play-writers. Listen, S\*\*\*\*! how it ends,—*Manager loquitur*—

Upon our German stage, you know, each tries

What'er his fancy dictates. Spare not then

For scenery or machinery to-day.

Make use of Heaven's great and lesser light;

Be lavish of the stars; of water, fire, Rocks, beasts, and birds, there is no scarcity.

Thus bring into our narrow house of wood Creation's circle, and, with cautious speed, Travel from Heaven through the earth to hell.

I am afraid the “*Prologue in Heaven*” is going rather too near the wind for the good folks who sing sacred melodies to the tune of *Moll*!

*the Wad*, (see our No. for September p. 323.) and though our faith and reverence for holy things are too steadfastly anchored to fear the impotent puffs of doubt and mockery, yet it is as well to afford no handle to the silly admirers of such puddle-stirrers as \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ windy inconsistent minds! which can gorge whole such palpably absurd ravings as the creation of this all-perfect world by chance, though they cannot conceive a paltry building, like *St. Paul's* or *St. Peter's*, to have arisen from the efforts of the same able workman. This is, indeed, to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. For my own part I regard this offensive scene,† as some consider it, in the same light as the caprices of the *Abbot of Unreason*. The *Lord* of it is not *my Lord*; he is simply the deity of a fairy tale. In the works of several authors, ironies are put into the mouths of even the human actors: in *Faust*, the evil one himself is, as he ought to be, their sole utterer. The language of the wretched hero is very different—hark! “—*Margaret*. So then! you believe nothing?—*Faustus*. Do not construe my words so ill, charming creature! Who can name the deity, and say, I comprehend him? Who can feel, and not believe in him? Does not Heaven descend to form a canopy over our heads? Is not the earth immovable under our feet? Do not the eternal stars, from their spheres on high, look down on us with love?” On which passage *Mad. de Staël* observes that, “the author here shows the necessity of a firm and positive belief, since even those whom nature has created good and kind, are not the less capable of the most fatal aberrations when this support is wanting to them.”

But we shall discourse this together more at large some future day: *Boosey* has published a very pleasing abstract of this *Labyrinthine poem*, with copious and sufficiently faithful versions in blank verse, which, maugre the apology in the preface, can give the English reader no very satisfactory idea of this Drama, written in the most varied metres, principally rhymed, and which is essentially lyrical, both in conception and execution.

† This scene, though printed for the curious, will not be published.

However, as "the preceding prelude" (so the traducteur elegantly has it), and the 'prologue,' are omitted, it is more appropriate to the mere fashionable seekers of semi-instructive amusement; while its rival, by Mr. Soane, will better satisfy the inquisitive and thoughtful student in poetry who may be guiltless of German. Our Doctor's aspirations and incantations in the first scene, beginning where he opens the book at the sign of Microcosmos, "Ha! welche Wonne fliesz in diesem Blick," &c. down to "Ich bins, bin Faust, bin deines gleichen!" have more fervour and impetuosity in Soane; but the cadence of the Earth-Spirit's mystic strain, "In Liebensfluthen, im Thastensturm, &c." is better felt in Booney's prettily printed 8vo.

*Spirit.*—In the floods of life, in the tempests of action,  
Up and down I rave;  
Hither and thither in motion;  
Birth and the grave,  
An unbounded ocean—  
A changing strife—  
A kindling life—  
At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,  
And fashioned the living vesture of God.

Whenever I begin I can go on reading the little *Almaine square 12mo.* all day, but at present 'I must go fry some fish,' as the honest Frenchman said, in his ambition to use the English tongue with unhallowed familiarity—so S\*\*\*\*! I bequeath you to Janus, who will show you the simple and beautiful groups in his very tall copy of the *Hypnerotomachia* (Aldus, 1499): and don't be turned aside by their smatch of Andrea Mantegna, for your oracle Stothard admires them highly, I can promise you. Good day! I shall not come out till I have finished my *CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.*" "But stop! halt, stand! My dear V. V. you would oblige me much by noticing a series of *Views on the river Dart,* § by F. Lewis. Here! take them with you, and hold the volume some two feet from your nose when you examine it. *Holm Moor*, pl. 1. has a very fine cut-throat sort of effect:—and why haven't you praised Dewint's romantic 'Sicilian Scenery?' It is by far the best series of that nature pub-

lished by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin; and I know you have it, for I saw your name down for the large paper, my lad! And when you're about it, you may as well brush up Dewint about his Landscapes in the Tyrol, engraved by clever W. Cooks:—I want to know whether they are to proceed beyond the first number or not—and look! did you ever see a thing copied so accurately, and with so much feeling, as this brilliant little print by Scriven, after Hiltou's natural and characteristic portrait of Clare?—what life in the eyes! what ardent thirst for excellence, and what flexibility and susceptibility to outward impressions in the quivering lips! observe the thigh caught up unconsciously by the hand! it does Hilton's penetration credit to have arrested that most unsophisticated and speaking action. Now set off with you to your den, and let your pen fly; for the brace of pheasants come up precisely at six! Not a line after! S\*\*\*\* will stay! Don't shake your head, for you must, and you shall! A fig for the Doctor! We'll sing *Old Rose*, and brandish the old East India in style—Fa Presto! and don't tumble over my *Hookah.*"—

Now Mister Wight,  
For whom I write,

follow me through this carpeted passage, down these seven steps! don't stop to look at that rusty shirt of mail, nor at the modern gaudy stained-glass which shuts out all back view, but forwards, into this door with the gilt mouldings. Now, what say you to Janus's *BOUDOIR*? Bless us, who's in the house? here's a gold pair of scissors! and some silk shreds. Umph! the place is wonderfully aired in so short a time! but, "let us take an invention of Master Janus's defects," beginning with a small plan of the room. First then, it is an octagon of about thirteen feet diameter, and full sixteen in height; into which the light streams through rosy panes in the dome top—other windows it hath none. You may fancy yourself in utter solitude, for not a sound from the street reaches here. Two doors hath it, concealed with bright blue silk drapery, bordered with crimson velvet and barbaric fringe. The op-

posite door to that by which we entered leads, through a similar passage, to a small conservatory; where to read a good romance on a shiny day in February may rank among the best of sensual pleasures. The walls are covered with a very rich crimson French paper, formed into pannels and compartments with gold mouldings; and the oak floor is spread with a glowing Persian carpet. A sweeping Ottoman, matching the curtains in hue, offers its elastic cushions to the voluptuary, opposite the fireplace; on either side of which stand marble slabbed chiffonieres, containing such embellished books as Wicar's "Galerie de Florence, et du Palais Pitti." (Grand in fol. 1789—1813. Paris, about 30*l.* imported by Rodwell and Martin. By far the most comprehensive of the modern galleries, including pictures, statues, and the finest gems.) Couché's "Galerie du Palais royal." (3 vols. fol. Paris, 1786—1808, 354 plates, about 30*l.*) "Malvasia's Claustro di S. Michele in Bosco di Bologna." (fol. Bologna, 1696, 20 etchings, after the best pictures of Ludovico Carracci, Lionello Spada, &c. 2*l.* 2*s.*) Rubens's "Galerie du Luxembourg." (imp. fol. Paris, 1710, 27 plates, by Duchange, Edelinck, Picart, and B. Audran, from 5 to 10 guineas, according to the impressions. The modern book under the same title, Paris, 1808, is vastly inferior.) Le Febre's selections from the Frescos of Titian and Paolo Veronese. (fol. Venice, 1680, 31 etchings, about 3 guineas.) Filhol's "Galerie du Musée Napoléon." (imp. 8vo. 10 vols. Paris, 1804, &c. 740 beautifully executed plates, 30*l.*) "Recueil D'Estampes, &c. dit le Cabinet de Crozat." (2 vols. imp. fol. Paris, 1729—42, 182 prints from the works of Perugino, Raffaello, Giulio, Garofolo, Caravaggio, Titian, Paolo Veronese, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Schiavone, Guiseppino, Peruzzi, and Girolamo Mutiano, 13*l.* Large paper, in fine condition, 25*l.*) "Dubois-Maissonneuve's Peintures des Vases Antiques, by Millin." (Paris, 1808—10, 2 vols. imp. fol. about 15 guineas plain, and 30 coloured.) The scarce and valuable collection of Vases, by D'Hancarville. (Naples, 1766, &c. 4 vols fol. 400 plates and upwards, coloured; a mass of elegant and unaffected attitudes and

costume, 30*l.*) The subsequent assemblage formed by Sir W. Hamilton, and published by Tischbein, with the remarks and explanations of Itslinsky. (Napoli, 1791, 4 vols. fol. 240 outlines, 12 guineas.) Millengen's "Vases Grecs," (Rome, 1803, 7*l.* 17*s.* imported by Messrs. Rodwell and Martin. 60 plates fol. copied from the originals with very rare and praise-worthy accuracy.) "Murphy's *Batalha*," folio. "L'Antichite di Ercolano." (Napoli, 1787, &c. 9 vols. fol. a fine copy may now be had for less than 40*l.* This work was copied in a smaller size by Piroli, in 6 vols. 4to. Roma, 1789; about 12 guineas.) Major Smith's "Old English Costume." (fol. coloured plates, 15*l.*) Strutt's laborious works on the same subject; the "Ancient Armour" of that 'fine fat fodjel wight' Captain Grose; and Flaxman's Homer Hesiod, and Æschylus.

The aforesaid slabs sustain several very fine specimens of the Raffaëlle china, particularly a grand dish with the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, of which there is a creditable print, by the *Maitre au dé* (see Bartsch. vol. xv. p. 210. no. 38); some curious brown-hisquit teapots, fillagree-worked; and other crockery, both *cracknell* and *green dragon*, which show their possessor's ample range of taste and antiquarian science. An agreeable chaos occupies the broad mantle-piece, consisting of paper-nautili, king humming-birds in spirits, gigantic moths, a noble Podiliriuss butterfly, a small volume of "Heures," cased in a "kyver" of solid silver gilt, wrought with quaint devices, and studded with small brilliants and rubies, supposed, on good authority, to have belonged to the unfortunate and indiscreet Anne Boleyn. Cheek by jowl to this, squats a little ugly monster, a Lar, perhaps, dug up in the sunny fields of corn-bearing Sicily, who grins eternally at a languishing dark-locked beauty, inserted, by the surprising pencil of Pettitot, in an oval seven-eighths of an inch in height, set in a rich-chased-gold-Louis quatorze snuff box. That mouldy bit of corroded brass, no bigger than one's oldest finger, is a Hercules with the snake-and-damsel-guarded apples; deemed by the cognoscenti to equal in stupendous

strength and grandeur any of the famed minikin sublimities in Mr. Payne Knight's collection of bronzes: and unshapely, sweet young lady! as you seem to think this humble earthen lamp, it once gave light to the gay Quintia Sabella! See, on its lid you may trace the figure of a female, who holds wandering Love suspended by the wings!—Round the sides of that fictile vase, uxorious Cephalus,† clad in the modest single mantle, (to use a phrase of the zealous Latimer) his brows shaded with the broad petasus, and grasping in his hand two brass-headed spears, flies, but with retorted head, from the outstretched arms of a winged Aurora. Do not the motion and grace of this composition excuse the unknown artist's little vanity in stamping it ΚΑΑΟΖ?‡—But let us go on. Here is the calf of an antique leg, with the gastrocnemius muscle finely pronounced!—That barbarous weapon, as it may be termed, is a Norman "prycke" spur—and between it and the sacrificial instrument, you have a gold medal of Otho, and a silver one of Julius the Third.—Those enamelled watch cases are esteemed great curiosities, and so is the engraved broken patera, which I am confident is Phœnician.—I should entreat your attention to that *Scarabæus* in green paste, and that superb altissimo rilievo on cornelian, Jupiter *Ægiocbus*, but that I am pressed for time; so let us despatch the remaining vanities of this retreat quickly. At each of the right

angles are Siena brackets, bearing eight bronzes, by the famous John di Bologna; four from the antique, and four from his own designs. These contrast not unpleasantly with the pale gleam of two noble *Christi Crucifixi*, one carved in ivory, the other moulded in wax, elevated over the opposite doors.—Our friend's gilt-poled screen, I grieve to say, is modern; however, he has the promise of one worked in chenille by the fair hand of Pompadour.—The large circular kingwood table is in the same predicament; but then it is Parisian, and the buhl foliage is really very tastily fancied; besides, it is generally hidden by the silver inkstand, the citron-morocco paper-folio (the tooling of which, by Lewis, cost, I know, twelve guineas!) and some sprinkle of books like the present.—What are they by the way? Barry Cornwall's *Dramatic Scenes*, open at "*the Dream*;"—eye, that's one of his hardest blows.—Thomas Taylor's "*Commentary on Proclus*;"—"Howleglass;"—"Bates's Funeral Sermon for Mr. Baxter;"—"Adelung's "*Mithridate*," and Schweighæuser's folio *Herodotus*. Mercy upon us, this is *Janus's Jumble* with a vengeance! Now seat yourself in that remarkably soft-cushioned Grecian chair! rest both feet on the azure foot-stool, and amuse yourself with examining those double ranges of prints, so gaily framed in rosewood, or polished oak, whilst I note down the most notable.—First is the \* Delphic Sybil of M. Angelo,

† In "a *Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*," the argument to the legend of this Thessalian king commences thus:—"Cephalus, a lustie young gallaunt, and Procris a beautifull girle, both of the *Duke of Venice's court*, &c.!!"

‡ This expression, so common on fine vases, is conceived by the hasty Millin to refer to one of the personages depicted, instead of the painting itself; and in order to suit this fancy, he hooks me on the ΚΕΦΑΛΟΣ to the adjective, and translates his combination "*Céphale beau!!*" when the proper designation is undoubtedly *L'Aurore et Céphale*.—*C'est beau*.

\* The articles having a star prefixed, form (with Perier's *Icones et Segmenta*, ob. folio, Paris, 1545, 1l. 1s.) Kirk's *Greek Vases* (imp. 8vo. 1l. 1s. 62 plates), a few select impressions from Tassie's *Gems*, to be enumerated hereafter, five plaisters from the Antique, viz. the Apollo, the Fighting Gladiator, the Sleeping *Hermaphrodite*, the Grecian Shepherdess, (*La Venus de belles fesses*), and the fragmental *Venus or Dione* in the British Museum), a small, but most comprehensive assemblage of the fine arts, the whole cost of which would not exceed twenty guineas! Though, with regard to the choice of *masters*, I am decided, it is by no means my wish to tie every one down to my choice of *subjects*; for which reason I have offered several others, perhaps equally good, though I fear hardly so reasonable. Indeed, if it were possible for me to place the prints themselves (as I wish I could do) before the eyes of my indulgent and flattering readers, they would be agreeably surprised to find what fine things may be had for a comparatively trifling sum.



(Volpato. 10s. 6d.) panting with the divine afflatus, which expands her mighty limbs to a yet grander dimension. See "how she toils in troublous extacy!" while *Divination*, like a deep warm mist, swells surging round her. If you feel not the sublimity of this glorious creature, shrink with wordless shame into your nutshell-mind, most pitiful cockney! and dare not lift your eyes to the \**Sistina fresco*, where, to use the eloquent language of Fuseli, in his third Lecture, p. 126. 2d edition, "The Creator, borne on a group of attendant spirits, the personified powers of omnipotence, moves on towards his last, best work, the lord of his creation. The immortal spark, issuing from his extended arm, electrifies the new-formed being, who, tremblingly alive, half raised, half reclined, hastens to meet his Maker." (Cunego, 5s.)—You must remember a few years ago, at the British Institution (it hung in the north room, on the left hand side as you came up stairs), a small picture, by Marcello Venusti, from the design of M. Angelo, which excited great attention at the time (the ex-animate body of Christ, supported on the lap of his mother by two wingless cherubim). There is Bonasone's very scarce and delicate print of it (3 to 12 guineas); and a brilliant impression, matchless in condition, having "three inches" of clear unwashed original margin!!!§ —Next to it is Louis Schiavonnetti's masterly finished etching of that celebrated performance, which, 'by the united testimony of contemporary writers, and the evident traces of its imitation scattered over the works of contemporary artists' (that scoundrel Bandinelli's St. Lawrence, || to wit), 'contributed alone more to the restoration of art, and the revolution of style, than the united efforts of the two centuries that preceded it': I mean the \**Cartoon of Pisa* (10s. 6d. folio size), which represents a band of Florentine soldiers hurrying from their bath in "Arno's pleasant stream," at the call of the fierce

brass, and the shifting flash of steel breaking through a brown shroud of dust in the direction of Pisa. From the naked chief who shoots his summons through his thick beard over the vext waters, "every age of human agility, every attitude, every feature of alarm, haste, hurry, exertion, and eagerness, burst into so many rays, like sparks flying from the hammer." Poussin, in his *Sacrament of Baptism*, has but faintly imitated that 'grim feature' (the bald-stringy-musclcd veteran, crowned with oak leaves), who with breath held, cheeks contracted, and starting temporal veins, drives his wet leg through the *scrooping hosen*.—Yet this print, fiery as it is, is still but the shadow of a shade, a copy by Schiavonnetti, from a painting by Mr. Howard, after a small copy of Bastiano San Gallo, reduced from the original sketch for a large picture, of which the group before us was to have constituted but a part.

\* *Giorgione's "Pastorale"* (Nic. Dupuy, sculpt. 6s.) consists of a partie quarrée, in a meadow very *savorous* with sweet herbs and scented flowers, and *umbrous* with orange and cedar trees, who might well be taken for our old friends Philostratus, Lauretta, Pampinea, and Dioneus (which last slender-joined gallant seems tuning his rebeck to the canzonet "*If love were free from jealousy*") save that more white skin is discovered than might befit such decorous ladies. Nevertheless, in point of site, there is much resemblance.—Lo! the marble fountain, round the which they gathered to relate those tales,—and yonder its overflowing water "streaming along the meadows by secret passages and channels, very fair and artificially made; running swiftly thence down towards the plain, but before it arrives thither, driving, with its rapid current, two goodly mills;" and though I see neither "the coney and hares tripping about," nor "the little young hinds feeding every where," yet truly "the goats browse

§ The late Lord Webb Seymour paid, not long before his death, 40l. for M. Antonio's *Parnassus*, with a five inch margin!—I have an excellent impression (perfect) of the same, which cost 8l.

|| That multitudinous composition, or rather distraction, so well engraved by M. Antonio, in return for the repeal of the decree of banishment: which repeal was procured through the good offices of the said Beccia.

on the herbs without strife or warring together;" those vine and almond covered ground-plots, sweeping down from the mountains, "whereon the sun looks so hotly, do grow less and less by variable degree, as in theatres:" and in the right hand distance is the breezy lake, "containing such huge shoals of fish."—I observe you don't relish Burnet's Rembrandt-like etching after that great master's \* *Balnearium Bathshebae*, (11. 11s. 6d.) but I think you will stomach the corn-cutting, and small-tooth-comb work better after glancing over Janus's eulogium on it, in the 3d or 4th Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE: perhaps that masterpiece of C. Marzatti's (the same story, Auden Aerd. 7s.) is more germane to your ideas of Uriah's wife. Fuseli (a despiser, of course, of the insipid Carlo) pronounces this picture to be "a work of which it is easier to feel than to describe the charms; which has no rival; and seems to preclude all hope of equal success in any future attempt."—There is Veronese's \* *Leda* (Romanet. 5s.) formerly a blazing star in the Orleans collection, afterwards exhibited at the Lyceum; a charming picture, at once striking and harmonious in effect; which, besides the usual freshness and delicacy of Paolo's pencil, possesses a truth of passionate expression not surpassed by the leaders of expression's own peculiar school—the Roman. By the omission of the swan, and the introduction of a shadowy hand, round-angled *Leda* has been converted by Fuseli into 'Sin receiving the keys of Hell-gates;' a dashing recollection struck out while the original was hot in his mind. Those strenuous primeval forms (\* Fuseli's Adam and Eve, 1l. 1s. Haughton), embody the pathetic and heartfelt lines of Milton, when Adam, after the fatal lapse of Eve, declares that the enemy

Me with thee hath ruined; for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die.  
*How can I live without thee? how forego  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly  
joined,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!*  
no, no! I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of my  
flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy  
state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

So saying she embraced him,  
much won that he his love  
Had so ennobled, as of choice t' incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.

In the background, beyond the broad leaves of the bower, the angelic guards wind through the air to heaven, "mute and sad for man." The print, I am sorry to say, though laboriously copied, has a square, hard, clumsy look, not perceptible in the richly impacted picture.

I need hardly name Watteau as the inventor of that most piquant scene (\* *Le Boquet de Bacchus*. Cochin, sculpt. 5s.) though you may not so immediately distinguish its companion (\* *Les agréments de la campagne*. Jouillain, sculpt. 5s.) to be the production of Lancret, his clever imitator. Did you ever meet with such nice, pleasant, good-for-nothing people? Turn away from them to that melting, gliding, awkward, graceful, affected, easy, pure, voluptuous, heavy, airy, perfect, faulty, irresistible group, the refined *Parme-giano's* \* *St. Margaret*, Virgin, Bambino, St. Jerome, St. Petrouio, and an angel; painted for the altar of St. Margaret's church, Bologna. It was once slightly engraved by Bonasone, and lately in a delicate and sentimental gusto by Rosaspina, (15s.) a better, because a more painter-like, burin than the exquisite Beppo Longhi.—Massard's large print from Giulio Romano (2l. 2s.)—turn your chair round, if you please!—has not yet met with its due share of regard: it represents the Muses as

—They lightly leap in dance  
With delicate feet; who having duly bathed  
Their tender bodies in Permessian streams,  
In springs that gush'd fresh from the cour-  
ser's hoof,  
Or blest Olmius' waters, many a time  
Upon the topmost ridge of Helicon,  
Their elegant and amorous dances thread,  
And smite the earth with strong-rebound-  
ing feet.  
Thence breaking forth tumultuous, and en-  
wrought  
With the deep mist of air, they onward pass  
Nightly, and utter, as they sweep on high,  
A voice in stilly darkness beautiful.

*Elton's Hesiod.*

I cannot let you stop to examine Raffaello's \* *School of Athens* now! (*Volpato*, 1l. 11s. 6d.) it would hold us a day, and then retain us still: we must likewise pass over for the present

Rubens's tumultuous \* Lion Hunt, (Bolswert, 1l. 10s. The ne plus ultra of engravings,) and his \* Hay-field after a Shower, with the Rainbow, (ditto, 7s. 6d.) to Poussin's \* Polyphemus piping on the Mountain; (Baudet, 15s. one out of a set of eight,) the picture which suggested to L. Hunt a very pretty passage in his Rimini; and to Mr. Cornwall some lines, commencing

Here on a rock that shot up, bare and gray,  
Sat piping the vast giant Polypheme.

You are now looking at Da Vinci's \* Virgin of the Rocks, (Desnoyers, 1l. 11s. 6d. or 2l. 2s.) celebrated by the lines of Charles Lamb, resembling so much the early hymns of Milton.

While young John runs to greet  
The greater infant's feet, &c.

*Works*, vol. i. p. 51.

But, fine as it is, how vastly inferior to that larger proof without the engraver's name! (The Virgin seated on the lap of St. Ann, stretching out her arms towards the never-equalled group of the Child and Lamb. 2l. 2s.) A singular and puzzling composition, painted, as it is believed, by Salaino, after the cartoon of Leonardo; an engraving which I would part with last, of all this little collection. Of the similar subject by it (Anker Smith, sculpt. after the famous drawing in the Royal Academy, 12s.) Vasari says, "that for two days, people of all sorts, men and women, young and old, resorted to Leonardo's house, to see this wonderful performance, as if they had been going to a solemn feast." The fickle artist, however, never went beyond the sketch; from which a picture was afterwards made by Bernardino Luini, his pupil, known by the print in Filhol's Musée Napoléon, Vol. I.—I advise Coluaghi and Molteno to import a few impressions immediately of those beautiful plates from Da Vinci, "The Magdalen with the alabaster cruse," (Dilexit multum. Ricciani, 10s. 6d.) and Miss

Lamb's favourite, "Lady Blanche and the Abbess," commonly called "Vanitas et Modestia," (Campagna, 10s. 6d.) for I foresee that this Dogma will occasion a considerable call for them—let them, therefore, be ready.—A dozen of Foster's somewhat too black gravure \* La Maitresse du Titian (1l. 5s.) may be ordered at the same time.—Also, they will scratch together some clean copies of \* the Descent from the Cross, by Volterra and M. Angelo, (Dorigny, scarce, 18s.; very fine, 1l. 11s. 6d.) Duchange's \* Io, (5s.) after Correggio. Giulio Romano's \* Rape of Hylas, (5s.) M. Angelo's \* Joel; (Volpato, 10s. 6d.) and Domenichino's \* Communion of St. Jerome (Jaco. Frey, 7s. or 8s. far superior to the despicable piece of mere mechanism, by Tardieu).—Now, my silent companion, having nearly got through our job, we will turn to the ——"The dinner's 'pon table, Sir!" "Very well, William!"

P. S. on the following morning.—Among my *starred* articles I omitted to insert Correggio's beautifully divine, and heart-thawing conception of our incarnate Lord, whose mortal limbs, exuding the faint sweat of agony, and dyed in blood from the whistling scourge and the spiny crown, are thrust staggering with weakness before that yelling sea of worse than wolfish cruelty. Let some of our pert, because ignorant, would-be Deists, give half as much attention to this print, and the accompanying simple recital of St. Mark, as they do, or pretend to do, (which is nearer the truth) to the headless Ilyssus, and they will feel the long-dried fountain of sweet waters spring again in their hearts.

The ensuing list of most interesting plates from Filhol's Musée Napoléon, at 1s. 6d. a piece, may, with the excess of some 4s. be comprised in the proposed 20 guinea collection, which, if purchased with a little caution and ready money, will consist of very good impressions:—

<i>Painters.</i>	<i>Subjects.</i>	<i>Engravers.</i>
Sacchi, .....	St. Romuald, .....	Dambrun.
Potter, .....	Animaux dans une Priarie, .....	Duparc.
M. A. Caravaggio, ..	Christ au Tombeau, .....	Bovinet.
Titian, .....	Pietro Martire, .....	Do.
Antique Statue, .....	Eros (L'Amour Grec), .....	Massard.
Poussin, .....	L'Education de Bacchus, .....	Niquet.

Painters.	Subjects.	Engravers.
Fra. Bartolomeo, . . . . .	St. Marc, . . . . .	Dambroz.
Rubens, . . . . .	Venus et Adonis, . . . . .	Villesoy.
Titian, . . . . .	Francis I. . . . .	Boutros.
Da Vinci, . . . . .	Portraits de Femme, . . . . .	Dague.
Piombé, . . . . .	La Visitation de la Vierge, very fine . . . . .	Figeot.
Domenichino, . . . . .	Le Concert, . . . . .	Gerant.
Del Sarto, . . . . .	Christ au Tombeau, called the Raffail del Sarto, . . . . .	Massard.
Correggio, . . . . .	Le Mariage de Ste. Catherine, . . . . .	Do.
Paris Bordone, . . . . .	Mars et Vénus, . . . . .	Heina.
Raffaello, . . . . .	La Vierge au Donataire, . . . . .	Figeot.
Wouvermans, . . . . .	Depart pour la chasse du Faucon, . . . . .	Niquet.

And now, my pupils, I will de a days summons, unless better en-very handsome thing; for if any of gaged, with my very best looks on, you, living west of the Strand, will deliver my judgment, gratis, on all ensure me a roast leg of mutton and matters connected with taste, pat, potatoes, a glass of good port, and present, and to come.—Witness our air: air from a pretty lady, mar-hand, from our pomona-green mer-ried or single, I will, at a three rocco chair longue.

## INVITATIONS OF PSALMS XLII AND XLIII.

### PART I.

As the hart, with eager looks,  
 Panted for the water-brooks,  
 So my soul, athirst for Thee,  
 Pans the living God to see;  
 When, O when! with filial fear,  
 Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?

Tears my food by night, by day,  
 Grief consumes my strength away,  
 While his craft the tempter plies;  
 "Where is now thy God?" he cries:  
 This would sink me to despair,  
 But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went  
 Where the multitude frequent;  
 I with them was wont to bring  
 Homage to thy courts, my King;  
 I with them was wont to raise  
 Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul?  
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole;  
 Why art thou disquieted?  
 God shall lift thy fallen head,  
 And his countenance benign  
 Be the saving health of thine.

### PART II.

Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,  
 For my soul within me faints;  
 Thee, far off, I call to mind,  
 In the land I left behind,  
 Where the streams of Jordan flow,  
 Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-toss'd, my failing bark  
 Founders on the ocean dark;  
 Deep to deep around me calls,  
 In the rush of waterfalls;  
 While I plunge to lower caves,  
 Overwhelm'd with all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light  
 Brought thy mercy to my sight;  
 And my wakeful song was heard  
 Later than the evening bird:  
 Hath the Lord my prayers forgot?  
 Doth he scorn, or hear them not?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?  
 Why with faithless trouble vex'd?  
 Hope in God, whose saving name  
 Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,  
 For his countenance shall shine  
 Through the clouds that darken thine.

## PART III.

Judge me, Lord, in righteousness;  
 Plead for me in my distress;  
 Good and merciful Thou art,  
 Bind this bleeding, broken heart;  
 Cast me not desponding hence,  
 Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide  
 Me, too prone to turn aside,  
 On thy holy hill to rest,  
 In thy tabernacles bless'd;  
 There to God, my chiefest joy,  
 Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?  
 Why of earth or hell afraid?  
 Trust in God;—d disdain to yield,  
 While o'er thee He casts his shield,  
 And his countenance divine  
 Sheds the light of heaven on thine.

Sheffield, Oct. 31, 1881.

M.

## SONNET.

WE wrestle with our fate, like men condemn'd  
 To die if conquer'd. Gladiator-like,  
 We watch and ward, or opportunely strike:  
 Meanwhile our puny efforts are condemn'd  
 By the great foe, who strides along, unstemm'd  
 As Ocean at the bay of sword or pike.  
 We steer for bliss, but still our boat oblique  
 Shoots past the port where Hope sits diadem'd.  
 Fools to contend! yet storms like giants rise  
 Over each other's shoulders, as to peer  
 At their next victim; and some loved one cries  
 For succour, till the heart nigh breaks to hear;  
 Still must we pause?—O! happy they, and wise,  
 Who drift indifferent to Hope or Fear.

July 1, 1818.

## THE DRAMA.

No. XXIII.

Take my counsell, that is, neuer to meddle with Players, for they are a people mightily beloued: I haue knowne one of 'em in prison for two murders, and yet 'scap'd Scot-free: Know this, Sir, that as they are merry Jouiall Lads, all men loue, esteeme, and helpe them, especially if they be the Kings Players, and all of them in their fashion and garbe are Gentle-man-like. *Don Quixote.*

THE old way of sitting in council on theatricals has considerable inconveniences. In the first place, it is difficult to say when the attendances are full enough to form a quorum of *we*. For a singular substantive to assume a plural pronoun would be ridiculous; there is something pragmatical in a judicial duet, ("I think so, and so does Mr. B.") and the *gracious* number, or number of the graces, is not always to be achieved. Next, supposing that a decent coach load of committee is delivered through the double scarlet door, it by no means follows that the Aristotles do obtain seats in the same box, or even in the same tier; and out of this diversity of location, there frequently springs a diversity of opinion. To let the reader behind the scenes a little, he must be informed that the above difficulties have nearly prevented any report on the performance of Miss Bakewell as the *Strangeress* (Thursday, 15th). In spite of mugginess and mud, rumours (since discovered to be erroneous) of Mr. Young's tutorage induced a pretty strong muster, which dispersed itself in the pit, the two shilling gallery, and No. 2 of the dress circle. Some accidents, hereafter to be narrated, brought twelve o'clock in contact with the finale of *Figaro*, which ominous conjunction, strengthened by a rainy night, occasioned a gain to certain coachmen of 5s. and a loss to the New-street oyster opener of 12s. lawful coin of this realm. A nearly meeting, however, took place next morning, at the invalid president's, when a very few words discovered an entanglement of conflicting judgments, as desperate as that of Agramante's camp. The gallery critic, who looked down on the air apple of disco rd, pronounced her short; while Zoilus, of the pit, viewing her from below, affirmed her to be tall: again, he who had taken his

station in the stage box, found her delivery clear, but somewhat too ranting; the which was loudly denied by those in the upper circles and gallery, with such terms as "weak, tame, thin, reedy, school-girlish," &c. &c. The observer on the O. P. side (where Mrs. Haller enters) informed his "right honourable excellency," the president, that she scarcely advanced through the flies before she stopped, unable to proceed; but his opponent, who likewise lost his half of the stage behind the proscenium, begged to be excused, but really he was positive that Miss B. walked completely over to the P. S. before she manifested symptoms of alarm. The gallerian declared that her nose was long; the pittite that it was short. Some cried she was brown, and some she was fair—the logomachy raged mightily, and the passengers were beginning to look up at the windows, when Virgil's old man appeared in the shape of Mr. W. Our president, with infinite promptitude, called silence, and demanded W.'s post, and visual means. The answer was like one of the riddles in the *Old Lady's Magazine*. "Two thirds up the pit, a centre seat, and an opera glass!" Exactly the thing! We shall expect your account to-night, also your's (to Mr. Stage Box). "Gentlemen of the council, I have the honour to wish you all good morning." Here ensueth the amalgamation of the two notices. The pit was filled completely, and respectably, but the boxes were thin, and by no means well dressed—to judge by the names in the plan of the house, no curiosity was excited among the fashionables (if any) now in town. The bills had not advertised Mrs. Haller, by "a young lady, her first appearance on this stage!" (which has an attraction about it from its mystery) but plain Miss Bakewell, in usual sized types.

From this we concluded that little expectation of her success prevailed in the manager's room—it was just to be an *appearance*, and no more—we were right. The play was cast as usual, with the exception of Meadows, as Peter; Mr. Young presenting the kind cuckold; and jolly Mr. Egerton, the friendly Hussar Baron; lion-faced Mr. Farley, the wet nurse of melo dramas, was quite as rumbustious as ever in Francis; Mrs. Gibbs as coarse as Mr. Colman's "Pandora" in Charlotte; and the admirable Emery's Solomon *Quid nunc* was richly pompositous.

By the assistance of Chapman, as old Tobias, matters went on calmly enough, till the entrance of Mrs. Haller in the second scene. (It was not so in the time of the venerable Murray, who drove the whole house to their white cambric; but let that pass.) Those who have never faced an audience of any kind, for any purpose, can hardly sympathise with the sinkings and flutterings of those few seconds, while the candidate, ready at the door, awaits the cue to rush before the well-meant but alarming tempest of encouragement which seems shaken like a hail-storm from every bench and rafter against the aspirant—the breath comes thick; the voice, like Macbeth's amen, "sticks in the throat;" cold dews seize the extremities, and burning flushes the cheeks—the knees bend, and the eye reels. "Now!" the Rubicon is past—she is before the glaring lamps, trembles violently, staggers towards a friendly arm—she will faint! No—an uncontrollable burst of tears relieves the full throat—still the tones are feeble, but the confident air of Peter assures her a little, and her ear begins to catch the proper pitch of the house—she will come out yet more, presently! Herein we were disappointed. Miss Bakewell made no farther improvement the whole evening. She was graceful and womanly, with a certain air of natural dignity; the character was well understood, and she committed no impropriety, either in gesture or delivery; but an evident want of vocal power, adequate to pervade so large a space, prevented her from striking any decided blow on the feelings of the audience. To our notion, she seemed towards the conclusion to be

aware of this, and to relax a little: perhaps it was nervous exhaustion. Be it as it will, she gave us none of that passionate distress which was the life blood of Miss O'Neil's Countess. There was a grief, but it was a grief *comme il faut*; restrained by the presence of spectators. Miss O'Neil acknowledged no conventional trammels—without noise or rant, she luxuriated in grief—it possessed her wholly; there was a sort of voluptuousness in her utter abandonment to the only consolation now left her—tears. And how full and plenteously did these stream forth! They were not like Milton's, "instructed," but wild and free as air; she seemed almost to dissolve in them, and yet they blotted not her loveliness, but increased it, as spring showers freshen the rose. We have often read of this in pretty verses, but never saw it except in Miss O'Neil, and in the Magdalens of Correggio. Her only fault, if we may say so, was an excess of pathos; she went beyond Kotzebue's conceptions of the melting power of penitent beauty, and made the wronged but doating husband appear more of the antique stoical Roman than the morbidly sentimental German. In actual life, no merely custom-founded resolution could have stood against her unextenuating meekness—she would have slain it instantly with her tears; and in the theatrical representation, the protraction of the scene became too painful. Pity for the Stranger's injuries changed to impatience at his torturing squeamishness, in thus tossing away the happiness of two hearts. "Zounds, man!" said a friend who had been winking his eyes, taking snuff, blowing his nose, and performing other little attempts at indifference till he could bear it no longer, "Zounds, man! take her in your arms, and make an end, or we must fire the house to prevent being drowned!" And yet the farewell meeting was not half over. We are not so affected by the *perusal* of this drama, and therefore, though it may sound paradoxically, we esteem Miss B. as the better Countess Adelaide, because she is the worse.

Miss Bakewell appears younger than Miss Dance, and though she has played frequently in country theatres, the *business* of the stage is

by no means familiar to her. Her figure and face were both worth showing, yet she had a pretty reluctance to approach the lamps; and, when the scene demanded it, either through inexperience or timidity, she hesitated till handed forward by Mr. Egerton, who, *à propos*, had dressed his hair and countenance into a similitude of the King, or Elliston. In case another Mrs. Haller should shortly arise, we must hint that uncovered locks, curled and arranged by the seducing skill of Mr. Truefit,\* are not in unison either with the housekeeper or the Magdalen. Mrs. Siddons always wore a plain turban in this part; so did the little-vain O'Neil, though she had fair ringlets, and a beautifully shaped head.

Mr. Young enacts the Stranger with as little affectation, and in as matter-of-fact a way, as we believe it is possible for him to do; but he wants something of that pithy bitterness which *was* in his predecessor, and *is* in the original character.† The real, settled misanthrope would no doubt be cold, for "his heart is a shut sepulchre," but the unhappy Count is "philanthropos:" he wrestles stoutly, indeed, to become a hater, because he has an indistinct feeling, as if he owed it "to his dignity as a man, but the warm flame dispels the cold vapours, and his counterfeiting deceives himself but partially, others not at all. Aware of this failure, and incapable to retrieve it by *action*, he redoubles his attention to *manner*. He keeps a watch on his own words, and those of his servant. He is tremblingly alive to a suspicion of humanity, and, like Goldsmith's man in black, is ferociously charitable. We are much mistaken if these remarks are not confirmed by the first act. On the night before he had silenced Francis in the midst of his little story of Tobias; the man pays a most disagreeable obedience; and after waiting in vain for a voluntary re-commencement, the master is obliged to demand it. *Stranger*—(after a pause.) "You were speaking last night."—*Francis*. "Of the old countryman?" *Stranger*. "Aye!" *Francis*. "You would not

hear me out." *Stranger*. "Proceed!" As the distress of the tale heightens he assumes a greater hardness and severity, and accuses the benevolent Francis of interested motives; treating him as an impertinent spy, he delivers himself from him by a pretended errand, and instantly relieves plenteously his heart and the aged peasant. Young did not quite give us this; he is, indeed, vehement at times, which is good, but he wanted the covering of acrimony and systematic peevishness. It seems as if his temper was too amiable and soft to give such feelings any place under any circumstances, though he can display a generous warmth. It is much to be wished that this graceful actor would temper some of his stage-starts; the vulgar may clap their hands as thoughtlessly as he does, but the judicious grieve,—and Mr. Young is not a man for the vulgar.

A little more meditation, and a little more ambition, would refine his powers to a very keen edge. We do not require him to give up his ride in the Park, for it is beneficial to his health, but perhaps if the piano were touched more for relaxation than employment—

Twice has Mr. Meadows presented himself to our critical fire,—his Baron Altradoff, in the *Exile*, was just exactly nothing, and he omitted the song wherein Liston directs the instrumental accompaniments. The old Times says, "his Peter proved that laughter may be excited without buffoonery;" for our parts we say nothing, lest we two should clash in our opinion. Mrs. Gibbs was, if possible, more abominably natural than ever in Charlotte, and made us long very much for the intellectual Miss Kelly—would that she were at Covent Garden! what a treat of tears we should have to hear her and Macready together in some such piece of homely pathos as Heywood's "Woman killed with kindness."—"There you should see a passion, there you should see a passion!" But let us memorise the Sunday wig of Solomon, and that most Arcadian of Sunday coats, made, as we take it, of Brussels carpeting, which looks

\* The worthy friseur of this House.

† This perhaps, is not a correct term to apply to any of Kotzebue's Dramatis Personæ; for though master of situation he had little or nothing of characterization.



just like a vast sallad of cos-lettuces and the whitest celery! But here comes that little round nightingale, Mrs. Liston; and behind her stands Miss Beaumont with her guitar, as pretty and as good a girl as ever stepped on Norwegian wood. Listen.—A gentleman of a learned education kept a school at ———. Several circumstances, of no importance here, rotted the foundations on which he trusted to erect a permanent shelter for his family: his spirit gave way, matters became worse, and he died prematurely—leaving his children heirs of nothing but some unavoidable debts. One of them obtained at Covent Garden through her musical talents a salary, liberal as the treasury could afford, but still sufficiently scanty, considering the various claims made on the private pocket of the female performers. By management hardly to be conceived, this young creature actually laid by, in the space of sixteen months, a sum which put it in her power, without foreign aid, to appear among her gayer associates in all the ornaments so naturally dear to women. And even this would have been creditable to her—but it was not set apart for any such purpose. A tradesman at ——— was a few days ago desired to write a receipt for a bill of thirty pounds due to him by the late Dr. \* \* \* \*—he did so, and the money was paid down. On the same day, payment of another outstanding account was tendered to Mr. ——— an eminent surgeon in the same place, who, in the royal spirit of his patron god, *Αναξ Απολλων*, refused it!—It was the daughter of the unfortunate gentleman who offered this pious sacrifice to his memory, and this daughter was — MISS BEAUMONT!

When the curtain dropt there arose a mighty strife between cries of “*the Stranger!*” and “*No! No!*” Mr. Fawcett, dressed in red and black colours, “which, as we construe colours,” painted his temporary temper to the life, walked forth. We cannot

recollect ever seeing him put on such an angry fighting face. He spoke of duty, but in a way as if to enforce rather than to render it; and somewhat cavalierly hinted that “it was not customary for an audience to command a play,”—true, it is not customary! but it has been often done—and if with less frequency during the last season, it was because the audiences, spite of Macready and Charles Kemble, never derived excitement enough from the “*plattitudes*” wherein these excellent actors were doomed to flounder.—Mr. Fawcett seemed doubtful as to the wishes of the rioters, and left the stage: but a hurricane of hisses, howls, catcalls, and sticks, after reducing the fine Overture of the Barber of Seville and its exordial serenade to pantomime, satisfied him, and he gave out “*The Stranger,*” but without specifying time.\*—“Begin again, begin again,” was now the cry, and Liston, in his own courteous manner, tripped off through the side scene, followed by the alarmed and plump Mr. Pyne! who herein committed a singular faux-pas, as he himself is the prologue of the piece. Alas! alas! we saw—we saw him grasped by the red right hand of the furious manager, and whirled in again before us like a shot out of a saucepan! Afterwards we saw Mr. Jones in the pretty Spanish dress which does but justice to his clean made limbs. This gentleman looks and rattles like gay five-and-twenty; and yet we have some idea that he is rather more. His vivacity effervesces in the warmth of the friendly faces before him, like Champagne before a fire; bang goes the cork, and it flies all over the house—but no! sour French wine is an unworthy comparison—his solid worth is better typified by that unapproachable invention, Welch ale! Nevertheless, notwithstanding (as law parchments run) we are a little uneasy for him in his forthcoming part of Valentine in the Two Gentlemen of Verona.† Perhaps he might as well exchange

\* It was repeated Thursday the 22d.

† Shortly to be revived, with new songs, dresses, scenery, galas, and fêtes of the most splendid description. Gentlemen, have a care of your buttons! Ladies, look that your laces be strong! for Liston plays Leance!

characters with Mr. Abbott, who can look grave before the scenes, though not behind them, as it is rumoured.

The interesting Miss M. Tree is slowly recovering from a debility, caused, in great measure, by the mistakes of her physicians: she, however, acted and sang most excellently well in Rosina; her mellow tones sweep round you, rich and deep as the odours of evening. She begins to be once again familiar with her unknown friends in the boxes and pit, who endeavoured, on her re-appearance in Viola, to make her assurance doubly sure: their warm welcome was too much for her faint nerves—her voice died, and she nearly sank.—Abbott, who was watching her, kindly and promptly stepped on the stage, and explained her distress—she could not, however, proceed in her song. Miss Tree's delicate figure contends sweetly with her honey voice; there is a delicious dispute between the harmony of her notes and the harmony of her proportions. What amateur of fine forms, who has had the good luck to see her in Philidel, will ever forget?—We must look backwards a moment, and then walk over to Mr. Elliston's.

Saturday, the 10th, was distinguished by a damnation.—The damnation was entitled the Venetian Pasty—both the men and women cooks, to wit, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Chatterly, and Mrs. Gibbs, did their *possible*; but the meat was fly-blown, and the crust rancid.—The town ought to be put in possession of the author's name, to the end, that if he should chance to enter a room, the ladies, and the decent, may be requested to leave.

DRURY-LANE.—Two, four, six, eight, twelve, sixteen, eighteen, twenty-one, two, three—only twenty-three people at the pit-door, and the clock on the half-hour's chime. I have mistaken the night—No! “Mr. KEAN's fourth appearance this season!! This evening, Monday, Nov. 19, his Majesty's servants” (save his Grace to be so ill served) “will perform Shakspeare's tragedy of Othello. Othello Mr. KEAN!!” “By day and night, but this is wondrous strange.”—The bolts shake, the doors open, and in they burst! Not a bit of it—but we crawl for-

wards into the funnel, as if we were irresolute whether to enter or return. “Come on a little faster, if you please,” says the money-taker.

They manage these things differently in the Garden.—It wants but ten minutes to half past six, and those who are waiting begin to form close columns.—Here they spread right and left, thickening the fleshy masses at the three doors.—Lo! the Bow-street officials stalk around with conscious dignity—hark! it is the voice of that active veteran, Donaldson.—“Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen! take particular care, I say! tuck in your socks, gentlemen! look sharp, going in!” Now—what a shuffling of short stepping shoes over the stone floor—in they pour continuous—the steps are scaled by the foremost, and shillings and oaths are thrown about!—now the wave sweeps on—now the reflux tide loses momentary ground: some exhort, “Keep up there;” others dehort, “Don't shove behind so!” See those unhappy *Johann Rums*, who have been squeezed without the current. How they straggle to weather the balustrade, while the toil-drops fall from their brows like rain.—Here a pale frightened girl, gasping for breath, looks imploringly at her arm-pinioned father, who, black in the face from pressure, tells her “not to mind;” while a good-natured old stager desires her to push against him, and ease her chest.—“Madam,” says a smartly dressed young man to a roundabout dame from the Mineries, “I am extremely grieved that it is not in my power to prevent my ribs from pinching your elbow. If you could contrive to extract it presently,—“Now Sir, as quick as you can,” says the keen Mr. —, “Take up your check! Now Sir, for how many? Get your money ready, ladies and gentlemen! There, Sir.”—“What sort of room?”—“Good standing room yet!”—and this is often our luck after waiting a quarter of an hour in the windy arcades.

Far otherwise last night—we walked hither and thither, where we listed, before we chose a centre seat on the fifth row. The pit did fill, however, before half price; but the

boxes were poorly attended, and the slips were completely empty the whole evening. The house looked cheerless and cold, and it was so; we fairly shivered when the curtain drew up, and long before it had dropped were sneezing violently.\*

Mr. Cooper got through Iago very creditably, and made no "damnable faces;" but his manner of rousing Othello's poisonous drop, in the third act, wanted more *art* to give it colour. It was not *artless*, but dogmatical; his suspicions did not ooze from him, but poured out in a good set style—he was rhetorical and didactic. The two speeches, "Good name in man," and "O beware, my lord, of jealousy," had not the least resemblance to a natural exposition of thoughts suggested by unlooked-for manifestations on the part of the Moor (to give them the which is certainly Iago's cue); they were most naked, well-chewed aphorisms, philosophical maxims; not nets to entangle the understanding or the senses, but springes to catch woodcocks. Mr. Cooper is not likely to see this; Kean is: and we admonish him, that his affecting exclamation "O, misery," thus loses half its effect.—We do not pity the victim of a cunning knave, but despise the dupe of a clumsy impostor.—Mr. Cooper's villain wanted poignancy, bitterness, subtlety, and insidiousness: not that he should frown and wink his eye at the audience, and grin ghastly smiles, which no one else is to see but those who paid their money for it—No! *ars est celare artem*, Iago's works shall unfold Iago, not Iago's words. Without "converting him into a pattern of comic gaiety, and good humour," he may throw over the part more of the free, off-hand assurance of the *Soldado*, which passes for an honest bluntness. This is by no means inconsistent with the most accomplished artifice, *as we know*. But Cooper must not take his notions of the Italian Ancient from a Cornet of the Life Guards (we beg pardon, a Sub-lieutenant). The general's standard was formerly a man of high consideration, either for worth or rank. He should have his gold chains of

goldsmith's work, and his medal, his triple-piled velvet cloak of peace, his "Florentine cloth o' silver jerkin," slashed and decorated with knots of ribbons; or an inlaid coralet of Milan steel. The fashion of his sword hilt shall march with his fierce Venetian cap, and sharp twisted mustachios;—his hosen shall be silk, his ample breeches Damascene, and the gilt dagger of most express workmanship. These things, however, are recodite. As it is, Cassio and Iago look like militia doctors, who put on their regimentals seldom—but that Mr. Kean should consent to have the Venetian generalissimo rendered perfectly ludicrous, by a Cavalry's kettle-drummer's frippery, is almost incredible. We laugh at Holbein's Abraham attired like Harry the Eighth, yet tolerate absurdities quite as gross. "But, perhaps, the appropriate costume is more unbecoming than the usual one!" That's impossible—Mr. Kean already looks round-shouldered and hump-backed; and any change must be for the better: but it so chances that correctness would here ensure grace, and give the little man height and importance. Surely then, it is as well to be right as wrong. Miss Smithson, who is a very goodly-figured girl, when she keeps her shoulders down, repeated the words of *Demona* as well as could be expected;—and Mrs. Egerton was far too coarse and loud in *Emilia*. "Gentle Willy's" *Emilia* was a Venetian lady with a rolling eye, and a moist palm—but we forget, the manager's copies have it otherwise. Of Kean's noble Moor it is almost idle to speak, after the acute critiques of Hazlitt: in our next number we shall wire-draw some of his compact cubic thoughts, and make a few observations on the mingle mangle which is presented to play-goers, under the name of Shakspeare's Othello!

The Cobourg, Adelphi, (well worth any person's attention) the Olympic, and the West London, will shortly be honoured with our notices. From the bills of the last-mentioned theatre, by the way, we have gathered several curious pieces of information—for instance, that Dryden

\* Fact!

lived two thousand two hundred and forty-two years ago; that he wrote a play called ΟΕΔΙΠΥΣ, and that it was received *nightly* at Athens, with the most rapturous shouts! The manager has thrown out several other *tenlamens* towards a reformation in

chronology, antiquities, and orthography, as well English, as Greek.—His name is Amherst; and he was particularly well damned at Covent Garden, about two years back, in Lee's Alexander.

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## REPORT OF MUSIC.

### No. XXII.

INCIDENTS in the musical world are now of rare occurrence. Speculations as to the probabilities of next season, and preparations for the Campaign, furnish all the banquet upon which hungry enquirers are invited to feed; and these, like the legendary entertainments of fairy lore, are but too apt to vanish, or to change their form, ere we can approach to satisfy ourselves with the delicacies they present.

Where Madame Catalani is to take up her head quarters, is a question of some moment. It was *not* in her intention (*on dit*) to accept of any connexion with the Opera except as a principal; and it is known that her negotiation for the management, in conjunction with Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre, has terminated without the wished conclusion. The King's Theatre being let to Mr. Ebers, the interesting doubt arises whether she will or will not appear in that situation where she is most captivating. We are told, also, that she has asked the apparently enormous sum of 2,000*l.* for her assistance at the Covent Garden Oratorios, and that her engagement is not yet decided. In the meanwhile, she has been singing at Concerts at Bath, which have been very fully attended; but the sweet facility of Mrs. Salmon is reported to have outtrivalled her grander attributes in the public favour. An anecdote is told of a lady, who not being able to obtain admittance, applied to M. Vallebrequé (not knowing his connexion with Madame Catalani) to procure her admission. Mr. Vallebrequé, with his known attachment to the qualities of his wife, assured the fair solicitor, that such were the prodigious attractions of Madame Catalani, that he feared it would be impossible to gratify her wishes. "O!" said the lady, "but I don't care about

Catalani, I want to hear Mrs. Salmon."

The mortified Freuchman immediately applied to Monsieur C. N. B. to make the enquirer sensible of the magnificent powers and acquirements of Madame Catalani; unfortunately, however, the musician spoke English (he said) with such difficulty, as to render explanation, through him, *impossible*. But who can hear and see Madame Catalani, and not find excuse for the pride of the husband, in the possession of so lovely, so superior a creature? There is, too, another fact, which outweighs an hundred such as the former. After singing at a large engagement for Mr. Loder, a violinist, who takes equal rank with the first musicians of the country, for his ability both as a leader and a player, she returned to him the whole sum, in token of her respect for his talents and character.

The French paper, *L'Etoile*, has attacked that part of the account of her travels which relates to France, in some important particulars. The Editor states, that the salary she received from the government is underrated, inasmuch as her year was only seven months, and that she did not engage either Mr. Spontini as a composer, nor Italian singers. The females were English (Mrs. Dickons, Miss Fearon, and Madame Vestris), and the men French and Spaniards. Moreover he declares she did not relinquish the *théâtre Italien*, but was dismissed for unsatisfactory management.

Miss M. Tree, and Miss Hallande, have both, we are happy to find, sufficiently recovered from indisposition to resume their public engagements. Miss Wilson, it is said, goes to Italy for improvement. Mr. Braham has refused a very lucrative offer to visit America. He is right, if he consults his reputation, and would be perhaps more so to retire from public life

altogether, to avoid the lamentable spectacle of a great artist displaying his powers in their decline.

We have heard that a concert, in opposition to the Philharmonic, is meditated by certain members of the profession connected with a great musical institution. We hope, for the honour of the professional character, that this is not true, since such an opposition could only grow out of its own proper bowels, the Philharmonic including almost every professor of distinguished reputation. No concert was ever conducted with more real credit to its founders, supporters, and directors, with more liberality, or with more unprejudiced, or more genuine desire for the exaltation of the art, than the Philharmonic; and we should be sorry to see its great and noble purposes contravened by the cabals, acerbities, and jealousies, which have been, but too often, justly the reproach of musical men.

Three handsome volumes of the vocal melodies of Scotland have appeared, under the title of the Scottish Minstrel, to which is prefixed a short, but interesting, preface, relating to the origin of the national music of that country. The selection appears to have been made with great care. It is very comprehensive, including about three hundred songs, and, of course, all the most pleasing and popular. Such a collection must necessarily embrace a vast deal of the traditional history of manners and events; now made doubly interesting by time, and by the curiosity which has lately been drawn towards that country by the glowing pictures of the great novelist and poet, if these be not *alter et idem*, as the internal evidence of his works leads us to believe.

With the exception of arrangements, the most important of which are the airs in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Latour; Mehul's *Overture Dell' Irato*, by Rimbault; and Handel's *Hailstone Chorus* (as a duet), by Burrowes, not more than three or four compositions have appeared (worthy notice) since our last. One of these, however, is a curious specimen of humour. It is published at Dublin, and called a *Grand Royal Divertimento*, and can be neither more nor less than a musical mystification of the Royal Visit to Ireland.

A gaudy frontispiece is prefixed, consisting of the crown, sword, and sceptre, connecting by a ribband the Irish harp, wreathed with flowers. On this is inserted, in Irish characters, "We hail our dear and beloved Sovereign with a hundred thousand welcomes," and the whole is surrounded with rays dispersing clouds. There is next a second frontispiece (illustrating that the Irish cannot have too much of a good thing), with a portrait of George the Fourth. Then follows the music. The introduction is obviously imitative, and we perceive the various noises that saluted the royal ear on his arrival to be the object of this finely descriptive passage, which is concluded by a flourish of trumpets, to mark the presence of Majesty. The *Grand Coronation March* succeeds, which is a collection of as many scrambling absurdities as can be collected together in such a space, indicative, no doubt, of the author's vile disloyal thoughts concerning the late august ceremonies, which the wicked satirist points still more severely, by following it up with *Last Night's Dream*, one of the dullest and drowsiest tunes ever produced—ancient and melancholy—as if Royal dreams could be made of such stuff! But what marks the radical intentions of this unhappy wag is the conclusion, which he calls King George the Fourth's Grand March, composed by a child of five years old. For shame, Mr. Composer, is this Irish Loyalty? The King's Grand March was composed by children of a larger growth, we are quite sure from internal evidence.

*Phoenix Park*, a grand divertimento, composed on the occasion of his Majesty's visit to Ireland, is a loyal effusion. This is about as good as the general run of such things, but (in compliance, no doubt, with the enthusiasm of the time) more showy and noisy than substantial or excellent.

The eleventh number of the *Quadrille Rondos*, by Bochsa, is hardly equal to the general tenour of that musician's composition in this lighter species.

The only vocal piece is a Glee, by Mr. J. Foy, jun. upon the words in the *Monastery*, *Merrily swim we*. It is dramatic, and not devoid of imagination.

## POPULAR RETROSPECT OF THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

FORMERLY it was esteemed extremely unphilosophical, and the very summit of ill breeding in scholarship, to vulgarise science by rendering it intelligible or useful. Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, kept their grandest speculations masked in symbols of mystery, for the sole use of favourite disciples; and in modern times, natural philosophers, chemists, and physicians, have, in this, often followed the steps of their ancient masters. In the earlier ages, indeed,—by many so ignorantly praised,—philosophy was a most useless and idle study; inapplicable to any earthly purpose, except, perhaps, to exercise the heads of a few devoted visionaries, who were looked upon by the rest of the world either as tinged with lunacy, or as having unhallowed intercourse with evil spirits. Nor was this wonderful, while philosophy was confined to the cloister and the study, and walked not abroad among the men of the world, except when veiled in darkness and mystery.

Among other mighty achievements, the PRESS has dispelled much of this artificial darkness,—broken down the impertinent barriers of the schools, and torn the veil of mystery from the face of learned ignorance, and solemn stupidity. Science and philosophy, the pursuit of which was formerly little better than an apology for ignorance and idleness, have now become useful and popular, and begin to be domesticated in every family circle, from the peasant's cottage to the palace of the prince. Within a few years, a complete revolution has thus been effected in almost every branch of human inquiry and contrivance. The principles of husbandry, gardening, and mining, are hence becoming every day better known, and the practical results are quite wonderful. Besides, our halls, our theatres, and our streets, are most splendidly illuminated with gas; \* our edifices are protected from the stroke of the thunderbolt; our weightiest machinery, and even our ships, are put in motion by the steam of water; our miners are shielded from the formerly destructive explosions of subterranean vapours; † in short, we cannot name a department of human convenience which has not lately received the most essential improvement from philo-

sophy. And all—we boldly say, all this has been done by making UTILITY the main object of scientific pursuit, and by rejecting and scorning away all learned jargon, and the theories of dreaming speculation.

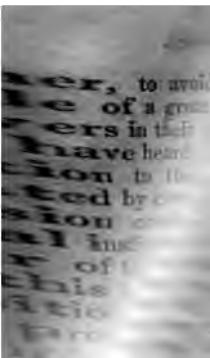
To promulgate in the most intelligible, brief, and popular form, whatever shall appear to us useful or worthy to be known, and to expose whatever may wear the aspect of unfounded pretension, or mystical nonsense, will be the aim of the sketches which we now offer, and shall occasionally continue. Our wish is to exhibit a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of all that is now doing by philosophers and men of science; to give an idea of the most recent improvements, as well as changes of retrogression, to our mere literary readers, and those who have not leisure to peruse the voluminous scientific Journals and Transactions daily publishing. We shall thus also give philosophers themselves an opportunity of seeing their labours fairly estimated by the high standard of utility, by keeping which constantly before us, we hope we shall be able to steer clear of all party-spirit and partiality.

### GEOLOGY.

We shall begin with the almost new and romantic science of Geology, the object of it is to investigate the structure of the globe, and the rocks, &c., which compose its exterior; for of the interior little can be known, except that the nearer the centre the more dense and weighty are the materials composing it, which cannot, therefore, as has been supposed, be either air or water. Geology is, at present, perhaps the most fashionable of the sciences; and the number of able men now devoted to the study must soon bring it to great advancement. The most useful departments of this science are those which relate to mining for metals, coal, rock salt, and alum; to the comparative ability of stones to withstand the weather; and, analogous to this, the crumbling of rocks, and the nature of the soil which they produce. On these subjects we have discoveries and facts published almost daily, but cannot here find room for an intelligible abstract. The more general principles of the science are employed in investigating the age of

\* Coconut oil, for producing gas for family use, is proposed by Messrs. Taylor and Martineau. It is without smell, yields a very bright flame, and is economical.

† A Mr. Lester says, the safety lamp is a dragon that lures the miner to destruction, by giving him confidence to work in the midst of fire damp; but affording so scanty a light, that he is often tempted to open the skreen, and the surrounding gas explodes, and kills him. There is, we doubt not, some truth in this. Mr. Lester has discovered a mode of drawing off the fire damp.



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**MINERALOGY.**

ance most worthy of no-  
 ce, at present, is the am-  
 of M. Mohs, of Freyberg,  
 of the celebrated Werner, to  
 ygon of new names, extreme-  
 and lengthy; a combination  
 Latin, and Teutonic. We  
 see Professor Jameson and  
 is lending their aid to the pro-  
 of these barbarisms.

every scientific journal announces  
 vry of new minerals; but we  
 ally very sceptical as to the ge-  
 as of these novelties so frequently  
 our notice; for we can often per-  
 greater anxiety to make out a dis-  
 to be new, than to identify the ex-  
 d mineral with species already known.  
 are told, for example, (Ann. Phil. ii.  
 ) that Mr. J. Deuchar has found a  
 mineral substance, and is now engaged  
 its analysis. It would, we think,  
 ve been time enough to call it new after  
 its analysis was completed.

**BOTANY.**

The study of Botany, lately so fashion-  
 able, is rather on the decline, owing, we  
 have no doubt, to the great minuteness,  
 and the absolute barrenness, of the Linnæan  
 system. This system, which was for many  
 years quite unrivalled, seems to be rapidly  
 falling into the back ground, and the more  
 abstruse and equally useless system of  
 Jussieu is coming into favour, and has al-  
 ready attained a prominent place in the  
 elementary works. Mr. Brown and Dr.  
 Hooker are our most eminent botanists,

and, *non passibus æquis*, Sir J. E. Smith;  
 but utility is the very last object which  
 these gentlemen seem inclined to pursue.  
 The forming of divisions and sub-divi-  
 sions, and the idle practice of making  
 names, and drawing up useless and minute  
 descriptions of flowers, leaves, &c. form  
 the sole pursuit of all eminent botanists.  
 Sometimes, indeed, they find a spare cor-  
 ner in a page, for a note on the utility of a  
 plant, or on the peculiarities of its growth  
 and physiology, but this is very rare.

Physiological, or rather useful botany,  
 is rapidly advancing, under the care of the  
 Horticultural Society, and by the talents of  
 Mr. Knight, who deserves the highest cred-  
 it for his experiments on the food of  
 plants, and on the ripening and propaga-  
 tion of fruits. Mr. Drummond also has  
 made the interesting discovery, that the  
 green mosses, known by the common name  
 of *crow silk*, so frequently seen on moist  
 walls, decayed trees, bare patches of  
 ground, and stagnant water, are not, as  
 supposed by Linnæus, Hedwig, and others,  
 a particular sort of moss, called by them  
*confervæ*, but are merely the young plants  
 of the *pine moss*, and others of a similar  
 kind. This is intelligible enough, and is  
 amply proved by his ingenious experi-  
 ments; but what are we now to make of  
 the numerous species of *confervæ* mi-  
 nutely described and figured in our books?

**ZOOLOGY.**

We have to record, under this depart-  
 ment, the same decline of the system of  
 Linnæus as we have just mentioned re-  
 specting botany. Lamarck, a French nat-  
 uralist, discovered that insects, and sev-  
 eral others of the less perfect animals,  
 differ from quadrupeds, birds, and fishes  
 in being destitute of a spine or back bone;  
 and Cuvier, another French *savant*, of  
 great industry and talent, took up the hint,  
 and made it the basis of a new arrange-  
 ment, which bids fair, we think, to super-  
 sede the precise and uninteresting system  
 of Linnæus. And, if we must have a  
 learned array of barbarously compounded  
 names for animals, that of Cuvier is  
 rather more natural than the "tooth and  
 nail" work of the Swede, which makes  
 the whale a quadruped, and ranks the bat  
 next to man in the order of things, be-  
 cause of the way in which it suckles the  
 young bats.

Under the head of Geology, we have seen  
 Sümmering's wonderful discovery of the  
 ancient dragon. The discovery of the uni-  
 corn of our royal arms, which is said to  
 have been recently made in Thibet, by  
 Major Latter, and in Southern Africa by  
 Mr. Campbell, will tend much to weaken  
 our faith in the dogmatism of naturalists,  
 and to put more credit in history, though  
 it should be contemptuously called fabu-  
 lous. The newly discovered animal is de-

scribed by Major Latte, exactly as we have so often seen it figured,—with the body of a fine formed horse, and a single horn in its forehead. We shall examine the evidence of this discovery most scrupulously, as soon as it comes before us more in detail. M. Latreille, a French naturalist of some eminence, has, in imitation, as we suppose, of Humboldt's geography of plants, given a very brief sketch of the geographical distribution of insects. This is a subject of great curiosity, but there are few facts yet ascertained respecting it, from the want of general observations by collectors, those personages being usually much more anxious to add a specimen to their box, than to record any thing concerning its habits or its history. M. Latreille, however, thinks he can prove that warm and cold countries have scarcely any insects in common, and also that under the same parallels, in countries which are distant, the species are entirely different. This conclusion does not at all correspond with what Humboldt found to hold in the vegetable kingdom, namely, that nearly the same species flourish in the most distant countries, when the climate and temperature are the same.

#### METEOROLOGY.

If we were to estimate the advancement of a science by the number of its observers, we should say that meteorology is making rapid progress towards perfection. Except, however, the nomenclature of the clouds by Mr. Howard, of which we gave an account in our number for September, and the experiments of Dr. Wells on dew, we recollect nothing which merits the name of a great or important discovery in the science. Mr. Farey has lately proposed a method of studying the nature of the phenomena of falling stars, which, we doubt not, might help to fill up a column of a meteorological table, could he persuade any body to pursue it; for we do doubt whether Dr. Foster himself—Mr. Farey is out of the question—or any other meteorologist, would sit for two hours every night, with his eye fixed on a central star, ready the instant he should see a falling star to call out "mark" to his assistant. It would, we conceive, be more productive in the way of discovery, to sweep the sky for comets.

#### ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

We class these together, because the only thing new of any importance respecting either, is the very interesting discovery of their connexion, by M. Oersted, of Copenhagen, whose experiments have been repeated by Sir H. Davy, and several other British philosophers of distinction. The subject may be considered as still in its infancy, but we sanguinely anticipate that it will terminate in some great practical result. We are very much in the

dark respecting the agents by which electric, galvanic, and magnetic effects are produced. Of one thing we are very certain, that these agents are not fluids as they are often foolishly denominated; or if, forsooth, they must be called so, we must call upon those who thus use the term for a new definition. At the hazard of being thought credulous, we would infer from M. Oersted's discovery, that there may be something real in animal magnetism, for believing in which we have not spared to ridicule the credulity of the Germans. The efficacy of electricity itself, in curing disease, has lately fallen into disrepute, though the facts of its power are strongly established on the evidence of some of the most distinguished names in the profession. Two very singular cases occurred recently. One is given on the authority of Professor Oersted, of a man who had a paralytic affection of the face and eye, and being slightly struck during a thunder storm, was, in consequence, completely cured. (*Amer. Journ. of Science*, iii. 100.) A similar cure was effected at Perth, on a man who had been troubled for several years with a tremulous affection of his whole body, which was completely removed by the shock he received during a thunder storm. These facts are worthy of record, and should induce the profession to give electricity, and even magnetism, a more accurate and fair trial than perhaps has yet been done.

#### OPTICS.

The polarization of light, as it is called, has for several years engaged almost the undivided attention of opticians; and Dr. Brewster has been so industrious in experimenting and collecting facts, that he has formed an entire system of mineralogy on the basis of polarization alone. We wait with some anxiety for its publication. Mr. J. W. Herschel has distinguished himself in a similar line of inquiry. The doctrine of Sir I. Newton, respecting the production of colours by the thickness or thinness of laminae, or plates, has been frequently impugned, and, we think, with success. If the experiments, however, of Mr. Charlton (*Ann. Phil.* ii. 182, N. S.) be correct, colours may, in some cases, such as in enamelling, be produced by mechanical division and communication.

#### ASTRONOMY.

We may consider this as one of the more perfect sciences, in which we can scarcely hope for much that is new. Not that there is nothing remaining to be discovered, but because it has been so long systematically cultivated and taught, that the mind of the astronomer is kept very much in leading strings from his deference to great names, and his implicit confidence in mathematical results. A little scepticism, respecting received opinions in



science, is often, however, of much utility in leading to discoveries, or in confirming by new and collateral proof what is already known; and though it is rather a dangerous instrument in unskilful hands, it is peculiarly adapted to men of talent. Sir R. Phillips, we perceive, has been wielding this weapon against the Newtonian system, and has brought some plausible, though not very novel objections against the supposed infallible doctrines of gravitation, attraction, centrifugal and centripetal force, inertia, and the celestial vacuum on which Newton founded his sublime edifice. Sir Richard, however, like many other objectors, can pull down more dexterously than he can re-build; his proposed system of motion being in many parts very extravagant.—Col. Beaufoy, we perceive, has inferred from some observations on the immersion of the satellites of Jupiter that the moon has no atmosphere, or, at least, it is not like that of the earth. This is not a new conjecture.

#### MECHANICS.

A Mr. Herapath has come ambitiously forward with some baseless mathematical dreams, by which he pretends to give a more satisfactory, that is, a more mechanical account of attraction, gravitation, heat, &c. than has been hitherto published. His problems, we doubt not, are executed with accuracy, and the results, being mathematical, may bring irresistible conviction to his mind; but we are accustomed, in all cases of pretended proof, to begin with an examination of the premises; and the premises of Mr. Herapath we find to be wild, visionary, and, withal, very clumsy. His leading principle is "Let it be granted, that matter is composed of inert, massy, perfectly hard, indestructible atoms, incapable of receiving any change," and admitting "of no breaking, splitting, shattering, or any impression whatever." This extraordinary demand on our credulity is followed by numerous others of the same stamp, which he says he has put in the form of postulates, "to avoid being obliged to establish them by direct demonstration." In the world-making days of Thales and Anaximander, all this might, perhaps, have sounded very grand and imposing, but Mr. Herapath must be very sanguine, if he hopes to make such antique dreams as these be now listened to with any patience. We know nothing, so far as our own experience goes, of *gas in general*, nor *atoms of matter in general*, which are not oxygen, iron, flint, lime, soda, or something similar; and we have been too often bewildered by metaphysicians to trust to their nonsensical definitions of matter in general, which is not, as they suggest, to be found in any particular body, but in all the substances around us. Mr. Herapath is for making us retrograde

with himself to the times of old, when "the sublime speculations" of Epicurus, &c. who derived all things from one kind of matter, were the only science recognised. We think the Royal Society showed their good sense in rejecting these baseless problems, and we would advise Mr. Herapath, if he should again feel inclined to exercise himself in system-building, to lay first a sure foundation, without which even mathematics are false and vain.

It is refreshing to the mind to turn from Herapath's useless reveries to the practical inventions which are now so numerous. Among these, we may mention the great improvements making in the construction of chain bridges, in which Captain Brown, the inventor of the chain cable, has been so successful. One great advantage of such bridges is their cheapness; and another, that they can be constructed over a width of water where bridges of masonry could not be attempted.

#### CHEMISTRY.

Since the discovery of iodine, there has been nothing deserving of much notice in this science. Our experimenters are, indeed, sufficiently numerous, and many of them have formerly obtained high distinctions for discovery; but their labours seem now to be much more trifling than they were a few years ago. The rage for minute and unimportant distinctions, and for new terms to designate these, has widely infected those who are desirous of fame; the contagion having most probably passed to them from our natural historians. We have, in this spirit, analyses of the excrement of a serpent, by Mr. Edmund Davy, and of the urine of a Ceylon frog, by Dr. J. Davy; and we have the French chemists analysing opium, and henbane, and belladonna, and hemlock, and discovering *new substances*, which were, for the most part, formerly known under different aspects, and different names. A metaphysical system—a little more intelligible than Mr. Herapath's, but obscured by symbols, has long been forming by Dalton, Berzelius, Thomson, and others; but though it is supported by the greatest names, we think its utility very questionable, even if it were demonstrated to be accurately true. The new discovery of the connection between electricity and magnetism has induced some chemists to apply the magnet to analysis; and we anxiously wait the result. Will it have any effect in altering the present view of the decomposition of water, which was the original basis of our established system?

#### METAPHYSICS AND ETHICS.

These studies are now become exceedingly unfashionable, and it would consequently be contrary to all we know of human nature to expect much progress to be

made in them. The publication, however, of the lectures of the late Dr. Brown, has surprised us most unexpectedly with not only great originality, but, what is of much greater moment, with more clearness of thinking, and more utility of application, than we had ever contemplated. Dr. Brown has fearlessly pulled down former systems, but he has no less dexterously rebuilt a simple and (wonderful to say) an intelligible and practical system of metaphysics. He has shown most clearly, that the dreams of Dr. Reid, though advocated by the superficial eloquence of Mr. Stewart, are baseless and vain; and, of course, that Mr. Stewart's elements, however prettily written, and however extravagantly praised by the friendly critics of the north, contain nothing which was not borrowed from Dr. Reid, though Dr. Reid had absolutely nothing worth borrowing; his chief work being full of gross mistakes and misconceptions. Yet what is more common than to hear Mr. Stewart called the greatest metaphysician and moralist of the age? The theory of Mr. Alison, concerning beauty and sublimity, has also fallen before the sweeping pen of Dr. Brown, though he has not deigned to hint even at the existence of this "profound and original thinker," as he has been most ludicrously called by his friend Mr. Jeffrey. Our readers may recollect, that Dr. Brown first obtained distinction by his masterly remarks on the *Zoonomia* of Darwin, and in this maturer work we can still easily trace his obligations to that original but fanciful theory.

We have before us the second part of the *Dissertation on the History of Metaphysics*, by Mr. Stewart, published in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is, like the other part, rather tedious and prosing, and loaded with notes, the sweepings of his common-place book, which he found it was beyond his ingenuity to interweave with his text. He has cautiously abstained from giving any sketch of the improvements introduced by Dr. Reid,—for these, as well as his own labours, would have dwindled into insignificance after the complete exposure of his pretensions by Dr. Brown. He has reluctantly admitted, however, that Dr. Reid was very imperfectly acquainted with the metaphysics of his own age. We may appear to some to have here done injustice to Mr. Stewart. We retort the accusation on his friends, who have lauded him as a profound philosopher, to which character he

has evidently no claim. We cheerfully accord to him, however, the merit of being a pleasing writer.

#### EDUCATION.

The new system of education introduced by Bell and Lancaster, is said to be rapidly extending in almost every part of the civilized world. We have to record one most marked exception to this,—its *complex failure in Scotland*. This very striking fact has, we have reason to believe, been industriously concealed from the English public by the friends of the system; but we pledge ourselves for its truth. The opulent and public spirited merchants of Glasgow erected four very large schools in those parts of the city and suburbs where they seemed most to be wanted; and as first they were crowded; but so little satisfaction did they give, though conducted by most able teachers from parent schools in London, that in one or two years they were totally deserted, and have now been converted to other purposes. One is left for a Methodist chapel, and one, we believe, still lingers on, but under a change of system. In Ayr, Aberdeen, and Leith, there are three still languidly kept up; but those in Edinburgh,\* Paisley, &c. both public and private, have been, if we mistake not, wholly abandoned. What has been the cause of this? Simply, it appears to us, that the original Scots system, followed in the parochial schools, is more efficient, because it requires more time from the pupil. We may lay it down, indeed, as incontrovertible, that what is soon learned, is generally as soon forgotten; and systems of education which pretend to accomplish pupils in half the usual time, are and must be gross impositions, and contrary to the known principles of human nature. The system of Bell, or of Lancaster, however, is admirable for merely teaching the alphabet, the accidence, and the first four rules of arithmetic; but there we conceive its utility stops, and must be supplied by one less mechanical. We would, therefore, advocate most strenuously the support of these schools; and it indicates a growing spirit of civilization that they are so rapidly increasing where schools were formerly unknown; but we anxiously look forward to the period when the population of Europe will be sufficiently advanced in information and improvement to see—as the populace in Scotland have seen—that this applauded system can carry pupils but a little way beyond mere elementary knowledge.

R.

\* In the High-street, of Edinburgh the system of tuition by monitors is partially adopted; but this has always been more or less practised in Scotland, as well as the system of emulation by taking places.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

ON the 8th of October, our last intelligence, dated Epirus, arrived from the Greeks. Those noble people are still engaged in the glorious struggle against their oppressors, who are so zealous in the attempt to rivet their fetters. We have lately seen the eloquence of the scholar, and the bold and animated description of the poet, nobly and naturally enlisted in their service. But we regret to say, that even the genius of a Byron, and the learned industry of a Lempriere, have hitherto failed in attracting the contributions of the British people. The minds of the few, however, must feel a deep interest in the success of a country to which freedom owes so vast a debt of obligation. At the period to which we have just referred, Omchid Pacha was still before the Castle of the Lake, where Ali Pacha continued, and the troops of Omchid, who besieged the fortress, were themselves completely blockaded by the snow, the floods, and the army of the chief of Souli; the latter, too, were equally blockaded by the Ottoman fleet, and the Turkish forces occupying the fortresses along the coast of Epirus. It was by an almost romantic incident that Tripolizza fell into the power of Greece. The only fortified portion of this town is the castle, and this point the Turks occupied, while the Greeks were contented with simply preserving a distant blockade. During the last festivals of the Bairam, and at a moment when the Turkish garrison was sleeping, a Greek captain, named Petro, scaled the ramparts in silence, and hoisted the flag of Greece. At the sight of their standard, the Greeks, supposing the castle had surrendered, hastened to the gate, which was but carelessly closed, and entered without striking a single blow! The dismayed Turks instantly and eagerly capitulated, and the fortress is now in the possession of the Greeks. The patriotic

treasury has found in the person of Bardacchi a most efficient supporter; one would almost imagine, that in the spirit of the *old pirate* there was something congenial to the advancement of freedom and glory. This man, who formerly commanded the flotilla of Lambros, which was consumed in 1787, is now a Greek merchant. It is said, that he has forwarded to the senate of Calamata a sum of 1,500,000 francs, to assist the emancipation of the Grecian provinces. The accounts relative to the revolt of Candia are various. All, however, agree as to the mode in which it originated. The Hydriotes despatched to Candia a number of active and intelligent agents, and they soon succeeded in exciting a strong feeling in the minds and hearts of all who heard them. The Sphaciotes, an independent tribe inhabiting the wild valleys of Mount Ida, first rose in vindication of the privileges of Greece. The feeling has since extended very considerably throughout the island, though its fortified points are still in the power of the Turks.

The rise of Mexico to an independent state, with an imperial sovereign, cannot be viewed with indifference by our readers. Royalists and insurgents have united in the declaration of independence which was promulgated on the 24th of August. The sovereignty of the new empire is offered, in the first place, to Ferdinand the Seventh, and, in the event of his refusal, then to each member of his family in succession, according to seniority. To the offer, however, is attached a condition almost tantamount to exclusion, namely, the personal residence of the new sovereign in his trans-atlantic dominions. The first article in the new constitution of this cradle of South American liberty would be very likely to invite the tender sympathy of the "beloved" legitimate; it declares, that the Ro-

man Catholic religion shall be the established religion of the empire, and that none other shall be tolerated in the country.

We are happy to have it in our power to state, that the fever in Spain is on the decline: a dispute has arisen amongst the French physicians who have visited Barcelona, as to the fact of its being contagious. One of these humane men had very nearly fallen a victim to the disease; he is, however, declared convalescent.

We gave in our last a melancholy outline of the disturbances which ensued in Ireland immediately on the King's departure, and truly sorry are we to be obliged now to confirm and enlarge the statement. There appears to be a general and simultaneous excitement which looks very like the effect of organization. The south is, however, the chief seat of the disturbance; and there the audacity of the disaffected is carried to such a height, as completely to overawe even the gentry of the country, who have, in almost every instance, surrendered their arms on demand. The murderers of Mr. Going are still undiscovered, notwithstanding the large reward offered by government for their apprehension. Indeed the offer has been met only by menaces and outrage.

The oath by which the peasantry are bound is said to be to the following effect: "No rent, no tithes, no taxes;" a concise, but at the same time, a most comprehensive classification of the grievances under which Ireland labours. The first item must naturally startle an Englishman; but perhaps his wonder would cease at the idea of the payment of rent being considered grievous by a people who seldom see the faces of their landlords, whose very existence they ascertain only by the London newspapers, and feel through the rapacity of their representative agents. The tithe system, particularly as carried on at present, also operates oppressively on a population the vast majority of which is Catholic; and who have thus out of their scanty means to support the establishment of two churches. It follows as a corollary, that when rent and tithes swallow almost every

thing, there can be but little left for the vortex of taxation. In the mean time, the factions in the metropolis are contributing their mite to the national discontent. The statue of King William, in College Green, was decorated with its party trappings on the 4th of November as usual, in utter defiance of a nominal prohibition from some police magistrates; and one of the most violent of the lodges is said to have gone so far as to have toasted the King's health with inverted glasses. We observe that some foolish miscreants attempted to introduce this factious spirit into London, by dressing out in similar drapery, on the same day, the statue in St. James's Square! This experiment, however, was met by the characteristic good sense of the English people, and treated with the contempt it merited. It is a strange fanaticism in loyalty which would attempt to revive amongst us the days of Lord George Gordon. We confess we had hoped for better days in Ireland after all the uproar of conciliation which so lately stunned us; but it is only a fresh proof, if any were wanting, that the most vociferous are generally the least sincere, and that the faith was more generous than rational which believed that the asperities of ages could be smoothed down in a moment.

His Majesty has returned from his Continental tour, we are happy to say, in good health and spirits. His illness was of short duration, and on his recovery, the whole population of Hanover crowded about the palace of Herrenhausen to congratulate him. The popular national air of "Landesvator, Schutz, and Rather," (the country's father, protector, and counsellor) was played and sung by the assembled multitude. His Majesty was so much gratified, that he showed himself at an open window of the palace, and addressed them to the following effect: "I am recovered, and rejoice that I can be again among my Hanoverians, from which I have been unhappily hindered by my illness. I regret all the trouble they have given themselves, and thank them for it. I gratefully acknowledge the love and attachment of my Hanoverians. I have always been a Hanoverian. I

will live and die a Hanoverian." The King was met at Calais by the Duke D'Angouleme, who kissed him on the cheek after the Continental fashion: when his Majesty landed at Ramsgate, he saluted the cheeks of the Princess Esterhazy after the same fashion. His Majesty has held a levee since, at which the new civic authorities attended in great state, with a congratulatory address from the Corporation on his return; he received them most graciously, and with great courtesy, expressed his regret to the Lord Mayor that his absence prevented him from partaking of the Corporation hospitality on the 9th of November. Immediately after the levee he set off for Brighton, between which place and Windsor Cottage it is understood he means to pass the Christmas: rumour says, that his retirement will be occupied with arrangements for a meditated change of ministry, which is to include Lord Wellesley and the Grenville's; we give this, however, merely as one of the *en dits* of the day. It is also rumoured, that Mr. Canning is to succeed the Marquis of Hastings in the government of India. Some definitive arrangement, however, may with certainty be calculated on before the meeting of parliament, which is fixed for the 27th of January.

It is with feelings of infinite regret, that we announce the execution of no less than sixteen unfortunate fellow-creatures since our last. Some of these excited great commiseration, and more particularly the case of a person of the name of Cadman, who, with his wife, pleaded guilty to offences against the Bank of England. Cadman, it appears, had, on his apprehension, made all the discoveries in his power to the Bank, and did so, as he said on the scaffold, from some hopes of mercy which were held out to him. His wife was respited. Cadman had received a good education, and had even brought out some popular dramatic pieces at Sadler's Wells, with which establishment he was for some time connected. His fate has suggested the idea of a meeting in the city, for the purpose

of considering the nature of offences against the Bank, and their consequences. It is high time that some step of this kind should be taken, not only in cases of forgery, but with respect to our criminal code altogether. Every month convinces us more and more that the policy of Draco was a bad one.

Messrs. Weaver, Shackle, and Arrowsmith, have received the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, for a scandalous libel on the memory of the late Lady Wrottesley, of Staffordshire: their sentence was nine months imprisonment in the King's Bench, and fines amounting in the aggregate to 1100*l.*

The depreciation of every article of provision in the country markets is surprising, and the farmers are naturally loud in their lamentations; we may expect to see the table of the House of Commons groaning under the petitions of the Agriculturists next session. The following are some of the instances which have been publicly stated. At Newbury market, fourteen fine pigs, nine weeks old, were sold for the sum of 17*s.* 6*d.* being 1*s.* 3*d.* each, and the seller returned 1*s.* to the buyer for luck! A fine sow and eleven pigs (her second litter) were disposed of in Speenhamland for 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Not two years ago, a sow with a similar litter was sold in Newbury market for 7*l.* Fine large fowls are selling in Plymouth market at 16*d.* a pair, and the prime-pieces of beef and mutton at from 3*d.* to 4*d.* a pound. Peace, it seems, has not brought a golden age to the farmers.

A proclamation has appeared for the issue of a new coinage of farthings from the Mint.

Last week a letter was sent in despair from the post office to the British Museum, in order that, if possible, its direction might be deciphered. It ran literally as follows—  
"Al, Sua Excellenza,  
Sromfridevi—"

A committee sat, and after long deliberation, Mr. Vansittart suggested that it might be for Sir Humphrey Davy, which turned out to be the case.

## BIRTHS.

- Oct. 18. At Twinstead-hall, Essex, the lady of Sir George Deuya, Bart. a son.  
— At Arbutnot-house, Viscountess Arbuthnot, a son.  
— Lately, at Penenden-beath Cottage, the Lady of Colonel Cuyler, a son.  
24. The lady of Justinian Alston, Esq. of Odell Castle, Bedfordshire, a daughter.  
25. In Great Cumberland-street, Lady M'Farlane, a daughter.  
27. In Grosvenor-place, Lady Emily Drummond, a daughter.  
— At Durham, the lady of Samuel Sproule, Esq. M.D. Member of the Medical Board, Bombay, a son.  
29. At her house, in Park-place, St. James's, Viscountess Cranbourne, a son and heir.  
— At Hanwell Paddock, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Bond, a daughter.  
— At Denford-house, near Hungerford, the lady of the Rev. G. Porcher, a daughter.  
31. At Bath, the lady of Joseph Ashly Galtkell, Esq. M.D. a son.  
— At Twickenham, the lady of the Rev. T. Vials, a son.  
Nov. 1. At Chingford-hatch, Essex, the lady of Ralph Ricardo, Esq. a daughter.  
3. At Beaumister-house, Dorset, Lady Emily Steele, a son and heir.  
4. In York-place, the lady of Wm. Wrixon Decher Esq. M.P. a daughter.  
6. At Chesterton, near Cambridge, the lady of Thos. Taylor, Esq. a daughter.  
7. In Hill-street, the lady of N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. M.P. a daughter.  
8. In Portland-place, the lady of H. S. Northcote, Esq. a son.  
9. In South Audley-street, the lady of W. L. Hughes, Esq. M.P. a son.  
— In Gullford-street, the lady of Wm. P. Richards, Esq. a son.  
10. In Montague-street, Portman-square, the hon. Mrs. Anthony Denny, a daughter.  
13. At Sharpsham, Devonshire, the lady of John Baetard, Esq. M.P. Capt. Royal Navy, a son.  
— In Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, the lady of J. H. Deacon, Esq. a son.  
14. In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. a daughter.  
— At Shapden, in Surrey, the lady of Archibald Little, Esq. a son.  
15. At Highbury-park, Mrs. Davidson, a daughter.

## IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir William Jardine, Bart. of Applegarth, a daughter.

## IN IRELAND.

- In Harcourt-street, Dublin, the Countess of Errol, a daughter.  
In Frederick-street, Dublin, at the Dowager Countess of Westmeath's, Lady Elizabeth Dawson, a son.  
At Cork, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir John Lambert, a daughter.  
At Dublin, at the Right Hon. St. George Daly's, the lady of the Rev. Arthur Knox, a daughter.  
At Drogheda, the lady of Henry Metcalfe, Esq. M.P. a son and heir.  
At the seat of the Earl of Farnham, near Avon, the lady of James Sanderson, Esq. R.N. a daughter.  
At Limerick, the lady of the Hon. John Massey, a son.

## ABROAD.

- At Lausanne, the lady of Capt. Cunliffe Owen, R.N. a son.  
At Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lady Jane Lindsey Carnegie, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Oct. 22. At Walthamstow, J. W. Freshfield, Esq. of Stoke Newington, to F. J. Sims, Esq. of Church-hill-house, Walthamstow, eldest daughter of the late J. Sims, Esq. of that place.  
23. At St. James's-church, by the Rev. Robert Moore, Prebendary of Canterbury, Sir W. Johnston-Hope, M.P. one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to the Right Hon. Maria, Countess of Athlone, sister to Sir Robert Eden, Bart. of Widdestone, in the county of Durham.

29. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Hamblin, of the Theatre Royal, Bath, to Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, daughter of Mr. Blanchard, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.  
30. At Harlow-church, Lieut.-Col. Johnson, of the 86th Regt. to Emma Julia, second daughter of W. Sims, Esq. of Hubert's-hall, Essex.  
31. At Walcot-church, Bath, by the Hon. and Rev. James St. Ledger, Richard Smyth, Esq. of Balmatre, High Sheriff of the county of Wiltshire, to the Hon. Harriet St. Ledger, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Viscount Doneraile, of Doneraile-house, in the county of Cork.  
— At St. Andrew's Auckland, Capt. Clutterbuck, of the 65th regt. of foot, son of John Clutterbuck, Esq. of Workworth, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Thos. Lyon, of Hatton-house, near Durham.  
Nov. 3. At St. James's-church, the Rev. Charles Crook, Rector of Bath, to Charlotte Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Charles Worthington, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, and Lansdown Crescent, Bath.  
6. At Croom-church, by the Rev. Edward Nash, Hugh Massey, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. G. E. Massey, of Riverdale, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Robert Harding, Esq. of Cherry Grove, in the county of Limerick.  
13. At Carlisle, Sir Frederick Triese Morshead, Bart. of Derwent-lodge, Cumberland, to Jane, second daughter of Robert Warwick, Esq. of Warwick-hall, in the same county.  
— At St. Alban's, Wood-street, the Rev. George Edward Beckwith, to Elizabeth Jane, only child of J. Haubury, Esq. of Laytonstone, in the county of Essex.  
14. At Felbridge-park, Sussex, by Special License, the Hon. General Frederick St. John, to Caroline Elizabeth Parsons, youngest daughter of the late J. Parsons, Esq.  
— Charles Henry Pilgrim, Esq. of Kensington, to Miss Holford, daughter of Charles Holford, Esq. of Hampstead.  
15. At St. Pancras-church, Lieut.-Col. A. Hogg, of the Hon. E. I. Company's service, to Agnes, daughter of Wm. Dittwiddle, Esq. of Barrow Crescent.  
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Wm. Thomas, Esq. to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Yemas, Esq. of Clapham.  
— At Marylebone-church, the Rev. Geo. Ernest Howman, of Shipplake, Oxfordshire, to Jane Sarah Wightwick, eldest daughter of the late John Wightwick Knightley, Esq. of Offchurch Bury, Warwickshire.  
17. At Marylebone-church, Josephus J. P. Kendrick, Esq. of Upper Marylebone-street, to Frances Mary, only daughter of the late James Dods, Esq.  
20. At Hackney, Alex. Hutchison, Esq. of Peterhead, Aberdeenshire, to Anne, eldest daughter of Alex. Hutchison, Esq. of Lower Clapham.  
— At Melksham, by the Rev. Charles Tinsell, Henry, youngest son of the Hon. Colonel Seymour, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir Samuel Whitcombe.  
21. At St. Lawrence, in the Isle of Thanet, the Rev. James Volant Vashon, son of Admiral Vashon, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Christopher Mayhen, Esq. of Ramsgate, and niece of Thomas Garret, Esq. of Nether-court.  
— At Bridlington church, by the Venerable Francis Wrangham, Archdeacon of Cleveland, James Randall, jun. of Irongate, Tower-hill, London, to Ann, widow of the late Wm. Leadley (of the merchants' service), Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Bishop Sandford, Wm. Herriesker, Esq. to Madaline, daughter of the late Colonel Riccarton Hepburne, of Riccarton.  
At Edinburgh, Captain Alex. Gordon, R.N. to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Sir Ernest Gordon, Bart. of Park.

## IRELAND.

- At Tangshly-church, in the county of Longford, Sir George Ralph Fetherstone, Bart. M.P. for that county, to Frances Elizabeth Solly, eldest daughter of Mrs. Jessop, and of the late Richard Solly, Esq. of York-place, Bedford-square, London, and grand-daughter of Sir F. Flood, Bart.

## ABROAD.

- In Westphalia, His Serene Highness, the Duke de Crov, Prince of the Empire, Peer of France, and Grandee of Spain, to Miss Maria Dillon, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Henry Dillon, and first cousin of the present Viscount Dillon.
- At the Protestant Church, Caen, by the Rev. W. Jesse, Jane, eldest daughter of Richard Moore, Esq. to Gustave D'Escrivieux, Capitaine au Corps Royal de l'Etat Major, and Aide de Camp to General Baron de Putlod.
- At Thun, by the Dean of Raphoe, Edward Cromwell Desbrowe, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Chargé D'Affaires to the Swiss Confederacy, to Anne, eldest daughter of the Hon. Robt. Kennedy.
- At Paris, at the British Ambassador's Chapel, the Baron de Gavdele-Geanny, to Eliza, widow of George Dering, son of the late and uncle of the present Sir Edward Dering, Bart. of Surrenden Derin, Kent.
- At Brussels, at the British Ambassador's Chapel, Col. Berrington, to Mrs. Dickinson. The bride was given away by her relation the Earl of Jersey.

## DEATHS.

- Oct. 20. Miss Mountain, sister to the Lord Bishop of Quebec.
22. At her house, Rivers-street, Bath, Lady Tydd, relict of Sir John Tydd, Bart. of Lamberton, Queen's County, Ireland.
- At Belle-court, Staffordshire, aged 70, Lady Fletcher, relict of Sir Thos. Fletcher, Bart. and mother of Sir J. F. Boughey, Bart. MP. for Staffordshire.
23. At his house in Queen Ann-street, in his 71st year, Sir Wm. Young, KCB. Admiral of the Red and Vice Admiral of Great Britain.
- Bridge Road, Lambeth, Sophia, wife of David Allan, Esq. Deputy Commissary General to his Majesty's Forces and of Portobello, near Edinburgh.
26. At her house, in Weymouth-street, Lady Hamilton, widow of Sir J. Hamilton, Bart. and mother of Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. Vice-Admiral and Governor of Newfoundland, and of Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart. Rear Admiral and KCB.
27. At Norwich, in his 74th year, Edward Rigby, MD. one of the Aldermen of that City. Dr. Rigby was born at Chowbent, in Lancashire, in 1747, and at an early age became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Priestley. On his entrance into life, he settled at Norwich, where he speedily distinguished himself by his superior talents, which procured for him general esteem. Among his professional writings, his work on Uterine Hemorrhage is highly valued by medical men; and has passed through several editions, upon one of which he was employed but a short time previous to his death. Latterly, much of his attention was devoted to agricultural studies, relative to which pursuit he published one or two works, viz. *Holkham and its Agriculture*, and the *Translation of a work relative to the state of Agriculture, in Italy, from the French of M. Chateauxvieux*. As a magistrate, he was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, for the zeal and integrity with which he exercised his duties, and reformed many abuses, particularly as far as related to the management of the Court of Guardians for the relief of the poor.
28. At Dawlish, in his 28th year, after a long and tedious illness, borne with exemplary resignation, James Browne, jun. Esq. of Brighton, banker.
- At his house, in Hyde Park Corner, John Werner, Esq. upwards of thirty years a Magistrate for the County of Middlesex.
- Lately at Whitehaven, aged 91, Mr. Matthew Piper, one of the Society of Friends. This singular character amassed by his economy a very considerable fortune, but was so parsimonious, as not to allow himself any of the ordinary comforts of life. He has bequeathed his property to charitable purposes, endowing three schools, one at Whitehaven, another at Kendal, the third in Lancaster, each with £1000. five per cent. Navy Annuities, and has also bequeathed 1,000. five per cents. to support a soup kitchen

for the poor; yet while living, he was hardly ever known to bestow charity, or to afford the slightest relief to indigence.

29. John Samuel Charles Pessin, Esq. aged 63. This gentleman, who was a native of Berlin, was a scientific musician of considerable eminence; and his loss will be much felt by his pupils, and also by his numerous friends, both professional and amateur.
31. At Easington Park, Warwickshire, after a short illness, in her 21st year, Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, sister of the Earl of Chesterfield.
- Nov. 1. At her residence, at Burwash, Sussex, in her 92d year, Mrs. Dorothy Jordan, the last surviving of the thirteen daughters of the late Rev. George Jordan, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chichester, and grand-daughter of the late Dr. Bowers, Bishop of the same Diocese.
3. At her seat, in Hertfordshire, Mrs. Allen, of Deronshire-place, relict of the late Admiral Allen.
- In Cumberland-street, S. Horatia Caroline, third daughter of the late John Burke, Esq. and great niece to the Earl of Castlemaine.
6. At Croydon, suddenly, in his 63d year, William Bradshaw Clinton, Esq. of his Majesty's Receipts of Exchequer.
7. At her house, in the Circus at Bath, after a long and painful illness, the Viscountess Mount Earl.
8. In his 70th year, Thos. Preston, Esq. of Green Royd, near Halifax, one of his Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants for the West Riding of the County of York.
- At Ashfield-house, near Marshfield, in the 90th year of his age, Isaac Webb Horiock, Esq. the oldest Magistrate in the County of Gloucester.
11. At Helgate, aged 76, Mrs. Jolliffe, relict of the late Wm. Jolliffe, Esq. MP. for Petersfield.
12. James Crowdy, Esq. of Highworth, Wilts, aged 76.
- At Englefield Lodge, Surrey, Joseph Nicholas Smith, Esq. late of Upper Gullford-street, Russell-square, after an illness of eighty years.
- In Cumberland-place, New Road, aged 70, the Hon. Mrs. Mill, relict of the late John Mill, Esq. of Noranside, Fort-street.
13. At Chester-le-street, Durham, in her 80th year, Mrs. Weatherly, relict of the late Mr. Edward Weatherly, of Garden-house, in the same county; and sister to the late James Oswald, Esq. Chamber Composer to his late Majesty, celebrated for his beautiful compositions, *Roslin Castle*, *Tweed Side*, &c.
14. At Brighton, Mary, the wife of Edw. Skewell, Esq. of Stockwell Common, Surrey.
15. At his seat, Face-house, near Dartmouth, aged 75, Charles Hayne, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel of the North Devon Militia.
- At Lytchet-house, Dorset, the Rt. Hon. Lady Amelia Trenclard, wife of W. Trenclard, Esq. sister to the late Marquis, and aunt to the present Earl of Clanricarde, of Portunna Castle, Ireland.
16. At his house in York-street, Portman-square, aged 73, Rose Fuller, Esq.
17. At his house, St. James-street, Buckingham-gate, suddenly of apoplexy, in his 72d year, Rear Admiral Buxuev, FRS. eldest son of the learned and elegant historian of music. The Admiral had the honour of accompanying Lieut. Captain Cook, in the two last of his enterprising and important voyages. He was one of the most scientific Geographers of this country, as is evident from his valuable and laborious work, the *History of Voyages of Discovery*, his account of the Eastern Navigation of the Russians, &c. As an officer and as a man, his conduct was uniformly engaging, humane, disinterested, honest, and affectionate.
21. At his seat, Thornton-hall, Bucks, in his 70th year, Sir Thomas Shepperd, Bart.
- At Reading, Edward Scott Waring, Esq. late one of the Board of Commissioners at Fennyngbur.
23. At his house in Russell-square, the Right Hon. Sir James Mansfield, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in his 86th year.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, Charles Murray, Esq. formerly of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. This gentleman was a son of Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, who was Secretary to the Pretender Charles Edward Stuart: the 1. 5. 1745.

He received an elegant and classical education, being intended for the Medical Profession. After completing his studies, he made several voyages in the capacity of Surgeon to a vessel; but relinquishing this occupation for that of the Stage, he made his first appearance at York, in 1775, and afterwards performed with great success on various provincial boards, until 1797, when he came out at Covent Garden, in the character of Shylock, and for a number of years continued to perform at that Theatre. He has left one son and one daughter, the latter is Mrs. H. Siddons, the Proprietor of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, of which her brother, Mr. W. Murray, is the Acting Manager.

At Aberdeen, in his 80th year, John Ewen, Esq. who, besides various sums bequeathed to the charities of that city, has left the bulk of his property to the Magistrates and Clergy of Montrose, for the purpose of founding an Hospital, similar to Gordon's Hospital at Aberdeen, for the maintenance and education of Boys.  
At Ormsy, Caithness, Captain Donald Sinclair, late of the 30th Regt. of Foot.

#### IN IRELAND.

In Great Denmark-street, Dublin, after six days illness, Sir Hugh Nugent, Bart. of Ballinlough, County of Westmeath, in his 81st year.  
At Dublin, Dr. Barrett, Vice Provost of Trinity College.

At Busby Park, County of Wicklow, the Hon. Mrs. Howard.

#### ABROAD.

At Caen, in Normandy, Ralph Skinner Gowland, Esq. formerly of the County of Durham.  
At Loodenah, East Indies, Capt. George Rodney Blanc, of the Engineers.  
At Calcutta, Jas. A. Simpson, Esq. Clerk of the Crown, a Protonotary, and Examiner of the Supreme Court.  
At Jersey, John Trelawney, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart. of Trelawney.  
At Sena, in France, Frances, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire.  
At Rome, aged 59, the Rev. Dr. Robt. Walsh, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Churches of Waterford and Lismore.  
At Ghent, Wm. Wilson, Esq.

#### LONGEVITY.

In Woolley's Hospital, Nottingham, in the 108th year of her age, Sarah Peet, widow. Her husband was many years modeller, and silver founder to Abijah Miller, Esq. an eminent Jeweller of that place, in whose time nearly 300 persons were employed in that business there. The deceased retained the perfect use of all her faculties, and could see to thread a needle to the day of her death.  
At Twickenham, in her 106th year, Mary Bristol.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. Mr. Champney, to the Living of Badsforth, near Pontefract, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sir T. Horton, Bart.—The Rev. C. Miller, M.A. of Magdalen College, Oxford, appointed Chaplain to the Countess of Roden.—The Rev. J. Fayer, late of Clare Hall, Cambridge, collated to the Vicarage of St. Teath, Cornwall, by the Bishop of Exeter.—The Rev. C. Kingsley, LL.B. Vicar of North Clifton, appointed Chaplain to the Marquis of Exeter.—The Rev. George Harvey Vachell, B.A. of St. Peter's, Cambridge, appointed one of the Marquis of Salisbury's Domestic Chaplains.—The Rev. Thomas Pickhail, Curate and Lecturer of Waltham Abbey, Essex, collated by the Lord Bishop of London to the Vicarage of Bruxbourn, Herts.—The Rev. Valentine Ellis, Rector of Barnardiston, Suffolk, to the Living of Walton, County of Buckingham.—The Rev. Henry Fardell, of St. John's, Cambridge, and Prebendary of Ely, to

the Rectory of Tyd, St. Giles, in the Isle of Ely, vacant by the death of the Rev. Timothy Matthews.—The Rev. J. H. Rose, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Maresfield, Sussex, presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Vicarage of Horsham, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Jameson.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Rev. J. Hallowell, M.A. Fellow of Christ's College, is appointed Prebendary for the ensuing year.—The Rev. Wm. Russell, of St. John's, admitted M.A.—Dr. John Clarke Whitfield, Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and formerly Organist of Trinity and St. John's Colleges, elected Professor of Music, in the room of the late Dr. Hague.

The Subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay for the present year is:—"The Internal Evidence of the Divine Origin of the Christian Religion."

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The capital parts of agricultural employment and produce at this season are all well performed and promising. Wheat has seldom been sown under more favourable circumstances, generally speaking, and in most districts, the plant is up and looking vigorously. The drier soils have had a slight superiority over the heavier lands, but all may be said to have got the seed in as advantageously as in any former season. The turnips are excellent and the after grass abundant. Potatoes fail in some counties to a considerable extent, but in others (Oxfordshire particularly) they are more than an average crop.

The various fairs have been supplied with immense stock of all descriptions, and the natural consequence of the glut has been further depression. The effect is felt, indeed, in most of the provincial markets, and such a fall in many articles of Provision is described in several of the provin-

cial papers, as must be ruinous to the grower, however beneficial to the other classes of the community. Pigs of nine weeks old are stated to have been sold at Newbury for eighteen pence a piece, and cattle in Smithfield (prime cutters) at 3s. 6d. per stone of eight pounds, on the last market day. The supply of wheat has been also superabundant. For some weeks together the influx coastways to Mark Lane has been considerably more than the whole average of foreign and English supply when the Ports were open.

All the county reports are filled with complaints, and agriculture must be the most extraordinary of all trades, if the present depression be not attended with wide and sweeping ruin. For very many years past, and with only one or two exceptions, till 1820, the price of agricultural produce was 100 per cent. higher than at present, and often even considerably more. What



other trade then could stand under a loss of one half of its whole returns, not of its profits, but of its whole returns, as farming now does? The landlord and the clergyman are in a vast number of instances foregoing from a fifth to a fourth part of their claims, and such reductions must be universal. But while the same amounts of taxation are rigorously exacted, it must be matter of extreme doubt, whether the landed interest can bear up against the pressure; and the evil is aggravated by the destruction first falling upon the small capital of the operative man, by whom loss can least easily be borne. It is stated that ministers have resolved upon a reduction of the rate, at which importation is to be permitted, to seventy shillings per quarter, in lieu of eighty, and are determined upon admitting foreign wheat under a duty of twenty shillings per quarter. The effect of such a regulation will only be to reduce the price to an average of about fifty-seven shillings per quarter, the cost of the grain, transit, and duty, to England. We are persuaded that no artificial regulations will serve the turn.

At the autumnal meeting of the Hampshire Agricultural Society, the following premiums were awarded.

A piece of plate of the value of 50 guineas was given by the president, Sir Thomas Baring, Bart. M.P. for the best cultivated farm, on the alternate system of husbandry, consisting of 500 acres and upwards, and occupied by a tenant at rack rent, and was adjudged to Mr. William Pain, of Mitcheldeven.

A piece of plate of the value of 20 guineas, given by Sir T. F. Heathcote, Bart. for the best cultivated farm, on the alternate system of husbandry, consisting of less than 500 acres, and occupied by a tenant at rack rent, to Mr. James Comely, of Otterbourne.

A piece of plate, of the value of twenty guineas, given by Sir John Walter Pollen, Bart. M.P.; for the best cultivated farm, consisting of 300 acres and upwards, and occupied by a tenant at rack rent, and managed upon any system, to Mr. Richard Baily, at Alresford.

A piece of plate, of the value of twenty guineas, given by John Fleming, Esq. M.P. to Mr. Webb, of Lea, near Romsey, for the greatest number of live stock of all descriptions, working horses excepted, maintained during the course of the year, ending June 1, 1821, in the best condition, in proportion to the soil, and with the fewest losses by death, upon an arable farm of not less than 100 acres, with the smallest proportion of common down, permanent pasture, or water meadow, annexed thereto.

A piece of plate, of the value of twenty guineas, given by Sir T. F. Heathcote, Bart. for the greatest breadth of turnips, in proportion to the whole land occupied, and cultivated in the best manner; regard being had to the quality of the soil, on a farm of 300 acres, and upwards; by a tenant at rack rent, to Mr. Dennis Batt, of Pittleworth, near Stockbridge.

A piece of plate, of the value of ten guineas, given by W. Chute, Esq. to a competitor for the above premium, second in merit, Mr. H. Digweed, of Chawton.

A piece of plate, of the value of ten guineas, given by John Blagrove, Esq. of Great Abahot, near Titchfield, vice-president, to the occupier of a farm in Hants, for the greatest breadth of artificial green crops, applicable to the use of man or live stock, cultivated in the best manner, specifying the quality of soil, and as near as may be the weight of such crops, on a farm of not less than a hundred acres, and not exceeding 400 acres, to Mr. Richard Hinxman, of Chilling.

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## OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR OCTOBER, 1821.

*Naval Academy, Gosport.*

### GENERAL REPORT.

THE weather this month has been very changeable, yet the number of fine and clear days exceeds the overcast and rainy by three. The great space described by the fluctuations of the mercury in the barometer often happens in wet and variable months like the present. Although the depression in the mean temperature of the air is 8° lower than last month; yet the mean of this month is more than 4½° higher than in October, 1820. Spring water is nearly of the same temperature as at the latter end of last month.

The fall of rain and hail here, on the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23rd instant, was nearly 3 inches in depth, which, from a comparison of our Meteorological Journal for the last 7 years, appears to be unprecedented in the same period of time; and we have already had 4 inches more than fell in the preceding year.

The difference between the state of the weather in this latitude, and in that of Scotland and its vicinity (a distance of only 5°) is remarkable; as there it is reported to have been uncommonly dry, while we re-

ceived very heavy rains that have overflowed the low lands.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 3 *parhelia*, 3 lunar

halos, 24 meteors (some of them with trains), 5 perfect rainbows, and 5 strong gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 2 from SE. and 3 from SW.

## DAILY REMARKS.

October 1. Fair, with passing beds of *Cirrus* and nascent *Cumuli*: a clear sky, and some dew by night.

2. The lighter modifications of clouds, nearly all over the visible sky, very red at sunrise and sunset—a fine calm day and night, and much *gossamer* flying in the direction of the wind in long filaments, which dazzled in the sunshine 40 or 50 feet above the houses.

3. Drizzling rain, and a brisk wind nearly all day and night.

4. A rainy day and night, and a strong gale from SW. a rainbow: plumose *Cirrus* and *Cirrocumulus* appeared a short time in the afternoon.

5. AM. fair: showery in the afternoon, and a clear sky by night, with a copious fall of dew.

6. Sunshine and clouds, and a moist air in the day: cloudy by night, and a little dew.

7. A fine calm day: an overcast sky and rain by night.

8. The day as the preceding: a cloudless night and much dew. The last brood of chimney swallows migrated to-day, with the advantage of a brisk NW. breeze, making their stay in this neighbourhood 5 months and 3 weeks, which is longer than usual, influenced perhaps by the high temperature of the air last month.

9. A slight hoar-frost in the grass-fields before sunrise, being the first we have seen this autumn.—A *Stratus* early, followed by a fair day and night. A corona and a small green halo around the moon in the evening, and a moderate gale from SE.

10. A fair day, with small *Cumuli* only passing in the direction of the wind: *Cumulostrati* and a gale from the same quarter by night.

11. A rainy day, and a fine night. The azure sky was unusually transparent in the evening, probably increased by reflection of the full moon's light from the low cirrocumulative clouds, which were regularly passing over in extensive beds.

12 and 13. Fair days; and a clear sky by night.

14. AM. faint sunshine through the clouds: PM. overcast, calm, and a large halo in the evening.

15. AM. rain and wind: in the afternoon *Cumuli* only: a clear sky, cold, and much dew by night.

16. Fair, with *Cumuli*: the night as the preceding—4 small meteors, and a slight hoar frost.

17. An overcast sky, except two hours in the afternoon: rain in the night.

18. A sunny morning, in the early part of which the rudiments of nascent *Cumuli*, sailing beneath the summit of Portdown-hill, had a pretty appearance: PM. overcast with *Cumulostratus*.

19. Calm and overcast, except one hour in the evening.

20. A rapid depression of the mercury in the barometer, with rain and hail, and a strong gale from the SW., against which a flight of swallows laboured very much in migrating towards the SE. in the morning. 4 small meteors appeared in the evening.

21. AM. fine between the showers of rain and hail; and one rainbow: PM. frequent heavy storms of rain and hail together.

22. A showery day and night—3 perfect rainbows, 1 *parhelia* at the top of part of a solar halo, and 3 small meteors.

23. Rain and wind nearly all day: 5 small meteors in the evening, and passing beds of *Cirrostratus* by night.

24. A *Stratus* early, arising by evaporation from the great fall of rain here during the last four days. AM. an overcast sky: PM. fine, with some passing clouds at intervals: 3 small meteors, and a very heavy dew in the night.

25. Two *parhelia*, one to the north of the sun at a quarter before 8 AM. the other to the opposite side at a quarter past 8, both of them distant from his centre  $25^{\circ} 30'$ , and situated in a mixture of passing cirrocumulative and cirrostrative clouds: an overcast sky soon followed: PM. frequent showers of light rain.

26. AM. fine after the fog dispersed: PM. a shrouded sky.

27. Overcast, some light rain, and a very damp air.

28. Overcast and very humid: sunshine in the afternoon; a clear sky and much dew by night.

29. Fair, with lofty *Cumuli*, &c. 4 meteors appeared in the evening, two of them with very long trains, of which one descended from near Polaris, the other passed between Castor and Pollux, and appeared to meet with considerable inflection immediately that it entered an attenuated cloud.

30. The day as the preceding: a foggy evening, and some rain in the night.

31. A fine day: a cloudy night, and light showers, accompanied by a strong gale from SW.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month. Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO-METER.			HYGROME-TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.				
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirrostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.	Nimbus.						
1	30.00	29.78	29.80	66	47	56.5	81	61	75	W to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
2	30.22	30.16	30.19	61	52	56.5	73	60	90	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
3	30.06	29.90	29.80	69	61	64.5	90	80	90	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1			0.15	0.24		
4	29.66	29.45	29.55	66	46	56	89	95	85	SW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
5	30.05	29.90	29.975	67	46	56.5	80	71	86	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1						
6	30.12	30.08	30.100	64	56	60	100	81	100	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1			20			
7	30.24	30.08	30.160	63	44	53.5	94	82	84	SW to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
8	30.10	30.22	30.200	58	52	55	85	70	76	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1			20			
9	30.10	29.91	29.905	59	54	56.5	76	70	73	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1						
10	29.72	29.58	29.650	62	60	56	80	90	100	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1						
11	30.08	29.80	29.940	65	48	53	84	75	94	N to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1			15			
12	30.30	30.51	30.350	59	49	52.5	87	70	83	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1						
13	30.37	30.84	30.365	64	50	57	83	64	83	E to S	1	1	1	1	1	1						
14	30.28	30.27	30.275	56	40	48	88	67	84	NE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1			15	17		
15	30.22	30.20	30.210	55	39	47	86	64	84	N	1	1	1	1	1	1						
16	30.20	30.10	30.150	83	49	51	82	72	83	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1						
17	29.67	29.45	29.469	63	50	56.5	92	75	93	W	1	1	1	1	1	1			10			
18	29.45	29.81	29.880	57	50	53.5	80	65	74	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
19	29.26	29.04	29.150	59	41	50	83	35	80	S to W	1	1	1	1	1	1						
20	29.22	29.15	29.185	52	42	47	82	68	80	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1			12	105		
21	29.34	29.16	29.245	56	45	50.5	85	80	80	SE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
22	29.35	29.17	29.265	56	43	49.5	84	94	100	S to W	1	1	1	1	1	1						
23	29.72	29.41	29.565	54	44	50	91	63	88	E to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1			08			
24	29.98	29.96	29.970	58	52	55	86	70	88	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1						
25	30.15	30.07	30.110	62	52	57	92	80	94	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1						
26	30.22	30.18	30.200	61	56	58.5	80	81	93	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1			10	62		
27	30.28	30.26	30.270	64	44	54	87	70	86	SE to E	1	1	1	1	1	1						
28	30.26	30.22	30.240	56	45	50.5	90	67	80	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1						
29	30.18	30.01	30.079	58	48	53	92	73	100	S to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1						
30	30.02	29.92	29.970	59	51	55	100	74	92	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1			15	52		
31	30.20	29.04	29.942	68	39	54.43	86.2	73.9	88.0		17	14	26	8	19	18	16		1.40	4.53		

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

- BAROMETER** ( Maximum..... 30.30 Oct. 13th, Wind SE.  
 Minimum..... 29.04 Do. 20th, Do. SW.  
 Range of the Mercury ..... 1.85  
 Mean barometrical pressure for the Month ..... 29.942  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for the lunar period, ending the 25th instant..... 29.660  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 13 days, with the Moon in North declination..... 29.876  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 17 days, with the Moon in South declination..... 29.902  
 Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury ..... 7.630  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours ..... 0.830  
 Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 24
- THERMOMETER** ( Maximum..... 62° October 3d, Wind SW.  
 Minimum ..... 80° Do. 16th, Do. N.  
 Range..... 29  
 Mean temperature of the Air..... 54.43  
 \_\_\_\_\_ for 31 days with the Sun in Libra..... 55.87  
 Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 21.00  
 Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 54.68

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

- Greatest humidity of the Air..... 100° several times, morning and evening.  
 Greatest dryness of ..... Ditto ..... 60 in the afternoon of the 2d.  
 Range of the Index ..... 40  
 Mean at 2 o'clock PM..... 73.9  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. .. AM..... 66.2  
 \_\_\_\_\_ at 8 Do. .. PM..... 68.0  
 \_\_\_\_\_ of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock ..... 62.7  
 Evaporation for the month..... 1.40 Inch.  
 Rain and Hall, for Ditto..... 4.53 ditto.  
 Prevailing Winds, SW.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 4; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 13; an overcast sky, without rain, 6; foggy, 1/2; rain, 7 1/2.—Total, 81 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.  
 17 14 26 8 19 18 15

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Dnys.
2	1	3	4	3	9	4	5	31

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Nov. 21.)

WE have no particular remarks to make this month, beyond those which are more naturally placed under the respective heads. There appears, if we may trust the newspaper accounts, to be a considerable improvement in the manufacturing districts. The Leeds Mercury states, that from the return of the woollen manufacture of the West Riding of Yorkshire, for the quarter ending 30th of September, it is ascertained that the quantity of goods manufactured within that period exceeds the most flourishing quarter in the memory of man.

The Third Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the foreign trade of the country, is published. It relates to the trade with China, and agrees with that of the Lords, in expressing an opinion that some degree of liberty might be allowed to British subjects, with respect to the tea trade, without at all infringing on the monopoly of the East India Company, which the committee considers it as absolutely necessary to maintain unimpaired.

*Cotton.*—The cotton market has been heavy for this month past: the unfavourable state of the Liverpool and Manchester markets, after our last report, tended much to decrease the demand; but the sellers were, however, not inclined to come forward at any reduction, with the exception of some holders of India cottons; the sales have, of course, been very limited. In the course of last week, the reports from the country still continuing unfavourable, and the East India descriptions having been so long depressed, the holders evinced much disposition to effect sales; in several instances, the late India House prices were accepted, and one parcel of Surats was reported to have been sold at a reduction of  $\frac{1}{2}$  d. per lb. The purchases in the course of last week were only about 500 bags; viz. 200 Bengals, very ordinary,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  d. and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  d. good  $5\frac{1}{2}$  d. and  $5\frac{3}{4}$  d.; 200 Surats, very ordinary and leafy,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  d. to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  d.; good fair, 63; Sea islands, good fair,  $17\frac{1}{2}$  d. to good  $19\frac{1}{2}$  d. in bond; 50 H V. Carriacou,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  d. duty paid.

We again notice the great decrease in the quantity of East India cotton imported in the first ten months of this year, as compared with the same period last year; viz. from 45,080 bales in 1820, to 23,710 in 1821. The stock on the 1st of November, 1820, was 210,600 bales; and on the 1st of Nov. 1821, 166,115 bales.

The Liverpool market has also been languid. The sales in four weeks, from Oct. 20, to Nov. 17, were 31,610 bags; the arrivals, 31,800 bags. The account for the last week is the most favourable: there had been a fair demand for cotton, though the

public sales, announced for the 16th, amounted to 6,000 bags; these sales, however, went off steadily at the full prices of the preceding week; and in some instances, an advance was obtained on the lower description of American cotton.

*Sugar.*—The reduction in the price of sugars about the time of our last report, had the effect of attracting considerable purchasers; extensive sales by private contract were made, but without any immediate influence on the prices. The demand, however, continuing to be steady and considerable, has led to an improvement in Muscovades; the stocks decreasing rapidly, on account of the large weekly deliveries for home consumption, the holders have become more firm; few supplies are expected, and it is generally believed that prices will improve considerably, especially towards the spring.

The refined market has not experienced any considerable variation; for though the demand for home consumption has been extensive, the advanced season for export, and the limited demand for shipping, have made the holders rather anxious to effect sales, and a small reduction in the price has been submitted to; this reduction appeared last week to facilitate sales, and several export houses purchased freely. The shipping houses continue to inquire after refined goods deliverable in spring; but they cannot obtain contracts at the present prices; only a considerable parcel of crushed sugars is reported to be contracted for, deliverable early in the year, at prices rather higher than the market currency.

Foreign sugars have been in a very depressed state, and almost wholly neglected. At a sale at the India House, on the 31st of October, sugars of fine quality went for 2s. to 4s. higher than the previous prices, in consequence of the scarcity of West India sugars with colour. The following is the favourable report of the market, for the week ending the 20th instant. The demand for good and fine sugars greatly improved last week, and, as these descriptions are scarce, the holders were firm, and obtained an advance of from 1s. to 2s.; the inferior brown descriptions were in more request at prices a shade higher.

This forenoon the demand for Muscovades continues general and rather extensive: the good sugars sell readily at the advance we have stated; the brown descriptions, which have hung heavily on hand for a series of weeks, go off freely at the prices which were previously demanded, but could not be obtained. There is every prospect of a further and more considerable improvement in sugars. The estimated sales to-day are 2000 hhds.

Average prices of Sugar by Gazette:—

October 27.....	30s. 5½d.
November 3.....	28s. 9½d.
10.....	29s. 4½d.
17.....	29s. 1½d.
24.....	

*Coffee.*—The market has been steady and improving during the last four weeks. The languid appearance of the market towards the close of last month having caused a suspension of public sales, the demand by private contract immediately revived, and pale St. Domingo in bags realised 102s. in casks 100s. This induced the bringing forward of three public sales on the 30th ult. consisting of 240 casks British Plantation, 267 bags St. Domingo; a great proportion of the former fine: fine ordinary Dominica sold at 107s. to 108s. 6d.: the few lots of ordinary Jamaica in the sale went 3s. to 5s. per cwt. higher than any previous prices; good ordinary, which had been previously sold at 96s. to 98s. realised 101s. to 103s. There was no alteration in the prices of any other description of coffee; ordinary St. Domingo sold at 98s. 6d. the good quality in bags was taken in at 102s.; Dominica supported the previous prices.

In the course of the following week the public sales amounted to 823 casks, and 824 bags, which all sold freely at the late advance, and considerable private contracts were reported at the same sales. Only one public sale of 127 casks Jamaica and Dominica being brought forward on the 6th instant, an advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt. was obtained; the market was very firm, and the qualities suitable for home consumption, being much inquired after and scarce, commanded high prices. In the following week the same description of coffee, of which about 460 casks were brought forward in public sale, again advanced from 2s. to 3s. per cwt. Little was done in foreign and other descriptions, not adapted to home consumption, and their prices did not vary. The public sales of coffee, after Tuesday, last week, consisted of 410 casks, and 298 bags; the whole sold freely, and generally at prices 1s. to 2s. higher, particularly the good ordinary clean Jamaica, which continues in great request for home consumption, a considerable parcel realised 102s. 6d. and 103s. St. Domingo in casks, fair quality, realised 100s. 6s. and 101s. very ordinary 98s.

The public sales of coffee yesterday afternoon consisted of 101 casks 1 bag, Demerara and Berbice descriptions; middling sold 122s. to 124s. good middling 130s.; one lot of ordinary to good ordinary Jamaica 100s. Generally the coffee market may be reported steady; the former prices fully supported, but little business doing, except for the home trade.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The West India Dock Company have lowered the rent from 7d. per puncheon weekly to 5d.

and then to 3d per puncheon, and the hhd. 2d. It is expected that this great reduction in the rent will tempt speculators to come forward. The market continued to improve last week, purchasers could not buy on such low terms as formerly, and generally the holders were exceedingly firm, anticipating higher prices, as the quantity expected is trivial, and the imports next season, on account of the failure of the crops of sugar in Jamaica, will undoubtedly be limited. The public sale of Friday, 147 puncheons Jamaica, attracted much attention, on account of the fine quality of the rum, and being a favourite mark:—27 to 30 O. P. sold at 2s. 5d. to 2s. 6d.; 32 to 33 ditto at 2s. 7d. to 2s. 8d. The remainder of the sale was rum of an uncommon strength, 50 O. P. sold at 3s. 6d.; average of 45 O. P. 2s. 9d. to 3s. Brandies have continued to advance for some weeks, and we must again quote an improvement of 4d. to 6d. per gallon. The public sale of rum yesterday forenoon sold at full prices; it consisted of 177 puncheons Jamaica, chiefly of good quality—11 to 13 O. P. at 1s. 6d. to 1s. 7d.; 25 to 27 ditto at 1s. 9d. to 1s. 11d.; 28 to 30 ditto at 2s. to 2s. 3d.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The tallow market has been in a very depressed state, and has declined in price. The prices of hemp have continued to advance, the demand being considerable, and the imports appearing inadequate. Flax also is more in demand.

*Tobacco.*—The demand is good, and prices have advanced.

*Indigo.*—Is at a premium of 2d. to 3d. per lb. on the prices of the East India sale.

*Corn.*—The annexed table will show that the opinion which we have all along expressed on the improbability of the average price of wheat rising, so as to admit foreign wheat in the year 1821, are confirmed.

The aggregate averages of corn for the last six weeks, which regulate Foreign import, are—

Wheat 58s. 8d.	Oats 21s. 0d.
Rye 27s. 5d.	Beans 31s. 2d.
Barley 29s. 10d.	Peas 32s. 1d.

All descriptions of foreign corn continue prohibited, and grain from the British colonies of North America is also excluded.

*Oils.*—The common oils are exceedingly heavy, and there appears very little demand for export; Greenland is dull at reduced prices. A cargo of Southern has been sold at about 20l.—A cargo of Sperm and Head Matter sold so low as 57l.—Lanseed oil is higher, and will be scarce, on account of the short supply of seed. Rape is without variation.

*Spices.*—East India Company's sale 12th inst.—Saltpetre, 1,000 tons, company's, taxed at 26s. passed, no buyers; ditto 546 tons, private trade, sold 23s. a

25s.; pepper, 401 bags private trade, sold 67d. a 77d.; ditto white, 15 bags ditto, 147d. a 157d.; cinnamon, 354 bales, first quality, taxed at 6s. sold at 6s. 1d. a 6s. 7d.—204 bales taken in; ditto 306 bales, second quality, taxed at 5s. sold at 5s. 1d. a 5s. 2d.—541 bales taken in; cloves, 102 bags private trade, sold 3s. 5d. a 3s. 7d.; mace, 62 casks, first quality, taxed at 5s. sold 5s. 1d. 138 casks taken in; nutmegs, 39 casks ungarbled, taxed at 3s. 6d. sold 3s. 7d. 461 casks taken in; ditto private trade, 3s. 7d. a 4s. 1d.; cassia lignea, 6l. 10s. a 8l. 1s.; cassia buds, 16l. a 17l. 10s.; ginger, 8s. 6d. a 10s. 6d.; sago, 28s. a 31s.; oil of cinnamon, 5d. a 6d.

The first quality cinnamon is scarce; the stock of cinnamon in the warehouses is estimated at 710,000 lbs. Cloves at 105,000 lbs.; stock of mace 179,000 lbs.; nutmegs 935,000 lbs.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Riga, 19th Oct.*—Flax was to be had on rather lower terms, Marienburg crown at 43½ r.; ditto cut, 38½; Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rachtzer white, 44½ r.; Badstub cut, 37½ to 37 r.; Risten Threeband at 26 r.—Hemp more in demand, and our stock inconsiderable; prices, Ukraine clean, 102 r.; Outshot, 85 r.; Pass, 75 r.; Polish clean, 112 to 115 r.; Outshot, 88 to 90 r.; Pass 78 to 80 r.—Hemp Oil, not to be had under 100 r.—Potashes, almost entirely cleared off; the last price paid for good Polish was 108 r.—Tallow, white crown, 143 r. offered; held at 145 r.; yellow crown last sold at 142 r.; for Soap-boilers 130 r. are asked.—Corn, nothing doing, and the following prices are therefore nominal. Courland wheat, 100 to 120 r.; Rye, (of 115 to 116 lbs.) 60 r.; Barley (of 100 lbs.) 50 r.; Russian Oats (of 74 to 76 lbs.) 43 to 50 r.

There is a total stagnation in colonial produce of every description. The prices of Salt are rather firmer, 52 r. are paid for St. Ulbes.

*26th Oct.*—No change has taken place in the state of our market, only that sowing Linseed has risen considerably; and we have not even a good choice, because the greater part of the seed brought from the interior is for crushing, and the quantity of sowing Linseed hitherto brought being beyond all expectation small, and also of indifferent quality; 10 to 10½ r. have already been paid, and even at this price there are more buyers than sellers.

*Archangel, 28th Sept.*—Hitherto 151 ships have cleared out from this port; some others are expected, but if they do not soon arrive, they will hardly be dispatched this year.

In comparison with former years, we have done but very little this season, and what has tended still more to diminish our sales was, the almost entire want of

ships seeking freights, from which not only many orders received during the summer remained unexecuted, but even some goods which had been already purchased have been left here. The little business that our Russians have done, and the great pecuniary embarrassment which many have in consequence experienced, has gradually depressed the prices of most of our produce. Foreign goods have presented a still more unfavourable result, and the greater part will probably remain in the warehouses till next year; as for many articles not even an offer is to be obtained. Among the colonial goods imported are 2000 chests of Havannah and 1000 chests of Brazil sugars; 200 hhds. of refined; also 402 pipes, 100 hhds. 45 casks and 3,400 bottles of various wines.

Nothing certain can be said at present respecting our contract prices for next year; probably, they will be very reasonable, for most of our articles, at the beginning, and it may therefore be advisable to send orders sooner than usual. We cannot yet say what goods we have over; the chief articles are estimated as follows. Tallow, about 20,000 poods; Linseed, 50,000 chetverts; Wheat about 85,000 chetverts; Tar, about 20,000 barrels; Pitch, about 8,000 barrels.

*Stockholm, 30th Oct.*—It seems that the Corn sent by the directors of the Royal Magazines to the Mediterranean, promises to be attended with loss instead of the profit that was expected. Mr. Askelof writes from Florence, that he intends to warehouse the Corn. According to the accounts of the Directors of the Royal Magazines, they lost 31,500 dollars, Swedish Banco, on 18,415 tons of Oats exported last year to England.

*Copenhagen, 3d Nov.*—The last supply of Indigo received this year, consisting of 16 chests of middling and fine violet, have been sold in public auction at high prices, viz. 7 marks 14 shillings to 8 marks 15 shillings banco.

*Hamburg, 10th Nov.*—Cotton. Demand moderate and prices unchanged.—Coffee. The demand being still inconsiderable it is difficult for the prices to keep up, and some parcels, especially of inferior descriptions, have already been sold at a reduction.—Dying woods. Blue and yellow more in demand, and the former rising in price.—Indigo continues to be in great request, and the advanced prices are willingly paid.—Spices, no demand except for pepper.—Tea, prices low and demand trifling.—Sugar. But little has been doing in our refined this week, and the prices of the inferior descriptions have in consequence given way a little. Large parcels of Hambro treacle have been purchased for exportation to Prussia, which has caused a sudden and considerable rise in the price. Raw sugars are very dull, and very little

has been done in them, with the exception of a pretty large parcel of good Bahia at 5½d.

13th Nov.—Last Saturday 11½d. were in vain offered for pale ordinary St. Domingo Coffee; since then this article in ge-

neral is firmer, and yesterday 11½d. was paid for ordinary St. Domingo, for good ordinary in casks 11½d. and for a large parcel of good ordinary colour Brazil 11½d.

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### WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

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The Encyclopædia Metropolitana, which has been suspended in consequence of the failure of its Publisher, has fallen under the Management of New Proprietors, who will publish the Fifth Part of that Work on the 1st of January, 1822.

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Gazette.—Oct. 27 to Nov. 20.

Oct. 27.—Bamber, W., T. Bury, and T. Cochran, Hayton, Lancaster, calico-printers. [Milne, Temple, C.  
Callow, J. Princes-street, Soho, medical bookseller. [Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand. T.

Dicks, J. London-street, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter. [Jones, 34, Great Mary-le-bone-street. T.

Germaine, G. Commercial-road, merchant. [Bowman, Union-court, Old Broad-street. T.  
Goodman, T. Whitherley, Leicester, cattle-jobber. [Hilliard, Gray's-lan-square. C.

- Hart, J. Bradford, Wilts, shopkeeper.** [Dax, 20, Guildford-street. C.]
- Howard, C. T. Hartley-Wintney, Southampton, surgeon.** [Young, Poland-street. T.]
- Stephenson, R. Cottingham, York, and R. Hart, Sculcoates, York, merchants.** [Scholfield, Hull. C.]
- Willcock, J. S. and T. J. Titterton, Theobald's-road, Red Lion-square, coach-makers.** [Robins, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]
- Oct. 20. Cable, W. Aldeburgh, Suffolk, baker.** [Carpenter, 3, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. C.]
- Goelling, G. Chesterfield, Derby, wine-merchant.** [Loves, Tanfield-court, Temple. C.]
- Hitt, T. Clist St. Lawrence, Devon, butcher.** [Bruton, 55, Old Broad-street. C.]
- Hulse, S. Nottingham, silver-smith.** [Chippindale, Great Queen-street. C.]
- Jolley, N. Charing-cross, poulterer.** [Burton, 28, New North-street, Red Lion-square. T.]
- Lawrence, G. Evesham, Worcester, victualler.** [Bous-field, 5, Bonverie-street, Fleet-street. C.]
- Smith, R. Howden, York, tallow-chandler.** [Lowndes, Red Lion-square. C.]
- Nov. 3. Baker, W. Lloyd's Coffee-house, Insurance-broker.** [Warne, 11, Leadenhall-street. T.]
- Blackes, J. M. Minorics, lay-salesman.** [Lester, New-court, Crafched Friars. T.]
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- Deeble, E. B. Walbeck-street, Curandish-square, upholsterer.** [Palmer, 24, Bedford-row. T.]
- Ingram, T. Lower Thames-street, fishmonger.** [Lanz, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.]
- McCart, J. S. rand, wine-merchant.** [Kearsey, 116, Bishopsgate-street. T.]
- Morris, W. Wellclose-square, tavern-keeper.** [Wiley, Wellclose-square. T.]
- Newcomb, F. S. Gadshill, Kent, dealer.** [Richardson, Walbrook. T.]
- Newman, J. Clerkenwell, brewer.** [Ellis, 14, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.]
- Olding, J. Old Change, stationer.** [Freeman, Coleman-street. T.]
- Parsons, T. Castle-street, Holborn, Jeweller.** [Williams, Chancery-lane. T.]
- Porter, J. Watlington, Norfolk, dealer.** [Ewbank, 27, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square. C.]
- Powell, J. sen. Windsor, Berks, tailor.** [Downes, 7, Furnival's-inn. T.]
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- Saintinarc, J. J. and L. M. A. Gazeau, Ratcliff-row, City-road, rectifiers.** [Lester, New-court, Crafched Friars. T.]
- Stirling, J. and W. Stirling, Cophall-court, merchants.** [Bonntillon, Bow-l-street. T.]
- Tovey, F. R. East street, Lamb's-conduit-street, merchant.** [Russen, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]
- Towler, T. and J. Towler, Wakefield, York, wool-staplers.** [Fyre, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
- Turner, J. Fins-l-street, Paulinoton, chiuaman.** [Orchard, 4, Gray's-inn-square. T.]
- Vincent, W. Old-road, Steyne, rope-maker.** [Orme, Church-row, Stepney. T.]
- Wcherley, W. Te. faint, Salop, farmer.** [Chester, 3, Staple-inn, Holborn. C.]
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- Embleton, R. South Shields, Durham, wine-merchant.** [Van der Buisen, 31, John-street, Bedford-row. C.]
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- Taylor, F. Adlington, Lancaster, shopkeeper.** [Gaskell, Wigan. C.]
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- Ugarte, D. de, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square, merchant.** [Cole, 13, Broad-street-buildings. T.]
- White, S. U. Edingley cotton-mills, Nottingham, cotton-spinner.** [Barber, 55, Holborn. C.]
- Nov. 10. Alexander, I. Old Bailey, coach-master.** [Russen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-street. T.]
- Angel, J. Sculcoates, York, block-maker.** [Rosser, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.]
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- Trayhorn, R. Wickham, Southampton, plumber.** [Woodward, Token-house-yard, Lothbury. C.]
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 Davkison, T. and J. Milliran, Liverpool, merchants. [Addington, Bedford-row. C.  
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 Graham, Sir R. London, bart. J. Railton, Manchester, J. Railton, and J. Young, London, merchants. [Bolton, Austin-friars. C.  
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 Haydon, L. and J. K. Hendy, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, auctioneers. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street. T.  
 Klppen, D. New-road, Pancras, timber-merchant. [Jones, 10, Brunswick-square. T.  
 Kinner, W. and S. Kinner, Nothing-hill, stage-coach proprietors. [Hull, Chiswell-street. T.  
 Matthews, T. High Holborn, linen-draper. [Swain Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.  
 Moody, J. Jun. Egham, Surrey, coach-master. [Isaacson, 9, Broad-court, Long Acre. T.  
 Murray, J. Parkhead, Cumberland, butter-dealer. [Addison, Staple-inn. C.  
 Needham, R. Queen's-buildings, Brompton-road, silver-smith. [Shelton, Old Bailey. T.  
 Northcote, H. J. Lime-street, wine-merchant. [Birkett, Cloak-lane. T.  
 Ralston, J. North Shields, Northumberland, shipowner. [Nid, Throgmorton-street. T.  
 Richardson, F. Cheap-side, warehouseman. [Gregson, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.  
 Robinson, W. and R. Robinson, Worthing, Sussex, common-carriers. [Smith, 6, New Basinghall-street. C.  
 Sanders, J. M. Ipswich, Suffolk, ironmonger. [Clarke, 109, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Scott, C. Stoke-upon-Trent, earthenware-manufacturer. [Barber, Fetter-lane. C.  
 Sherwin, J. Burslem, Stafford, ironmonger. [Woolston, Furnival's-inn. C.  
 Simister, J. R. Simister, and J. Simister, Bir-

mingham, button-makers. [Clarke, 109, Chancery-lane. C.  
 Spencer, T. Gray's-inn-lane, livery stable-keeper. [Tebbutt, Gray's-inn-square. T.  
 Streets, W. Aldermanbury, galloon-manufacturer. [Webster, Queen-street, Cheap-side. T.  
 Tills, W. sen. Mistley, Essex, merchant. [Stevens, 10, Little St. Thomas Apostle. C.  
 Twigg, J. Cheap-side, warehouseman. [Lester, New-court, Crutched-friars. T.  
 Nov. 20. Bentley, J. Curtain-road, hardwareman. [Pike, New Boswell-court, Carey-street. T.  
 Bingham, R. Gosport, clerk. [Cook, Clements-inn, New Chambers. C.  
 Burrel, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. [Bell, Bow Church-yard. C.  
 Handsword, H. Great Winchester-street, Broad-st. merchant. [Lester, 2, New-court, Crutched-friars. T.  
 Meadway, R. Beaminster, Dorset, butcher. [Holme, New-inn. C.  
 Moss, T. Vauxhall, Surrey, porter. [Henson, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. T.  
 Savery, C. South Efford, Devon, lime-burner. [Fox, 4, Austin Friars. C.  
 Ward, J. London, importer. [Browne, 79, Lower Thames-street. T.  
 Wood, J. Birmingham, broker. [Holme, New-inn. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Oct. 27 to Nov. 20.

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 Stenhouse, A. and G. Stenhouse, merchants, Leith.  
 Rankin, R. merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Skinner, T. merchant, Colintonburgh.  
 Balfour, E. merchant, Stirling.  
 Ouller, J. cattle-dealer, Forfar.  
 Aitken, A. manufacturer, Glasgow.  
 Sutherland, J. merchant, Nairn.  
 Foreman, G. and A. Buchanan, merchants, Sterling.  
 Swird, J. Jun. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Smith, J. Jun. merchant, Aberdeen.  
 Sinclair, G. merchant, Stromness.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 21 Nov.	Hamburg. 13 Nov.	Amsterdam. 16 Nov.	Vienna. 8 Nov.	Nuremberg. 12 Nov.	Berlin. 10 Nov.	Naples. 6 Nov.	Leipsig. 2 Nov.	Bremen. 12 Nov.
London ...	25-50	36-8	41-7	10-4	fl. 10-10	7-2½	585	6-19½	616
Paris .....	—	25 <sup>31</sup> / <sub>32</sub>	58½	118	fr. 119	83½	22-80	80	—
Hamburg ...	184½	—	35½	144½	145½	154½	41-80	146½	133½
Amsterdam .	58½	107½	—	134	135½	142	46-75	135½	122½
Vienna ....	251	146½	36½	—	40	104½	57-90	99½	—
Franckfort .	3½	147½	36½	99½	100	104½	—	100	—
Augsburg ...	250	147½	56½	99½	99½	104½	57-40	100½	—
Genoa .....	476	82½	92½	—	—	—	1905	—	—
Leipsig ....	—	148	—	—	99½	104½	—	—	—
Leghorn ....	512	88	99½	—	—	—	118	—	—
Lisbon ....	556	37	41½	—	—	—	49½	—	—
Cadiz .....	15-55	92½	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples .....	440	—	84	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa ....	15-55	—	104	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ....	15-65	93½	104½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto ....	560	37½	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 15 Nov.	Breslau. 7 Nov.	Christiana. 31 Oct.	Petersburg. 26 Oct.	Riga. 29 Oct.	Antwerp. 15 Nov.	Madrid. 8 Nov.	Lisbon. 1 Nov.
London .....	152½	7-3½	—	9½	9½	40-6½	37½	51½
Paris .....	79½	—	40 Sp.	100½	—	31	16-1	54½
Hamburg ....	146½	158½	169	8½	8½	8	—	39
Amsterdam .	135½	141½	—	9½	9½	34½	—	43½
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	2½	—	860

# MARKETS.

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*From Oct. 26 to Nov. 20.*

Amsterdam, C. F. ....	12-15..12-14
Ditto at sight .....	12-12..12-11
Rotterdam, 2 U. ....	12-16..12-15
Antwerp .....	12-8 ..12- 7
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	38-0 ..37- 8
Altona, 2¼ U .....	38-1 ..37- 9
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-70..25-60
Ditto..2 U .....	26-0 ..25-90
Bourdeaux .....	26-0 ..25-90
Frankfort on the Main } Ex. M. .... }	15-7 ..15- 6
Petersburg, rble, 3 Us.....	8½..9
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M .....	10-22..10-18
Trieste ditto .....	10-22..10-18
Madrid, effective ... ..	36
Cadiz, effective.....	36
Bilboa .....	35½
Barcelona .....	35½
Seville .....	35½
Gibraltar .....	30½
Leghorn .....	47
Genoa .....	43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60
Malta .....	45
Naples .....	39½
Palermo, per oz. ....	118
Lisbon .....	50
Oporto .....	50
Rio Janeiro .....	47 ..49
Bahia .....	52 ..50
Dublin .....	8½
Cork .....	9

## PRICES OF BULLION.

*At per Ounce.*

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	..0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	..0	0	0	0
New doubloons ....	3	13	6	..3	13	9
New dollars .....	0	4	9½	..0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11	..0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

*Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 29s. 9d.*

### *Bread.*

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 12d. the quarter loaf.

### *Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.*

Kidneys ....	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions ...	2	10	0	to	4	0	0
Oxnobles .....	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples .....	2	7	0	to	3	10	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Oct. 29 to Nov. 19.

	Oct. 29.	Nov. 5.	Nov. 12.	Nov. 19.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	33 0 to 45 9	36 0 to 45 9	38 6 to 42 6	40 6 to 44 6
Sunderland	36 6 to 47 0	37 8 to 45 9	41 0 to 43 6	38 0 to 39 0

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.  
By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels,  
from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Oct. 20	Oct. 27	Nov. 3	Nov. 10	Nov. 17
Wheat 68	4 56	3 55	1 55	2 55	4
Rye - 26	10 26	5 24	4 27	5 24	4
Barley 31	2 29	4 26	7 26	3 25	9
Oats 20	5 21	1 90	1 19	11 19	8
Beans 32	2 29	5 28	1 26	11 28	3
Peas 32	3 32	5 38	10 32	1 30	7

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Oct. 26, to Nov. 19.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	38,983	2,000	8,620	49,013
Barley	4,504	290	4,115	8,839
Oats	25,909	10,490	10,806	49,996
Rye	385	95	—	425
Beans	8,984	—	—	8,984
Pease	5,932	—	—	5,432
Malt	12,604	Qrs.;	Flour 37,189	Sacks.
Foreign Flour	— barrels.			

### *Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.*

Kent, New bags ...	40s. to 86s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to 60s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags .....	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets 4s.	to 90s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto .....	40s. to 65s.
Farnham, ditto .....	160s. to 180s.
Inferior .....	105s. to 140s.

### *Average Price per Load of*

	Hay.	Clver.	Straw.
£.	s.	£.	s.
3 0 to 4 0.	.4 0 to 5 0.	1 8 to 1 16	
<i>Smithfield.</i>			
3 3 to 4 0.	.3 10 to 5 0.	1 8 to 1 16	
<i>Whitechapl.</i>			
3 0 to 4 8.	.3 10 to 5 0.	1 7 to 1 16	
<i>St. James's.</i>			

*Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at*

<i>Newgate.</i> —Beef ...	2s. 0d. to 3s. 0d.
Mutton ..	2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.
Veal ...	3s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.
Pork ...	2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
<i>Leadenhall.</i> —Beef ...	2s. 10d. to 3s. 6d.
Mutton ..	2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.
Veal ...	3s. 10d. to 5s. 8d.
Pork ...	2s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.
Lamb ...	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

*Cattle sold at Smithfield from Oct. 26, to Nov. 19, both inclusive.*

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
14,138	1,552	89,770	1,490

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Nov. 21st, 1821.)

	Per Share,		No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Per Share,		No. of Shares.	Shares of.
	£.	s.			£.	s.		
<b>Canals.</b>								
Andover	5	—	350	100				
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100				
Ashton and Oldham	80	4	1790	—				
Basingstoke	6	—	1200	100				
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,000	—				
Birmingham (divided)	590	24	2000	25				
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250				
Brecknock & Aberavenny	80	4	908	150				
Chester and Blackwater	92	5	400	100				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100				
Coventry	970	44	500	100				
Croydon	3	—	4536	100				
Derby	135	6	600	100				
Dudley	63	3	2000	100				
Ellesmere and Chester	63	3	3575	138				
Erewash	100	58	251	100				
Forth and Clyde	500	20	1297	100				
Glooucester and Berkeley, old Share	10	—	1960	100				
Do. optional Loan	47	3	—	60				
Grand Junction	219	9	11,815	100				
Grand Surrey	69	3	1521	100				
Do. Loan	109	10	48,000	—				
Grand Union	18	—	28,000	—				
Do. Loan	95	5	19,827	100				
Grand Western	3	—	3996	100				
Graffham	130	7	749	150				
Huddersfield	13	—	6312	100				
Kenet and Avon	17	5	23,828	100				
Lancaster	27	1	11,090	100				
Leeds and Liverpool	325	12	289	100				
Leicester	290	14	545	—				
Leicester & Northampton Union	84	4	1855	100				
Loughborough	3600	170	70	—				
Melton Mowbray	—	12	250	100				
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—				
Monmouthshire	—	10	2400	100				
Do. Debentures	92	5	43,500	100				
Montgomeryshire	70	—	700	100				
Neath	420	25	247	—				
North Wilts	—	—	1720	25				
Nottingham	200	12	500	100				
Oxford	645	32	1720	100				
Peak Forest	66	3	2400	100				
Ports-mouth and Arundel	40	—	2520	50				
Regent's	25	—	12,204	—				
Rochdale	45	2	5681	100				
Shropshire	165	9	500	125				
Summer-set Coal	107	7	500	100				
Stafford, & Worcestershire	700	30	771	50				
Stonbridge	210	9	700	145				
Stratford on Avon	41	—	3647	—				
Stroudwater	85	22	—	—				
Swansea	190	10	533	100				
Tavistock	80	—	350	100				
Thames and Medway	20	—	2670	—				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	1810	75	1300	200				
Warwick and Birmingham	220	10	1000	100				
Warwick and Napton	210	9	980	100				
Wilts and Berks	4	—	14,288	—				
Wisbeach	60	—	135	105				
Worcester and Birmingham	24	1	6000	—				
<b>Docks.</b>								
Bristol	15	—	2200	148				
Do. Notes	100	10	268,324	100				
Commercial	71	3	3132	100				
East-India	164	10	450,000	100				
East Country	22	—	1038	100				
London	103	4	3,114,000	100				
West-India	179	10	1,200,000	100				
<b>Bridges.</b>								
Southwark	13	—	7356	100				
Do. new	27	7 3/4 p.c.	1700	50				
Vauxhall	15	—	5000	100				
Do. Promissory Notes	92	10	54,000	—				
Waterloo	5	5	5000	100				
Annuities of 8%	27	10	5000	60				
Annuities of 7%	22	10	5000	40				
Bonds	100	5	60,000	—				
<b>Roads.</b>								
Barking	—	—	300	100				
Commercial	106	10	1000	100				
<b>East-India</b>								
Branch	100	5	—	100				
Great Dover Street	35	17 6	492	100				
Highbate Railway	4	—	2303	65				
Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	50				
Surrey Do.	—	1	1000	60				
Severn and Wye	30	1 6	3762	50				
<b>Water Works.</b>								
East London	91	—	3800	100				
Grand Junction	54	2 10	4500	50				
Kent	92	10	2000	100				
London Bridge	50	2 10	1600	100				
South London	25	—	800	100				
West Middlesex	50	2	7530	100				
York Buildings	24	—	1300	100				
<b>Insurances.</b>								
Albion	50	2 10	2000	500				
Atlas	4	15 6	25,000	—				
Bath	575	40	—	—				
Birmingham	300	25	300	1000				
British	60	3	—	250				
County	40	2 10	4000	100				
Eagle	2	12 0	40,000	50				
European	20	1	50,000	20				
Globe	130	6	1,000,000	100				
Hope	3	10 2	40,000	50				
Imperial	90	4 10	2400	500				
London Fire	24	1 4	3900	25				
London Ship	20	1	31,000	25				
Provident	17	18	2500	100				
Rock	1	18 2	100,000	20				
Royal Exchange	250	10	745,100	—				
Sau Fire	—	8 10	—	—				
Sun Life	23	10	4000	100				
Union	40	1 8	1500	200				
<b>Gas Lights.</b>								
Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company)	59	10 4	8000	50				
Do. New Shares	48	10 3 4	4000	50				
City Gas Light Company	104	8	1000	100				
Do. New	54	4	1000	100				
Bath Gas	18	18 4	2500	20				
Brighton Gas	15	14	1500	20				
Bristol	28	2	2500	20				
<b>Literary Institutions.</b>								
London	20	—	1000	75 p.c.				
Russel	10	10	700	25 p.c.				
Surrey	6	—	700	30 p.c.				
<b>Miscellaneous.</b>								
Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50				
British Copper Company	32	2 10	1397	100				
Golden Lane Brewery	12	—	2280	40				
Do.	8	—	3447	60				
London Commercial Sale Rooms	17	1	2000	150				
Carnatic Stock, 1st Class	85	4	—	—				
Do. 2d Class	72	3	—	—				
City Bonds	106	5	—	—				