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Vol. XII.] JULY, 1831. [No. 67.

EUROPE AND THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

The legislature which is to effect the great work of change has met at last; and its first operation is announced to be "Reform." We shall not stigmatize the word by giving it the meaning which thousands and tens of thousands of the most desperate and dark-minded rabble that ever tried the wisdom, or cried out for the downfal of a state, have given. We shall listen to those graver casuists, who deny that it is "Revolution;" while they admit that it reaches to its verge. We shall, for the moment, range ourselves with the well-wishers to the measure, and ask in the most deliberate spirit, whether it tends to good or evil. But first, of the King's speech. On Tuesday, the 21st of June, a day which will make itself long memorable, his Majesty delivered the following sentiments:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen.*—I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity of resorting to your advice and assistance, after the dissolution of the late Parliament. Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people on the expediency of a reform in the representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration, confident that in any measures you may propose for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogative of the crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, are equally secured. The assurances of a friendly disposition, which I continue to receive from all foreign powers, encourage the hope that, notwithstanding the civil commotions which have disturbed some parts of Europe, and the contest now existing in Poland, the general peace will be maintained. To the preservation of this blessing, my most anxious care will be constantly directed. The discussions which have taken place on the affairs of Belgium have not yet been brought to a conclusion; but the most complete agreement continues to subsist between the powers whose plenipotentiaries have been engaged in the Conferences of London. The principle on which these conferences has been conducted, has been that of not interfering with the rights of the people of Belgium to regulate their internal affairs, and to establish their government according to their own views of what may be most conducive to their future welfare and independence, under the sole condition, sanctioned by the practices of nations, and founded on the principles of public law, that, in the exercise of that undoubted right, the security of neighbouring states should not be endangered. A series of injuries and insults, for which, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, all reparation

was withheld, compelled me at last to order a squadron of my fleet to appear before Lisbon, with a peremptory demand of satisfaction. A prompt compliance with that demand, prevented the necessity of further measures, but I have not yet been enabled to re-establish my diplomatic relations with the Portuguese government."

The only facts to be gleaned from this part of the speech are, that his Majesty *hopes* that general peace will be preserved, though universal war is preparing, and that the continent will be undisturbed, though every power is increasing its army, and though Russia and Poland are tearing each other in pieces.

That his Majesty relies on the co-operation of the five great powers, though Belgium is as disturbed as ever and much more intractable.

And that, though Portugal, by the presence of a fleet, has been compelled to comply with the demands of satisfaction; yet, that she is stubborn as ever, and has made no advance to an intercourse with England.

The paragraph addressed exclusively to the House of Commons, merely recommends economy; while the paragraph to the two Houses, announces that new taxes will be necessary:—

"I trust that such additional means as may be required to supply a part of the deficiency occasioned by these reductions, may be found without any material abridgment of the comforts of my people. To assist the industry, to improve the resources, and to maintain the credit of the country on sound principles, and on a safe and lasting foundation, will be at all times the object of my solicitude."

On this point we must wait for the ministers' explanation of that phrase of many meanings, "sound principles," before we can venture to congratulate the country on the national credit. The matter is one which least bears being tampered with of anything in the whole range of ministerial responsibility; and let what will come, we must protest against the sponge.

But in touching on the affairs of Ireland, we have the open and formidable admission, that the disturbances there are of a kind to demand the full vigilance of the laws, nay of more, to demand a declaration from the King, that if the punishments held out already by the laws, are not sufficient to crush the spirit of insubordination, the Irish shall have more laws, that is more punishments. Yet while the present punishments are the dungeon, transportation, and hanging, we can discover nothing beyond them, but, perhaps, the *mitraillade* and massacre.

We are inclined to find no fault with this document. It has evidently been framed to avoid all collision of opinion, and by adhering to a few simple points, which nobody could contradict, and avoiding principles which all men might dispute, pass over in tranquillity at least one night of the session. Nor can we feel any hostility to the cabinet over which Lord Grey presides. Whatever we may think of his rashness, no man can charge him with dishonesty. His theories may be fantastic but his hands are clean; and if the constitution is to be assailed, we should rather see it assailed by the straight-forward and declared innovation of Lord Grey, than defended by the hollow-heartedness, the loathsome hypocrisy, the petty-larceny shifts and subtleties of the band over whom he triumphed, after they themselves had exhausted the patience, the feeling, and the force, all but the contempt, of Toryism. If we must fall, let it be by some hand that dignifies our fall; by the assault

of some daring weapon not unworthy of the contest that decides the fate of men of honour; not by the poison administered by the hand of a slave, not by the steel of the assassin, terrified at his own attempt, and at last wound up to the deed for his hire. If we are to see the constitution of the empire perish, let it be where champion smites champion through the joints of his armour, not in the unsuspecting hour, and by an arrow in the heel.

It is reported that there are to be large modifications of the bill. For those we must await the discussion in the House. One there *must* be. If the qualification is not raised, the constitution will be not changed, but extinguished; the House of Commons, not the representatives of the nation, nor even of the populace, but the *tool* of the rabble. Before two parliaments had sat, the ten-pound electors would order the House of Commons to register their will without the formality of a debate; and for the peerage and the throne there would be no alternative but civil war. But as to the king's speech we are quite of the Marquis of Londonderry's opinion:—" He congratulated the government upon the ingenuity they had displayed in the manufacture of the speech from the throne. The only tangible point in it—the only point of importance, was that about the cholera morbus; they were not threatened with the reform bill—they were not threatened with foreign and domestic war—they were only threatened with the cholera morbus. Never was there a speech so satisfactorily framed to disarm opposition. There was nothing in fact to be caught but—the cholera morbus."

The duke of Norfolk moved the address in the Lords, but this new acquisition to a protestant legislature, is not likely to tend in any remarkable degree to the eloquence of the house; the principal part of his speech being thus characterised by the newspapers:—" We regret that in consequence of the noble duke being inaudible below the bar during almost the whole of his speech, we are prevented from giving the whole of it, but we believe that the above are the principal points that the noble duke addressed to the house."

Lord Winchelsea delivered a manly and rational statement of the views which actuated him as an independent Member of Parliament:—" He had withdrawn that support which he desired to afford to his Majesty's present administration. He would honestly and fairly say, that he perceived, the differences said to have once existed between Whigs and Tories were not wholly at an end. He would honestly say, that after the passing of those two great measures, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts and of the Roman Catholic disabilities, he had thought that all distinctions of Whig and Tory ceased to exist."

The plain fact is, that the divisions of Whig and Tory, instead of being narrowed, are made wider than ever. The surrender of the Test Act has done nothing. The Catholic Bill has done nothing. For now an interest still more vital, if possible, is declared to be endangered, and the old difference of principle is become still more distinctly one of self-preservation:—" He (Lord W.) found, however, that one party were now advocating a measure which the other declared would, if conceded, end in the subversion of the equilibrium of the three powers in that constitution which was now the envy and admiration of surrounding nations. This was one great distinction. The next was that the great body of that party which was now in power had lost no opportunity of advocating every measure which would have the effect of destroying the connection between the church and the state—(loud cries of " Hear")—a connec-

tion which, in his humble opinion, formed the ground of that great superiority of moral character for which this country had been so long distinguished."

Lord Grey was called up by those observations, and made, what he seldom fails of doing, an eloquent and specious speech; but to the main point of Lord Winchelsea's, his answer was sufficiently ominous:—"Now he (Lord Grey) was a Protestant, and a member of the Church of England, which he believed to be the best church in the world; but when the noble Lord talked of the necessity of an intimate union between that country and the state, he (Lord Grey) was compelled to say he recognised the necessity of no higher union than the protection which was due to that church, to support its ministers in the proper discharge of their duties."

Yet, even this was not enough, and the premier, confident in his strength, gradually spoke out with a plainness which it was impossible to misunderstand:—"If the noble earl meant a political union, if he meant to make the members of the Church of England parties to the support of political power, he would tell him that the church had very seldom exercised that power, with advantage to themselves, and often with great detriment to the public. (Hear.) I trust, therefore, it is not to me that the noble earl imputes hostility to the church. I wish for Protestant ascendancy, but I wish it to be obtained by a conviction of the superior truth of the doctrines of Protestantism, and to be upheld by the exemplary conduct and piety of those who are to expound its doctrines."

We respect the privileges of the House too much, to venture to describe the meaning which those words bear in our eyes. But, we have heard the same words so often from the regular assailants of the Church of England, that we find it difficult to believe that they could have proceeded from a Protestant peer. On this point we shall say no more. The wildest speculation of the *present* House of Commons will not go the length of breaking down the Church, and thus there will be, at least, some time interposed; some senator, worthy of the name, may expose the fallacy of the republican dreams of purifying a Church, by destroying its means of existence; of reforming the manners of a clergy by throwing them into the basenesses, popular compliances, and popular corruptions of a perpetual canvass for bread; or of purifying the habits of the country, and strengthening the hands of the state, by virtually compelling the clergy to become demagogues, to take an eager personal interest in every party and public change, to be the perpetual advocates for change, and to bring to their new alliance with the politics of the mob, the passions of the enthusiast. Let a clergy be once salaried by the state, and its dignity in the public eye perishes at once. On the first real or fancied emergency in the state, its salary is curtailed; and this process goes on, until no salary at all is paid, and the clergy are driven to subsist on the precarious bounty of the subscribers to their chapels. The next consequence to which, must be, the shaping of their doctrine and style to the doctrine and style of their diversity of congregations; in other words, the extinction of all national regularity and decency in worship; the advocacy of every absurd misconception of Christianity, in its turn; and a crop of Socinians, Deists, and abettors of every new foolery of the populace, until the whole issued in one common tide of infidelity.

But the bill is still *sub judice.* The debate will not take place till a

period too late in the month for us to animadvert upon it, and we must wait the lapse of time, and the recovered wisdom of Lord Grey. The most remarkable speech of the night, however, was brought out not by the ecclesiastical, but by the political, portion of the Premier's opinion:—

"The Duke of Cumberland said he should not have risen on the present occasion, had not a pointed allusion been made to him by the noble earl, who had chosen to prefer a serious charge against him, of being always adverse to the liberties of the people of this country. He would tell that noble earl, that on this subject he must be permitted to express himself as warmly as he felt, and assert in his place that, if those liberties were endangered, no man there or elsewhere should be found more eager or willing to fight manfully in support of those liberties than he himself—(Hear.) He would ask that noble earl in what public acts of his parliamentary life, for above 30 years, since he had been a member of that house, did he find the proof of such an accusation? His opinion was one which was not new, nor without high precedent—that the safety of our constitution consisted in the just equipoise and balance of the aristocracy, the King, and the Commons of Great Britain. As to the bill proposed to the adoption of Parliament, on the subject of reform in the House of Commons, he thought totally different with the noble earl and his colleagues of its merits. Whenever the time should arrive that the liberties of the people of this country might be attacked, he would be found as eager as any man there to fight in their defence."

From the unsettled and dubious state of British affairs, we turn to the equally unsettled state of the Continent. The great source of diplomatic trouble, at present, is Belgium. The declaration by France that she will, under no circumstance, send troops to support the decision of the "five powers," has completely nullified all their proceedings.

The most curious feature of the crisis is the offer of the crown to princes of France and England successively. The Belgians desire a republic, and there can be no doubt that a republican government might be perfectly consistent with their prosperity. A large republic cannot subsist in Europe, because a large one must have a great military force, and the first war which raised up a successful general would raise this general into a dictator. But a republic of the restricted size of Belgium, and protected less by its own force than the interests of its neighbours, might flourish in the centre of empires. Holland had so existed; Switzerland has so existed for centuries, and may so exist for centuries to come. But the monarchs are determined that no republic shall exist to tempt the wayward wills of their subjects, and Belgium is sent to wander to all courts for a king. France has refused the Duke of Nemours, a sage of seventeen. England is now solicited for Prince Leopold, whose brow seems made to have the chance of all the stray diadems, and yet to die crownless after all. But the prince is a philosopher, and he may calculate that £60,000 a year, paid quarterly out of the British Treasury, is a much more satisfactory provision than the civil list of Belgium, with the certainty of having something to do for it. Whether the prince has refused directly or not, the delay is a virtual negative. No man, who is in earnest, hesitates when the offer is a diadem. We shall see Belgium a republic yet; not perhaps in the furious form of the French of 1793; but gradually assuming the shape of the American States, whose tranquillity, opulence, active vigour, and growing prosperity, form a tempting contrast to the anxieties of life and nations in the old world.

Prussia presents the phœnomenon of the most military government, with the most democratic population of the continent. The towns are full of men, intelligent above their rank in life. Education has been widely spread. Literature, though a tardy road to distinction, under a government of epaulettes, is a favourite pursuit, and even the Prussian army contains many individuals of considerable scholarship. Those men cannot look upon the rapidly changing state of the continent, the increased power of public opinion, the growing freedom of the tribunals, the privileges of the press, without inquiring why Prussia is not to make her advance like the rest. The promise of a constitution made at the close of the late war is loudly demanded to be realized, and until it is realised, we must expect to hear the demand persevered in.

We have at all times disclaimed, and with the utmost sincerity, all regard for the pretensions of mere republicanism. We have uniformly described the spirit of mere innovation, as one of the most fatal of all public evils, as a monster insatiable of mischief, as fostering only the fiercer passions of the furious, the ignorant, and the malignant, and trampling down all the barriers and forms by which time and wisdom have provided for the security of human peace, and the sustenance of human virtue. But if we resist the explosion, which would involve the whole ancient fabric of states in one wild and fiery overthrow, are we therefore to regret that incumbrances should be cleared away, that the spots where corruption and pestilence bred should be purified, that light should be suffered to penetrate into the dungeon? To our conception, there is no finer display in moral nature than this beneficent change, so gradual as to produce no shock, and yet so complete as to leave nothing beyond the limits of its illustration; this general brightening of the moral landscape, not with that fierce and consuming burst of light which could only dazzle and inflame, but with that serene and deliberate splendour which, while it clears away the night, approaches in a magnificent regularity of advance that turns its very mists and shades into colour and beauty.

Austria has long exhibited the singular contrast of the most sluggish government, with a cabinet keenly alive to every movement of Europe. At home, all heavy, formal, and clinging to obsolete things; abroad, all eager subtlety and angry suspicion. The genius of the throne is a monk in Austria, a monarch in Hungary, a dragoon in Italy, and a Jesuit every where. Metternich, whose influence began in the famous armistice of 1813, that armistice, which broke down the barrier between Napoleon and the world in arms, is the soul of the cabinet; a man of singular acuteness, energy, and knowledge of courts. In all the proverbial uncertainty of favour under an arbitrary throne, he has retained his position. He has undoubtedly justified his fortune by his ability. No finesse of diplomacy has been too refined for his sagacity, no change of affairs too unexpected for his vigilance. At a period when the whole political world was charged with storm, he conducted Austria, shattered as she was by the French war, through the danger unhurt, and even raised her from decrepitude to exercise a most powerful influence upon the state of the European world. Metternich is now the acknowledged master of European politicians. He is the head of a school in which the first statesmen of his day are not ashamed to rank themselves as his pupils. His system is the acknowledged code of royal policy; his will is the first consulted in all the meditated changes of nations. He has made Vienna the point to which all the envoys of the continent flock for consultation. Without his confidence nothing is done; with

it every thing is attempted. There are now but two powers, the Revolutionary power, still loose, and without a leader—divided, but armed with an irresistible and fiery determination; and the Monarchical power—vigorous, compact, but insecure of its ground, and ominously conscious of the strength of its enemy. Metternich is the leader of the "Conservative System," and he at once lords it over Italy and Germany; keeps the half-republican cabinet of France in awe, and influences the councils of England.

This is ambition. But we must own it to be a magnificent and lofty ambition; it dazzles and fills the mind. Whatever may be our dislike of the principles of this pre-eminent statesman, we must allow that his career has exhibited a singular display of the commanding qualities which transmit a name proudly to posterity. Without holding up either his personal virtues, or his political conduct, as a model to those who would attain the noblest honours of national esteem, we yet cannot contemplate the elevation to which such men have risen, and on which they have sustained themselves in years pregnant with vicissitude, without feeling a stronger consciousness of the vivid and vigorous faculties that may be lodged in human nature.

Italy is still disturbed. She has often been compared to her own Mediterranean, alternately the most placid and the most turbulent of seas. But the Italian insurrections have all died away. They were not founded in the feelings of the people; none of the great permanent popular interests had been bruised; the priesthood, the traders, the tillers of the ground, had been untouched by Austria. Even the chief part of the nobles, the most aggrieved class, had been either purchased by military and civil office, or suffered to indulge in that indolent possession of their opulence, which makes patriotism disappear from the mind. The true depositories of manly thought, the scholars and writers of a nation, are few in Italy, and the few are disunited by provincial prejudice, depressed by want of public influence, or chained by pensions. In all countries a pensioner is a slave. The last hope of Italian freedom lay in the worst hands in which freedom ever took shelter; the broken partizans of French jacobinism, the remnant of the corrupt officials of the Napoleon dynasty, the beggared courtiers of Murat, and the infidel disciples of Condorcet and Voltaire. Out of such elements no solid, peaceful constitution could ever grow. The original evil of its birth must have envenomed and enfeebled every stage of its existence. A Jacobin Italian Republic must have been attended by all the train of its terrible ancestor in France; it must have been followed by those horrid shapes of confiscation, imprisonment, torture, and indiscriminate death; that insolence to the throne, and that spoliation of the temple, which to this hour throw their shade over France, and make mankind distrust every movement of her people, as if it were a coming subversion of her throne.

But the divisions of Italy, the inveterate mutual scorn of men separated from each other but by a ridge of hills, or a river—by the difference of dialects, of name, of historical recollections—by the trivial injuries of ages past, which, instead of fading away, have been only darkened by time; all the weak bitternesses of idle nations—exasperate Italian against Italian, until the general enemy is received as a comparative friend, fixes the fetter on the foolish combatants alike, and, while he indulges in the full power of the tyrant, actually becomes the benefactor.

SPECIMENS OF CANT.

PRISON-REFORM.—Great things are to be done by sincerity and zeal in most affairs of this world, and something is to be done by them even in prisons, hulks, and transportation; but we cannot endure the perpetual meddling, bungling, and hustling of political friends of humanity; of bitter and persevering hunters after public influence, through those calls on public feeling; of a little junto of republicans for power, whether they call themselves Irvingites or Wilberforceites, political economists or parliamentary evangelicals, saints of Balham-hill or sinners of St. Giles's. We see the worldly principle creeping out under the piety; there is some little interest always to be insinuated in the most unearthly smile; some dexterity in the softest squeeze of the sanctified hand; the lip sigheth not, without a meaning worthy of the Stock Exchange; and the eye turneth not upon Heaven, without a glance upon the things of this, "alas! transitory existence," worthy of the chief of speculators in gunpowder, condemned musket-barrels, aquafortis-gin, and East India-liberal-sacrosanct-freelabour-sugar. Nonsense is of course the staple of those orations; and the ignorance, contempt of history, and disregard of consequences, are too characteristic to be ever forgotten in the "ingredients of their cauldron."

Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline.—A meeting of this society was held on Monday at Exeter Hall, Mr. F. Buxton, M.P., in the chair. Among the speakers were Dr. Lushington, Sir G. Hanson, Mr. Hoare, and Mr. J. J. Gurney. In the course of the conversation the unhealthy condition of many of our prisons, the evil effects produced by the indiscriminate confinement of juvenile offenders with those hardened in crime, the difficulty of finding a secondary punishment consistent with their views, and the superior management of convicts in the United States, were some of the principal topics touched upon. It was also contended that the proper object of punishment was the reformation of the offender as well as the prevention of crime, and Dr. Lushington argued that capital punishments were a *direct violation of humanity*, and repugnant to the *laws of God*. Resolutions passed in favour of abolishing capital punishment, and to institute those which, while they inflicted pain on criminals, would, at the same time, be likely to advance their *temporal* and *spiritual* welfare.

Passing over the worn out common-places of those harangues; the praise of American prison affairs, as if there could be any rational comparison between England, crowded as she is with temptations to pilfering, and loaded with a population of six millions of a mercantile and manufacturing race; and America, where there is nothing to steal but grass or water; where the spade is the only thing of value, and the land the only thing out of which a man can live; America, where every man must be his own tailor, carpenter, lawyer, and rearer of cabbages; where, if a man devises the stealing of a pair of breeches, he must first slay and strip the wearer, inasmuch as no man, from the president downwards, has a second pair; where the arts of life consist in planting maize and potatoes, and the luxuries of life consist in boiling them into puddings; where there are more acres of land than knives and forks; a looking-glass is a shew that congregates the population of a province; a picture has never been seen; a saltspoon is a phenomenon which no American traveller, who values his reputation for veracity in the States, has ever ventured to announce; and it is notorious, that a tea-service of French plate accumulated the unpopularity of the Adamses to such a degree,

that it overthrew that ancient dynasty, and federalism along with it, for ever.

But here we have Dr. Lushington, a civilian too, a judge moreover, and a liberal, a saint and a spouter of the first dimensions openly declaring in Exeter Change—the largest, the worst built, and, six times a week, the worst filled hall in London—that capital punishments were "repugnant to the laws of God." Did the pious doctor ever look at a law-book, called Deuteronomy; is he cognizant of the existence of the Mosaic code; or has he ever been at church, and in some moment, undevoted to Doctors' Commons, ever by accident heard the Decalogue? We call on the learned doctor to "eat his words."

Any man, but the learned doctor, might have recollected, that capital punishment is ordained in the inspired code for almost every species of crime, in its deeper grade; and that it is even appointed for the disobedience of a child to its parents, of course, under strong and defined circumstances. Let the doctor then venture to say, if he will, that this code was contrary to humanity, and that such punishments were repugnant to the laws of Heaven. Judge, civilian, and saint as he is, he is mistaken. We are by no means hostile to any effort to improve the condition, the minds, or the morals of prisoners. But we are decidedly hostile to the party-style of humanity, the politico-brewery-saccharine-gunpowder-Mauritius molasses-humanity. Mrs. Fry circuits it no more. The annual summer barouche excursions, "with my brother, my tracts, my tea-kettle, and my patterns for the new prison reforming-cap and pinners," are at an end. We will not charge the lady with any thing beyond the rashness of attempting objects not merely beyond her means, but which her exertions have in all probability made more remote than ever. But we need not dissemble our delight at any circumstance which might have put an end to her excursions, pleasant, picturesque, and pathetic as they were. We mean no offence to the fair quaker, drab-coloured and didactic as she was; and still less, if possible, to that wiser, more innocent, and lovelier portion of the sex, who, seeing that nature dresses the fields and skies in beauty, that a star is as sparkling as a diamond, and by parity of reason, that one is just as criminal as the other, and who have never in the course of their travels, heard of a drab-coloured rose, dress the beauty that nature gave them in the colours that creation supplies: yet we avow our belief, that the ladies are not the best propagators of parliamentary reform, prison regulations, evangelical preaching, nor even of anti-slavery petitions. As this is the age of "codification," we shall, at some time or other, publish our code, enacting that no unmarried lady shall ever display herself in those meetings, but under penalty of her being suspected of having past her five-and-thirtieth year; that a committee-woman shall be reputed an old maid; and that "president or secretary" shall be equivalent to a declaration, that she is hopeless of marriage, even with a half-pay lieutenant of the local militia.

We give a specimen of the female-prison-reform accomplishments:—

Wants of a Newgate Nymph.—The following correspondence, dated "Newgate, 10th of March," was found on a prisoner who was apprehended on Wednesday:—"Elizabeth Brookes,—This comes hoping to find you well. I hear you are out, and am sorry to hear that Tim and you are parted. I hope you will do what you can for me among the chaps, for, when they were in, they said if I could bring them some baccy they would do the same for me.

They can have no excuse now, for they can send it by you, and you must come in as my sister. I hope you will do your best endeavours for me; the smallest trifle in my present situation would be of service, now that I am lagged. I hope I shall have one *drunk* in Newgate before I go; I should like a pipe of baccy, a pot of beer, and one quartern of gin, but I can't get it.—So no more at present from your's truly, "MARY HARBOUR, a lag."

We like sincerity even in a quaker, a lord, or a whig; but for our souls we cannot comprehend the sorrows of men, of whatever softness, in having obtained the situations for which they have been struggling for weeks, months, or years. Here is Lord Milton, certainly a good-humoured kind of personage as ever failed in York, and as certainly, a thorough electioneerer as ever worked himself in for any place else, deploring, in "good round sentences," his misfortune in having gained the very thing he sought, and which (his antagonist says) he gained by no means in the most courteous mode to that antagonist. Yet, after standing the burden and heat of the day, spending, we may presume, more money than it has cost his noble and very inhospitable mansion in dinners since the hour of his birth, and making speeches with his prohibited surtout off in all weathers; we have him lamenting the result in language worthy of Charlotte and Werter. One of our contemporaries, who actually believes him in earnest, such is the innocence of man in this nineteenth age, weeps with the weeper. "The address," says he, "of Lord Milton to the freeholders of Northamptonshire is, in some of its allusions to the personal circumstances of the writer, a very affecting production. His lordship, says one, 'whose bosom is a stranger to joy,' has been dragged from that retirement which he had devoted to the indulgence of melancholy feelings, or to the charge of domestic and pious duties, and is clothed with a most conspicuous public trust, at a time of fierce and political struggle, into the midst of which he will be forced to plunge by the necessary effect of the obligations thus suddenly cast upon him." Would it be indecorous to ask his lordship, who dragged him into this "conspicuous public trust?" and what but his own cravings laid those responsibilities on him. It will be a long time before the public will receive an answer.

The Kirk is up in arms against Irving; and, at a meeting the other day, to scourge the heresies of this very well-whiskered divine, the Scots anathematized the poor heretic in a style of that various eloquence, which the orator himself has compared to the braying of dogs round a lion of the wilderness. In this parson-hunt, the only doubtful point was as to the intensity with which our unfortunate tall preacher, undeniably the tallest since St. Christopher of ocean-wading memory, was to be run down. Dr. Forbes moved a resolution, the substance of which was, to tie up Presbyteries from allowing Mr. Irving to exercise his privilege of a Licentiate or Minister in any Church of Scotland till he avowed or denied these doctrines. Dr. Mac Farlane opposed the motion, on the ground that the Assembly ought not to pass sentence against that which was more like the raving of a maniac than a man of sound sense. Mr. Geddes, of Paisley, regretted that they should ever have ordained a man to insult and blaspheme the Saviour. The Dean of Faculty opposed the motion, as calculated only to advertise such nonsense into notice, which, if left to itself, would sink into insignificance and contempt. The motion, however, was eventually carried by a majority of 147 to 40.

The whole was a *brutum fulmen* after all. As much a failure as the "protocol of the five powers;" Mr. Collins's, of Sadler's Wells, imitation of Paganini; Lord Francis Gower's copy of Canning; Lord Burghersh's Opera, or Lord Normanby's theatricals. Irving laughs at their anathema, and well he may. It "prohibits him from preaching in any church or chapel within the jurisdiction of the Assembly." In other words, it prohibits a loud-voiced man, with a huge chapel in London, a rich congregation in London, and a thousand a-year in London, from going back to live on barley-cakes and beer; to walk the hill-side for five miles in a storm through his ragged and growling flock; to be snubbed by the elders, and taken to task for every text by the old women; to preach three sermons a-day, and perform the whole for three hundred a-year. *Ergo.* They may prohibit till doomsday; and the more they prohibit, the better for the whiskered heretic. They but sound the trumpet of fame to him; they advertize him; they propagate his name; they spice and cook his follies with the provocations of party spirit; they lift the blunderer into the martyr; beat the drum for his recruits, and give him a commission in the local militia of pious innovators. The man of whiskers would ask nothing better, he could imagine nothing half so good; and if Irving, having succeeded in bringing the breath of the Kirk Assembly to blow him out of their jurisdiction, knows how to use this singular act of luck, he is sure to make his fortune.

If our bile has ever been moved in our country walks, it is when we have seen the inscriptions in the country churchyards. Before us has been the luxuriance of the English landscape, the most perfectly beautiful, the most touching to the heart, the softest to the eye, the most tasteful, thought-creating, and spirit-solacing in the world. Above us was spread a summer sky, in its diversity of cloud and colour, in its various grandeur, and its rich repose, unequalled in any climate from the Equator to the Pole. Yet at our feet, in the spot, of all others, fitted for the creation of feelings, solemn, deep, and sacred, stares upon us some gross burlesque of feeling, common sense, and common English. Some—

> "Tho' here you been,
> I'm no more seen."

The sublime of some poetic cobler, who is suffered, by the negligent clergyman, to desecrate the grave with his atrocious doggerel. Yet fulsome flattery is worse to our ears and eyes than bad verse; and what are we to think of the taste, or the sincerity, that produced the following tribute to that very slippery personage, the late Mr. Huskisson. The man's death was undoubtedly a frightful one, and the mode of it to be greatly regretted, on the mere ground of its being undergone by a human creature; but "full pride of talents"—"perfection of usefulness"—"illustrious statesman"—"most honoured representative," and such things, are extravagances, which should not be suffered to find their place in the funeral inscription of such a man. What! old, sly Huskisson! the hanger-on of every party which would employ him. Is the history of his share in the free-trade system, or his last scene with the Wellington cabinet forgotten? Let truth be told; and then let any man of common understanding ask, what grounds are there for national

grief over the tomb of this personage. We wish her ladyship Joan Canning, the clever, were applied to for notes on the panegyric:—

The Late Mr. Huskisson.—A tablet of white marble, bearing the following inscription, has been erected at Park-side, near Newton:—"This tablet, a tribute of personal respect and affection, has been placed here to mark the spot where, on the 15th of September, 1830, the day of the opening of this railroad, the Right Honble. William Huskisson, M. P. (*singled out* by the *decree* of an inscrutable Providence, from the midst of the distinguished multitude that surrounded him) in the full pride of his talents and the perfection of his usefulness, met with the accident that occasioned his death, which deprived England of an illustrious statesman, and Liverpool of its most honoured representative; which changed a moment of the noblest exultation and triumph that science and genius had ever achieved into one of desolation and mourning; and striking terror into the hearts of assembled thousands, brought home to every bosom the forgotten truth that—'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

THERE are two ways of looking at anything remarkable in this remarkable world: if you look at it with the left eye, it is one thing; with the right, it is another; with both, it is itself or more than itself. An artist, looking even at an old post by the highway side, will perceive in it something picturesque—a plain man will see nothing more in it than a piece of wood, misshapen and rotten. You may look at things serious and turn them into humour; at things humourous, and they become grave: in fact, there are two sides of everything; but maximists generally have looked with their favourite eye only on the favourite side of things, an economy of their visual organs which I disdain to imitate; on the contrary, I shall use all the eyes I have by nature, and shall look as often at the reverse as the obverse of "things in general."

DULL MEN.—Blessings be on dull men—I do not mean the dull men who won't talk, but the dull men who will. They are sleep's physicians—her ministers, preaching peace and sound slumbers to all men. Take an example.—One of this good sort of persons sups with you at eleven, talks *at* you till one; you in the mean time compose yourself in your arm-chair, fit your elbows comfortably in the corners, cross your legs, mix your grog, light your cigar, and resign yourself, like a philsopher, to a late lecture. At two you have perhaps had occasion to say "Yes," thrice, "No sure?" twice or so; "Indeed!" about the same number of times; and this is all it has cost you for a soporific, which, made up of medical materials, would come to a crown, at least. From two till half-past two, he is himself somewhat silent: his whiffs and his words come forth like the companions of the ark, two and two; and you observe, without surprise, that he is run down. In a few minutes more, he looks at his watch, and remarks that "It is time to go"—that is, he perceives that you are supersaturated with sleep: you persuade the other glass; he refuses it; then you yawn your widest, beg his pardon, and bid him "Good night." He goes home, happy that he has been listened to with so much of deferential silence: you stumble up to your chamber, with such an entire resignation to the inevitable necessity of sleep, that pulling off your clothes seems an absurd delay; and you are off in a minute to the district of dreams, and rise, next day, with no headache,

and with a serenity of mind which is unknown to the lovers of clubs and such like noisy congregations of men. But for the senseless prejudices of mankind, such a man as I have described would be "taken" as willingly as we take spring physic, and courted, not cut; for a

"Blessing goes with him wheresoe'er he goes,"—

—the blessing of sleep.

Children.—If you are a father, prevent, if possible, your daughters from squinting or lisping, and your sons from growing up with *caret* knees—thus Λ—or legs like parentheses—thus ( )—for these defects, if allowed to "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength," are sure to infatuate them with the stage as a profession. I have assisted, as the French say, at some few private plays, and never met with an amateur Romeo or Juliet but had one or other of these defects in high perfection, if not some one more impossible and provoking. As a general rule, keep your children's legs straight, and learn them to look right before them, and they may become useful members of society; reverse the rule, and you make them vagabonds.

Waiters.—I always endeavour to be liberal with waiters, and "such small deer," and I reckon that I save ten pounds a year by so doing; for if you will not pay them, they will pay themselves. I get the freshest chops, the best cigars, and a civil good night, with the use of an umbrella when it rains, by this simple expedient: whereas I observe that your niggardly rewarders are always "to seek" for some one or more of these comforts of life. It is the way of the world, from the peer to the postboy: we serve those persons with most pleasure from whom we derive most profit.

Authors.—Young authors are a very sore race, if you touch one of their faults, though with ever so tender a finger; I know not wherefore. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice to himself, we should not wonder if, having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the standers by.

Young authors are in general very gluttons of praise, and ostriches in the digestion of it: nothing sits uneasily on their stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—"the total grain unsifted—husks and all." But if you add a morsel or so of dry advice, or hint an amendment, phew! the entire gunpowder of their genius is fired o' the instant, and beware of the explosion. Yet indiscriminate praise is certainly the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical, that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for your merits, and conceal your faults. This is like praising the cut of your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow.

Secrets.—The easiest way of keeping a secret is, to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

Self-praise.—I never believe in the virtues of a man who makes an inventory of them, and boasts of the items, for three reasons: the first is, I can't.

Table professions.—I make it a rule not to do more than politely

listen to second-bottle professions of friendship and proffers of service "to the last shilling." It is true, I render myself liable to the suspicion of doubting that the light of a Will o' the Wisp is not so safe to steer by as that of Eddystone, and that a shooting star is not so sure a guide as a fixed one: but no matter: we are all, every Smith of us, heterodox in some article or other: bottle-friendships and bottle-professions are those in which I have not faith so large as a grain of mustard-seed. I leave them both to the house-maid, to be carried away with the corks when she clears the table, and to be let out at the window when she ventilates the room next day.

BIBULOUS ACQUAINTANCES.—Never proffer your services to see a stranger home who is *Bacchi plenus;* for after pulling your shoulders from their sockets, in efforts to support him, or rolling you in the mud when he chooses to refresh therein himself, it is ten to one but he charges you with picking his pocket of something he never held in fee in his life, or else abuses you for refusing to see him to his door, though it is five miles further out of your way, and you have convoyed him six. Above all, if he *looks married,* never see him quite home. I need not explain why.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

Our sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the best vinegar is made from the best wine. It were happier if men would hope less, that they might be less disappointed; but who shall set the mark, and who would keep within it if it were set?

CONVERSATION.—In conversation, eschew that poor penny-farthing pedantry of suggesting etymologies, and being curious about the origin of this or that expression. Words are the current coin of conversation; take them as they are told down to you, and pay them away as they are demanded. It would be as rational for a man to be curious to know through what hands every shilling in his purse had passed, as whence this word is derived, and whence the other.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend ——, the other day, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he, with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "*we* are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In argument, you need not trouble yourself to contradict a positive man: let him alone, and he will very soon do it for himself.

Do not allow your friend, because he cannot convince you, and you have convinced him against his will, to compress your nostrils, or kick you out of his chambers, for if you once allow such liberties, there is no knowing what next he may offer at.

C. W.

THE CALENDAR OF KINGS.

The changes in the various conditions of society have naturally been the old theme of moralists and divines. But if the world goes on as it has been going of late, all our maxims on the topic must be taken from the highest rank alone. In what family, in what village, in what other condition of life have there been so many reverses and changes as among the rulers of nations during the last year, whether from the throne to exile, or from the throne to the grave. Here is a list of one single twelvemonth's work of fortune and nature among the mightiest of the mighty:—

France	Charles X.	Deposed.
Algiers	Mahmoud	Turned out.
Rome	Pius VIII.	Dead.
Saxony	Anthony	Deposed.
Naples	Francis	Dead.
Belgium	William	Deposed.
Sardinia	Charles Felix	Dead.
Brunswick	Duke Charles	Deposed.
Greece	Capo D'Istrias	Resigned.
Brazils	Don Pedro I.	Abdicated.

To which we must add, with more regret, George the Fourth, by whose decease two crowns were vacated at once—England and Hanover.

In this list we have said nothing of Constantine the Beloved—"our eldest brother," whom the Poles hunted out of the land with so strong an inclination for catching him; and whose moustaches are not yet safe from the rebel-razor. In fact, the moustache cause is going down rapidly in all quarters, and the time will soon come, when his Highness of Cumberland will be the only illustrious wearer of those wild-boarish ornaments in Europe. In the list we have also omitted the Illustrious of the East, where, however, a throne is too like a pillory, or the top step of the guillotine, to make us wonder at any thing, but that men with heads on their shoulders will take the trouble of mounting it;—a sovereign a week being the average allowance among the turban-wearers beyond the Indus.

A correspondent from the land of the sun thus describes the employment of one of the monarchs;—"His Majesty of *Lucknow* amuses his leisure hours with flying kites; and, in order that no mistake may be made as to whose kite flies highest, or as to the fortunate wight who leaves his competitors behind him, his Majesty has fixed upon scarlet as the royal colour, and has issued a proclamation to his loving subjects, forbidding them the use of *scarlet kites!*" The Indian wits say, that his sport is of the most heroic description, and that European kings are, three-fourths of their time, doing nothing but flying *scarlet* kites, or raising the wind to fly them. The *Great Mogul*, whose lineaments grace the envelop to every pack of cards, has been fleeced both of power and dominions, and is a mere pensioner of our own government, subsisting upon the grant of a considerable annual stipend; his authority is virtually confined to the control of his own domestic household, which is extensive, and, doubtless, sufficiently unmanageable. From him we hear at the utmost twice a year; once, on the occasion of his paying

a splendid visit to the shrine of a saint, a few miles from Delhi; and again, when he receives a visit of ceremony from our friend the British resident. The once Lord of India is still better off, his Majesty having nothing in the wide world to do, but to eat, drink, and sleep, to live on a handsome pension, smoke his pipe, perfume his beard, flog his wives, and let the rest of the world go its own way.

One fool there is, to the scandal of the "magnificent," the heaven-born betel-chewers, the brothers of the sun and moon—the bustling king of the Seiks, whom the deluded biographer thus describes:—

"Runjeet Sing, the only royal personage under the sky who is a king, either in dignity or policy. He is one of those rare men, whose talents and energies have raised them from the condition of a petty chieftain to the exalted station of a sovereign over a wide and turbulent empire. Endued with vigour of mind and body, possessed of restless ambition, and actuated by unceasing activity, he has overcome all the neighbouring potentates one after another, and reduced them to the condition of humble tributaries; whilst dissensions and anarchy in the state of Caubul have enabled him to add a slice of that kingdom to his own. The primary object of his policy appears to be, to keep at peace with our government; and this out of a keen conviction of our skill, resources, and military prowess. Such, indeed, is his respect for the latter, that he has endeavoured to introduce our tactics and discipline amongst his own soldiery, and has enlisted a number of French officers into his service, who not only drill, but command his troops, especially on more distant and perilous expeditions."

The king of the Seiks, we foresee, will get his throat cut. How infinitely wiser he would have been in following the example of the king of the cards—the Great Mogul! He will be shot in some skirmish; or, if he escape that, be sent to the Houries in a cup of rice milk; or, if he refuse to drink, be smothered in the medicated smoke of his own hookah; or, if he be poison-proof, he will be strangled between two Mahomedans, or two pillows. And to this comes his life of galloping, sabreing, hungering, thirsting, brain-besieging, broken-heartedness, beheading, blood-dabbling, and wearing bullet-proof waistcoats! It is not worth the while.

Among the mortal memoranda of what we might call almost sovereigns, are the great generals of our day. Of all the leaders of the battle of Waterloo, but one survives: Napoleon, Blucher, Bulow, and Gneisenan are gone. Of the leaders of the allied armies, since the Moscow retreat, all are dead: Kutuzoff, Schwartzenburg, Wrede, the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, and a crowd of other thunderbolts of war. The last memorable death is that of Diebitcsh, who, after rising to the height of military fame by his boldness, vigour, and ability in the conquest of Turkey, died, a month since, of the cholera, or rather of vexation at the overthrow of his plans for the subjugation of Poland. He was a man of great talent. But so perish the invader of an innocent and unhappy country!

FRENCH COOKERY.*

We have seldom seen a good article on cookery; and we confess that we undertake the task "with fear and trembling." Whether we shall "work out our salvation" or not, it must be the special province of the reader to judge. In order to write on the pleasures of the table, a man must be "a diner-out of the first magnitude;" and *that* in itself is an acquisition of no mean moment: for be it understood that the dignity of dining-out is conferred only on much the fewer number of those that masticate.

Various, indeed, are the acquirements, and happy must be the temperament, of that man who is formed to be the idol of all good society. In order to be a receiver of dinner himself, it is needful that he should be a giver of dinners to others; and this imparteth ease, comfort, and all the *accessoires* which rank, money, and an acquaintance with the best society, can confer and communicate. But, independently of these adventitious aids of fortune, he who wishes to be a choice "Amphytrion," must be most bounteously endowed, both by art and nature. From art he may teach the theory and practice of procuring and serving a good dinner; but he must "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and comport himself with ease, affability, and good-breeding.

To the science of a Beauvilliers, he must add the graces of a Grève, the wit of a Sheridan, and the careless but playful levity of a Hamilton or a Killigrew. Nor is this enough. With the gay he must be thoughtless, and with the grave severe. To the one he must needs urge, with all the weight and gravity of argument, the pleasures and advantages of a "*piece de resistance;*" while to the other he is bound to enumerate the more ephemeral and *spirituel* beauties of a *vol au vent*, or a *paté de Grèves*.

In the canons of cookery, "one false step" (like the first error of woman) "entirely damns" one's "fame;" and he who takes salt with his soup, eats with his knife, or "discusses" the leg of a woodcock, must thereafter be prepared to be excluded from all civilized society, in consequence of such capital atrocities against the *code gourmand* "in that case made and provided."

Hence the difficulties and dangers with which critics in cookery are beset. It is no easy matter, as our publisher knows, to get "gentlemen at ease" into harness; and it is still more difficult to enlist those "*soldats du table,*" who seldom or ever become "*soldats de plume*"—commonly called story-tellers, sometimes led-captains, gentlemen *en-tout*, and anon jack-puddings.

Of a truth, your fellows who "set the table in a roar" are a most lazy tribe. They live no doubt on the "fat of the land," and, like Savage, they think they are not born for the ignoble purpose of ministering to their own necessities. Write they will not, because it is a labour—to beg they are ashamed; but they are resolved at all hazards to eat and drink.

Of what purpose to society, however, are their feastings and junket-

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* Code Gourmand; Paris, 1828 and 1829.—Physiologie du Goût; Paris, 1829 and 1830.—Cusinier Royale; Paris, 1829.—Cuisine Bourgeoise; Paris, 1809; and 24th edition, 1830.

tings, unless they "unfold the tale" with which practice has made them perfect, and disclose those secrets of the dinner-table whose mental taste is accompanied by present pleasure, though it may be too frequently followed by pain.

The reader will possibly conclude, from these observations, that there are but two sets of persons qualified to be critics in cookery—namely, those who give dinners, and those who partake of them; but of the two, the latter are by far the most useless members of society.

He who gives dinners is a benefactor of his race. He is the friend of the butcher, the baker, the wine-merchant, and the green-grocer. The productive powers of mankind are tributary to him; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ransacked to grace his board. Seldom, however, does the host become the historian of his own exploits, unless in the "Morning Post;" and then the tale is told in half-a-dozen lines, full of "sound," it is true, but "signifying nothing." It is merely stated that Mr. Such-a-one, or Lord So-and-so, gave a grand dinner to half-a-dozen persons of distinction—that it consisted of all the delicacies of the season—but what these delicacies were, and in what order they were served, the record is altogether silent. Often, indeed, in England does the butler, or the steward, or the groom of the chamber, become the chronicler of the feast in some of the "broad sheets" with which the metropolis abounds; but he giveth but a "brief abstract" of the fare on which his betters fatten; and should *Ude* himself take pen in hand, it is not to be expected that he shall make the unitiated as wise and all-learned as his savoury self.

The *desideratum*, then, is, that some of those who have a thirty-conversation power—whose wit sparkles with the champagne—and whose conversation is as creamy and as current as the best *Mousseux d'Ai*—the *desideratum* is, that some of these persons should put pen to paper. But, alas! with this tribe the great business of the morning is preparing for the dinner of the day. Besides, the gems of the table are as "rare" as they are "rich;" for, in the course of our lives, we have met but with four such men.

Alas! poor Tom Aikin! with all the gay vivacity of George Selwyn—with all the point and polish of Tickell—with much of the wit of Sheridan, and all his ready change of small-talk, why is it that you have retired from your thousand-and-one feasts, without letting forth freely that accumulative current of cookery, which, like the Prepontic, might flow on, and on, "nor feel retiring ebb?" In *thy* silence, what a loss has society sustained! *Thy* lessons might have been directed to all ages and to all nations; for cookery is alike essential to republics and monarchies, to democracies and oligarchies. Cosmopolite she is by nature; and whether she exercise her powers at Persia or at Paris, she is worshipped by an always grateful and sometimes a wondering world.

Yet we are not sure that the rich fruit of thy experience would not require codification and arrangement. To doubt thy knowledge were worse than heresy, but men sometimes become "fat-witted with drinking of old sack;" and if this be sin, all we say is, with good Sir John, "Heaven help the wicked." But a truce with both episode and apostrophe!

To cookery, be it said, arrangement is as necessary as to any other of the sciences. We have in our almanacks—in which, by the by, we are

glad to notice recent improvements—kalendars of the stars and of the seasons, but there is not a gastronomic kalendar of the edible productions of our "sea-girt" isle among them all. "They order these matters better in France;" and in that land, according to the words of the song:—

> "Vaut mieux étre ici bas,
> Gastronome,
> Qu' astronome."

It will doubtless be concluded, from all that we have been saying, that we deem the subject of cookery a most scientific and difficult one; it is even so; and we are more induced to take it up from the failures of others than from any certainty of succeeding ourselves. Two requisites we have, however, for the self-imposed task, which are by no means unimportant. In the first place, we love good cheer most heartily; and, secondly, it has been our good fortune often to have enjoyed it in establishments not to be despised, not only in France and in England, but in most European capitals. Nor have we been so sensual as to have been insensible to all, save the mere animal enjoyment. On the contrary, we have sought in dining the theory of dinner-giving, and all that pertains to those pleasures of the palate, which may be enjoyed without fatigue, and repeated often, not only to the exhilaration of the system, but to the prolongation of existence. In order to the giving of a dinner, it is necessary that the Amphytrion should be cognizant of the fishes, meat, poultry, game, and vegetables, which are in season during each month, and on this head the *Code Gourmand* is full and instructive.

January (says the editor) is perhaps one of the most favourable junctures in the year for repasts. In Paris, during this month, beef, veal, mutton, wild-boar, roebuck, hare, grey partridge, woodcock, snipe, red partridge (*bartavelle*), and black game, are in the greatest abundance; and in the vegetable market you find cauliflowers, rich and succulent celery, and the truffle in all its meridian glory. In February, as in January, the beef is fat and tender, the veal pure and white, and the mutton (*le veritable près salé*) full of rich moisture. Though game is not so plenty as in January, yet the scarcity is atoned for in an abundance of poultry. March is the month, both in Paris and London, when fish is best, and most abundant; and when the oyster comes into season. April is only distinguished by its vegetable products, but the young peas and fresh asparagus repair the miseries of thirty days of sterility. May is distinguished, or rather degraded, by that worst of fish, mackerel, and the insipid pigeon; while June may boast of that best of young birds, a young turkey, French beans, cucumbers, Brussels sprouts, &c. Among river fish—always inferior to that of the sea—we may eat, in June, carp, trout, and perch.

In the French capital, during the month of July, the veal of Pentoise is most in use; quail also is common. To give a good dinner in this month requires the most elaborate invention; and success in this regard would obtain the host a higher reputation than that of a Louvois, a Colbert, or a Condorcet. August is the season of young hares, rabbits, and sucking pigs.

In the month of September game begins again to appear, but the birds have not acquired that degree of succulence which, a little later, makes their perfume preferable to that of the rose. In September

chestnuts form a culinary resource; and also those willing artichokes, which, in lending themselves to the caprices of the *artiste*, now sport it, as a *hors-d'œuvre;* now shine, as an *entremet;* and sometimes (perhaps too often) run a race of glory even with an *entrée* itself.

In October culinary prospects begin to brighten. The sea, in recovering from the lassitude occasioned by the heat of summer, flings on its surface the shame-faced and modest whiting, whose *début* is crowned with an honourable and encouraging success. Beef, too, begins to acquire a respectable and continued rotundity; and mutton and veal obtain that conscientious appreciation, which, when good, they unquestionably deserve.

In November, fresh herrings first make their appearance; but it grieveth us to think they are not held in just appreciation by the great and little vulgar. Endowed with the most edifying modesty, the herring does not glorify himself; but, like the violet, he hides his head, and is only betrayed by his perfume. In this month turkeys arrive at "men's estate," and may be, therefore, eaten "at discretion."

In December, butchers' meat, game, poultry, and vegetables, are all excellent. The golden plover and the lapwing again appear, "*pleins de suc et de saveur.*" Thus is Christmas ushered in with circumstances the most favourable—"*aux plaisirs de la bonne chère.*"

Thus have we gone the round of the whole year, and pointed out the products of the months of which it is composed. The most important task, however, yet remains to us. We have spoken merely of the "raw material" of "edibles;" but we have said little or nothing regarding them in the "manufactured" state. It first behoves us, however, to define what a dinner is. A dinner, then, is composed of four courses, or, as a Frenchman would say, "*de quatre services.*" The first course ought to present a solid and obstinate resistance; because it is supposed to be assailed by hungering jaws and a virgin appetite. This course consists of *relevés* and *entrées.* The roasts are escorted by sallads, as a kind of household troop; and some complimentary vegetables give us their presence as a kind of honorary body-guard to the second service. The *entremets,* which grace the third course, appear with an aërial agility, attaining the eminence of the *salle à manger,* as it were, in a bound, range themselves round some grave and imposing dish, with a courteous acquiescence, and a deep sense of profound veneration. After this comes the dessert, "to greet the eyes and glad the heart" of jessamy men and languishing women. It should be observed, however, that the "*hors-d'œuvre*" remain on the table till the third course. They are the culinary stone on which the appetite is whetted. Nor must the attendants forget, that at each act of the nutritive drama, the table, like the stage, should be entirely denuded; but the pause, as Hamlet says, should be "exceeding brief." The servants retire after the *entremets.* At the dessert, each guest serves himself according to his taste; and those whose views extend beyond their reach, pray their neighbours to lend a *helping* hand.

This is the definition, and these are the maxims in whose spirit it should be demolished. It is needful, however, that we should speak of the manner in which the *matériel* should be dressed, and served—that we should say what soups are most sanative—what *rotis* the most renowned, and what *salmis* the most seductive; but previously a grave question arises—should oysters be eaten before soup? The

customs of St. Petersburgh, Vienna, and Paris speak in favour of this practice; but our own opinion is, that when one is *really* sure of a good dinner, the eating of oysters is a fraud on the appetite. At all events these light troops should only be allowed to skirmish in the stomach in small numbers, and their impetuosity should be restrained by a *quantum sufficit* of *vin de Grave Montrachet* or *vin de Pouilly*—or better still by a glass of dry Madeira, Johanisberg or Hockheimer. As to the *Chablis*—which is drank in France with oysters, for our own parts we have always thought it a petty-larceny liquor.

To soup let all honour and glory be due. It is liquid meat; and if good of its kind would create a soul under the ribs of death. Of soups, according to the best authorities (including *Bouillons, Purées,* and *Potages*) there are 127 in the *Cuisine Française.* Of these, however, the best are as follows: *Puré des Carottes au Ris, une bisque d'ecrivisses, une potage à la reine, une julienne, aux pointes d'asperges,* and *un consommé de volaille.* Mock-turtle, ox-tail, and hare soup one can have in France, but, with the exception of the latter, they are rarely suitable to our English taste.

It has long been a question with us, whether the French or English soups claim the pre-eminence; and even as yet we are unable to come to a decision; but there can be no doubt that the French must bear away the palm on the score of variety, if they do not obtain it on that of excellence. Though it must be admitted that a good ox-tail is a strong, full bodied, mellow soup, yet it will also be conceded that it is often in England too highly seasoned, and fitted only for the palates of those whose lives have been gently *soddened* under a tropical sun. A mock-turtle soup, when well made, is better, to our taste at least, than a real turtle—and this is a dish which is rarely, if ever seen, in a genuine French house. Mock-turtle may, however, be obtained at Paris, at Mountain's, an English pastrycook in the *Rue Mont Tabor;* and also at Ibbotson's, a Scotchman's in the *Rue Castiglione.* Hare soup is a dish worthy Diana herself. We have eaten it in a rough and home-spun state in Scotland, and found it marvellously recruiting: but we have never found it palmy and perfect except at Paris. *There* only have we discovered the alembicated essence of hares, who had the good fortune to be took on the sunny banks of *Valromey,* or the heights and fastnesses of *Dauphiné;* of hares who, even when grated in the pipkin, gently simmered forth, for "even in our ashes live our wanted fires," the satisfaction which they felt at the noble uses to which they were turned. When, however, we have enumerated the three last-named soups as the products of England, we fear that our "occupation" is wholly "gone." True, one hears of gravy soup and mutton broth, but these are in general so execrably bad, unless at the first private houses, that they may be very fitly, and not at all too severely, denominated hog's-wash. There is another soup (pea), which we hope may last as long as the wooden walls of Old England; but that is only to be had good on ship-board, and we would almost undergo a tossing in the Bay of Biscay, to obtain such a plate of it as we have had the honour of eating off Douglas, Isle of Man, on board his majesty's yacht the Royal Charlotte.

The soups of France, though not so strong and seasoned, or spicy as those of England, are infinitely more various, light and succulent; if we except an English white soup made by a first-rate *artiste.* The French *bouillon,* too, is generally better, and contains the very soul and

quintessence of the meat in which the *casserole* has carefully and cautiously performed its duty. All the vegetable kingdom, moreover, is put into play; and turnips, carrots, celery, asparagus, onions, cloves, tomata, cucumbers, lentils, chicorée, chestnuts, and (save the mark!) cabbage, gently meander through and mix with the soups, into which the taste or the caprice of the *chef* shall fling them.

Among the best, if not *the* best of French soups, we reckon the *puré des carottes au ris*—so rich, so red, and so racy. How gently does the carrot appear to have insinuated itself into the *bouillon*, "incarnadining," the multitudinous broth, and making the brown "one red"—orient as the first tint of "russet-clad morn," or as the first glow of the gently expanding rose. Ever dear and honoured *Laiter*, it was at thy *restaurant*, at the corner of the *Rue Castiglione*, that we last indulged ourselves, even to a gentle satiety, (which cheered but did not pall) in a carrot soup. Here is a *soupe à la reine* not at all to be despised, resembling our white soup in colour, and in a great proportion of the materials it may fairly rival it, if made by a good cook. To those who rejoice in *croûtes*, we may remark that they are always better managed in France than in England, and that they never in the former country give to the soup, in technical phrase, a colour "*trop ombré.*" *A purée de gibier* is fit for the "private eating" of any lad among them all; but in order to make it as it should be made, you must put down three pounds of sliced lean beef, four partridges, two pounds of veal, two pounds of sliced ham, a pheasant or *two*, carrots, onions, four heads of celery, three cloves and a small nosegay of fennel. With such materials, it must be your own fault if you have not a good soup.

In the matter of fish and in the preparing of it, as well as the dressing, the French are inferior to the Dutch and English. Much, but not all of this, is owing to our proximity to the sea; to the number of our sea-ports; to the fearlessness of our fishermen; and to the rapidity with which we convey the fish to market. Some of it also is due to our cleanliness, and to the art of crimping, which we owe to Holland. All the larger fish, be it observed, are best when simply boiled. This holds good of turbot, salmon, haddock, plaice, and John Dory. In dressing these one has only to follow nature; no scope whatever is given to the fancy or imagination of the cook. Hence the success of the English and the Dutch. The way is plain and straightforward, and lo! they walk in it *à merveille.* Not so, however, with frying: this requires taste and judgment, and accordingly, though the fish be on all hands admitted to be inferior to the English, you eat your whiting and your sole with more satisfaction at Paris, than you do in London. And wherefore? Because your sole *frite* is more crust, and crisp, and curdy; more mellow, tender, and full of juice. In truth, it appears ripe, and wears the light brown, autumnal tint of dropping fruit:—

——"the embrowning of the fruit (*read* fish), which tells
How rich, within, the soul (*read* sole) of sweetness dwells."

Yet we have never eaten a turbot, even at the *Rocher lancale*, with the same *gusto* as in London. The fish in Paris comes a long way by land-carriage; and land-carriage is "a whoreson destroyer" of your fish. The native of the deep becomes soft and flabby, and a mere starveling to what he was in the sea; and besides a turbot in Gaul is like good words sung to a "filthy tune." They give you the fish, which is the

words, but to the tune of shrimps, and a plague of such sauce say we. In this our land, the custom is different. As the "sound should be an echo to the sense," so should the sauce be worthy of the fish, and accordingly, instead of a "withered apple John" sort of sauce, such as shrimps are, we have the rich and unctuous lobster variegated with a vein of coral.

Haddock we have never eaten good in Paris: neither have we found it in London comparable to that which we have had in Ireland and Scotland. The sauce for boiled haddock, according to us, is parsley and butter; and we make the avowal even at the risk of being deemed vulgar. The *Rocher lancale* is certainly the best sauce for fish at Paris, but all its fish is inferior to (excepting the fried), and dearer than that of London. The larder, however, is excellent, and the wines choice and of a rich *bouquet.* It is "not for nothing," however, that we drive down towards the *Rue Montmartre,* and when the reckoning is paid, it is indeed a "swingeing sum."

On the subject of fish, then, let us admit that in the quality and in the boiling of it, as well as in the adjunct of sauce, the English are immeasurably superior to the French.

We come now to the *Entrées,* and here the call is reversed; for the French are immeasurably superior to the English in all the nic-nacs of life. At an ordinary dinner in France, they give you sixteen entrées, in which are comprised a great variety of *petits patés,* and in which you often find that exquisite dish the *fricassée de poulet à la belle vue;* the *filets de volaille aux truffes,* and the *filets de faisans à license.* Nothing in this nether world can be better than the *filets de volailles aux truffes.* This precious turbercle, whose unctuous perfume enriches the "lean earth" in whose bosom it is found (and with which the font becomes saturated), warms the stomach, gives tone to the wearied appetite, and facilitates digestion. The mind itself feels its inspiriting influence. To the pig—which, Cobbett says, has a "nose as keen as a parson"—are we indebted for this pearl above all price in the culinary art. Columbus himself must give place to the *Cochon*—for what was the discovery of America, in comparison to the discovery of the truffle? For one single truffle any king of taste would lose America, and be content to lose it. Notwithstanding all that has been said in praise of the pig, he is a selfish and sensual animal, and a *gourmand* of the first magnitude. It is for himself he scents this pink of *perigord,* and not for mankind. As civilization extends, however, humanity gains the "'vantage ground," and now we employ truffle hounds, who on the umbrageous banks of limpid rivers, or in the sweet seclusion of woods, through which brooks murmuringly meander—snatch the odorous esculent, all sacred to the genius of a spot diversified by the presence of the towering oak—the ever-moving aspen—the sentimental weeping-willow—the white virgin birch, and the tall, stately, and sombre poplar.

Entremets are divided into great and small. In the former consist such abominations as a gentle sucking pig, or the glories of a *dindonneau* or *perdraux piqués;* and in the latter are comprised the various kinds of sallads, jellies, vegetables—the *petits gateaux turcs,* or *œufs poché au jus.*

In London, some years ago, there was a man who went about in his carriage, dressing salads, for which the charge was half-a-guinea: but all the world can dress sallad in France, and the species are more various,

and better dressed too, than in England. You have a green salad—a sallad of cucumber—a sallad of beet-root with celery, and a *salade de chicorée.* All these are *mollified* under the hands of an ingenious and judicious artist by the force of one sage maxim—*Il faut avoir la salade bien fatigué.* What a word is *fatigué!* How perfectly pure, idiomatic, and untranslateable! How difficult to pay such a "coinage of the brain" in hard specie!

Vegetables come in under the head, *entremets;* and here, too, French superiority is great. The *choux-fleurs au jus* and the *culs d'artichaux à l'allemande,* are significantly tender and nutritive; but it is in spinach that French science more broadly glares out. The management of spinach is, indeed, a primary test of a scientific *artiste,* and under the hands of so dear and valued a person, we could dine on spinach any day for a month to come. Of the dessert we shall say nothing, but in the *compottes* and *bons-bons,* the Gauls beat us hollow.

Among the vegetables we had well nigh forgotten mushrooms—the delightful *champignons au sauce blanche,* which Nero called the flesh of the gods. How smooth and easily do they glide "*in tartareo specu!*" their transit is soft and velvety to the palate, and the sensation may be compared to treading on a bed of odorous flowers.

But we have detained the reader too long from the works under review.

The first of these, the *Physiologie du Goût,* is the production of Brillat Savarin, and had at Paris a remarkable success. The style is often quaint and humorous; and now and again full of learned conceits. It is a mesne between the manner of our Sterne and Montaigne.

It is, however, more a theoretical than a practical work. It treats of the senses, of taste, of appetite, of the nutritive qualities of viands, and their chemical effects; of sleep, of diet, &c. Interspersed are various elucidatory anecdotes, and separate chapters are accorded to fish, game, truffles, wines, coffee, chocolate, &c. In such a work of course there must be a deal of surplusage, but we have found in it much that is new: and which might be profitably introduced into our cookery books, whose barbarous simplicity—for instance, "Take a hare," "take a leg of mutton,"—is still persevered in, to the shame of well instructed natives, and to the wonder of all foreigners.

The *Code Gourmand* is a *vif* and pleasant little work, and may be pronounced perfect in its kind. It treats of every thing concerning the "*Re cebaria,*" and of many other things to boot. We have a chapter on invitations, on the manner of serving, on the guests, on toasts, on table songs *(des Chansons de Table),* on awkwardness, on story tellers, &c., on the manner of behaving to the persons next you, &c., and there are three long chapters on breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Le Cuisinier Royale, is a most useful and practical work, adapted to all ranks. It contains 1,100 receipts, all excellent in their way, and prefixed are nine plates, with designs, to facilitate to the tyro the serving of a dinner of from twelve to sixty *couverts. Le Cuisinier Royale* is a work which should be in every family.

There remains but *La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville,* which should be the manual of good managers. This work contains the practice of carving, simplified by excellent plates. In it may also be found directions for arranging and building a cellar, and rules for

distinguishing those swindling *pseudo* mushrooms from the glorious vegetable whose name they assume unlawfully, and without licence of the herald's college of cookery—from the genuine *champignon,* our first love in youth and our comfort in old age.

We have now gone through the four works, whose titles are appended to this article. There are many others of a similar kind as excellent in their way, which, at present, we have not leisure to notice. France has always been prolific in such works, while England, on the contrary, can boast of few. This may be one reason of the superiority of the French *cuisine,* for superior it certainly is. Another reason is, that the French are a nation of diners-out, while we call ourselves a fire-side people, and, as such, only excel in plain roasts or boils. Frenchmen and French women of rank, at Paris, will not scruple to enter the *Café de Paris* or *Laiter's,* while a gentleman in England scarcely ever comes within the walls of a tavern. Hence your British rump steaks, veal cutlets, pork chops, stewed steaks, and other barbarisms, congenial alike to cossack and cockney taste. We are free to admit that among the nobility and gentry in England—among the classes who can afford to give from £100. to £500. a-year to a cook, we meet with all that is "brightest and best" in cookery; and that *sometimes* a decent dinner may be had at *some* clubs; but for the man who wishes for every-day enjoyment—for the rational and tasteful eater, without an over-grown fortune—and who has unfortunately for himself learned the art to live well, and "cleanly"—for such a man, without a perfect establishment, and for all such reasoning and right royal animals—Paris is the place to have your "local habitation"—and *Laiter's, Very's,* or the *Café de Paris,* the houses to dine.

We had intended to say somewhat on French wines, but the consideration of that important subject must be reserved for a separate article.

MIRANDA D'ARAGON; A TALE OF THE INQUISITION.

"Come, some more wine," said Miranda. "Let us drink to-night—to-morrow we may sleep the long sleep."

"Let us rather to rest," said Henrico St. Lorent, "and gather strength for to-morrow's work. Have you no accounts to settle with conscience, Miranda?"

"Accounts?—yes; and that is precisely the reason why I would drink and forget."

'Twas the eve of the battle of Blenheim: the mind of Miranda was overwhelmed by an extraordinary incident. For some days previous, a gipsy woman had pitched her tent amongst the troops, and, in her double capacity of suttler and fortune-teller, had conveyed something to Miranda's ear which depressed him more than the circumstance of an approaching battle was in itself likely to do. A friendship had been cultivated between Miranda and St. Lorent of no ordinary growth. The former, therefore, after some hesitation, consented to unburthen his mind to his comrade.

"I am not your countryman, St. Lorent, nor has my name always been Miranda d'Aragon. I am by birth a Spaniard. I will say little of my wild, passionate youth, but come at once to the subject on which I would unburthen my heart, and claim of your friendship the last

request I have to make. To fulfil a mother's wishes, I was about to adopt a monastic life, when I accidentally became acquainted with a young lady, who was also to take the veil. The similarity of our fate, the repugnance we both felt at our destined mode of life, drew our hearts together by ties to which persecution but gave strength. By the assistance of a female companion, who beheld with sacred sympathy her mistress's affection, I contrived to effect her escape, though the poor and faithful girl was left behind. We fled to a solitary valley in the mountains of the Lower Pyrenees. I had carefully guarded against any trace of discovery, and heard nothing of pursuit. We lived in this retreat in a happiness known only to those who love, to the forgetfulness of an exterior world.

"But my restless mind was not to be satisfied for ever in seclusion. By degrees I ventured from our asylum to partake of the pleasures of the chase. My imprudence shewed my pursuers the way to our abode. I was watched and discovered. Returning one day across the mountains, I looked down from the heights, and beheld with horror our little hut surrounded by soldiers. Isabella was carried off by an escort of troops, whilst others guarded the passes of the valley to secure me. My courage failed. The knowledge of the punishment that awaited the crime of having carried off a noviciate from a convent, rendered it impossible for me to advance. Like a recreant I fled, leaving my poor Isabella to her fate. I proceeded to a frontier town of France, where I met a recruiting party, and enlisted as a common soldier. My knowledge of the French language, and numerous acquirements, gained me favour and distinction. I was rapidly promoted; and, after ten years' service, obtained the rank of captain; and should have, perhaps, continued to advance, had not an extraordinary circumstance happened, which overthrew my schemes of ambition, by holding out to me again the phantasm of love—a feeling to which my heart still clung.

"In a skirmish with a squadron of the enemy, I was dangerously wounded, and left behind at an obscure village till I recovered. As I lay helpless in inexpressible torments on my bed, I prayed Heaven to give me relief, or instant death. A gipsy woman, named Zagurina—the lame hag who sells provisions in our camp—inhabited a shed of the house in which I lived. She had with her a remarkably fine, half-grown girl, who to me appeared an angel. She seemed to attach herself to me, and I felt such an interest in her, that her presence alone contributed to my convalescence. An indescribable sensation of delight took possession of my soul whenever she was near me. The old woman appeared to regard my attachment towards my young nurse with pleasure, though she always kept at a distance herself. Scarcely, however, was I restored to health, when she came one morning into my room, and said she was obliged to take her leave of me! I heard these words with grief and dismay; for I could no longer live without the child, and, intreating her to leave her with me, I threw down a purse of gold.

"'No, Sir,' said she, looking kindly at me, 'I do not sell my child; but, on condition you will behave to her like a father, she may remain with you. In the course of time, I will return to claim her.'

"Ashamed of my offer, I put away my gold; gladly promised every thing that the old woman required, who then left us. At first, the girl was in great distress at finding herself thus forsaken by her mother; but my caresses tranquillized her, and she became glad of my affection. She

filled up the dreadful chasm in my heart, left by Isabella, whom I sometimes thought of with the utmost anguish. I had no other idea than that of always keeping the girl with me, and contemplated with trembling the moment of the gipsy's return. This made me form the resolution to make her irrevocably mine, and to hide her from the world till a fit period should arrive. In a retired spot I have brought her up, where the heart I have moulded is now being cultivated, and in which I yet hope to find that peace and happiness which is the principal object of my life."

"And yet you have a second time left all that is dear to you," said Henrico, "to follow the tumults of a noisy camp!"

"The love of glory, I confess, has again roused my dormant passion for a soldier's life. I cannot lose the opportunity of acquiring fame. She whom I adore will not regret to see me return covered with honours. I will then make her mine for ever, and to peace and tranquillity consecrate the remainder of my days. Could I but destroy the recollection of the past, my happiness would be without alloy; but the gipsy who infests our camp has got possession of a secret of mine. She comes from Spain to be a spy upon my actions, and she will cause my ruin; but the spectre shall be driven away before my nuptials."

Henrico promised to see the gipsy, and to endeavour to make her give an account of herself.

"Good," said Miranda, "but to my purpose, and I shall go into battle with a lighter heart. You are rich and independent, and will most likely, when the war is over, retire from the service; promise me then, by the friendship you bear me, at the conclusion of the campaign, to endeavour to find out Isabella, and to make my peace with her. I can never return to Spain more!—promise me this, and you will restore peace to my mind. Take this ring the gipsy gave me—it was once Isabella's; wear it on your finger, 'twill remind you of your promise. And now touch cups, comrade; here's to a happy meeting after the victory!"

Henrico slowly placed Isabella's ring on his finger. At this moment the gipsy peeped through the curtains of the tent.

"Welcome! hag," cried Miranda, "you come in right time!" The tent was quickly opened, and the gipsy dragged in.

"Now," cried Miranda, "I will penetrate the inmost recesses of your heart, or tear your secret from your bosom!"

"That would help you little," replied the old woman, "but what do you wish to know from me?"

"Where got you the ring you slipped on my finger yesterday, and wherefore pronounced ye a certain name so earnestly?"

"Sir!" replied she, "I stole neither; they were, however, lost, and I think that I have brought both jewels back to the right master."

"I want not your presents," said Miranda, "but do not drive me to extremities; tell me who you are, and what you know of me?"

"We will exchange inquiries," said Zagurina, "confess to me, and I will then answer you. What have you done with my daughter?"

"Juggler, she is nothing more to you,—she is mine! nor shall you ever initiate her into your scandalous profession!"

"That is no business of yours," said the old woman, "I earnestly request you will deliver to me my daughter.—I, her mother, reclaim her from you."

Miranda laughed with bitterness. "No! we will not push matters so far; the girl is mine, and no power on earth shall take her from me!"

"Give her to me!" said the gipsy, "and I will permit you once more to contemplate this eye," drawing a morocco case from her bosom, and presenting it to him open.

Miranda snatched the picture from her hand, stared wildly at it, and the name of Isabella escaped his lips; but he threw the miniature from him with horror, and seizing Zagurina, he exclaimed, "Confess, sorceress, where didst thou learn my fatal history?"

"Sir, you are mortal," said she, with great earnestness, "your lips may to-morrow be closed by the seal of death, I therefore here first require of you intelligence of my child; if you refuse it, I will go hence and seek other interference. The whole camp shall know who the fugitive Miranda d'Aragon is."

"No! I will free myself from your clutches!" Upon this, Miranda drew his sword, and in his rage would have pierced the gipsy to the heart, had not his arm been withheld by Henrico.

At this moment an orderly entered the tent to summon all the officers to head quarters, to receive their final instructions for the battle. Zagurina recovered herself, and said to Henrico, "I thank you, Sir; he would not have killed me! He only thinks I wish to deprive him of my daughter, but he does not deserve the child, and is a stranger either to love or fidelity. I have, besides, a sacred right to inquire what is become of her. You are the friend of this arrogant, haughty man; I entreat you to procure me news of my child; the peace of many hearts depends upon it, and I do fear a something dreadful to think of!"

Henrico was somewhat revolted at the violent conduct of Miranda, but the orders to assemble at head quarters caused the party to separate.

The battle commenced on the following morning, along the whole line. It proved a most destructive day; victory deserted the French banner, and many a gallant Frenchman's breast was trodden on by the mettlesome hoof of the war-horse. As Henrico rode hastily across the field, he observed at a distance a woman kneeling beside a wounded man, and recognised him to be his friend Miranda bathed in blood: near him was the gipsy tearing her hair. On discovering Henrico, she stretched out her hands and called to him, imploring his assistance, but he durst not remain—he was obliged to push forward, and was denied the satisfaction of closing the eyes of his dying friend.

The obstinacy of the battle had cost the French many lives, the army required recruiting; officers were consequently despatched into the interior of France to procure recruits. Henrico was amongst the number. In this pursuit he entered a small town, situated on a chain of wooded mountains near Bagneres. Here a fine young man he had enlisted made his escape. He employed every means to discover the deserter, and went himself, with a party of his men, into the mountains in search of him. Every spot, every ravine, every hut was examined, and on perceiving a neat little cottage in a distant valley, he proceeded towards it with the same intention. Two females dressed in mourning sat under the shade of a large chestnut tree before the door; they appeared much perplexed as Henrico approached, and whilst the elder seemed to be remonstrating with the younger, the latter advanced to the officer and asked him with an air of inquietude what his wishes were?

"Do not be uneasy, young lady," said Henrico, "we will not be very troublesome to you, our visit is but short; we are only in quest of a deserter, and must beg permission to search your house."

"That is what I suspected," said the young lady, "and precisely on that account I wish to speak a few words to you alone!—I will spare you the trouble of search," said she, tremblingly, "and frankly confess to you the young man is concealed in this house, but you will not easily discover his place of concealment!"

Henrico misunderstood the girl, and answered quickly, "he did not wish to withhold the reward"——

The young girl looked at him earnestly, her cheeks reddened with a deep blush; then, after a pause, she continued, "I hold you to your word, and though you have misunderstood me, I require a high price."

"Well, and what is it?"

"The freedom of the youth!"

"Oh!" said Henrico smiling, "that is going too far, my lovely girl! Your lover must come forth, otherwise I shall begin the search, and may probably in the end carry off his sweetheart too!"

The girl stepped proudly back, and said, with warmth, "I have no connection with the fugitive; if I have built too rashly on your generosity, 'tis owing to what he related of your humanity."

"That is well! but in this affair, I may not act according to the dictates of my heart, but for the good of my country!"

"Good," said the girl; "if you have that in view, I will soon convince you that the country is as much in want of good citizens as of good soldiers!" She then related how the young man had brought upon himself the hatred of one of the magistrates whose oppression he had endeavoured to resist: how he and his family had, in consequence, been reduced to poverty: how two brothers had been already sent to the army, and he, the last and only support of his aged parents, just on the point of presenting them a daughter-in-law, was almost torn from the altar to be given up as a recruit, merely to gratify the spirit of revenge. She described with tears in her eyes the wretchedness of the parents, and the forsaken bride; and concluded with the assurance that had he not accidently come to the cottage, she would have sought him, to implore the freedom of the youth.

Henrico listened with attention, then walked hastily up and down. "You may be in the right, dear girl, at last," said he, "but the man has been publicly delivered to me, and I cannot be privy to his escape."

"I know how to manage that also," said the girl; "suppose he could find two substitutes; he has assured me he knows many who would willingly be soldiers if they could get a good bounty."

"Yes, if he can substitute two fine young men for himself I will discharge him. But, as he is poor, how will he procure the bounty?—I suppose from his lovely mediator!"

"No," said the girl, and her eyes filled with tears, "I cannot help him! I am even poorer than he, yet I once conceived the idea that he might procure it from *you*."

"From me?" cried Henrico, astonished. "The money I have with me belongs to the king, I cannot dispose of it according to my own fancy."

"It was not on that fund I depended!" she timidly replied; "I was

told you were rich and benevolent; to those who have heart and means, I think we may apply with confidence."

Henrico looked at her, surprised, and asked with earnestness; "Who will guarantee, should I give the money, that the man will not run off with it, and then laugh at me?"

"I!" answered the girl; "I have confided in you, do I require too much that you should confide in me? Agree!" said she, holding out her beautiful hand.

Henrico took it in token of consent, looked long with emotion at her dark eyes, and said, "I trust in you! Here is my purse, give it the young man, and conduct him to me—but I will not hear a word from him about it."

Henrico took leave, and begged to be allowed permission to revisit the tranquil abode of this lovely girl, whose eyes were filled with tears of gratitude. She held out her hand to him in silence.

St. Lorent did not long absent himself, he hastened again to the solitary cottage, and was kindly received. The day was sultry, and feeling fatigued by his long ride, he begged a draught of wine. The young girl looked with embarrassment at the old woman, who shrugged up her shoulders, and went covered with blushes into the house. When she was gone, the old woman began to speak: "The poor child," says she, "feels herself much perplexed that she has no wine to offer you, as we gave our last bottles to your soldiers the other day. You doubtless, Sir, find every thing here elegantly arranged, but we have lost our benefactor from whom all this proceeds, and I must confess to you that we are now living in a degree of poverty, to which we have not been accustomed."

At this moment the girl returned, bringing a glass of milk. "This is our wine!" said she, smiling as she offered it; "this will also refresh you!"

Henrico drank the milk with avidity, assuring her it was more delicious than wine! She now related that the young man had kept his word, and had sent the two recruits. The whole occurrence was again talked over, and thus the hours passed lightly away till evening came, like an unwelcome guest. Mira, which was the name of the young girl, went in to fetch some fruits for supper, at which time the old woman took the opportunity to repeat her distressed situation; upon which Henrico had the courage to force her acceptance of a purse of money. She took it, but as she said, only as a loan, and invited the donor to dine with them the next day, promising to prepare him a more comfortable repast. When Mira returned, the old woman told her of having invited Henrico for the next day. She gently shook her head; "we ought in truth not to invite you, unless you can be content with very frugal entertainment?' Henrico declared there was a sufficiency of every thing. "Leave me alone, child," said the old woman, triumphantly, "I will take care that nothing is wanting!"

Henrico often repeated his visits, and soon found out he was only happy when hastening over the mountain path to the abode of Mira. The beautiful garden which surrounded it, and the appropriate arrangement of the interior, rendered it a most delightful residence, and shewed the taste of the possessor. The present indigence of the two females appeared to be only of recent date. Henrico, in his intercourse with the

inhabitants of the cottage, became astonished at the strength and polish of Mira's mind. United to a purity and simplicity of manner, she possessed an extensive knowledge of the different branches of the sciences. He expressed his surprise, upon which Mira began to speak with enthusiasm of her benefactor. "Alas!" said she, "no one is rendered so poor as I by this frightful war, for it has thrown me at once forlorn and helpless upon this wide world!"

But Henrico swore secretly she should not be forsaken, for in this solitary valley he first felt the sensation of love! The time of his stay had nearly expired, he daily expected orders for his return; pecuniary assistance he could not leave behind, for even the old woman would not accept of any more, and the timid Henrico yet dared scarcely to confess to himself, much more to the girl, the attachment he had conceived for her.

Thus glided away two golden months, during which he saw Mira every day. His recal to the army at length arrived, he had long expected it, yet it came upon him like a thunderbolt! After making the necessary preparations for his departure, he went early on the following morning to Mira. "Oh, you are very good to come so early!" said she, running to meet him; "you are come to stay the whole day with us, are you not?"

"Yes," answered Henrico, "but it is also the last!" he then told her of his recal to the army. Mira burst into tears, confessed with candour that she was forced to weep, as she felt it was her fate to be separated from every one that was dear to her. Henrico extended his arm towards the girl; drew her to his bosom, and confessed a mutual affection. He explained his independent situation, promised soon to resign his rank in the army, and painted a happy future in glowing colours. Mira said, "I willingly believe you, I am not insensible that you love me for myself, for you have never asked me who, or what I am? Oh! that I were a child of this valley! but I know not to what country I belong, and the dark mystery of my birth stands like a spectre by my side!" Henrico tranquillized her, and said; "I hold thee in my arms, thou precious pearl, and ask not what sea produced thee!"

"Well, said Mira, "you must at least see the features of the person who protected me when a poor child, educated me, and formed me to be worthy of your affection." She took him by the hand, led him into a room he had not yet seen, and shewed him a full length picture.

"My God!" said Henrico, shuddering, and covering his eyes with his hands. "That is Miranda d'Aragon!" It was now clear to him he was standing in the sanctuary of his friend, and that he had won a heart which could scarcely yet have forgotten the lost lover; in the agony of his feelings, it appeared to him an artful, deep-laid plan, that Mira in speaking of this man who had expressed so much love for her, had always spoken of him as a father, and had never betrayed the slightest hint of any warmer feeling. She was just rejoicing that he knew her benefactor, when she saw him rush from her as though horror-struck! She entreated him to explain the reason of his grief? When he looked at her lovely ingenuous countenance, every suspicion vanished. He related, without reserve, his connection with Miranda, and what the latter had confessed to him concerning his sentiments for Mira! "No!" cried she, after some silence, "I have only loved him as a grateful

child! I could never have become his wife, and perhaps it is well that such delusive hopes should end."

Mira now cast her thoughts sorrowfully backward; the image of her benefactor, which had hitherto held a place in her grateful heart, like that of a father in the affections of his family, now appeared strange to her, his features repulsive. While Henrico contemplated her, the sweet thought again took possession of his soul, that this girl had no earlier illusion to forget. The old woman indulged herself in invectives against Miranda; she said "he had observed a deep silence in all his affairs, and though he had in his life-time provided them with every luxury and comfort, he had now left them solely helpless in the world."

Mira begged her to be silent, saying he was a worthy man, and that his memory would always be dear to her. "You may be in the right," said the old woman, "you owe him your education, but you must not forget that he stole you from your mother!"

"No!" cried Mira, "I was confided to his care, and often has he assured me he has vainly employed every means to obtain intelligence of my parent."

"He has deceived you!" said the old woman. "I know that he has taken care to remain untraced, and purchased this cottage to conceal himself from the world till you became his wife!"

"Oh! my poor mother!" said Mira, sorrowfully. "Where will you not have sought your child?" Henrico no longer doubted that he had seen in the gipsy, Mira's mother, and related what he knew of her, but without touching on Miranda's former history. Mira was delighted, for she now hoped she should behold her mother again, and related her own life. Her native country, she thought, was most probably Spain. She remembered having been brought up in a great city, and to have gone often with her mother to a convent, where she was always most affectionately received by one of the nuns. The convent was still so fresh in her memory, that she was convinced she should know it again. When she was about six years of age, her mother began to travel with her; it was then she first saw her in the dress of a gipsy, she was also then dressed in a similar manner. After a restless wandering of many years, they had remained longer than usual at a small town in France. Here, in the house in which they last lodged, Miranda lay ill of his wound; and as he appeared lonely and forsaken, her mother had, possibly out of pity, undertaken to nurse him, in which occupation she had assisted: and when her mother, from some inexplicable cause secretly forsook her, she clung to him as her only protector."

As Mira finished the relation, the increasing shadows of the mountain reminded Henrico that he must depart. He promised to quit the service the first opportunity; to live only for her; and took his leave with the assurance of being beloved.

St. Lorent returned to the army, and begged his dismissal; it was given to him with regret. He immediately flew from the tumults of war, to the solitary valley, the abode of Mira.

At the time of his return, the old woman, the companion of Mira, laid on her death-bed. What delight thrilled through the girl's brain, when she beheld her lover so unexpectedly soon before her, saying he was come to make her his for ever!

The first pleasures of meeting over, the lovers resolved to celebrate

their marriage without delay, to quit this solitude, and repair immediately to Henrico's estate. During the preparation for the nuptials, Henrico took up his abode in a neighbouring village, in the cabin of the young man, by whose means he had become acquainted with Mira, and who was now a happy husband and a father. The old woman died. Mira shed tears of sorrow over her grave. A few days after, a priest pronounced the marriage rites, which bound the two lovers; and Mira presented the cottage, and all that belonged to it, to the poor, but happy couple, whose hut had afforded a temporary shelter to Henrico. They then left the valley, taking with them Miranda's picture alone.

While Henrico lived with his young wife in tranquillity and happiness, in a beautiful retirement, and forgot the world around him in the felicity he enjoyed, peace dawned over Europe. Amongst those who hastened to the friends and homes they so long pined after, was Miranda d'Aragon. He had been left severely wounded on the field of battle, and had fallen into the hands of the enemy, who, considering him a distinguished officer, had removed him to a very remote place of security. Full of ardent passion for the lovely being he had himself nurtured, he now hastened in joyful expectation to the valley where he had left her. But who can describe his feelings, when he saw strange people come out to meet him from that dwelling to which he had hoped to have been welcomed by a friendly eye; and when he heard that the eldest of the late inhabitants was dead, and that the youngest was married to Henrico de St. Lorent, and gone with him, no one knew where! Pale and horror-stricken, Miranda slunk away like a repulsed beggar, and threw himself down under a tree on the mountain, from whence he could overlook the valley beneath. Here, feeling himself irredeemably lost in wretchedness, he seized his dagger to end at once all further illusions. But the thirst of vengeance quickly arose in his wild and fiery soul, and inspired him with a wish to live.

"No!" cried he, "perfidious wretch, thou shalt not carry away, like flimsy booty, the happiness I had amassed with so much pain; thou shalt not, with impunity, violate the sanctuary of my home, and trample on my best hopes! I will find thee out, and, like the angel of vengeance, hold judgment upon thee!" He raised himself up, and took the road to a neighbouring town, where he had placed his property in the hands of a commercial house. He there purchased arms, and hastened back to the valley with the determination to get possession of his estranged property, either by money or by force! He represented himself to the present inhabitants of the cottage as a stranger so enchanted with the solitude and beauty of the spot, as to be extremely anxious to purchase it, and offered a sum so much beyond its real worth, that he found force unnecessary to obtain it. The money was paid down on condition the house should be immediately vacated, leaving every thing within which formerly belonged to it.

He walked from room to room in the deserted mansion, and entered the chamber, where once, now no longer, hung his portrait; here the anguish of his feelings overpowered his mind, and he sank down sobbing loudly, on the spot where his Mira had bloomed in all the delusion of innocence. Roused at last, by despair and revenge, he started up quickly, seized a sharp axe, and rushed out to commence the work of destruction. With violent rage he levelled every thing to the earth; the fine fruit-trees fell, the flowers were crushed, the

bowers torn down, and having raged about the whole day like a maniac, he found himself, at eve, at the solitary spot where Mira's aged companion lay buried. Here he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "Old woman, arise, and tell me where I shall find the traitor! Open once more thy putrid and corrupted lips—and then may'st thou for ever be silent!" He tore up the green sod of the grave, and raved anew—but no one heard his lamentations. A flight of rooks alone gave answer, as they croaked above his head, hastening, at the approach of night, to their wooded home. Miranda now shuddered, as struck by some dark presentiment, and hastened back to the house. He here piled up every combustible and set it in flames. "Here shall no swallow more build her nest!" cried he, "henceforth accursed be this spot!" The thick dense smoke rolled through the apartments, and the flames bursting through the falling roof, spread a fearful gleam over the still darkness of night; the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were roused, and came to render assistance. But, like a fiend, Miranda ran round the burning building, driving every one back with his naked sword, thus protecting the flames in their frightful ravages. Day at length dawned on the smoking pile of ashes, when he quitted the spot and set out in the disguise of a peasant, his mind bent on revenge, to the paternal estate of St. Lorent, which was well known to him, and where he expected with certainty to meet the young couple. But the present possessor could give no information where they were. Revenge drove the unhappy Miranda from place to place, till the thought struck him, that they had possibly gone to Spain. He determined, therefore, to bend his steps that way, and thus once more entered his native land after an absence of twenty years; he passed the threshold of his birth-place, but, alas, no one knew him; new buildings were erected on the spot where once stood his father's house; strange and unknown faces passed by him in the old and familiar streets. Exhausted he sat down on a stone in the market-place, and big, heavy, tear-drops rolled down his cheeks. The church-door of the Dominican convent, where he was first educated, was open; he entered it, and compared the days he had passed here, with those spent in the wide world; he felt also the influence of the heavenly peace which reigned around, and which seemed to beckon and invite him to adore it. His rage gave place to a deep sentiment of melancholy: he knelt down before the altar, laid his burning forehead on the step, and wept bitterly.

In this state the sacristan reminded him that it was time to quit the church. Alas! the prayer hung on Miranda's lips, rather to shew him a quiet cell in this peaceful cloister! but he had not power to utter it, and went away. The more forcibly did the remembrance of the wild career of his youth take possession of his mind, the more rapidly did the frightful storm of passion subside, which had driven him above the world and kept his mind in constant agitation. The next day he walked back to the convent church, he entered just as they were reading masses for the dead, and heard the priest utter the names of his parents. He saw their menacing spirits pass by him. He thought their curses pursued him, and determined on leading a life of penitence. He hastened to the abbot of the convent, made known who he was, and gave himself up as a criminal and a repentant child to punishment. He obtained pardon, and after a short noviciate, at his own request, was

admitted into the order and received the tonsure. The example of a sinner voluntarily quitting the world to return to the bosom of the church, and bestow on it his property, was too flattering not to be welcomed with exultation instead of punishment.

Scarce a year had elapsed ere the monotony of a convent life palled upon Miranda, and he secretly wished himself in some active employ. It chanced that the convent had business of importance to transact in the capital. The choice fell on Miranda; they were aware of his experience and talent—he, therefore, set out for Madrid, furnished with the necessary commission. Every eye was fixed on the prudent and energetic monk, and the convent was congratulated on having so discreet and useful a member amongst their number. In the mean time Miranda formed an acquaintance with the Grand Inquisitor, who soon conceived such a high opinion of him, that he offered him a situation at the tribunal of the Inquisition. Since love had vanished from Miranda's breast, he appeared as though created for a cold-hearted cruel judge, who could weigh and condemn, not according to the actions of man, but from the innermost thoughts of the soul. The immense power over the lives and happiness of his fellow-creatures, now placed in his hands, excited his haughty spirit. He obtained the consent of his convent, and became a member of the dreadful tribunal. The work of horror and misery he was now engaged in, shed a kind of savage joy over his heart, which was filled with hatred against all mankind—so that the inquisitor had rarely to boast of so stern and heartless a coadjutor.

Henrico de St. Lorent had now lived several years in tranquillity with his Mira. They were little aware of the evil spirit which wandered about to seek them out, and effect their ruin. They thought Miranda long since mouldered in the dust, or they would not have given way to the irresistible desire which possessed them of visiting Spain, to which Mira was prompted by the desire of finding out her mother; and Henrico by his promise of seeking out Isabella, and delivering the ring of one who was now laid low in the grave. They arrived at Madrid, determined to remain there some time to prosecute their mutual researches. One day as they were passing by the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Mira stood as though rooted to the portal, and assured her husband that this, and no other, must be the convent to which she had been so often conducted when a child. They entered the church, and had not been there long, ere Henrico felt some one touch his hand. On looking round he observed it was a lay-sister of the convent, he looked at her first with astonishment, but when she called him familiarly by his name, he recognised, by her voice, Mira's mother. Mira remembered her the moment she spoke, flew into her arms, and called her by the tender name of mother! But Zagurina led her hastily out of the church, where she, in her turn, gave way to the delight which overcame her. "I praise God that I see you again," said she, "but leave me, my children! I have sacred duties to perform on which depends your future felicity. Tell me where you live; early to-morrow I will be with you!" She dismissed them hastily, entreating them to remain tranquil till she saw them again.

The woof of fate was now being fast spun out: it so happened that a few minutes after they separated, Miranda came out of the Palace of the Inquisition, and recognised the well-known forms before him.

The terrific man stood pale and trembling, fixing his basilisk eyes upon them both; Mira's excessive beauty, and the cheerful countenance of her husband, shewed him what he had lost; his newly awakened passion roused him to the most dreadful resolution. "There they are!" fell from his pale lips, "but they are now in my power!"

Miranda made a sign which his people understood; ere they could regain their dwelling they were seized on by the minions of the inquisition, and before they had time to conceive what was required of them, the iron doors of separate dungeons had closed behind them.

In the full sense of his tremendous power, Miranda swore their perdition! The love he had felt was not to be rendered an illusion to him with impunity—no one should rob him of his happiness unrevenged! The two innocent beings were given up to the judgment of the inquisition. Miranda himself urged the accusation against them. The principal crime of which Mira was accused, was her being the daughter of an infamous gipsy, and of her having induced Henrico to marry her, and his initiation into her blasphemous ways. As they could not deny they had seen Zagurina, principally under the disguise of a gipsy, little other proof was wanting. They were pronounced guilty, and placed amongst the number of those condemned to death.

Miranda feasted on the despair of his victims. The unfortunate pair were doomed to know by whose hand they died; they were to know the avenger who had risen, like a spectre from the grave, to destroy their bliss.

As Henrico and Mira were conducted, after their last examination, to their dungeons, Miranda ordered them to be first led to his apartment. They entered at separate doors, and, on seeing each other, rushed forward with open arms; but he sprang furiously between them, exclaiming, "Do you know me?"

They recognized Miranda, but felt no fear, as, in their innocence, they rather hoped that their newly-found friend would be their deliverer. They cried out, in an imploring tone, "Father, save your children!" The name of father, formerly so delightful to his ear, now only fanned his rage afresh; he dashed Mira from him, loaded her with curses and reproaches, and assured her, that it was his powerful hand alone that had devoted her to death! He then quitted the unhappy victims, who were conducted back to their gloomy dungeons. As Henrico sat on his damp straw in deep thought, and vainly endeavoured to console himself, the gaoler entered with a light and some provisions. As he set them down before Henrico, he recognized the son of his old master, who had protected him under circumstances of deep suspicion against his character, and had subsequently saved him from being executed as a spy. "Sir," said he, "I will now discharge part of the debt of gratitude I owe you, in aiding your flight from the dreadful hands into which you have fallen. The road from this prison leads but to death!" Henrico rejoiced to find a friend in his distress, but how could he leave Mira behind? The grateful gaoler convinced him they could only be saved one at a time, and solemnly promised to venture every thing for Mira's liberty, if he would but comply with his plan for enforcing the belief that he had committed suicide, which, after a great many struggles, was acceded to. The plot succeeded; and St. Lorent was enabled to gain the frontiers, where it was promised his wife should join him.

In the mean time, Henrico and Mira were condemned to death; the auto-de-fé was fixed, when their lives were to become a prey to the flames. Miranda was impatient for the day of execution. Since the sentence of death had been pronounced, and that it was supposed Henrico had destroyed himself, sleep had forsaken his pillow; he desired the arrival of that moment when he could fully glut his revenge! Miranda had arisen very early the morning of this last day, when a lay-sister of a nunnery requested to speak with him; and upon being admitted, delivered a verbal request from the abbess, begging him to repair to her immediately, as she had something of great consequence to impart to him. Miranda instantly followed her. She conducted him to the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and shewed him into the parlour, saying, she would go fetch the abbess. Finding himself alone, he cast his eyes on a portrait on the wall, representing a beautiful woman in the habit of a nun. As he continued observing it, his heart beat quickly, for he recognized the features; and it appeared to him as though the lovely lips would open, and call him by his name. As he stood doubting, not knowing to decide whether he saw Mira's picture, or whether he saw a form out of past time before him, some one touched him on the shoulder, saying, "How does this picture please you?" Miranda started, for behind him stood the gipsy Zagurina.

"Stand off, sorceress!" cried he, in a rage; "I have nothing more to do with thee. I came here to speak to the abbess of the convent; how darest thou penetrate this sanctuary?"

"Sir," said Zagurina, "the abbess has just sent me to you, for you have much to explain to me ere she can see you! Sir," continued she, "by all that is sacred, tell me the truth; do you know aught of Mira and her husband? I found her like an apparition, but lost her again; and after having sought her every where with inexpressible anxiety, the idea at last struck me, and I fear it is not without foundation, that they have fallen into the hands of your dreadful tribunal."

Miranda looked at her with an infernal smile, and said—"Yes! to you they are now lost! my powerful hand has at last reached the infamous wretches, and will also annihilate *you!*"

"Sir," said Zagurina, in a supplicating tone, "by the remembrance of yonder picture, I implore you to tell me what crime my poor children have committed?"

"And canst thou still ask me that, thou gipsy hag?" cried Miranda. "They have robbed me of all my happiness, I will therefore crush them. Listen! thy daughter was once dearer to me than aught on earth, she was the angel I worshipped; but the perfidious St. Lorent, the only one to whom I was weak enough to entrust my secret, broke, like a robber, into my house, during my unfortunate imprisonment, and stole the affections of my destined bride; she followed him, and left me in beggary to hunt her up and down the world, and bury the best affections of my heart beneath a monkish cowl."

"And is this her only crime?" asked Zagurina.

"It is a crime which calls for vengeance!" said Miranda: "but the tribunal of the Inquisition has condemned them to death, because they are thy children, thou heretical sinner!—The cowardly St. Lorent has already destroyed himself, and to-morrow thy daughter shall meet her doom!"

"Merciful God!" cried a voice behind the grating, and Miranda be-

held the abbess, who had sunk on her knees, extending her arms to him in a posture of entreaty. Zagurina drew him towards the grating, saying, "dost thou know that woman?" He looked, and saw the original of the picture; the veil of time gone by was lifted up. Striking his forehead, he exclaimed, "Isabella!"

"Do you know me again?" said she, mildly; "have you not forgotten the faithful, forsaken Isabella?—she who now throws herself at thy feet to implore thee to spare the life of our child?"

"All gracious God of Heaven!—be silent!" cried Miranda, as he started back, shuddering; "be silent!—what hath thy lips uttered?"

"The dearest,—the most sacred secret of my life!—Mira is our child!—"

Miranda, at these words, sunk on the ground, as if annihilated.

"When they forced me away," continued Isabella, "from our retreat in the mountains, I was conveyed as a punishment to this convent. Here your daughter was born in secret, and here I was forced to take the veil. I confided our child to my faithful Clarita. She brought it up with a mother's care. In a gipsy's disguise she took it with her, and endeavoured to find you out, to learn if you were worthy of your daughter, and to resign it to your care. After many years' long and fruitless search, you were discovered in a miserable hut, in France, where Mira became your nurse. Your heart clung with a fatherly affection to the girl, who was imprudently left in your hands till I was consulted on what further steps should be pursued. During that time, your frightful passions turned to madness,—you stole away your own daughter!"

"Oh! heavens! why did you conceal from me she was my daughter?" exclaimed Miranda, in an agony of grief.

The gipsy during this time had thrown off her disguise: she now entered in the dress of a lay-sister:—"Do you remember," said she, to Miranda, "how I placed Isabella's ring upon your finger? do you remember how I implored you, when I conceived you were in your last moments, to confess to me the abode of my child, and how I endeavoured to awaken in you old recollections?—But you dashed Isabella's picture to the earth,—you wanted to murder me! I then prayed to God he might terminate your existence on the field of battle!—Heaven seemed to have heard me; I saw you fall!—No danger withheld me from seeking you amidst the ranks of death, to explain the secret of the birth of your child, and to request from you the avowal of her residence. But you were already senseless, and the enemy tore you from me. I myself remained a prisoner, until the peace; I then hastened back to Spain, and to my astonishment found you here beneath the habit of a monk. All might have been happily explained, as fate had also conducted your child hither: Alas! at the very moment I thought of bringing you together, you were sitting in judgment on your children!"

"Oh! my poor innocent children!" cried Miranda, in despair: "yes, I loved the child to distraction, though I did not understand the source of the affection,—I see it now; I beheld in her the youthful image of Isabella!"

Isabella implored of Miranda the life of her child, but he sat with clenched hands; his head sunk on his breast:—he sobbed bitterly. Isabella begged him even to hazard his own life to save their child. His faculties at last seemed to resume their energy; he exclaimed "I will

save her, or perish with her!" Without another word he hastened from the convent to the palace of the Inquisition.

Pale and haggard he entered the chamber of the grand inquisitor, to which he had always free access, and begged a private audience. The inquisitor complied with his request, astonished to see him, so uniformly cold-hearted and taciturn, in such violent agitation of mind. Since the feelings of a father had taken possession of his breast, and that he laboured to save the life of a child, he was animated amidst his despair with the purest feeling. He related to the grand inquisitor the principal circumstances of his life, without the least disguise; and accused himself with a soul-harrowing frankness, of being the only criminal. When he had finished his story, the old inquisitor held out his hand to him, and said, "Unhappy father! thy child is nevertheless lost!"

Miranda clasped his knees, and implored him in deep groans to save his child!—but the judge remained inexorable. "The sentence once pronounced by our tribunal, cannot be revoked!" said he, loosing himself from the grasp of Miranda. "You have yourself accused your daughter to us: acknowledge therein the wise dispensation of Heaven. Her death must be the atonement for your and Isabella's sins."

"Venerable father!" cried Miranda, distracted, "if a victim must be sacrificed, let me die."

"No! thy trials are not yet at an end. The more pure and innocent thy child is, the more tranquilly shouldst thou view her career finish. I once myself considered death a punishment, but now see that it is only the road out of darkness into light—only the sun's ray, in which the ripe fruit falls."

Miranda saw that it was impossible to save his child. The grief which had overwhelmed him gave place to the most furious rage. He drew a dagger from beneath his cloak, and swore he would deal death and destruction around, ere his child should perish by the hand of the executioner. The grand inquisitor left him with severe threats, and desired his people to keep an eye upon him, and not to permit his entrance to the palace of the inquisition till the auto-de-fé of the morrow was over.

In the agony of Miranda's grief at not being able to save his daughter, nor make himself known to her, he went to the confessor appointed to attend her, intrusted him with the secret of her history, implored him to relate it to his daughter, and reconcile her to her unhappy father. The priest promised, and kept his word.

At length the morning dawned which was to witness the appalling scene of death. The Spanish court in full state, and the greater part of the population of Madrid, were assembled in the Plaza de la Inquisicione, to witness the tragedy. The stern judges of the Inquisition were in their places, and even Miranda did not fail to be present. The old grand inquisitor fancied that the father had, by a severe struggle with himself, at last conquered his feelings, and smiled graciously upon him; but he could not help shuddering at the dreadful look Miranda returned. At last the procession approached under a strong military escort; in the centre were the condemned, who advanced in mournful silence; quite the last was a female, too weak to support herself, conducted by the officers of justice. It was Mira. But scarcely had she reached Miranda ere he rushed among the guards, like a lion determined to defend his young; dashed the officers aside, seized his child in his arms, pressed forward with her towards the crowd, calling out to

them to save her from the hands of the executioner! But the timid populace remained quiet. In the mean time, prompted by the grand inquisitor, the guards sprang forward and attempted to separate the father and daughter. But her tender hands were riveted round his neck. In a fainting voice she cried—"Kill me! ah! kill me, my father!" Miranda imprinted on her pale forehead his first—his last paternal kiss, and drawing forth his dagger pierced the trembling victim to the heart! She sank on the ground!—From her bleeding corse was torn another victim, who, despairing of her release, had, on resolving to perish with her, arrived but in time to witness the sad catastrophe of a daughter imploring death as a boon from the hand of him who gave her life! S. B.

ON THE POPULAR LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

IT is a common-place remark, that revolutions in literature are no less frequent than those in politics, and that it is not less subjected to the capricious dictates of fashion than painting, music, all the imitative arts, even dress, whose strange and ephemeral changes baffle all attempt at analysis. This proposition, as applied to the history of France, appears completely established by the facts and writings, from the origin of the *fabliaux* and the *Romande la Rose*, to those later days, when the despotism and literature of the empire fell with its glory. It was then that the symbols of unity, the dogmata of passive obedience and adulation, reflected from the political on the moral world, gave way to that burst of frantic independence which English writers have qualified as intellectual eccentricity.

It is not here our object to seek to appreciate this change by the merit of its productions. We have only to draw from it, as from those which have preceded it, this deduction, that old age affects books even more rapidly than men. With a few exceptions, easily enumerated, there are, in fact, but few writers who do not survive their works. Twenty-five years is the utmost mean of immortality they can promise themselves. The most successful then obtain an honourable place in libraries, where they are treated like those gothic pieces of furniture which the beauty of their workmanship preserves from destruction, and which are collected and preserved, unused, by the curious.

Are all the productions of the press inevitably subjected to these vicissitudes? Do the lower classes of them take part in this progressive movement? Does what may strictly be called national literature take its colour from popular literature? The impartial examination of the strange productions, a selection from which we shall present to the reader, will answer these questions by proving the immense difference which exists between these two species of literature. No one in France has hitherto bestowed any attention on the bibliography of the lower classes, which, however, is deficient neither in interest or importance, since the aphorism—"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are," might be applied with much more propriety to the reading than to the food of the people. No researches, not the slightest notice has been made on this subject, which appears to have been thought unworthy the attention of the busy idleness of the academies. From Sorel to La Harpe, all the critics have affected not to be aware that their porter could read, and that their cook sought news of missing forks and strayed

lovers from the cabalistic pages of the *Grand Albert.* The example, however, of foreign literati was not wanting to induce them to tread in a new path, and to rouse them from their indifference. In Germany, a grave bibliographer has made the popular literature of his country the subject of profound researches.* The north has distinguished itself for its zeal in discovering those literary monuments of former ages, which exist only in the tradition of the writer's fire-side, and in the memory of the villager and peasant. And very lately, an English author has published a most curious dissertation on the Nursery Rhymes, with which, from time immemorial, nurses have soothed the cradled infant to sleep.

These works, which would be sufficient to establish the importance of the plebeian muse, might naturally excite astonishment at the disregard shewn to it in France. And, on the other hand, if the number of initiated were sufficient to establish the merit and importance of a class, if the principle of majorities could be applied in appreciating it, if a writer's first object should be the number of his readers, there can be no doubt that this disregard will meet its full condemnation from a consideration of the facts which we shall now attempt to describe.

If we considered only the number of works, the names of which appear during the last fifteen years in the *Journal de la Librarie,* and which, from their price, and the subjects to which they relate, appear doomed to be inaccessible to the common people, we should be tempted to draw perfectly opposite conclusions from these premises. The following are the numbers:—

1815	3,357
1816	3,763
1817	4,237
1818	4,837
1819	4,568
1820	4,881
1821	5,499
1822	5,823
1823	5,893
1824	6,974
1825	7,605
1826	8,273
1827	8,198
1828	7,616
1829	7,823
1830	6,739
	96,086

Of these 96,086 works, one-fifth are in one volume, two-fifths in two volumes, one-fifth in three or four volumes, and the remaining fifth is composed of reprints, containing from fifty to eighty volumes, of which 5,000 copies were printed.

* The popular works of Germany, or exact appreciation of the small works on history, medicine, and meteorology, which chance has preserved among the people to the present time, by J. J. Gærres, Heidelberg, 1807. One volume 12mo., containing the analyses of forty-eight popular works.

It will be inquired how these productions of human thought are distributed; still bewildered by those who three times a-year talk pathetically of the progress of science and the diffusion of knowledge, we naturally expected to see those beneficent works, whose pure morality secures for their authors medals and crowns of virtue, penetrate into the inmost recesses of the remotest hamlet of the kingdom! Alas, we are thunderstruck on seeing within how small a circle is circumscribed the influence of those works, which were intended to regulate the heart and mind of all the taxpayers of the eighty-seven departments. The common people, and more particularly those residing in the country, are in general slaves to an instinct of routine, which is carried to a point of invincible obstinacy. They are doggedly attached to what is old, and reject without discrimination, without even examination, every thing which wears the least appearance of innovation. To read any other book than that which from their infancy they have seen tossing about in the dust among the consecrated palm-branches and rusty firelocks, would be an achievement far eclipsing those of Cook, Magellan, or Columbus. So in other provinces, variable as is the taste in dress in France, the peasants' hair has hardly yet abandoned the costume of the good old days of Louis XIV. This will enable us to judge what progress can have been made by the multitude in an art, the first effect of which is to cause a reaction in domestic life, by the improvements which it reveals and teaches us to introduce there. Philanthropic societies have thought to remedy these inconveniences, by voting books calculated by their form and price for popular circulation. These books had two great faults. They were rational, and were distributed gratis. Now the honourable class of readers of which we are now treating, will almost always say—"I choose to be deceived," as the wife of Iganarelle said—"I choose to be beaten." Whether the year be good or bad, it must always have its quota of trifles and prophecies, which it would look for in vain in the works so lavishly distributed, with a zeal laudable indeed, but quite inexperienced. Hence, during the administration of M. Decazes, almanacks, published by government at 3½d., and which, in order to secure the circulation, were even delivered to the public at 2½d., were scouted with unanimity by the catechumens of the *Messager Boiteux*. The *Société Elementaire* failed in a similar manner in 1827. They could not persuade any one to take their almanacks. The common multitude look with distrust on these publications, simply because they are given away; they are filled with some vague idea, that the real spring of this bounty must be some dangerous spirit of proselytism. It is a repetition of the story of the fellahs of Central Africa, who, not conceiving the possibility of the mere love of science inducing men to expose themselves to the dangers of long voyages, saw in the emulators of Mungo Park, Laing, and Clapperton, only magicians or treasure-hunters. The French peasant, in fact, only values what he has paid for; and in this respect they imitate the politician, who willingly makes a sacrifice to subscribe to works which interest him, and does not even deign to cast his eyes on those with which an obsequious perseverance is continually loading his table gratuitously. In England this mistrust would be in some degree justified by certain precedents, which prove that almanacks were often employed as the medium for opposing or propagating such principles as appeared to be hostile or favourable to the existing powers James I., for instance, paid marked attention to these

works, and even deigned himself to revise the manuscript of the *Merlinus Anglicus,* and to promise to his loyal subjects a prosperity which, were it but for his credit's sake as an astrologer, he ought at least to have realized. His successor, affecting an implicit belief in the same speculations, prompted, but, alas ! in vain, the voice of the same oracles. Thanks to the Company of Stationers, who had obtained from the university the monopoly of this branch of industry. The usurpation of Cromwell was by no means deficient in that devotion to the moon and stars which had characterized the preceding reigns of legitimacy. These heavenly bodies enjoyed in peace their full moral and political influence, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a terrible annihilator of magicians arose in Swift. His efforts, however, were fruitless when opposed by ignorance and routine. John Bull did not lose his confidence in the almanack; and during the wars of the republic and the empire, Napoleon was regularly killed every year by Poor Robin. About the same period the French government included the almanacks in its solicitude for the productions of the press; and every one knows the story of the luckless editor, who, by order of the *Directeur de la Librarie,* was compelled to transfer to St. Petersburgh the plague which he had unthinkingly predicted to the territories of the *roi de Rome.* The Restoration left the almanacks in peace, subject only to the general formality of the *depôt;* and it was not until 1830 that the *Double Liegeois,* printed at Paris, by M. Stahl, was seized on account of the following passage:—

"Those most disposed to indulgence will be compelled to admit the conviction, that nothing can go on in a system in which words and deeds are in direct opposition to each other."

The date of this prediction renders it remarkable. It was fixed for the 25th July.

Doubtless this is a formidable argument in favour of the infallibility of the *Double Liegeois,* but it must be admitted, that almost as much magic science was required to foresee and punish the offence by anticipation, as to commit it. It, however, is not less true, that if the uneasiness which a publication may occasion to those in power, be in proportion to its influence and the number of its readers, no work ought to occupy the attention of government more seriously than the almanack.

The almanack is the basis of the popular literature of France. In some departments they form the whole library of seven-eighths of the population. And what almanacks ! Barbarous imitations of the soothsayer of Basle, with his Oriental fatalisms, his absurd prognostications, and his meteorological calculations, in which, as in the time of Dubartas, the sun is designated as *le duc des chandelles.* Then come the medical prescriptions, in virtue of which, doses sufficient to kill a squadron of cuirassiers, horses and men, on the spot, are administered to the most debilitated patient.

It would be almost impossible to ascertain the number of the almanacks with which France is annually inundated, by the speculators particularly devoted to this branch of commerce. This impossibility arises from the extent and irregularity of their production, and more especially from the profusion of spurious editions. We can therefore only assume, as the foundation of an approximate calculation, the result of the operations of the great centres of production. Thus, Troyes, Rouen, Paris, Beauvais, Lille, Montbelliard, Epinal, Nantes, and Limoges sup-

ply a mass of *Matthieu Lansberg,* which may be estimated at nearly three million copies. Troyes alone supplies one-sixth of this number; and the beginning of this fecundity is lost in the remote obscurity of the history of almanacks. Its existence may be explained by the cheapness both of labour and materials, two conditions indispensable to the success of speculations which depend on so small a profit. In this respect, Paris would appear to be in a less favourable position; yet it furnishes a supply nearly equal to that of the second capital of Champagne. The average yearly sale of the *Double Liegeois* of Stahl, is from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty thousand; and that of the *Astrologue Parisien,* published by the widow Demoraine, and Boucquin, successors to the celebrated Tiger, at the *Pilier littéraire,* is still greater. The last mentioned work, conducted with a *bonhomie* frequently not destitute of spirit and talent, has evidently the advantage over its rivals, although, or perhaps we may say, because, it concedes something to that thirst for prophecy, which is the generic character of its readers. But, united with these characteristics, which are essential to its existence, we find rules of conduct full of wisdom and reason; medical and meteorological hints, founded on just observation; a table of the penalties attached to the crimes most frequently committed by the common people; and a summary of political events, in the form of an annual register. The number for 1831, however, we may observe *en passant,* has one remarkable peculiarity: following the example of certain reports, which may, perhaps, be hereafter taken as the basis of history, it gives an account of the expedition against Algiers, without even naming the general who commanded it. Thus, good traditions are preserved.—"God is great," a Turk would say, and we are very little.

But the other day, history was mutilated in a similar way, and the extreme verge of absurdity passed, in order to metamorphose Napoleon into the *Marquis de Bonaparte;* admirable device of those saviours of monarchy, who, triumphing even over Chinese apathy, would find means to create an opposition, *ventas,* the *Burschens-chaft* and barricades at Pekin, and drive King-li out of his capital with pitch-forks, if the custom-house of Canton would ever allow them admission into the Celestial Empire.

In addition to the cities we have mentioned, there are numerous places in which almanacks are made specially for local purposes; such as indicating the fairs, agricultural directions, and other particulars, which vary in each department. Then the double *Matthieu Lansberg* has not lost its old supremacy. It is to be found in all the provinces, reprinted, in every direction, except at Liege, whose name it still insidiously bears. Not that this veteran of popular literature no longer exists; a great number even are printed on the banks of the Meuse; but the elevation of the price limits the exportation in France. It is there seen flanked with venerable marks of authenticity, and adorned with the portrait of the illustrious mathematician, holding in his right hand a celestial globe, which he is examining with the contemplative air of a gastronome purchasing on trust the deceitful cantaloup. Independently of its details in domestic and rural economy, and chiromancy, it contains the celebrated *Calendrier des Bergers,* also called the *Almanach des Anes,* where signs and figures are substituted for letters, for the benefit of those who have not fathomed the mystery of reading. Nothing is more curious than the hieroglyphics and drawings of this popular *Keepsake.* A pitch-

fork indicates the time for manuring the ground; a pair of scissars, that for cutting the hair; a fan is heat; a covered pot, cloudy weather; a pot overturned, wet weather; and an owl, piercing cold. These cyphers, joined with figures corresponding with the order of the days of the week, point out the various labour to which each is to be consecrated. It is, in fact, the infancy of art, and we may easily believe that this calendar has remained stationary since the sixteenth century, when it was in high fashion. It is mentioned, among others, in a work of that period, containing minute details of the interior life, which might be envied by the novelist of Abbotsford. The following fragment relates immediately to the subject of this paper, as it enumerates some works which have now fallen into the domain of popular literature:—

"In the parlour of the house (for to have two is only the privilege of grandeur) is the stag's horn tipped with iron, and suspended from the ceiling, whence hang caps, hats, leashes for the dogs, and the great chaplet of paternosters for common use. On the dresser, or two-storied buffet, lie the translation of the Holy Bible, made by order of King Charles V., *Les quatre fils Aymon, Ogier le Danois Melusine,* and the *Calendrier des Bergers.* Behind the great door are a number of long and high perches of hung game, and at the bottom of the hall, upon shelves fixed to the wall, half a dozen bows with their quivers and arrows, two good large *rondelles* (shields), with two short broad-swords, two halberds, two pikes twenty-two feet long, two or three coats and shirts of mail in a small chest filled with bran, two strong cross-bows, and in the large window over the chimney, three *hocquebutes* (which we must now call arquebusses). Near it is the hawk-perch, and below are the nets and other sporting apparatus. Under the great bench, three feet wide, is good fresh straw for the dogs to lie on, which makes them better and more apt to hear and smell their masters."

At this time the *Calendrier des Bergers* is still reprinted at Troyes, but the demand for it diminishes every year, in the inverse proportion of the increase in the number of individuals who learn to read. If the labours of the council of enlistment did not furnish us with more direct evidence on this point, we might obtain a sufficiently satisfactory result from the fact, that the *Almanach des Anes,* of which, even in the time of the empire, 300,000 copies were printed, has now scarcely 20,000 purchasers.

The *Cantiques Spirituels,* which long contested the palm of literary popularity with the Almanachs, have lost ground in the large towns, but preserve their footing in most of the provinces. Not a country fair or market is held without its being attended by some itinerant venders, with a sanctified and artful deportment, straight hair, and covered with chaplets, scapularies, and agnuses, proclaiming to his half-penitent audience the healing virtue of certain relics. Each separate locality having thus the means of extolling its own relics, these lyric manifestos supply the place of those *chevauchées* (cavalcades) of the middle ages, when the desire of possessing such objects was (from their value in attracting crowds of worshippers and pilgrims to the temples in which they were enshrined) not unfrequently a sufficient motive for going to war. "Is not the immense number of holy bodies in the abbey of St. Saulve de Montreuil," says the historian of Abbeville, "a sufficient proof of the cupidity of the Counts of Flanders? Were not all those holy bodies stolen? Did not the nose of St. Wilbrod come from

the priory of Wetz, in Holland? and the navel of St. Adhelme from a Norman monastery?" These spoliations gave rise, as may be easily supposed, to severe reprisals, so that a particular relic taken, recovered, and retaken by open force, sometimes travelled backwards and forwards for months, before it found a permanent resting-place. St. Hubert and his infallible greyhounds, St. Aignau, St. Clotilda, St. Lucia, St. Vigor, St. Barbe, St. Michael, and St. Marcouf, and numerous other beatified personages, are always the principal heroes of this pathological poetry. Each of them has the cure of a specific disease; but as it sometimes happens that the patient is ignorant of the precise nature of his malady, he has recourse to a sort of diagnostic, which also may be traced to some ancient tradition of paganism. A certain number of ivy-leaves are placed in the evening on the surface of some water contained in a vessel; care is taken that the upper part of the leaf remains dry. To each of these leaves is given the name of a saint known to cure one of the complaints with which the patient supposed himself to be attacked; and the leaf which is found the next morning penetrated by the water, indicates the saint to whom application is to be made. It is not only on the strands of Bretagne, in the midst of the landes, in the depths of the forests of Morvan, but within thirty leagues of Paris—in the departments of the Eure, Calvados, Seine-Inférieure—that these superstitions still exist; as is proved every day by the judicial proceedings, in which the correctional police is substituted for the inquisition.

We have next the HISTOIRE ADMIRABLE DU JUIF ERRANT *lequel depuis l'An XXXIII. ne fait que marcher;* the tri-logic complaint of the chaste Joseph; the misfortunes of Généviêve of Brabant—the model of innocent, unhappy, and persecuted women; the *Lieutenant-General Holopherne mis à Mort, par Mme. Judith;* the biographical legend of St. Onuphre, whose prodigies have been realized by Franklin, in ruling the thunder; and, lastly, that pathetic canticle, *Notre Dame de la garde,* in which the poor sailor implores the protection of the immortal virgin against the furies of the storm:—

> "Claire étoile de la mer
> Montrez-vous dans le danger
> Dans la nuit la plus obscure
> Servez de phare et de *nord* (boussole)
> A ceux qui sous votre augure
> Espèrent de prendre port."

The Virgin is also *la belle lune,* and *l'ancre maitresse;* then returning to themselves, these tarry penitents add—

> "Chacun de nous est fâché
> D'avoir si souvent péché
> O Dame de Bonne Garde!
> Faites nous ressouvenir
> Que partout Dieu nous regarde
> Pour mieux vivre à l'avenir."

There is generally much less poetry in the favourite works of the populace of cities than in those inspired by the solitary life of the hamlet, or the adventurous career of the mariner. In cities almost all the leisure moments of the lower classes are passed in noisy pleasures. They rarely read any beyond a few couplets from a popular vaudeville, slang dialogues, witticisms of the barracks, the life of some hero of the gibbet,

Cartouche, Mandrin, Desrues—or, lastly, a few romances, imitated from Ann Radcliffe, which form at once the delight and despair of the portresses; interrupted at every paragraph of these fascinating studies, by the fatal "*cordon, s'il vous plait*" (pull the string to open the gate, if you please). We must also include in this list *L'Histoire du bonne Homme misère, le Capucin sans barbe, les Cinq Maris et la Pucelle, le Testament de Michel Morin;* mock *sermons,* remarkable for their obscenity; numerous *discours,* in defence of the god *Crepitus,* in which the celebrated enigma of the *Mercure Galant* is commented on without the slightest affectation of reserve in respect to style. We often also find in cities the *Catéchisme des Maltotiers* (Tax-Gatherer's Catechism), a pamphlet composed against Bouvalais, the Ouvrard of his day, who, to render the resemblance complete, passed some time in the same prison in which the celebrated contractor just named was lately confined. If the old French reputation for gallantry were not already deeply compromised by the devotion of the present race of men to politics and écarté, there would be good grounds to tremble for its existence, in looking at the manner in which *le petit sexe* is treated in the *Miroir des Femmes, la Mechanceté des Demoiselles, le Catéchisme à l'Usage des grandes Filles pour être Mariées,* &c. Ancient and modern writers, Grecian philosophers and Persian moralists, Scripture itself, all are brought forward, to prove that woman is "the source of quarrels, the scum of nature, the scourge of wisdom, the firebrand of hell, the touchword of vice, the devil's bait, a most greedy animal, the shipwreck of the soul, a forest of pride, the vanity of vanities, a goat in the garden, a magpie at the door, an owl at the window, an angel in the street, and a devil in the house." Fortunately, every one has it in his power to find out that this is a pure calumny; nevertheless, from the energy of the preventive and repressive system of the heads of some families among the people, we may see reason to fear that the opinion of the calumniators is sometimes adopted literally.

By a singular contrast, we find that, in conjunction with these absurdities, some of the old chivalric romances, inflated with lofty sentiments and superannuated gallantry, have retained their place in the popular estimation; marvellous epopées, in which all the world, with the exception of a few licentious giants and perfidious magicians, brought in by way of contrast, pass their time in annihilating crime, or cooing madrigals. These works, with the *Cabinet des Fées,* form the staple of the *Bibliothèque Bleue,* some of the works of which deserve particular mention:—

"Conquests of the great Charlemagne, king of France, with the heroic deeds of the twelve peers of France, and of the great Fier-à-Bras, and the battle waged against him by Oliver the Little, who conquered him; and of the three brothers who made the nine swords, three of which Fier-à-Bras had to fight against his enemies, as you will see hereafter."

This romance, the title of which is a model of its kind, is the translation of an ancient chronicle in verse, in which the history of France is traced up to the fall of Troy and the adventures of Francus, a companion of Æneas. Pyramus is the first King of France, Mercurus the second, Pharomond the third, &c.; excellent historical lessons, as may be perceived. Charlemagne, in all the works of that period, is a sort of Pill Garlick, whom every one delights in making a dupe of. The con-

queror of Abderame is no better treated in the *Quatre Fils Aymon.* This work, which has been called the Iliad of the middle ages, and which, by the powerful interest of its composition, merits the title, is the best known of the innumerable poems which formed the delight of our ancestors; whilst all the others insensibly fade away and are forgotten, this alone enjoys undiminished popularity, and every year the magic adventures of Renaud de Montauban and the traitor Maugis re-issue from the press. They have, however, a formidable rival in the history of *Valentin Urson,* the hero of which, a savage nurtured in the woods by a bear, and suddenly removed to a court, shews himself the worthy nursling of his foster-mother. Always fighting, never conquered, he carries off wives, beats the husbands, lays waste the larder—playing, in fact, nearly the same part as the clowns and harlequins of modern pantomime. *Robert le Diable,* so famous in the Norman traditions, is but an heroic variety of this personage.

Huon de Bordeaux, the most voluminous of the romances of chivalry which have retained their popularity, contains some curious information on the fairy superstitions of the middle ages. The foundation of the Oberon of Wieland is to be found there. The comic character is a *laiton de mer,* the prototype of all those goblin servants which still exist in the imagination of the peasantry. We also there observe the strange and constant alliance of the fairies with Christianity. Thus Oberon, a most orthodox fairy-king, never fails to exhort his knights to remain faithful to Jesus Christ, and oppose the followers of Mahomet. Perhaps this romance, and other works of the same kind, have contributed not a little to originate and confirm those numerous superstitions, partaking equally of paganism and ascetism, which even now are far from being annihilated. In opposition to these chivalrous paladins who do every thing lance in rest, we have Jean de Calais, a plebeian hero, the son of a merchant, whose destiny, however, is equally brilliant, as he marries the daughter of a king of Portugal. There is some reason to believe that his biography is founded on the exploits of those intrepid navigators of Calais and St. Valery, those Angots, who, in the seventeenth century, shewed such fatal hostility to the Lusitanian flag. *Jean de Calais* has had the honour of being made the subject of scenic representation, as well as three other heroes of popular literature, *Jean de Paris,* the Aladdin of *la Lampe merveilleuse,* and *Fortunatus* translated originally from the Arabic, and afterwards from the Spanish, and in which La Harpe found the materials of *Tanga et Félime.* The drama has also borrowed several situations from *Tiel Ulespiègle,* a personage, the precursor of *Guzman d'Alfarache, Lazarillo de Tormes,* and the whole tribe of Spanish *Picaros.* The *Bibliothèque Bleue* has also its *Gargantua,* but this is nothing in common with the *Gargantua* of the curate of Mendon. It is established that the literary existence of this giant was much anterior to the publication of Rabelais' work, and yet, judging from the following passage in the introduction, his history cannot be of any great antiquity. "The giants which they shew us every year at the fair of St. Germains, would have been but very little dwarfs," &c. &c.

A volume would not suffice to analyse the whole of these works, more than 1,200 of which are enumerated in the catalogue of a single bookseller at Rouen, who, in common with the members of his fraternity at Troyes, deals specially in works of this description. We may safely

affirm, that out of the whole 1,200, there is not a single one containing a rational and pure morality, which would bear a moment's comparison with "Poor Richard," known in France under the title of *La Science du bon-homme Richard.* We must, however, in justice remark, that, except the *Catéchisme Poissard,* these works diminish in circulation every year, particularly the obscure compositions, such as the *Aventures de Roquelaure.* This observation is the summary of all we have said. It is evident that a portion of the common people is beginning insensibly to despise the works which they had so long found sufficient for them; but there is nothing to supply their place; the public are at once too much and too little advanced in intellect; they no longer relish the *doctrines de sapience* of the fifteenth century, but they cannot yet understand the works which writers, who have either too much or too little genius, are daily bringing out for their especial use. The *Civilités pueriles et honnêtes,* in which the faithful are recommended "not to comb their hair at church," as if we were still in the reign of Louis XIII., when the fops of the court only shewed themselves in the holy edifice to ogle their mistresses and repair the coquettish edifice of their head-dress, are no longer adapted to the comprehension of the public; but they would be equally far from understanding the *Code de la toilette* and the *Manuel de l'homme de bon-ton.* In this situation a wise direction to the popular press would assuredly be an immense benefit in its immediate effects, and even in its reaction; and a spark of the genius of Paul Louis Courier would not be superfluous in directing, to the desired end, a reform of which it was his mission to be the Luther; but the traditions of his method exist, and there is sufficient talent to make the application of them. Ameliorations have already been introduced; may they continue, with the precaution derived from experience not to attack violently the habits, and even the prejudices, which cannot be conquered in a day. Instruction must be gradual and prepared for the multitude (to use the words of the author of *Emile*), "as bread is cut up for children by the nurse." Then if the government interferes at all, let its action be invisible. From time immemorial it has been regarded with a distrust, alas! but too justifiable. But in proportion as official interference is fatal, an indirect and supervising influence will be advantageous; and in order to exercise it, a minister of the interior should, perhaps, revive the mysterious excursions of the Caliph Haroun-al-Rasched, to inquire not what the people say, but what they read.

LODGINGS IN THE STRAND.

What a charming place this London is for high heads and low pockets, for a man whose pride and whose pence preserve an inverse ratio to each other! Talk of the declension of the drama, the degeneracy of acting—it is all "*vox et præterea nihil*"—there are more livelihoods gained by histrionic representations at the present day in London than there ever were. It is not necessary for an actor of genius to confine his exertions within the walls, or to the boards of this or that edifice dedicated to scenic illusions; it may not be politic for many to have their names exhibited in relation to their calling in a play-bill, that the world may recognize them as disciples of Thalia or Melpomene; or never to follow their art, but in the sock or buskin, its types and badges—no! be the

world the great stage on which their "exits and their entrances" are made, and let their "little hour" be swelled to the duration of a life. There is then no manager, decked with a little brief authority, to come between them and the public—no partial critics to write down their merits—no capricious audience to conciliate; no one sees the exertions they make, and therefore it is in no one's power to interfere with them. How many dislike the society of an actor, merely because he is an actor, although probably a very amiable man! "We wish," say they, "for no collision with such characters—they are very well in their way—that is to hear and see; but who would think of admitting, as intimates, professed dissimulators, and therefore dangerous associates? Can we expect that there is one ingenuous sentiment remaining within those whose whole study is imitation, whose highest ambition is to be transformed into facsimiles of others?" Should this poor wight profess a warm and generous friendship in real life, there are twenty to exclaim, "How natural—but recollect what an excellent Pierre or Antonio he makes!" Should he come as a sympathizer in misfortune—"Capital! Iago to the life!" A lover—Romeo, Icilius, *et hoc genus omne;*—in all, he only gains credit for playing a part, and his success is adequate to what it would be "in his proper sphere." How different is his case who preserves all the paraphernalia of stage trickery within himself, who is obliged to no sensible helps, and can, on occasion, alone "play many parts," or even press some of his audience into his dramatic corps, without their being privy to the capacity they fill. Such is the actor of real merit, and in London there are many such.

I am one of them—start not, reader, I am not going to act upon you, at least not to your disadvantage, I hope. I have an extensive circle of acquaintances; a large connection being a primary requisite in all professions, but an indispensable one in mine. I have my breakfast acquaintances, my dinner acquaintances, and my supper acquaintances; these compose my gallery, box, and pit audience. In the first class are young men in chambers and lodgings, literary persons, whose finances have not reached the matrimonial degree; and even, in the session, some members of parliament, come to town without their wives. The ladies are seldom included in my matin speculations; however, they enter largely into the next class; that is composed of mothers, who love shopping and a cicisbeo, misses whose sway at home extends to an invitation for dinner, brothers ditto, bon-vivants who need a boon companion, and authors aspiring only to fame, delighted to secure an after-dinner victim to their lucubrations; this is by far the most numerous class, and, as is proper, is my staple resource. The third and last is more heterogeneous and undetermined; being made up, for the most part, of the other two, with a few stragglers, peculiarly its own—such as tavern friends, street-acquaintances accidentally encountered, and three or four old maids, who, by a supper, reward the exertions of a novel-reader, when his throat refuses to squeak forth a line more after five or six hours' uninterrupted duty. This *tiers état* completes the list.

But the reader, if he knows me, will say, "How did you contrive to get into so much, and such good company? You have no means of returning all those breakfasts, dinners, and suppers?"—True, but there lies the secret; I have lodgings in one of the best houses in the *Strand*—witness my inviting ticket; and who knows that I *may* not one day entertain. Look at the mansion I inhabit; the first floor of it lets for four guineas

a week, and *perhaps* I am the occupant. Is not my popularity accounted for? Add to these presumptive attractions, the evident ones of exterior and manners; my *outside* is unobjectionable, thanks also to my "creditable" residence; and, from my conversation, it is very evident that I am neighbour to King Charles, who bestrides the "high horse" at our end of "the Strand," and this, believe me, goes a great way. In these facts simply, lies the mystery.

But the course of good fortune never did, for a continuance, run smooth. A storm, some time ago, impended over me, that I foresaw not, in proper time to avert; although appearances, for one entire fortnight, loudly proclaimed it. These were attentions the most marked from all my friends, who seemed simultaneously affected with a violent attachment to my person and society. Among those of the first class, I became, *tout-à-coup*, a "devilish good-hearted fellow," "my worthy friend," and "the best creature in the world." Half-a-dozen breakfasts a morning I usually had on my hands, and had eggs been bantlings, Professor Malthus might have "grinned a ghastly smile" of satisfaction, to view the Saturnean feats I was compelled to perform. But it was in the second class that I had the most overpowering tokens of affection to encounter; nothing could be done without "dear Mr. ——'s" advice and co-operation.—"Mamma was so angry that Mr.—— did not dine with them yesterday."—"Emily, Fanny, Jane, and Polly were *au désespoir* last evening, not to have their favourite Mr. —— among them." "Major Bottleblossom vented his spleen upon the claret and madeira, in the absence of his friend Mr. ——." In fact, so warm had the young ladies become in their attentions, and so well-favoured did I appear in the sight of those in authority over them, that I began, for the first time in my life, to entertain serious notions of matrimony. It was evident that I had only to throw the handkerchief to secure my sultana among a hundred eager candidates for the distinction; there were the five Misses Bottleblossoms, daughters of the gallant major before mentioned; the three Misses Slashemall, an eminent surgeon's lovely brood; the pretty Fanny Syllabub; the four honourable Misses Rustaway; the three extraordinary Misses Cockletip; my literary friend Mademoiselle Aubifoin, who had about six months previous come

"O'er the deep waters of the dark blue sea,"

on a visit to my two singing friends, the clear-throated Misses Huskison. Shall I forget the beautiful Sally Wimple? when I do, I must forget excellence of all kinds. These do not form a sixth of my list, but they are the most prominent, as being most capable of supporting the dignity of my "lodgings in the Strand." And now the difficulty was to decide: the last-mentioned was my favourite, but the five first had each some thousands of arguments in her favour more than any of the others; they had obtained "golden opinions" from many persons, and, as a philosopher, I felt bound to distinguish sterling merit, even though it presented itself under an unfavourable aspect. Three nights, on my return to my lodgings, did I sit for four hours inwardly debating this knotty question. The competition now lay exclusively between Angelica Celestina Bottleblossom, the youngest of the five—for six years aged five-and-twenty—and the fascinating Sally, scarcely seventeen. On the fourth night I had something else to think of.

"Well, girls," said Major Bottleblossom, entering the breakfast-room, where Mrs. B. and the five *buds* were assembled, with a news-

paper in his hand, "his Majesty has accepted the invitation to the civic dinner on the 9th."

"Gracious me, has he?" ejaculated Mrs. B., Miss Dorothea Matilda, Miss Susanna Augusta, Miss Julia Honoria, Miss Georgiana Monimia, and Miss Angelica Celestina, in a breath. "How delightful!" said Mrs. B. "How charming!" followed Dorothea. "How pleasant!" succeeded Susannah. "How gratifying!" lisped Julia. "How agreeable!" sighed Georgiana. "How fortunate we are," exclaimed Angelica, "in being acquainted with Mr. ——, who has 'lodgings in the Strand!"

How unfortunate was it for poor Mr. ——, how unlucky for him, that the King had consented to dine in the City! I was now beset on all sides; not only the three classes co-operated in worrying me to death, to obtain accommodation at my "lodgings" for themselves to view the show, but their relations and acquaintances, and their relations' and acquaintances' sons and daughters, thrust their recognitions and familiarities upon me by dozens—invariably followed by a request to "let them stand any where, just to have a peep at the procession." Large as my acquaintance necessarily was, I had no idea that I possessed such an overwhelming assortment of friends; they seemed to start up at every corner of the street, and the cards left at my "lodgings in the Strand," were incalculable. Of those who considered themselves entitled to precedence on this, to me melancholy, occasion, the number was somewhat above two hundred; these I could not refuse. To each, individually, I was under obligations, and they all expected a return, now that, as they considered, I had it in my power to make one.

But what was the real state of the case? My "lodgings in the Strand" consisted of one miserable attic, ten feet by seven, illuminated only (when I was not there myself) by a single window, two feet wide; this latter looked out on the parapet, which indeed commanded a view of the Strand, but my share of which would scarcely accommodate ten persons, with all the ingenuity I could use in their behalf. Add to this, that the favoured ten, when they had succeeded in attaining their dizzy station, would find themselves in very unusual company—the friends of my next-room neighbour, one of Warren's blacking-stirrers, who possessed similar advantages with me, and consequently was entitled to half the parapet. But, independent of this respectable collision, what was I to do with the remainder of the visitors that I calculated upon—between three and four hundred persons? There were but 146 thrust into the Black Hole at Calcutta, and 123 of them perished in a few hours; how then should I cram more than double that number into the still smaller space of my attic apartment?

Oh! the days and nights I spent revolving my desperate situation!—no courage had I to explain to a single individual the cause of the utter prostration of mental and bodily energy I exhibited, and which was becoming every day more and more apparent. I still moved among them, but my identity was scarcely discoverable; my cheeks grew lank and colourless, my eyes sunken and glazy, my figure attenuated, and my dress comparatively neglected—I strove to laugh, but the attempt was hysterical—I listened to the joyful anticipations of young and old, all directed towards the gratifications I was to afford them—I beheld new dresses, pelisses, shawls, bonnets, caps, &c., arrive to each of my female acquaintances, and I was told they were intended to grace my

windows. The prudent portion of my intended visitors requested me not to put myself to any extraordinary trouble for their reception; "a few cold fowls and some wine," said they, "laid in a back room, will be quite sufficient."—"How delightful a little dance would be after the show!" whispered pretty Fanny Syllabub, "if it was only to the piano; I dare say Mr. ——— has got one?"—"Oh!" responded Angelica Celestina, "I know he has, for he told me he sometimes amuses himself, learning to play on it." Thus, another thorn was added by the thoughtless fair ones to those which were already stinging me to death; they determined on having a dance, and I—*cur non omnia?* assented. A miracle, thought I, can only save me now!

The first week of the awful month I passed in a sort of desperate resignation to the certain fate I saw gradually approaching. I made no preparations. All the under part of the house, I understood, was to be thronged—no hope, therefore, remained in that quarter; and, although to bribe my next-room neighbour for a loan of his apartment I had every wish, alas! my coffers held my inclination in bondage. Sunday the 7th, dawned. "Well," said I to myself, "if I can't shew 'fair play,' let me exhibit a 'clear stage,' at all events;" saying which I jumped from my sleepless couch, and immediately laid about me with a vigour that astonished myself. "In the twinkling of a bed-post" I knocked *four* of them from their perpendicular on the floor, and in a few minutes had thrust the whole sleeping paraphernalia from the room; then I seized hold of two crazy chairs, and excluded them likewise; a table shared the same fate, and, in short, a complete vacuum was in half an hour obtained. The window was now wrenched from its moorings, and a strict survey made of the territory I could command: this, as I before stated, was certainly capable of accommodating about ten persons, and these I determined should be the Bottleblossoms and the Wimples, who would thus complete the number.—Fate might dispose of the rest. All that day I laboured intensely to render this eyrie tenable, and the entrance to it somewhat less hazardous. The apartment itself, too, by wheedling my gruff landlady, I got into some sort of receptionable order, and, by two or three personal sacrifices, I contrived to furnish my table with a pair of tolerable looking decanters of wine, and a cold roast goose. Altogether, towards evening, the thing did not present a very bad appearance, and I contemplated it with feelings much relieved. The subsequent day I determined to spend entirely among my friends, that it might not appear that I was obliged to be personally concerned in the arrangements for their reception at my "lodgings in the Strand;" besides that, I might afterwards throw much of the onus of the disappointment which awaited them, on my landlady and her servants, who, of course, were to take advantage of my absence, &c. &c. That night I spent with the Bottleblossoms, and made desperate advances to Angelica Celestina. I thought her eyes betrayed a particular interest for me, as they rested on my haggard countenance; and as I boldly asserted that love was consuming me, I hesitated not to assign it as the cause of my altered appearance: this made no little impression on her, and as, towards the close of our conference, her voice assumed a tone of tenderness, testifying that love's relative was pleading my suit, I scarcely two or three times restrained myself from making a frank avowal of my real circumstances, and throwing myself on her compassion and indulgence. I forbore, however, for the present, but resolving to reconsider the step

against the morrow, and then act decisively one way or the other. At parting for the night, the Major made me promise to breakfast with them in the morning.

Monday the 8th.—"I will pour my sorrows," said I, as I strolled towards the Major's, "into the gentle bosom of my Angelica; this day is the last of my reign, unless by some bold stroke I secure a retreat from the ills that environ me; with Angelica's assistance I may brave them all—why should I hesitate?—nothing else now can save me." Musing thus, and thus determined to make the awful confession, I entered the Major's library: "Good morning, Mr. ———; sad news for us all," whispered he, laying down the newspaper he had been reading, "the King won't join the procession to-morrow, after all." I felt my heart literally leap within me—I seized the blessed journal in a transport of delight—(I shall continue to take that paper as long as I live!)—'twas true! Oh! who would not envy me my feelings, if I could describe them!—I was emancipated from a living death. Grumble on, good citizens, I join you; but, pleased as your Englishman proverbially is with the privilege and enjoyment of grumbling, few there are, I ween, who feel more satisfaction in the performance of this national anthem than a certain "lodger in the Strand."

Regardless of the gloom that quickly overspread the sensitive Angelica Celestina's fair visage, reflected from half a dozen others around the breakfast table, I positively smiled—in my sleeve; while I never ceased all day, nor indeed have I yet ceased talking loudly of "provoking disappointment,"—"great preparations,"—"insufferable Sir Claudius,"—and "unfeeling ministers," though, as far as these last are concerned, I cannot help thinking them, in this particular instance, the wisest that ever took office; and out of pure gratitude, and upon the principle that flowers were strewn by some unknown hand upon the tomb of Nero, I shed several very water-like looking tears when they resigned.

By the by, as I understand His Majesty *will* honour the "good citizens," although he has put it off, at least once, since the above occurrence, whenever the happy day is positively ascertained, I shall be delighted to give up the eligible apartment mentioned above, in favour of any lady or gentleman ambitious of obtaining "lodgings in the Strand." A.

GOOD NIGHT TO TAGLIONI!

GOOD night to Taglioni! The thought comes down like a drop-curtain upon all my scenic remembrances! Many a time in the past and present month has this parting benediction been on our lips. Prince Leopold has wished good night to Belgium, and Leontine Fay to the Haymarket Theatre. Curious and manifold have been the changes of place and circumstance. Mr. Ward has vacated the city for Lord's Cricket Ground, and Horace Twiss the House of St. Stephen for the dwelling of Magog. Praed is out of Parliament, and a tallow-chandler is lighted in his stead. May they all live a thousand years—I shall gain nothing either by their presence or absence. I could say good night to a million of them, without a trembling of an eye-lid. But Taglioni—I should like to see the man who could say Good Night to Taglioni! A sack and the Thames, near the Isle of Dogs, would be his appropriate recompence.

I am poor, yet I have been three times to see Taglioni. The first time was after Pasta's sublime impersonation of Medea; I shall never forget it—the contrast was wonderful. It was like one of Anacreon's songs after the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or one of Moore's Melodies bound up with Paradise Lost. She came bounding forth from the dimness of the back scenes like a golden roe out of a rose-brake in Palestine, or a Hamadryad from some myrtle-nook in the Valley of Tempe, who hath heard the pipe of the shepherd among the sun-lit trees. If the reader has not seen Taglioni, I cannot hope to offer any adequate picture of her countenance. It seemed to me, though not what is generally called handsome, to be perfectly interesting, as she *stood*—but that is not the word—with arched arms and flushing cheek, before the enthusiastic audience. And then her attitude! Titian might have breathed it into colour, or Canova might have kindled the marble with the life, as the sculptor did aforetime, when he had given the last touch to one of his most beautiful statues, and flinging the chisel from him, exclaimed—"*Dice!*" Speak! *I* will not attempt it—words would be weak and idle. I never *heard* silence so intense; the motion of a fan in Lady Londonderry's box fell on the ear with startling distinctness. If Juno had been petitioning Venus for her girdle, or Lady Lyndhurst twining her delicate fingers in Lord Brougham's hair, the attention could not have been more breathless. Do not suppose for a moment, however, that Taglioni is a posture-maker—Brocard is a figurante, but Taglioni is a lady. I have frequently read of performances far more scientifically wonderful than any of Taglioni. William Methold, an old traveller, in his *Relat. des Royaumes de Golconda,* speaks of a girl, not more than eight years of age, who could elevate one leg perpendicularly to her head, supporting herself meanwhile upon the other, so as to be parallel with his uplifted arm; and he has frequently seen the dancing girls place the soles of their feet upon their head.

Who ever heard Taglioni's feet touch the ground? I never did. Sometimes, indeed, I thought I could distinguish a faint melody—a ριθυρισμα τȣ ποδος—like the tremulous murmurs of the water round the foot of a Naiad, as she stands doubtingly by the fountain side, ever and anon shaking the ripples into silver light as she bendeth over her own shadow. Mercandotti's step was always audible, Brocard's shoes had the density of Suffolk hiloes, and Mdlle. Emile alighted with an echo like Kean falling backward in the last scene of Othello.

But Taglioni—she seemed to float an Iris in the filmy light—a dove's-wing might bear her up—the gossamer cloud of summer would not fade beneath her—and when she did touch the stage, it was with an aërial and lingering motion—if I may employ so fanciful an illustration—like a humming bird with its purple wings winnowing the air as it sinketh down into the golden bosom of the flower where it sleepeth.

It was observed to me, by a clever artist, that her arms were too long; for my own part I perceived nothing to detract from her enchanting appearance, as she glided along with her limbs wandering at their "own sweet will," and the eye acknowledged with rapture that "her body thought."

It can never be said of Taglioni, that she is first in a first class; she is the first and the last—we have had nothing like her before, and we shall see nothing like her in after time—Brocard by her side is like Mori accompanying Paganini. The dancer and the violin-player are

the only individuals on record to whom history presents no parallel. We look from Turner to Claude, and from Chantrey to Canova, and from Fanny Kemble to Mrs. Siddons. They are only great in relation to a greater. I can pardon Brocard her pretty spitefulness. It happened on the last night of Taglioni's first engagement (this season), that she was vehemently encored in a dance—she had retreated back, and Brocard was commencing—the audience cheered, and Brocard danced, but it would not do—at length Brocard walked up to the beautiful Italian, and making her a bow, awaited for the conclusion of the encore.—Poor Brocard!

It is certainly a pity that no patriotic individual has made any proposal for the endowment of a College of Dancers, privileged to confer honours and medals like the sister universities. Taglioni might read the first lecture on the *Poetry of Motion* (and sure I am her voice is lovely), illustrated in her own inimitable manner. In India the dancing girls are peculiarly protected by a provision in the Gentoo law, which permits any punishment to be inflicted by the magistrate, except the confiscation of their jewels, clothes, and dwelling. The dancing girl of Hindostan with the rings round her ankles, and her silver bells, and golden garments, and her tresses glittering along each cheek like the locks of the archer God in the old statues, affords the most picturesque resemblance to the figures of the bacchantes sometimes found on the antique bas-reliefs.

But to return to the proposal for a new college: surely it is needed. Have we not already a London University, and a King's College, and an Academy of Music? What glory will shine upon the *Monthly Magazine*, as the originator of the scheme! The spirit of prophecy is rushing upon me, and I see already in the leading column of the *Morning Herald*:—"*We have much pleasure in stating that Mdlle. Taglioni has been appointed professor in the New College. The first meeting of the proprietors will be held on the 26th inst.*" Who would not be a pupil! Aspasia taught Socrates to dance. Among a list of names distinguished in literature and science, I have only time to mention the Lord Chancellor and the Bishop of London. The Rev. Edward Irving has solicited the appointment of secretary. May the "good cause" prosper!

I am not surprised that the dance, in the old time, formed part of the religious ceremonial. It is the language of the heart, in its season of joy and freshness. So Eve danced into the nightingale-thickets of Eden; and Glycera, in the love-glow of a Grecian evening, when she bound (the first of her country's daughters) the garland of flowers about her forehead, and went leaping in front of the choir up the radiant steps of the temple of Venus.

Jeremy Taylor pronounced an anathema against dancing. Had he ever seen Taglioni, he would have taken a *stall*. In her his eyes would not have been offended by the "indecent mixtures of wanton dancing." Her gestures cannot be called prologues to voluptuousness. They address themselves, of a truth, to the senses; but they also wake up thoughts of beauty which sleep, like odours, within the spirit. The eloquent author of the "Holy Living" might have applied to Taglioni his own quaint, yet exquisite, image of light dancing in the eyes, like boys at a festival.

Good night to Taglioni! Yet she is still dancing before me in the light of imagination. That bound!—if the doctrine of the migration

of souls be true, Taglioni will be changed into a fair and dark-eyed gazelle, in the gardens of Araby the Blest. How the nightingale will hush the voice of its joy as her feet pass, like a summer wind, over the spice-blossoms. She ought not to die!

Good night to Taglioni! I am sick and ill, and a poor student; and my eyes are dim with thought and study. What have I to do with thee, sweetest of Italy's daughters? Most likely I shall never see thee any more. Yet sometimes it may be, in my silent and lonely room, my heart will travel back to the days that are gone, and the gentle light of one who walketh in her own brightness, may break upon the gloom; and I may behold thee, yet once again, springing out, like a phantom of the spirit, from the darkness of memory. Good night to Taglioni!

W.

THE RAVINE OF THE UNBURIED DEAD.*

After the bloody plain of Cuzco had witnessed the victory obtained by the successful Spanish brothers over their unfortunate compatriot Diego Di Almagro, Ferdinand Pizarro (a noble born brother of the celebrated adventurer) aware of the policy of employing the active and insubordinate officers by whom he was surrounded in some fresh enterprize, despatched several powerful bodies to seek new wealth in farther conquests. One of these, leaving the plains of Peru, penetrated into the higher districts of that country, where the inhabitants, though not less advanced in civilization than their lowland compatriots, possessed more of the warlike spirit of their Chilese neighbours. Here the Spanish adventurers waged for some time dubious warfare with Alpahula, the chief of a tribe which dwelt on the first region of the Andes, and possessed both the courage and the skill to defend their mountain country against its rapacious invaders. Alpahula, although he had acknowledged the Incas of Peru as his sovereigns, and had even done cheerful homage to the wise and celebrated Huana Capac, yet exercised in some degree the dignity of an independent cazique, and when civil war and foreign invasion seemed to have deprived Peru of its native rulers, he determined,—not without a sentiment of contempt for the tame submission of his peaceful countrymen of the plain,—to hold out his mountain district to the last against these haughty intruders on its independence. Private motives were soon added to the public feelings which animated the patriot cazique. His beautiful young daughter had, in an early stage of the invasion, been surprised at one of her father's palaces, and carried off by the foreign conqueror.

Undismayed by the artificial thunder of their eastern enemies; undaunted by the centaur-like combination of steed and rider, the bold cazique and his followers rushed on the fires of the one, and dismounted the other with a bravery which astonished the Spanish chiefs: nay more, Alpahula and some of his most venturous officers dared even to mount the chargers of their fallen foes, and, in one instance, even turned a few wrested carbines against the invader, who had first made their simple

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* The following story is founded on an Indian tradition, though the scene of its singular events is somewhat removed from the spot that is said to have witnessed them.

highland district roll in dismal echo to the thunders of European warfare. Alpahula was no common cazique of a petty Indian tribe. He was a man of superior talents, as well as indomitable bravery; but neither talents nor bravery could long avail a primitive American warrior against the military skill and superior arms of his eastern adversary. Juan Di Alcantara, the Spanish General, received strong reinforcements from his powerful kinsman of the same name, and Alpahula, after many desperate encounters with his foe, was at length totally defeated and made a prisoner. The fallen chief had, during the action, sought for death in vain. It was no part of the policy of his enemies to bestow on him such a boon. A report had reached their ears that treasured hordes, the decoration of many a palace fitted for an Inca's residence, the ornament of many a profaned temple of the glorious god of day had been concealed by Alpahula in some mountain cave, deep amid the recesses of the Andes. Riches, which might more than satisfy the most rapacious adventurer, were, it was confidently believed, to be found in compendious abundance by once discovering the place where the vanquished cazique had hidden his treasures. Neither threats nor persuasions could, however, prevail on him to reveal this important secret, and he was left on the thirtieth day of his miserable confinement with an assurance that he would be visited by the torture early on the succeeding morning if, ere that period, he failed in divulging the hiding-place of his vast wealth.

Cazique Alpahula was confined in one of the meanest apartments of his own palace. Like most of the public edifices of the less heated regions of his country, it was a heavy, low building, constructed of stones taken just as they fell from the mountains, or were dug from the quarry, and only made to unite with each other by a tedious selection of correspondent angles and indentures, projections and hollows. Unacquainted, however, as they were with any cement, the tediousness of this process prevented not the persevering Indian from joining these huge masses with an introgressive nicety of union which might astonish a civilized eye. As windows did not enter into the luxuries of a western palace, and the conquerors of Alpahula had supplied him with no substitute for that blessed light whence they had banished him, the cazique saw not the dismantled state in which lay the residence of his ancestors—its golden vessels and decorations removed, and its plates of precious metal torn from the walls they had so recently encrusted.

A soft footstep was heard, and a faint light streamed into his dismal apartment. The Indian chief deemed that his appointed hour of bodily endurance was arrived. The weight of his chains prevented his rising to an erectness of person which might have fitly corresponded with the determined attitude of his indomitable soul; but he spoke in a tone of stern composure. "Morn hath broken," he said, "and you come to execute your foul purpose. Do your worst pleasure. Here—your prisoner and your victim—I defy you." The lamp was instantly set down. It shone on a tall and slender form. Alpahula felt his knees clasped with fervent devotion, and beheld his daughter at his feet. Natural affection overcame for a moment every sterner feeling in the bosom of the Indian warrior, and clasping his child in his worn and fettered arms, he shed tears of parental tenderness on her head. For some time they remained in each other's arms without speaking, and as the lamp with gradual increase of light began to shew objects more distinctly in the

chamber, the father and daughter seemed, with mutual gaze, to be marking what changes time and affliction had made in their personal appearance. The cazique was the first to break silence. With a relapse into his sternness of tone, he demanded, "And what treatment hast thou received at the hands of yon robber-idolaters?"—"Gentle, and kind, and honourable treatment," replied Ualla, meekly. "Go to, daughter; this is no time to jest. I may hardly believe that the whole land of the Sun hath been pillaged of its treasures, drenched in the gore of its inhabitants, and trodden under foot by its lawless conquerors, while one feeble and defenceless damsel hath found solitary grace in their eyes. Answer me truly then, as in the presence of that orb whose rising I may no more behold, what treatment hast thou met at the hands of your cruel victors?"—"They are not *all* cruel," answered Ualla, timidly. "The second chief who commands our foe hath a gentler and a kinder nature than his brethren. His protection hath procured Ualla life, fair treatment, and honourable respect. To him our fallen country oweth aught that hath softened the conqueror's fierceness; and, oh! my father, but for his guardian hand these loved and honoured limbs would, ere this, have been either stretched to torture on their demon-engine, or whitening in the mountain breeze."

"Star of stars—I praise thee!" ejaculated Alpahula.—"What though thou hast suffered the foe and the idolater to triumph in thine own land, —what though thou hast withdrawn thy beams from the hoar head of thy prostrate worshipper—yet hast thou not forsaken his child. Enlightener of darkness, I bless thee."—"But, oh! my father," said the daughter, sinking from the neck to the knees of her parent, "will you not avoid the dark hour that now awaits you?—To what purpose—with what hope can you now conceal your glittering hordes?—Shall they serve the cause of our country in yon dark caves where the blessed sun never calls to light their dazzling brightness, where the damp veil of night shrouds and tarnishes their lustre? The gentle, the noble Spanish cazique, Fernando Di Valverde, hath sent me here to move your purpose. He throws himself at your feet in my person, and beseecheth you to think well on the fate that awaits you. He hath prevailed on his brother chief to delay his cruel fiat until your daughter could be summoned from the refuge her brave captor had assigned her, to supplicate you to shew mercy on yourself. The young Fernando hath even delayed my coming, to give you yet time to change your stern decision. Ualla's voice may be powerless with you, but Fernando's you cannot resist. The sun, rising in his strength, and looking red and angry through the storm-clouds of heaven, that would hide his shining course, is not more terrible than the glorious young Spaniard to those who cross his path. The moon, shining softly on a dwelling of woe, is not more gentle than he to the feeble and vanquished; and the evening breeze of the south, sighing sadly over the flowers that close at sunset, is not softer than his voice to woman in her hour of darkness and extremity. Let the beautiful Eastern cazique see you, beloved giver of my days, and your purpose shall be changed. I vaunt not idly the power of his words—I have myself known and felt their wondrous influence. Aye, strange to utter, even your words, my father (the reason I divine not), come not on my ear with such sweet persuasion.—Shall he be summoned to save you from your own stern purpose?"

The cazique, while his child spoke, eyed her with an inquisitiveness

of gaze which seemed to have no reference to his own situation, but solely to the state of her feelings. "Ah! guileless daughter of the mountains," he said to himself, with a mixture of sternness and sadness, "thy simple young heart hath, all unguessed by its owner, passed into the hands of another. To thy country's foe thou hast yielded feelings whose nature stands out in guileless revelation to others, while unsuspected by thyself." Aloud he said, with fierce sarcasm, "And this friend of miserable Peru—this enemy to blood and rapine—joins the tiger-gang which desolates our valleys, and now springs insatiate on our mountain recesses. So mild, so kind a nature might, perchance, find more genial companions and fitter occupation."—"He had quitted both," answered Ualla, with the fervour of simplicity, "but that his power, once withdrawn, would have left our tyrants without a check on their lawless violence. For me too, father" (she began to weep) "he prolongs his power, because he would not leave me defenceless in the hands of these invaders, nor yet force me from a country where, while my father lives, his daughter will remain, either to find an asylum or a grave."—"Alas! poor Ualla," said Alpahula, "I can recal the days when, ere Spanish treachery had taught me dark suspicion, I would myself have lent, like thee (aye, like the royal, yet fallen children of the sun on yonder vanquished plains), an easy ear to the professions of our proud and guileful conquerors; but the treacherous sons of the East now spread their toils for me in vain. If thy Spanish protector were of such gentle mould, as he would make thee credit, how would the haughty and unpitying chief of our captors brook, amid his band, this marrer of their plunder,—this resistance of their cruelty?"—"Fernando is come of a powerful race, his blood ranks among the noblest in the land of our conquerors," replied Ualla patiently, "and his soul is of such unquenchable bravery, that even the soldier he restrains both fears and loves the bold hand that would check his rapacity. The merciless chief himself has no mind to chase from his side the high-born and dauntless Fernando. Would that he had earlier consented to yield the task of protecting your child; would that he had been here to lighten the chain of your captivity!—Say, will you hearken to the voice of your daughter's preserver; or, can her tongue alone draw from you, my sire, the *useless* secret of your treasures, and rescue the venerable remainder of your days from shame and anguish? What answer shall I take to him who sent me to save you?"—"Go tell the foul idolators, that when the deathless god I worship stoops from his golden height, and sinks beneath yon western waves to rise no more over the land, where his worshippers await him—tell them thou, *then* I will yield the treasures which once adorned his sacred fanes, to those who have profanely trampled them under foot. Go—go—I see by the faint light which streams from the outward opening of the palace, and makes its way even to this furthest cell, that the glorious god of my fathers is shedding his first morning-smile on our land. I may not, as once, go forth to greet his rising, and rejoice in his presence. Guests will soon be here thou would'st not look on. Work that would make the blood hide itself in thy young cheek, will shortly be done in this chamber. Retire—go prostrate thyself before our god in his crimson glory, and pray that thy father may be constant. Embrace me, daughter! it may be we meet no more, until we tread the beamy palaces of our golden father.—Farewell."

But the daughter clung to his knees in agony, and refused to leave

him; and when his mandate was repeated, "Go, prostrate thyself before our day-god, and pray not that thy father's pangs may be brief, but that his endurance may be unshaken"—she sprang to her feet, stood for a moment, as if bent on some desperste avowal, yet uncertain how to make it, and then said, "Father, revered giver of my days, I cannot prostrate myself before yon bright and beauteous star, because in my captivity I have learned to see in the shining orb you worship, the work of a greater than himself; I have learnt to believe that he shall one day be blotted from the face of the heaven he now gilds, and rise no more o'er the earth he now gladdens, while the Creator who kindles his beams shall remain unchanged in his brightness, and immutable in his glory."—"It is done," said the chief, sinking on his pallet, with a violence which made his chains resound, and startled the sentinel without—"It is done—my child forsakes the god of her fathers! O hide thy face in clouds, glorious light of earth and heaven; shroud thyself for ever, and leave in darkness the land where even the race of its chiefs hath forgotten thee. Fallen daughter of the sun, depart! I have not yet the strength of soul to curse thee, but thou hast not my blessing."—The daughter, with bended head, and arms crossed on her bosom, moved not, but stood meekly before her grieved and indignant sire, as if prepared to endure whatever his displeasure might inflict; and, when his feelings had somewhat subsided, she began in humble and pensive tones to plead the cause of the creed she had adopted. The cazique heard her for some time with the patience of sheer astonishment, and then burst forth with that frequent, and too natural query of his Indian compatriots—"And what manner of God can *he* be, who hath such hell-hounds for his servants and children?"—"Alas! father," said the daughter patiently, "I have learned that the *possessor* and not the *professor* of a faith, must be looked to for the shining marks of its living power. It is because these Spanish caziques and their followers have *forgotten* the laws, and cast off the spirit of the God whose name they bear, that they trample on their fellow-men, and worship the golden ore for which they are willing to peril their soul and body.—Oh, father, the God of the children of the East is not the cruel God his false and apostate sons would shew him. In my captivity I have learned the language of our conquerors. I have been taught by my generous captor to trace the strange mysterious characters which convey the message of the true God from generation to generation of his children. Yes, I have *read* (strange word, how shall I convey its meaning to my sire?), I have *read* his written law. O turn, gracious father," she exclaimed, warming with her subject, "turn from the bright vicegerent, whose golden eye the Creator hath kindled from nothing: look above him, to One who can, even in this dark hour, shine into your soul, with a peace and a joy which shall make you lightly hold, even the loss of a cazique's power, or the surrender of his glittering treasures."—"And shall I," exclaimed Alpahula, scornfully, "renounce the radiant lord whom my fathers adored, and who poureth his eternal and unwasting beams on our land, to worship the God of the Spaniards, who is subject to death, and who hath not the power to restrain the mad cruelty of his followers? Was it for this that the blessed children of the sun left their beaming chambers on high, and descended to teach and reclaim our sires? Was it for this that the glorious Capac and his heaven-born spouse brought peace and glad plenty and social union amongst us? Go to, daughter—I have seen the miserable record which our christian

tyrants call the book of their God.* It shone not; it beamed not. I held it to my ear; it spoke not. I looked within it. Strange characters which told me nothing were all I beheld. I threw it from me in disdain, and marvelled that they who beheld with open eyes the glorious beams of our god, and partook of the fruits his genial warmth calls forth, and walked and wrought in the light he sends, would prefer a miserable and incomprehensible record, of such petty size it might be hidden in the woollen folds of our priest's garments; to the *felt*, the *visible*, the resplendent cause of all things. Listen, idolatress; when the God of the eastern lands, to whom you bow, hath power to restrain, or justice to punish his merciless sons; then will your sire fall down before the Deity that can make even Spanish hearts prefer mercy to gold!"—"Alas!" exclaimed Ualla, clasping her hands, and perceiving the hopelessness of pleading for a religion, the chains of whose false professors galled her captive sire, "you believe that the light set in yon heaven is the glorious governor of earth and sky. With grateful homage you offer him a part of those productions his kindly warmth hath called to existence. To him you present the choicest works which his beams have guided your hand to perform. Even the timid lama hath sometimes bled its sacrificial tribute to the being who supplies its gentle race with food.† Yet, look around, my sire; tell me have *all* in Peru who bowed before the golden orb, and confessed the sacred obligation of imitating his beneficence, *have all* shed on the little world around them the same kindly influence? No. Yet my sire saith not that the God of the *Western* world is a cruel God. Unhappy Ata Hualpa, the usurping Inca, still bowed before that sun whose temples he had robbed, and whose children he had destroyed; yet will not my father pronounce that the golden light Hualpa worshipped was a false and a merciless lord. O my father, the fallen Inca was not falser to the character of his god, than these unworthy christians to the author of their pure faith."

Ere the unshaken cazique could reply, a sound of feet and voices startled his child, and made her heart throb with a sickening horror. It seemed as if some heavy weight were placed in the adjoining apartment. The father looked haughtily prepared. The daughter turned pale as the snow on her native Andes. "God of mercy," she ejaculated, "stay their cruel hands. Spare yet awhile—Look in mercy on the soul for which the sharer of thy throne expired."

The Spaniards entered. The answer of Alpahula was demanded. He sternly folded his arms, and seemed scarce to heed their queries. They approached, and laid their hands on his person. "I have nothing to say," replied the chief—"I only pray that my child may depart. Farewell, Ualla, once the light of thy father's eye. I have not the heart to let thee behold what these walls must now witness. Farewell, go, and repent." Pierced to the heart by the kindness which made her doomed parent see in his sufferings only the pang they would inflict on an apostate child, the gentle, young Peruvian strove, in despairing energy, to release her sire with her own slender fingers from the grasp of his enemies. She was forced back. The cazique's garment was removed. He was lifted in the arms of his oppressors towards the fatal engine. Ualla saw his eye turned to the east, as if to implore the support of his

* We must suppose this to have been a Popish breviary.
† See Robertson, &c.

rising deity. With a fullness of agony that could scarce find vent in utterance, she supplicated her inexorable parent to change his stern purpose, and yet save himself, in this last moment of hope, by divulging his precious secret. Finding her intreaties useless, and seeing her father about to he stretched on the fearful instrument of anguish, Ualla flew to the opening of the apartment, and shrieked with a violence which made the dark chambers of the Indian palace resound to her cries. "O Hernando! Hernando! In the name of our mutual God I charge thee come and save my parent."

Awed by the name of the famous chief on whom Ualla called, and aware of the tender eye with which he regarded the Peruvian beauty, the executioners paused for a moment, and seemed to suspend their work of anguish, as if to see whether the brave Spaniard were really near to answer the cries of his young protegée.

With breathless attention Ualla now listened at the entrance of the apartment, to catch the faintest sound of her lover's footstep. The morning breeze, sighing through the obscure dismantled chambers of the dwelling of her sires, was the only response to her listening ear. Yet there was a sound at length. It came nearer and nearer. And now it resembled the tread of an armed warrior. Hernando, himself, appeared, but he came not alone; Juan Di Alcantara, the chief of the Spanish foe, and the object of Ualla's terror and abhorrence, accompanied her brave protector. They entered as men whom different motives had drawn to the same spot. The noble Castilian, Hernando Di Valverde, advanced with stern brow and authoritative mien. His look of surprise shewed that the hour of the Indian's extremity had been accelerated by the impatient rapacity of his European conqueror. With a manly tenderness, which rendered him indifferent to the scornful smile of his compatriot, Hernando supported the terrified and half-fainting young Indian, and spoke words of comfort and encouragement in her ear. He then waved his hand authoritatively to the ministers of Juan's tyranny, who, receiving no countersign from their chief, withdrew. Hernando approached the fallen cazique. Struck with the unquenched fire of his eye, and respecting the courage and former exploits of his brave adversary, Hernando, not without somewhat of deference in his manners, raised the chained and fallen cazique from his appalling situation, and placed him beside his daughter. "You are brave, Don Juan," he said, unable longer to smother the indignation which policy and the desire of retaining power to protect the father and daughter had, hitherto, urged him to conceal; "you are brave, but, methinks, it asks small courage to wage warfare with women and captives. Had I not reasonably appeared (God knoweth, little guessing your diligence began so early), yon white-haired old man had, ere this, scarce owned a limb to stand on. *For shame,* Juan Di Alcantara, *for shame!* In blind and unacceptable zeal, you bid your servile priest to sprinkle these unbaptized subjects of your sword, with the healing wave of our pure sacrament, while you fearlessly and foully pollute its holy waters with the innocent blood of those you pretend to convert. But you shall not thus trample on man's rights and God's mercy, without warning; I, for one, will dare to lift up my voice against you. What, ho! executioners, remove this foul engine, and bring it hither again at your peril."—"At your peril touch it;" exclaimed Juan furiously. "Base patron of wretched idolators, besotted lover of an Indian savage,

know that Juan alone commands here. Know that I hold in my hand thy life, and the life of thy western beauty, and the sinews and heart's blood of that stubborn old man. Aye, look tenderly on your terrified maiden. You hold her but at my pleasure, and I may, at a moment's warning, interpose between you and the smiles you feed on."—" Have a care, Juan," answered the noble Spaniard fearlessly; " I know that thy military followers twice out-number mine, but a loyal subject of Spain, the scion of a powerful stock, and the beloved leader of a chosen band, is not so lightly made the prey of vindictive cruelty. Remember my voice is not without power in my native land. Nay, smile not scornfully. I know I might in vain essay to make it heard athwart this wide-stretched continent and yon wider ocean; but there be Spaniards, even in Peru, who would lift the voice, aye, the sword, for Hernando, and carry the tale of his wrongs to the shores of his native land. Nay, turn not away, Juan Di Alcantara; thou know'st that thou and I had scarce kept doubtful peace so long, hadst thou not held *prudent credence* in what I now tell thee."

The two chiefs had now cast off the outward semblance of an alliance, which, from motives as widely different as their hearts and characters, had, hitherto, subsisted between them. Juan, who had till now endeavoured to conceal his most atrocious acts from a colleague whose power at his native court, and influence among his own soldiers, might enable him to demand heavy retribution; now, peremptorily, and in his very teeth, demanded that instant torture should extract the secret of the fallen cazique's treasures: while Hernando, who had, hitherto, avoided any open rupture with his more powerful companion in arms, lest in the mutual struggle for supremacy, he should lose the means of protecting his young captive and her race; now vehemently protested that he would oppose by force, the cruel determination of his compatriot. To Ualla, who well understood the Spanish tongue, the fierce conflict was agony. It seemed that her father's inflexibility would prove the ruin, not only of himself, but of one, perhaps, still dearer to the heart of Ualla. The cazique, though only slenderly acquainted with a few Spanish phrases, seemed, from the occasional mention of his own name, and the frequent pointing of his foes towards the engine of torture, partly to divine the subject of dispute. At the moment, however, when Ualla deemed all lost, the Indian chief suddenly smote his dark brow, as if some thought had kindled there like a spark of fire: then, notwithstanding the ponderous and degrading weight of his irons, rising to his full height, he said, with a commanding air—" Christians, *my will is changed. I am ready to reveal to you the secret of my hidden treasure.*"

This sudden and unexpected concession, seemed to end the differences between the two chiefs. Juan's selfish and rapacious mind instantly wandered from Hernando and his late dispute, to the glittering hordes and golden treasures of his prostrate foe. Not, however, without secret purposes of future vengeance at a safer opportunity, did he extend his hand to the daring curtailer of his power. Perhaps, the gallant young Spaniard, of taller stature than his compeer, stood in too erect an attitude to *mark* the proffered hand: at any rate, he took it not, but made such inclination of his person as might exhibit a remaining sense of displeasure, without the intention of farther exhibiting it by any hostile act.

Juan only saw in this sudden change of Alpahula's determination the act of a man terrified by the immediate prospect of physical suffering; Hernando believed that it might result from some generous wish to save his daughter's protector from the consequences of forcibly resisting Alcantara's cruelty; but Ualla saw by the keen, the undaunted, the almost exulting expression of her father's eye, that some deep and nameless reason had prompted his sudden compliance. Juan now eagerly leaned over the victim of his avarice to catch from his lips that golden secret which would prove the clue to riches and splendour. The chief, however, protested that the cave which secured his treasures lay in some deep and lone recess of the Andes to which it was impossible to *direct* his conquerors, but he offered himself to be their guide to the precious deposit. Juan Di Alcantara hesitated for a moment—then eagerly closed with the cazique's offer, and fearful of allowing his prisoner time to change his resolution, named the morrow's earliest dawn for the commencement of the expedition. Ualla, scarce knowing what she demanded, what she feared, vehemently supplicated to be allowed to accompany her parent. Juan heard her request as he would that of a silly child; and the three rival chiefs agreed in peremptorily refusing her compliance; Juan, because, he deemed she would prove a hindrance to the expedition; Hernando, because he feared she might be exposed to danger; and the cazique for reasons of a similar nature, or for others which he did not choose to reveal.

Long before the sudden and glowing blush of a tropical sunrise had crimsoned the eastern sky, Ualla appeared, on the succeeding day, within the walls of her father's prison. "Thou comest to bid me farewell," he said, apparently unable to restrain the kindness of his parental feelings; "I could have wished that thou hadst this morn forgotten thy filial homage. But it matters not. Come hither, apostate child of the sun"—(he embraced her tenderly)—"God of my days and of the light that hath so long gilded them, forgive this embrace—forgive the feelings of nature, which cannot close themselves against this forsaker of her shining creator. Farewell—Ualla, farewell! Yet once again" (he bestowed another embrace); "and now I charge thee begone. Yet hold—thy Spanish protector—he who hath seduced thee from thy god hath dared yester-even to ask, aye, to supplicate, thee of me for a bride. Ualla, I do confess that there is in the speech and bearing of that sightly youth what might, perhaps, feebly plead thy excuse for the abandonment of thy maker, and the misplacings of thy young affections: some difficulty have even I found in closing my bosom against him: but I charge thee, Ualla, by the soul of thy mother, now walking in light, and clothed with sunbeams, reward not the betrayer of thy soul by yielding him thy hand. He is the most wily, and therefore the most dangerous, of our powerful invaders. Source of light and life, I now behold the wisdom of thy ways! If all the children of the east resembled that brave and persuasive Spaniard, thou wouldst soon look in vain from thy shining throne to behold one suppliant knee in Peru. O close my bosom against him! Daughter, thou may'st yet return to the truth. Thou may'st yet bow before the radiant cause of all things. Close not up for ever thy way to him by giving thyself to his enemy. Farewell!—Thou weepest as if thy very life were bound in this idolator. Hold!—Look me stedfastly in the face, Ualla. Thou hast seen that of late I am become a strange changer

of my purpose. It is moved again. *If thy Hernando return in safety from this expedition, he is thine. I give him to thee.* Light of the heavens! *I ask of thee a sign?* Not another word, Ualla. The god of thy father shine on thee in his mercy—and now farewell." He pressed her wildly to his bosom for one instant, and then thrust her violently from the apartment. Her foreign protector received her, and, struck by the quivering lip and bloodless cheek of his young captive, demanded, while he gently supported her trembling limbs, what in such brief parting had thus wrought on her feelings? Fearful of revealing her father's strangeness of manner, lest by deferring the proposed expedition she should expose him anew to the horrors of torture, yet afraid to conceal her confused suspicions lest she should endanger the life of Hernando, Ualla could only answer, "There is some busy voice within my bosom which tells me that this shall be a day of wailing and woe; which whispers to me that I shall see my sire no more; which warns me of—I know not what—O, Hernando, go not with this expedition." "And leave your sire, Ualla, the unprotected prey of Juan?" "Alas, surely no." "What do you dread, gentle Ualla? I will be the protector of your father; and for me—though I would not exchange that kind look of solicitude for the fair empire of your Incas—it were idle to entertain a thought of fear; your countrymen—" "It needs not to be told," interrupted Ualla, with something of Peruvian feeling, "my countrymen are fallen far too low to be dreaded. For two moons the bow hath lain powerless in my native mountains, nor shall it be strung again. You are masters of the land, nor do I dread that the hand of its servants shall ever rise more against you. No dweller in Peru need be reminded that you have known how to render your dominion sure and inevitable." Hernando smiled, half amused, and half admiring. "And is your father's patriotism so infectious, gentle Ualla?" he said. "But what then do you fear?" "I cannot tell—I know not," answered she anxiously. "Deride me not, noble Hernando, for my dark misgivings. Withdraw from me that soldier's smile—you are too brave to know fear yourself, but too generous to deride it in a feeble woman. My father's eye wore a keen and strange look this morning, but—no—I reck not what I say—'twas nothing—'twas my own idle imagining. Tell it not to that fearful Juan. Look! there stands the frightful instrument of anguish still! My soul is dark this morning. They come—they come to bear my father hence. O, Hernando, farewell—farewell. Let your generous arm protect my father's grey hairs, and look to your own dark locks. The god who made you my enlightener, the god who holdeth all hearts and all hands in his keeping, watch over you—farewell."

The western mountains were still sleeping in the alternate light and shadow of a sinking moon, when the impatient Spanish chief, accompanied by a body of military followers, reached the exterior of the gaol-converted palace of Cazique Alpahula. Dreading the escape of so important a prisoner, in any of the dark mountain-holds and recesses, with which he was so well acquainted, and where the necessary separation of the parties, from the narrowness of the passes, might render escape practicable and pursuit impossible, the Spanish general ordered six slaves to be chained to the fetters of the fallen chief. Fernando generously remonstrated against this indignity; but the cazique, far from receiving this interference with gratitude, only answered, "Young

man, I have not asked for your protection." He positively, however, refused to move, until persons of distinction were substituted for the slaves. Juan peremptorily ordered the cazique to proceed, and pointed to the fearful engine. Alpahula resolutely folded his arms on his bosom, and assumed the calm, collected attitude and look of indifference of one who has made up his mind to remain at home, instead of taking a day's journey. The wealth in prospect was not to be lightly relinquished, and six of the most noble followers of the Spanish standard were therefore substituted for the slaves. Among them was Hernando Di Valverde, whose love for the daughter, and whose fear of exposing the father to worse cruelty made him generously offer himself, a volunteer to the Indian's pride or humour. He was placed nearest the person of the singular chief. Alpahula looked round for a moment with an air of triumph, almost amounting to rapturous exultation.

For some time the party proceeded amid the lower regions of the Andes in silence, which was only broken, as they reached every fresh turn in the passes, by the stern and authoritative call of the cazique, echoed by his interpreter—"to the right,"—"to the left,"—"through the gorge,"—"up the pass," &c. By the augmenting difficulty of their march, and by the increasing keenness of the atmosphere, Hernando soon perceived that Cazique Alpahula was conducting them to the upper region of his native mountains. A glow of crimson, which seemed kindled as in a moment, suddenly tinged the snowy tops of the highest elevations, and contrasted curiously with the wan moonlight in which the lower regions were still sleeping. Hernando thought he had never beheld a scene so stern, lone, and majestic. The white crests of the tallest mountains, the sombre gorges, dark ravines, and overhanging precipices assumed even a stranger and sterner character from the dubious and mixed light in which they were beheld. At each step of the train the scene assumed a more desolate, wild, and solitary aspect. The cultivated district they had quitted seemed to sink to an immense distance beneath them, while that to which they were advancing gradually lost the trace of human occupation, and presented the appearance of a region whose lone and awful majesty had never before been profaned by foot of man. Hernando listened to the ceaseless gushing of mountain torrents, which, sometimes with the overpowering roar of a near cataract, sometimes with the booming thunder of a distant fall, rolled down the steep sides of Andes, and bore their swelling tribute to the Western Ocean.

Here and there a red and baleful light, resting on the frozen summits of the highest range, shewed where the dire volcano was sending forth its restless and unquenchable fires. As their way became more toilsome, Hernando, despite the fallen Indian's repulsive returns to his proffered assistance, often grasped Alpahula's arm, in kind, and even respectful aid of his failing footsteps; and when the party stopped in fatigue, either to refresh themselves, or partake of the powerful and invigorating potations of their own country, the cazique was the first person to whom the young Spaniard tendered refection. It was evident, that Alpahula strove, but perhaps strove in vain, to remain insensible to these marks of respect and compassion.

The sun quickly succeeded the crimson rays, which—with the abrupt glow of a tropical harbinger of returning day—had announced his

approach. It was, however, only by the dazzling flood of ruddy and golden light which bathed the east in liquid fire, and by the lengthening shadows westward, that the rising of the Peruvian deity was discovered; for the cloud-capped range of eastern giants still concealed the ascending god from the eager gaze of his captive and solitary worshipper. Yet, conscious that the star of his adoration had appeared on the earth, Alpahula bowed himself with a prostration of posture, which forced Hernando, attached nearest his body, to stoop his own person in accommodation to the adoring chief. "God of my life!" exclaimed the Indian, looking on Hernando with an expression that was perfectly indefinable; "shall I take even this prostration of an *unwilling knee,* before thy eastern throne, as a *favourable answer?*" Again he gazed hesitatingly, almost mournfully, on Hernando; then shaking his head, as if in refusal to some unlawful wish which had crossed his mind, he proceeded.

Morning now rapidly advanced, but the gorges of the mountains became so narrow, that the precipices, sometimes, almost met over the heads of the passers, and excluded the light of day. Alpahula looked repeatedly, and with anxious gaze, at the opening of every fresh pass, as if eager to behold the shining face of that orb whose unseen rising he had already worshipped—"I will behold his golden eye yet *once more,*" he said. They reached the opening of another gorge. A steep precipice, whose shelving sides offered narrow and precarious footing to the party, arose to their left. Alpahula looked up in exultation. "Yonder," he exclaimed, "lies our path, Christians! your task is near ended. Mount this tall giant of the moon, and your way down its farther side shall be easy, and conduct you to Alpahula's richest treasure." No music ever sounded sweeter in the ear of Juan Di Alcantara. They prepared to ascend the dizzy elevation, but the cazique paused for a moment—hesitated, folded his arms cross-wise over his bosom, and seemed to be praying either for direction or forgiveness. Then speaking hastily and abruptly, like one who would not yield himself time to question his own purpose, he said with authority—"I make not the ascent while this youth impedes my steps, and insults my vigour by his unasked assistance. Juan, chief of the Spanish tribe, come thou and replace this eastern boy; chief yoked to chief, were fitter far, than that Cazique Alpahula's fetters should be secured by the nameless leader of a petty tribe. Thou wilt not? It matters not. Find then thine own way to the golden vessels and glittering gems thou wert not wont to hold so lightly. Nay, frown not. Remember thy foul engine is not here; and for me, 'twere full as suiting to my humour, to sit and breathe out my last amid these rocks and torrents, or be hurled, by Christian hands, down this mountain side, as to return and wear out a miserable existence—a prisoner in my native palace—a captive in the dwelling of my sires!"

The interpreter, perhaps, weary of a toilsome expedition, which, at this rate, seemed interminable, did, what many travellers have since done without similar temptation to mis-statement, *i. e.,* he made a general rule of a single instance, and assured Juan that it was a law among Indian caziques, never to climb mountains of a certain elevation, without being accompanied by some chief, of a rank which they deemed equal to their own. He gave, also, such a translation of Alpahula's speech,

as might somewhat tend to conciliate the Spanish general, by rendering this piece of *Peruvian etiquette* gratifying to Juan's wish of assuming supreme authority among his compatriots. Di Alcantara's burning desire to consummate the enterprize, by the acquisition of his long-sought treasures, proved, however, a still stronger incentive to compliance; and, taking the place of Hernando, he consented to be attached to the fetters of his untameable captive.

Impatient of farther delay, the rapacious commander bestowed an accelerating push on the shoulders of Alpahula: but the proud Indian, far from resenting such an indignity as he would once have done, looked round and smiled superior to the petty affront. To souls susceptible of finer impressions than that of Juan Di Alcantara, there might have seemed something almost portentous in that calm and ironic smile.

In straining exertion the Indian and his guards continued to climb the frowning eminence, while the now useless followers of Juan remained at its base. Hernando, little gratified either by the triumphant regards of his brother chief, or by the ungracious, and even ungrateful conduct of the cazique, followed the train at a little distance. Alpahula led them to one of those fearful Andean paths, where a false step might precipitate the traveller to the bottom of a chasm which even the noontide beams of a tropical sun have not the power of penetrating. Here the cazique paused, for from this eminence the horizon widened, and the source of light, which had till now been concealed by the meeting brows of the precipices, rode revealed to view in the noontide heaven. A mountain haze hung like a light cloud on the orb, and softened his rays, without hiding his disk. The Peruvian, unable from the narrowness of the path to kneel before his god, hid his face for a moment in the folds of his garment, and then looking upward, eyed with grateful devotion the bright globe whose lustre, softened by the cloudy veil which enveloped it, forbade not the gaze of his worshipper. "Again I behold thee, eye of heaven!" exclaimed the chief. "I had not dared to finish the work of this day without thy beamy face to look upon this sacrifice of thy servant, and bless it. Twice have the milder lights thou so oft createst anew to make them regents of the night, and leaders of the stars of heaven, wasted into nothing and darkness, since my hoar head hath been gladdened by thy beams. The queens of the night have twice left their place dark and void in the blue heaven, since the land of thy worshippers hath been trampled on by those who deny thy power, and pour contempt on thy golden honours. Yet oh! in mercy spare her ——— let that thought pass. Forgive the weakness which hath still loved an apostate child, and hath shewn guilty pity on a generous, but idolatrous foe.—And now, god of prostrate Peru, if thou wilt favour this emprize, look forth from the clouds that would hide thy piercing eye, and give shining token that 'tis thy inspiration that stirs within me." He fixed a wrapt and intense eye on the passing cloud, as if waiting an answer to his mysterious petition. "I like not all this," said Juan, looking rather uneasily at the interpreter.—"Old man," he added, "I am not come here to listen to thy idle rhapsodies. Time passes—Move forward, or you may chance repent your tardiness. 'Tis true our mortal engine is not here, but it still awaits your limbs in yon dark prison. 'Twere as well remember that you are still in our power, and even amid

these rocky shelves and thundering cataracts we might still find ways to shew you that our means of torture are not confined to the cells of your miserable palace. Forward—forward. Forget not that you are in our power."

"No *you* are in *mine*," exclaimed the cazique, triumphantly, as soon as the words of Juan were made intelligible to him. He turned for a moment from the clouded object of his inquiring gaze, and fixed an eye on Alcantara, which even startled that obtuse commander. "Juan, chief of oppressors, man without mercy, conqueror stained with blood, hast thou counted over thy sins this morning?" he said sternly and awfully. "Hast thou thought aught on the innocent blood which calls out to heaven against thee? Hast thou remembered that a whole land is now sending up a cry of wailing which thou hast raised? Lift up thine heart for one moment, cry for mercy—aye, even to thy false God—for the hand of Heaven's judgment is upon thee."—"Drag him forward—force him up the mountain," exclaimed Juan. "Indian slave, pitiable idolator, move onward. I will see this expedition terminated, and terminated *instantly*, or thy aged limbs, old man, shall be torn from thy miserable body, and given to feed the fowls of the mountain." The Indian did not for a moment appear to hear the threats of his Spanish conqueror. His whole attention seemed fixed on the cloud whose last edge now began to brighten with the rays of the sun as it passed from the orb. The sun rode unveiled in the midst of heaven! Juan repeated his mandate. "I will know, and know without the delay of a fleeting moment, the hidden place of thy treasures—the golden offerings which adorned the fanes of thy false god." "Have thy wish," answered Cazique Alpahula, loftily. "The best treasure of Peru is the heart of a patriot chief—the noblest offering to her god, the lives of those who have murdered his sons, and trampled down his temples. Adieu, native earth and covering sky! Farewell to all I have loved and looked on! Source of day, I come to tread thy beamy chambers. What, ho! for god and Peru!"

Hernando suddenly saw, as in the flash of a moment, the fatal purpose of the chief. He gave a shriek of warning: it came too late. Cazique Alpahula, as he spoke, threw himself from the narrow and frightful path with such a sudden and effectual plunge, that he dragged, in clanging violence, after him, the tyrants to whom his chains were attached. Amid shelving rocks and frowning precipices, down—down descended the fettered victims into a dark and yawning chasm, whose dismal recesses had never, since the foundations of earth, been visited by one beam of blessed day, or resounded to the tread of human foot. All was the work of a moment—of the twinkling of an eye. In the first plunge of the cazique, Hernando caught, with the suddenness of the lightning's gleam, a passing sight of those descending victims; and, brief as was that fearful view, death closed the eye of the young Spaniard ere it vanished from his sickening memory. He saw the momentary, the flashing glance, of the triumphant Indian; the pale countenance of unutterable despair of his ruined tyrant; and the clenched teeth and vain struggles of his followers, as they were dragged in shrieking resistance to their dread and untimely tomb.

As the unwilling companions in death bounded from shelf to shelf of the dizzy precipice, the rocks gave back in wild echo the clang of their

fatal chains; while many a bird of prey, aroused for the first time in its solitary haunts by human voice, added its screaming dirge to the wild wail of despair which arose from those dying men. Days—ay, months and years—rolled away ere those dismal shrieks ceased to haunt the ear of Hernando di Valverde. With difficulty, as his giddy eye followed the victims in their dizzy and headlong descent, could he keep his own footing on the narrow shelf where he stood. Like one in a trance, he held his head with his hands, and closed his eye to that sight of horror. The shrieks died into a low wail; the wail sunk into silence; the sound of those clashing irons became fainter and fainter, until they seemed lost in the depths below. Hernando raised his head. No sight met his eye save the shaggy rocks, overhanging precipices, and dark ravines of that wild region; no sound saluted his ear save the low and restless murmur of some distant mountain torrent. A complete and deathlike stilness reigned over the solitary scene. Hernando cast one brief glance of horror into the dark abyss which entombed his former companions. His eye sought in vain to penetrate its obscure and invisible recesses, and, in speechless wonder at his own preservation, he lifted up his hands to God.

With steps still shaking from recent agitation, Hernando then began to descend the mountain by the path his fated companions had so recently trodden, when, all warm with life, and elated by hope, by avarice, by ambition, they had pursued, as they believed, the road to riches and worldly distinction: now, cold and shapeless masses, they tenanted the dark and unapproachable gulf beneath him. Often, as he proceeded on his downward path, he paused, and fancied that some stifled shriek, some dying moan, some cry for help, still arose from that dismal chasm.

The death of the cruel, rapacious Juan, and those next him in command, placed the brave and popular Hernando at the head of his compatriots in that quarter; and as such, he was received by the consternated followers of Alcantara, who had been left, as we have seen, at the foot of the fatal precipice. With the instinct of military habit, rather than with any defined consciousness of the duty devolved on him, Hernando reduced the astounded soldiers to something like professional order, and proceeded in sombre silence to conduct them to the spot they had quitted in the morning.

Night closed on the party, and the fervour of a tropical sun had again given place to the refreshing radiance of the moon, ere the plain of ——— was within sight of the returning adventurers. Thought on thought came crowding thick and fast into the mind of the young Spaniard, while he pursued his doubtful path. Horror for the retributive fate of his wretched compeer; pity for the high-minded Indian who had fallen a victim to his patriotism, gave place, as he drew nearer his destination, to a feeling of anguish at the heavy tidings he must bear the hapless daughter. Yet, even here, sweeter and gentler sensations stole into the bosom of young Hernando. He now gratefully felt that the departed cazique had, by a voluntary act, separated his fate from that of his doomed compatriots; and coupling this preservation with the words of the Indian to his daughter—words which we may suppose Ualla had, in some form or other, known how to communicate to her lover—he could not but augur that, when time had dried the filial tears of the

young Peruvian, she would look on him as the authorized guardian of her happiness.

Meanwhile Ualla, surrounded by the maids and matrons whom Hernando's gentle care had placed about her person, sate without her dwelling to taste the faint breezes of a tropical evening, and to watch with unceasing gaze for the return of her sire and her lover. She gazed on Nature in the loneliness and majesty of the scene, until the calm of all around her insinuated itself, at length, into her own bosom. Busy feet, and busier voices, broke on her repose. Ualla inquires for her sire—for her generous protector. The restless tongue of female exaggeration—alike in all ages and countries, and ever loving better the importance attached to the bearer of evil tidings than the sober joy of communicating dull reality—reports to the young Peruvian that her sire and her lover are lying, side by side, cold and lifeless, in the "Ravine of the Unburied Dead!" Ualla received the intelligence as an archer of her own country would have received the rival shaft which pierced his vitals. She stood for a moment erect, unmoved; then fell a helpless, prostrate, yet unmoaning victim. But a gentle hand soon raised her—a gentle arm supported her—a voice, which brought returning life in its tones, came on her ear. With a gratitude to Heaven which sought in vain for vulgar utterance, Ualla recognized her promised husband, and, clasping his knees, demanded of him her sire.—"O! Hernando, returned to bless my eyes, where is my father?"—"Before *His* throne, my Ualla, who shall judge between the oppressor and the oppressed. Look up, my love, look up; there is mercy mixed with bitterness. I come the legal, the authorized protector of your gentle existence. I return armed with power to heal the wounds of your oppressed race. I come to fulfil the wishes of your sire; to watch over the happiness of his loved child; to restore weal and peace to his injured tribe. I come to dry the filial tears of Ualla, by a life devoted to her happiness. I come to call, with her, these wailing mountaineers—to kneel before the Being whom they shall no more hate as the God of the *cruel* Spaniards!"

STANZAS.

It is not in the mountains, in the palaces of pride,
That Love, the winged wizard, is contented to abide;
In meek and humble spirits his truest home is found,
As the lark, that sings in heaven, builds its nest upon the ground.

His cradle is the lily, by the breath of summer stirred—
For Love is often shaken by the whispering of a word;
His smile is in the sunshine, and his voice is in the glades—
Oh! that winter should o'ertake him with its silence and its shades!

B.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Any noble lord who takes upon himself the weight of an English government must expect to be encumbered with a vast deal of correspondence—silly and impudent, officious and self-sufficient. Of this kind Lord Grey has just enjoyed a finely diversified specimen, in a letter, signed by a personage who describes himself as the Right Reverend Dr. Machale, a popish priest, who has taken it upon his own brains to lecture his lordship on the art of government—habeas corpus, Irish politics, boroughmongery, and "all that sort of thing," in the Dr. Doyle style, and "all that sort of way." We give a sentence or two of this shewy miscellany. The first instance is what Cobbett calls a strong hint. The Right Reverend Dr. has been talking of "contagious mutiny," and other fine things of that species of verbiage, when he thus fondly touches on the popular mode of rectifying wrongs:—

"Yes, my lord, I was alarmed lest they should learn the recent mode of tracing their distress with the spade—a *style* which surpasses all the ancient specimens of the art in the boldness of its characters, as well as the ingenuity of the invention. Nay, it throws all the rules of rhetoric into the shade regarding the powerful effects of writing."

It is in this gay metaphor that the Dr. treats of the utter ruin of property by the brute vengeance of the populace. The destruction of thousands of acres by a furious mob, is a "style surpassing all the ancient specimens of the art of writing" by its "*boldness and ingenuity!*" Well done, priest. The concluding sentence is merely barbarism, equally defying common sense and grammar, but is not the less a proud specimen of the Doctor's best penmanship. "It throws all the rules of rhetoric into the shade, *regarding* the powerful effects of writing." Blockhead! Why did he not confine himself to his native Irish?

We have then, after a long tirade of stuff, a sample of the Right Reverend Doctor's politics mixed with his potatoes:—"The boroughmongering parliament no longer exists. It has paid the just forfeit of its want of a kindred feeling with the people, in the speediness of its dissolution."—What possible connection boroughmongering has with petitions for alms, no man can tell. But the subject was tempting, the doctor was scribbling to a minister, and in his condescension he wished to shew him how closely a priest could imitate a brawler at an election. But the conclusion is prodigious! quite a peroration. Ciceronian to an immense degree. Says the Doctor:—

"I have done *my* duty to the government by seasonable and *repeated warnings* of their state. The hopes of the people are wound to a high pitch. The *chord may snap by the rigour of the tension.* The seasonableness of a boon adds considerably to its value. Human lives are too precious to be *sacrificed* to procrastination. The prompt measures of a day may preserve what the tardy deliberations of years could not retrieve.—I have the honour to remain, your Lordship's obedient servant,

"+ John Machale."

The self-importance of this remote and utterly unheard-of personage is incomparable. But let Lord Grey look to it. He here learns, on the oracular authority of the doctor, that others, even first lords of the treasury, must do their duty, now that the right reverend prelate has shewn them the way; if they let the empire fall to pieces, history, impartial

history, will record that they cannot shelter themselves under the example of the Bishop of Mayo. He is now fully informed that the people, *nemine contradicente,* will expect from his hands money enough to answer their present purposes. In other words, the Irish peasantry, wanting money, demand it of the English; and think themselves entitled to take any measures which their wants may suggest, unless the Englishman puts his hand in his pocket, and furnishes promptly the sum in question; Lord Grey, as minister, not being the distributor of a shilling which does not come from the pockets of the people—this people being already burthened to the last shilling, and having as many paupers to support as ten times the amount of the Mayo peasantry.

Large sums have been already subscribed, though we cannot discover that the subscriptions in Ireland have swelled their amount. It is true that common humanity feels anxious to put a stop to all actual suffering, and the famine of the Irish strongly requires a remedy. But why will the Irish so furiously set their faces against "poor laws?" The very mention of the name makes them all indignant. The truth is, that the landlords find it a much pleasanter thing to make an entry regularly once a year to England for relief to their tenantry, than to provide them with either employment or food. Twelve months never pass without some clamorous declaration of famine, rebellion, or the typhus, and followed by the doctor's *bold* and *ingenious* style of writing with the spade: and the same routine will go on, as long as any thing is to be got by roaring. Poor laws *must* be adopted.

Theatres like thrones have had their revolutions to a serious degree during the last quarter. Lee, one of the lessees of Drury Lane has resigned, and the management has devolved into the hands of Captain Polhill, who must carry on his contract for two years more, a formidable speculation, if conducted in the spirit of last season; when in an establishment, professing to be almost exclusively operatic, but one opera, and that a remarkably dull one, was brought out. This negligence was the obvious cause of the loss, for the principle is excellent. Any theatre which will confine itself to operas is sure to succeed, if it but produce good and new operas. No kind of performance is more popular, and by saving the enormous expense of two companies out of three, the tragic, comic, and operatic, the general waste would be changed into the general profit.

Paganini, after apologizing himself out of the scrape of demanding double prices, and which scrape has left the mark on M. Laporte's shoulders, has given six concerts, all superior to any thing that has been witnessed on the violin. To those who have not had the good fortune to hear him, no description can convey a sense of his powers; unless it be the fact, that he filled the King's Theatre, pit, gallery, and boxes, to overflowing, for six successive concerts, of which his violin was the sole attraction—the few singers, &c. having been introduced merely to give him a slight breathing-time between his performances; that the feeling of those immense audiences was unmixed delight; and that his exquisite and perfect mastery of the instrument, his brilliant variety of styles, and his profound sensibility, were equally subjects of wonder to the most practised artists, and to the general audience.

The theatres are pouring out their contents upon the high-roads, and all our *deliciæ,* in the shape of actors and actresses, are loading the stage-

coaches. Vestris is fluttering round Ireland, while her clever rival, Miss Sidney, is playing "The Widow Bewitched" in her room. It is recorded in language not unworthy of the theme, that "The son of Momus, Liston, has been nibbling at the glittering bait which Madame Vestris threw out to join her "Olympic Games" next winter; but it was only a nibble—no bite! He is wealthy—and might have thought it *infra dig.* to quit the major for the minor. Cent. per cent. was a strong temptation; but it was resisted, and the monarch of Farce will resume his station at Drury-lane—engaging to play three nights a week, at £30, a week, in preference to performing in *three* pieces every night at sixty pounds per week.

Miss Phillips, as tall, as mild, and as undisturbed as ever by the fall of thrones and heroes, is gone to play tragedy in the west; and Miss E. Tree, the pretty, the clever, and the lady-like, is gone to the Milton-street theatre, into whatever known part of the earth that may be. We presume somewhere in the east. But whether of the metropolis, of Madrid, or the land of the Mogul, passes our knowledge. We wish her safe back in the civilized world again.

Captain Polhill, who, as we have said, intends to make Drury-lane decidedly operatic, has for that purpose engaged the two Woods; the announcement characteristically declaring, that he intends to *lop off* many other *branches* of the establishment—in consequence of which several of the performers are taking their *leaves.*

The world has probably forgotten little Clara Fisher, who has been a girl of five years old these twenty years, and who may be therefore congratulated upon her prospect of seeing out the whole living and coming generation, before she escapes from her teens. But we are told that her father, who, unsustained in this perpetual youth, acknowledges that he grows old—

"The venerable Frederick Fisher, (father of Miss Clara Fisher, in his 71st year, has at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of his family, and intends starting for New York about the middle of August. He will take with him a variety of models, executed by himself with great accuracy, and illustrative of the buildings in which the immortal bard commenced his early and auspicious career."

A famous name has just been lost to tragedy. Siddons died on Wednesday, June 8.

Siddons was the most extraordinary actress within memory, and, from all tradition of previous powers, was probably the finest performer that *ever* appeared on the British stage—we might even say, the finest on the European stage. From all that has been recorded of the various talents of the famous actresses who preceded her, she seems to have combined all their claims—her person commanding, her voice the richest, most sonorous, and most dignified that it was possible to conceive; her countenance one of magnificent beauty; her gestures classic in the highest degree; and her conception of character altogether unrivalled in her time. She, suddenly, not merely distanced all competition, but extinguished all hope of rivalry Her Queen Catherine, Lady Constance, Mrs. Beverly, and Lady Macbeth were perfection. Her Mrs. Beverly has thrown whole theatres into an agony of tears; for such was the touching power of her voice, and her singular talent for penetrating the heart, that a single word, a simple gesture, or even a glance has often convulsed an audience. Her Lady Macbeth exhibited the grandest dis-

play of her genius. Wherever she appeared in this master-piece of Shakspeare, she alone filled the stage. All acting shrank beside her. Even her brother's noble figure and admirable declamation seemed to vanish in her presence. For her acting in this character there is but one word—it was magical. Descriptions like this will seem exaggerated to those who have not seen Siddons; but the evidence of a great performer's ability is in the effect produced on the public mind; and no being on the stage ever commanded admiration so universal, so lofty, and so permanent, as the extraordinary woman who has just been taken from the world.

Joseph Hume is member for something better than a leash of Scotch burghs; but he is still laughed at by the press. The Greek loan, that exquisite piece of more than Scotch economy—the memorable fifty-two pounds, two-pence three-farthings, which he so providently extracted from the fire in the general combustion of patriot finance—still remains a bar in his escutcheon; and if he were member for every county in England, and lord mayor besides, he will live in the pleasantries of the press, be embalmed in paragraphs, and be punned over when he is no more. Among the last shots fired at him, is the "Age's" bill for his nursery, a morçeau which implies at once a matchless knowledge of nature and Joseph Hume, and is equally deep in the mysteries of pap and arithmetic:—

"*Cocker at Work again.*—The papers last week announced among the births, 'The lady of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P., of a son.' This auspicious event took place on the 9th instant, and, at an early hour on the following morning, a paper, containing the following memoranda, was picked up in Bryanstone-square; it had fallen out of the pocket of an elderly gentleman, as he walked along in deep abstraction, making some calculation upon his fingers:—

'Pap, 1d. per day for 365 days	£1	10	5
Half a bag of tops and bottoms, ½d. per day, as per contract	0	15	2½
Extra washing, 7d. per week	1	10	5
½ lb. soap per week, at 3½d.	0	15	2½
Half-rushlight per night—short nights coming on	0	7	7
Old wicker chair, new bottomed per contract	0	1	2¾
Half a pint of intermediate per day for nurse, in lieu of gin, for three months	0	3	6
Doctor's fee, per agreement	0	15	6½
Making two frocks, and one cap, out of three pair of old duck trousers, borrowed from the Recruiting Office	0	1	11½
Sealing-wax (to serve for coral) borrowed from the Home Office	0	0	0
Bonnet found in a hackney-coach	0	0	0
	£6	1	0¾'

This extravagant outlay calls for retrenchment, and unsparing economy in the victualling department, for the next five years."

The adage that "poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows," was curiously realised in an examination lately at the Mansion House. A number of vagrants were brought up for sleeping in the open air in Billingsgate market. One of those people said, by way of defence, "that he never intended to trouble the market with his presence again, as he altogether conceived it to be the most ineligible sleeping-place in

London:—in fact, it was next to impossible to sleep, the boatmen began to make a noise at so unseasonable an hour. He had a right to know, as he had tried the principal sleeping places;—he had slept on the flags in Old Fleet Market, in the pens of Smithfield, under the arches of London Bridge, on the pavement in the Minories, in the lime-kilns of Paddington, among the repairs of St. Saviour's, and in St. Michael's church-yard; but he never slept in so uncomfortable a place as Billingsgate market. He was sorry to give a bad character of any place, especially in a court of justice; but he must say, upon his honour, that a man had no business to go there, unless he had first got blind drunk, which, in his opinion, no respectable person would do."

A new institution, and, we think, one highly deserving of public patronage, has been lately set on foot in Ireland, entitled the "Arboricultural Society," a rough sounding name, but which is intended to mean a society for the encouragement of planting trees. We should greatly like to see such a society established in England; where we are as much in want of information on the culture of trees, as in Ireland; and where we want something of the kind, much more than our showy Horticultural Society, which seems to do little else than produce "improved specimens" of the Marygold, and so forth; and has not cheapened a single gooseberry since its creation. Every body would be a planter, if every body knew how, for of all propensities it is the most natural, the most pleasant in its indulgence, and the most profitable in its results. But the science is in the hands of a few, if indeed any one man in the country knows much about it. The Germans have a regular course of education for the "forest masters," and whole summers are spent in the woods under the guidance of professors, who give lectures on the modes of planting, lopping, preserving, cutting, in short on every point of the subject; and, as well as we can recollect, the course is considered incomplete under three years. Our rustic, whether peasant or gentleman, considers his education complete in as many days or hours.

A letter on the occasion, among many striking remarks, says;—

"There is, perhaps, no civilized country in which the want of timber is more strongly felt than in Ireland. Any person who, on a bleak autumnal evening, has watched the cattle deserting the pasture for the shelter of an old ditch or a solitary thorn-tree, must be convinced that shelter is necessary for their comfort. Any person who has remarked the gradual decline of vegetation, in proportion as the eye turns from the neighbourhood of the rising screen to the more distant parts of the same field, must allow that a defence from the cutting winds of spring is favourable to the growth of herbage—and he must have a hard heart who does not pity the poor, who are forced to waste the time, which might be otherwise profitably employed, in stealing from the hedges the only means of cooking their scanty meal, or of buying at a rate too heavy for their means, the only roof which may defend them from the inclemency of the weather."

But more than fertility and shelter may be concerned. The dishonesty of the lower orders generally begins in the plunder of the hedges:—

"Independent of the bleakness of the country, the want of timber has a serious effect upon the degradation of our peasantry. He who has no resource for supplying the necessaries of life, but those which require capital beyond his means, is necessarily debarred from improvement. How many a labourer has been visited by sickness for want of a *bit of stick* to render his roof a defence against the severity of the weather? How often has a rising spirit of

improvement been damped by the ravages of a trespasser, for want of a little gate, which his finances could not compass the acquirement of? How hard is it even for the wealthy to preserve their paling and young trees from the depredations of the shivering pauper, who infringes the law because necessity is paramount to law."

But it proceeds to make some animadversions which require an answer:—

"We have seen the Royal Dublin Society, established for the purpose of promoting improvement in Ireland, not only in the Arts, but in Trade, Manufactures, Agriculture, and every branch of Rural Economy. It was nobly endowed; 7,000*l.* a-year has been devoted to it from the taxes of the country, and what advantages have the tax-payers derived from it commensurate with so great a sacrifice? They have seen the Society impoverished by the vanity of the managers, in buying a palace too large for their use—where the few members who reside in Dublin find a convenient news-room and a circulating library—where twice-a-week the public are admitted, and nurses carry their children up and down rooms, filled with cases of minerals, unavailable to the student, from the confusion of their uncatalogued arrangement—where a few lectures upon the elements of science are given to noisy school-boys—where the greatest portion of the exertions of a National Society is devoted to the encouragement of the limner and statuary."

If this be true, the reforming hand would be of service. If it be true that the Royal Dublin Society is fed upon by a regular staff of the old job-work, which of old perverted and possessed every office and institution in Ireland, the matter ought to be inquired into. If the society have a secretary at the moderate sum of £500 a year, a pair of librarians at £300 and £200 a year, with not as many books to watch, as they have pounds to receive; if they have trebly-paid housekeepers, &c., and above all a palace, which, his grace of Leinster being paltry enough to sell, they were fools enough to buy, and for the half of which they can find no use; we say let reform put itself into the next steam-boat, and take a march through the apartments of this impugned and costly hospital for decayed literaturists, and lounging dawdlers over newspapers. But if the truth be otherwise; if the society be an active, intelligent and impartial agent of the public bounty, if it have no official locusts to swallow up its rents and salaries; then we say, and cordially too, let it have £14,000 instead of the seven.

The sex are fond of titles; but we have seldom seen the propensity pushed farther than in one of the late drawing-room lists—when was presented Mrs. "*Herbstrewer*" Fellowes. It will be recollected that she headed the flower-basket carriers at the coronation. Whether, however, she owes the title to the taste of the Court Circular, or her own volition, remains to be shewn. But the titular rage is strong, even where it may not have sprung up among the flowers of a coronation. Thus we have the wives of officers calling themselves Mrs. Colonel, Mrs. General, and so forth, names to which they have as much right as the wife of an artilleryman is to be called Mrs. Bombardier. It even stoops so low as Mrs. Captain; and many an old vulgarian fights her way through the Bath and Cheltenham card-tables at this moment on the strength of her having had "a gallant captain for her own" forty years ago. All the world naturally laugh at this paltry affectation. The thing, however, is French; and in that badge-and-ribbon-loving

land was carried to its perfection. There the wife of every man in office, down to the lowest grade, affixed the name of his employ to her own, and plumed herself upon taking rank accordingly. They had Madame la Fermière Générale, and Madame la Geolière. The village attorney reflected honour on his lady's virtues; and M. le Procureur was accompanied on the path of public distinction by Madame la *Procuresse.*

Whatever becomes of Lords and Commons, the sinecures must go. We point out one, which the public feeling will, we presume, forbid to survive:—

"*Comptrollership of the First Fruits and Tenths.*—The valuable sinecure of Comptrollership of the First Fruits, held by the late Lord Walsingham, is vacant by his lordship's melancholy death; the office has been long known to be one of the useless ones. It was bestowed on the noble father of the late and present peer during the time he filled the lucrative post of chairman of the committees of the House of Lords. Upon his lordship's retirement from that situation, his late majesty granted him a pension of 2,000*l.* per annum, the noble ex-chairman retaining the comptrollership of the first fruits, in which the late peer succeeded him.

A fierce fight is going on in Ireland between the newspapers and the defenders of the episcopal church. Dr. Ebrington has written a pamphlet, or sermon, or some such thing, which has brought up a whole host of bitter stories on the opposite side. The *Evening Post*—a clever paper, and always the chief opponent—gives an anecdote, which we hope is much exaggerated:—

"*Church Building in Monaghan.*—The Protestants of Monaghan wished to have a church; but the board of first fruits were not forthcoming. Being a pious people, however, a church they resolved to have, and a subscription was set on foot. Lord Rossmore's family subscribed 100*l.*, and Mr. Henry Westenra, the member for the county, promised to be forthcoming with the music, and to present the church with an organ of 200*l.* value. We have not heard whether the other Protestants of Monaghan were so religiously inclined as our Lord Rossmore, and we cannot, therefore, state the amount of lay contributions. But we certainly expected to hear that the dignitaries and beneficed clergymen subscribed. Did Mr. R. Robinson, the rector, give anything? Nothing. The Bishop of Kilmore, who lives within ten or twelve miles of the place? No. The primate, who is archbishop of the see, and has 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* a-year—did he subscribe? Not a penny. But surely the bishop of the diocese, of which Monaghan is the capital, Doctor or Lord Tottenham, as we believe he is called, Bishop of Clogher, and who takes 14,000*l.* a-year from the place, himself having 17,000*l.* a-year in another county, and living in a third—surely this right reverend lord did something towards the erection of a temple on his little Zion? Not a halfpenny.

On this subject we shall only say, that we are convinced the primate, at least, is not in fault. Ireland has had no better nor more generous prelate for centuries. He is a Christian, and makes a Christian use of his power and his income. As for the others, let them put down the accuser by shewing evidence. It is indisputable that the Irish bishops possess very large incomes, and it lies upon their own shoulders to shew what they do with them—what monuments of their piety, benevolence, or public spirit they leave behind them. Let Lord Robert Tottenham shew us any church, or set of alms-houses, or hospital, or anything built

by him for the honour of God or the good of man, and we shall be happy to give him full credit for the exertion. There, too, is my lord of Derry, the receiver of the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds a-year, and *upwards*, for the last five-and-twenty years; let him shew anything done, for this four hundred thousand pounds, except the signature of his receipts, and we shall be ready to applaud even the Bishop of Derry.

All the Epsom and Newmarket world know that the racer, Colonel, broke one of his sinews at a late race; and we give the following statement, as, we hope, a lesson to those dukes and earls who would have sold Colonel, if he had been in their possession, for fifty pounds to the first innkeeper; with the moral certainty, that after one year's chaise-dragging, he would be sold by the innkeeper for five pounds to the driver of a dung-cart; who in six months would have sold him for twenty shillings to the whipper-in of the county hunt, who would have given Colonel to the hounds. The racer has, luckily, now another tale to tell.—

"The accident which befel his Majesty's horse Colonel, in running the second heat for the Oatlands, will prevent his again appearing as a racer. Although offered a very large sum for him, his Majesty has declared his intention not to part with a horse that was so special a favourite with his late Majesty, and that is so well calculated to improve the breed of English horses. In consequence of the accident, the gold cup now rests between Lord Exeter and Sir Mark Wood."

We care not a straw with whom the gold cup rests; but we are glad, for the sake of humanity, and for the singular pleasure of finding it in high stations, to record this of the king. We hope the example will be followed; that it will be felt as a matter of deference to royal tastes. by those to whom it would be a burlesque to talk of duty or feeling, to treat that noble animal the horse with some attention to his capacity of suffering. There can be no doubt that to torture an animal is a crime; and we can see but little difference between torturing him ourselves, and handing him over to be tortured by others.

The discovery of the course of the Niger at last, might give room to an amusing essay upon the blunders of our *doctores positivi*. The Burrowes, Leslies, McQueens, Playfairs, with the whole tribe of African Society people, walk through the streets, hanging down their heads, and in modest blushes shunning the face of society. Every man was not merely wrong, but on principle wrong. It was not "a guess," a "probable conjecture," a "theory added for want of a better;" the timidity of ignorance was never less in vogue; there was not a *savant* of them all who could not prove by rhomb and rule, by chronometer and the Scotch fiddle, that "there, on that very spot, the Niger rolled into Lake Ichad; and there, and on this identical spot, it rolled into the flats of Gondor, bored a way through the Mountains of the Moon, sunk into the bowels of the earth, expired in the sands of Ethiopia, fell into the Straits of Gibraltar, and made the north-west passage." We have clubbed all the discoveries together; but each man would have sworn to his own whim, and all would have sworn falsely. There never was such a scene of geographical perjury since the days of Bishop Wilkins—never such groping through the marshes of meteorology—never such mole-eyed digging through geological darkness But the Landers have set-

tled the question, and put the philosophers to shame. As to the fact of their shunning the face of man, we see that the last pamphleteer on the subject, who had handsomely conducted the Niger up the sides of the great table-land of Ethiopia, across the African Alps, by tunnel, or otherwise, has fled to Carlsbad; and a newspaper tells us, that "Sir Rufane Donkin was fined five pounds last week, by Lord Chief Baron Lyndhurst, in the Court of Exchequer, for not attending as a special jury-man. It was stated that he was unwell; but, being seen about town the preceding day, his absence is imputed not to ill health, but *indisposition.*"—Whether the discovery of the long-contested river, about which the general wrote so ably and so positively, had any share in this, we cannot say. But as he is fond of the classics, and nobody quotes better, we say, "*Hic* Niger est hunc tu Rufane caveto."

The Emperor Nicholas is buying a racing stud. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Is the Emperor discontented with the speed of his Russ postilions, and anxious, in case of emergency, to be able to distance mankind at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He has sent to purchase not less than one hundred "good horses"—a stable that would furnish him with relays as far as Kamschatka. The first consignment was embarked on board the brig Catherine, lying in the St. Katharine's Dock, and bound for St. Petersburgh, consisting of fifteen noble animals, including several valuable racers, purchased by Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, on account of the Russian Ambassador. Among them are Granby, winner of the St. Leger in 1829, bought for 355 guineas; Red Rover, a winner of the Derby Stakes in the same year; Miss Chance, winner of the Oaks in 1830; Jupiter, Tam O'Shanter, and others of good pedigree; besides three from the celebrated stud of Mr. Lyne Stevens, of Leicestershire. All the horses are in excellent condition; and the stalls and accommodations prepared for them in the hold of the vessel are of a superior description; and, exclusive of two Russian grooms, a native of England, and a veterinary surgeon, also go out in attendance on the animals. The value of the fifteen horses is not much less than £5,000, and the expense of their transmission to St. Petersburgh will not amount to less than £500 more.

What a confoundedly locomotive age this is. Our farmers are going off by the thousand to the Canadas; our attorneys, dandies, and unmarriable daughters, packing up by whole regiments for New South Wales, and the "parts adjacent;" and now our horses are emigrating to the dominions of the Czar. Why does no friend of freedom inquire into the transaction? The natives of the land of habeas corpus, trial by jury, and liberty of the press, are conveyed on board the Catherine, and destined to spend their lives under the sway of a despot. Here every day witnesses this "noble animal the horse" in our courts of law; our horse actions are perpetual, and many a toiling council pleads about them with not half the brains of his client. There a horse's only actions will be in his four legs, and he will have to bear the burthen of a despot besides. Where is Martin, the friend of asses, now? — but cruelty-Martin sleeps, and the day of quadruped glory is no more—the day of chivalry is no more—a day of horse-dealers and ambassadors, grooms and emperors has succeeded. The sun of the Hounnhymns is set—the fame of Newmarket is gone for ever!

A DIALOGUE.

Lord A. How could you be mad enough to touch the question? You should have gone on, like me, about and about it, professing and explaining, hoping and fearing, till you left the House fast asleep, after a speech of three hours; of which, after the first three minutes, no man living could make out a syllable.

Lord B. It was a monstrous blunder, to be sure. But recollect my inexperience. Yet, I don't think I talked much to the purpose after all. My worst enemies never accused me of that; and I really gave myself credit for speaking as unintelligibly as any one on my side.

Lord A. I admit it. But your speech was prodigiously to the purpose for all that; the purpose of turning you and your set out. Recollect what it was. "The noble Earl had recommended the expedient of Parliamentary Reform, and remarked, that he did not think that the government was as yet prepared with any plan on the subject. The noble Earl was right, for certainly the government *was not prepared with any plan* for Parliamentary Reform. I will go farther, and say, that I never heard that any country ever had *a more improved*, or *more satisfactory representation than this country enjoys at this moment.* I do not mean to enter upon that subject now, as it is probable that we shall have abundant opportunities to consider it afterwards; but I do say that this country has now a legislature more calculated to answer all the purposes of a good legislature than any other that can be well devised—that it possesses, and deservedly possesses, *the confidence of the country*, and that its discussions have a *powerful influence in the country.* And I will say farther, that if I had to form a legislature, I would create one —not *equal in excellence to the present*, for that I could not expect to be able to do, but something *nearly of the same description as possible.* I should form it of men possessed of a large proportion of the property of the country, in which the landholders should have a great preponderance. I, therefore, am *not prepared with any measure* of Parliamentary Reform, nor *shall any measure* of the kind be proposed by the government, as long as I hold my present situation."

Lord B. I say that's impossible. If I had any meaning that night at all, it was the direct contrary. The whole affair must have been the work of those impudent newspapers. They will be for taking down a man's words, and then holding him to them. Rascals! There, at least, we *must* have a reform.

We may expect no moral wonders from military men, but is it too much to expect that they shall observe the common decencies of society? We expect no remarkable strictness of discipline from the Horse Guards, where an officer of a "hussar regiment," a man of fortune, and, above all, a Dundas, is the delinquent. But the public voice will not be silent while this Major Dundas is allowed to flourish about with his notoriety full upon him. The gallant viceroy of Ireland is the Colonel-in-chief of the above distinguished regiment, in which Major Dundas, possessing the advantages of fortune, high connections, and parliamentary influence, has risen rapidly to be a field officer, without encountering the hazards of the field or the vicissitudes of climates. This gallant officer is the son of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Dundas, and the late Right Hon. Robert Dundas, Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, who died in 1819, bequeathing Major Dundas and his brother £91,000. He is also nephew

to Lord Melville, to Wm. Dundas, the late member for Edinburgh, and to Lady Abercromby. These glories should be enough for him; and as the service will lose nothing by the abstraction of his military fame, and society be much the better for his retreat, we recommend the attention of the government to the affair altogether. The late Duke of York changed the whole character of the army, by discountenancing the profligacy of individuals. Let Lord Hill, or whoever else is actual commander of the forces, do his duty, and he may rely on it that he will do more honour to himself, and good to the service, than ever will be done by suffering a man, characterized, convicted, and sentenced in a court of justice, as this dashing major has been, to remain among the ranks of the British army.

The speech of counsel on the trial denounced the act as one of the most barefaced profligacy. We altogether agree with the counsel. The silliness of the victim is nothing to the purpose. The tempter is not to be rendered guiltless in proportion to the helpless simplicity of the being whom he destroys. If this criminal be let loose without any mark upon him, the government, both civil and military, will have much to answer to the great cause of British morality.

The withdrawing of the Royal allowance from the Royal Society of Literature, is one of the unlucky demonstrations of the spirit of economy. For our part, we had rather, for the honour of the throne, that a ball the less were given in the season; for the expense of a single night's waltzing, wine, and Weippert's band, would have nearly paid the whole grant. The sum of a thousand pounds is withdrawn from ten men of high literary name and industry, who certainly have done more in their generation for the honour of the country than any five hundred who shall dance the mazurka, or play the foreign mummer in the royal presence for the next fifty years.

A little statement from one of the "Royal Associates," Coleridge, through a friend, has appeared on the subject.

"*Mr. Coleridge.*—On the sudden suppression of the Royal Society of Literature, with the extinction of the honours and annual honoraria of the Royal Associateships, a representation in Mr. Coleridge's behalf was made to Lord Brougham, who promptly and kindly commended the case to Lord Grey's consideration. The result of the application was, that a sum of £200.—the one moiety to be received forthwith, and the other the year following—by a private grant from the Treasury, was placed at Mr. Coleridge's acceptance; but he felt it his duty most respectfully to decline it, though with every grateful acknowledgment."

But there are others, not less meritorious than Coleridge, and to whom the hundred a-year, trivial as the sum is, may be of still higher consideration. Matthias is one of them, a man who is compelled to reside in Italy, for the double reasons of ill health and narrow circumstances. Yet Matthias has deserved well of the country; and those who remember his "Pursuits of Literature," the learning, vigorous poetry, and high British principle of that work, published as it was in a perilous time, and powerfully tending to uphold the cause of the monarchy and the constitution, will know how to appreciate the economy which deprives an eminent scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and a subject distinguished for active and manly loyalty, of the chief part, if not the *whole* of his income, at the age of eighty years. Sharon Turner,

the historian of the Anglo-Saxon Dynasties, is another. We may yet go more deeply into the matter. But we may say even here, that George the Third gave pensions of £300. a year to eminent authors, to the full amount of the allowance to the Royal Society of Literature; that the present pensions were understood by every individual who received them, to be *for life;* and that the bounty of George the Fourth, for sustaining and honouring one of the chief sources of glory to his empire, ought not to be superseded by any new spirit of economy.

We are not now to learn that a man may be puffed into any thing, and that the reputation of half the *magnates* of wit, philosophy, and physic among us, has been the work of vigorous puffing. Old Fuseli was one of those wonders. His coterie, a gang of infidels, male and female, who used to dine at a bookseller's, propagated his renown as the wittiest of human creatures. The fry of students in the Drawing School of the Academy instinctively looked up to the drawing-master as something supernatural in sketching; and the mob of native connoisseurs, who wonder at every thing with a foreign name, pronounced it as a maxim that no one could paint Lucifer as Lucifer ought to be painted, but the man with a Swiss one. Yet this wonderful person was but a shallow fellow in all his provinces of wit and wisdom—with pen or pencil, with broken English, or barbarous Greek:—which fact is thoroughly established by the late publication of his memoirs; a work containing more naked rudeness, vulgarity, and impudence, under pretext of wit, than is to be found on record of any individual since Jonathan Wild. This is no charge against the biographer; he has probably done his best with bad materials. But Fuseli's repartees, remarks, his notions of decorum, and his trifling pedantry, must be allowed to take rank among the dullest attempts at public effect within memory.

Old Abernethy is another of those fabrications of waggery and wisdom. The following specimens have been going the round of the papers:—

"A loquacious lady having called to consult him, he could not succeed in silencing her, without resorting to the following expedient:—'Put out your tongue, Madam.' The lady complied.—'Now keep it there till *I* have done talking.' Another lady brought her daughter to him one day, but he refused to hear her or to prescribe, advising her to make the girl take exercise. When the guinea was put into his hand, he recalled the mother, and said, 'Here, take the shilling back, and buy a skipping-rope for your daughter as you go along.' He kept his pills in a bag, and used to dole them out to his patients; and on doing so to a lady, who stepped out of a coroneted carriage to consult him, she declared they made her sick, and she could never take a pill. 'Not take a pill? what a fool you must be!' was the courteous and conciliatory reply to the countess. When the late Duke of York consulted him, he stood whistling, with his hands in his pockets; and the duke said, 'I suppose you know who I am?' The uncourtly reply was, 'Suppose I do—what of that?' His pithy advice was, 'Cut off the *supplies*, as the Duke of Wellington did in his campaign, and the enemy will leave the citadel.'"

Now, what is to be thought of the practitioner who could have been capable of this vulgar nonsense, but that he was determined on his own ruin; or of the man, but that he was prepared to be kicked out of society. The fact is, that Abernethy was as eager for keeping his position as any Æsculapius of them all; and in the first place, he never ventured any of those coxcombries with persons of any consideration; in the next,

he was the sufferer for the sins of every other joker of the profession. From Radcliffe to Dr. Eady, every rough dialogue of the trade was fixed upon Abernethy; and as he probably found his account in it, for even singularity sometimes *tells* with the multitude, he was content to father the rudeness which, in turn, generated the fee. But he had too much sense to make such experiments on his respectable applicants. To these he was respectful, and however he might practise the grotesque with some overgrown ale-wife, or play upon the feelings of some clown, no practitioner in the college could be more cautious of exceeding the bounds of proper speech than Abernethy. We say this from a desire to see justice done to the memory of a man of talent, skill, and knowledge.

The cabinets may say what they will; but there is something odd on the royal cards, throughout Europe at the present time. Our forefathers would be infinitely surprised at events which to us, their more enlightened sons, are as common as the sun at noon-day, and excite as little surprise. What would Walpole, or Chatham, or even Pitt, conversant as he was in revolutions, have thought of having, not merely an Ex-king of France in Holyrood, with all his heirs, assigns, and so forth; but having a Queen of Holland, a Prince of Orange, a pair of Dukes of Brunswick, a Russian Archduchess, a pair of sons of a King of Holland, a son of a King of Naples, and half a dozen more potentates and heirs of potentates on the wing, packing up their goods and chattels for an escape from their loving subjects, and fluttering over to England—the sea-girt—the only spot on earth free from war; the natural refuge of the destitute in all directions:—without reckoning little Donna Maria da Gloria, nor Don Pedro, who has already taken a view of us from sea, and will inevitably honour us with a visit, if we let him; and our pension list too with the dignity of his name.

Then we have kings to provide for Poland, and Belgium, and Greece, and Colombia, and the Brazils, and Portugal, and half a dozen other thrones, which are visibly tired of their present incumbents.

A dashing correspondent of the *Courier* thus disposes of all the difficulties respecting Poland and Belgium:—

"'I have thought of one mode of settling both the Polish and Belgian questions. Let the Prince of Orange be the king of Poland forthwith—the Prince Leopold, king of Belgium till the decease of the king of Holland—Luxembourg to remain with the latter during his reign. At his death, the Prince Leopold to be king of Holland as well as of Belgium, with Luxembourg annexed.' Our correspondent," adds the *Courier*, "disposes of crowns as rapidly as Buonaparte or the congress of Vienna. May we be permitted to ask him why, if the Poles are to have a king, it must be a Dutchman? or why the Dutch are to be governed by a German? Besides, when the Prince of Orange shall have Poland, and the Prince of Cobourg, Holland, what is to become of Prince Frederick?"

What is to become of Prince Frederick? Does any human being care. He can, we suppose, get a troop of dragoons in some Austrian regiment; and he will there have half-a-crown a day, which in Germany, a cheap country, will give him his board and lodging, and perhaps his cigars. On the whole, we look upon the prince as very pleasantly circumstanced among the ditches of his native soil, and wish him joy of his being still allowed to remain among the Hollanders.

The Irish in Ireland are by no means so much enchanted with the reform as the Irish in the province of St. Giles's. The latter eminent patriots have decided, that Reform must be the very thing wanted for England, and the sojourners therein; inasmuch as it will gain them mahogany hods, satin-wood spades, superfine "Saxony" pantaloons, and a guinea a day to every independent and true Emeralder (for such is their favourite appellation); here, there, and everywhere. But the Irish in the mother-land having discovered that, in spite of that "glorious, blessed, healing, feeding, and paying" measure of Catholic Emancipation, they have got nothing yet but the martial law proclaimed against the South, a famine in the West, emigration in the North, and my Lord Anglesey in Dublin, begin to doubt the benefits of the glorious measure, and are actually daring to growl. The Marquis having on his first excursion exhausted all his faculties for catching the popular soul, having rode to Donnybrook Fair, having rode through the streets, having rode through his own stables, and having rode down to Athlone, beating the mail, can do no more; and is not less astonished than angry with "his beloved people" for having expected anything more from him. Yet all this will not, it seems, satisfy the insatiate appetite of the people for excitement; and a new lord lieutenant is rumoured, and a new commander-in-chief is on the wing. The former appointment is only postponed until Count Munster, or the Earl of that name, submits his merits to Daniel O'Connel, Esq., and has the good fortune to be approved of by this great authority on Irish affairs. In the meantime, a report having gone abroad that the Irish cabinet was lazily letting things go on in the old way, we are happy to refute so injurious an imputation by the following evidence of activity:—

"*Attention of the Marquis of Anglesey's Government to the Wishes of the People.*—'A straw thrown up, will shew which way the wind blows;' and in like manner can the feelings of the government towards the people be often ascertained by its conduct towards them in matters of little moment, as regards the nation at large. We are led to make these observations on account of the dismissal of the post-master of Kilmacthomas, who had made himself most odious to the townspeople by his ostentatious display of Orangeism. So convinced are the people of Kilmacthomas of the Marquis of Anglesey's wish to gratify them, that they have already set down Mary Hearn as the successor to the late *protegé* of the Beresfords. Should our readers wish to know who Mary Hearn is, we will inform them by saying, she is the little Lady Morgan of the town of Kilmacthomas, and, like her great prototype, the sworn foe of abuses in church and state; or, in other words, a female reformer."

So sayeth the *Waterford Chronicle;* and we hope that every friend to good government, and the brains of Irish viceroys, will duly appreciate the salutary rigour of turning out the refractory postmaster of a portion of his Majesty's lieges, so important as the population of Kilmac Thomas; and that they will not less appreciate the firmness of purpose, dignity of choice, and impartial determination, which placed Mary Hearn, or any body else, in the room of the recreant receiver of letters. Indeed what punishment could be too much for an individual who, it appears, not thinking with the Marquis's government, had the atrocity, in a time of liberal opinions, to express an opinion of his own; and worse, to hold an office of the value of twenty pounds a-year sterling money, and put the emoluments thereof in his pocket, while he, con-

tumaciously and traitorously, thought that orange was as pretty a colour as green, and that the ribbon of King William was as good as the ribbon of King Dan.

The only point to which we object is the comparison of the new official, the Whig Mary Hearn, to our old romancer the Whig Lady Morgan. "A *little* Lady Morgan." Call you this backing your friends? Miladi is little enough of all conscience; and to what depth of invisibility a lower politician of the Morgan genus must descend, we find it impossible to measure. *Optime dixit iste Butlerus:*—

> "Thus naturalists say, a flea
> Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And they have smaller still to bite 'em—
> And so proceed, *ad infinitum.*"

Poetry of old was always prophetic; and we shall bet our nightcap against *Miladi's* next quarto on the "Science of Governing every Kingdom of Europe," that Butlerus had Miladi, and her "picture in little," in his prophetic eye at the moment.

After having witnessed such a tissue of "delicate correspondence" as has lately been spun out between Sir James Scarlett and Sir James Graham, Lord Something Cecil and Mr. Tennyson, and our beloved and trusty councillor, Mr. George Dawson, of Protestant-popish, orange-green, and black-and-white memory; it is refreshing, as the Cockney Homers and Virgils say, to see, at last, a writer who scribbles straight to the point, who lays nothing on the necks of the "reporters," and who blabs out his whole meaning, not caring a drop of ink for the way of any man's taking it. The *Times* contains the following letter relative to Sir James Scarlett and Sir Robert Wilson:—

"Sir,—I beg you to inform the public that 'the injudicious, unbecoming, and unwarrantable interference,' mentioned by Sir Robert Wilson in his letter to Sir James Graham, published in your paper of this morning, applies to me. I trouble myself to make this avowal, solely with a view to put an end to the affair, and in the sincere hope that henceforward the parties concerned will think and care as little about it as I shall.

"15, Pall Mall East, May 31." "I am, Sir, your obedient servant, "THOMAS WALKER."

This is plain English. Sir Robert gets his epithets very handsomely returned on him: and the hero of Pall-Mall East is yet unshot, unsabred, and, we verily believe, unanswered. No delicious correspondence, worthy of the dexterity of a dancing-master, and the sensibilities of a school-girl, has grown out of this billet. We sincerely recommend the style as a model to all gentlemen who wish to bring matters to a short issue.

There is something curious, without being very important, in the adroitness of "the devil's chaplain," a title which the possessor seems to bear rejoicingly, in getting himself within the grasp of the law. He has now volunteered again.—

"A true bill was found by the grand jury, at the April adjourned sessions for the county of Surrey, against *Robert Taylor*, alias 'The Devil's Chaplain,' for uttering blasphemy. Not having complied with the order of court, he was taken into custody by Skilhorn on Saturday, and brought to Union-hall, when he entered into his own recognizances in the sum of 200*l.*, and two sureties of

100*l.* each, to appear at the next general quarter sessions for the county of Surrey."

The curious part of the case is, who pays? That many a man is blind to the future, and contemptuous of the inside of a prison, or may be amused with defying judge and jury, or may dream of the downfal of an archbishop, is now as obvious as that the Tories are turned out. But how is all this disbursed? for law must be paid; the walls of a prison will feed no man; judges and juries are among the most costly luxuries of life; and the best dream of episcopal subversion since the days of Jack Cade, is not worth a substantial sixpence. Who pays for the Reverend Robert's campaigns? We have heard something on the subject, which we may yet put into tangible shape.

Great and very just anxiety has been excited by the ravages of the new plague—the cholera, in the north of Europe. It is not for us to fathom the ways of Providence; nor to pronounce that this scourge has fallen upon the Continent for its crimes—first smiting Russia, red with the blood of an unprovoked war against the Turks, and at this hour heaping gore on gore, and crime on crime, by her attempts to repress the freedom of a brave and most injured people. There can be no doubt that the cholera has hitherto fought for Poland—that the Russian councils have been distracted by it—the Russian armies struck with terror by it—and the numbers of those brutal instruments of a despot's purpose fearfully thinned by its wide-wasting fury. We have no Russian hospital list—no gazette—to tell us of the thousands perishing night by night in the swamps of Poland, without medicine, physicians, or food.

But we have unequivocal evidence of the havoc of the cholera, in the universal check of the Russian armies; in their sudden pause, when nothing seemed to stand between them and Warsaw; in their sudden inability to move after victory; and the extraordinary timidity, vacillation, and ill success which have marked a campaign that once threatened the total extinction of the Polish name.

The scourge has fallen on Poland, too, but evidently in an inferior degree, and the suffering is well recompensed by the indemnity; for no plague could lie so dreadful as the fury of the Russian sword, followed by the long bitterness of the Russian chain. Other kingdoms may yet share in the infliction. It seems scarcely possible, that the cholera can be prevented from spreading through the greater part of the Continent. Perhaps, it may reach ourselves. But much may be expected from the cleanly habits of the people, to repel any peculiar virulence of an epidemic; much from the excellent food of England; and much from her medical science;—three things in which all the countries hitherto devastated by this plague have been singularly deficient. In India, excepting the stations of the Company's troops—in Persia—in the Russian provinces on the Caspian—in the government of Moscow—in the wild provinces of Poland—the habits, the food, and even the slight portion of medical science, tend rather to propagate the poison than to extinguish it. There every village fever envenoms into a contagion, and nothing but the thinness of the population prevents the fever becoming a PLAGUE. A commission of medical men has been despatched, or is to be immediately despatched to Riga, to ascertain the nature of the disease; and we may be satisfied that, if it should unhappily cross the channel, it will be met by every wise and efficient precaution.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Sketches in Spain and Morocco; by Sir Arthur de Capel Brooke, Bart., &c., 2 vols., 8vo.—Sir Capel Brooke—we must shorten his name—scribbles his tours very agreeably. The reader has nothing to do but accompany him from town to town, and take his chance of what the active traveller happens to fall in with. He very rarely generalizes or discusses, and the less the better—for the one, it is not his vocation, and for the first, if he indulges, he must be indebted to others—not because he has not time, for he has abundance—he travels for pleasure merely; but because he does not suppose time indispensable for the purpose, or he would give it. Go where he will, he is merely a bird of passage, and has no notion that first impressions, in new scenes, require correction. The closest observers have preconceptions of what they are going to see—and these are things not easily or in an instant disposed of. With all this Sir Brooke troubles himself little—his motto is, "keep moving."

At the Tower he takes his passage in a steamer bound for Lisbon, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, and has a fair weather voyage to Lisbon. A few hours serve him to scamper over the town and describe it. The first glance of Cadiz charms him so much, that he resolves to stop a few days—let his baggage go on to Gibraltar, and find his way thither himself by some other conveyance. A few days' residence at Cadiz enables him to discourse thus delectably on the ladies of *Spain.*

"I need hardly observe, that the Spanish women are well known for their love of intrigue, and that the marriage vow, as is too generally the case with the higher classes in almost every part of continental Europe, is entered into but to be broken," &c.

Of course, Sir Arthur, though he adopts the account without any hesitation, must not be held responsible for its veracity; it is clear he can himself know little about the matter.

After scouring the neighbourhood, and attending a bull-fight or two, instead of making his way to Gibraltar, he starts off suddenly for Seville. Seville is filled with priests—the women are wrapt up in mantillas, and always going to mass—beautiful as houris—well-be-veiled at least—not so their ancles, it would be as well if they were—every body drinks delicious water, and every house seems full of Murillos and Riberas. The Seville gazette is just six inches long—the leading article, an account of an old woman who died at Falmouth, aged 140; and not a particle of news "foreign or domestic." Returning to Cadiz, he meets with a wine-merchant going to *Xeres*, and as he has nothing to clog or controul his movements, and is passionately fond of sight-seeing—it is that for which he lives and moves—off he goes to Xeres, and is present at the vintage, picks up a prodigious deal of gossip about *sherries*, and especially about *amontillado*—a wine which puzzles not only Sir Arthur Brooke and the merchants, but from his account of it, might the devil himself. "It is," he says, "something like a phenomenon (what does Sir Brooke take a phenomenon to be?) in wine-making, for no cultivator can be certain that the grape will produce it, though he may conjecture that such will be the case from past experience, knowledge of the soil, and state of the vintage. It is seldom obtained from young vines, neither is it the produce of any particular vineyard or grape, although it is conjectured by some that the Palomine grape is more instrumental in yielding it than any other. The difference which this wine assumes from the general character of dry white wines, is supposed to be the consequence of a more perfect or *peculiar* fermentation. It is never known what casks will turn out amontillado before the first process of fermentation is over, and frequently not even then. Out of a hundred butts, not more than five or six may turn out amontillado. Every thing, relating to this wine, is involved in so much uncertainty, that what has been supposed to be ammontillado will, after some years, *turn out the reverse*, and *vice versâ*. On these accounts and its consequent rarity, it is greatly prized and carefully husbanded by the merchants; not for the purposes of sale, but of mixing with their other wines, and improving their flavours, &c."

To Gibraltar Sir Capel gets at last, and after telling what of course every skimmer of travels already knows, he crosses the straights to Tangiers; and as Tangiers is not every day visited by tourists, he has something a little less hackneyed to tell. His intention was to storm the emperor's quarters at Fez, but people cannot do precisely as they like in Morocco, nor move when and where they please; and the Baronet's movements accordingly were a good deal hampered. To Fez there was no getting, and besides, the emperor was himself coming to Tangiers. To Tangiers, however, he did not come, and Sir Arthur finally quitted the country without seeing this august personage, or any one

more magnificent than the bashaw of Tangiers and the governor of Tetuan. His accounts of Morocco are, of course, very meagre. The Jewesses, who abound, are very beautiful, and the Moorish ladies, when you can get a glimpse at more than *one* eye, prove to have very charming pairs, though a little too sleepy—the handsomest, too, are probably all shut up. The Moors are more and more suspicious of travellers, since they have heard of Ali Bey and Burckhardt, and their disguises, and, of course, they cannot imagine strangers visit them for any purpose but to betray them. The recent occupation of Algiers will not tend to dilute the emperor's suspicions.

Returning with very little more knowledge of the country than could be gathered from a visit to Tetuan, and by riding a few miles here and there about Tangiers, he reached Gibraltar again, and traversing Spain, by the way of Grenada, Malaga, Cordova, Madrid, &c., finally arrived at Paris. When at Grenada, though in unusual haste, he paid a visit to the Duke of Wellington's estates, near that town; and as every body is not acquainted with them, we extract his account, in preference to his elaborate description of the Spanish Olla, with the cookery of which Sir Brooke is quite au fait.

"The Soto de Roma, the estate which was granted at the conclusion of the peninsular war to the Duke of Wellington, as a small return for the eminent services rendered to the country, is a royal demesne, situated at the extremity of the vega of Granada, and, in the time of the Moors, was a favourite retreat of the sovereigns of Granada. We reached it before noon, and spent some time in walking about the extensive and finely wooded grounds, which are watered by several beautiful streams, adding considerably to their beauty. The house is a plain building, with nothing remarkable about it, except, perhaps, the numerous cracks that are visible in the walls, the effect of shocks of earthquakes, which are at times severely felt throughout the vega. The adjoining buildings appeared also to have suffered materially. I was much pleased to observe the state of the different farms belonging to the estate. One does not expect to find agriculture in a very advanced state in Spain; and, although this is any thing but the case in general, yet I must confess that I never witnessed neater farming in any part of my own country than I did at the Soto de Roma, which is saying a good deal."

Few Words on many Subjects, by a Recluse.—A mass of notes, upon matters as they turned up in the writer's mind, and which, being preserved, have come, of course, to be printed. Though not always of importance, they are characterized generally by sound judgment and respectable liberality. They are classed under the heads of law, politics, religion, and language. If judges must be made peers, they need not be hereditary ones; chiefly because the House is already too numerous.—Barristers are not warranted in undertaking all sorts of dirty cases, by calling them acts of duty; nor are they entitled to assume the high and independent tone they do, till they talk *gratuitously.*—It is idle to expect simplicity of law with the complications of *civilized* society.—It is absurd to imprison insolvents; but wise to hang for forgery, though it will be difficult to draw a line broad enough to place impunity on one side and death on the other, for acts that bear to each other an extraordinary degree of resemblance—and certainly, murder and forgery can never, with any shew of reason, be placed on the same level. Quibbles must be got rid of—a man is not to lose his action of damages because he has been driven over by a *mare*, when his lawyer called her a *horse*, nor a thief to be acquitted of stealing ducks because some of them were drakes—abominations which still exist in the administration of our laws, notwithstanding we have been lauding Mr. Peel for years—for what?

Among the "political" notes, he talks of the pervading passion for titles and distinctions, and augurs sad results—but contempt for them is perhaps all that is likely to follow from the existing abuse. He instances the case of charity societies, with

Patron, Patroness,
Vice Patrons, Vice Patronesses,
Governor, Deputy Governor,
Trustees,
Chairman,
Deputy Chairman,
Directors,
Treasurer, Deputy Treasurer,
Auditors,
Physician, Surgeon,
Counsel, Solicitor,

&c. &c. &c.

Among the sources of corruption in language, he notices the general tendency to hyperbolism. If a person falls out of a window, and breaks a limb, he is sure to be "literally dashed to pieces," though literally picked up in one piece —"literally broke every bone in his body," is of common occurrence in the papers. If a man drives a dust cart against a post, the papers tell us the wheel *came in contact* with the post. Workmen are universally *operatives*, as being more genteel. Shopmen are *assistants*. The apothecary's shop is the *surgery*. The newspaper drudges are *gentlemen of the press*. The attorneys are all esquires—and *gentlemen*, we believe, by law. The new measures and weights, lately introduced, are, by statute, the *imperial*. The trust for managing the roads round London is also, by statute,

called the *metropolitan* road trust. The post-office cars are nicknamed *accelerators*, by authority. The one-horse chaises, lately introduced, might have been called *hackney gigs*, but *cabriolet* is foreign, and better because not so intelligible. A club of schoolmasters call themselves the *philological* society, as if it were an union for the study of languages, &c. The book will amuse for half an hour, and sometimes furnish useful hints.

Social Life in England and France, from the Days of Charles to the recent French Revolution—This little volume must be regarded as the sequel to Miss Berrey's former publication, the character of which was estimated highly, but certainly not more so than it well deserved. The work consists of a series of sketches, rather than any consecutive view, of what strikes her as the most prominent topics, important in themselves, or the precursors and causes of important results. In the present volume she comes within her own times, and doubtless her own opportunities have been peculiarly favourable for sketching the career of certain classes of society, both in England and France. It is only with the superior classes she is concerned; though lower ones are by degrees, and quite inevitably modified by them; for so active is the principle of imitation on us, that one class cannot change its habits, but the next lowest will be sure to be influenced, and in many cases the next highest, more or less. Manners ascend as well as descend. The upper ranks, in many respects, are neither so fastidious, nor the lower so coarse as they were, but a few years ago.

The times of Pitt and Fox constitute the first topic of remark. The political world had not been so decidedly split since the days of Anne. The opposition ranked among them almost the whole exhibitable talent of the day; the prince was at their head, and the fashionable world went with them. The two courts were the centres of political faction; nor was women's influence wanting on either side. The Queen on one side, and the Duchess of Devonshire on the other. The first all form and ceremony and prejudice; the other all freedom, gaiety, and liberality—not licentiousness. Not only were the arts patronized, but artists themselves were admitted within the pale of society; and homely manners, as well as stiff ones, gave way to ease and refinement.

The French war, by keeping young men at home, interfered with the advantages derivable from intercourse with foreign variety of character and manners; but the army and navy, which absorbed many of them, became schools of intelligence and improvement. For from the extraordinary state of public affairs, they were brought into contact with the diplomatic world, and proved eventually as dextrous and polished and reserved, as they had before been coarse, blunt, and ignorant.

But nothing produced so striking a change upon the higher classes as taxation. The great got rid of their useless retainers, useless carriages, useless horses. From the moment these things became taxable, every body began to consider how many they could dispense with. Nobody since then keeps more than he has occasion for; and the effect has been, beyond doubt, to produce better managed establishments, and more effective services. The same cause brought about retrenchments in costly entertainments, and hospitality in their rural domains shrank to nothing.

The commerce of the country meanwhile increasing, large fortunes fell into new hands; and these, disposed to spend their new gains, had no other means of forcing themselves into notice than courting the chaperonnement of the hitherto exclusively great. These had ceased to squander, but they were ready enough to assist others in squandering, and especially in rendering them ridiculous. Fetes and entertainments followed, where the entertainer knew not the names of one-half of his guests. Rank and wealth were getting rapidly confounded. To check the career of this mortifying confusion sprang up Almack's—a scheme professedly and essentially exclusive, but proceeding, in part also, from the inability of numbers, in the higher ranks of life, to compete with the nouveaux riches in entertainments at home.

The writer's glances at France are more interesting, in as much as they are less familiar. She sketches the return to habits of civilized society, under the Bonapartes, with considerable effect; and has many remarks of great truth and acuteness. Under all the political changes she detects one great purpose of the nation—a determination to obtain a general participation of rights. From the return of the Bourbons who struggled to recover their old privileges, and force back the stream of opinion; and through the whole fifteen years the influential part of the people have as steadily prosecuted what may fairly be deemed the will of the nation. In domestic habits the difference is very memorable; and such as may well be balanced against the very horrors through which the people have fought their way to the possession of political independence. From the abolition of convents and seminaries, children were educated at home, and the practice has generally con-

tinued; and from the general agitations without, domestic habits were cultivated, and continue now that the occasion is less imperative. People no longer live for the world, but more for themselves; and those who ministered to the follies of the fashionable world and hung upon the great, have been driven to other sources of livelihood. The consequence is, that in all classes of society appears a general improvement in tone and manner—independence is the characteristic. The great are stript of their privileges—properties are broken down, and the owners are more simple and natural; while the middle ranks are no longer blind slaves of the rich, but depend for custom, employment, and patronage, on the superiority of their services, and less on intrigue, &c.

Journal of a Residence in Germany, in 2 vols., 8vo. by Wm. Beattie, M. D.—Dr. Beattie accompanied, in quality of physician, the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, on three visiting tours, 1822, 1825, and 1826, to the courts of their respective relatives—Meningen, Hesse Homberg, and Stuttgardt; and, like other young men, just fresh from college, kept a journal, and stuffed it with trite quotation, bits of sing-song, and scraps of sentiment. The turn of the wheel brings his patron to the crown, and Dr. Beattie is too experienced a courtier not to know that though the duke might be nothing, the king is every thing. Accordingly he rubs up his forgotten journal, and giving the old duke all the polish and importance of the new king, discovers a fresh and blooming interest on every word, sentiment, grace, and incident—all as suddenly, and as by magic, become matter of sovereign worth,

To anybody but a courtier, or a would-be courtier, the book, however, will prove perfectly useless, or at best superfluous, for he knows, of course, a king can be nothing but—a king. It is wholly occupied with the royal movements—with the virtues and graces of both their royal highnesses, and with those of all their august relatives, male and female, young and old. The very aide-de-camps and "bed-chamber women" are all nonpareils. Nothing can exceed the fascinations of the ladies but the affabilities of the gentlemen; and we know not how it comes about, but certainly the gentlemen do bear away the bell—their waltzing is exquisite. The doctor must have been born a courtier—he takes to the office as naturally as a spaniel takes to the water.

The duke is, of course, the conspicuous figure, though also, of course, the duchess is not forgotten, nor the two Miss Fitzclarences who accompanied them. At Mayence the duke visited the cathedral, and was "much pleased with the descriptive detail of the Cicerone;" and "*no less so* with the striking scenery through which he had passed on the day's route,"—he was as ready to compliment nature as art. Quitting the cathedral, some Prussian soldiers passed with a band, and so stirring was the music that his royal highness walked for nearly an hour to keep within hearing of it—dragging poor Dr. Beattie at his heels the whole time. For eight days before his arrival at Meiningen his royal highness did not dine more than twice. *Every* morning he breakfasted at seven, and "on tea and a simple slice of dry toast," i. e. *one* slice, the dimensions of which appear, unluckily, to have escaped the doctor's recollection. This breakfast he pronounces to be Spartan fare. But though his royal highness had but two dinners in eight days, "slight luncheons, consisting of cold fowl, Westphalia ham, veal, or *gibier*—the latter a favourite viand—were prepared and put in a small basket in the chariot, *and one or more* of these, with bread, formed the staple banquet of the day, and were resorted to at pleasure." This is sadly vague to be sure—there is no ascertaining from these data either the number of these luncheons, or the quantity consumed at each, or whether upon the whole they might not together amount to a respectable dinner. At the end of his day's journey his "royal highness took tea—and only green tea—of which a supply was brought from Ghent." No matter how late the hour, or how potent the infusion, this green tea from Ghent never interfered with his royal highness's rest. Such, concludes the admiring and wondering doctor, is the power of long habit—the triumph of royal habits and a royal stomach over green tea from Ghent. His royal highness's virtues are beyond all enumeration—he is an excellent arithmetician. "He looks over all his accounts himself;" and, for fear we should not feel the force of the phrase, he paraphrases it thus:—"he sums up, calculates, adjusts, and compares, nicely balancing every item." Notwithstanding his long practice in the art, his royal highness could with difficulty be persuaded that his journey had not in reality cost more than the treasurer of the household, or whatever he is called, charged him with. Not only, too, was his royal highness upon all occasions an excellent father, master, husband, &c. &c. but also careful of his own health—he wore galoches—and, moreover, a delightful patient. He had due confidence in Dr. Beattie, and took all his prescriptions. "I will do you the justice," said his royal highness to Dr. Beattie, "to say, that although a young

physician," the medicines you have given me through my illness have fully answered the purpose intended," &c. But enough of this—who can doubt but every one become a king as long as he lives must have every virtue under heaven.

Next to the Duke and Duchess figure the royal sisters of his royal highness's "august family," the Landgravine of Hesse Homberg and the Queen of Wirtemberg. Of the former the doctor affirms, as of his own knowledge, that she "has done more for the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants than all the combined events of the last century;" and of the Queen of Wirtemberg he makes a perfect divinity; of her—"the whole country worship her." Her liveries are bright orange with black facings; and every body goes to court in boots. A Princess of Wirtemberg was going to be married to Duke Michael of Russia, and a patriarch of the Greek church had arrived charged with the duty of initiating the young lady in the mysteries of "that religion." "He is a venerable personage," says Dr. Beattie, "*justly proud of his holy task.*" Similar foppery pervades the volumes. Now and then he presents us with a specimen of the sentimental. At some royal supper the windows were thrown open, and a lot of bats flew in, which the Queen of Wirtemberg would not allow to be driven out. When she quitted the room, however, they were forthwith expelled without ceremony, and one that was obstinate was killed. "Pauvre malheureux!" sighed a beautiful young lady, "how readily would the royal hand have interposed even in thy behalf, had she suspected the smallest design against thy little summer existence. I heard the crush (!) as he placed his iron heel upon thy late happy and defenceless breast. I witnessed and cannot forgive the act. Thy little roost under my window will be empty to-morrow. I shall have one fewer in the evening to welcome me in my forest walk. This brief life was thy immortality—the blow, therefore, doubly cruel—ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns." The girl might be silly, or smile while she uttered the rhapsody, but the doctor repeats it gravely, and can be nothing but a ——

Bogle Corbett, by J. Galt, Esq. 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—We have had some difficulty in wading through Bogle Corbett. It is too literally and severely a copy of realities—it has nothing of the beau ideal about it, and is relative to a class of life which has few charms for general readers to contemplate. Merely to go over the dull detail of every-day measures too much within every body's experience, is like living over again one's own annoyances. We do not, of course, wish to depreciate such a writer as Mr. Galt, who, beyond any man of his day, perhaps, can enter into assumed characters and make another's feelings his own. He does so—not too intensely for truth—but too minutely for pleasure, because his subjects are seldom of the agreeable caste, and often essentially coarse. Certainly he does not contrive to convey pleasurable impressions—nay, he may be said often to labour studiously to leave nothing but discomfort behind him. The hero is a man of common education, brought up as a weaver, and in due time in business as a manufacturer. For the sake of capital he enters into partnership with a fool, and by a succession of difficulties, to which mercantile matters are subject, occasionally from the political condition of the times, and by the blunders and rashness of his partner, becomes a bankrupt. The dealings of the firm had been a good deal with the West Indies, and through the influence and favour of his friends, he procures a West India agency. By degrees West India interests also decay from one cause or other, and he loses his agencies, chiefly because he cannot make money-advances, and the whole connection is rapidly slipping through his fingers. Meanwhile he makes a love marriage, and the lady dies in child-birth; he makes a second for convenience, and marries a good sort of woman, honest and active, but coarse and of little or no congeniality, of whom we have a vast deal too much, unless a dash of humour could have been thrown into her. Before ruin quite overtakes Bogle Corbett, he emigrates to Canada, where, of course, Mr. Galt is quite at home, and we have the relics of gatherings, during his own residence there, and already communicated in Lowrie Todd. The story terminates abruptly, with the second year of Bogle's residence, when matters are beginning to settle into something like order and combination. An opportunity is thus left for a new story, to trace the subsequent career of the new colonists.

Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knt., by D. E. Williams. Esq., 2 *vols.*, 8*vo.*—All depends upon the booksellers, and a man is to flourish or fade with posterity, precisely according to the publisher's chance of making money of his memory. No sooner does a man die, whose name has, in any way, been much *in ora virum*, than some stirring bookseller bargains with a manufacturer for a brace of octavos—one is scarcely worth his consideration, for it is as cheap to puff two volumes as a single one, and the gain, within certain limits, is proportioned to the bulk. With him one

and one make two, though the Chancellor of the Exchequer, occasionally it may be, finds a different result. This is the whole secret of our two volume lives—in most of the cases which we recollect any thing about in modern times, *one* volume would have been more than enough. In Sir Thomas Lawrence's certainly, instead of 1200 pages, 200 would have afforded ample scope for telling all which the world could desire to know of him, and have embraced, besides, every item of his correspondence which it could have done him any credit to publish.

Campbell, the poet, was announced as the biographer before poor Sir Thomas was fairly in his grave, to the surprise, we believe, of all who knew him; for certainly he was not the man to biographize at the rate of two volumes in a few months—implying, as such a feat does, a contempt of all selection—a disregard for all weighing and balancing—a mere heaping and piling whatever can be scratched together, or can by possibility be linked with the subject. Mr. Campbell, however, quickly relinquished the ungrateful task, under the pretence of want of health and leisure, and consigned the whole affair, with all the accumulations, into the hands of the publisher's nominee—a man after their own hearts—one who obviously could work to pattern, and play the part of executioner to Procrustes.

Lawrence was born in 1769, at Bristol. A prodigious effort is made to connect him with the baronetage on both sides. The failure is complete as to the father, who was, if it be of any importance, the son of a dissenting teacher. The mother was the daughter of a clergyman of the establishment, and certainly allied to a Warwickshire baronet. For some time they kept an inn at Bristol, and soon after a posting-house at Devizes, where the father was well known to the habitual visitors of Bath, especially for worrying his customers with the prodigious talents of little Tommy. And wonderful, no doubt, they were—if ever boy had a decided bent he had; before he was six years old he drew a good likeness of Kenyon and his wife. While yet a child he supported the family by the exertions of his talents, and continued to do so, at Bath, or in London, till their death in 1797. As a very remarkable boy he had been exceedingly petted by the neighbourhood, and his agreeable manners gained him admittance into numerous families of respectability and distinction. His career in London was facilitated by his friends, for, though wholly unknown to painters and their connections, he was made an Associate of the Academy by an act of royal authority, before the usual age—a circumstance which gave occasion to one of Pindar's happiest hits. Hoppner's death left him without a rival in his own department, and he succeeded, on that occasion, to the Prince of Wales's patronage. In his regency he employed Lawrence to paint the emperors on their visit to London, and subsequently despatched him to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna and Rome, to paint the rest of the royal personages, generals, ministers, &c., where he reaped a rich harvest of fame and money. Never was man more tickled with the honours showered upon him, or better paid for his labours—400 guineas a portrait, and 1000 guineas for travelling expenses. On his return he was made President of the Academy, and continued, till within a few days of his death, to paint without intermission, and at enormous prices. Yet was he constantly in difficulties about money matters, the source of which is traced to liberality, and indifference about his interests; but with all this the world has little to do, and as little with his *liaisons*, as the biographer calls what he elsewhere represents as mere platonism.

In the correspondence there is but little which will bear reading, and still less relative to his art. Of gossip about the Great there is abundance. His details of the domestic life of the Princess Charlotte have been read by every body, in the daily and weekly papers; but it is not every one who can sympathize with Lawrence's all but adoration of the great. The eternal straining after compliment with his lady correspondents is almost equally offensive; he is perpetually mistaking elaborate refinement for gentlemanly ease and politeness and qualities—words for ever at his pen's point, as they were at his tongue's end. So much of sentiment is thrown into every thing, that it excites suspicion it existed only upon paper—he sends his never-dying love to the ladies, &c. The correspondence, it is said, very correctly, has been doctored, and it is certain, the biographer saw nothing but "copies," which is itself a very suspicious circumstance. The letters to Mr. Peel should, in common propriety, have been suppressed—especially the begging letters. While obviously thinking himself the very pink of courtesy, he is throwing himself prostrate at the feet of a patron.

Dr. Brewster's Optics.—Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XIX.—Dr. Brewster occupies sixty or seventy pages with the principles of optics, accompanied with abundance of diagrams, to the peremptory exclusion of all mathematics. The consequence is, that *rules* are repeatedly given without reasons, though, if Dr.

Brewster had presumed on his readers, but very slight acquaintance with geometry and proportions, he might have readily supplied this serious deficiency; and really nobody, who is entirely ignorant of these matters, is likely even to look at the book. The rest of the volume is taken up with physical optics—optical phenomena—and optical instruments. The portion relative to physical optics is of the largest extent, and is that in which the author has given proof of his well known industry, and extensive acquaintance with the results of science in every part of Europe. But the work has obviously been got up in haste, and every thing that could be laid hold of, sound and unsound, has been piled together to fill it.

For many years in the history of modern science, the *heating* power of the spectrum was supposed to be in proportion to the quantity of light, and yellow was declared to carry most heat. Dr. Herschel, however, *proved*, that heat gradually increased from the violet to the red, and moreover, that beyond the red—beyond the limits of the spectrum, to the extent of an inch and a half, the heat continued to increase, though no light was perceptible. Hence he drew the *important* conclusion, "that there were invisible rays in the light of the sun, which had the power of producing heat, and which had a less degree of refrangibility than red light"—or, in other words, that there were such things as calorific rays, distinct from those of colour. Then came M. Berard, of Montpelier, who also *proved*, that the maximum heat was at the extremity of the red; and though he did not quite deny the presence of heat beyond the spectrum, he affirmed it was not more than one-fifth above that of the ambient air. Next we had Sir Humphrey, who contrived to confirm Dr. Herschel's account, announcing, at the same time, that the cause of M. Berard's conflicting conclusion, was assignable to his using thermometers with circular bulbs, and of a larger size;—but did that settle the question or prove any thing, but that these experimentalists found different results under different circumstances? But finally comes M. Serbeck, who *proves*—they all prove—that after all, the point of maximum heat depends on the material of the prism—one of water gives, yellow—one of a solution of sal-ammoniac, orange—one of crown or plate glass, red—while flint glass alone carries it *beyond* the red. And this is *science*.

The magnetizing power of the violet rays has often been alluded to within the last twenty years. Dr. Marichini first announced the *fact*, and exhibited the effect before Sir Humphry, Professor Playfair, and other English philosophers, to their entire satisfaction we believe. Other philosophers, not English, and among them M. Berard, with all his efforts, could make nothing of the violet rays and the needles, and the *fact*, in consequence, fell into discredit. Not long ago Mrs. Somerville revived the pretensions and the credit of the violet rays, and even associated to the same honours, the indigo, blue and green;—and subsequently Baumgartner, of Vienna, and Christie, of Woolwich, found out that the whole assemblage of the rays, or the combined power of the whole spectrum, performed wonders in the same way, far surpassing those of the violet, green, indigo, or blue. A loadstone, which carried a pound and a half when exposed to the full light of the sun, was speedily made to carry double. But after all, notwithstanding these experiments and proofs, Messrs. Reiss and Moser, after a series of what Dr. Brewster characterizes as well-conducted experiments, can make the rays of light, neither separate nor combined, magnetize at all; and they consider themselves fully warranted in "rejecting totally a *discovery* which, for seventeen years has, at different times, disturbed science." And all is, notwithstanding, still to be called science, and pre-eminently SCIENCE.

Botanical Miscellany, by William Jackson Hooker. L.L.D., Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. Part V.—This is a quarterly publication, which has not fallen into our hands before. It takes a handsome and imposing shape, and appears to be respectably got up in every branch of its execution. The conductor seems to be in correspondence with men of science—medical men—in India, and in every other quarter of the world. The contents of the fasciculus before us, consist of biographical sketches of deceased botanists—communications from different quarters at home and abroad—with botanical excursions by residents in both Indies, accompanied by twenty figures of plants, in outlines slightly shaded, and ten others, of a quarto size, of Indian plants, well coloured. Among the biographical notices, is one of a Captain Dugald Carmichael, who seems to have spent the prime of his life at the Cape, and on his return home to have settled on the Argyle coast. "He complained," says the writer, "of the difficulty of getting access to books in his retired place of abode; but when I urged him to come and live in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, his answer invariably was—'how should I live without the woods and mountains and deep dells which afford me fungi; on the rocky beach, that yields me such

an infinite variety of amusement in the curious Algæ, among which I am daily discovering something new?' " Well! were it not for such men the knowledge of nature would make but slow way.

Thaddeus of Warsaw—Standard Novels. Vol. IV.—It is now thirty years since Miss Jane Porter published her Thaddeus of Warsaw—the first of the class of biographical romances which Sir Walter Scott has since brought into such fashion and repute, and in which, she observes, he had done her the honour to adopt her precedent. In her turn she is delighted to follow his example, in communicating to the world all it is desirous to know of a writer's views, when first framing these particular fictions. Her interest in favour of the Poles was first raised by seeing numbers of the refugees, after the last partition of Poland, roaming forlornly in St. James's Park. Some years after, when Kosciusko was released by Paul of Russia, and came to London in his way to America, Miss Porter's brother was introduced to him, and thus he became the topic of family talk; and finally, when she took to writing, the hero of the young lady's romance. Mrs. Radcliffe ate raw steaks to stir her imagination, and Schiller hung his room with black drapery, and wrote by the glimmer of a farthing rush-light;—while Miss Porter worked away in her brother's study or painting room, in which was suspended Abercombie's " war-dyed coat," and the waistcoat, bullet-torn, of some other commander, to give intensity to the strokes with which she dashed off the campaigns of Thaddeus Sobieski.

Henry Pestalozzi—his Life and Writings, by Dr. Biber.—Whatever may have been Dr. Biber's intentions or anticipations, it is obvious his biography is little calculated to elevate our conceptions of the qualities or the merits of Pestalozzi, save only as to kind and generous feeling and irrepressible resolve. Many of his cotemporaries considered him as half crazy, and Dr. Biber scarcely wishes his readers to think him otherwise. Judging of him by the Doctor's representations, Pestalozzi had but " one idea," and that one not very strictly defined—certainly in none of its details. From the beginning to the end, a period of sixty years, he went stumbling, but still struggling on, and was finally indebted to others for making out his meaning, and aiding him in reducing the matter to practice. He never, perhaps, had a precise view of his object, nor could conceive any definite means of realizing it—neither philosophy to generalize, nor language to develope his purpose. He found out very early that writers were perpetually talking of what they knew little or nothing, and, in disgust, but with no discretion, threw all his books aside. He read nothing for thirty years. *Words* were only calculated to mislead, and he would have nothing to do thenceforth with aught but *things*. Education was wholly occupied with words, and therefore, education must be reformed or rather revolutionized, and he must be the agent. Life was accordingly consumed in impotent, but persevering efforts to effect a change in national education, while he had no definite views of the mode in which such an effect was to be brought about. With the true spirit of a German, every thing teachable seemed to him capable of being reduced to sound, form, and number; and ears, eyes and fingers were accordingly the proper instruments of education—in communicating and receiving. All abstractions were renounced as mere words incapable of being coupled with things, and so unidentifiable with their objects.

There can be no doubt, in any sane person's mind, but the instrumentality of the senses has been *too much neglected*, but never was it wholly so, as Pestalozzi and his friends would have the world believe. There never yet was a teacher of any fitness for his office who did not tax his pupil's senses to aid his mental conceptions. Nay, every old dame who required a child to tell her how many two and three made, directed him, if there was any hesitation, to count his fingers, and thus gave him precise ideas of numbers—and what in principle has Pestalozzi done more?

Pestalozzi was born in Switzerland (1745), the son of a physician, and was himself destined for the church; but failing in his preliminary exercises, and quarrelling with his books, he took to farming. No sooner was he in possession of his little property than he resolved to couple his new profession with his new views of the necessities of education. For this purpose he collected some fifty children among his poor neighbours, and set to work to instruct them and cultivate his farm by the same act—with an utter indifference as to any results but the improvement of his protegés in *practical* knowledge. He himself knew nothing in fact of farming, and it is no wonder that the scheme, with all its benevolence, ended in completing the ruin of his property; nevertheless he had the gratification of essentially awakening and rousing the intellects of a considerable number of poor forlorn lads, in the interval between 1775 and 1790; and of promoting extensively kind thoughts, for the children were all delighted with one who entered so warmly into their feelings, and gave himself so completely up to them.

Disappointed as he was, he never despaired, and successively, at Stantz, Burgdorff, and finally at Yverdun, he was enabled, sometimes by the government, and sometimes by private friends, to resume his attempts. They all, however, terminated in the same results; he was incapable of comprehending the relation between receipt and expenditure, or at least of being influenced by it. Confusion soon found its way into his establishments, and he repeatedly became the dupe and victim of treacherous assistants, till death finally overtook him in 1827, embittered by annoyance and mortification.

After Dr. Biber's sketch of Pestalozzi's life, he reviews his literary works, and attempts to explain the process by which he and his coadjutors endeavoured to realize their purposes in several branches of instruction. But Dr. Biber rarely succeeds in giving distinct views, and the reader will often find himself, after looking through a very fatiguing book, but little the wiser. Dr. Biber writes English very well in a certain style, but he is never easy or idiomatic—no foreigner can be—and to this must be ascribed much of the mistiness which hangs over the whole. Then he reasons one to death too. At the same time, too, he has formed far higher notions of the value of education, in all cases, and of Pestalozzi's principles, than we think either deserves. It is clear to us, he, like many others, considers the subject too narrowly and artificially, or he and they would ascribe more force to the imitative principles of children, and the natural activity and growth of the intellect. All need not, and is not, to be done by *teaching*. We never knew the children of active-minded people—with the means of knowledge at hand—fail of making large acquisitions, though left a good deal to their own caprices.

We extract a comparison of Fellenberg and Pestalozzi's views, which we find are often confounded:—

Fellenberg was endeavouring to trace out the shortest and most efficient way for rendering his pupils fit members of society; his education was essentially an education for the world; every child was placed in his establishment, exactly in that rank in which he would have to appear hereafter in life (that is, such was the profession, and such might be the aim, but as impracticable manifestly as leaping over the moon); his occupations, his instruction, his mode of living, every thing was calculated to prepare him for his social position. Pestalozzi's object, on the contrary, was by the most direct, and the most simple, though it might be the slowest course, to foster the internal growth of the intellectual and moral man—to the claims of the world he turned a deaf ear—he asked not for what society, but for what God had destined the child—his education was essentially an education in reference to the purpose of God, for the accomplishment of his will and law in human nature—and the position of each pupil in his establishment was accordingly founded, not upon the artificial institutions of society, but upon a spirit of freedom and brotherly love.

The Twelve Nights.—A dozen tales, most or all of which have appeared in periodicals, and are thought, of course, by the author, to deserve something more than a month's immortality. They are mere incidents, but detailed with considerable skill, and some simplicity, and will while away an hour or two agreeably enough with those who have not had the luck to read them before, or, having read, to remember them. It is unfortunate for collections of this kind, that the parties into whose hands they usually fall, are precisely those who are most familiar with periodicals. One of the stories, it is entitled "Tales of the Dead," has something quite original in its conception. In a party, accidentally collected, one has been hanged and resuscitated—a second, drowned and brought to life again—a third, impaled for breaking into the Grand Seignior's seraglio, and released by the slipping off of the weights attached to his legs, after the torture of a day or *two*. After the first horrors, these gentlemen represent their sensations to have been quite enviable; when up rises, as promptly and lightly as he was able, a fat Abbé, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, you talk this matter well; but if I were to describe the fate which I once narrowly escaped—if you could only for an hour or two experience the horrors of a surfeit, you would speak in more respectful terms of the grim king of terrors. Death has many doors—all of them, in my opinion, disagreeable enough; but, take my word for it, it is no joke to be despatched into eternity by an indigestible Strasburg pie."

Reasons for the Hope that is in Us, &c., by Robert Ainslie, W. S., Author of a "Father's Gift to his Children."—A glance at the evidences of natural and revealed religion, written originally for the benefit of the author's family, and enlarged and published for that of the world. Epitomes of this kind are of use at least to the individual himself, because he must of necessity examine, and define and discuss, as he goes, which is not the case always when a man merely reads; and useful also occasionally to his family and friends, because they will often lend attention to what would otherwise be passed by with indifference, when it comes from one who is dear to

them. Few men, to be sure, are prophets at home, but a writer usually enlists family vanity in his favour, and papa's book will be read because some credit is thought to be reflected on his children. But here such things should stop, and certainly not be printed and published. Respectable as Mr. Ainslie's book is, it adds *nothing* to the stock of information on the matter, and is therefore superfluous. The able "Writer of the Signet" presumes too much on his professional skill in describing the details of evidence, and considers himself entitled to attention specifically on this ground. A little self-deception is the commonest thing in the world; and it was no doubt easy for the author to believe that Paley and Chalmers would have done better had they been lawyers as well as divines. Certainly Mr. Ainslie has not exhibited his *legal* advantages in a very favourable view; and it is pretty clear that sound sense and sagacity, employed independently, must be of more service in matters of this kind than the acumen of the courts—where men are engaged not in exhibiting truth, but in detecting one set of errors and establishing another. At all events truth is not the object, but the carrying of the cause. We are quite satisfied that much of the evidence which this gentleman here admits and urges without scruple, would have been rejected by him in a court of justice, had he been judge, juryman, attorney, or opposing counsel.

Comparing the state of religious sentiments among the heathens with those of Jews and Christians, he quotes Agrippa's declaration to the senate, "that the Gods themselves must submit to fate," as if such a declaration in such a place, and on such an occasion, were to be taken as the cool measure of his own sentiments, or even of that of the majority of those who heard it. Pliny, again, describing the consternation occasioned by the explosions of Vesuvius, says, "they made people think that gods and men were perishing in one common ruin," as if this were any thing but a rhetorical flourish, to be matched by scores of passages of precisely similar import from half the christian poets extant, without impeaching the spirituality of their conceptions.

The Young Duke, by the Author of "Vivian Grey;" 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Young D'Israeli, already well known by his Vivian Grey, is a very clever fellow, who, with considerable knowledge, with a sharp eye and ready wit, with a happy tact at seizing the ludicrous and eccentric, with great power of describing, with abundance of language to paint not only the visible, but the metaphysical, reasons, and generalizes and speculates, as the whim takes him; now like a philosopher, and now, where we like him better, like a poet, and now and then also, must we say, like—a puppy? The new story is nothing—the virtue is all in the manner—it is that of a Young Duke, who, coming into possession of prodigious wealth, accumulated by a long minority, dashes into all sorts of extravagance—takes the lead wherever he goes—successfully partakes of every folly, and exhausts every source of pleasure, till he gets hampered and embarrassed, and is brought to consideration partly by the difficulties into which he has thus thrown himself, partly by the weariness of his feelings, and partly by a pair of bright eyes. There are few of the scenes which are not recognizable by a person familiar with London life; every where, such an one might say, the author is alluding to so and so, or he has such and such an one in his eye. Particular scenes are worked up with great skill and force, and abused and ridiculed as the author has been, we stake our critical reputation upon the gaming scene, beginning page 66, vol. iii. which cannot be clipt, and never, in its way, was surpassed. We have no space for the extract—it is a choice morsel.

Spain in 1830, *by Henry D. Inglis,—heretofore known by the nom-de-guerre of Derwent Conway,* 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—Its superiority as a book of travels is obvious at the first glance, and we can assure the reader he will reap much valuable information as to the actual condition of Spain, both political and domestic. Mr. Inglis is not content with merely recording what chance throws in his way, nor does he scamper over the country post-haste, but takes time—inquires, compares, digests, and in the results communicates more real knowledge of Spain in a few pages than many travellers in a volume. The "Young American's" was not a bad book, but will not bear comparison with Mr. Inglis's; and as to Sir Arthur Brooke's, though written pleasantly enough, it tells of little but his personal adventures, which were scarcely worth the telling. Except the north-west of Spain, Mr. Inglis has visited all the more remarkable parts of the country. Entering Spain from France, in the month of May, he spent two or three weeks first at Bilboa, and then proceeded to Madrid, where he passed the summer, making occasional excursions to the Escurial, Segovia, Toledo, &c. On the approach of autumn he set out for Cordova, and visiting successively Seville, Xeres, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Murcia, Alicant, Valentia, by the close of the year reached Barcelona—*finis chartæque viæque*—for there he ends his tra-

vels, and writes his book. Within a few months Mr. I. has thus contemplated all the most interesting portions of Spain, especially of the south, and in no book of travels will readers find the character of the Spaniards better described, or the condition and circumstances of the people, in the different and even dissimilar parts of the country, more satisfactorily detailed. The north, and centre, and south of Spain are strikingly distinguished from each other; they are indeed three separate nations, with few qualities in common among them. Mr. Inglis's attention is closely drawn to the political state of the country, and his anticipations of any advance towards a constitutional government are very far from encouraging. The government is in much greater danger of falling into the hands of the Absolutists. The Basque provinces are already comparatively free —they have their political privileges, and trouble themselves little about the matter—while the south, from indolence or ignorance, care nothing about freedom, and will not wag a finger to promote it.

"I left England," says Mr. I., "in the belief that there existed in Spain two great parties—the constitutionalists and the adherents of the government; the latter, indeed, somewhat divided, and comprising many shades of opinion, ranging from absolutism to a point somewhere between that and moderation. But this estimate I discovered to be very erroneous. I found three parties in Spain—the absolutists, there denominated Carlists; the government party, there called the moderate party; and the liberals. The most influential of these parties is, beyond all question, the first. Reckoning the total population of Spain, this party is by far the most numerous; it comprises the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain; and in many parts almost the whole population, as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Castiles, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia. It comprises, with few exceptions, the 130,000 friars, and a great majority of the clergy, and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. The wealth of the church and the convents is immense. This party is devoted to Carlos, the king's brother, and chiefly because he is considered to be a man of more firmness, and more to be relied upon in case of a struggle than the king.

"In point of numbers the liberals come next, better known in England as constitutionalists. But if, by this party, says Mr. I., be meant those who desire a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to an army of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but if, by the liberal party, we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country, and subtracting from the population the lowest orders, the employées, the friars, and the priests, it possesses a great numerical majority. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain, the light of intellect spreads but a little way; for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered, that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain; and that, therefore, enlightened Spain and enlightened England ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

"With respect to the adherents of the existing government, it is a curious fact," adds Mr. I., "that they should be the fewest; yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception of perhaps the majority of the employées, a part of the regular clergy (meaning the *secular* clergy), and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered; and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of its actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are centred in a few; and above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain a tenure, that few, excepting those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.

"The Spanish government will fall by its weakness, rather than by its vices—it is the prospect of a stronger, not of a more virtuous government, that excites the exertions of the Carlists. The mass of the population of Spain take little heed of the vices of the government, and are entirely indifferent about political privileges. The Basque provinces, which are the most enlightened, have little to complain of, for they enjoy a multitude of privileges and exemptions, which are well defined and jealously maintained;—and as for the Spaniard of

the southern provinces, give him his shade in summer, and his sunshine in winter, his tobacco, his melon, his dates, his bread, and his wine—give him a hole te creep into, and put him within sound of a convent bell, and he asks no more; or if you rise a degree or two in society, and speak of the respectable peasant, then give him his embroidered jacket, his tasselled hat, his guitar, and his naja (sweetheart), and it is matter of indifference to him whether Spain be ruled by a Caligula or a Titus."

The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated; 2 vols. 8vo.—These very handsome volumes comprise descriptions and figures of about sixty or seventy quadrupeds, and as many birds, all taken from living specimens in the Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society. The engravings are chiefly by Branston and Wright, from drawings by Harvey, all delineated in excellent taste, and executed with great delicacy and effect. The ornamental part naturally first arrests the eye; but the descriptions, by Mr. Bennett, who holds some office in the institution, are deserving of the highest commendation, for the general sobriety of the performance. Every thing of doubtful authority is rejected, and many absurd impressions relative to the habits and powers of animals are corrected. As the Society's stock accumulates, we shall be glad to see more of these volumes—nothing can be better.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

EVERY thing that relates to *water*, is supposed to find especial favour in the eyes of our present sovereign; and, accordingly, we have here, dedicated to him, the two first parts of a new work in quarto, called the *Watering Places of Great Britain*, illustrated with views of all the places of resort in the united kingdom, engraved by Allen, Rogers, &c., from designs by Turner, Stanfield, Cox, Bartlett, Gastineau, and others. The work is well projected, and the specimens before us give promise of a successful issue. They comprise subjects that have long been matters of no common periodical interest to all the London world at least; and we dare say that there are thousands who will turn over these prints with the most animating and delightful recollections of the sunny spots and pleasant places they have so often visited. They are like portraits of our old friends; and will captivate many eyes that would be utterly insensible to the beauties of Grecian architecture or Indian scenery, not because the views are more picturesque, but because they are more familiar, and have been the scenes of personal enjoyment. For ourselves we have hardly made up our minds which is best—to take a trip to some of these enchanted resorts here delineated, or to stay quietly at home and contemplate their attractions engraved upon steel. The pictures are, at all events, quite equal to the places—superior in some respects; for we see them from the best point and to the best advantage—the weather looks fine in all of them—the people seem not at all fatigued and horror-stricken at the expenses, as they always do in the originals; and, accordingly, Brighton looks in all its aspects much more inviting than it really is. The views are, in addition to a vignette of Ramsgate Harbour—Brighton Chain-Pier—Sherborne Spa, Cheltenham—Worthing—Broadstairs—Pavilion, Statue and Church, Brighton—and Margate Pier and Harbour. The literary department consists of a history of Brighton given at considerable length, and well written, comprising every thing the visitor can wish to know concerning its ancient state and present prosperity, an account of its population, buildings, and embellishments; besides a fashionable directory, and a guide to the best hotels, boarding-houses, and baths—so that the world will, henceforward, be without an excuse for not paying a visit to a scene that comprises so many attractions.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Allan Cunningham: the Fifth Volume of his Lives of the British Painters and Sculptors.

By Charles Severn: the First Lines of the Practice of Midwifery, with Remarks on the evidence required in cases of Fœticide and Infanticide.

By Professor Lee: the long-expected Prolegomena, a translation of the New Testament into Hebrew, printed with the Points. Other editions of the same:—Hebrew and English, Hebrew and Greek, Hebrew and German, and Hebrew and French.

By F. W. N. Bayley: a Series of Tales, describing some of the principal Events that have taken place at Paris, Brussells, and Warsaw, during the late Revolution.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

—

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Life and Writings of Henry Pestalozzi. By Dr. Biber. 8vo. 14s.

Lives of Actors. By John Galt. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

Marshal's Naval Biography, Supplement. Vol. III. Part I. 8vo. 15s.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. Vol. V. being Life and Reign of George IV. 3 vols. Vol. II. small 8vo. 5s.

Researches into the Nature and Affinity of Ancient and Hindoo Mythology. By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to. £2. 12s. 6d.

Lockinge's Historical Gleanings of Naseby Field. post 8vo. 7s.

The History of Poland from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By James Fletcher, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds. By Col. G. Montague. Second Edition. By James Rennie. 8vo. 21s.

Letters to a Young Naturalist on the Study of Nature and Natural Theology. By James Drummond, M. D. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Wilson's American Ornithology. Vol. I. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

A System of Geology; with a Theory of the Earth, and an Explanation of its Connection with the Sacred Records. By John Macculloch, M.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 12s.

De Luc's Letters on Geology. 8vo. 12s.

National Library. Vol. X. Thomson's History of Chemistry. Vol. II. 6s.

Lardner's Cyclopædia. Vol. XIX. A Treatise on Optics. By Dr. Brewster. 6s.

Patrick's Indigenous Plants of Lanarkshire. 18mo. 6s.

A Synopsis of the Origin and Progress of Architecture. By W. L. Smith. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Beale's Observations on Distortions of the Spine. 8vo. 5s.

Landseer's (Thos.) Ten Etchings, illustrative of the Devil's Walk. Half-bound roan, imperial 4to. Prints 15s.; colombier 4to. Proofs £1. 1s.

Price's Practice in the Exchequer of Pleas. 8vo. 14s.

An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man. By Thos. Hope, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Introductory Lectures on Political Economy, being part of a course delivered in Easter Term, 1831. By Richard Wheatley. 8vo. 7s.

Kidd's Picturesque River Companion to Margate. 1s. 6d.

An Alphabetical Index of all the Names contained in a New General Atlas, engraved by Sidney Hall; with References to the Number of the Maps, and the Latitude and Longitude in which the Places are to be found. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Spain in 1830. By H. D. Inglis, Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands." 2 vols. 8vo. 26s.

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Journal of a Residence at the Courts of Germany, in 1822, 1825, and 1826. By William Beattie, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 1s.

Odds and Ends; in Verse and Prose. By W. H. Merle. Illustrated by G. Cruikshank, from Designs by the Author. 8vo. 8s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Philip Augustus. By the Author of "Darnley." 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Arthur of Britanny. By the Author of "The Templars." 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Pin Money. A Novel. By the Author of "Manners of the Day." 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Jacqueline of Holland. By T. C. Grattan. 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

Ivan Vejeeghan, or Life in Russia. A Novel. 2 vols. 10s.

Standard Novels. Vol. IV. Thaddeus of Warsaw. 6s.

The Cabinet for Youth; containing Narratives, Sketches, and Anecdotes, for the Instruction and Amusement of Youth. By the Authors of "The Odd Volume." 8vo. 4s. 6d.

POETRY.

Select Works of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Jonson; with Biographical Sketches. By Robert Southey, LL.D. 8vo. 30s.

Selection from the Poems of Wm. Wordsworth. 12mo. 5s.

Family Library. Vols. V. and VI. Dramatic Series—being Ford's Works. 2 vols. 18mo. 10s.

A History of English Dramatic Poetry to the Time of Shakspeare, with Annals of the Stage, and an Account of Theatres to the Restoration. By John Payne Collier. 3 vols. post 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

RELIGIOUS.

The Works of the Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D., with his Memoir. By the Rev. Dr. Williams. 10 vols. 8vo. £6. 6s. royal paper £12. 12s.

Sermons. By the Rev. J. Rose. Preached at Cambridge in 1830-31. 8vo. 7s.

An Essay shewing the Intimate Connection between our Notions of Moral Good and Evil, and our Conceptions of the Freedom of the Divine and Human Wills. By Robert Blakey. 8vo. 7s.

Pulpit Oratory in the Times of James the First. By the Rev. L. Bloom. 8vo. 10s.

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D. A. Thomson's Sermons and Sacramental Exhortations. 8vo. 12s.

A Text Book of Popery: comprising a brief history of the Council of Trent, a Translation of its doctrinal Decrees, and copious Extracts from the Catechism published by its authority; with Notes and Illustrations. By J. M. Cramp. 12mo. 6s.

Ritchie's Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans. 8vo. 18s.

Daily Communings, Spiritual and Devotional. By Bishop Horne. In a small pocket volume. 2s.

A Father's Recollections of Three Pious Young Ladies; his Sermons at their Funeral; and a Poem to their Memory, illustrating the Love of Guardian Angels. By a Clergyman. 12mo. 5s.

Oriental Customs applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures. By Samuel Burder, M.A. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

Maitland on the Romans. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIMON BOLIVAR.

Simon Bolivar, the celebrated Liberator of South America, was born in the city of Caraccas, on the 25th of July, 1783. His parentage was noble, both his father and mother having been *mantuanos*—a title appropriated to families of rich birth. Though, perhaps, a little out of order, we will, before we proceed to sketch the career of this extraordinary man, present a portrait of his person, mind, and manners, from the pen of the English general, Miller, in the war of liberation.—"The person of General Bolivar is thin, and somewhat below the middle size. He dresses in good taste, and has an easy military walk. He is a very bold rider, and capable of undergoing great fatigue. His manners are good, and his address unaffected. It is said that, in his youth, he was handsome (he has now had some years of war, and patriot anxieties, to rob him of that least among many charms). His complexion is sallow; his hair, originally very black, is now mixed with grey. His eyes are dark and penetrating, but generally downcast, or turned askance, when he speaks; his nose is well formed; his forehead high and broad; the lower part of his face is sharp; the expression of his countenance is care-worn. His mind is of the most active description. When not stirringly employed, he is always reading, dictating letters, or conversing. His voice is loud and harsh; but he speaks eloquently on all subjects. He entertains munificently, but is himself very abstemious. Disinterested in the extreme with regard to pecuniary affairs, he is insatiably covetous of fame. Bolivar invariably speaks of England, her institutions, and her great men, in terms of admiration. He often dwells with great warmth upon the constancy, fidelty, and sterling merit of the English officers who have served in the cause of South American independence, under every varying event of the war. As a collateral proof of his predilection towards England, he has always had upon his personal staff a number of British subjects."

At the age of fourteen, young Bolivar was sent to Spain to be educated; and, when he had completed his studies there, he went to Paris, where he is said to have resisted few of the temptations which beset a rich young man in the circles of that gay capital. However, in all the best societies, he was much noticed for his talents, learning, and knowledge of the world. He contracted an intimacy with Humboldt and Bouplond, travelled with them for some time; and successively visited England, Italy, Switzerland, and a large part of Germany, to make himself acquainted with their customs, and the character of man. In 1802, just after he had completed his nineteenth year, he returned to Madrid, to take leave of his personal friends, previously to his setting off for his native land. There, however, he found his affections were strongly engaged to the lovely daughter of the Marquis de Ustoriz de Cro (or, according to a different account, of Don Bernando del Toro, uncle to the present Marquis of that name), that, unable to tear himself from her, the young lady's father yielded to the solicitations of the lovers, and consented to their immediate union. The lady has been described as a most beautiful and captivating creature, possessing a sweetness and dignity of deportment that attracted every heart. Bolivar bore off his bride to his paternal country, where a noble fortune, his hereditary patrimony, awaited him, and a family of attached relatives to bid her welcome. Short, alas! was the period of his happiness. Within a twelvemonth, the lady, who was only sixteen at the time of her marriage, died. The bereaved husband was almost frantic with grief; but the oppressors of his countrymen, the Spanish viceroys, had rendered their yoke too heavy to be borne; and, rallying at the general cry, Bolivar "exchanged his mourning weeds for brazed steel,"

and yielded all the ardour of his heart to the duties of patriotism.

Arriving at Venezuela, he was appointed a colonel in the service of the newly-established republic, and was sent to London on an important mission, the expense of which he himself defrayed. On his return, Miranda gave him the command at Puerto Cabello; but the Spanish prisoners having risen and seized the fort, he was obliged to evacuate the town, and proceed by sea to Caraccas.

When Miranda had capitulated with Monteverde, and resistance seemed to be at an end in Venezuela, Bolivar retired to Curaçoa, where he formed a connection with Brion, by which he procured maritime co-operation. His services were now tendered to, and accepted by, the congress of New Grenada; and, finding that the Venezuelans were once more disposed to cast off the Spanish yoke, he obtained from the congress a body of 600 men, with which, in 1813, he penetrated across the Andes into Venezuela. There, after several sanguinary actions, he succeeded in wresting from the enemy the whole of that province, excepting the parts of La Guyra and Puerta Cabello, in the latter of which Monteverde defended himself with the most determined obstinacy.

It was in this campaign that the *guerra a muerta*, or war of extermination, began, in consequence of the Spaniards having put to death some of their prisoners. The Spanish domination would now have been annihilated, had not Monteverde succeeded in arming the slaves, and spread insurrection over the whole face of the country, which was remorselessly ravaged with fire and sword.

Bolivar, who had been declared Dictator of Venezuela, now marched against these new enemies, and would probably have destroyed them, and suffered himself to be defeated in a decisive engagement. Amongst the republicans, distrust and disunion ensued, and the royalist achieved an unqualified triumph.

Bolivar again retired to New Grenada, and served two years under the banners of the congress. In 1815, when the Spanish troops, under Morillo, reached the South American coast, he threw himself into Carthagena, which he defended till resistance became hopeless. With part of his army he then cut his way through the besiegers, and retired to St. Domingo.

Not yet, however, was the spirit of resistance crushed. Arismondi drove the Spaniards from the island of Margarita, and Bolivar arrived there with his forces, which he had recruited at Aux-cayes, and was soon joined by Brion. With him he made some attempts on the coasts of Caraccas and New Grenada, ascended the Orinoco, and secured Angostura, the capital of Spanish Guyana. There Bolivar increased his strength by means of volunteers from Europe, and prepared to commence another struggle with Morillo. In 1817, he ascended the river Apure, and penetrated into Caraccas, as far as Calabozo; but, after several hard fought battles, he was defeated near Ortin, and compelled to return to Angostura.

Yet undismayed, Bolivar changed his plan, embarked the whole of his forces, ascended the Orinoco and the Meta, and thus penetrated into New Grenada, and made himself master of Santa Fé, the capital, in August, 1819. This masterstroke of policy as well as of arms, was decisive. Joined by numbers, he had the resources of an extensive country under his command, and Morillo in vain endeavoured to stop his progress. Towards the close of 1820, that chief was compelled to conclude an armistice with Bolivar, in order to afford time to negociate a treaty between the South Americans and the government of Spain.

At length the Spanish sceptre in the new world was broken for ever, and Bolivar received, as he had nobly earned, the title of Liberator of his Country. But, after many difficulties and many disasters—for Bolivar's success as a statesman was not equal to that as a soldier—he died heart-broken, through the ingratitude of the very nation for which he had obtained independence. He died at San Pedro, near St. Martha, on the 17th of December last.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The long and unfavourable course of east and north winds, with constant drought, ceased about the 9th instant, and have been succeeded to the present date by western and south-western breezes, with frequent variations indeed, but with a warm and general atmospheric temperature which has almost worked miracles of improvement in the condition of the crops of corn and pulse. Unfortunately for the fruit districts, the havoc and destruction occasioned by ungenial May, are irremediable by any change, however flattering, and our orchardists, generally, must sit down contented with a slight sprinkling of apples, so they phrase it; and the people at large, according to old custom, must depend for their supply of fruit on the more certain products of the isles and of Normandy. The crop of filberts is said to have suffered beyond all others. This favourable change, of which we began almost to despair, is probably to be attended with the most important and beneficial results, both as regards the national supply and the interests of the farmers. Instead of a

late and scanty harvest, which was so universally apprehended and dreaded, should fortunately the present seasonable warmth of temperature continue, we may expect, an early ripening of the crops, and a full average quantity upon all the best and middling soils. The most favourable circumstance to be recited is, the propitious state of the weather for that vital but ticklish process, the blooming or flowering of the wheat, which is by this time nearly perfected on all the luxuriant and strongest crops. Thus, the abundant crops of all kinds, upon the early sown and middling lands, will make a comfortable atonement in the national supply for the deficiency, and such there undoubtedly is, on poor, half-cultivated, and late sown soils. Much complaint of this deficiency comes from all the poor, wet, and heavy land districts, and particularly in respect to the barley crop, which seems to have suffered most. Even in the great barley county, Norfolk, it has not succeeded on the inferior soils. Oats, beans, and peas, are the most promising of the spring crops, and are expected to produce a full average, excepting lands where the forward field peas were nearly cut off by the frosts of last month. The late drought has been extremely favourable to fallowing the land for every purpose, and the greater part of the wet heavy soils, previously impracticable to the utmost exertion, have since been turned up with comparative facility, in a mellow and friable state. This important business has thence been fortunately expedited, and in good time, so as not to interfere with hay-making, and the sowing of Swedes, common turnips, and mangold, if somewhat protracted, will yet be in good season. The *mangold wurtzel*, cattle beet-root, so immensely productive, and almost universally cultivated of late years, has, it seems, got into discredit, and the breadth sown in the present season is inferior to any lately known. We adverted on its introduction to its inferior quality. Potatoes, that indispensable, and, happily, we may almost say, never-failing crop, have thrown out a strong plant, and give fair promise of abundance, though, on some soils, they are later than usual. The bulk of the spring business may be said to have been successfully finished with the present month, and the interval between this period and the commencement of harvest, will be filled up with the finish of hay-making and with summer-fallowing the lands intended for wheat.

The present hay harvest makes a very different figure in comparison with the last. Clover, tares, all sown grasses, are a general failure. The meadows and pastures, retarded in the chief season of their growth by cold and drought, though assisted in some degree by the subsequent warm showers, have not recovered, and the burden of hay will be light on the best lands. The crop of clover hay is light, but cut early on those lands intended for a second crop and for seed. The marsh grasses have been remarkably dry and short; but, with respect to the general shortness and want of bulk in the grass, there has been this countervailing advantage, it has been additionally nutritious, and all stock has succeeded well upon it; another advantage, of high consequence attendant upon the drought, it appears that the nutritious and drying quality of the grass has had a most salubrious effect on the constitution of the sheep, and, in all probability, will tend to stay the further progress of the rot. The short quantity of grass will be, in some measure, economized by the reduced numbers of sheep. Sheep-shearing is finished, and the number sheared is supposed to be one-sixth *minus*, compared with any preceding year in recollection. Much business is said to be doing in wool on the continental markets, where buyers are assembled from all quarters; a strong indication of an approaching advance of price in this country, where the stooks of that important article cannot be large. Our cattle fairs and markets, on the whole, have been abundantly supplied, and, considering the advance of the season, and, with some few exceptions, the prices obtained have been satisfactory.

From Scotland our accounts of the wheat crop are not so satisfactory as from other parts of the island; and complaints from the north are more frequently urgent than usual, of a deterioration of the land from overcropping, and want of cultivation of manure. On the English border in the north bone-dust is extensively used as a manure on dry soils. In South Wales lime is perhaps bestowed upon the land in greater quantities than elsewhere, as an absorbent fitted to improve their moist soils. The old story is repeated, even with additions, of the general foulness of the tillage lands throughout the country; and black grass, twitch or couch, and charlock, make a conspicuous figure in these recitals. The sage practice is continued, it seems, of beheading the charlock with a scythe where it overtops the corn.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4s. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.—Dairy-Pork, 5s. to 0s. 0d.—Lamb, 5s. to 6s. 0d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 78s.—Barley, 28s. to 46s.—Oats, 24s. to 33s.—Bread 4lb. London loaf, 10d.—Hay, 50s. to 90s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 128s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, 21s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 20th.

Errata in last Report.—End of last column but one, *for* arable *read* acreable; near the end, *for* Lapland *read* ripland.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The market has been very languid; but there was no further reduction in the prices of late. The stock of West India sugar is now 24,928 hogsheads and barrels, which is 5,177 less than last year; the stock of Mauritius, 96,576 bags, being 7,803 less than last year; the delivery last of West India sugar, 2,967 hogsheads and barrels, being 237 more than last year; the delivery of Mauritius, 6,245 bags, being 658 less than in the corresponding week of 1830. The buyers of West India Muscovadoes were numerous; there has been a further reduction of 6d. per cwt. The expired market is rather dull; some parcels have been sold at a further reduction of 6d. per cwt. The refined market is again heavy, and parcels of Lumps sell freely, 6d. under our quotations. Brazils sugars continue so pressed on the market, that a further reduction of 1s. mst be stated. Middling white Pernamo, 24s. and 25s.; brown, 12s. 6d. to 16s.; brown Bahia, 15s. 6d. to 17s.; grey white, 24s. In Havannahs, no purchases by private contract, except damaged parcels. Havannahs at 2s. to 3s. per cwt.; good white, 32s. to 34s 6d.; yellow, 20s. to 24s.; Java sugar, 1s. lower; ditto brown Mauritius, 44s. to 45s. All other descriptions were again 1s. per cwt. lower; the finer qualities very heavy. Average price of sugar, £1. 4s. 5¾d. per cwt.

Coffee.—The prices of coffee have nearly recovered the depression. Brazil coffee sold at 41s.; St. Domingo, 40s.; Havannah coffee sold at high prices; Colony from 48s. 6d. to 51s 6d, which is 2s. higher.

Rum, Brandy, Hollands.—Rum continues in a very languid state; Brandy and Geneva are without variation.

Hemp, Flax, Tallow.—Tallow, and all other Russia articles, are held firmly, and for higher prices; but there have been no sales lately exported.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburgh, 13. 12.—Paris, 25. 24.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 150. 0½.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 9. 56.—Trieste, 9. 59.—Madrid, 37. 0½.—Cadiz, 37. 0½.—Bilboa, 37. 0¼.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0¼.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 45.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0¾.—Oporto, 46. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0.—Bahia, 27. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, 3. 17s. 1½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 10d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolfe, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham Canal, (⅛ sh.) —*l.*—Coventry, 795*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, —*l.*—Grand Junction, 244*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 25½*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*--Oxford, 500*l.*—Regent's, 17½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 620*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 242*l.*—London Docks (Stock) 62*l.*—West India (Stock), 125*l.*—East London Water Works, 113*l.*—Grand Junction, 49½*l*—West Middlesex, 68*l.*—Alliance British & Foreign Insurance, 8*l.*—Globe, 140*l.*—Guardian, 25¾*l.*—Hope Life, 5¾*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, —*l.*—City, 191*l.*—British, 3 dis—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from May 23d to June 23d 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Ridley, Wreckenton, miller.
J. Cameron, T. Johnson, and W. Bevern, Westminster, tailors.
J. Hoskins, and J. Bird, Clerkenwell, watch-manufacturers.
J. Horncastle, Crooked-lane, money-scrivener.
J. Benson, Lancaster, linen-draper.
M. Emanuel, Birmingham, jeweller.
C. Webster, the younger, Manchester, currier.
J. Alexander, Chiswell-street, stable-keeper.
G. O. Houliston, Blandford Forum, grocer.
J. Thackeray, Manchester, cotton-spinner.
T. Stone, Austin Friars, banker.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 121.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Aggett, T., Hatherleigh, linen-draper. (Turner, Exeter.
Austin, T., Oxford, livery stable-keeper. (Rackstrow, Oxford.
Aimner, T., Austin Friars, merchant. (Smith, Eastcheap.
Ashworth, T. Rochdale, corn-dealer. (Norris and Co., Bedford-row; Woods, Rochdale.
Berry, A. King-street, poulterer. (Tribe, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Burton, T, Bramham, shoemaker. (Dunning Leeds.

Booth, J., New Malton, millwright. (Walkers, Malton.
Bennett, C., Lambeth, smith and farrier. (Holme, Southwark.
Bartram, T., Warwick, slater. (Kitchin, Barford.
Beauchamp, J., Holborn, silversmith. (Gresham, Barnard's-inn.
Byerley, W., Bucklersbury, eating-house-keeper. (Bennett, Bush-lane.
Burroughs, J., Mile-end-road, merchant. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill.
Brown, M., Gateshead, publican. (Shaw, Holborn; Crozier, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
Boast, J., Trinity-square, Southwark, apothecary. (Watson and Sons, Fleet-street.
Copeland, W., Liverpool, linen-draper. (Toulmin, Liverpool.
Carroll, M., Edgeware-road, baker. (M'Duff, Castle-street.
Coles, A., Great Portland street, coach-maker. (Williams, Henrietta-street.
Cohen, I., Hastings, jeweller. (Crosby, King-street.
Chiven, J. and S., Castle-street, tailors. (Baker, Nicholas-lane.
Crosland, J. and G., Huddersfield, wollen cloth-merchants. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane.
Chappel, T., Honey-lane-market, butcher. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square.
Dell, T. S., Barnet, horse-dealer. (Gibson and Co., Lombard-street.
Delcour, H., Pall-mall, auctioneer and builder. (Rye, Golden-square.
Davies, R., Hull, bookseller. (Taylor, Cloak-lane.
Draper, W., Wellclose-square, auctioneer. (Philipe, Gray's-inn.
Emett, C. G., Bath, grocer. (Harmer, jun., Bristol.
Elwin, J. R., Hackney, coal-merchant. (Spence and Co., Size-lane.
Eveleigh, T., Maidstone, grocer. (Smyth, Furnival's-inn.
Edmond, R., Bridlington Quay, innkeeper. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Taylor, Bridlington.
Ford, W., Stockport, hat-manufacturer. (Coppock, Stockport.
Flower, B., Newington-butts, ironmonger. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury.
Fearnside, W. G., Haydon-street, agent. (Young, Mark-lane.
Fellowes, T., Aldersgate-street, broker. (Crowder and Co., Lothbury.
Gillett, C., Walworth-road, butcher. (Kiss, Walworth.
Gogney, T. C., near Footscray, builder. (Dimes, Bread-street.
Gill, H., South Molton, lime-burner. (Pyne and Co., South Molton.
Gibson, J., Northwich, victualler. (Saxon, Northwich.
Gudge, E., Bristol, woollen-draper. (Jackson, New-inn.
Greenway, T., Walcot, builder. (Hellings, Bath.
Griffiths, H., Newcastle Emlyn, druggist. (Perkins, Bristol.
Griffiths, T., Newcastle Emlyn, tanner. (Evans, Newcastle Emlyn.
Hellyer, R., Devonport, cork-cutter. (Elworthy Devonport.
Hale, E., Trowbridge, innkeeper. (Brown and Co., Mincing-lane.
Hodges, P., Brecon, ironmonger. (Vaughan and Co., Brecon.
Hacker, T., Southwark, hat-dyer. (Walthew, Norfolk street.
Hunt, T., Nicholas-lane, merchant. (Steadman, Throgmorton-street.
Handley, S., Sandon, flint-grinder. (Brookes, Stafford.
Harris, J., Beeston, lace-manufacturer. (Enfield and Son, Nottingham.
Harvey, J., Dartford, timber-merchant. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street.
Harris, W., Hampton, shop keeper. (Burgess, Queen-street.
Harper, J., Monmouth Cap, Langua, innkeeper. (Church, Bedford-row; Pateshall and Co., Hereford.
Hooper, F. W., Leamington, carver. (Horsey, Barnard's-inn.
Heughan, W., and W. Muir, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, drapers. (Dunn, Gray's-inn.
Hallifax, G. W., Hexthorpe-with-Balby, lime-burner. (Forbes and Co., Ely-place, Holborn.
Joy, W., St. Paul's-churchyard, bookseller. (Williams, Quality-court.
Jones, P. and F., Bolton-le-Moors, brush-manufacturers. (Hampson, Manchester.
Jones, M., Old Compton-street, upholsterers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane.
Johnson, P., St. Mary-axe, wine-merchant. (Whiteley, Lothbury.
Kreeft, J. C. T., Fenchurch-street, merchant. (Douce and Sons, Billiter-square.
Levin, H., Great St. Helen's, merchant. (Roberts and Co., New Ormond-street.
Livermore, E. M., Old Broad-street, merchant. Bickerton, Barnard's-inn.
Locke, H. J., Islington, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.
Lea, J., Braunston, coal-merchant. (Gery, Daventry.
Leverett, W., Harwich, upholsterer. (Jackman, Ipswich.
Laughton, J., Bishop's-yard, wine-merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street.
Maclachlan, J. and D. Macintyre, Sun-court, merchants. (Oliverson and Co., Frederic-place.
Moore, J., Bermondsey and Stogumber, master-mariner. (Harverfield, Hart-street.
Mapley, J., Little Bell-alley, glass-cutter. (Jones, Brunswick-square.
Marshall, B., Huddersfield and Selbridge Abbey, Kildare, woollen-manufacturer. (Rowlinson, Liverpool.
May, N., Mile-end Old-town, builder. (Murphy, Royal exchange.
M'Lellan, J., Regent-street, tailor. (Harris, Bruton-street.
Millard, J., Margaret-street, glazier. (Jones, Brunswick-square.
Macdonell, R., Suffolk-street, wine-merchant. (Poole, Southampton-street.
Noverre, G. B., Clement's-lane, insurance-broker. (Stedman, Throgmorton-street.
Nicholson, R. Rise, Holderness, dealer. (Rosser and Sons, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull.
Ouzman, J., New Sleaford, victualler. (Foster, Sleaford.
Povall, C., Birkenhead, stone-mason. (Walker, Liverpool.
Parsons, J., Shrewsbury, grocer. (Routledge, Shrewsbury.
Poole, W. R. and J. Hadley, Birmingham, linen-drapers. (Palmer, Birmingham.
Patterson, J., Commercial-road, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane.
Roberts, H. E., Broad-street-buildings, merchant. (Barendale and Co., King's Arms-yard.
Robertson, J. C., Fleet-street, bookseller. (Pitman, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Ramsden, S., Colne, cotton-manufacturer. (Makinson, Manchester.
Rowe, W., Devonport, upholsterer. (Elworthy, Devonport.
Richardson, G., Derby, wharfinger. (Simpson and Co., Derby.
Roberts, Eliza, Pall-mall, East, lodging-house-keeper. (Crombie, Suffolk-street.
Russell, J., Ancoats, cotton-thread-manufacturer. (Morris and Co., Manchester.
Roughton, L., Walbrook, chemist. (Selby and Co., St. John-street-road.
Richardson, W., Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. (Baxendall and Co., King's-arms-yard.
Sanford, J., the elder, Stoke Newington, coal-merchant. (White and Co., Great St. Helen's.
Sayer, T. J., Beccles, linen-draper. (Newton, Norwich.
Solomon, D., Birminguam, dealer. (Stubbs, Birmingham.
Stoddart, G. Binnacle, Bowness, timber-merchant. (Hodgson, Carlisle.
Skidmore, J., Nottingham, bobbin and carriage-maker. (Buttery, Nottingham.

Songhard, R., Budge-row, packing-case-maker. (Sheffield and Son, Great Prescot-street.
Stonebridge, J., Wivenhoe, corn-merchant. (Maberly, Colchester.
Smith, C. C., Chorlton-row, victualler. (Thompson and Co., Manchester.
Shury, J., Charter-house-street, printer. (Saward and Co., Furnival's-inn.
Stevens, W., Clare-street, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane.
Skelton, J. B., Chandos-street, woollen-draper. (Wilde and Co., College-hill
Stockman, J., Portsmouth, jeweller. (Compigne, Gray's-inn; Taylor, Portsea.
Townsend, T., Leamington Priors, painter. (Tibbits and Son, Warwick.
Turney, J., Bridge-house-place, hatter. (Townshend, Southwark-bridge-road.
Tapley, W., Cateaton-street, warehouseman. (Taylor, Great James-street.
Tilsey, W., and W. Jones, Newton, bankers. (Jones and Co., Southampton-buildings.
Valotton, J. J., Old Cavendish-street, general dealer. (Turner, Basing-lane.
Waterhouse, J. and W. Waterhouse, the younger, Lad-lane, coach-propietors. (Leigh, George-street.
Wilkinson, J., and J. Straith and R. J. Thornton Perkin, Leadenhall-street, brokers. (Oliverson and Co., Frederic-place.
Wood, J. S., Leeds, ironmonger. (Naylor, Leeds.
Woolrich, J., West Bromwich, chemist. (Parker, Birmingham.
Walker, A., Walton-place, Bayswater and Dover, publisher. (Browne, Hatton-garden.
Whitfield, R. W., Oxford-street, ironmonger. (Parker, Furnival's-inn.
Woolley, J., Dalston, broker. (Watson, Old Broad-street.
Wood, W., Kirbymoorside, innkeeper (Petch, Kirbymoorside.
Willows, W. and S., Strand, fishmongers. (Fitzgerald and Son, Lawrence Pountney-hill.
Watkins, W., Shoreditch, grocer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane.
Woolsey, J. and J. Seeker, Great Yarmouth, wine-merchants. (Clowes, Great Yarmouth.
Woolley, J. W., Hanover-terrace, ironmonger. (Mark, Fitzroy-square.
Weston, J. sen. and J. Weston, jun., Old Bond-street, tailors. (Wilde and Co., College-hill.
Young, E., King's Lynn, beer-brewer. (Jarvis, King's Lynn.
Young, T., Lane End, innkeeper. (Salt, Rugeley.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. P. Jacob, to the Rectory of Crawley.—Rev. C. Pilkington, to the Rectory of St. Lawrence, Winchester.—Rev. W. Otter, to be Principal of King's College, London.—Rev. H. P. Hamilton, to be Chaplain to Duke of Sussex.—Rev. C. Wordsworth, to be Chaplain to Lord Palmerston.—Rev. F. Elwes, to the Rectory of Whixoe, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Hawkesworth, to the perpetual Curacy of Woore, Salop.—Rev. E. R. Theed, to the Vicarage of Selling, Kent.—Rev. J. N. Davidson, to the Vicarage of East Harptree, Somerset.—Rev. C. S. Twistleton, to the Rectory of Ashow, Warwick.—Rev. Dr. French, to the Prebendal Stall, in Ely Cathedral.—Rev. W. Selwyn, to the Rectory of Braunston, Leicester.—Rev. P. Fosbrook, to the Vicarage of Lockington, Leicester.—Rev. J. C. Leak, to the Rectory of Barningham, Parva, Norfolk.—Rev. S. Hall, to the Rectory of Middleton Cheney, Oxon.—Rev. Professor Lee, to be Chaplain to Earl of Munster.—Rev. T. L. Bluett, to the Vicarage of Mullyan, Cornwall.—Rev. J. W. Arnold, to the perpetual Curacy of Burrington, Somerset.—Rev. T. P. White, to the Rectory of Exton, Hants.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 23. The Lords of His Majesty's Privy Council gave notice, that all vessels having on board rags and dried hides, arriving from Russia, Prussia, and the Hanseatic towns, are immediately to be placed under quarantine.

24. The King has been pleased to grant to Frederick Fitzclarence, Esq., a Colonel in the Army; to Adolphus Fitzclarence, Esq., a Captain in the Navy; and to the Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, respectively, the title and precedence of the younger son of a Marquis of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;* and also has been pleased to grant to Sophia, wife of Sir Philip Sidney; to Mary, wife of Charles R. Fox, Esq., a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army; and to Augusta, widow of the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, respectively, the title and precedence of the daughter of a Marquis of the said United Kingdom.

30. Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline, met at Exeter Hall, when various resolutions were passed; it appeared, by the Report of the Committee, that on a modern computation, there are annually confined, in the several jails and houses of correction in the United Kingdom, a population of not less than 120.000 persons!!!

June 1. By order of the House of Lords, a statement of the number of criminal offenders, committed to the several gaols, in England and Wales, was published; by which it appears that, during the last seven years, upwards of 115,000 were committed, nearly 20,000 of whom were women!!! The total number on whom sentence of death was passed amounted to 6781!!!

9. Arrived at Falmouth, His Ma-

* The Earl of Munster's (the King's eldest son) titles are settled successively on his surviving brothers in default of lineal heirs.

jesty's ship Volage, commanded by Lord Colchester, having on board the Ex-Emperor of Brazil, with his consort, and a numerous train. In consequence of a revolution, and the soldiers laying down their arms, instead of supporting their emperor, he had abdicated the crown.

14. Meeting of the New Parliament. Right Hon. C. M. Sutton chosen Speaker of the House of Commons.

16. Advice received at Lloyd's, that the Urania, Portuguese corvette, was taken, June 1, off Terceira, by the Melpomene, French frigate, with a brig in company, and sent for France.

June 16. The Lords of the Admiralty paid a visit to the Thames Tunnel; they were conducted over the works by Mr. Brunel, who explained the mode in which the tunnel had been proceeded in.

— The King granted the dignity of a Baron, to Arthur James, Earl of Fingall, and his heirs—also the same dignity to William Philip, Earl of Sefton, and his heirs—to Lord Kinnaird, and his heirs, the same dignity, under the title of Baron Rossie—and the same dignity also to G. J. W. Agar Ellis, and his heirs, under the title of Baron Dover.

21. His Majesty went in state to the House of Peers, and delivered the following speech to both Houses of Parliament—

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity of resorting to your advice and assistance, after the dissolution of the late Parliament.—Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people of the expediency of a Reform in the Representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration; confident that in any measures which you may prepare for its adjustment, you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured.—The assurances of a friendly disposition, which I continue to receive from all foreign powers, encourage the hope that, notwithstanding the civil commotions which have disturbed some parts of Europe, and the contests now existing in Poland, the general peace will be maintained.—To the preservation of this blessing my most anxious care will be constantly directed.—The discussions which have taken place on the affairs of Belgium have not yet been brought to a conclusion; but the most complete agreement continues to subsist between the powers whose plenipotentiaries have been engaged in the conferences of London. The principle on which these conferences have been conducted has been, that of not interfering with the right of the people of Belgium to regulate their internal affairs, and to establish their government according to their own views of what may be most conducive to their future welfare and independence; under the sole condition, sanctioned by the practice of nations, and founded on the principles of public law, that, in the exercise of that undoubted right, the security of neighbouring states should not be endangered.—A series of injuries and insults, for which, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, all reparation was withheld, compelled me at last to order a squadron of my fleet to appear before Lisbon, with a peremptory demand of satisfaction; a prompt compliance with that demand prevented the necessity of further measures, but I have to regret that I have not yet been enabled to establish my diplomatic relations with the Portuguese government.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I have ordered estimates of the expenses of the current year to be laid before you, and I rely with confidence on your loyalty and zeal to make adequate provision for the public service, as well as for the further application of the sums granted by the last Parliament, always keeping in view the necessity of a wise and wholesome economy in every branch of the public expenditure.

My Lords and Gentlemen—It gives me great satisfaction to state to you that the large reduction of taxes which took place in the last and in the present year, with a view to the relief of the labouring classes of the community, has not been attended with a proportionate diminution of the public income. I trust that such additional means as may be required to supply a part of the deficiency occasioned by these reductions, may be found without any material abridgment of the comforts of my people.—To assist the industry, to improve the resources, and to maintain the credit of the country on sound principles, and on a safe and lasting foundation, will be at all times the object of my solicitude, in the promotion of which I look with confidence to your zealous co-operation.—It is with deep concern that I have to announce to you the continued progress of a formidable disease, to which my attention had been early directed, in the eastern parts of Europe. Information having been more recently received that it had extended its ravages to the ports in the Baltic, from whence there is a great commercial intercourse with my dominions, I have directed that all the precautions should be taken which experience has recommended as most effectual for guarding against the introduction of so dangerous a malady into the country.—Great distress has unhappily prevailed in some districts, and more particularly in a part of the western counties of Ireland, to relieve which, in the most pressing cases, I have not hesitated to authorise the application of such means as were immediately available for that purpose. But assistance of this nature is necessarily limited in its amount, and can only be temporary in its effect. The possibility, therefore, of introducing any measures which, by assisting the improvement of the natural resources of the country, may tend to prevent the recurrence of such evils, must be a subject of the most anxious interest to me, and to you of the most grave and cautious consideration.—Local disturbances, unconnected with political causes, have taken place both in this part of the United Kingdom, and in Ireland. In the county of Clare, and in the adjoining parts of Roscommon and Galway, a system of violence and outrage had for some time been carried on to an alarming extent, for the repression of which the constitutional authority of the law has been vigorously and successfully exerted. By these means, the necessity of enacting new laws to strengthen the executive government with further powers will, I trust, be prevented. To avert such a necessity has been, and ever will be, my most earnest desire; but if it should unfortunately arise, I doubt not your firm resolution to maintain the peace and order of society, by the adoption of such measures as may be requisite for their most effectual protection."

HOME MARRIAGES.

Rev. T. P. Bridges, to Sophia Louisa, eldest daughter of Sir W. L. Young, Bart.—Hon. W. S. Bernard, brother to Earl of Bandon, to Eliza, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Gillman. — N. J. Knatchbull, Esq., eldest son of Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart., to Mary, eldest daughter of J. Watts Russell, Esq.—At Cheltenham, Rev. T. G. Leigh, to Henriana Matilda, youngest daughter of

Lord Henry Murray, and niece to Duke of Athol.—R. Fowler, Esq., son of the Bishop of Ossory, to H. E. Wandesford, daughter of the Marquis of Ormond.—H. R. Beaumont, Esq., to Catherine, daughter of Sir G. Cayley.

HOME DEATHS.

At Wighill Park, Lady Mary York, wife of R. York, Esq., and sister of the Earl of Harewood.—In Berkeley Square, Sir John E. Harrington, Bart., 72.—At Spencer House, the Countess Spencer, 68.—In Baker-street, Mrs. Siddons, 75.—In Welbeck-street, R. Fullerton, Esq., late governor of Prince of Wales's Island, Singapore and Malacca.—In Devonshire-square, J. B. Lonsada, Esq., 83.—At Reading, S. Maberley, Esq., 87, father of J. Maberley, Esq., M.P., Abingdon.—Earl of Lisburne, 63.—In the Isle of Portland, Baron Gustavus Noleken, eldest son of Baron Noleken, who was for a considerable time Ambassador from Sweden to the court of London.—Earl of Northesk, 74.—At Warwick, Rev. J. Clowes, 87, author of several literary works.—At Longbridge, Mrs. Russell, wife of J. Russell, Esq., banker, of Warwick.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Carlsruhe, Captain Drummond, heir-presumptive to Earldom of Melfort, to the Baroness Alkertine de Rotherg-Rheinweiler, widow of the late General Count Rapp.—At Paris, Count G. M. Paggenti, to Mary, daughter of the late Colonel Rogers.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Malta, Captain G. M. Jones, R.N., author of Travels throughout the Russian Empire.—King of Sardinia.—Near Rome, Lady Clifford, daughter of Cardinal Weld.—In Paris, Dame Elizabeth, relict of Admiral Sir George Collier, and the celebrated Abbé Grégoire, Bishop of Blois, and Member of the National Convention.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The pitmen have not yet all returned to their employment. The men are not at work at any of the following collieries:—Russell's Wallsend, Percy Main, Tyne Main, Team, Callerton, Gosforth, and Fawdon. Every day confirms, that the concessions which have been made to them were, in many instances, too great; and they are now disposed to tyrannize and rule over their masters. There are cases where the men who are bound refuse to regard their bonds as having any obligation. The men are bound at Sheriff Hill, and at Hebburn, for example, but still refuse to go to work at either place. Sometimes the pitmen require that those who have been faithfully discharging their duty to their employers, while the majority have been idle, should be dismissed as a condition of their going to work: in other instances they decline working unless other men, not wanted, whom they chose to patronize, are also hired and set to work. No man who has workmen under him in any trade can justify such a system of dictation and insubordination.

YORKSHIRE.—Three meetings have been recently held at Leeds; one for the establishment of an association, to be denominated "The Leeds True Blue Constitutional Association," in defence of the true dignity of the crown; another for the erection of a monument in the parish church, commemorative of the late Mr. Leigh's public character and private worth, who fell a sacrifice to the violence of a mob, in the exercise of his duty as an elector of Wigan; and the third, held in the Court House, for the relief of the Irish poor, who are suffering the most appalling distress from famine and disease. "Every human being," said Mr. Sadler, "whom the Providence of God has placed upon earth, has a claim to sustentation and relief, when his honest labour will no longer afford him the necessaries of life."

SOMERSETSHIRE.—A number of able-bodied excavators, on Monday last, commenced work on the Grand Western Canal, near this town, on the point of the undertaking near the present termination of the Bridgwater and Taunton Canal, with which it is intended to form a junction. A handsome, lofty aqueduct will be thrown across the Rowbarton road, near Mrs. Liddon's. Active operations are also in progress on the line marked out for the Canal, between Holcombe and Wellington, and no doubt is now entertained that the whole of the country towards Wellington, Tiverton, Cullompton, and other places to the south-west of those towns, will, ere long, realize the anticipated benefits of this elaborate undertaking.

June 14. The first exhibition of the Selwood Horticultural Society, took place at Frome. Notwithstanding its recent establishment, it bids fair to become very popular with the admirers of horticulture in and about the neighbourhood of Frome. Among the fruits were two very excellent pine ap-

ples sent by Mr. Jillard, a plate of citrons, lemons, and oranges, from Col. Houlton, and some very fine cauliflowers, several plates of ripe strawberries, and cherries. The flowers were very fine specimens of cellularia, erycthrina cristagalli, phlox wheeleri, cistus coccania, and seedling geraniums, erica ventrliosa, verbenæ mirandolis, &c. &c.

DORSETSHIRE.—We are gratified in observing that a society has been established in Blandford, for the benefit and improvement of the labouring classes, by procuring and letting out land to them at a fair and moderate rent. A meeting for this purpose was recently held in that town, the Hon. and Rev. S. Best in the chair, when the requisite resolutions were entered into. It is pleasing to witness the extension of a plan which is so eminently calculated as is the Allotment System, to promote the temporal interests of the labouring classes, to render them more independent, comfortable, and contented; and to promote their moral welfare, by giving them habits of honest and profitable industry.

LANCASHIRE.—Mr. Maury, the late Consul from the United States, at Liverpool, where he resided many years, was entertained at New York, on his arrival from England; and after dinner the following toast was given by the chairman:

"Our venerable guest, whose deportment, public and private, during an absence of nearly half a century, endeared him to those among whom he was a sojourner, and strengthened the affection and respect of his countrymen."

Mr. Maury then rose and said—

Mr. Mayor—I request you and the gentlemen present, to accept my most thankful and respectful acknowledgments for the high and distinguished honour conferred on me this day—a day which I shall ever have pride in recollecting, from the kind manner in which you welcome my arrival in my native land, after so long an absence. To the gratification I feel from this endearing reception, you have added a still greater in the flattering testimonial of approbation you have been pleased to give as to my conduct abroad, which I must ever highly appreciate. I have particular satisfaction in noticing the wonderful changes which have taken place in this great city since my being here, in 1783, then estimated, I believe, to contain not more than 20,000—and now more than 200,000 inhabitants! ! !

LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Lord Chancellor's decision, in the case of the school of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is one of much importance to the diffusion of general knowledge. His Lordship, in confirmation of the Master's Report, in 1806, decided that the school was not for instruction in the learned languages only, but for the communication of the minor branches of science, "*juvenes pueros infantes et parvulos*," being mentioned in the foundation Act—persons, in fact, too young to be taught Latin and nothing but Latin. Every body knows that in the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, the age for founding grammar schools, many such were established for the exclusive purpose of teaching the learned languages. But it is also known, that many schools, established for more general instruction, have been since raised into the rank of grammar schools, by which the poor have been deprived of the advantages originally intended for them. But as the latter evil is remedied by the discovery of the Bell and Lancasterian systems, and by the proper qualifications of masters to impart general knowledge—reading, writing, and accounts, there can be no reason why schools should not be rendered generally useful, according to the spirit of the age in which we live, and according to that spirit which does positively direct the formation of schools at present.

WALES.—Merthyr, June 8. The Court of Requests, or as it is commonly called, the Court of Conscience, has been a source of great annoyance to the working classes for a length of time, and threats have been dealt out repeatedly that they would have it abolished altogether. On Thursday, an execution was levied on the goods of one of the workmen employed in the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, belonging to Messss. Crawshay and Sons, and on that evening a crowd assembled together, who demanded of the clerk of the court all the books and papers in his possession, which were ultimately taken and totally burnt, together with the whole of the furniture. A messenger was despatched to Brecon, where a detachment of the 93d Highlanders was stationed. The soldiers arrived, and when the Riot Act was read, and on being asked for what purpose the mob had sssembled, they said that they must have an immediate advance of wages. The iron-masters then addressed them in the most kind language, begging them to disperse, and come to them in small bodies of ten or a dozen men, assuring them that every attention should be paid to any thing they had to communicate. To this, however, they would not listen; when one violent man urged his lawless companions to seize the arms of the soldiery, which was immediately done, and not until then was the order given to fire. The moment

the firing commenced, the mob began to disperse in all directions. Twenty-one persons have fallen victims to their rash and daring outrage, besides 70 to 80 severely wounded. Some few of the soldiers were also wounded, but not one was killed; they are now nearly recovered. On the same evening, different troops of yeomanry cavalry arrived, and every thing appeared to be going on very quietly; but on Saturday morning a much more numerous assemblage of the mob was to be seen on the different hills surrounding the Iron Works, armed with guns, bludgeons, and other offensive weapons. The ammunition of the 93d regiment was stopped on the road, at a place called Coedcymmer, within a mile of Merthyr, and was taken back to Brecon the same day. The cavalry advanced towards Coedcymmer, but made a judicious retreat, fearing that their arms would have been taken away by the mob. In the afternoon, as the Swansea cavalry were within three miles of Merthyr, they were totally disarmed, and were compelled to return to Neath, where they were joined by fresh forces, when they took a circuitous rout through Bridgend and Lantrissent, and arrived at Merthyr at six o'clock on Monday morning. By this time the infatuated rioters had contrived to stop the Bute, Sirhowy, Tredegar, Ebbw-vale, and Nantyglo Iron Works, and compelled the men to join them, although the Cyfarthfa men had in the mean time agreed to return to their work. It is calculated that there were upwards of 10,000 men, from the above-named works, assembled at Dowlais when the military went to meet them. The Riot Act was again read, and it appearing that there was no disposition to disperse, the 93d were ordered to make ready; scarcely had the order been given, when away the mob scampered, and in less than two hours the whole had disappeared without the loss of a single life. In the afternoon, a party of the 3d Dragoon Guards arrived, which, together with the Swansea cavalry, were immediately stationed at Dowlais; the 93d and other forces being placed in a situation to protect the town. All is now quiet.

We have the painful duty of recording a most appalling and distressing accident at the Colebrook Vale Iron Works, Monmouthshire, by which nine lives have been lost. From the nature of the workings in one of the coal levels, a very considerable accumulation of water has been for some time forming, and to guard against meeting with it unexpectedly, very particular instructions had been given not to carry on the work, without first boring to the right and left, and also in advance. For several weeks those operations have been continued, but it is much feared the present calamity has been occasioned by not strictly observing those necessary precautions. On Friday last, about mid-day, the water broke in upon that part of the works where 14 colliers were employed, with such impetuosity that three only were enabled to reach the pits, and thereby escape.

There is at present a strong popular excitement in the forest of Dean. A great portion of the forest was enclosed and planted with oak, under an act passed in the 48th of George III., which plantations are now in a thriving state. The act provides that 11,000 acres are always to be inclosed as a nursery for timber; and that the fences can only be legally opened by order of the Lords of the Treasury, and that only when the young timber shall be safe from the browsing of the cattle, sheep, and swine. An erroneous opinion, however, prevails among the foresters, that the enclosures should be thrown open at the expiration of 21 years; and as the act was passed in 1808, several of the enclosures are of a longer standing, and great dissatifaction has been for some time felt at their continuance, and about a fortnight since a portion of the embankment was secretly destroyed. A large reward was offered for the discovery of the offenders, without effect, and hand-bills were circulated, cautioning against the recurrence of similar outrages. On Wednesday morning a body of men, about eighty, commenced levelling the embankments. In the course of the day their number increased to 500. On Thursday they continued the work of devastation, and their numbers increased to 2,000, parties being sent out in all directions to compel the colliers and other workmen to come and assist in opening the enclosures. Several miles of fences were levelled in these two days. The men worked regularly with suitable implements.—*Bath Herald*, June 18.

SCOTLAND.—Provost Haig, of St. Andrew's, on Thursday week, received a letter from Dr. Bell, the author of what is termed the Lancasterian system of education, and a native of St. Andrew's, enclosing Bank of England transfer receipts for £60,000 three per cent. Consols, and £60,000 three per cent. Reduced, vested in the names of the Provost, Principal Haldane, Dr. Buist, and Professor Alexander, as trustees, for the promotion of education and endowment of schools in St. Andrew's. Besides the foregoing magnificent grant, the donor has made over to the same gentlemen, a piece of ground he had purchased from

the town of St. Andrew's, which he intended as a site for schools, and for which he paid £1,100. This splendid donation reflects the highest credit on Dr. Bell, and it is to be hoped that he will live to see his system in operation in St. Andrew's, which has already been of so much benefit to the human race.

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday week, we had a pretty heavy fall of rain, with thunder and lightning. On the eastern side of Loch Ness, by Boleskine, the atmosphere became so dark and close, that the parishioners, who were then in church, became alarmed, and rushed out to some adjacent barns, where they had only been a few minutes, ere a flood descended, the barns were swept away, and the people surrounded up to the middle in water. It was evident that a water-spout had fallen, and its consequences, we regret to add, have been very injurious. The glen of Altmore has been rendered a perfect wreck. One bridge has been carried away, and three others rendered impassable. About 400 yards of the road are totally destroyed; and nearly an equal quantity of the breast wall, in another part of the road, washed away. On the other side of the Inch, the bridge of Borlum, consisting of three large arches, has been destroyed; other two stone bridges are carried away, a third is greatly damaged, and two wooden bridges, on the farm of Balmacaan, are swept into the loch. A great quantity of the road has also been destroyed. The whole glen of Urquhart was one sheet of water, and consequently much injury has been done to the growing crops. Indeed, whole acres of the soil, containing potatoes, barley, &c., have been carried off. The surface of Loch Ness is completely strewed with timber and other debris of the flood. Hail fell in great quantities, and of unusual size. In the unexposed part of the glen, in some places, they were lying so late as Wednesday to the depth of five or six feet, and larger than boys' marbles. Pieces of ice of six or seven inches of diameter also fell.—*Glasgow Journal.*

IRELAND.—A meeting was lately convened, by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, for the purpose of taking into consideration the wretched state of the peasantry in the west of Ireland, and of adopting such resolutions as seemed best calculated to lead to the relief of those districts; the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M.P., took the chair.

The Chief Remembrancer submitted a series of resolutions to the meeting, which had been prepared by the Committee. The amount of subscriptions already raised was £2,257. 10s., and this sum had been almost all transmitted to the distressed districts. £918 had been sent to Galway, and £1,286 to Mayo—so that there remained in bank but £53 to meet the demands of a deputation to the Committee for relief, who have made such a statement of the appalling misery of their respective districts, as must wring the hardest hearts, and draw forth the contributions of all who are not wholly callous to the claims of charity, or dead to all sympathy with their fellow-creatures. In Mayo several had died. Nearly 200,000 persons were in the deepest distress in the west of Ireland; and unless immediate relief was procured, thousands of these must die of famine. The peaceable conduct of those poor people, under such trying, such terrible circumstances, and their obedience to the law, gave them a tenfold claim upon public commiseration. They are not only without food, but without the means of procuring it. The potato crop has been swept away. Whilst they are dying of starvation, or feeding upon sea-weed, or browsing, like cattle, upon nettles, could the public remain unmoved by their woes, because such deplorable calamities were not passing in review before them? Mr. Blake then read two letters, one from Sir Francis Lynch Blosse, the other from the Right Rev. Dr. Machale, detailing the frightful distress of the people in their districts.

The resolutions proposed by the Chief Remembrancer were carried unanimously.

Sir Francis L. Blosse said that £8,000 had been contributed by gentry of the county, and provision to the same amount, so that this made £16,000 as the amount of their subscriptions. It had been said that the people were in a state of tumult: now, he declared that he had no apprehension about the safety of his house or family, though he left home without any bars or bolts to his doors, and purposed proceeding to London before his return. This might possibly be the last occasion of their seeking relief, for the gentry of the country saw that some permanent measure, to prevent the recurrence of such distress, must be resorted to.

Mr. Howell observed, that the letters which he and Mr. Corbalis received from Cunnemara, were fully as bad as those detailed with such direful accuracy from Mayo. Not only were the seed potatoes dug out of the ground in a state of vegetation, but it was too true that the wretched people had supplicated for permission to bleed the sheep and cattle under the care of the herds, as one means of enabling them to support life.

£600 were subscribed by the meeting before it separated.

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THE STATE OF EUROPE.

The eyes of the continent are henceforth to be fixed on Poland. That country has nobly redeemed her pledge. She has been now six months in arms, and she has not merely defended herself, but she has struck deep and desperate blows at the supremacy of Russia. No war within the memory of man has stirred so strong an interest in every breast capable of a sentiment of honour. Or, if it is to find a rival, the discovery must be made in her own history; the patriotic heroism of her living warriors can be compared only with that of the patriot armies which defied Catherine; and her generals at this hour are the only men who can share the laurel with Kosciusko.

It is cheering to our consciousness of the noble powers which may be latent in man, until the occasion calls them forth, that Poland has fought her battles alone, and yet has baffled the armies of the tyrant. Had she been assisted by the strength of indignant Europe, had every man whose bosom burned at the spectacle of Russian tyranny been seen rushing into her ranks, the contest might have been sooner decided, but it would have wanted those features of grandeur; that Roman fortitude which now invests it with dignity, and makes Poland an example to all future nations, trampled on by a severe and barbarian master. Why shall we endure the chain an hour longer? will be the cry of the patriot from his cottage or his dungeon. True, the oppressor is mighty and the victim weak; but was not Russia the military sovereign of the continent, dreaded or flattered by every power from the channel to the Euxine? and was not Poland a broken and dismantled power, scarcely to be called a power, a nation swept from the list of kingdoms, and at best only a province of Russia, with a Russian governor, Russian guards, Russian ministers, every office of public life, and almost every emolument and enjoyment of private, monopolized by Russians? Yet against this immeasurable weight of hostile and jealous authority Poland rose. She drove out the foreign governors and established native; she fought the foreign army, and gave an immortal attestation to the truth of her cause, by the magnanimous valour of her resistance; and, finally, she took the sting from insurrection, and shewed that the most daring intrepidity might be consistent with the utmost prudence, by forming a constitution from which anarchy was expelled, and whose

principle was peace to all her neighbours, and justice to all men. Such are the direct results of the Polish war, a most gallant, generous, and justified effort of a manly people, to assert their national rights, and recover the independence of which they had been deprived by the most flagrant combination of political chicane and military ferocity in the history of Europe.

But there is a time for all things, and the time has now fully arrived, when it would be base in the independent nations of Europe to suffer this trial of fortitude to go on any further. They should say to Russia, you have had your full opportunity to discover whether the Polish war has originated in the turbulence of a faction, or in the will of a people. You have now fully ascertained the fact, that the resistance is *national*, and before God and man alike no right can be founded on mere force. You may desire to make the furious experiment for years together, how far the patience of this unfortunate people may be proof against your sanguinary perseverance, how far their cottages may be laid in ashes without bringing the ruined tenants to your feet, how far the naked breasts of the peasantry may prefer rushing on your bayonets, to bearing your chains. But this must not be permitted any longer. The firebrand of war cannot be long tossed, even over Poland, without communicating its flame to other countries, and the result of your attempt to crush a brave people whom you could not subdue, might issue in an universal war. The general hazard is too formidable to be lightly encountered, and Russia, if she is cruel and criminal enough to resolve on extinguishing Polish freedom in blood, must prepare for arguments more direct than those that apply to her understanding. Russia must not be suffered to trample down Poland.

Language of this nature is declared to be used by some of the leading cabinets at the present moment to the Czar. France has certainly felt no hesitation in making the most intelligible remonstrances. England has already spoken in all the voices of her people, and it is said, that her cabinet has adopted their language. Such remonstrances cannot speak in vain. Even the Austrian cabinet, always tardy, and always the abettor of a dictatorial and haughty spirit of privilege and possession, is beginning to display some human feeling towards the Poles. It is even reported, however improbably, that the emperor would be willing to give up Gallicia if Prussia would exhibit a similar self-denial. But this may be but a finesse of the Austrian cabinet, from its knowledge that Prussia will hold possession of every acre that she has torn from Poland with the grasp of a plunderer, determined to struggle to the last against the resumption of his plunder. We look to the British and French cabinets for the true interposition; their efforts, if sincere, must be successful, for the Czar is already weary of the war, the Russian army is disgusted with its loss of glory, wearied with the incessant fatigues of its campaigns, and seriously weakened by its losses in the field. Still the Czar may find it necessary to his personal safety to push the campaign, for even despotism has its masters, and the Russian nobles have shewn, by many a fierce example, that they are the neighbours of Asia, and that, if their monarch be but a sultan, they themselves are not far removed from those Janizaries who, in the time of public effervescence, knew no remedy more simple than their sultan's neck. The Czar, proposing peace to Poland, would probably be only plunging himself into inextricable peril. But the Czar, acceding to the request

of his high allies, would stand in a different position, and the peace might be honoured as policy, which would have been scorned as fear.

The last accounts from the seat of war are unpromising to the good cause. The power of Russia is gigantic, contrasted with the narrow and shattered strength of its heroic victim. The population of Poland, in its present limits, is probably not a *twentieth* of the population of Russia—its finance is nothing, and its trade is entirely at a stand. The Russian armies are said to be concentering for the assault of Warsaw, and, by a more calamitous fortune, Warsaw itself has been the scene of an extensive Russian conspiracy, in which the prisoners of war, amounting to 13,000, were to have risen on the citizens. But the conspiracy has been detected, its members are under arrest, and the popular spirit has shewn its sincerity by evincing the strongest indignation against the traitors. Some attempts of this kind were to be expected. Russia is barbarian still, and barbarism is even more ready at corruption than the sword. In all the wars of the continent, a bribe, if it be but of the suitable magnitude, is one of the most potent instruments of war and policy. It would be curious to know the sums disbursed privately during the Turkish war. But we may rely on the fact, that gold was more powerful than steel, and that the fall of the Turkish fortresses was as much owing to the enemy in the pocket as the enemy at the gates. Independently of the power of direct corruption, among the idlers of Warsaw, among the former dependents on Russian office, the pensioners of the palace, the gentleman usher tribe, all who lived on the bounty, or ministered to the indulgences, or expected the favours of the government, the whole locust generation of the capital, there must be a crowd of individuals to whom the return of the old despotism would have been more desirable than all the prosperity and freedom of all the nations of the earth. In those classes corruption makes its native nest, and they are habitually fit for every mean artifice, and malignant invective, and treacherous machination, against national honour and virtue. The conspiracy, however, has been broken up, and the attempt seems to have only animated the people to the more vigorous attachment to the hope of independence.

But they have found an ally more resistless than all the force of man. The formidable disease, which has already ravaged the south of Russia, has begun to spread at once to the north and the west. It has entered St. Petersburg, and is said to have produced such terror there, that the principal inhabitants were flying for their lives, and the imperial family had left the palace. But its more startling direction has been the Austrian Polish provinces. Of the return from Gallicia of about six and thirty thousand seized within a very short period, the tremendous proportion of thirteen thousand have died! The terror has spread to Berlin, and even to Vienna; and the cry of the people is, that while the war continues it will be impossible to arrest the progress of this terrible visitation by the usual means. For what *cordon* can be preserved in the midst of fighting armies? In the present circumstances every skirmish operates as a conductor of the contagion, every prisoner, every deserter, is liable to bear a new infection from the field. The insurrection in the provinces, every thing in the shape of public excitement, all public assemblage propagates the pest, and whether the war spread into the Austrian and Prussian provinces, or the insurrection be formed there, or prisoners be there confined, or fugitives suffered to make their way over the frontier,

and what human vigilance can prevent them? the epidemic marches on, and may before long make itself felt in the presence of the monarchs as well as of the people. The only hope of stopping the progress of this awful infliction is by stopping the havoc of the war; peace once come, will give time for the exercise of those precautions which have so often checked the advance of pestilence. But continued war will be sure to spread it through the belligerents first, then through every bordering nation; and then, when its fury defies all control, Europe, in tears and terror, will pay the penalty of those military madmen.

Brussels at last has found a king, Prince Leopold a throne, and the British nation has got rid of an illustrious sinecurist. We can have no desire to enfeeble the merits of Prince Leopold in this sacrifice; but truth is the first point, and it must be observed that though he has desired the surplus of the £50,000 a-year to be returned to the treasury, yet he preserves the grant in a condition to be resumed the moment he pleases. He has not *given* up the £50,000, he has placed it "in the hands of trustees," thus keeping up the whole machinery of the grant; and evidently intending to resume it, if his Belgian patriots should think fit to return him again upon our pension list.

The accounts of his reception are highly favourable. Triumphal arches, flowers, illuminations, and reviews of the burghers, have welcomed him everywhere, and the people are clearly glad of the prospect of quiet and money-making again. And what man of common sense would not rejoice to escape the eternal hazards, fooleries, and crimes of republicanism? If Prince Leopold will conduct himself with intelligence, and still more, with a real wish to do justice to the nation, if he give them freedom, and disdain to sink into a mere enjoyer of a laced coat and handsome salary, he may carry his crown with him to his grave. If he play the miser, he will be scoffed at: if he play the lover of military parade, the amateur of lancers, hussars, and other gewgaws of service, he will be in danger of it over-draining his exchequer, and being rapidly turned out. If he play the German *prince*, the Landgrave or Margrave, the sullen sovereign of three square miles, his fate will be sealed within the first week.

But at best his throne must be an uneasy one. A strong and bitter Flemish party have already declared against him. The Dutch nation are universally indignant at the loss of Belgium, and are determined to recover it, if sullenness, grumbling, and the virtues of the Prince of Orange will help them in the recovery. But the time for those weapons is past. Wilhelmus van Nassau was not made for a conqueror, and he must be content with the triumphs of the counting-house. His administration was unwise, for it was displeasing to the people. In spite of all remonstrance he kept the scourge over their heads, in the shape of a minister whom the people universally abhorred. If he thought proper to sacrifice his supremacy to the happiness of keeping M. Von Maanen at the head of Belgium, he has only himself to thank for the consequences. Another absurdity was the determination to make the Flemings speak Dutch, whether they knew it or not; the consequence was that they have left their king to contribute his philosophical cares to his Hollanders alone. There were fifty other similar fooleries played off upon a people, tetchy enough in their nature, much connected with France, who taught them to despise the Hollanders most heartily, and fully recoll cting the brilliant times of Napoleon, who taught them as heartily to despise,

right or wrong, every thing that called itself a monarch on the continent. The Flemings have now another reason for their aversion; they have fought the Dutch and beat them. They have fought the Dutch troops of the line with peasants and apprentices, and they have beat Mynheer without mercy. Of course, the breach is now irreconcileable. So much for the partition policy, so much for handing over nations, as if they were as transferable as the polite notes of the "high contracting parties." But the age of those guilty and tyrannical fopperies is past, and we may live in hopes that diplomacy will at length learn, that men are not to be sold like sheep, that sovereigns are not to be imposed upon nations, like overseers on the helpless of a workhouse; and that ancient feelings, manly hopes, and the love of country, are not to be demolished at a dash of the diplomatic pen. The secretary-age is over, and henceforth it must be taken into consideration, even in the cabinets of Austria and Berlin, that the old definition of man, as a transferable commodity by cabinet bills of exchange, must be given up, and man be allowed to be a creature of flesh and blood, capable of likings and dislikings, and much more safely led than driven.

The Flemings have a right to congratulate themselves. We as much abhor disturbance for disturbance sake, as the most worshipful of state functionaries. But we have no power to overlook the facts, that the Flemings fought and conquered their masters; that, if their debates want order and elegance, there has been at least as much sound sense in them, as in the proclamations of the Prince of Orange, or even in the ukases of the lord of all the Russias; that more of men's minds has been suffered to come out, even in those rambling debates, than in all the polished conferences of all the well-dressed courts of Europe; and thus the very tinkers of Brussels might set a lesson of political honesty to three-fourths of the Metternichs in existence.

One point, there is, of the highest importance. In all the present changes of the continent, there is nothing of unprovoked insurrection, and nothing of sanguinary outrage. Nothing of the furious bigotry that, to our national shame and sorrow, puts the knife and the firebrand into the grasp of that wretched fanatic the Irish peasantry; and nothing of the mob or party butchery of the French revolution of 1793. The French of July 1830, rose by compulsion. Their infatuated king himself blew the trumpet. His mad "ordinance" was a declaration of war, and the rising of the people was against a national enemy. In England, if any government had been rash enough, which we think impossible, to issue a royal proclamation announcing in summary words that—the liberty of the press was abolished—that parliament was dissolved, and the arbitrary pleasure of the king; and—that the whole system of representation was as arbitrarily changed for the express purpose of returning a submissive parliament: we leave any man of common sense to say what would be the consequences by the time his majesty's mails had carried the news a twelve hours' journey through the land. "Absit omen." Those things will never be necessary here, for the constitution bars out the sacrilegious hand that would pluck away its jewels; and while the Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury exist, the rights of the nation are guarded by a fence of more than triple steel. But in France, the act was done; the nation rose neither to retaliate nor to riot, but to defend itself, and its efforts closed, as it ought to close, in the expulsion of the Bourbons for ever. That deed at least is completed. And the Duchess

of Berri may make fifty foolish journeys, and distribute the last franc of her expatriated purse before any one of her blood makes the slightest impression upon the indignant and justified spirit of the French nation.

The Polish insurrection has been already alluded to. In this there was nothing of either wanton revolt, or democratic outrage. An oppressed people appealed to Heaven, started up, as one man, broke the weapons of the oppressors on their heads, and put themselves on their trial in the field against the most furious and savage of European despotisms. God prosper them! They fight for the same matchless stake, which once covered England with blood, and which was well worthy all the blood that won it. Their misfortunes, if they must sink, will be a source of sorrow to all that is generous, brave, and wise in human nature. Their triumphs—and we will not let go the hope that they may triumph yet—will be a trophy erected for the praise and pride of many a generation to come, a noble memorial to every people struggling under the weight of a tyrant, and a glorious encouragement to those efforts of wisdom and virtue without which nations are better in the grave.

The Belgian Insurrection too has been justified by the total want of volition in the people, in their transfer to the Dutch, by their natural aversion to the authority of a stranger, and by the original right of every nation to follow its own interests according to the dictates of its own reason. The trade, the finance, and the public privileges of the Fleming will find under an independent sovereign that protection which it would be idle to expect under a Dutch king. And the nation were undoubtedly authorized to break through an allegiance which they believed injurious to themselves, and which had been imposed on them by the caprices of continental policy.

There are still some questions, which may seriously occupy the new king's attention. The province of Luxemburg was a kind of purchase by the House of Nassau for some territories on the Rhine belonging to the ancient Orange family. But the Luxemburgers, discovering themselves to be human beings, and not stocks and stones, conceive that they ought to have some voice on the occasion, and determining to share the fate of the Flemings, they boldly refused to be handed back to William of Nassau. Against this obstinate adherence to their own choice, the Dutchman protests with the air of injured honesty. But the lesson will be good for him, and for others like him. Man must not be bought and sold; and the sovereign of the Hollanders must be content with what is content with him. Limburg and Liege are matters of discussion, but the whole will be speedily settled. The Dutch king will see the folly of resisting common sense. Belgium, as a thriving kingdom, will be more productive to him; an opulent neighbour is better at any time than a disaffected subject. Europe will be quiet (for a *while*), and men will think of commerce, books, and steam engines—much better things than guns and gunpowder, "brilliant staffs," regulation moustaches, "mortars on a new construction," and gazettees extraordinary of killed and wounded.

In England we have the more pacific battles of the House of Commons. Country gentlemen making speeches of half an hour's length to their own great delight and the infinite surprise of their most intimate neighbours. Statesmen falling asleep under the table, debates dragged on from hour to hour through midnight, twilight, and daylight. The

unfortunate Speaker alone wakeful, and inwardly cursing—if so decorous a functionary can commit such an enormity—the art of speech newly discovered by so many tongues. The Reform Bill lingers and languishes in the Commons. The subject has run itself dry, and if the ministry do not resuscitate it by some *coup d'etat,* it will never find nerves or breath enough to walk into the House of Lords. Sir Robert Peel is the antagonist leader. What more need we say for the inactivity of its advocates? We have feelings towards that "breaker down of the constitution of 1688" which we will not trust to paper. But it is enough for us to know that Sir Robert Peel mingles himself with any question, to shrink from it with disgust. If we should ever be convinced that the "Reformers" are honest men, it will be from hearing Sir Robert Peel's most determined declaration against "giving them his confidence." We remember him on the fatal Catholic Question too well. We remember the solemn decorum of his solemn visage, his formal protestations that "no change of public affairs, no accident of time, nor glitter of office, no popular outcry, no command of parent, people, or king, should nor could shake the firmness of a principle that was all but born with him, that he felt as the breath of life, and that he would part with only when he parted with all things in the grave."

And we remember the equally solemn decorum, the supersober sanctity of visage with which, at a week's warning, he told us the direct contrary. In this thing, we offer no reproach to Sir Robert, he could not help it. It was not in his nature to be firm, and he gave way accordingly. But if we should yet rank among the Reformers, our answer will be—"the measure was reprobated by Sir Robert Blifil Peel."

THE CHOLERA.

There is, we may easily believe, a vast quantity of unnecessary alarm on the subject of this disease. Three-fourths of the English drawing-rooms seize upon it as a subject; it supplies a capital relief, when everything has been said about the weather, that can be said about weather, and when politics are cast aside as "*mauvais ton.*" The citizens find it the matter of a new paragraph, in the dull intelligence of the foreign papers, and the whole of the watering-places have laid hold of it, as the happiest auxiliary to the exhausted topics of high water and low water, the "sub-acid taste of the hot spring, this morning;" "the deficient sulphur in the bath dose;" "the superabundant steel in the Malvern potation," "the marvellous phenomenon of a celebrated alderman, who is just able, after forty years of swallowing a bottle of it before breakfast, to see his own knees, and even put one foot before the other," and the "prodigious improvement in the complexions of Sir Watkin Wigsborough's seven daughters, from Cumberland, whose cheeks it has turned from peonies into the colour of pie-crust, by the activity of its *saline,*"—and so forth.

In all cases, there will be a great deal the work of gossip, and every wicked old man, with a hundred thousand in the three per cents, and every ancient lady, conscious of the secret sins of card-playing and carmine, will tremble at the first touch of a cold, as the herald of that dire enemy, which sweeps the unfortunate people of the north from the

world. Still the disease exists; it is perilous, and though we must hope, that a large share of its virulence is owing to the intolerable filth and penurious food of the northerns, and that, so far, its effects must be much lightened, in more cleanly and well-fed countries, no precaution can be too strict, and no science too intelligent and active, in guarding this country against the contagion.

A clever work by a physician, who has seen a good deal of cholera in the east, gives the following suggestions:—

"When cholera prevails in a district, it is of great consequence to avoid as much as possible all exposure to fatigue, &c. Cold is also to be avoided, particularly while asleep," p. 98.

"Moderately warm clothing, even within the tropics, is also of importance with a view to the prevention of the disease; and the author has been in the habit, even in the hottest weather, both by precept and example, of recommending the use of flannel next the skin. It is the best means of regulating the warmth of the body, and of preventing sudden and injurious chills. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the depressing effects consequent on a debauch. All who have seen the disease, are aware how frequently an attack of it has succeeded intoxication, p. 99.

"The minds of all exposed to the remote cause of cholera, should be as much supported as possible; and every attempt should be made to remove any alarm as to the contagious nature of the disease. It is a good rule, to avoid making the disease, when prevalent, a subject of conversation. * *

"Little need be said of the injurious effects of hunger; but it may be observed, that it is dangerous, during the prevalence of cholera, to take severe exercise before breakfast, with an empty stomach, p. 100.

"The aliment should be of easy digestion, generous and nutritive; those accustomed to live well should not be stinted of any of their usual luxuries; long fasts and subsequent heavy meals should be avoided; and fruit and all vegetable matter likely to produce acidity, to disagree with the stomach, or to derange the bowels, must be prohibited.

"It is so much the fashion in these times for individuals to dose themselves with medicine, that many are apt to resort, for the relief of the uncomfortable feelings which arise during the prevalence of cholera, to some favourite purgative; and innumerable instances have occurred, in which the invasion of the disease seemed the result of an over-dose of medicine, p. 101-2.

"There is reason to believe, that those residing in well-built houses, and sleeping one or two stories above the ground-floor, are less liable to the disease than those who sleep on the ground, or on mud-floors little raised from the surface," p. 102.

But what is European science to the wisdom of China; the "Celestial Empire" beats Europe hollow, and the emperor is worth the whole College of Physicians:—

"The Russian director of the customs at Kiachta, applied to the dzarguschey, the chief civil officer on the Chinese frontier, to establish quarantine institutions against the cholera. The latter replied, that police precautions would be useless for his country, on account of its very numerous population; adding, with the most perfect sangfroid, that this disease would give their empire so much the more room, the more people it carried off. This notion he supported by the remark, that a sickness of this kind knew its victims, and left others untouched; that it selected such as live in filth and intemperance; and that, on the contrary, a person of undaunted mind, with cleanliness and moderation, was safe from its attack."

The idea of the folly of precaution, when there were so many to take care of, is a fine piece of orientalism; but we had no notion that Professor Malthus had lectured in China; perhaps he stole the doctrine,

that the fewer the people the more the room; an odd way of arriving at a philosophical discovery after all. But the Chinese argues better still, and gives an example which must throw all the Lord Mayor's placards into utter despair:—

"He referred to the present Emperor of China, declaring that Pekin owed its exemption from the disease solely to the firmness of his Imperial Majesty, who was pleased to say to those about him, 'Do not suppose that the disorder is more powerful than yourselves; the pusillanimous alone die of it.' From that moment they all took courage, and nothing was left for the disease but to quit the capital."

The disease was quite in the right; it found itself discountenanced at court, and disdaining to be a sinecurist, took its leave. But the Chinese had another case in point, and we think that the tail cholera deserves a paper by Davies Gilbert, in the archives of the Royal Society.

"I relate to you another case, which occurred in the year 1070. A disease broke out at Pekin of a peculiar character, for it affected the tails of those who quitted their houses and abode in the open air. In a short time it consumed half the tail; and the immediate death of the owner was the consequence. When this was reported to the then reigning Emperor, Tschang-Lung, he declared, emphatically, that he would not hear any thing of such a disorder. This his supreme will, expressed with firmness, and thereupon made public, had such an effect on the malady, that it left Pekin forthwith. While the dzargutschey was detailing these circumstances, he fixed his eyes intently on the director, and, perceiving in his looks a certain distrust of his statements, he added, with a smile: 'You must believe, at any rate, that fear enervates the mind, and that the latter has a decisive influence on the body. Whether you believe my story or not, we must listen without terror to the report of the disease at Dukuchoton, and then it will positively not visit us.' This was in the summer of 1827: the disease actually proceeded no further in that direction."

There may be sceptical persons in the world, who will be disposed to doubt. But Dr. Riecke, the learned German, who now figures at the head of the anti-cholerists, is ready to pledge himself for the fact, in any way that may become a gentleman, a doctor, and, above all, a traveller of the first dimensions.

Apropos, now that we are upon the subject of orientals. A Scotch dentist has just advertised the discovery of a species of artificial palate, made of the inner coats of a muscle of gigantic size, found in the Moluccas. It has the advantage of enduring wear and tear of any duration or degree; is not affected by any quantity of arrack punch, however strong in the spirit, or glowing in the mixture, and has already withstood the whole winter's dinners of a select club of members of parliament, at the west end, which all who know the world, must know to be a much better test than even a round of corporation dinners.

In return, another dentist offers a superb equivalent to the Persian Sofi. A Scotch paper says:—

"Messrs. Cracour, the eminent dentists, are now on a professional visit to Scotland. They have just completed a set of *pearl teeth* for the Emperor of Persia, which they invite the nobility, gentry, and gentlemen of the faculty to inspect at their apartments, previous to its being sent off for the Persian monarch. *We believe* this is the only set of teeth ever made in Europe for the same illustrious personage."

We believe so too.

NARRATIVE OF THE LATE CONSPIRACY AT CADIZ.*

When the followers of Mina and the other chiefs were ordered into the French depôts, those who were not initiated into the mysteries of the revolution, naturally concluded that no immediate attempt would be made on the part of the exiled Spaniards; all their enterprizes having ended only in discomfiture and misfortune. The germs of revolution, however, were sown in Spain, and could not be so easily eradicated. The indefatigable General Torrijos, having taken refuge in Gibraltar, kept the public authorities in the southern provinces of the Peninsula in continual alarm. Although uniformly repulsed, his little band, conquered as it was, could never be utterly subdued. That Torrijos carried on a very active correspondence with his countrymen, is no longer a question of doubt; nay, there exist the best grounds to suppose that he acted in concert with some of the very men who had been sent by the government against him. Duplicity and treachery have unfortunately presented a prominent feature in the conduct of some of the Spanish generals. Nothing can depict, in more gloomy yet more faithful colours, the lamentable position of the peninsula, than the daily-occurring instances of distrust and indecision which characterize the operations and conduct of the military. It seems to be an established theorem, that a person may change his opinion two or three times a day, according to the aspect which affairs may take, or the indications of failure or success.

Persecution seems favourable to the growth of liberal opinions; and the workings of private feeling strengthening the views of political regeneration, combine to keep alive a flame which it is no longer in the power of oppression to extinguish. Nothing can more strongly exhibit this truth than the organization of the conspiracy at Cadiz—a conspiracy so vast, so skilfully prepared, that it yet appears a wonder how it should have failed in the moment of execution. It will form a striking episode in the series of conspiracies, and, like those of Venice, Fiesco, and Rienzi, deserves a place in the pages of history.

The movements of Torrijos seemed to afford no great cause of anxiety to the government. Wilfully blinded, the rulers of unfortunate Spain persisted in maintaining that there were not the slightest elements of revolution in the nation itself, and that every partial movement to that effect was the result of the traitorous machinations of a few discontented, lawless, and implacable refugees. This impression was so strong, that the movement at Cadiz burst like thunder on the constituted authorities. It was sudden and unexpected, bearing all the characteristics of a powerful combination: yet it failed. But that the reader may better understand the spirit and progress of this curious event, it is necessary to enter into some details, for which we request his indulgence.

Among the refugees sojourning at Gibraltar, there was a man who had acted a distinguished part in the Spanish revolution of the year 1820. This was Don Salvador Manzanares—an officer of engineers, of considerable abilities in his line, who filled the post of minister for the home department at the time that the constitution expired at Cadiz. After a series of perils and adventures, Manzanares sought refuge at Gibraltar, where, in order at once to provide the means of subsistence

* We give this narrative on the authority of a correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the principal events he has recorded.—[Ed.

and to remove suspicion, he embraced the profession of a schoolmaster. In this capacity he remained, obscure and unmolested, for some time. At length the moment for action arrived, and it was decided that he should proceed to the Serrania de Ronda, to promote the ends of revolution on that side, whilst Torrijos made an attempt by land from Gibraltar. Torrijos must either have been studiously deceived by specious promises, or abandoned from fear in the moment of crisis by those from whom he expected aid and support. In the full confidence that he was about to be joined by a whole regiment, he made a sally, on the night of the 28th of December, with a handful of men, and, succeeding in forcing the picquets of the advanced troops, he proceeded into the inland country, where he met a vigorous repulse from the royalists. He retreated within the English lines, having sustained but trifling loss. An officer, called Donadeu, and about a dozen soldiers, alone incorporated themselves with Torrijos. Donadeu was, in consequence, *promoted,* and appeared very anxious for the success of the enterprize. When this failed, however, he represented himself as a prisoner, and a man *forced* to follow Torrijos; in consideration of which he was also *promoted* by the Spanish government!

The operations of Manzanares were not more fortunate than the enterprizes of Torrijos. The troop which he had been able to muster—chiefly composed of smugglers, deserters, and disbanded soldiers—was not only inconsiderable in point of numbers, but, from its miscellaneous description, seemed to offer little security as to adhesion and fidelity. Some determined patriots, however, had joined this band, amongst whom was a guerrilla chief, called Carlos—a man of extraordinary resolution, inured to fatigue, and familiarized with danger. This officer was sent by Torrijos from Gibraltar with money and other supplies, which enabled Manzanares to proceed in his undertaking; so that, although we see him continually defeated, or obliged to retreat before superior forces, he nevertheless contrives to keep his footing in the country, and evade the vigilance and the snares of the enemy. He went through a severe ordeal of trials and sufferings; but he was buoyed up with the anticipation of the approaching rising of the inhabitants. Many chiefs in the army had promised their support as soon as the people should raise the cry of liberty; and the grand scheme at Cadiz, which had been carefully prepared and matured, was now on the point of exploding. Mina, though apparently quiet in France, would not be long in making his appearance in the north of Spain; and thus the prospect of a speedy deliverance to Spain cheered the spirits of the liberals, at the very moment that the government considered them totally unable to make any serious attempt in furtherance of their views.

Let us now turn our attention to the proceedings at Cadiz. This city has always ranked foremost amongst those which have been conspicuous for their adhesion to a liberal system of government; but the decree issued by the king, declaring the city a free port, was considered by many as tending to quench the ardour of the inhabitants in favour of political freedom. This surmise proved, in some measure, just. The merchants, which composed the chief and most influential portion of the inhabitants, seemed reconciled to the existing order of things, and among them many who had formerly been remarkable for their liberal opinions. But, even making the most ample allowances, there still remained within the precincts of Cadiz sufficient elements of revolution. The number

of the disaffected was very great, and the quantity of sufferers by the existing form of government equally considerable. On the downfal of the constitution, all those individuals who had strongly pronounced themselves in its favour were obliged either to become voluntary exiles from their country, or remain exposed to the active *surveillance* of the authorities to whom they were obnoxious. Thousands of men, therefore, without any other offence than that of having followed the government of the Cortes to Cadiz, were, upon its downfal, left in a state of destitution. Among this number we must count a crowd of artizans and mechanics, who had served as *milicianos,** and an equally numerous band of *indefinidos.*† These, together with the men serving under government, and who, with the political change, lost their places, and consequently the means of support, composed a multitude naturally enough averse, from self-interest at least, if not from a more ennobling principle, to the despotic rule which pressed heavily on their country. Many of these unfortunates had employed themselves in the most mechanical offices; others had dispersed over the land; not a few had fled from the country, and some were dependent on the charity of their friends and relatives. In these persons, no less than in the disaffected of the city, the materials for a revolt were found ready at hand. But a most extraordinary feature in the conspiracy—and one, indeed, for which it will be distinguished from similar attempts in ancient and modern history—is the singular fact that strict secresy was kept by no less than about fifteen hundred men during a period of several weeks. The colonel that commanded the regiment forming the garrison was invited to place himself at the head of the commotion. The answer which he gave deserves attention. He professed himself willing to second the wishes of the inhabitants, should they declare themselves for a change of government; but, at the same time, refused to take the lead in the undertaking; alleging, as a plea, that he was unwilling that the attempt should bear the character of a military revolt. "Let the insurrection proceed from the people; and the soldiers, instead of opposing, will support the enterprize." This decision evinced the good sense and moderation of the colonel, and appeared to afford general satisfaction to those who composed the directing junta, the members of which were Lopez Ochoa, a lawyer, and—a *friar!*‡

The various points of the conspiracy were leisurely and prudently discussed in the many meetings to which the more influential men of the party were admitted. An active correspondence was kept up. Money was procured, arms distributed, and a communication opened with another junta, established at the Isla de Leon, to act in accordance with that of Cadiz, and to second the insurrection which was to burst in this city. All these dangerous transactions were carried on within the precincts of a town very small in compass. Hundreds of men knew the progress of the scheme; yet the governor remained in complete ignorance of the fearful plot, and seemed to sleep in security at the very mouth of a volcano. The organization and arrangement of the plan was as follows. It was determined that several groups should start up at

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* Volunteers, answering the purpose of the national guard.

† Officers deprived of their pay.

‡ We forbear giving the names of the two last, as we are not certain that they are in safety.

different parts of the city, and raise the cry of liberty. The principal of these were to proceed to the square of San Antonio, and there proclaim the constitution. The soldiers would then join the conspirators, and the governor be put to death, in case he offered any opposition to the plot. The signal for the conspirators at the Isla de Leon to pronounce themselves, was to leave the beacon-lamp in the tower of Cadiz *unlighted.* This was to be a token that the blow had been struck, and succeeded. These arrangements made, Sanchez-Reza and Captain R——, two officers of known courage, and strongly addicted to the cause, were chosen to be the leaders in the popular commotion. Every thing being in readiness, the 2d of March was the day appointed to strike the decisive blow that was to change the destiny of many, and be the herald of a general revolution.

The 2d of March arrived; but—owing to those fatal casualties which have so frequently accompanied attempts of this nature—some deficiency in the plan, or other motives to us a secret, induced the leaders to postpone the undertaking until the following day. This was, in the end, fatal to the enterprise that promised such brilliant results. Distrust had began to dawn in the mind of the governor, Don A. Hierro y Oliver. He had observed groups, which first fixed his attention, and then awoke well-grounded fears. Throughout the fatal 2d of March, but more especially towards the evening, the aspect which the city presented led him to suspect that some secret plot was in contemplation. Some partial and injudicious cries of liberty, on the part of some of the conspirators, came to strengthen his suspicions; and he immediately applied himself to make the most diligent inquiries. Although, in so short a space of time he could not ascertain the magnitude of the conspiracy, he yet obtained a clue to help him in his subsequent investigations. Whether some one of the party betrayed the secret, or the governor was guided by mere suspicion, from the well-known character of Sanchez-Reza, it is certain that this officer received a preremptory summons to appear immediately before him. The astonishment of Sanchez-Reza was as deep as his apprehension for the discovery of the plot. However, he determined to obey the order of the governor. Don A. Hierro y Oliver received the officer with an austere countenance.

"Sanchez-Reza, I know that there exists a conspiracy against the government."

The officer attempted to expostulate.

"Nay, sir," interrupted the governor, "do not attempt to impose upon me; I am fully acquainted with the plans of the conspirators; you are one of the leaders chosen to direct the plot."

The coolness and nerve which Sanchez-Reza had displayed on former occasions failed him upon this. The governor perceived his consternation—his doubts were confirmed, and he proceeded—

"Now, sir, give me your word that you will immediately repair to your companions, announce to them that their plans are known to me, and then quit this city without loss of time. On this condition, I shall pardon you."

Sanchez-Reza consented to quit the place as he was desired; and this want of decision was fatal to his companions. If he had preserved that calmness and composure which are indispensable requisites in men who embark in dangerous undertakings, he would have discovered, from the behaviour and deportment of the governor, that the conspirators had

nothing to apprehend from that quarter. It was evident that the governor, naturally a man of a violent temper, and zealously attached to the existing government, would not have consented to parley with a conspirator if he had been in possession of power sufficient to crush the attempt by open force. The probability is, that the governor knew nothing of the extent of the conspiracy further than that it was one of a most serious character; and he availed himself of the only resource within his command—that of throwing indecision into the councils of the conspirators, by affecting a knowledge of their operations which he did not possess, and by attempting to intimidate one of the leaders into a resolution to relinquish his design. In this manœuvre he succeeded. Sanchez-Reza, on quitting his house, instantly repaired to the junta, and announced that the whole of their plans were discovered, related the particulars of his interview with the governor, and signified his determination to leave the city that very moment. It was in vain that arguments and expostulations were tried; the officer appeared totally inflexible to both, and persisted in declaring that it was madness to continue in their design—that, as far as he was concerned, he had pledged his word, and that nothing should prevent him from quitting the place. To this resolution he adhered. Not so with the rest of the conspirators. Captain R—— declared to the members of the junta that he was fully determined to strike the blow—that it was too late to retract—and that, at the peril of his life, he was resolved to make those attempts alone in which he was to have been aided by Sanchez-Reza.

The night passed in gloomy suspense. The inhabitants surmised that some dreadful affair was in contemplation, and strange rumours began to circulate. On the following morning, these symptoms grew more decisive and alarming. Every one anticipated a blow; but they were ignorant how, or by whom, it would be struck. The governor then sallied from his residence, accompanied by some attendants. He conceived that his presence would be effectual in calming the anxiety and effervescence evident among the inhabitants. Probably, too, he might suppose, that, by patrolling the streets, he should check the boldness of the conspirators, and defeat their plans. The city continued in this dreadful suspense until three o'clock in the afternoon, when an incident occurred that threw a fearful interest on the monotony of the drama. This was the assassination of the governor himself, who, while passing through the street called Veronica, was assailed by a party of the conspirators. The attack was instantaneous, and the governor fell. His attendants had neither the power to prevent this catastrophe, nor to avenge the death of their chief. The conspirators then proceeded up the Calle Ancho, uttering cries of "Liberty;" and rushed to the Plaza San Antonio, the chief place of meeting, to incorporate themselves with other groups. A crowd had already assembled on the spot, but neither efficient in numbers, nor—to judge from the aspect they presented—possessing the resolution necessary for the desperate undertaking which they had begun.

The aspect of Cadiz at this time was singular. Every one seemed afraid to pronounce himself on either side; every one looked with a kind of painful distrust on his neighbour; and nothing can more efficiently paint the terror and incertitude which must have reigned in the city, than the fact that the corpse of the governor remained on the spot where he had fallen until nightfal—no one daring to remove, or

even, indeed, to approach it. The leaders of the conspiracy strained all their energies to carry their attempt to an issue; but, to their utter confusion, they perceived that the number of their adherents had decreased in an alarming degree. About three hundred men only might be seen about the streets, with the intention of exciting a popular commotion: the inhabitants themselves preserved a dismal—a fatal neutrality! A spell hung over the city. The soldiers, on whose support the conspirators had relied, remained tranquil spectators of what was going forward; they neither joined the revolt, nor endeavoured to put it down. The leaders of the commotion then waited on the colonel, and earnestly conjured him to place himself at the head; but he adhered to the answer which he had given on a previous occasion: he promised that, if the people declared themselves in a respectable number, the soldiers would support the attempt. In this frightful suspense several hours passed. The groups in the Plaza St. Antonio raised a shout at intervals; but the crowd, instead of augmenting, was losing its numbers as the day advanced. One by one gradually withdrew—no doubt under the impression that the affair had failed, and that to provide for safety was the only prudent course now to be adopted. At this moment Captain Zayas, who commanded the troop on duty at the Plaza St. Antonio, raised a cry in opposition to those uttered by the conspirators. This event produced no less surprise than indignation among the assembled crowd. It had been expected that both captain and soldiers would join the insurrection; and at least it was never contemplated that the captain would, under any circumstances, depart from the neutrality he had assumed. But now the die was cast, and a contest appeared inevitable. No sooner had Zayas pronounced the obnoxious cry, than one of the crowd rushed upon him, and levelled a pistol at his breast: it missed fire. For one moment the man stood defenceless—that moment sealed his fate!

This incident gave a more determined character to the proceedings of the day. Hitherto the liberals, if they had met with no support, were nevertheless free from opposition. The cry uttered by Zayas, and the death which was the consequence, served to change completely the aspect of things. Those who were secretly inclined to favour the existing government took courage from the decision of Zayas; whilst those who had leagued against it grew more disheartened as they perceived that time was suffered to pass without any advantage being obtained. Nay, it was easy to foresee that the soldiers—those very men on whose aid and support they had confided—would, with their accustomed pliability of disposition, assume a very different attitude as soon as it might suit their interest.

It will no doubt appear extraordinary that such a conspiracy—one which bore so determined a character, in which such numbers had joined, and which met, in fact, no real opposition—could have failed in effect. We may explain this seeming anomaly in some measure. The conduct of Sanchez-Reza was unquestionably highly detrimental to the undertaking. From the moment that he signified his resolution to quit Cadiz, a degree of dismay and incertitude began to prevail among the liberals. The greatest drawback on the success of the attempt was the absence of a competent leader. We perceive no one distinguished name, either in the members of the junta, or the leaders appointed to conduct the insurrection. It is singular that, although many powerful names are enrolled

in the cause of Spanish liberty, the executive part of the affair is always entrusted to individuals of inferior note.

We have stated that the signal agreed upon to inform the liberals of the Isla de Leon of the success of the attempt, was to leave unlighted the tower-beacon. It so happened that, in the terror and confusion which prevailed at Cadiz, the man whose task it was to tend the tower-beacon neglected to perform his duty. On this neglect the most favourable construction was put by those of the isla—they hailed, as a token of success, what was the mere effect of disorder and forgetfulness. Hereupon the leaders proceeded to the execution of their task; the cry of liberty was raised, and the whole of the town of St. Fernando was, in a few moments, thrown into a ferment. The regiment of royal marines, two companies of the line, and the youths of the naval school, immediately pronounced themselves in favour of the constitution, which was solemnly proclaimed. The existing authorities were deposed, and new persons appointed to fill their places. The enthusiasm spread with rapidity; and the inhabitants having been invited to join the ranks of the liberators, no less than four hundred of the people offered themselves as volunteers in the course of the night. The dawn of day found the town in the bustle of preparation; and early in the morning a body of about fourteen hundred men began their march towards Cadiz, with banners flying, and drums sounding. Patriotic songs were sung; an air of proud satisfaction pervaded every countenance; and the progress of the motley assemblage bore rather the aspect of a triumphant procession than a military march. They proceeded to Cadiz under the firm impression that this city had pronounced itself in favour of a change of government. They hastened, therefore, to interchange the embrace of congratulation with their friends—to celebrate the promised regeneration of Spain, and to restore independence to its ancient seat. No sooner, however, had the rejoicing crowd reached what is called the Cortadura, than to their consternation they perceived the fortress, which is situated about two miles from Cadiz, put in hostile array. They endeavoured to obtain a hearing, but were immediately answered by a volley, which did some execution among the condensed mass. An event so totally unexpected paralyzed the energies of the most daring. It was evident that Cadiz was not under the power of the constitutionalists; and yet how was this to be reconciled with the token of success which they had perceived the night before!

But there was no time for reflection: a contest or immediate retreat was inevitable. To attempt to storm the fort appeared impracticable: they were compelled to return to San Fernando. There the chiefs assembled in council, and deliberated on the difficulties of their position. The town of San Fernando is open on every side, and totally destitute of the means of defence. The ferment had already began to subside; whispers of fear and distrust were beginning to prevail; and it was finally resolved, that those who still adhered faithful to the cause should retire in a mass from the town, and endeavour to join the small band of constitutionalists that roved near the coast—about eight hundred men.

Resolved to follow this course, and placing themselves under the command of an officer named Rosique, they departed from San Fernando. Rosique conducted this troop to Veger, a small town built on an eminence. The situation appeared favourable, and it was besides

known that General Torrijos had agents in the place. Immediately on the arrival of the party at Veger, the command devolved on Don Christoval Jurado, an officer acting under the direction of the above-named general. Of the capacity of Jurado to fulfil the charge entrusted to him, little was known at the time; but the sequel afforded a plain demonstration of his total want of abilities for the task.

Whilst these affairs were transacting, the general, Don Vicent Quesada, being duly informed of the commotion at Cadiz, proceeded to check the progress of the evil. He immediately repaired to that city, and having provided for its tranquillity, hastened to march against the liberals stationed at Veger. Jurado received intelligence of his advance. He knew that the force which the general could collect in his hasty progress was very small, scarcely amounting to half that which he himself commanded. Instead, therefore, of advancing against the general, he preferred remaining inactive at Veger; instead of intercepting every communication between the inhabitants and those abroad, he allowed the post to enter. The courier thus brought, with the private correspondence, a proclamation from General Quesada, in which he promised a full pardon to all who would quit the standard of revolt. This pernicious document circulated freely through the town, and produced the most fatal effects. The soldiers began to discuss the expediency of purchasing personal security at the cheap rate of quitting their present chief; and, indeed, the lamentable incapacity for command which Jurado had displayed might justify their apprehension that no favourable results could be expected. Accordingly, desertion soon began to prevail. In parties of ten and twelve, the soldiers left the town, and surrendered their arms to Quesada. Jurado endeavoured, by expostulation and threats, to check the progress of the contagion, but perceived, with dismay, that the cause was hopeless. He attempted a sally, in order to gain the coast; but the moment favourable for this operation was past. A skirmish took place, and then he was compelled to retreat into the town. On the following day, about three hundred men, who had until now adhered faithfully, came to a resolution of surrendering in a mass. This step they took; and the abandoned Jurado, with a few desperate companions, remained at Veger, endeavouring to conceal themselves until an opportunity should offer to gain the coast. But even this last slender hope failed them. General Quesada set a price of three thousand reals—a sum equivalent to thirty pounds—on the head of Jurado. Trifling as the sum was, it proved a sufficient bait to induce a human being to betray him without remorse into the hands of his enemies. Little time was necessary to decide his fate; and Don Cristoval Jurado was executed within a few hours after his capture!

General Quesada now considered the revolt completely quelled; for he was under no apprehension with regard to the movements of Manzanares. The followers of this chief were few in number; they had already experienced several reverses, and had long been exposed to a series of fatigue, suffering, and danger. Harassed on every side, and without the means either of making a stand against the enemy, or of inducing the peasantry to join them, it was seen that they must fall an easy prey into the hands of the royalists. The situation of Manzanares was, at this time, most lamentable. He had been compelled to make a hasty retreat; many of his companions had been killed; others had deserted; and he felt the urgency of gaining the coast with all possible

expedition. At length he approached Estepona, and stayed at the foot of the Sierra Bermejon, in order to recruit his strength. He was, at the moment, accompanied only by five-and-twenty resolute men, who had sworn to remain faithful to each other to the very last breath. Amongst these were the brave guerilla, Carlos, Bemtez, and a young gentleman of good family, named Egido. In this pitiable condition, Manzanares applied to a goatherd, whom they chanced to meet coming down from the mountain, and promised him a large sum of money if he would hasten to the coast, and procure them a vessel that might carry them away. The goatherd heard him attentively, and greedily closed with the offer; but the traitor, instead of discharging his commission, ran to inform Mateos, a royalist, of what was in contemplation. The astonishment of Manzanares, therefore, was not slight when he perceived the goatherd advancing, with a numerous party of soldiers and royal volunteers, to betray him and his helpless companions. Indignation soon usurped the place of surprise; the moment of their fate was arrived, and they determined to make a desperate resistance. Manzanares himself rushed fiercely on the goatherd, and, in a moment, laid him dead at his feet. Upon this, a brother of the slain, took aim at Manzanares, and he fell instantly! His companions fought desperately, until—several of them being killed—further resistance was fruitless; and they were soon surrounded, overpowered, and taken prisoners. Carlos, Bemtez, Egido, and others, were soon after executed: the others were thrown into confinement.

The instructions which General Quesada received were of the most sanguinary description; but Quesada—to his honour be it spoken—has conducted himself, in the present instance, with laudable moderation. However wide we may differ in opinion from him, and however blameable his acts may have been in other circumstances, he is yet a native Spaniard, and must be actuated by more honourable sentiments than the atrocious *executioner* who commands in Catalonia.

In consequence of the failure of the Cadiz conspiracy, the most active investigations were commenced, and the government adopted rigorous measures to terrify those men who would not be pacified by other means. A great number of persons have been obliged to quit the country: the prisons have been filled with victims; and military commissions have been instituted, in order that the most summary justice may be performed on those who are considered obnoxious to the existing government. A reign of terror has commenced in the peninsula; yet it is a glaring mistake to suppose that persecution can stem the force of public opinion. Brutal force, instead of calming the angry feelings of the disaffected, tends to widen the breach existing between them and the rulers of the land. For the common interests of humanity, the powers of Europe (which can so well meddle with other people's affairs when it suits their purpose) ought to have interfered long ago, to prevent the fearful storm which still hovers on the political horizon of the peninsula, and which will, sooner or later, burst with destructive fury upon that unfortunate country.

ELLISTON-ECCENTRICITIES.

It was not without emotion that I heard of the death of Mr. Elliston. He had been one of my earlier associates, and the recollections of our former intimacy rapidly suggested themselves to my mind, when the subject of them had passed from the scene for ever! The little circumstances in which he bore a part, once merely considered as the amusement of the hour, as they passed in revision before me, seemed to acquire an importance which would be undue, did they not serve partially to illustrate the character of one who, from his situation and intercourse in life, as well as individual excellence in his profession, must occupy a distinguished niche in the dramatic temple of fame.

I will not pretend, in this short notice, to assume anything like detail. Pens are already busily engaged, which, doubtless, will do their subject ample justice. I do not set forward as Mr. Elliston's eulogist or biographer—but merely choose a few anecdotes, which will serve to exhibit, in an amusing, though I trust not unamiable, point of view, the peculiarities of this admirable actor—an *actor* in every sense of the word.

The ruling passion of Elliston's mind, I should say, was vanity, or perhaps we may ennoble it by the term of ambition. I do not mean mere personal vanity, or desire of extravagant praise, in the exercise of his profession—I believe in this particular he was exceeded by many of his brethren; but it was his management he delighted to honour. It was an overweening desire to impress on the minds of his associates and dependants an exaggerated idea of his own importance—to impart a false consequence to the rule of his little dominion—a prerogative he had succeeded in persuading himself was equal to royalty itself. Here is an instance.* A gentleman of considerable merit as a provincial actor, once called, by appointment, at Drury-lane Theatre. He found Mr. Elliston, who had then the management, giving some directions on the stage, and was welcomed by him with great politeness. The manager, however, thinking from the slight conversation which had passed, the gentleman in question did not seem sufficiently impressed with the greatness of the individual whom he had the honour for the first time of addressing, took an odd method of displaying his power and consequence. "Yes, Sir," said Mr. Elliston, continuing the conversation previously commenced, with a slow and solemn enunciation,—"the drama—is now—at its lowest ebb; and—" then suddenly breaking off, in a loud emphatic voice he called "*First night watchman.*"—The man instantly stepped up, and making his bow stood for orders.—"And," resuming to the actor, "and unless—a material—change—" again breaking off, he called, "Other *night watchman,*" with peculiar emphasis. The call was obeyed as before—"a material change—I say—takes place,—as Juvenal justly—" "*Mr. Prompter.*"—The prompter came—"as Juvenal justly observes—" "*Box-keeper, dress circle, right hand.*"—The man joined the group,—"but, Sir, a reaction must take place, when—" "Other *Box-keepers.*"—The other box-keepers came up.—"Sir, I say there must be a—" "*Copyist.*"—Copyist arrives,—"must be a—" "*First scene shifter.*" The man comes.—"Sir, I say it, a convulsion, which will overturn—" "Other *scene shifter.*" They all flock round—"and eventually crush even the—" "*Call boy.*" Mr. Elliston having now, by the power of his

* This story has been pleasantly told in the *Tatler;* I tell it as I heard it.

wand, collected all these personages around him, without seeming to have an idea of providing for their exit, luckily thought that the easiest way to dismiss them, without derogation to his dignity, would be to make an exit himself; beckoning, therefore, to the actor, for whose especial benefit this display of authority was got up, he said, in a slow and magisterial tone, "Follow me;" then, in the most dignified manner, he retired to his room, leaving the minions of his power to guess at his will.

A clever dramatic author once so far offended the manager, that, forgetting his dignity, he kicked him out of the room. This little effervescence of Mr. Elliston of course produced a *coolness* on the part of the other; till the talents of the latter were so much in request by the manager, that he condescended to apologize. Still, however, the wound was hardly healed, and was alluded to indignantly by the injured poet. "Come, come, my good friend," said Elliston, "you think too much of it, many would have rejoiced, and with good cause; for at all events it will make you popular!"

If ever an actor obtained credit for identifying himself with the character he represented, it was certainly due to Mr. Elliston more than to any man on the stage; for it is a well known fact that, during the celebrated representation of the Coronation at Drury-lane, Mr. Elliston was so carried away by the enthusiasm of his profession, that he verily believed himself to be the royal personage he represented. When the mimic but gorgeous pageant left the stage, the acclamations of a crowded house were long and deafening; until Elliston, forgetting that he was only the puppet of royalty, overcome with emotion, burst into tears, and stretching forth his hands, exclaimed in an almost inarticulate voice,—"Bless you, bless you, *my* people!"

But amidst a great deal of apparent frivolity, Elliston had a deep knowledge of human nature. A strange instance of this was related to me by a party concerned, and shews the singular tact of which he was master, to beguile a man into the most extravagant adventure, by exciting his feelings of curiosity and self-interest. A gentleman who has been long celebrated as a dramatic author, and who was also an intimate friend of Elliston, had at one time a situation of some responsibility at the Coburg Theatre. Repairing to his duties rather late one evening, he was walking quickly along the road, when a coach drove rapidly after him, and he heard a voice calling him to stop. On turning round he saw his friend Elliston with his head out of the coach window, and with great earnestness beckoning him to come—"Ah! my dear fellow," said Elliston, "you are the man I most desired to see; I was driving to the Coburg in quest of you—just step in here, and as we drive along I have something to communicate." "Then let it be brief," said the author, getting into the coach; "as they are waiting for me at the theatre." "It is better that they should wait for a time," said the other, "than that you should lose the advantage of what I am about to say." "What is it?" inquired the first; "tell me in a few minutes." "A few minutes is not sufficient; what I have to say requires time and thought, and——" "My good Sir," said the author, anxiously, "remember how I am situated. Tell me where I can meet you in an hour." "I can only say," returned the other, "that I am going by the mail into the country; it is now nearly eight o'clock, and I have a secret proposal to make to you of the utmost consequence to both.—Now will you throw away the pearl at your foot or return?" The situation was embar-

rassing. Already the coach, having driven rapidly, had considerably widened the space from his duty. The proposal might be of importance. Perhaps some country management. "Proceed," said the author; "I must make what excuse I can on my return." Elliston immediately began some rambling desultory harangue, which, before any thing could be made out of it, was cut short by the coach stopping in Lombard-street close to a north country mail just then in the act of starting. "Just in time, Sir," said the guard, "couldn't wait the ghost of a minute."—"Good God!" said the author, "you will not be able to tell me after all."—"Yes, yes, I shall," said Elliston, getting into the mail; "jump in; we can put you down at the Angel, and you can take a coach—I'll pay for it ——" "But the Coburg."—"I tell you, I'll make a man of you—curse the Coburg!"—"Now, Sir," said the guard. The visions of management danced before the author's eyes. "Curse the Coburg!" he echoed mechanically, and jumped in beside the manager. Every body knows in what an incredibly short space of time the mail travels from Lombard-street to the Angel at Islington. Before the author had well recovered his surprise, he found himself already there, and heard Elliston calling loudly for brandy and water. It was confoundedly hot, and before they could drink it, the mail was ready to travel.—"Well," said the author, "you have brought me into a pretty mess, and told me nothing after all—what on earth shall I do?"—"Nonsense," said the other; "I was just coming to the point when we arrived; but there is a coach-stand a little higher up, and by the time we arrive there you shall know all." In an unlucky hour did the poor author again commit himself to the road. "My dear friend," said Elliston, "give me but a minute or two to reflect; and throwing himself into a corner of the mail seemed to be wrapped in thought. There was no other passenger in the mail, and night was closing in unusually dark—what could this important proposal be? anxiously thought the author. He knew Elliston to be a great speculator—perhaps he had taken the Dublin Theatre, and had chosen him to superintend its management,—or the Liverpool, perhaps—travelling in a north country mail favoured the supposition; yet why all this deep reflection—Elliston gave a loud snore! "Good God!" cried the astounded author, "have I been fooled all this time?"—"Excuse me, my dear fellow," said Elliston, half awaking by the violence of his own exertion; "but the fact is—brandy and water—night—without sleep;" and relapsing into somnolency, he snored again. In despair, the author thurst his head out of the window to look for the coach-stand, but found himself rattling along the north road, and just then going through Highgate archway;—with a groan the unhappy man of letters threw himself back on the seat. "Make a man of you," muttered Elliston; "fortune favours—the brave.—Curse the Coburg." —snores. A drowsy sympathy came over the author; the brandy and water had its effect, and when he awoke it was to a supper at the Bull at Redburn, it being then about half-past eleven at night, and consequently too late to think of taking a coach for the Coburg. Not to render my story too long, their destination proved to be the Three Kings, or three somethings at Leicester; and now the important secret was to be divulged. The author was shewn into a bed-room to adjust his toilet; having nothing, however, but the clothes he stood in, but little time was required for *that*. On descending he found Elliston seated at a well-filled breakfast table, prepared to explain all to his satisfaction. "Honesty,

my dear friend," said the manager, "is a valuable quality to its possessor; but still more valuable to his friends." The author nodded assent. "Such a man I have been long seeking, and, I think, I have found one in yourself." The author bowed—the vision of Dublin theatre again presented itself. "Any thing, my dear friend," said he complacently, "that honesty, or my little ability can compass, you may command me in ——" "You delight me," exclaimed Elliston, "half the difficulty is removed by the admission ——" "You wish to place me in a situation of trust I presume?" said the author, anxiously. "Precisely so," returned the other. "It *is* the Dublin," thought the author.—"But," continued Elliston, "I was half afraid you would consider it too trifling a game to have played so large a stake for." "It must be the Liverpool, after all," thought the author. "I can sacrifice a good deal for friendship," said he.—"My kind, generous friend," exclaimed Elliston, "you bind me to you for ever,—know then,—that to-morrow night is my benefit at this theatre, and as I know they will cheat me, I have brought you here to *take my money at the door!*" I will pass over the scene of astonishment and disappointment on the one side, and of excuse and promise on the other,—suffice it to say, the author agreed to the proposal, determining, in his own mind, however, to turn the tables on the cajoler. In the mean time Elliston took him round to different shops, with all of whom the manager appeared to have an account, and fitted him out, with some things he actually wanted. The author found that his friend the manager had pursued his usual plan, and obtained a place in the recollection of many worthy men with whom he had dealings, by obtaining a place in the easiest filled side of their books.—Even the very fiddlers were looking to the result of the benefit with anxiety.

The eventful evening arrived. A comedy, then popular, was announced. Elliston had been at the theatre during the day to superintend the arrangements, which were then completed. About an hour before the performance, when the man of letters was about to descend from his pegasus, to occupy the humble post of money-taker, Elliston burst into the room, anxiety portrayed on his countenance. "My dear friend," said he, "you have done much to serve me; I have one thing more to ask you; it will then crown the obligation."—"What is it?"—"You know we play ——'s piece to-night; the man who plays Scamp is no where to be found—not a soul will undertake it. Now, my dear friend, if you have any regard for me—will you?"—"Good Heavens! Mr. Elliston, are you mad? I never *was* on the stage, nor could I ever recite a syllable in my life."—"No matter," said the manager, "look over the part, and trust to me."—"Impossible!" ejaculated the author.—"Then I'm a ruined man!" rejoined the manager, clasping his hands together.—"As I have gone so far," returned the good-natured dramatist, seeing his distress.—"Only try," said the other, energetically.—"There's nothing in it, believe me. Trust to me and the prompter. Here, waiter, bring brandy and water." The author was not proof against such an attack. As the brandy and water diminished, his courage increased, and it was agreed, as it was expected the house would be full before the curtain drew up, that the author, after securing the money, should make his first appearance as Scamp.

Shortly after opening the doors the house was crammed; and at his proper place in the drama our new aspirant to theatrical fame, having been puffed off as a gentleman from London, made his appearance amidst

an enthusiastic welcome. It must be observed that both master and servant had imbibed a sufficient quantity of brandy and water to make them quite independent of audience, or, in fact, of any thing else but the object for which they came. The following extraordinary dialogue ensued—" Well, Scamp," said his master (Elliston), " so, after all the years we have been together, you will leave me at last—(aside)—I say, you rogue, how much money have you got?"

Scamp.—" Yes, Sir, I can submit to your temper no longer—I have got sixty good pounds in my pocket."

Master.—" Sixty pounds, you say; hand them to me, good Scamp."

Scamp.—" Harkye, Sir John. For many years have you promised me my wages, but the devil a penny could I get. Have you not likewise trepanned me from a comfortable place to starve in your service? I have now got the money, and I intend to keep it, Sir John"—suiting the action to the word by slapping his pocket, where the noise of the coin was distinctly audible. Some of the audience, who knew the play, were in amaze, others thought it capital acting. An appalling fact, however, glanced on the manager's mind. He knew there was a considerable balance due to the author, but this method of payment he was unprepared for.

Master.—" What, would you ruin your generous master, after all he has done for you?" (shewing considerable agitation.)

Scamp.—" My generous master has ruined me, and the least he can do is to pay me what he owes me. Farewell, Sir—I have a conveyance near to take me back to town."

Master.—" Nay, then, if that's the game, here's after you;"—and before the author could make his exit he felt the manager's hand on his collar with such an impetus, that, aided by the potation, down they both tumbled, and literally rolled together on the stage. The pockets of the author, charged as they were with gold and silver, and all unused to such a freight, gave way under the shock, and the glittering coin scattered itself liberally about the stage. The fiddlers' eyes glistened at the sight, and, unable to resist the temptation of paying their own arrears, they scooped the stray half-crowns into the orchestra with their bows, while some jumped on the stage, and began to collect the spoil. In the pit there happened to be a number of worthy tradesmen and others, having bills unpaid, who, seeing how matters went, and dreading the result, hastily followed the example of the fiddlers, and in another instant the stage became a bear-garden, each intent on himself, swearing, and fighting, and scrambling, like so many Eton-boys, or—devils. The independent part of the house were shrieking with laughter—the original combatants, lying on the stage, panting with their exertion, were hustled about and trampled by the creditors—while, to crown the scene, amidst the babel-like confusion, some wags extinguished the lights, and—let fall the curtain!

DON PEDRO, AND THE BRAZILIAN REVOLUTION.

The revolutionary earthquake which, in July last, hurled the Bourbon from his throne, and which still continues to agitate the political substratum of the European world, has vibrated with powerful effect across the Atlantic. Like the cholera at present raging in the natural world, spreading its devastating ravages with equal fury amid the snows of Russia, as on the burning plains of Hindostan, the headlong course of the revolutionary scourge is marked by undiscriminating features; uprooting, in its fearful progress, both liberal and despotic—the upholder of the divine right of kings, and the defender of popular institutions.

The prediction so confidently set forth at the outbreak of the French revolution, by La Fayette, was no idle prophecy—"Revolutionary principles appear destined to make *le tour du monde.*" Within the narrow circle of a year, Cherbourg has beheld two fugitive monarchs seeking refuge in its port—both the victims of revolution, but whose political careers and principles are distinguished by features certainly as opposite as the hemispheres in which they reigned.

When Don Pedro d'Alcantara, in the year 1822, raised the standard of Brazilian independence, he presented to the world the novel spectacle of a prince, cradled in the lap of despotism, and whose mind was strongly imbued with ultra notions of kingly prerogative, casting at once aside the prejudices of birth and education, coming boldly forward as the champion of liberalism, and erecting his new-made throne on the basis of revolutionary principles. As the star of independence rose majestically on the political horizon of Brazil, there arose, at the same time, a small cloud, which announced a future tempest. The recollection of the principles in which he had been educated has proved as fatal to the emperor as the misguided policy of his government; for, from the very commencement of his reign, it inspired his subjects with well-founded suspicions of the sincerity of his professions. On the day of his coronation, when, to the superficial observer, all appeared *couleur de rose,* a trifling incident betrayed the existence of this feeling. On the termination of the ceremony, Don Pedro—his brows encircled with the imperial diadem—harangued, from the window of the palace, the crowd assembled in the square beneath. After a speech of considerable length—of course admirably calculated to flatter the vanity, and gratify the hyperbolical taste, of the Brazilian people—he concluded by swearing to defend the independence of Brazil, and the constitution which the Cortes should frame for it. In repeating these words with great emphasis of tone, the emperor carried his hand to the hilt of his sword. The abruptness of the action loosened the crown from his brows, which would have fallen but for the hand of the emperor, which restored it to its place. This little incident was by many regarded as a favourable omen of the short duration and instability of his authority.

The position of Don Pedro was, from the first, one of peculiar difficulty. The only monarch in a region encompassed on all sides by new-founded republics, and aware that a similar spirit was gradually spreading among his own subjects, with admirable skill and sagacity he sought, on every occasion, rather to lead than oppose the expression of popular feeling; and, by thus forestalling the tide of events, he effectually, for a time, baffled the machinations of the republican party. The

first acts of his reign were distinguished by wonderful activity and energy of character. The royalists were, after a short struggle, driven from the country, and the last link of the chain, which for three centuries had bound America to Europe, was severed. Three months after his elevation to the throne, he convoked the legislative assembly. On this occasion, he expressed his confident hope that the constitution which that legislative body would frame for the country, would be equally remote from every extreme of despotism, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic—a constitution, in fact, which should render Brazil at once the "admiration and terror of the world." How far these legislators realized the hopes of the emperor and the nation, and how nearly their wild, democratic spirit precipitated the country into a civil war, from which it was only saved by the admirable presence of mind and stern decision of Don Pedro, are events with which the English public are perfectly familiar—and events, too, which sufficiently demonstrate that the throne of the emperor was undermined from the first moment of its erection.

The promulgation of a new constitution, more adapted to the infant political education of the Brazilian people—the suppression of the revolutionary spirit in the northern provinces of the empire—and, above all, the recognition of the independence of Brazil by Great Britain and Portugal, appeared to have consolidated the authority of the emperor, and to have consummated the profound policy which aimed at the preservation of the immense empire of Brazil to the house of Braganza. But even at this period, when the star of Don Pedro was at its zenith, the great tide of revolution was rolling on, and gaining ground with every breaker.

We will now endeavour to develop the causes which produced the late events at Rio de Janeiro; but previously it will be necessary to investigate the causes which led to the separation of Brazil from the mother country.

There is no problem in politics, it has been profoundly remarked, more difficult of solution than that of colonies. To watch over their infancy; to mark the hour of their maturity; to know when to yield to well-founded remonstrance, and when to exact implicit obedience, requires the exercise of consummate sagacity. Much more skill and political discernment, we venture to pronounce, is required of those daring spirits who wield the destinies of colonies, to mark the hour when, by education, the mind of the country is prepared—when the faculties of *the gifted few* are prepared to lead, and of the intelligent mass to follow—*hic labor, hoc opus est*—for then alone can a well-conducted revolution ensue. Did this calm, decided, energetic operation of the reason of the people—diffusively in the common sense of the mass—eminently in the strong conviction of the gifted minds—did this chaste operation of intellect, we ask, exist in Brazil when she reared the standard of independence? We confidently answer the question with a decided negative. Not only was the mind of the country totally unprepared for the revolution, but there really existed no grounds for the measure. Brazil had ceased to be a colony; and, under the mild despotism of the house of Braganza, the country was slowly but steadily advancing in the march of civilization. Up to that period, the political surface of these beautiful regions was still and unruffled as a mountain lake—singularly contrasting with the convulsed state of Spanish America. The constitutional

system proclaimed in Portugal in 1820 was adopted, a few months afterwards, by Brazil—a political event which has brought on both countries all the evils attributed to the fabulous box of Pandora. The real cause of the revolution was a feeling of deadly hatred to every thing European—a feeling produced solely by intrigue, and which was disseminated with inconceivable rapidity from the Amazon to the Rio de la Plata. Unfortunately for the peace and prosperity of the country, there existed but too many elements admirably fitted to the views of the revolutionary party. The European-Portuguese were by far the most intelligent portion of the population, who, by their steady industry and superior activity, were in possession almost exclusively of the whole commerce of the country. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* The revolutionary party appealed rather to the wounded vanity of the Brazilians than to their sense of wrongs; and they touched a chord which vibrated with powerful effect. The long-smothered flame suddenly burst forth, and led to acts of atrocity against the defenceless European population at which humanity shudders, and which will ever be a stain on the annals of the country. Even the emperor, from the policy of the moment, appeared to have strongly imbibed this anti-European feeling.

Having thus cursorily detailed the principal causes which led to the separation of Brazil from Portugal, we shall proceed to investigate those which have lost Don Pedro his crown, and which appear fated to plunge his dominions into the most frightful state of anarchy and confusion. They may be classed under three heads:—

1st. The war with Buenos Ayres.

2dly. The crusade against Portugal, in the cause of the young queen, Donna Maria.

3dly. The abolition of the slave trade, and the venality and corruption of the Brazilian people.

The war with Buenos Ayres—one of ambition and territorial aggrandizement, undertaken without any just grounds—proved disgraceful to the arms of the empire, ruined its trade, exhausted its finances, and fostered a deep-rooted spirit of discontent throughout every one of its provinces. But it was the intervention in the affairs of Portugal which was the most fatal stroke of policy, and which effectually undermined the popularity of the emperor. This measure was a gross deviation from the grand principles of the revolution, in diametrical opposition to the best interests of the country, and one that the public voice was loud in their deprecation of. In fact, in so anti-national a light was this course of policy viewed by the chambers, that they refused to ratify the conditions of the loan contracted in London for the service of the young queen. The republican party, on the other hand, hailed with delight the arrival of the moment so favourable for the consummation of their darling plans. With Machiavelian skill they fanned the flame, excited the fears, and inflamed the passions of the people, by inculcating on their minds that it was the intention of the emperor to reduce Brazil to its ancient state of a colony of Portugal. The arrogance and presumption of the Portuguese refugees at Rio de Janeiro went far to give a strong colouring of probability to the report. But, after all, the intervention in the affairs of Portugal was rather the remote than the proximate cause of the late revolution, which has hurled Don Pedro from his throne with the same rapidity that he ascended it. The real cause is of deeper growth, and must be sought for in the character of his people, of whose

habits of venality and corruption no adequate idea can be formed but by those who have long resided in the country, and have had access to the best sources of information. The revolution had wrought rather a change of men than of measures. Under the new order of things, every species of corruption continued to pollute both the course of public and private life. Another "*Arte de furtar*" might be written to illustrate the state of manners in Brazil, and of the degenerate spirit which sacrificed every thing to the base consideration of personal interest.

To cleanse out this Augean stable of corruption, was the undeviating study of Don Pedro; but, less fortunate than his fabulous prototype, the attempt cost him his crown. His ministry, the object of so much popular clamour, ably seconded the views of the emperor. The abolition of the slave trade—a source of immense profit to those engaged in it, though acknowledged to be detrimental to the best interests of the country—produced general dissatisfaction; but when the reforming spirit of the ministry began to attack the flagrant abuses that pervaded every branch of the public administration, then it was that the revolutionary torrent burst forth. The emperor was abandoned to a man; for even his own adherents, fearful of the public exposé in active preparation, threw themselves into the arms of the republican party. A certain marquis, well known in the diplomatic circles of London, is reported to have powerfully influenced the late events by his largesses to the troops, and to have been, in the back-ground, the main-spring of the revolution.

What may be the future career of the emperor—whether, like another Sylla, disgusted with the "lust of sway," he will retire into the bosom of private life—whether he will actively attempt to place his daughter on the throne of Portugal—or whether, in the course of a few months, a counter-revolution in Brazil may again induce him to recross the Atlantic—for such an event among a people whose political acts have resembled the playful fantasies of monkeys, rather than the acts of beings who dignify themselves with the appellation of rational, does not pass the bounds of probability—these are questions which we will not venture to answer. Don Pedro has been the victim of untoward circumstances, the operation of which was uncontrollable. So far from committing any overt act against the liberties of his subjects, he granted them a measure of freedom for which they were totally unfited; while his frank and generous character, and his unceasing exertions for the welfare of his empire, deserved him a better fate than that he has experienced from Brazil, for the crown of which he abdicated that of his own hereditary dominions.

Over the future destinies of Brazil there hangs a thick cloud of fearful uncertainty. We have already remarked that the Brazilian people, at the period of their revolution, were totally incapable of adapting their previous habits to the institutions of freedom. All the phases of their revolutionary career have been marked more by a servile spirit of imitation than by an abstract love of liberty. In 1821, in imitation of the mother country, they proclaimed a constitution; a few months afterwards, dazzled by the example of Spanish America, they declared themselves independent; in their late political *alerte*, they appear to have been led away by a blind admiration of the Parisians in July last—at least if their cry of "Viva a liberdode franceza!" be taken as a criterion. In the next revolutionary spectacle which they will offer to the

world, St. Domingo will be the model; and here it is that their powers of imitation will be the most happily displayed; for the elements of society in Brazil are much more analagous to those of St. Domingo than to those of any of the countries which, in their revolutionary career, had served them as prototypes. When we reflect on the elements of anarchy which exist in Brazil, we shudder at the frightful perspective which awaits her. The proportion of the black and coloured population to the white is as seven to one. The wrongs of the three centuries cry loudly for redress. The veil which has so long blinded them has been suddenly rent away; and they at last open their eyes to a sense of their own strength and importance. Opportunity, we fear, will soon be afforded them of discharging the debt of deadly hatred they owe the whites. The flood-gates of ambition are burst asunder, and the seeds of the most frightful anarchy are in full development. In the language of Napoleon, "Tous les elemens sont prets, il ne faut, qu'un point d'appui, qu' un homme." Brazil, like Naples, will have her Massaniello.

It has been acutely remarked, that a shot cannot be fired in any part of the world without English interests suffering. Great Britain, by the late revolution in Brazil, will be a loser of between six and seven millions, independent of the large capital employed in mining speculations and the general purposes of commerce. The ephemeral monarchy which exists will be of short duration; the republican flag will, on the first news of the change which has taken place in the capital, be hoisted in the northern provinces. This immense empire, hitherto held together by the prestige of the emperor's name, will be dismembered, and formed into so many independent republics. To which of these will then the English creditor look for the payment of their dividends? The leaders of the Brazilian revolution may be honest in their views, and may fondly dream of still maintaining a monarchical form of government; but we fear that the experience of a few months will shew that, like Frankenstein, they have raised up a demon which will work their destruction.

For the sake of humanity, we sincerely hope that our forebodings may prove unfounded, and that this richest portion of South America may not, like the other parts of that vast continent, disappoint the sanguine hopes which, at the outbreak of the revolution, led the commercial adventurer to seek there an El Dorado, and the political theorist an Utopia!

The fortunes of the young queen, Donna Maria, in whose cause her father has sacrificed so much, are on the beam. If Don Pedro, when seated on the throne of Brazil, was unable to influence the policy of the European cabinets in her favour, there at present exists but little chance of his doing so, now that he is a dethroned and fugitive monarch. The Portuguese constitutionalists must now depend on their own energies and resources. Accustomed to the protecting arm of England, they dreamt of foreign assistance when they should have acted boldly in the field—retreated ignominiously when they should have advanced. Let them look to Poland—to that Poland who, alone, armed with her native fortitude, has broken the spear of the colossus of the north; let them, if possible, catch a ray of the noble inspiration which animates that gallant people, and blush for their own pusillanimous conduct, which has rendered them—may we not say? the contempt, of the civilized world.

JOHNSON, BOSWELL, AND CROKER.

We have no time now, to detail the merits of the five solid volumes, which the scissors of the late secretary of the Admiralty have compiled for us; his part in the performance has been, to gather from all the memoirs scattered through the shelves of gossipry, every fragment of anecdote which could swell the bulk of the doctor's notoriety. The result is, a very amusing book, probably of very considerable trouble to the compiler, and undoubtedly, of very considerable interest to the lover of pertinent sayings, strong character, and rough argumentation. The doctor was a first-rate John Bull, that is, a first-rate bull-dog, and nothing could be more formidable than his gripe, when he once took the trouble to tear down his antagonist. But we have no time for criticism now. We shall try to gratify our readers by some fragments of the volumes.

Goldsmith was continually provoking Johnson, by some foolery or other; the doctor was fond of him, but, like a good parent, never spared the rod.

"Of Goldsmith's *Traveller* he used to speak in terms of the highest commendation. A lady, I remember, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read it from the beginning to the end, on its first coming out, to testify her admiration of it, exclaimed, 'I never more shall think Dr. Goldsmith ugly!' In having thought so, however, she was by no means singular: an instance of which I am rather inclined to mention, because it involves a remarkable one of Dr. Johnson's ready wit: for this lady, one evening, being in a large party, was called upon, after supper, for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith: on which a lady, on the other side of the table, rose up, and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.'"

Johnson had some original dislike to the Scotch nation, though clearly not to the Scotch as individuals, for his chief companions in his early literary course were Scotchmen, and Boswell was obviously on the most familiar footing with him; but he had the insolence of the "Modern Athenian:"—

"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so, as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, *you lie!*' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a ——!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part; and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."—Walter Scott.

One of the anecdotes, trivial enough, is traced by the editor with a ludicrous particularity:—

"Lord Wellesley has been so obliging, as to give the editor the following account of the cause of a quarrel between Boswell and Johnson. Boswell, one day at Sir Joshua's table, chose to pronounce a high-flown panegyric on the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and exclaimed, 'How delightful it must have been, to have lived in the society of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Bolingbroke? We have no such society in our days.' Sir Joshua: 'I think Mr. Boswell, you might be satisfied with your great friend's conversation.' Johnson: 'Nay, Sir, Boswell is right; every man wishes for preferment, and if Boswell had lived in those days, he would have obtained promotion.' Sir Joshua: 'How so, Sir?' Johnson: 'Sir, he would have had a high place in the *Dunciad*.' This anecdote Lord Wellesley heard from Mr. Thomas Sydenham, who received it from Mr. Knight, on the authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself."—CROKER.

Here is a sorry joke transmitted through five hands, "all persons of wit and honour;" a *bon mot* was never honoured with so flourishing a pedigree before.

One of the doctor's well-known paradoxes, was his notion of genius:—

"People are not born with a particular genius, for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense, applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which, by great application, grew to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius."

The question ought to have been asked, whether Johnson himself, had the slightest hope to have painted like Sir Joshua, or have composed like Handel; why did he himself not write tragedy like Shakspeare? He took trouble enough in this point at least, yet what is his Irene? Is Macbeth the mere work of "good sense, applied with diligence to what was a mere accident?" nonsense. The truth is, that genius is a peculiar power of certain minds, with which other minds have as little to do, as the man born blind has to the man with eyes. The faculty is exclusive, and however near approaches may be made to its effects, by men of diligent common sense, there is still a stamp which all the diligence in the world cannot give, and that stamp is the work of genius.

"*Johnson's opinion of Sterne.*—Sterne, as may be supposed, was no great favourite with Dr. Johnson; and a lady once ventured to ask him how he liked Yorick's sermons: 'I know nothing about them, madam,' was his reply. But some time afterwards, forgetting himself, he severely censured them, and the lady very aptly retorted. 'I understood you to say, Sir, that you had never read them.' 'No, madam, I did read them, but it was in a stage-coach. I should never have deigned even to look at them had I been at *large*.'"

He was not unconscious of his own roughness:—

"Of later years he grew much more companionable, and I have heard him say that he knew himself to be so. 'In my younger days,' he would say, 'it is true, I was much inclined to treat mankind with asperity and contempt: but I found it answered no good end. I thought it wiser and better to take the world as it goes. Besides, as I have advanced in life, I have had more reason to be satisfied with it. Mankind have treated me with more kindness, and of course I have more kindness for them.'"

But the great man could be deceived in himself, like the rest of mankind, and one of his blunders was, a notion that no man understood the refinements of politeness better. The following anecdote comes properly from the pen of a lady, Miss Reynolds:—

"He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage, through Bolt Court, unattended by himself, to hand her into it (at least, I have reason to suppose it to be his general custom, from his constant performance of it to those with whom he was most intimately acquainted); and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet-street. But to describe his appearance—his important air—that, indeed, cannot be described; and his morning habiliments would excite the utmost astonishment in any reader, that a man in his senses could think of stepping outside his door in them, or even to be seen at home! Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt-court, to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace. And I am certain, to those who love laughing, a description of his dress from head to foot would be highly acceptable, and in general, I believe, be thought the most curious part of my book; but I forbear, out of respect to his memory, to give more than this slight intimation of it; for, having written a minute description of his figure, from his wig to his slippers, a thought occurred that it might probably excite some person to delineate it, and I might have the mortification to see it hung up at a print shop as the greatest curiosity ever exhibited."

Goldsmith's eccentricities were well-known, and of course, played on by his club; the following anecdote places Burke in the new light of a pleasant *mystifier:*—

He and Malone were walking together, to dine at Sir Joshua's, when they saw Goldsmith looking up, with a crowd, who had gathered before a house in Leicester Square:—

"'Now,' said Burke to his friend, 'mark what I shall do with Goldsmith.' He went up to him, said something, and passed on. They reached Sir Joshua's before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of prefacing, said, 'That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with a man, who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions, as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what he meant; 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be, for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezebels,* while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish—*I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.*'"

"*Johnson's Manner.*—Sir James Mackintosh remembers, that while spending the Christmas of 1797, at Breconfield, Mr. Burke said to him, 'Johnson shewed more power of mind in company than in his writings; but he argued only for victory; and when he had neither a paradox to defend, nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with, '*why no, Sir.*'"

"*Johnson and Hugh Kelly.*—Hugh Kelly, the dramatic author, who died in Gough-square, in 1777, at 38—his first introduction to Johnson was not likely to have pleased a person of 'predominant vanity.' After having sat a short time, he got up to take his leave, saying, that he feared a longer visit might be troublesome. 'Not in the least, Sir,' Johnson is said to have replied, 'I had forgotten you were in the room.'"

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. Nº. III.*

Having gained all the information I required respecting the rich copper mines of Rio Tinto, on the morning of the 15th of May I departed from the village of Las Minas on my return to Madrid, a distance of four hundred miles. My horses were caparisoned in the manner I have heretofore related; and I took care to provide myself with such provision as the village afforded, to guard, as much as possible, against the privations which I anticipated we should have to undergo, knowing the inhospitable nature of the country through which we had to travel. Pursuing our route, as we thought, according to the instructions of our mining friends, towards the village of Arecena, we passed innumerable small shafts, from which copper ore was extracted in former days by the Romans. Whatever progress they might have made in other arts, it is evident, from the remains of their workings, that of mining had not occupied much of their attention.

We now entered upon an extensive plain, covered with low underwood and dwarf trees. The path which we had to traverse, from infrequency of travelling, was in many places impeded by the growth of shrubs; and it occasionally cost us no little trouble to regain our route. The whole face of the country appeared different from any part that I had previously seen. It is of a singularly wild and desolate character. Nothing but mountain rising above mountain, and plain after plain, was presented in prospect, and all covered with this sombre and unprofitable garb, till the eye grew tired with the eternal monotony; and the glimpse of a tree, or of a human habitation, would have been hailed with delight. The return of seasons, which seems to awaken nature into a second existence, is here unfelt; and the revivifying influence of the sun serves but to heighten the horrors of this dreary and apparently interminable waste. Nothing can convey a better idea of the utter desolation which seems to pervade this region, forgotten as it were by Providence, than Coleridge's fine thought, in his poem of "The Ancient Mariner:"—

> "So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be!"

The whole of this day did we wander about those wilds without meeting with a human being; when, just as night set in, we descried a small village, to which we instantly made, and found it to be that of Rio Frio, having wandered considerably out of our way. Here we took up our quarters for the night in a sort of open barn, with our horse-clothing for covering, and destitute of all provisions except that which we had brought from the mines—which, indeed, bore but a mighty insignificant proportion to the extent of our appetites.

In the morning we were advised to go to St. Ollala, and were assured that there would be no danger of losing our way, the town lying in a perfectly straight direction foom our present position. Encouraged by these assurances, we again ventured forth, and, after wandering for some hours, had the mortification to find the track we had pursued end in a variety of small paths, apparently trodden by sheep or other animals. All day long we journeyed in this doubtful and discouraging manner,

* Extracted from the Note-Book of Sir Paul Baghott.

first choosing one path, then another, as it chanced to appear larger than the rest, and hoping it might lead to some human abode, however humble. The sun was sinking rapidly, and, fatigued and dispirited, I saw no alternative but to bivouac for the night amongst the wilds whither our errantry had led us; when my servant, whose slight portion of wit and natural faculties had increased in a more than usual proportion with a hungry stomach, fancied he perceived something like a habitation in the distance. Animated by this hope, we resumed our march, and found what he had descried to be a high wall, inclosing a piece of ground containing numberless hives of bees. The hives were of the rudest description, being made of small portions of hollow trees, and covered with flat stones. The disappointment we experienced on finding the nature of our expected refuge, was softened by the distant barking of a dog becoming audible to our quickened senses; and, shortly afterwards, we had the good fortune to hail a peasant, who guided us to the neighbouring village of Val de Flores. On the road he informed me that the inclosed spaces for bee-hives, one of which I had observed, was made sacred by the clergy, on account of the wax being so much in request for the service of the Catholic church. In order to secure these places from depredation, they have enacted a law that if any person is discovered in appropriating any portion of these sacred spoils to profane uses, he is condemned to lose his right hand. These establishments, of which there are numbers amongst those mountains, I learned were extremely productive to the reverend proprietors and their agents—the bees delighting in the odorous gum-schistus, and other fragrant shrubs, which are indigenous to this mountainous district.

On our arrival at Val de Flores, I found, to my great annoyance, that we were only three leagues from the mines which we left the day before; and, to render our disappointment the more severe, our accommodation was not a whit better than on the night previous—the ground for beds, our horse-furniture for covering, and a still more scanty supper than the last to crown a day of toil. The next morning we received directions to St. Ollala, which, it was affirmed, could not this time be mistaken; and the idea of taking a guide for such a purpose was perfectly ridiculed. We, therefore, set forward in better spirits, but found, to our perfect dismay, the road, to which we had scrupulously adhered for several leagues, gradually diminish, and at last branch off exactly in the manner we had experienced on the two preceding days. I now became exceedingly dispirited; I was fatigued with our long and wearisome marches, and weakened by little rest and sustenance. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at, if I felt the unpleasantness of my situation more keenly perhaps than the nature of the evil might warrant. I was almost inclined to despair of ever finding my way from this blank and dreary wilderness. In vain I strained my sight to its utmost gaze—almost to painfulness—but could discover nothing but a range of sterile mountains, and an interminable sea of entangled copse-wood. I would have given anything to have heard the bark of a dog, or anything which indicated humanity; but my ear could catch no other sound than the hum of the wild bee, or the moaning of the wind through the shrubs. In this forlorn and desolate manner did we wander on for leagues further—almost, I must confess, without hope. The sky was becoming overcast, and the wind was evidently rising—all betokening a stormy night. In vain did I cast my eye to the utmost limits of the horizon, becoming

now a little indistinct with haze; the same dull, monotonous prospect continually met my view; and the thoughts of passing the night in those wild wastes, with the mountain-wolves for my companions, absolutely terrified me. Our course became now impeded by a small river, which, though inconsiderable, was too deep to ford. On the opposite side I observed a conical hill of considerable height; and it occurred to me that our only chance was to ascend to its summit, and, if human habitation were near, we might, by that means, discover it. Accordingly, we pursued the river's course for some distance, until a place presented itself by which it might be forded in safety, which, having effected with some little difficulty, we arrived at length at the mountain, from whose summit we, with delight, descried a small hamlet in the distance. Our fears being thus providentially allayed, and hope proportionately excited, we marked carefully the bearings, and had the good fortune to gain the track, which brought us at nightfal to the village of Ranquileo, where we passed the night, if not luxuriously, at least safely.

Of course I took care to run no further risk of losing myself, and proceeded the next morning to St. Ollala, where I had been originally directed. On my road thither, and proceeding very leisurely along, my ears were regaled with the tinkling of mule-bells, and occasionally the twanging of a guitar. These sounds proceeded from a party in the rear, and, as they travelled at a gayer rate than myself, they soon overtook me; and I discovered my light-hearted travellers to be no other than a party of *gitanos,* or gipsies, on their way to a fair. They were singularly and fantastically attired. The women, particularly, seemed desirous to exhibit their wealth, which consisted in extravagantly large golden ear-rings and necklaces, besides an abundance of other gold and silver trinkets with which they were bedizened. The men seemed, by a happy coincidence of taste, to have joined with their natural predatory profession the equally profitable one of horse-dealing, or stealing, I hardly know which to call it; and had, amongst other temptations to beguile the unwary, two of the most beautiful white asses I ever beheld. These animals were at least fourteen hands high, of perfect symmetry; and through their ears, which were perforated for the purpose, hung a streamer of pink ribbons. They were also expensively caparisoned; their furniture was decorated with silken tassels, and about sixty small bells were attached thereto, the effect of which was by no means unpleasing. We arrived together at St. Ollala, and took possession of the only posada the town afforded. I passed a much more pleasant evening in their society than I had spent for some time; their lively and agreeable manners forming a pleasing contrast to the dull detail of my last few days' adventures. The females sung several native airs to the guitar, in which they were joined by the men: a tolerable proficiency on the guitar seemed the acquirement of the whole party. When the time for rest arrived, we were shewn into a spacious chamber, sufficiently large to contain us all. The females retired to the alcoves, and I stretched myself on the floor, side by side, with my gipsy friends, with my accustomed pillow and coverlid, my saddle, and horse-clothing. The next day I passed on, through the same description of country, to the little wretched village of Monasterio, where I found the posada occupied by a gang of muleteers—about as sinister-looking and unpleasant a set of gentry as I have ever had the ill-fortune to pass an evening with. Immediately on our arrival they greeted us with an oath, and demanded

"*Que quieren ustedes? No hay lugar aqui para estrangeros?*"—"What do you want here? there is no room for strangers?" While my servant looked to the horses and baggage, I tried all over the village to procure a room for the night, but without success, and was at last obliged to insist on our share of the room at the posada, in despite of black looks and cuchillo-handles, which they were not backward in shewing, with a view to intimidate us. It appeared to me that they were a band of smugglers, and by no means liked any check on their conversation, which doubtless had for its import some ingenious plan for defrauding the king's coffers of their legitimate rights.

I was not displeased to find myself breathing the fresh air early the next morning, on the road to Monte Molin, by a much better and broader pathway than I had been lately accustomed to travel. The tramp of our horses disturbed some eagles, who were busily engaged feasting on the carcase of a horse, which had been destroyed by wolves the night before.

Passing Monte Molin we reached Llerena, which was the first really respectable town I had seen since I had left Seville. Here then I determined to make a halt, and indulge in the luxury of a plentiful meal and a bed. For the former, of course, I had to forage; it not being the custom of the keepers of posadas in this part of the country to supply the guests with food. I soon found a butcher's shop, and fortunately discovered that respected functionary of the town, the master thereof, in the act of cutting up an old goat. As I had tasted no meat since I had left Seville I was by no means fastidious in my choice of food, and was glad to bargain for a fore-quarter with the worthy tradesman, who, I supposed, observing my eagerness, and having a due respect for my quality as a stranger, charged me a double price, as a matter of course. My landlady, who was a very civil and obliging person, and I dare say accustomed to the management of the same description of viand, promised to furnish from it a very dainty repast. While this was preparing, I determined on indulging myself with the luxuries of the toilet, a duty rendered attractive by its novelty, although, in fact, it was but a just compliment to my hostess, who besides being courteous and attentive, was pretty withal. My razors, powder, and pomatum were put into requisition; and as I re-entered the public apartment, I really fancied I did not exhibit an indifferent specimen of the *mode Anglais*. Seating myself at table—the savoury smell of the stew almost banished from my mind the complacency with which I had dwelt on my exterior,—my curiosity was roused by seeing the cook suspend her functions, an act of unpardonable temerity at that moment considering the state of my appetite, and the muleteers and other guests gazing at me with an unfeigned expression of astonishment. All eyes being riveted on me it was evident that I was the object of this singular attraction; though in what manner to account for it was beyond the limits of my comprehension. There was nothing that I could see remarkable in my dress; it was perfectly plain and gentlemanlike; when, as I began to enumerate in my mind the several articles of which it consisted, my speculations were cut short by an astounding burst of laughter from a thickset waggish-looking ruffian who had been eyeing me, as I thought, with peculiar earnestness. In this exhibition of mirth he was joined, or rather followed, by the whole *corps de la cuisine*, not excepting the cook, the landlady, and a little scrubby waiting girl. Totally ignorant of the cause

of their obstreporous humour, I sat perfectly unmoved, whilst peal after peal shook the very walls of the room. My gravity only encreased with their extravagant merriment, being still unable to divine the cause, until my fat friend advanced towards me rather cautiously, with a leering look, and a comical twinkling of the eye, and prefacing his address with a low bow, enquired what goods I had to dispose of? Not wishing to shew my vexation at the savage rudeness of the people, I merely replied I had nothing for sale.—"Oh! then," continued he, "where do you intend to exhibit, I suppose you have got leave from the alcalde?" I still answered mildly, though the impertinence of the fellow was almost too much for my temper, that I had no such intention, I was an English gentleman passing through the country, and expected to be treated, at least, with decency, if not with respect. "Come, come, my good fellow," said my querist; "I suppose this belongs to the nicety of your calling; but we are all friends here; so tell us which are you—quack doctor or mountebank?" This was too much.—The impudence of the fellow was past human endurance. In another instant, surrounded as he was by friends, I should have kicked him out of the room, at the risk of a stab the next minute; when my landlady, with the quick wittedness of woman, fancying there might be some mistake, stepped between us, and laying her hand on my arm pointed to my hair, which I had but a few minutes before arranged so much to my satisfaction with powder and pomatum. Taking a small quantity of powder between her thumb and finger, with great naïveté, she said—"If you are a gentleman what could have induced you to put that stuff on your head?" I replied it was the custom of many gentlemen of my own country and those of others, to wear powder, and that I was by no means singular in its adoption. Immediately the laughter of the crowd seemed to subside into a sort of quiet astonishment; and my fat persecutor to whom I was indebted for the first sally, assuming a more respectful demeanour said—"Really, Sir, we must beg your pardon for our rudeness; but, the fact is, *in our country*, the only persons we have ever seen thus disfigure themselves are mountebanks and quack doctors, who do it for our amusement; and I am sure we never knew before that it was the custom for *gentlemen*, in any part of the world, to prank themselves out like mountebanks." Whether the fellow intended this sally as an apology, or a quiet piece of waggery I know not, I suspected the latter; but be it as it may, it had its effect, for I have never worn powder since. This little incident, mortifying as it was, did not in the least detract from my appetite; for when my landlady placed before me my disguised portion of goat's flesh, not even Mons. Ude's celebrated *cotelète à la Sontag* ever received so hearty a commendation. It was with regret that I quitted the posada of the "Dos Cabelleros," or "The Two Gentlemen;" but being now within a short journey of my friend Thomas, at Azuaga, I made the best of my way thither.

Azuaga was considerably out of our way to Madrid, therefore, on our arrival the next day at Berlanga, instead of pursuing the route to Merida, we made a detour to the right, and entered a district in every respect the opposite to that we had quitted. The country seemed rich in corn and olives, and merinos began to shew themselves—a sure indication that we were approaching a civilized world.

On my arrival at Azuaga after receiving the congratulating visits of friends with whom I had become intimate on my former journey, I

accompanied my friend Thomas to inspect an estate to which he had given the name of North and South Baghott. This estate had been conveyed to me, on the condition, that I should introduce my new system of washing wool in this district, which is notoriously behind-hand in this particular to the rest of Spain. I found the estate consist of a considerable tract of grass land, comprising a great number of acres. It was divided by a ravine through which flowed a copious stream of water. Thomas proposed to dam up this rivulet by throwing a head across the ravine, which would enable the proprietor to flood the meadows, and supply the washhouse, besides working a mill to grind corn. The speculation, however, did not please me, for reasons which it is hardly necessary to relate here, and my place was supplied by a gentleman of a more enterprising spirit than myself; which, unfortunately for him, ended as I predicted.

Azuaga is a neat, pretty town, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. There is a fine ruin of an ancient castle at its northern extremity, beautifully situated, so as to command a view over the whole adjacent country, clothed with vines, olive trees, corn, and sheep pasture. Game is likewise very plentiful, consisting of the wild boar, deer, hare, bustard, partridge, and birds of the grouse species, which I had not seen before. Thomas had procured a young wolf, which he brought up as tame as a dog; and he had a hen then sitting on bustards' eggs, intending to try whether these naturally timid birds could be domesticated. An English lady, to whom I had been introduced in Madrid, resided in Azuaga with her husband, and had fitted up her house with a true sense of English comforts; not amongst the least of which were glass windows. They arrived during my stay there, and as the people of the country had never beheld any thing like them before, their curiosity was excited in a proportionate degree. One fellow, after gazing on the transparent substance for some time with vague astonishment, at last fancied he had discovered the secret, and supposing it to be nothing more than an improvement in the manufacture of oiled paper, which he had seen before, to convince himself, thrust his huge fingers against the pane. The brittle material was not proof against so rude an assault, and was shivered in a moment; on which the lout, seeing his maimed fingers, and hearing the crash of the glass, believed himself mortally wounded, and set up such an astounding cry, that the whole crowd, magnifying their danger, took to their heels, and proved that the imaginary demoniacal effect of the glass was its best protection.

Our horses being fresh, I hoped to reach Villa Franca, a distance of eleven leagues, in a day, and leaving Azuaga early in the morning, we passed through Maquilla, Lerea, and Hinojosa, obscure villages of no note, and having entered a plain of considerable extent, which we traversed for some hours without seeming to approach any great thoroughfare, I began to fear a repetition of my old misfortune. Night overtook us in this predicament, and foreseeing in the darkness only an increase of our perplexity, I determined to bivouac for this night in the plain. We drew off the road about the distance of a hundred yards; and my servant stripped the horses, tied them together, and turned them up to graze. Our saddles served as usual for pillows, our horse blankets for covering; and having the advantage of a good stock of provisions, we made ourselves *comfortable* for the night. The only drawback on our rural enjoyment, was the danger of a visit from the wolves of the neigh-

bouring mountains, to whom our horses might possibly present an attraction. To provide against this mischance, I determined that one of us should sleep, while the other, with his arms loaded, kept watch, and giving my servant the first turn, desired him to awaken me at the expiration of two hours. It so happened, however, that before the time was expired I awoke, and distinctly heard the howling of the wolves in the mountains, and the dogs set to guard the flocks baying in angry response. This was by no means a pleasing *réveille*, and on looking round, for it was not too dark to distinguish objects, I beheld my centinel very composedly enjoying the comforts of his pillow, trusting, I suppose, to his snoring to frighten the enemy. Rather incensed at such a breach of discipline when we were really in so dangerous a situation, I went up to him, and with no gentle touch roused him from his slumbers. The poor fellow whose mind was intent on his duty, although his eyes had refused their watchfulness, fancied, from the nature of my assault, that the fangs of the monsters were actually tearing him,—"The wolf! the wolf! help! help!"—he cried, or rather shrieked, and seized me with such a firm convulsive grasp, that it became my turn to cry out. The affair became thus so ludicrous, that my anger was converted into merriment, and he was soon convinced by my laughter of his own safety. I believe the fright he experienced rendered him trust-worthy for the rest of the night. At day-break we found our horses grazing within a very short distance of us, taught by instinct of their danger, and, like all domesticated animals, trusting to man for protection. The wolf in this country is the dread of the shepherd and the husbandman. All cattle are carefully enclosed in strong outhouses for the night, and so well are the animals aware of the danger, that regularly at nightfal when they hear a horn, which is sounded for the purpose, they scamper from the mountains whither they are sent to pasture during the day, and gladly seek the asylum prepared for them. The *cavanas*, or flocks of merinos, are so large that it would be impossible to give them shelter of a similar description; the shepherds are therefore obliged to trust to their own exertions, and the watchfulness and courage of their dogs, which are so remarkably intelligent and faithful to their charge, that the wolf can seldom take advantage of their vigilance. About two miles from the spot of our bivouac we found the village of Rivera, where they directed us to Villa Franca. On our road I observed numbers of storks in the marshes adjoining the town, many bustards, and doves in flocks. Some of the latter I shot; but the bustard was too shy to be approached. The land we passed was well cultivated, yielding abundant crops of wheat; and the olive trees appeared to thrive luxuriantly. The country during the whole way to Villa Franca wore a cheerful and animated appearance. Many thousands of merinos are kept in its immediate vicinity, from which a good quality of wool is obtained, though it is badly washed, according to the method practised throughout Estremadura. The evil of this system might be easily remedied, although the water is certainly inferior to that of Castile and Soria. My further progress towards Madrid, and my arrival at that city at an unusually excited period, would extend this paper to a greater length than I intended at its commencement. I shall therefore reserve it as the subject of another communication.

"MY WIFE!"—A WHISPER!

"MY Wife"—she is gone out of town, and I seize the lucky moment to paint her portrait, and to tell my story. They shall not be full-lengths.

Wives!—what a word. There is "the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks" in the sound; the rattling of keys, and—no, not the chink of money; but there is the sly, subtle, single knock of a dun in it, the scolding of servants, and the squeaking of children. Wife!—it sounds like the requiem of liberty, the knell of genius, the sad, sullen adieu to all the rhapsodies and ramblings of youth—the *ipse dixit* of destiny, pronouncing sentence of imprisonment for life, upon the unfettered and untameable spirit. It is a dictionary of itself—it means every thing, good and evil. It is the *open, sesame!* of mischief—the sound of the creaking hinges of Pandora's box—the riveting of chains—the cabalistic word that is to call spirits from the deep, seraphs or satyrs, as it may happen—the flapping of the sails of the departing vessel, that is leaving us on an island, peopled probably with hyenas that hate laughing, and bears too sulky to dance. But then, on the other hand, there *is* a certain sweetness—not a sweetness exactly, but a something or other, in the sound, that certainly does——but all this is not what I was going to say.

Wives in general—for I have a word for those of other people before I come to my own—are as varied as the weather. There are hot and cold ones, fair and foggy, damp and dry. Your "damp" wife will be barely civil to you when you ask for her husband, and will perhaps say something about "people calling to take him out." If you open the door suddenly, you will perhaps see her putting the decanters away. The "dry" wife works by hints; she will quiz you, if single, upon your dissipated habits, and intimate that she considers you the cause of all her husband's wickedness before marriage, and some of it since. But your "foggy" wife is more disagreeable than all—one with whom it is impossible to see an inch before you, where you don't know whether you are to go or stay, who seems to entertain you with entire indifference, or regards you as a part of the live-stock upon her husband's estate; who neither invites you nor declines your visits, forgets your name twice a week, and if asked who you are says—"Oh! it is *only* a friend of Mr. M.'s;" who, in short, just endures you, because there was a sort of understanding in the marriage contract, that the husband was to have his friends and dogs as often as he pleased. This is a sad clog to friendship, but it is a common one. I have a dozen friends whom I never think of visiting for this reason, because I know I should be placing myself in the situation of that person who apologized to Dr. Johnson for his long stay, and was answered, "Not at all, Sir; I had forgotten you were present."

When a man makes you stay to dinner whether you will or no, you may understand what he means; and when, on the other hand, he kicks you down stairs, you may, in general, pretty accurately guess what his intentions are. But an indifferent or an indefinite sort of reception is what I never, under any circumstances, run the risk of encountering twice.

How provoking is it, when you have made a call upon a friend who is delighted to see you, and with whom you have made up your mind to stop the evening, to be mercilessly interrupted by his wife, with—"well, when will you come and take a cup of tea with us?" as if she had de-

tected the lurking intention as soon as it was formed. Really, I cannot understand how it is that human nature is still willing to submit to such inconveniences; and that in spite of Doctors' Commons, people are constantly found, not only perpetrating marriage, but persisting to their last breath in justifying their conduct, gilding their miseries till they look like transports to all but themselves, and preaching up their independence till, like patriots, they half delude themselves with a notion that they are in earnest. I do not go quite so far as the philosopher, who wished that the human race could be continued like trees; so that when a man wanted an heir he might only have to plant himself in his garden—set his housekeeper to water him—and wait for the shoot sprouting forth. This is a philosophy that is beyond me; but I do wish that there were some modification in the article of marriage; that the practice of widows throwing themselves on the funeral-pile of their husbands, were not confined to the Hindoos, but that something of the kind could be adopted here—as, instead of worrying us to death, it would then become the grand aim of their existence to keep us alive as long as possible.

Or perhaps if the husband were to incur the penalty, it would be as well; it would certainly tend to a diminution of the number of marriages—a result which, besides setting the Malthusians at rest for ever, no slight advantage—would have a sensible effect in the marriage-market, by humbling the coquettish and taming the termagants. It is the natural prejudice of the human mind in favour of marriage, and a proneness to commit it when about nineteen, that creates the mischief. If men were less ready to fall into the snare, women would be less disposed to make them sensible that they were in it. The more is not the merrier, in this case. There are instances, I know, where marriage is indispensable; such as, when a man has made up his mind to take to drinking. Nothing is more uncomfortable, after spending an evening in the society of a few glasses of brandy and water, than to return home late, knock at the wrong door for half an hour, repeat the operation at the right one for three quarters, then recollect that you have got the key in your pocket after all, open it, grope about in the dark, find your way into any room, careless whether it be the landlady's or not, and fall fast asleep before you have got one boot off. All this is unpleasant, and any person so intending to indulge should certainly matrimonize his condition, in order that he may have somebody to take care of him. In cases like this it would be excusable; but we are every hour seeing marriages committed upon the most frivolous pretences, when there is really no earthly occasion for it. One would think it was considered quite a pleasure to repeat the responses and to pay parsons their fees—to eat fifteen shillings' worth of cake, and go to Richmond in a shabby chaise.

I make not these observations about wives with any desire to depreciate my own. Luckless and ill-fated is the wight who hath a partner prone to cards or paint, to throwing teacups, or dancing with first cousins not absolutely ill-looking. I pity him from the very depths of my spirit—yet I envy him. Yes, his is an enviable state of existence to mine. What is a simple fracture or two, or a slight scar on the temple—or a dinner-service demolished—or the loss of the money which you had put by for your summer expenses at somewhere, to an old card-player that you hate; or even the elopement with the not-ill-looking first cousin, which is the consequence of your remonstrance? All these are nothing to my sufferings, but they spring from a different cause. I am not tormented with a *bad* wife; but I am tortured—that is not the word, it does not

express what I mean—with a *good* one. All my calamities arise from my good-fortune; my indescribable misery lies at the door of my unspeakable happiness. I am like a man who having unfortunately drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds, is immediately thrown by his creditors into prison for twenty thousand; or I resemble the unhappy winner of the prize-ox lately raffled for, whose appetite reduced the envied possessor of the beast to the verge of bankruptcy. I am ruined, I repeat, by my good-fortune. Had "my wife" been less amiable, I had been less afflicted; but she is perfection—and I am undone. Oh! ye, who love—but have the incalculable advantage of not being beloved in return; ye, whose wives reward your devoted attentions with the most profound and unmitigated hatred; ye, who never knew what it was to be doated on to a degree of inconvenience, which, as novels and newspapers remark, "may be more easily conceived than described"—how little able are ye to sympathise with me! I am the very victim of "my wife's" idolatry, the martyr to my own felicity. Her affection for me is of that microscopic kind that she is perpetually detecting some horrible omen in what I had foolishly looked upon as a prospect of pleasure. She finds blots upon my sun when I fancy it all brightness. She sees poison in every thing that I happen, by any chance, to have a partiality for. She is such a faithful guardian to my happiness, and takes such extraordinary care of my comforts, that she never lets me have any for use. Every disaster that has happened to me for these ten years may be clearly traced to her precautions for avoiding it. Lest I should get into any danger, or rather lest her affectionate spirit should miss the delight of sharing it with me, she never trusts me out of her sight. There she is always at my elbow, taking care, as she says, that I want for nothing—

> ——————— a form of life and light,
> That seen became a part of sight!
> And rose where'er I turned mine eye ———"

In fact, I can't turn it, upon the most trivial object, without undergoing a cross-examination as to my motive for looking at it. If my eye happen to fall upon the window or be turned towards the sky, I am saluted with—"What is the matter? Are you going out?"—if my glance wanders round the room she remarks it, and says—"Can I get you anything?" or if it be fixed for a moment on the fire—"You are cold. Shall I ring for some coals?"—nay, if I glance, though ever so carelessly, at the girl who brings them—the same question is ready;—"What do you want? any thing that *I* can get you?" Her tender regard for my health takes place of every other feeling; I have been a most pitiable invalid for many years,—not that I feel ill—quite the contrary; you would think me remarkable strong and healthy; but "my wife" knows better—she is aware that I am of a most delicate and sickly constitution, and she accordingly abridges my beef-steak, and locks up my cigars, with a firmness that amounts to something philosophic. She sees the water come into my eyes—or my mouth—but without relenting. In short, she is the most sensitive of women. She detects a fever in the very opening of a door, and discovers a rheumatism in every keyhole. She never uses an umbrella until she is sure it is thoroughly aired; is seized with an ague at the sight of the damp newspaper regularly every morning; and once experienced inflammation, which she attributed to her having incautiously drank some water out of a *wet* glass.

I said, that I would paint her portrait and then tell my story; I have finished my pen-and-ink sketch; and my story will bring me to the end of my paper. The adventure arose out of that incessant and amiable anxiety for my health which I cannot too much admire—or lament.

"People cannot be too careful of themselves, particularly at this trying season. Now do take it, dear L."

"Oh! no, it will be quite unnecessary."

"You are so careless. Who is to nurse you if you catch cold? Now, oblige me by taking it—you had better."

"Ridiculous! How can you press it upon me when I say so positively that I don't want it. I never heard of such a thing, and it would be really absurd."

"Not so absurd as your refusal. I can't conceive why you should make so many scruples—when it's all for your own good. I'm sure you'll catch cold. You know your cough is very bad already—there, it's coming on now; it will spoil all the folds of your cravat before dinner. Pray oblige me; be reasonable and put it in your pocket. Well, it's very teasing of you—I'm sure you might as well."

The article which was so assiduously and tenderly pressed upon my attention, but which I perseveringly declined accepting, was by no means a romantic one. It was not one of those infallible and heaven-invented restoratives for which all females—but elderly ones especially—are so deservedly celebrated. It was neither charm nor cordial: no, it was nothing more or less than—a nightcap! The dialogue took place just as I was on the point of going out to dinner, *alone*, for the evening was wet, and "my wife" for once hesitated to share the horrors which she saw accumulating round my head. It was too late to send an excuse; I was obliged to go—"my wife" insisting that I should not think, under any circumstances, of returning home through the night-air, but that I should make up my mind to take a bed at my friend's. Having without much difficulty gained this point, she pertinaciously petitioned for another; and ever watchful for an opportunity of exercising the privileges of a guardian-angel, insisted on my taking with me my nightcap. Vainly did I assure her that it was unnecessary; that where I found a pillow I should find a cap; or in the event of the worst, that I should still be able to hit upon some means of protecting my temples from cold, and my curls from disorder. I was set down for a visionary, a rash, thoughtless enthusiast. "Besides," said my amiable torturer, "even if you *should* find a cap upon the pillow, which, considering the uncertainty of this life, does not appear more than probable; but even if you should, it may not be aired as it ought to be. As for trusting to chance I own I am surprised at your imprudence. A dependence upon providential interference is a becoming feeling in some cases, but not in this, when the means of averting calamity are already in your power. Now take it without another word—here it is, as white ——"

"As your arm."

"Nonsense! But besides all the reasons I have stated, I must confess that I should not like you to wear any but your own natural nightcap. You would look like somebody else in another, and I should have unpleasant dreams. I should see you approach in an odious caricature of a cap; not in a nice, neat, becoming ornament like this. I'm sure I never saw a more graceful head-dress, considering its shape. Oh, I can't bear the thought of your wearing another.—If you love me, if you

wish to dream of me, you'll take this—unless you expect to find Fortunatus's."

I reasoned and romanced—smiled, scolded, and humoured: but I persisted in adhering to my principles, and rejected the nightcap in disdain. At last the point was given up; my wife threw her arms round me, and assured me that her anxiety was only for my good—I repeated the usual affectionate phrases in such cases made and provided—and we separated with a world of protestation on my part, and a universe of advice upon hers.

When I arrived at my place of appointment I found a pleasant party. Every body was in high spirits. The ladies listened to our compliments as if they had never heard them before, and we all laughed at each other's jokes as if we had never told them ourselves. We sat down to dinner.

Among the company was one of that class of females who may be designated languishing ladies. She was young, handsome, possessed extreme sensibility, an ardent fancy, and refined nerves. A whisper affected her like an earthquake, and a hint threw her into hysterics. It was necessary, in addressing her, to speak with profound caution, in case of giving alarm to her sensibilities, or treading upon a spring-gun. It was impossible to keep out of danger, unless every sentence had been a safety-lamp. I felt, in offering a compliment, as if I were presenting a spark to a barrel of gunpowder; and was obliged to extinguish its meaning before it was fit for use.

We were seated in a circle of elegant enjoyment, not dreaming of disaster, when the genius of this sensitive plant—she wrote poetry, just by way of escaping the imputation of singularity—was served up as a subject for discussion. Unlucky theme for me! I was sitting opposite to her, and was appealed to, in a manner that rendered it impossible to escape, for my opinion upon the merits of an unpublished poem, which she had a little time before sent me to read, and which I had returned, (having read three lines of the three thousand,) with the usual flourish about an "admiring world," and "Mr. Murray's good-fortune" in obtaining so extraordinary a production. Of course, nothing is so easy as to give an opinion—*mine* was, that the poem could not fail of becoming a dangerous rival to the "statue that enchants the world," and that it was, in short, nothing less than a miracle in manuscript. I hate your bit-and-bit eulogists, and like to do the thing handsomely when I do begin. This was all very satisfactory; but when I was asked to *describe* the poem—the stanza, the scene, the subject—I was puzzled. All I knew was, that it was written with a light hand and a new pen, and stitched in a pink wrapper. But to describe it!—I was confident, of course, that the heroine died broken-hearted, because that's a rule without a single modern exception—but that was not enough. My hesitation already, I perceived, began to affect the aspen nerves of the fair author. She was beginning to suspect—while those who had barbarously driven me into the dilemma, were beginning to titter. Something must be done—and so I determined upon venturing on the last resource in these cases, and on trusting to candour to help me out. I confessed that I could not satisfactorily describe the poem, as I had not been able to read it quite through. At about the two hundred and fifty-third page an accident, which I could not particularly describe, had prevented my reading farther, and I had never after been able to complete it. The nature of this mysterious accident, was then inexorably demanded, by

my persecutors—and to relieve my embarrassment, and to gain time, I had recourse to my handkerchief. A very good effect is sometimes produced, by taking a neatly folded one by the corner, and giving it a graceful jerk, so as to scatter the perfume as you raise it to your lips. I took it from my pocket for this purpose—it was folded up. I held it by the corner accordingly, and elevated it to a becoming height, in order that it might fall with proper elegance and effect. Imagine my astonishment, my agony, my shame. It was—not my handkerchief, but my—nightcap! Alas! my too-fond, too careful wife, had, without my knowledge, slipped it into my pocket, when she embraced me at my departure.

No culprit at the fatal tree—no young lover of money, with an old bride—no monarch when the emblem of liberty, or revolution, is borne through his palace halls—ever saw a cap with such utter consternation. I held it up between my finger and thumb—not by the corner, for it had none—but by the white tassel that adorned it. I was deprived of the power of motion, my eyes fixed upon it; and I could neither drop it, nor the hand to which it seemed to grow. There it hung, like Mahomet's coffin. It looked pale with horror. It was suspended before me, like a winding-sheet. It seemed like a concentrated snow-storm ready to burst on my head. I at length cast a glance round the table. The female portion of the spectators were endeavouring to look grave and angry, amidst their laughter. The rest did not attempt to conceal the nature of the emotions my inadvertence had produced. The laughter was undisguised, and I felt that I must fight a duel with every man in the room. I ventured one half-averted look at the fair poet, who had thus unintentionally conspired with "my wife" to bring this disgrace upon my head. I read my history in her eyes—the truth was too clear to be a moment questioned. I had been praising her poem—I had dwelt with delight upon its beauties—I had confessed that an *accident* had interrupted the perusal; and when asked what that accident was, I had in the most pointed, public, and deliberate manner elevated a nightcap! Could any declaration tell more plainly, that I fell asleep over the production I had so satirically admired. What!—to display a nightcap to a young and innocent creature, who had probably never seen her grandfather's!—not even her little brother's, after the border was taken off? The offence was beyond the hope of pardon, and apology was useless.

The lady spoke first—what I know not. I only heard her stammer out something, like an Æolian harp afflicted with the palsy, or a pianoforte with an impediment in its speech. I could not reply. I had borne the laughter, but it was impossible to encounter the condolence of the whole room. Retreat was my only refuge, and I determined at once to decamp. I feigned a fish-bone in my throat, or something equally inconvenient, pulled the cap furiously upon my head—nay, over my eyes—and without uttering a word, or stopping to answer one, rushed hatless into a hackney-coach.

"My wife" watched over the progress of my fever for three months, with the truest and most tender affection. How thankful the kind-hearted creature was that the incident had taken so serious an effect upon me!—it afforded her such an admirable opportunity of evincing her devotion. How grateful was she for my sufferings!—she had the exquisite enjoyment of alleviating them. I sometimes think that she almost wishes me dead—for the pleasure of being utterly inconsolable. B.

AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

MURRAY is said to have given Lander a thousand pounds for his Journal—which we hope, for Lander's sake, is true. As to the wisdom of the publisher's thousand pounds' purchase, we may have very considerable doubts; for the public have been so saturated with African-discovery narratives, that their curiosity is prodigiously gone down. However, we hope the government will take the affair to themselves, and give the two Landers pensions. Let them have a couple of hundreds a-year each, which is the very least that can decently be given, and which might be saved in a single *déjeûné à la fourchette* of the band of gentlemen pensioners. But the oddity of the whole matter is, that the termination of the Niger had been declared, over and over again, in print and copper-plate, before the Landers sailed down it. In the travels of Leo Africanus, just detailed in the "National Library," by Mr. St. John, the discovery is described in the early part of the sixteenth century:—

"'From Timbuctoo, Leo proceeded to the town of Cabra on the Niger, which was then supposed to discharge its waters into the Atlantic; for the merchants going to the coast of Guinea embarked upon the river at this place, whence they dropped down the stream to the sea-shore.' From this it appears that all our hot controversies, and lavish expenditure of human life for the last half-century, have only left us as wise as we might have been had we listened to the earliest traveller through Central Africa who has recorded his observations. Leo was, in all probability, the authority upon which an old map of Africa, about which considerable noise has lately been made, represents the Niger as falling into the Bight of Biafra."

From the latter part of the observation—which is made by a Scotch journalist—we dissent. The old map is, we understand, a Dutch one, and now at Amsterdam; probably formed on the observations of some of the national traders, who, at this period, were the carriers of Europe, and of course looked with a cunning eye to the land of gold and ivory.

But all this was a sealed book to our "philosophers," who, being determined to believe nothing that anybody else had known, were equally determined to believe a vast deal that was sure to turn out absurd. What hundreds of pages has this controversy filled in the Reviews for the last twelve years! What *proofs* have been brought that the Niger ran into the Nile, or into the Persian Gulph, or into the Senegal, or into the moon! What counter-proofs, that it ran in none of these directions, but that it buried itself in the sands, or was lost in the Lake Tchad, or evaporated in summer!—or did none of these things—but ran up the Ethiopian *ghauts*, and, having fought its way up an ascent of three thousand feet—all by the new law of *projectiles*, of course, for every thing now is science—roamed at its will over the great African table-land, and, after meanders of some thousands of miles, quietly slipped down, washed the faces of the Hottentots, and finally glided through the great Karoo, to increase the comforts of the British colony, who have imported pianos, harps, soda-machines, and satin sandals, for their *soirées* on the banks of the "great fish river!"—and all this was *proof!*

Yet dull as truth is, compared to the fancy of reviewers, the truth had been given to those national enlighteners in all kinds of ways before.

That indefatigable Scot, Mc Queen, had told them, nearly ten years back, that they were blockheads, and had missed their way, and that they must look for their river in the very spot where it has since been found. A paper of his, printed in 1823, gives, step by step, the progress down the Niger, from Park's last discovery, to the place where it cuts its way through the sands on the shore of the ocean. Of this fact there can be no doubt; for any one, who will take the trouble to turn over the pages of Blackwood, will find it in the volume relating to 1823. So much for sagacity and hydrography, and the command of information, and "a purer spirit of inquiry," and so forth! Philosophy, on this occasion, like Astrea or Cupid, was blind of both eyes.

Timbuctoo, the other problem, has had its description in the pages of the same Africanus, who was a Moor, and, of course, had the power of making his way through Africa without being detected by the gibberish which our travellers must utter as genuine Joliba, or being flogged for the *mis*-shape of his turban, or hanged for the colour of his skin. As for M. Caillé, the Frenchman, we have the strongest possible doubts that he ever saw the city of Timbuctoo. But in Leo we have the whole detail; and, after we have sacrificed some dozen more of our half-pay captains, we shall find that the discovery has been only *re*-discovered. Thus saith the Moor:—

"The city of Timbuctoo—(the name of which was first given to the kingdom of which it was the capital only about Leo's time)—is said to have been founded in the 610th year of the Hejira, by a certain Meusa Suleyman, about twelve miles from a small arm or branch of the Niger. The houses originally erected here had now dwindled into small huts, built with chalk and thatched with straw; but there yet remained a mosque, built with stone in an elegant style of architecture, and a palace, for which the sovereigns of Central Africa were indebted to the skill of a native of Granada. However, the number of artificers, merchants, and cloth and cotton weavers, who had all their shops in the city, was very considerable. Large quantities of cloth were likewise conveyed thither by the merchants of Barbary. The upper class of women wore veils; but servants, market-women, and others of that description, exposed their faces. The citizens were generally very rich, and merchants were so highly esteemed that the king thought it no derogation to his dignity to give his two daughters in marriage to two men of this rank. Wells were here numerous, the waters of which were extremely sweet; and during the inundation, the water of the Niger was introduced into the city by a great number of aqueducts. The country was rich in corn, cattle, and butter; but salt, which was brought from the distance of five hundred miles, was so scarce, that Leo saw one camel-load sold, while he was there, for eighty pieces of gold."

This would be incomparable news for the Liverpool salt-pans, and, if we could but teach the Moors to eat bacon, might be a means of *un*-Mahometanizing the whiskered millions of the land of panthers. The King of Timbuctoo was very kingly, and, excepting the difference in clothing and complexion, might be mistaken for an emperor of Russia:—

"The king was exceedingly rich for those times, and kept up a splendid court. Whenever he went abroad, whether for pleasure or war, he always rode upon a camel, which some of the principal nobles of his court led by the bridle. His guard consisted entirely of cavalry. When any of his subjects had occasion to address him, he approached the royal presence in the most abject manner; then falling prostrate on the ground, and sprinkling dust upon his head and shoulders, explained his business; and in this manner even strangers, and the ambassadors of foreign princes, were compelled to appear before him. His wars were con-

ducted in the most atrocious manner, poisoned arrows being used; and such as escaped those deadly weapons, and were made prisoners, were sold for slaves in the capital; even such of his own subjects as failed to pay their tribute being treated in the same manner."

The poisoned arrows, we allow, are not *Petersburgish;* but cannon and mortars are tolerable equivalents. One grand exception, too, occurs, which might distinguish Timbuctoo from the *late* Polish dominions of his Majesty:—

"Leo seems to have been astonished at finding *no Jews* at Timbuctoo; but his majesty was so fierce an enemy to the Hebrew race, that he not only banished them his dominions, but made it a crime punishable with confiscation of property to have any commerce with them. Timbuctoo, at this period, contained a great number of judges, doctors, priests, and learned men, all of whom were liberally provided for by the prince; and an immense number of manuscripts were annually imported from Barbary, the trade in books being, in fact, the most lucrative branch of commerce. Their gold money, the only kind coined in the country, was without image or superscription; but those small shells, still current on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts, and in the islands of the Indian Ocean, under the name of *cowries*, were used in small transactions, four hundred of them being equivalent to a piece of gold. Of these gold pieces, six and two-thirds weigh an ounce."

The inhabitants were, however—like all inhabitants under the most gracious of monarchs—happy as the day was long; they being only liable to be beheaded, pounded in a mortar, or thrown to the dogs and elephants of his majesty, at a moment's warning. The source of their gaiety seems described to be their slave-dealing, and their houses being periodically burned to the ground:—

"The inhabitants, a mild and gentle race, spent a large portion of their time in singing, dancing, and festivities—which they were enabled to do by the great number of slaves of both sexes which they maintained. The city was extremely liable to conflagrations, almost one half of the houses having been burnt down between the first and second visit of our traveller—a space of not more than eleven or twelve years. Neither gardens nor fruit-trees adorn the environs."

In those points, they emulate the subjects of the Ottoman Porte, and, on the same grounds, we rely upon it, are just as happy.

But a book, certainly not less curious than Lander's, and about a much more interesting region than any thing belonging to the hideous negroes of West Africa, has just made its *débût;*—Pearce's Account of Abyssinia. Bruce awoke the world on the subject forty years ago, but it must be acknowledged that Bruce had a manner of telling truth that made it appear prodigiously like a lie; and that with all allowances for what he *saw*, his conversations at the *Court* of Gondar, such as it is, his unfailing diplomacy, his desperate valour, and his matchless success upon all occasions, human and divine, still rest very considerably under the imputation of romance. In fact, neither we, nor we suppose anybody else, could find it in our hearts to believe a syllable of it. But Pearce is a trust-worthy fellow, and *not* a privy councillor; he is not profound in the graces of queens and princesses, nor even worshipped as the oracle of western wisdom, during the whole course of his residing at the Abyssinian hills. Some parts of his book have the dullness that belongs to all things under the sun, but many of his details are excessively curious. We give an instance of the diversity of opinion that may exist between individuals of the highest rank in sundry places—Abyssinian, as well as English. Mr. Coffin, who communicates the

anecdote, had astonished the whole court with that *recherché* instrument, a barrel-organ. The hearer was either a king, or that much greater man, a prime-minister, we forget which—

"The organ, which Mr. Coffin had just begun to turn, next took his attention; he stood several minutes looking at it, at last went close to it, looked at the inside, and appeared quite lost in contemplation. 'I hear it breathe,' said he, several times, and as, upon putting his ear close, he could hear a hiss now and then, occasioned by there being a small hole in the leather on one side of the bellows, he cried out, 'By Saint Michael there is a snake in it! I hear it plainly;' and quickly drawing back, he exclaimed, 'Such a thing which contains a devil cannot be fit for a church.' Allicar Barhe, the high-priest, standing close by, said, 'Ganvar, I beg your pardon, it is an angel, not a devil; our church has not suffered in any way since it came into it, but on the contrary has rather increased in prosperity. Ito Pearce has opened the whole before the *carmart* [congregation of priests] and all are of opinion that nothing but the wisdom of man, such as God gave unto Solomon, had made it;' and he added, 'Abuna Counfu told us that he saw one in the church of St. Paulos and Petros, in Rome, as large as twenty of this.'" i. 266-7.

There are in Abyssinia all the contrivances that Europe exclusively boasts of; but, as it will be seen, without reason. Abyssinia has gaming-tables, opera-dancers, according to the African fashion, duelists, professional hangmen, a hierarchy of as much vigour and utility as any corporation of pope and cardinals on earth. Curricles, that break necks and legs; bankrupts, insolvent debtors, prize-fighters, and epidemics—and yet we talk of our superior civilization!

THE OLDEN TIME.

Ye reminiscences of olden time,
Ye dwell upon my memory like a dream.
Ye come and go, like bubbles on a stream;
Or like those clouds that float around the moon.
I listen—for to me there comes no chime
Without its echo, and all voices seem
To speak in words of some familiar rhyme
I listened to of old.—Ah, me! as soon
Shall winds forget their minstrelsy, the trees
Forget the sunshine in the month of June,
The tranquil waves forget the stormy breeze,
And the cold lakes of mountain-tops to freeze,
As the unhappy one, while life may last,
Shut from his heart the memory of the past.

R. F. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENES AND CITIES:—No. I.—THE TYROL, BAVARIA, THE VOSGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

It is an old saying, that reality seldom equals expectation; and I have heard some experienced travellers assert, that the planning of a journey, its arrangements, and the many pleasing anticipations connected with it, afford greater enjoyment than the journey itself. From my own experience, I would say, that there is much truth in this; but I am strongly inclined to think, that recollections are productive of more real enjoyment than either the anticipation or the reality, there is no limit to *them;* they live as long as life endures, and we can renew them as often as we have a mind. They possess this advantage besides, that nothing can wrest them from us; expectation may never ripen into reality, and reality may be clouded by disappointment; but the recollection of the past is ours for ever; beyond the reach of vicissitude, or the malevolence of fate. All recollections are not, indeed, reminiscences of pleasure; scenes may have been chequered by difficulty, or darkened by danger; but difficulty that is past, and danger that exists no more, are seldom remembered with much uneasiness, but rather give rise to a pleasurable consciousness, that we have vanquished the one and escaped the other.

Let me wander for awhile among the scenes I have visited, and through the cities where I have dwelt.

To me, the *Tyrol* is full of interesting recollections; and if the limits of this paper would permit the details of a personal narrative, I would conduct the reader into many as sweet valleys as lie among the mountains of more travelled Switzerland; I would lead him by the margin of lakes, as beautiful and as tranquil as any that sleep in Alpine solitudes; I would introduce him to many lively, and many quiet but interesting companions—mountain streams, prattling of a hundred things—grave and gay, never weary, discoursing ever, talking and running on; companies of summer flowers, enjoying sweet fellowship—nodding to each other—all silent, but all smiling. I must content myself, however, with selecting a few portraits and recollections, from the many that crowd upon me.

I remember, with peculiar distinctness, that charming morning—I think, one of the first days of July—upon which I left *Meran,* to journey to *Glurus.* One travels for more than a league, under an arcade of vines, which are trained over head, from one trellice to another; but then the vines and cultivation are left behind, and give place to pastoral scenes; and it is among these, that I would sketch a portrait. The river Adige presents here, one of the most extraordinary spectacles that are to be met with in Europe—a rapid—almost a cataract—extending at least a mile in length. It is one continued sheet of foam, rushing with a deafening noise, and resistless force, between quiet green banks, that resemble more the shores of a gentle lake, than the skirts of a cataract. I leapt over the wall that bounds the high road, to cross the slope and reach the margin of the river,—and never shall I forget the picture that offered itself to my contemplation; it was a woman sitting upon a little knoll, six or eight yards from the margin, with bare head and braided hair; there she sat, knitting, and singing to herself, snatches of

a wild but monotonous mountain air; a cow, and five goats, were feeding around her—and there she sat, with her little flock—a beautiful and perfect image of placidity; how strangely contrasted with the angry, impetuous, and roaring torrent that rushed by. I wish Wordsworth had seen this picture—he could have made it immortal.

Most people have heard of Mount Brenner. It was a few weeks earlier when I walked into the very small village that bears its name, and which is situated at the summit of the pass. "Spring comes slowly up that way"—for although in the low grounds the woods were leafy, and summer had spread around her garb of beauty, its only indication at Brenner was the bright green of the fir-tree's tender shoots. Nowhere in Europe is simplicity of manners so untainted as in the Tyrol. At six o'clock in the evening, a small treble chime from the village church called the villagers to prayer, and they all obeyed the summons; the two or three little shops were shut up, the cottages were locked, even the inn-doors were closed, and some seventy or eighty people, old and young, the whole inhabitants of the village, repaired to church. I did not remain alone in the inn, but went with the flock. There was little of the pomp and majesty of the Catholic church to be seen there; it was as lowly a house, and as unadorned as any of our protestant temples; but for the single image of the Redeemer, it might have been a meeting house. I saw much apparent, and I have no doubt, genuine devotion, among these simple-minded villagers.

Of all the towns in the Tyrol, I like Botzen the best; I like it for its situation, I like its cleanliness, I like its excellent inn, and civil landlord; and as for its inhabitants, their manners are nearly as primitive as they are at Brenner. I have seen ladies returning from mass at five in the morning; dinner is generally served by half-past eleven, and at eight o'clock, the streets of Botzen are almost as quiet as they are in other towns at midnight. It chanced to be the annual fair, when I was there, and I shall not easily forget the picturesque dresses of the peasantry. A noble peasantry are the Tyroleans; and well are their tall, slight, but firmly knit figures set-off by their dress; the tight breeches and white stockings, shew well the lower part of the figure, and there is a peculiar smartness in the high hat tapering to the crown, with its green silk tassels. But what shall we say of the women, who conceal the form within as many folds as might serve for the wrappings of a mummy? At first, one supposes they are decorated with hoops, but the rotundity is occasioned by *ten* petticoats, without which number no woman can be considered respectably or modestly attired.

Riva, beautiful Riva! let me add thee to my recollections of the Tyrol. It is a charming journey from Roveredo to Riva; mulberry trees line the road, and vines are trained from tree to tree—and at every door, maidens are seen sitting, winding silk. It was a lonely evening when I descended the steep mountain of Riva, and saw below me the *Lago di Garda,* stretching down almost to Verona; the windows of the inn look down upon the lake, and one or two pomegranates—then with their bright crimson blossoms—and a crooked fig-tree, hung over the water.

But I have yet one other portrait to offer; it is the house of Hoffer, in the retired valley of the Passauer. I walked thither from Meran, and passed the night in it—for it is now indeed "liberty hall," having been converted into a little inn. The brawling Passauer runs past the

door—and on either side are seen high mountains, their lower acclivities spotted with patches of corn, and a small church with a tapering spire, crowning a neighbouring height. I passed part of the evening on the balcony over the door, sharing, with two peasants, a bottle or two of pleasant wine; and although we could see the Austrian soldiers sitting smoking at the gate of the Castle of St. Leonhard, whose time-worn walls reposed upon the side of the mountain, we ventured to toast the memory of Hoffer—and to drink to "liberty without licentiousness."

From the Tyrol, 'tis but a step to Bavaria—'tis but ascending the Bavarian Alps, and we drop at once into the plain. The charm of the Tyrol lies in its natural beauty; the attraction of Bavaria is found in its cities. But let me pause at a country village, where there chanced to be a children's feast. About two hundred boys and girls, all the girls attired in white, and headed by a band of music, walked in procession to a neighbouring hill—and first, having formed two circles, the girls inside and the boys without, a grave but good humoured elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people,—he praised their proficiency at school, and told them that they had assembled to enjoy themselves; that they might eat as much bun as they pleased, and play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the little boys to behave with gentleness and politeness to their female companions. The next moment all were at play—boys and girls mingling promiscuously. One beautiful little girl, about twelve years of age, appeared to be queen of the games; she wore a chaplet of flowers and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age and charming countenance. It was a beautiful and a pleasing scene. New fangled notions of education and propriety, had evidently made no progress in Bavaria; there was no torturing of nature; children were children, not ridiculous caricatures of men and women; and the buoyancy of youth was not curbed by the silly and prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind hearted old gentleman, who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him; I found he was a magistrate of the town; and we spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the supposed improvements of modern times. They know little in Bavaria of the march of mind. The old gentleman had never heard of the Mechanics' Institutes, or Libraries for the People; "'Tis a great discovery," said he, "but tell me one thing—are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?" but as my *Voiturier* was impatient, the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth—I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer.

I remember, with great pleasure, the ten days I spent in Munich. There is no city of Europe, three times the size of Munich, that contains so much that is worthy of observation; and if it were for nothing else than to see the dress of the women, I would advise the traveller to include Munich in his way. Take the following portrait of the washer-woman, who came to receive my commands at the "Black Eagle." A silver head dress, confining all the back hair, and forming a tiara in front; a blue satin brocaded waist, and shirt of flowered muslin; a worked muslin apron; blue gloves; in one hand, a blue satin bag depending from a silver chain, and a handsome parasol in the other. I

need scarcely say, after this, that the women of Bavaria are extravagantly fond of dress; the girl who waited at the *table d'hôte* in the hotel, wore a gown, the waist of which was entirely of silver. Customs like these, give great life and beauty to the picture of a population; nor is it easy to forget the brilliant effect of these silver tiaras and silver-waisted gowns, when on Sunday evening a Munich holiday is held in the royal gardens.

I was in Munich when the king returned from Italy, where he had been for some months on account of his health. If the King of Bavaria owns a smaller dominion than some other kings, he can boast of a larger measure of his people's affection. It was an universal holiday—the town seemed mad with joy—and his *entrée* was like a triumph; one might almost have envied even a crown. The same evening, his majesty honoured the theatre with his presence, and there his reception was equally enthusiastic; he deserves his popularity; he lives as moderately as any gentleman about court, and the large surplus which he has been enabled to save from his private revenue, enables him to beautify his capital, and to be the munificent patron of literature and the arts. That most splendid edifice in Europe, the Glypthothek, before which the Louvre sinks into insignificance, has been erected at his own expense; and the magnificent palace now in progress, is also the offspring of his moderation and public spiritedness. His majesty is a slight, gentlemanlike person, with a pleasing, but not a handsome countenance—and may be seen any day among the ancient statues in the Glypthothek, or walking over the new palace.

From Bavaria, my recollections carry me across the lake of Constance into Switzerland.

When I think of the Swiss towns, one, not the most celebrated, rises to my memory; it is not Lucern, nor Berne, nor Zurich, nor any of the towns best known to fame; it is Zoug—the quiet, secluded catholic Zoug, passed over by some travellers, and cried down by others: but commend me to a long summer's day at Zoug—a day of musing, with no interruption but that of an excellent dinner at the *Hotel de Cerf*. Zoug has nothing of the bustle and money-getting air of Zurich; neither is it like Berne, full of vanities and distinctions—nor like Lucern, full of filth, beggars, and idleness,—nor like all the smaller towns—such as Thun, and Unterseen, and Nevay, and Altorf, full of travelling English, who make the inns dear, and the people idle. 'Tis the perfect picture of a country town in an out-of-the-way place; only a few children are to be seen in the streets, and matrons sitting at their doors—the men and the maidens are all in the fields at work, or with the cows or the goats; and in the evening, long processions of these tame creatures are seen returning, straggling along the streets, and every one stopping at its own door. I was nearly concluding a bargain with the innkeeper at Zoug to spend the summer with him—he asked the moderate sum of four francs per day.

I was the spectator, and indeed partly a participator in a curious scene in the country of the Grisons, which is now the only district of Switzerland where the primitive manners of the people are preserved. I walked into Fettam, a small town of the lower Engadine, about ten in the morning; it seemed to be a holiday; it was not Sunday, and yet all the men were clad in their best blue homespun—and the women also in their best printed calicos. In the inn, I found all was preparation for some-

thing unusual; and naturally on inquiring the cause of what I saw, I was told that Felix Zerner had returned. It is the custom in the Engadine for youths to go from their native valleys in quest of fortune, and to return when they have found it—and Felix Zerner was one of those sons of adventure who had returned rich to his native town; it was only the evening before that he had arrived at Fettam, and that day an entertainment was to be given at his expense to many of the villagers. The houses of the Engadine are of extraordinary size, and in a large upper room the table was laid out: the feast was fixed for mid-day, and I was invited by Felix Zerner himself to partake of it. The table was laid with a cloth that would have done credit to a nobleman's feast, and forms were set round, upon which upwards of forty Grisons took their places—Felix Zerner at the head, and myself on his right hand. Perhaps the reader would like to know what were the dishes at this Grison feast,—there were capons without end, enormous pieces of pork, several preparations of chamois, cheese scattered here and there, and pastry in extraordinary abundance; and as for drink, a bottle of pale-coloured wine was placed at the side of each guest.

The entertainer, who spoke French well, and English a little, told me that he left his native town when he was seventeen; and that he carried with him twenty crowns. He went first to Lyons, where, by paying eight crowns to the master of a *caffée*, he got the place of under-waiter; here he picked up a little money and more knowledge, and at the end of a year, he left Lyons for Paris, with forty crowns in his pocket. There he hired himself to a *restaurateur* in the *Rue de St. Denis*, paying twenty crowns for his place; and after remaining there till he was twenty-two, he found himself in possession of fifteen hundred francs. With these, he left Paris and set up a *restaurant* at Orleans, in which he continued twelve years, having in that time amassed no less a sum than forty thousand francs; he was then thirty-three, and during the seven years that had elapsed since that time, he had travelled to Russia, Germany, and England, in the capacity of a valet and interpreter, and he had now returned to Fettam with a hundred thousand francs (£4000 sterling). This sketch may serve for the outline of the career of almost all those sons of the Grison valleys who leave their homes in quest of fortune, and return after having found it.

After a little while, the company became uproarious; political liberty was the theme of discourse and congratulation; for the Grisons suppose they are the only free people upon earth;—but the conversation being carried on in the old *Provençale*, it was unintelligible to me, and I retired below, where I was introduced to the grisette whom Felix Zerner had already made choice of for a bride. He must have been a true Grison at heart, to have chosen any thing so homely, after having spent half a lifetime among the *piquantes Orleanoises*.

The primitive scenes which I have witnessed among the Grisons, recal to my mind the simplicity of life among a race of mountaineers, who inhabit that range which divides Alsasce from *Franche Comté*, and is called the *Vosges* mountains. Europe is ransacked for the picturesque;—but the department of the Vosges is passed by; and yet I do not know of any place in Europe, where it is to be found in so much perfection. In one feature of the picturesque it is peculiarly rich,—the ruins with which it everywhere abounds. Scarcely is there an isolated eminence that is not crowned by the ivied walls of one of those strong-holds, that in

former times were the baronial castles of the German nobles; nor in any spot that I have yet visited, have I found more primitive manners than in the *Vosges;* and this will create little surprise when I add, that I could not learn that any foreigner had visited these mountains for many years. One evening in the Vosges deserves a more minute record.

It was on the second day after leaving Strasburg, and when I had penetrated into the heart of the mountains, that on a delicious August evening, I looked down upon the village of *Rannes,* one straggling street, suspended over the brawling stream that watered the little valley, and overtopped by the ruins of two, once no doubt, rival castles. I inquired for an auberge; but there are no inns in the Vosges, for there are no travellers; and uncertain how the night was to be spent, my pace had gradually waxed slower, till it came to a dead halt; when an old respectable looking man, coming from the vine-covered porch of a house opposite, asked me if I were a stranger; and learning my difficulty, he offered me the hospitalities of his house. It was a patriarchal establishment, and there might be seen all the domestic virtues,—reverence for age, indulgence for youth, motherly love, sisterly and brotherly affection. I was received, as strangers were received of old, before the inhabitants of cities had carried their refinements—perhaps their corruptions—into the lands of simplicity and hospitality. How equally flowed the stream of life in this seclusion!—what a picture of peace and serenity! and yet to one whose scenes of life are varied every day, and who is accustomed to men and cities, it is rather a painful, at all events a regretful. sensation that is awakened by the contemplation of life without variety, and as it would seem, almost without enjoyment. The old man, whose head was frosted over with eighty winters, and his spouse, seemingly as aged, sat during the evening at the door, upon two seats formed of plaited vine-twigs, watching silently the labour of their progeny. Their son, a healthy man of, perhaps, forty years, was digging little troughs at the roots of his vines; while two boys, of about ten and twelve years old, were carrying pitchers of water from a neighbouring well; the old man's daughter-in-law was within the house, preparing supper, and pleasing a little pet of three or four years old, that sat upon a stool eating a pear; but the gem, the chief figure in the group, was the grand-daughter, who stood upon the threshold with her arms crossed, having just returned from the neighbouring cottage of a married sister. She was somewhat above the middle height; slender, but with that beautiful roundness of form which is so captivating in woman, but so rare among her country-women: her eyes were dark and expressive, but mild; and two rows of pearly teeth were seen betwixt two parted lips of roses. Her straw-bonnet was slung over her arm; and abundance of beautiful tresses, gently agitated by the air, shewed a forehead and neck of ivory: her age might be eighteen; but whatever it was, she seemed to preserve the recent impress of the hand of divinity. She was the first and only French girl I ever saw of whom one might say, "she is interesting." Many are *piquantes,* many *gentils,* some even *jolies comme des Anges*—but interesting! how seldom.

I have somehow got into France, without intending it. I have many recollections of France; but few of them either vivid or pleasing; but as I have no intention of returning to France after having crossed the Pyrenees, I may as well sketch one scene which, although hackneyed both in its locality and its subject, I would not willingly let slip from my memory.

Something—I forget what—had depressed me; and by way of excitement, I strolled up the Boulevard Italienne, turned into the Rue de Richelieu, and then into the Court of Frescatis. It was about ten o'clock, a rainy night, and the court was only lighted by the lamps placed under the arcade. The plashing of the rain prevented my footsteps from being heard; and just as I was about to enter the arcade, I saw a young man, with whose countenance and name I was not unacquainted, come down the stair, and pausing under the porch, he emptied his pockets, and counted his money. He stood for a few moments irresolute; he had evidently been a gainer; and was debating with himself, whether he ought to be contented, or might not, by following up his good fortune, perhaps double his gains. The love of excitement prevailed (for I believe it is seldom that the gambler is incited by love of money) and he retraced his steps up stairs; I followed, and entered the room after him. A gambling table is a strange picture of human character, and it is a curious fact that the real anxiety of players is in inverse ratio to the apparent interest they shew in the game. He who sits still, and keeps his eyes upon the dealer, to see the fate of his stake, is less agitated, less anxious than him who affects to have his attention otherwise occupied while the cards are dealing, and seems only to have his attention called by the final announcement. He again is calm in mind, compared with the player who cannot remain upon his seat, but who, throwing down his stake with seeming unconcern, leaves the room, and only returns to see whether it be doubled, or swept away. But to return—my young friend, for such I may call him, again played eagerly with various success—but at length lost his last piece. He asked a loan from the man, who, with powdered hair and hands behind his back, stands at the window ready to advance money to those whom he knows, but being unacquainted with this young man, the loan was refused—and he walked into the garden. I followed him down the dark walk to the lamp at the farther end. I saw him lean for a moment against the wall, and he then drew a pen-knife from his pocket, and was about to open it when I started forward. "Mr. L." I said.

"Ah!" said he, suddenly putting the knife in his pocket; "I did not see you in the room." "Upon one condition," said I, "I will lend you five hundred francs." He sat down at the foot of the wall and burst into tears. "R——" said he, after a few moments, "you have saved me from self-murder; ten days ago my father gave me a hundred pounds to come here to pay my medical classes, and to maintain me for four months. I have gambled it all away in two nights—I have not a sous left, and I had resolved ——"

"No matter what you resolved," said I, "here are five hundred francs upon condition—that whether you win or lose them, I shall be your banker while you remain in Paris." I knew that to have endeavoured to exact a promise, without giving myself a title to exact it, would have been useless; for the gambler, however he may curse fortune or upbraid himself, never fails to imagine that one stake more would have retrieved his losses. L—— gave me the promise I required, and we returned to the room. He threw down his bill upon the red, saying "*la moitié;*" the black came up, and L—— was now worth only twelve louis and a half. We passed into the other room, the ball on the roulette-table had just rested in No. 36. "*Messieurs faitez vos jeux,*" said the man; the ball was whirled round, and L—— clapped down his

money upon No. 36—and the next moment the ball fell a second time into that number, and L—— put into his pocket nearly nine thousand francs.

"Let's go sup at *Riche's*," said he, putting my arm within his; and we did sup at Riche's, and there he gave me his gainings, of which, I every week during his residence in Paris, gave him a hundred francs. Upon what trifling circumstances hang the greatest events--even the choice of life and death. If I had not felt depressed that evening, or if I had gone to the opera, as I at one time intended, an excellent father would certainly have lost an amiable son; and society a useful member: for L—— now practices medicine with success in his native town.

'Tis an easy matter to traverse France from north to south. 'Tis only stepping into the steam-boat at Chalons, and so to Lyons; and in another day the Rhone carries one to Avignon, and almost in sight of the Pyrenees.

Gigantic barrier! with thy deep ravines, and sunny slopes and valleys—the Edens of the world; and rocks and snows, and huts, and simple people, and portraits of a pastoral life—how many and vivid are my recollections! But for the present, let them sleep.

A WEEPING-WILLOW-ISM.

My heart, that was moulded in mirth,
Hath been washed by the waters of earth;
And thus every curl of the stream
Hath ruined some innocent dream.

Some fancy, once fed by a ray
That melted like starlight away;
Some joy, that depended unblest,
As it gazed on the graves of the rest.

That heart, by the cold waters worn,
Though forsaken, is scarcely forlorn;
Hope came, and departed as fleet,
But left there the print of her feet.

And is it a glance or a tone
Whose enchantment about me hath grown?
'Tis the light of thy heart, in the eye;
And the voice of thy soul, like a sigh.

For I looked on the world and its wiles,
And a multitude met me with smiles—
But I came unto thee, and have gained
The tears that have never been feigned.

B.

LAW REFORMS—THE NEW RULES OF COMMON LAW PRACTICE.

The torpid patience with which the people of England suffer detected abuses to prevail, and to interfere with their comforts and convenience, is most surprising. It is not enough that the whole community has been over and over again convinced that glaring injustice is done to them in points of dear import; that they have the power, and know the means, by which such nuisances might be abated, by the mere exertion of their voices; that, whoever may be interested in the perpetuation of such abuses, there is hardly any man profligate and audacious enough to raise his head any where in vindication of them. Knowing and feeling all this, most sensibly, they permit the evils to exist; their complaints assume no other shape than unheeded grumbling, or sarcasms, which become pointless from repetition; and matters go on at least as badly, in many respects much worse, than under our great-great-grandfathers. In no branch of our domestic arrangements more abundantly, or more absurdly, has this been permitted, than in the administration of the laws. Although in this commercial country no man can reasonably expect to pass any one year—some men cannot even pass weeks—of their lives, without being either immediately or remotely affected by the delays, and inconvenience, and expense of the stupid and costly system that has been permitted to grow up about us, the mischief has remained almost wholly unchecked. No doubt there has been abundance of talk about it. The evils of expensive and protracted litigation have been complained of for centuries; but from the time of Edward the Third to the present day, how little has been done in the way of remedy!

In the administration of criminal justice, indeed, a great improvement has been effected, and of late years. But although it is a favourable "sign of the times," that there are men among us, enlightened and energetic enough to take upon themselves the burthensome task of reducing the unformed mass of contradiction, and of abolishing the wretched expedients which had been from time to time resorted to by judges who, not having the power to *make* laws, did their best to prevent those laws from becoming scourges and snares to the least guilty and the unwary, yet, in truth, the amendments were less urgently called for in the criminal than in the civil judicature of the country. The criminal law, as it was written, was undoubtedly so severe, that if it had been applied, *to the letter*, it would have been a disgrace to any civilised nation; but it never was so applied. Its inartificial and unsystematic form prevented its sanguinary provisions from being carried into full effect; and the ingenuity of judges, and the humanity of juries, were exerted, rather to save the miserable culprits with whom they had to deal, from the doom denounced by the law, than their true and honest judgments exercised in the performance of those impartial duties which their several oaths enjoined. The way has, however, been opened to improvement in this part of our domestic policy; but although we rejoice unfeignedly at the progress which has been made, and are ever eager to ascribe to those persons who are entitled to it, the high credit of having conferred a lasting benefit on the country, we cannot help seeing that the course is only entered upon; and that the greatest praise which can be conferred on those who have been the means of ameliorating our criminal jurisprudence, is, that they have set a laudable

example to such persons as may be disposed to follow them. In the administration of civil justice, infinitely more remains to be done, and the best interests of society—of the quiet and industrious part of society—of those persons upon whose exertions and conduct a great portion of the prosperity, and almost all the moral happiness of the country, depends, requires that it should be done speedily.

From the days of the Commonwealth, when it was very seriously debated in Parliament, whether a court of equity ought to exist any longer in England, the expense, and the delay more ruinous than expense, of which that branch of law is the fruitful source, have been universally complained of; and never has the complaint been more justly founded, than it is at this moment. The project of abolishing the Court of Chancery was then overruled, and in its place resolutions were drawn up, by sagacious and experienced men in the matter with which they were dealing, the object of which was to preserve the institution—a valuable one as they justly deemed it—but to root out from it the rank abuses which destroyed its utility, and converted its wholesome principles into instruments of oppression. The pernicious influence of lawyers—that is, of the persons interested in perpetuating the evils most exclaimed against, then prevailed; the projected improvements exhaled in mere talk; and, from that day to this, nothing effectual has been done, while the lapse of two centuries has added a monstrous burthen to the weight and incumbrance of the system. It must not, however, be supposed that the outcry has in the mean time been stilled, or that public opinion has changed with respect to the demerits of the Court of Chancery. On the contrary, no public man has ever spoken of it, but in terms of reprobation, more or less bitter, but always richly deserved. Books have been published of all kinds and sizes; bulky octavos, pamphlets, even poems, have been written, to decry the mischiefs of a system under which few men are so fortunate as not to suffer. Within the last ten years, the clamour about it in Parliament became so loud, that some inquiry was found to be inevitable, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the causes of the delay and expense, which were admitted to be its chief characteristics, and to provide some remedy. The adroitness of the then chief of the Court prevented any speedy progress being made in the inquiry. No man knew so well—no man ever practised so successfully the principle of defeating opposition by sheer delay. To gain time was with him to gain victory; and when at length the report of the Chancery Commissioners made its appearance, the great *Cunctator* of modern times was found to have succeeded in taking the sting entirely out of it. It is six or seven years since that report was published by Parliament; and, with the exception of what are called "The New Orders," no attempt of any kind has been offered, to remedy the abuses which even that document, emasculated as it was, exposed. It is true, that members of both Houses of Parliament have talked much about it; true, that Lord Lyndhurst promised to reform those abuses; no less true, that he did not keep his promise, although he had abundant time, and the voice of the whole country to back him, if he had been minded to redeem the pledge which he, solemnly enough, gave. It is true that Lord Brougham included it in his seven hours' speech; but true, also, that it shared the fate of all the other fine things that Lord Brougham talked about; that is to say, that they ended there. It is true that Mr. Spence made

a lucid speech (his only one!) on the same subject, and true, too, that Sir Edward Sugden said *ditto* to Mr. Spence, with great emphasis; but there it stops: neither lord nor commoner can be induced to lay their shoulders in earnest to the wheel of the ponderous machine, and try in earnest to draw it out of the mire in which it is enswamped.

The practice of the courts of common law has been not less notoriously defective and inconvenient, but it has been less loudly complained of. The reason of this, among other less obvious, is, that the stakes played for in that court are much less in amount, the interests more concentrated, the delays not to be compared with those in Chancery (and quick injustice is, in nine cases out of the hundred, preferable to tardy justice), the costs trifling in the comparison, and folks cannot be dragged into the courts of common law, by whole families, almost whole parishes, as they may be with Chancery. Still it is only by means of such a comparison that any excuse can be found for the glaring absurdity and injustice of the modes of practice in the courts of common law; and, in short, in every department of the administration of civil justice—from the privy council, where enormous expense is incurred by parties in order to obtain decisions, by judges for the most part wholly incompetent to the duties they venture to take upon themselves—down to the wretched farce which is permitted to mock the common sense of the metropolis, under the name of the Marshalsea Court, and which is several degrees below the Pie-powder Court of Bartlemy Fair—the whole system is one of abuse and vexation and disappointment, rendered trebly intolerable by reason of the burthensome expense which is inflicted upon the suitors.

In such a state of things it becomes us indeed to be thankful even for "small mercies." The commissioners to inquire into and suggest improvements in the common law courts, who annually cost, and for years past have cost, the country several thousands of pounds (while the real property commissioners cost at least as much more), have made their reports; Sir James Scarlett brought in a bill, in the last session of parliament, checking some of the more glaring wickednesses of the system, and at length the judges of the common law courts, acting under one of the provisions of that statute, have published a set of general rules for ameliorating and rendering something more reasonable and something less costly, that hocus-pocus, the practice of which has been too long encouraged. It is true these amendments do not go very far, certainly not far enough by many, many degrees; yet, still in the hope that it may be the commencement of that reform which is so loudly called for, and which it requires nothing but the sincere inclination of the judges to effect, we are willing to receive it with as good a welcome as we can afford—better even than, in itself, it deserves.

We proceed to detail the purport and object of these reformers, of which the first relates to the subject of *bail.* Every one knows, at least every one whom it concerns, knows that no greater abuse exists than that by which it is permitted to swindlers and knaves of all kinds, to hire other knaves to become their bail, and to stave off, at great expense and risk, the demands of their creditors. Hundreds of Jews in this metropolis make a subsistence, such as it is, by swearing in courts of justice, "for a consideration," that they are housekeepers; when they have not perhaps a place in which they can lay their heads at night, and that

they are worth large sums of money when they have not property enough under heaven to pay the toll upon Waterloo-bridge. This abuse has led to another, that is, that all kinds of bail are subject to the same ordeal, and the client in all cases put to the same expense; as if vigilance and care such as are necessary to defeat the practices of the Jews we have alluded to, were equally necessary in all other cases. The new rules are well devised for abating the inconvenience arising under this head.

The first of the rules provides that bail may be justified at the same time that they are put, substituting for the present system of giving notice that they intend to justify in court, a notice four days before the day of putting in bail, that they will justify at the same time they become bail. In order to prevent the plaintiff from being imposed upon by irresponsible bail, he may, upon giving one day's notice of his desire to do so, have three days' time to inquire into the circumstances of the proposed bail, if they reside in town, and six days if they are in the country, during which period the proceedings of the cause are to be staid. This provision at once prevents imposition on the one hand and unfair haste on the other.

In order to make the notice of the bail effectual, it is provided that the plaintiff shall have notice of the street and number at which the bail reside, in addition to their formal descriptions, and of all the streets and numbers in streets at which any of them shall have been resident during the last six months, and whether they are housekeepers or freeholders.

Justification of bail is almost as often an oppression against the debtor as it is an advantage to the creditor, and to guard against needless opposition it is provided, that if the exception to the bail shall fail after their names and descriptions shall have been verified upon affidavit, that the costs of opposing shall be paid by the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, it shall succeed, then that the defendant shall pay them. And the bail may be justified out of court upon their own affidavit unless they are excepted against, and that after notice of them has once been given that they shall not be changed without leave of the court, or of one of the judges of the court.

Although nothing is more indisputable than that the plaintiff in every action ought to furnish the defendant with a clear and succinct statement of the nature of his demand, in order that the latter may "make his peace with his adversary," if the case admits of compromise or satisfaction, yet nothing is more difficult,—it often becomes very expensive to obtain such a statement. To obviate this difficulty the new orders provide, that in all the more common cases of actions for debt or upon *assumpsit*, the plaintiff shall deliver the particulars of his demand, if they can be comprised within the space of 216 words; and if not that he shall deliver such a statement of the nature of his claim, and the sum he asserts to be due, as may be comprised within that number of words. To secure compliance with this order, it is declared that if it shall become necessary for the defendant to procure the particulars by summons in the ordinary way, the costs of such summons, and the attendance upon them, and the delivery of the particulars under it, shall not be allowed. And to make the matter still more clear to the judge as well as to the party, the plaintiff is enjoined to annex a copy of his particulars to the record when it shall be delivered to the marshal in order to be set down for trial.

The absurd system of imparling from one term to another is abolished, and the defendant is to be compelled to plead of the term in which the declaration is filed. Before judgment of *non pros.* can be signed, the defendant must give four days' notice to the plaintiff. Two summonses before a judge, instead of three, are in future to be sufficient. Declarations, *de bene esse,* are not to be delivered till six days after the service of process not bailable, nor till six days after the actual arrest, upon process which is bailable. The time for proving declarations in ejectment is to be extended to the first day in full term, instead of being limited to the epoign, or fourth day, before the commencement of the practicable term. Notice of taxing costs must, in all cases, be given one day before the taxation takes place. Rules to plead several matters are abolished, and permission is, in future, to be obtained upon summons; but no summons or order is to be necessary in cases where the plea of *non assumpsit,* or *nil debet,* or *non detinet,* with or without a plea of tender as to fact, a plea of the statute of limitations, set off, bankruptcy of the defendant, discharge under the insolvent act, *plene administravit, plene administravit præter,* infancy, and coverture, or any two or more of such pleas shall be pleaded together; but a rule shall be at once granted upon production of the draft or engrossment of the pleas.

The second, and, perhaps, the more important branch of the alterations, is another rule, which prescribes certain forms of declarations, in the more common kinds of actions upon bills of exchange, and the ordinary demands for goods bargained, and sold, or delivered. They are concise, but yet sufficient; and as the sole object of prescribing forms at all is, that the practice of the court may be in all cases similar, and that business may thereby be the more readily despatched, there is no apparent reason why such short statements of the matter in dispute, should not answer the purpose as well as more lengthened formula.

Now, we should be ungrateful to deny, that these matters we have detailed are benefits, as far as they extend; but we should betray our sense and judgment, if we did not protest against the miserable affectation on the part of the judges, who know so much better, and who have the means of doing so much more, and who yet venture to offer these as a cure for the detected evils of their courts. It will not have escaped the observation of all who are acquainted practically with the subject, that the most grievous of all the evils complained of remains untouched in this pretended amendment. That which is at once the bane of the honest practitioners in the courts of common law, and the ruin of suitors, is the amount, the intolerable amount, of fees demanded by the officers of the court. These officers in the higher departments are the sons and cousins of judges; in the lower grades, they are their dependants and retainers, even to their superannuated servants. The public cry has forced those, in whom lay the power to amend that which is complained of, to do something towards improvement; but they have carefully kept their hands from curtailing the overgrown fees of their officers—those fees which make the demand of a just right too costly for a poor man, and often too odious for a more wealthy one to enforce. Here is the very source of the evils which most require amendment. From this point improvement must begin to be useful, and unless it be effected speedily by those who have the power to do it, it must fall into the hands of others, who will set about the work, with less delicate hands, perhaps, but with more resolute minds.

HOMER: A RHAPSODY.

I remember to have read of a Professor at Paris, who was so ardently attached to the Poems of Homer, that he always carried a copy in his pocket, and even in church not unfrequently studied them instead of his prayer-book. Dark and mysterious is thy history, thou singer of the ancient time!—Thy spirit seems to have come up on the old world, like the mighty eagle gazed on by Esdras, from the dark waters of time, and covering the whole earth with one vast and everlasting shadow. I have generally found, in my researches into the literature of a country, that the life of one great man is, in truth, the *fructification*, so to speak, of the age in which he lives. A band of illustrious men begin to gather around him, and Æschylus was followed by Sophocles, and Phidias by Praxiteles, and Dante by Petrarch and Boccaccio. But Homer stood alone, an intellectual Omnipresence. Blending in his own person the authority of the law-giver, and the religion of the priest, and the sanctity of the poet, and the influence of the historian, he was indeed, as the Italian poet styled him, the first Painter of the Ancient Memories.

The Iliad was indeed the "*Secular Bible*" of the Grecian, and he pondered over it, as an inspired volume. The Poet's name was an old familiar sound, one of the household words which the child learned in his boyhood teachings, and in after-times he looked upon his poems, as upon a book in which the name of his dearest friend had been graven by hands long since cold in ashes. It is one of the peculiar charms of the poetry of Homer, that it associates itself with all our early calm and beautiful dreamings. I read Horace, and Tacitus, and even Livy—the sweet and picturesque Livy—with more or less pleasure; but the idea of a task was ever present with me. Homer, on the contrary, was my companion, and whether the path lay across the clover fields, or along the green and dewy lanes, full of music and sunshine, scattered around our sequestered village, he was rarely absent from my heart, and I suffered the short summer hours to glide away, while I meditated in awe on the *Necyomanteia*, or shed tears of pure sorrow over the young Astyanax' pathetic picture of his coming afflictions.—Let me go back unto thee yet again, thou blind old man of Scio!—thou chosen of the heart, thou garnered of the memory!—let us listen yet once more to the thousand voices of that river of song, which the lips have poured around the city of Troy!—Let my memory sit among the spears, and the chariots, and the plumed chiefs of that tournament of the ancient chivalry!

I number among our choicest earthly blessings the power of feeling intensely the beauties of the imagination. My thoughts return to the spring-like days when I stood listening to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or more earnestly still, with the tears in my eyes, to the story of the Children in the Wood. But my after-delight was in the study of the ancient poets. How distinctly do I remember the day when the first book of the Iliad, with notes and an interpretation, was put into my hands! It has been said that this is inferior to the succeeding in variety and imagination, but at that period I knew nothing of critics or criticism; I seemed to wander through some ruined gallery of ancient statuary, mossy and ivy-grown, while the moonlight fell like a transparent curtain, and the gleams danced along the mouldering floor like the footsteps of the olden poetry.

The authenticity of the Homeric poems I believe was never questioned until the close of the 17th century, and then by a Frenchman—one of a people who never have, and never can, appreciate the simplicity of the Poet. Oh! Ignorance, what a hundred-headed monster thou art! Joshua Barnes wrote a book to prove that the Iliad was composed by King Solomon. Another theory, equally singular and vexatious, has been proposed by Branchini, who affirmed that the Iliad was one entire allegory in the oriental manner. By Jupiter, he understood Sesostris, who occupied the throne of Egypt during the siege of Troy, and the other gods he considered as his *vassals*: Juno was Syria; Minerva, the learned and scientific Egypt. Fontenelle relates in his *Eloge de Branchini,* that so great was the estimation in which this extraordinary man was held during his residence at Oxford, that the university defrayed, from their own funds, the expenses of his establishment. We suppose such men as Philip Melancthon introduced these *divertimenti* upon the principle assigned by the Rabbin, for the nonsense so frequently recurring in the Talmud.

The Digamma, again, who cares a straw about it? The reader may remember, that a treatise of the celebrated Bentley is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, where it was shewn to Thiersch, in 1815.* Long may it continue in its dust and oblivion, until some future Columbus of criticism shall bring forth the manuscript, even as a rich treasure, like *Giovanni Finati,* Mr. Bankes' servant, who ran away with a heavy chest, and found, to his mortification, that it contained nothing but *crockery-ware.* We remember an anecdote which strikes us as forming an excellent accompaniment to the ignorance of the disbelievers in the authenticity, we should have said the *existence,* of Homer, and the equally erudite historians of the Digamma. Our readers may recollect, that before the close of the fifteenth century, the French had no idea of gardening. "Writers there were in abundance," says the author of the *Vie Privée des François,* "but they were learned men, who knew nothing but Latin and Greek."

Shame—to sit lingering here, while the leaves of that laburnum-tree are glancing forth specks of light, as from a thousand beautiful summer-eyes, and the lark is nestling herself far, far away, a mile high, in the blue air, bluer than the eyes of Venus, when they opened upon the Trojan warrior, and he hid his face in his garment.† Reader, be not surprised at my apparent hallucination; the present *rhapsody* was composed in the sunny hours among the glorious trees of the most sequestered village in the woodlands of Suffolk. I resemble Rousseau in inability to write at a desk. I put on a shooting jacket, and slipping two or three books—favourites of course—into the ample pockets which decorate the sides, in three *tiers,* as it were, stray forth into the shady nooks and the stilliest vallies, fashioning in my mind, as I *linger* along, my broken dreams of loveliness. Beautiful in the summer light is the green stile on which I am sitting, with a dark wood full of pheasants, gold and silver, by my side, and a hamlet-church casting a brightness through the old oaks before us.

I have been reading a little book by an old Etonian, which offers a very pleasant introduction to the ancient poet. It is designed principally

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* Thiersch's Greek Grammar, pp. 312, 313.
† Hymn to Venus

for young persons at school and college, and liking much the tone which pervades it, I purpose taking, in the course of my rhapsody, an occasional notice of its contents. Now that *Mr.* Brougham is Lord Chancellor, and cannot, by reason of his numerous duties, devote so much of his attention as formerly to the diffusion of *useful and entertaining knowledge,* it becomes in me and others a duty to supply his place to the utmost of our poor ability, and I proceed, therefore, like the rhapsodists of old, to weave the imperishable thread of wisdom into the golden web of my dreams and visionings.

I sometimes wish that Longinus had never written his treatise on the sublime and beautiful: many are the errors to which the *dicta* of the famous minister of Zenobia have given birth. Yet who, with one gleam of poetry in his heart, would ever think of confounding the sublime and the beautiful? Sublimity—the breath of one breathing into the dry bones, and startling in an instant, into perfect form and feature, the dust of all ages and of all people—the light upon the hands of Lazarus, when he stretched them forth from the sepulchre—the shadow falling from the wings of the Cherubim upon him who sitteth beneath them. Beauty—the music which covereth the spirit of man like a raiment—the memory of the face of one beloved—the sorrow, thrown like a shroud upon our heart's gladness. Sublimity, dim, mysterious, inexplicable in its origin, the path of the soul in a former state of power, magnificence and glory. Beauty, the serenity of the Omnipotent, garmenting every work of mortal hands, from the dark and solemn cathedral, to the ivy-grown walls of the old and obsolete priory. The French critic, *La Harpe,* has analysed Longinus' Treatise; but what idea of sublimity can he have formed, who talks of comparing the *Henriade* to the *Paradise Lost!* The mind of Voltaire could not *feel* the glory of the Epos in others, much less embody it. But *La Harpe,* who was really a pleasant writer upon things not too lofty for his comprehension, has been surpassed by *Huet,* who wrote a treatise to prove that the splendid line in Genesis—*God said, Let there be light, and there was light!* is not sublime. Blair, again, whose thoughts are as *leafless* as the polar trees, and whose mind was more dry and sapless than the mummy recently explored by the Royal Society, says, there is no poetry in the prophecies of Daniel and Jonah. Reader, turn to Daniel, chap. 10, verse 6—speaking of the vision:—*the voice of his words was like the voice of a multitude!* Is there no poetry in Daniel? Look at the 2nd chapter of Jonah:—"*The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about; the weeds were wrapped about my head.*" And these men are to guide us in our appreciation of a poet! ——
——— But let me return to Homer. "The truth is," observes the author of the Introduction to which I have more than once referred, "that there are not many passages in the Iliad which can be properly called sublime; the grandest of those few, beyond comparison, is the description of the universal horror and tumult attending on the battle of the gods; whilst the real characteristics of the poem are truth, good sense, rapidity, and variety, bodied forth into shape by a vivid imagination, and borne on the musical wings of an inimitable versification."

That there are not many passages in the Iliad coming under the title of *sublime,* I think in some measure true; but still we consider the character of the poem to be sublimity—not the sublimity resulting from *parts,* but from a *whole;*—not from separate and individual images, but from

one universal and all-ruling *idea.* The Iliad is like a mighty temple of ancient worship, into which the light creeps through a thousand mossy openings; yet the enthusiast still beholds a spirit of glory sitting in silent majesty, by the ruined shrine of the old religion.

Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of the Iliad is the idea of power and grandeur which it conveys. Who supposes for a moment that the dominions of Agamemnon, the leader of the Grecian armament, were not larger than the territory of a Scottish chieftain? The spirit of the poetry is dark and terrible; it delighteth in the clang of arms, and the roar of the chariots, and the tumult of the battle; it walketh among the more stern and revengeful passions of men, but the golden light of a most gentle humanity is scattered about its head. *Gentle,* we mean, when we consider the *mind* of the age; the performance of one of the commonest duties of christian charity by a Highland cataran amounted to an act of rare and positive virtue.

It has been a favourite amusement of many, to form comparisons between the Homeric poems and the Sacred Writings. The voice of the Homeric poetry is instinct with life and passion, whether it be in the battle-cry of the warrior, or the "linked sweetness" of the orator, or the words, sweeter than perfume, of Paris, the Trojan lover. The voice of the Hebrew falls upon the heart like moonlight on a grave;—it is not of earth, earthly; you listen to it as unto the echoes, growing faint and fainter, of departing feet.—It leaves a silence upon the soul.

I have been reading the Iliad and Odyssey, with Flaxman's Illustrations—I will not call them compositions—by my side. They are worth all the interpretations of the bard put together—certainly, no sculptor has ever surpassed the purity of these outlines—they are the shadowings of poetry. Look at the third Book of the Iliad; *Venus coming to Helen.* How like the Queen of Beauty!—her footsteps are sweeter-toned than the voices of a summer dream—she leaneth on the filmy air as upon the bosom of her Dardan lover—a Grecian Taglioni!—we almost fancy we can hear the whispers of her lips, softer than the zephyr creeping between the purple fans of the butterfly. Worthy of the antique minstrelsy, is the image I have taken from that woof of beautiful thoughts, the Romance of Endymion.

Surely Flaxman could have translated some passages in the Iliad divinely. Can any thing be more touchingly sublime than the representation of *Sleep,* in the fourteenth Book—her wings folded, and the mantle hanging down on each side of her face; the garment scarcely heaveth—it is a living death! Homer never painted a picture more pathetic than *Iris standing before Priam.* His face is almost entirely covered, and his arms are resting on his knees—poor old man! There is a very interesting paper in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, on the *old men of Homer.* The affection of Priam for his children is warm and lasting; in the last Book of the Iliad only, is bitterness mingled with his parental tenderness—it may well be so—grief has come down upon him, like an armed man—Death sits in the palace of his ancestors—Hector is no longer numbered among the living—his plume is in the dust; the spear is broken. Desolate old man!—"Thy tabernacle is spoiled, and all thy chords are broken. Thy children are gone forth from thee, and they are not. There is none to stretch forth thy tent any more, and to set up the curtains."—*Ezekiel.*

How enthusiastically do our feelings go along with the characters of the Odyssey. Penelope, like the picture of Zeusis, moulded from all fair and beautiful visionings; and old Euriclea, the nurse of Telemachus, associated in my memory with *one*, upon whom I shall never look again. And Helen, the Grecian lady, the impersonation of Ionian richness, and attic grace—the Juliet of the poet—so enchanting in her time of mourning, so humble and affecting in her beauty.

It has been said, there is more of imagination in the Iliad, and more of fancy in the Odyssey. In every page are visible the delicate footprints of a fair and golden-sandaled creature, a young gleeful sister of the imagination—the Hebe-Lyra of the spirit.

The Iliad has more of our admiration, the Odyssey of our love; it links our feelings, like a magic chain of music. We kneel before the genius of the Iliad, throned in its thick brightness; but we hang over the Odyssey, as the sweetest tale of passionate love, that ever folded its sunny curtains round the spirit of the poet-dreamer.

W.

STANZAS.

When stars forsake the sullen sea,
When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be,
    If Hope but lend us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
And wakes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles, with the thoughts of age,
    The rapture of a child.

It sheds on Joy a richer glow;
It flings to Want its gifts of gold;
But ah! its hand—as pure as snow—
    Will sometimes prove as cold!

Yet when the graces fall from Youth,
And Passion's fervid cheek grows pale,
Then Hope becomes a thing of truth—
    A faith too deep to fail.

B.

COLONIAL QUESTION.—LATE MEETING OF DELEGATES AT BARBADOS.

It is still somewhat fashionable to maintain that colonies are of no advantage to the mother country, and some of our modern economists take pleasure in repeating that neither our trading nor shipping interests would suffer were our ancient colonial policy to be abandoned, and our foreign possessions, or at least the greater part of them, given up to other states, or declared independent!

Against such doctrines we have repeatedly entered our protest; and we affirm that our commercial prosperity, naval superiority, and strength as a nation, has gradually risen with our colonies, and depend upon our retaining them; and that *in proportion as Great Britain deviates from that course which made her great, she will become feeble.*

It would be no difficult task to shew, in opposition to the arguments of Sir H. Parnell and other economists, that the people of the United States though essentially English in their habits, take, in proportion to their numbers, an infinitely smaller quantity of British produce and manufactures than the inhabitants of British North America, the West Indies, or other English colonies. Now, suppose that our transatlantic possessions were not *at once* to fall into the hands of foreigners, but merely to become independent of the mother country, and consequently to be at liberty to take the supplies requisite for the use of their plantations, &c. from the cheapest markets of Europe and America—it must be obvious that, even in this limited view of the case, a very great diminution of the demand for English commodities would be the immediate consequence; that our manufacturers, agriculturists, and fishermen would, of course, suffer by this loss of custom, and that fewer British ships would be requisite for carrying on our trade with these places.

On the other hand were these colonies to pass into the possession of any foreign country—the United States of America for instance—this demand for British produce and manufactures would be still further restricted, thousands of people in this country would be thrown out of employment, while at the same time, an immense property, and a numerous commercial marine would, with other valuable advantages, be added to the strength of our rivals.

We think these propositions are undeniable; and that independent of any other considerations—such as the loss of national revenue, inhumanity to the negroes—for to give them liberty before they are fit for it would be inhuman — and injustice to our fellow subjects, a wise government would pause before they risk the dismemberment of the empire, or drive to despair a numerous body of loyal subjects, merely to conciliate a powerful party of sectaries who are daily acquiring a dangerous ascendency in the state.—Yet ministers seem inclined to force on a serious crisis, in spite of the most earned representations of the colonists!

Already, by the impolitic and unjust interference of the mother country, and in absence, or in defiance of accurate information, the property of the colonists has been diminished more than one-half; they have been borne down by regulations and restrictions, adopted in utter ignorance of the state of society in the colonies; the labouring population have been excited until, in various places, bloodshed and the destruction of valuable property has taken place; in Antigua, and we fear in other islands, the slaves have lately commenced the work of destruction; and

the colonists, instead of receiving that sympathy and support to which, in common with every other class of his Majesty's subjects, they are entitled, are, in effect, told, as in a late debate, that they had not attended to the admonitions given to them; that they must, therefore, now be "harassed by fiscal restrictions and regulations,"—and, ultimately, (if they persist in defending the remainder of their diminished property) "crushed by open force!"*

Is it wonderful, therefore, that, seeing how ineffectual are the efforts of their friends in this country to defend them, the colonists should now *collectively* begin to consider what is to be done to protect themselves against injustice, and to avert the total ruin with which they are threatened? The various colonies of Barbados, Antigua, Demarara, Essequibo, Dominica, Grenada, Nevis, St. Christopher's, St. Vincent, and the Virgin Islands, have accordingly sent deputies—appointed at public meetings held in these places respectively—to Barbados, where they regularly assembled; and their first proceeding was to pass a series of resolutions declaratory of the grievances under which they labour; they have entered their solemn protest, "against any further spoliation of, or interference with, their property, which they hold by a right as sacred as the public creditor holds his claim on the national funds—the highest or lowest subject in the united kingdom his lands, his mansion, or his cottage—or any corporate body their chartered rights;"—they affirm, in regard to the slave trade, that their principal share in the transaction has been that of civilizing, and bringing to order and comparative comfort persons brought into the colonies in a state of barbarism; and after asserting their importance to the mother country, in a commercial point of view, they affirm that any attempt to injure or destroy their property is a gross violation of every principle of law and justice, unless full and complete compensation for all losses which may arise, and all injuries which may be sustained by any changes in such property, shall have been *previously* provided at the expense of the nation in general; and upon these resolutions they formed petitions to his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, embracing the general objects of their meeting;—together with memorials to the Lords of the Treasury, and the Board of Trade, explaining, no doubt, the difficulties of their situation, the necessity for relief, and the consequences of further attempts to legislate for them without a full and complete inquiry and investigation into the state of society in the sugar colonies.—One of the deputies asserts that, "let government send whoever they will as a commission of inquiry, the planter may safely leave the slaves themselves to explain their own situation, which in ninety-nine cases in every hundred will be found one of comparative luxury, and nineteen out of twenty that every facility is given to teachers of the gospel of every denomination;" and after hinting at the false statements which the missionaries are alleged to be in the habit of sending home, it is said that the proceedings of the sectaries should be one of the subjects of the assembly's deliberation, and he recommends to the missionaries to take to task "their cruel, hard-hearted masters, and open the eyes of the good of their own persuasions, by assuring them an idea is entertained of driving them forth, if such impudent, angry, and hasty measures are persisted in at home!!" What the good ladies of Clapham will say to this; or, what

* *Vide*, the Attorney General's speech on Mr. Buxton's motion, 15th April last.

effect the debate on Mr. Buxton's last motion in the House of Commons will have on the deliberations of the next Barbados assembly-remains to be seen!

The powers granted to the different deputies, so far as we can judge by the information before us, seems to have been sufficiently ample; and the following may be taken as a brief summary of the qualifications necessary, and of the duties required of them.—"First, they should inform themselves of all matters which bear either upon the question, as to what will be relief to us, under our present conflicting and accumulating distresses. Secondly, not only to inform themselves, but to be prepared with proofs, to shew in what manner the slave laws passed by Great Britain have borne hardly and cruelly on their different communities. Thirdly, to be prepared with authenticated information respecting the treatment of the slaves, in every point regarding them—such as the hundreds that have refused their freedom—the hundreds that having been free in England, have voluntarily returned to bondage—the number of estates that permit catechists, and the number that refuse to do so—the treatment, in fact, in every way, even to the sick house: and the more minute the particulars, the more certain are they to carry conviction. While they arrive at the place of meeting, prepared calmly and temperately to canvass the points laid before them, they ought to discard every thing like inimical feelings, either against the authorities, the parliament, or the government, and to be ready to propitiate both the one and the other, *provided they can do so without compromising one iota of the chartered privileges of their colony, or without permitting the least invasion on the all-sacred right of private property.* Whether it be effective or not, *it is the duty of all to maintain, if the question be agitated, that no authority, not even parliament itself, has a right to interfere with our ancient, legally-confirmed, and long-established right of legislating for ourselves, and to determine to dispute the slightest inroad upon our legislative functions; and, above all, that it will be incumbent upon all, strictly to attend to their instructions, to be attentive to their duty, and obedient to their orders.*"

We would recommend to those who affect to think lightly of the feelings of the West Indians, and who talk of our absolute right to impose taxes, and to legislate for the internal governance of the colonies, to study and profit by the constitutional doctrines stated by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, when examined by parliament, in 1766, and then to consider the events that so closely followed thereupon. He was asked —What was the temper of America towards Great Britain, before the year 1763? The best in the world. They had not only a respect but an affection for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce.

In what light did the people of America use to consider the parliament of Great Britain? They considered the parliament, as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it, that the parliament, on application, would always give redress. And have they not still the same respect for parliament? *No; it is greatly lessened.*

To what causes is that owing? To a concurrence of causes; the restraints laid on their trades, &c., &c.

Supposing an extraordinary occasion should occur, to render it necessary to raise taxes in the colonies, who are to be the judges of that extraordinary occasion; is not the parliament? *Though the parliament may judge of the occasion, the people will think it can never exercise such right, till representatives from the colonies are admitted in parliament, and that whenever the occasion arrives, representatives will be ordered.*

If the legislature should think fit to ascertain its right to lay taxes, by any act laying a small tax contrary to their opinion, would they submit to pay the tax? As to an internal tax, how small soever, laid by the legislature here, on the people there, *while they have no representatives in this legislature, I think it will never be submitted to.* THEY WILL OPPOSE IT TO THE LAST.

Have not the assemblies in the West Indies, the same natural rights with those in North America? UNDOUBTEDLY.

We might proceed further with this parallel, but we think it quite unnecessary. Every person who has paid attention to the subject is aware that, during the war, and in fact at all times, the West Indian colonists have cheerfully borne more than their fair proportion of the public burdens, and are still, after so many years of peace, labouring under the weight of the greater part of the *war* duty imposed on their staple commodity; yet government have lately been threatening them with a fresh infringement of their constitutional rights, by the imposition of an odious distinctive tax on their produce, *for the purpose of dictating to the Colonial Legislatures, laws of internal regulation;* inexpedient in policy, unjust in operation, and contrary to the practice of parliament, since the disastrous period above alluded to! Moreover, as already stated, a threat has been held out, that if these plans to "*harass the colonial legislatures by fiscal restrictions and regulations,*" are unsuccessful, then, THEY ARE TO BE CRUSHED BY OPEN FORCE!"

After the full and ample information already submitted to Government by the West Indians in this country, we do not anticipate that any great attention will immediately be paid by the present ministers to any similar statements or representations that may come from the leeward island congress. It was clearly shewn by the calculations submitted to the Board of Trade by *Mr. Keith Douglas,* that the restrictions imposed by the mother country for the benefit of various national interests, cost the West Indian colonists *nearly a million and a half per annum;* yet the colonists were told, that no remission of duties, equalization of drawback, or other relief, could be afforded to them. It seems, therefore, difficult to guess what measures the colonial congress may be forced to adopt, to procure an alleviation of their distress, or an alteration of the oppressive policy pursued by the mother country. We may also notice, that the prosperity and value of our North American possessions depend greatly upon their intercourse with the West Indian sugar colonies; and to lose these would be extremely prejudicial to the former, as well as to our fisheries, wherever situated.

The proceedings which ended in the separation of the United States from the mother country, commenced in a less formal and constitutional manner, than those to which we now allude. These powerful states have, for some time back, coveted the possession of ports for their shipping, and for depôts of merchandize in the islands of the Caribbean Sea. It is said that they have already shewn a disposition to quarrel with us, and have refused to abide by the King of Holland's decision, in

regard to boundaries; but be this as it may, they will never be at a loss for a pretext, when a favourable opportunity offers, for seizing, by force, whatever they may be unable to obtain by negociation.

In the meantime, the inveterate enemies of the colonists in this country are again using the greatest exertions to poison the minds of the community, preparatory to another grand attack upon colonial property; and we are sorry to be unable to notice any very active efforts on the part of the colonists, to defend themselves from the dangers which assail them.

We fear that too much importance is attached to matters of minor consequence, and that unless the west use measures to place their true situation in a proper point of view before the public, they may be deprived of the *sum total* of their properties, while labouring to adjust certain of the items.

Under all these circumstances, it is exceedingly desirable that parties in this country—especially mortgagees, annuitants, consignees, and others, whether connected with the legislative and crown colonies, and however their ideas of direct interests may appear to differ, in a slight degree, from those entertained by proprietors or planters, who are less dependent—should cordially join in making common cause with their trans-atlantic brethren *for mutual protection:*—For if, by the imprudence of our own government, the hostility of the sectaries, or *the want of union and activity* in the West India body, colonial property be once destroyed, the consequences not only to individuals, but to the British community at large, will be more disastrous than would at first sight appear to be within the bounds of reasonable probability!

REASONS FOR RETIREMENT.

There is a charm in the sound of the word retirement which produces a variety of different effects upon different individuals. Many seem to acknowledge its value, though there are but few who take advantage of the opportunity which it offers for the enjoyment of pleasures, which, in comparison with them, those of the world are but mere shadows. The imagination of the industrious citizen, while in the laborious employment of some of the thousand-and-one methods of getting money in occupation all over the world, pictures to himself the delight which he shall hereafter enjoy when able "to retire." Visions float before him of yellow-looking cottages at some "convenient distance," enjoying a view of the high-road, and the flavour of the summer dust. His ears are gratified with the sound of horns and the rattling of stage-coaches, omnibuses, and flies. His sense of smelling is regaled with the delicious perfume of mignionette, holyhock, and sun-flowers, and his ambition is excited by the prospective enjoyment of a "one-horse shay." What an incentive to continued exertion, what an impetus for renewed application! How he will repaint the green palings and the veranda blinds, cultivate his own cabbages, and form a rookery in the poplar trees; keep a bowl of gold-fish to look at, and a colony of guinea-pigs to feed; and, in the enjoyment of his *otium cum dignitate*, exist in a blissful forgetfulness of the horror of dishonoured bills and the troubles of unruly apprentices.

How different are the enjoyments of a man of rank, of fortune, or of fashion, who is obliged, from *peculiar circumstances*, to retire to the continent and leave his estate at nurse. He exists upon a small provision allowed him by the liberality of his agent, cursing his creditors, and envying his more fortunate friends. He detests Boulogne, and abhors Brussels. He avoids Paris, from the fear of coming in contact with his fashionable associates, refrains from entering Italy from a similar cause, and stops short in some out-of-the-way place in Switzerland, where his *incognito* may be kept sacred. Here he lives in a state of most unenviable existence—half the day in sleep, the other half in cursing his unlucky stars, or his bad fortune at the gaming table, that he cannot enjoy the delicious strains of Pasta, or the inimitable graces of Taglioni. At times the prospect of an intrigue with some coquettish rustic appears to give him new life, but the impetus soon dies off without producing any effect; and he thunders imprecations against the fickle countess and the avaricious figurante who left him—the one for a more fashionable, and the other for a more wealthy lover. A maggot-race has no charms for him; throwing stones, or firing pistols at a mark, soon becomes tiresome; viewing scenery he has observed before gets exceedingly dull; his guitar is out of tune, and his numerous collection of musical snuff-boxes, though the *chef-d'œuvres* of Geneva, he has heard too often to wish to hear again. He exists in a state of purgatory to which he considers Dante's a paradise, and he only refrains from putting an end to so miserable a life by the pleasing prospect of an early conclusion of his exile.

There are many who, after having amassed a considerable fortune, or, by some other equally lucky circumstance, find themselves enabled to *retire* from their professions. We will take the stage as an instance, although professions of retirement in such a quarter are sometimes suspicious. Kean's have long become a standing joke; Grimaldi tried it on more than once, but trickery was his trade, and his physiognomy was irresistible. We pardon him and others their farewells; they were gratuitous on their parts, and as people generally know the value of things which are offered for nothing, they now-a-days attract very little attention. Actresses, from the days of Nell Gwynne to those of St. Albans, have been a fortunate race. Their retirements come occasionally; the cause being either marriages or money. Our peerage has lately become much ennobled by a few unsophisticated pieces of purity, for whom a coronet has been the reward of their acknowledged modesty and virtue. Fiddlers, figurantes, prima-donnas, and other artistes, may be considered as of the same class, but are exotics which, having been carefully cultivated in our hot-houses, as soon as they come to perfection are sent back to flourish in their own country. In one season they frequently realise what is considered on the Continent an amazing sum. None of this is spent in the land from whence they received it. It frequently goes to the purchase of a German barony, or an Italian palazzo, where the fortunate musicians are proud of shewing their new dignity to their astonished countrymen, and induce shoals of others to seek those golden shores where such riches are so easily procured. Englishmen who pay for this, wrap themselves up with the idea that they are considered, on the Continent, as possessors of exceeding great taste, and that the hearts of these foreigners are overflowing with gratitude for the liberal treatment they have received from so hospitable a

country. They little know how much they deceive themselves. The Germans and Italians monopolize all taste to themselves; they even allow the French to have more musical genius than we possess.

Then comes the *retirement* of the statesman from public life. These retire from various causes. Some, like well-bred dogs, who take to their heels when they see preparations made effecting their retirement in another way; others, because their party have lost their power, and nothing is to be had from either one or the other; throughout this class, however, a hatred of retirement is especially observable. Some, indeed, never do retire.

In opposition to these, we may mention the unfortunate individual who, in consequence of certain indiscretions, seeks a *retirement* in the uncultivated prairies of New South Wales, in the company of kangaroos, and others, the natural inhabitants of that flourishing colony. There he may ruralize for a few years, and afterwards become the proprietor of some thousand acres of untilled land, or a breeder of stock, which, however numerously they may multiply, he will find difficult to catch. If his visions of agricultural improvement are not put to flight by a shot from a bush-ranger, or a visit from the natives, he may, in course of time, become a person of consequence, possessing the most sovereign contempt for tread-mills, prisons, and police;—an utilitarian and a liberal;—hating all governments, and advocating the absolute necessity of equality. Perhaps the colony may take advantage of some lucky moment, and partly by his agency obtain its freedom; he might then become the absolute head of affairs, and when he dies, his name may go down to posterity with those of Bolivar and Washington.

We occasionally hear of the *retirement* of some nobleman, or man of property, from the turf. Now, we do not believe that it is occasioned by the individual having contracted a distaste for such sports, to seek the quiet of a more tranquil life; the cause is, more frequently, being *dished* by the knowing ones—neglecting to hedge his bets, and being declared a *levanter* at Tattersall's. For him, nature possesses but few charms. The finest prospect appears but a vulgar landscape, unless it offers an advantageous situation for a steeple-chase, or presents the appearance of some piece of ground which he thinks admirably adapted for a race-course. For flowers he has little affection, unless as presenting an agreeable footing for a "daisy cutter;"—finds but little gratification in books, with the exception of the Sporting Magazine, and his own betting-book;—continues to look at the heavy list of his unliquidated debts of honour, with a rueful eye—damns every member of the Jockey Club as a knave, and every unsatisfied claimant as a black-leg;—curses the *Pilgrim* filley for *bolting off* the course, his brown mare *Impudence* for *shying*, and his colt *Surefoot* for *slipping* when within a length of the winning-post. Mourns over his unhappy fate at being obliged to part with his celebrated stud, although, by every horse in it, he had been thousands out of pocket. Calls to mind how he was *done* at the Doncaster, *dished* at the Derby, *lost* at the Leicester, *cleaned out* at the Cheltenham, *spooned* at the Nottingham, and *floored* at the Newmarket; then, in a paroxysm of fury, burns his betting-book, and leaves the country till his affairs have been put in order by his agent.

When we have called frequently at the house of a friend of idle habits, and the servant invariably answers our question with a "Not at home, Sir," or, "Master's gone into the country;" if an inquiry be instituted,

we shall most probably find that he has sought *retirement* in some of the remote regions in *Banco Regis*. There in unenviable durance walks our melancholy friend, apostrophising his present dwelling, with its "deep solitudes and awful cells;" execrating the inhumanity of his creditors, and condemning the policy of our laws, which, in the land of freedom, for a paltry debt, deprives a gentleman of his luxuries and his liberty. Oh! ye creditors, be ye tailors or tobacconists, dealers in necessaries, or retailers of luxuries—panders of licentiousness, or high-priests of fashion, ye are equally a hard-hearted and flinty-souled generation.—Ye offer credit, to allure persons to purchase your high-priced commodities, and then imprison the unhappy debtor for having no means of payment. This, though the last example of *retirement*, is the most unendurable state of all. In those instances which we have enumerated, if the retirement should become irksome, there is an expectation of a deliverance. If the citizen, after being used to a life of bustle and anxiety, finds no pleasure in one of tranquillity and indolence, he can easily return to his old habits with increased application. The man of rank, fortune, or fashion, after the endurance of a few years of voluntary exile, may reasonably hope that his estate has been put to nurse to some purpose, and that he may again enjoy the pleasures which have formed so large a portion of his existence. That actors may emerge from their retirement with impunity, will be believed by the most unbelieving. Actresses do so occasionally when their marriages have not proved so fortunate as they expected. There are instances also on record of foreigners, after having spent the best portion of their ill-gotten gains, doing us the honour of paying us a second visit, and thereby realizing a second harvest. Statesmen, in the ups and downs of politics, manage, we know to the national cost, to get power and place again into their hands. In fact, if a retired member turns his coat at a favourable opportunity, and gives up his principles at a momentous crisis, nothing is so likely as his being reinstated in all the honours and emoluments of office. Public delinquents, who have retired from their important avocations, return sometimes from transportation—except in Scotland, where that offence has been hitherto unheard of. It is possible that a man of property, in the duration of time, may return to the delights of the town after a retirement of a few years. Such things do occur, there is a prospect of change for all. But for the unfortunate being whose poverty or whose carelessness has immured him within four stone walls, if he cannot get a friend to advance the desired amount, or his creditors will not be prevailed upon to give him his liberty—or if a shower of gold does not drop from the clouds—his *retirement*, he is well aware, will only cease when the hand of death cancels all obligations between debtor and creditor.

All these individuals have different opinions with regard to the subject of this paper; it is only the man of education, of taste, of genius, or of feeling, who possesses a proper idea of the moral advantages and intellectual pleasures which are comprised in that one word—retirement.

F. W.

MAXIMS, BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

Content.—Content, "thou art my lieutenant!" I have occasionally cherished discontent; but it is an ugly humour. It puckers the lips, and twists the natural shape of the mouth into that of a vinegar-cruet; pulls down the brows; lengthens the face; makes pits in the cheek; gives a Zachary-Macauley severity of look to the entire countenance, which frightens little children, who are great physiognomists; turns the sweet milk of humanity into a sort of unbearable curds and whey; and is altogether an unsightly and unhandsome indulgence.

Besides these considerations, I have, so to speak, no reasonable reasons for discontent. Have I not every thing which can gratify man? It is for me that the Misses Stubbses (ugly, but well off), my opposite neighbours, come out daily in all the glory of the rainbow and humility of the peacock. It is for me that the beauties of this great city walk abroad in May: I behold them with reverence and bachelorly devotion; for I have not yet sung to the tune of "Hail, wedded love!" and have never responded to that service which begins with "Dearly beloved," and ends with "amazement." For me the doors of taverns, out of number, gape their mahogany jaws. When I grow weary, a carriage waits; but the holding up of my hand, and a cry of "coach!" and I am wheeled and whirled off to wherever I wish. If I desire to make a short cut into Surrey from the theatres, a bridge has been thrown over the Thames for me: it cost my considerate countrymen too many thousands; I acknowledge their munificence, and drop a penny to one of their rough-coated retainers, as a slight douceur for his civility in turning a stile to let me pass. St. James's Park was a duck-pond and a cow-lair; it is now made pleasant with shrubs, swans, and serpentining waters for my delectation. The Lord Mayor (no less a man) goes yearly in state from the good city of London to the tolerably virtuous one of Westminster, partly by land and partly by water, being amphibious, that I may choose where I prefer to behold the show. The parliament and play-houses are thrown open, to gratify my alternate relish for politics and poetry. Books are published almost daily to instruct and delight me: they are made cheap to suit my circumstances; and comely, to take my eye. For me, Wilkie paints, and Chantrey chissels; and the "Times" is printed for me every morning, in order that I may know the news.

So much for town contentments. If I visit the country, Nature, the best florist and horticulturist I know of, places before me every object that can administer delight to the better senses of man. Rivers run in silvery splendour at my feet; flowers kiss "the shadow of my shoe-tie;" trees lend me their umbrellas or parasols, just as it happens to rain or shine; birds troll out their songs, the oldest national melodies I have yet heard, if not the best; the air is made fragrant with perfumes which no pastilles can imitate; fields, leading to some rural resting-place, invite me to tread their primrose paths; banks, rendered soft with moss, tempt me to repose in the shade. I agree not with the lamentable poet, who said that "the sun shone not for him;" on the contrary, I assert that that respectable luminary shines emphatically for me; the stars are equally good, and the moon lends me "all her light," and borrows more when that is insufficient. These marks of attention to my wants and

wishes, in town and out of town, breed in me, who am easily pleased and grateful withal, such serious reasons for content, that I envy not the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and still be discontented.

VICE.—Whatever disgusts us at first in vice is not so disagreeable as it seems to be; but, like the most nauseous medicines, goes down glibly at last, though we make wry faces over it. Let us hear or see the thing that disgusts us, twice or thrice, or oftener, and we shall find that there is a closer affinity in our antipathy to it than we wot of; and that the most coarse and ugly vice becomes

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less."

PICKPOCKETS.—Every street, within a pretty wide circle of a theatre, has its own proper and peculiar pickpocket. I consider a genteel man to be somewhat neglected if he be not, at the least, *tried* in his way to either house: it is his own fault if he goes beyond this very pardonable liberty. If one of these gentry succeed in lightening you of purse or pocket-handkerchief, by all means let him go about his business—you will find it the readiest mode of getting rid of him; but if he only half succeeds, and you are not anxious about hearing the overture or witnessing the opening scene, in this case have no mercy on him: clutch him fast by the collar, and if he is of a convenient size, dedicate ten minutes to shaking him—then let him go; and you will find him sneak off, a perfectly well-satisfied scoundrel. This is all that is needful. I do not wish to affect singularity, but I never suffer a pickpocket to be pumped upon on my account. C. W.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY!

WANTED—by the Lord of London,
  Ere his next November rout,
Ere he finds his twelvemonth's fun done,
  Two illustrious Diners-out.
Kings and queens don't live on flowers,
  Yet his Feast hath no delights;
Both the royal guests "are ours;"
  True—"but not their *appetites*."

WANTS—a courtly situation,
  One Sir Joseph Surface Peel;
Anything to serve the nation,
  Any place—not ungenteel.
Terms no object—advertiser
  Is as harmless as a mouse;
Owns (with candour) that he's wiser
  Than his friend at Apsly House.

Character is more than spotless,
  Does not mind the dirty work;
Thinks (with candour) that he's *not* less
  Than a Chatham or a Burke.
Begs to recommend his cousin,
  Several—who have not succeeded;
Knows (with candour) there's a dozen
  Who would do—whatever *he* did.

WANTED—by a noble lordling
  (Able to translate with ease),
Poems and romances maudlin,
  Irish, German, or Chinese.
Idly now his lordship's lute hangs;
  Every subject seems so silly,
Since his friends, the Orang-Outangs,
  Have retired from Piccadilly.

WANTED—by a city Member,
  Some new ministerial stay,
To sustain him, when each ember
  Of his strength has burnt away.
Nightcaps and narcotics now
  Are at discount in the city;
Since the times no nap allow
  When the House is in committee.

WANTED—by the Oxford bard—
  Late upset, though first of leaders,
By a friend, who drove too hard—
  Just a few admiring readers.
To a score the number's stinted,
  Sworn to praise his measures pearly;
Twelve are wanting—it is hinted
  Applications should be early.

WANTED—for reforming uses,
  Aiding ministerial steerage,
Twenty haters of abuses—
  Raw material for the peerage.
WANTED—wit and eloquence,
  Both for Goulbourn, prone to stammer;
For the Duke, a dash of sense;
  And for Hunt—oh! Cobbett's grammar.

Wants a place, a drowsy Speaker,
(Nightly tired of trash called wit)
In some office, where the seeker
Might as *sleeping*-partner sit.
Also, for the House next session,
Knaves, to call the press a spy,
And to vote for its suppression—
None but *Liberals* need apply.

Wanted, by unfettered Poland,
Loans, not lyres, to light her way;
And by Ellenborough—Rowland,
Lest his ringlets turn to Grey.
Wants a duke, that little glistener,
Cawse, who flirts in fifty rings;
And a persevering listener
For Miss Sydney (when she sings).

Wanted—by the Nation—pensions,
Power, and places, long the spoil
Of a race of small pretensions—
"Lilies," not designed for "toil."
Wanted—this at least is true—
Statesmen sound, and sages rare,
Here and there a King or two,
Wits and Patriots every where.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

In the present period of panic, from the cholera, and all other kinds of things, we deem it a duty to diminish all the various features of public alarm. A paragraph in one of the Scotch journals is terrifying all the northern masons, friendly brothers, militia colonels, parliamentary candidates, &c. to an indefinite extent.

Display of Flags.—A curious clause in the new bill "for Amending the Laws concerning Turnpike Roads in Scotland," printed by order of the House of Commons, 27th June, 1831, (page 40), among other nuisances, prohibits, under a penalty, the display of flags within 100 feet from the centre of any turnpike road.

We are happy to say the whole is a misconception, the act being hostile only to superseding the ancient mire and sand, which form the substantiality of a turnpike road. It merely asserts that no flags shall be used in their stead; that no road shall be *flagged*.

Another terrible, and so far, we think, very reprehensible paragraph, made its way into the papers last week.

The fleet under the command of Sir E. Codrington sailed on Thursday, fully equipped in every way with their war complement. The fleet consisted of the following:—Caledonian and Prince Regent, flag-ships; Asia, Talavera, Donegal, Revenge, Wellesley, Alfred, Barham, Curaçoa, and Pearl. Commodore Lord Yarborough in the Falcon ship yacht, and 25 of the Royal Yacht Club vessels, and nearly 200 other sail, accompanied the fleet. Some of the ships were so hard pressed for men that midshipmen were on shore recruiting.

From this, war was conjectured to be the direct result, and many worthy journalists and others were kept awake, discovering the object of those preparations. Some decided that the offence given by the Queen of Madagascar to Dr. Lyall was to be instantly revenged, and her majesty to undergo a bombardment, or be flogged with the same individual bunch of nettles which perpetrated her barbarian vengeance on the unfortunate doctor. Others had settled that the expedition was for the purpose of sailing up the Brussels canal, and throwing shells into the city to make Prince Leopold's arrival popular. The fact is, that it is only a trial expedition after all, and as Sir Edward is celebrated for his conduct of trials, there is every reason to hope that it will end as it began. But a not less serious alarm was excited by the idea that some of the yacht club might be sea-sick, or might even be blown out of sight of land. The insidious suggestions certainly of individuals, hostile to the personal safety of the members of this distinguished body of well-bred sailors, have been lately turned to advise somewhat more adventurous displays of seamanship, than from Cowes to Ryde, and from Ryde to Cowes. But against this we protest in the name of the national glory. Basil Hall is one of those conspirators against the muslin neckcloths and spotless trowsers of these heroic tars; he recommends a voyage to the Azores, or at least down Channel, as if any thing else could be produced by such rashness, but coughs, colds, and the loss of cigars.

Another source of terror is the creation of peers, which we are told in all the papers is to take place in a few days to an unlimited extent. Let us appease the alarm so unduly raised. The report has arisen from the king's visit to London Bridge, and the only peers in question are the piers thereof. Whether giving them a name can be called creation is

not within our knowledge; but the number actually concerned is so far from being unlimited that it does not exceed ten, and they are so far from being detrimental to the constitution, that there is no obstacle which the public will so easily get over.

"That well-beloved man, our cousin," whom Sir R. Peel so modestly recommended to the care of Sir George Murray, when colonial secretary, has, we lament to say, not altogether prospered at the Swan River. His subjects are angry, his royal domains turn out to be sand, and his revenues are a fac-simile of Sir Robert's merits—nothing at all.

Recent letters from the Swan River settlement confirm the intelligence of the breaking up of Mr. Peel's establishment, and state, that the flourishing colony of Clarence now only consists of a few families. Mr. Peel himself was farming on the Murray River in a small way, and the people whom he brought out with him had been distributed by the Government throughout the colony. In other respects the various settlements were in a thriving condition.

Poor cousin Peel! he was "farming on the Murray River in a small way." We have no doubt of its smallness. He had been farming on the Murray interest before, and found the enterprise no bad one; if he had continued his original farming, he might have been one of the props of the family name in the House by this time, and contrived some snug sinecure for himself. But the kingdom of Australia was tempting, and the future dynasty of Peel summoned his ambition to the Swan River, which, we understand, is henceforth to change its name to that of "an inferior bird, *not* distinguished for its brains," as the polite of speech say.

The course of law has not run smooth with the *Reverend* Robert Taylor—better known by the name of the Devil's Chaplain. He has at the late Surrey sessions been tried on a charge of having, on Good Friday last, in the Rotunda, Blackfriars-road, performed a most disgusting burlesque of the Lord's Supper. He was found guilty; and sentenced to be imprisoned two years in the county gaol, to pay a fine of £200, to enter into his own recognizance in the sum of £500 for his good behaviour, and to find two sureties of £250 for the next five years.

We believe that no one will deplore the results of the law in the punishment of a criminal so utterly beyond the reach of any milder application. But this wretched being has not even the poor excuse of being an enthusiast. He is, like his *friend* Carlisle, a mere speculator. Carlisle was a travelling tinman, who thinking that he could make more money by selling infidel tracts, than by crying pots and kettles, sold the tracts, and after due discovery of the profits of the pursuit, set up as an author in the same line. The culprit on the present occasion finding that he could make money by collecting a mob of ragamuffins at twopence a head, adopted the expedient forthwith, and made the money. If his trade is now stopped for a while, we can have no sorrows for the deficiency of his purse. The speculation has failed, and there is an end of all that can be said touching the manager.

But on the general question of bringing men into court for their personal opinions, there is this to be said—certainly no law can compel any man to believe but according to his own will, and as certainly no law that punishes for adopting any opinion, be it what it may, can be justified. But as all laws are intended to preserve the peace of society, a peace even to be disturbed very seriously by the propagation of

opinions contrary to either reason or the national belief, the country must have in itself a right to punish the disturber. He is welcome to have any opinion he likes, but he is not welcome to insult, or infect the public mind by labouring to gain proselytes to opinions repulsive to the settled state of things and the dictates of the national religion. He may think corrosive sublimate a pleasant stimulant for his palate, or murder the simplest way of getting rid of an opponent, and no law can prevent his thinking so. But if he exerts his powers of either influence or oratory to the extent of persuading the people to poison themselves or slay their neighbours, we must stop his progress as soon as we can.

But there is still another and a higher reason—by suffering absolute and palpable blasphemy to go unmarked through the land, we share the offence against heaven. Common sense and christianity alike protest against the desperate wickedness of insulting the person and attributes of the Deity; and if we suffer the insults to be offered, when we have the means of repelling it, we are undoubtedly blasphemers in one degree just as the man, who with the power in his hands to prevent treason yet permits the treason to go undivulged and unarrested, is by law and reason a traitor himself. It is thus, on the simplest principles, we are under a moral obligation to restrain blasphemy, for by neglecting it, we participate in the guilt, and bring down the wrath of heaven on the country.

How oddly fame flies about the world. A year or two since, Greece was the universal theme. And the world was full of astonishment at its red caps, its sabres, its capitani, and its fireships. Libel and laudation were busy with all their brushes, and Leicester Stanhope was alternately lifted to the skies as an abettor of the new printing press, and plunged into the deepest profound for the bad quality of his Greek, his razors, and his Jesuit's bark. Sir Francis Burdett was weekly put upon his trial for building steam-boats by the help of a gas-pipe man, who naturally thought that gas and steam were one and the same thing; and Bowring and his financial friends were tossed and gored, much to the public pleasantry, for the many thousands of pounds which they cleared by their patriotism and the Greek loan. And now, who hears a syllable about Greece. Even Bowring himself has turned the cock of his perennial fount of poesy upon the Esquemaux, and Hume never condescends so much as to ask whether Greek stock is at a discount of a hundred per cent. Prince Leopold himself has bade adieu to the chance of rivalling Pericles or Themistocles; and Capo d'Istria, to whose crafty soul, Russian packet, and Italian lady, we have a hearty aversion, is left at his ease to viceroy it over the sons of the sons of Hercules and Homer. All that all the records of the day furnish is the story of a torrent of insurrectionary water in one of the islands. Let it be an omen of washing out the stains of the land, including Turk, Russian, and Capo d'Istria together.

Samos has lately been visited by an earthquake of an extraordinary nature, for it produced a large opening in one of the highest mountains of the island, from which suddenly issued an enormous torrent of water, overflowing the country, and making its way to the sea. By degrees the inundation subsided, and terminated in forming a river, which has its source at the opening formed in the mountain. If the river should continue to flow with the same abundance, it will be a great benefit to the country.

Alderman Thompson has become a historical character. We should have believed that no possible combination of circumstances could have ever raised the simplicity of this most innocent of city members into public notice. But such actually is the case, and Alderman Thompson has been the subject of a debate in the city, and of a conversation in the West End. The common council has resounded with his name, and he has furnished the subject of a sneer of Lord John "in another place." Our wonder is first, that the alderman, sleeping or waking, could have ventured to excuse the monstrosity of his exhibition by the monstrosity of his apology. In what we say, we of course allude only to the city lecture, for we bow before the supremacy of the House, and take it for granted that every thing said or done there is the perfection of human wisdom. But how could his constituents stomach his contemptible excuse? He was asleep, for he knew nothing of the subject; he acted inadvertently and so forth. Can any man with brains above a donkey, or impudence below Ancient Pistol, comprehend this? Did not the innocent alderman at least know that he was voting against the men with whom he had pledged himself to vote? Or did he mistake Lord John's little, eager Whig visage, for the smiling, shining, solemn physiognomy of Sir Robert Blifil Peel; what the sailors call the *trim* of the honourable Baronet's visage? impossible. The alderman might blunder about the question, or any question: he might no more understand "the Bill," than a problem in fluxions. But, not to know one side of the House from the other, is below even our estimate of the Thompson capacity. On the contrary, we are perfectly satisfied that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and if his constituents did not laugh at his excuses, they know very little what they were about. If we were among them, we should have turned the worthy alderman out in the next quarter of an hour.

Our opinion of the Reform is not altered even by the blunders of the worthy alderman; we look upon it as a highly dangerous and hasty measure. But, we say, let all our opposition to it be fair and above board; let us beat the Whigs by argument, and let us take no men as partizans, whom as associates we should despise.

It is with literature as with our lives. One half is spent reprobating the errors of the other, probably, with little correction after all, in either case. An ingenious work, lately published, makes a gathering of literary anomalies curious enough in their way.

"To commence with the Ancient Poets.—The ghosts in Homer are afraid of swords; yet Sibylla tells Æneas, in Virgil, that the thin habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. In painting alone we have a rich harvest. Burgoyne, in his Travels, notices a painting in Spain where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a *pistol!* There is a painting at Windsor of Antonio Verrio, in which he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ's healing the sick. In the Luxenbourg is a picture of Reubens, in which are the queen-mother in council, with two Cardinals and *Mercury*. There was also in the Haughton Hall Collection, Velvet Brughel's Adoration of the Magi, in which were a multitude of figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness. The Ethiopian king is dressed in a *surplice with boots and spurs*, and brings for a present a gold model of a *modern ship*. N. Poussin's celebrated painting of Rebecca at the Well, has the whole back ground decorated with *Grecian* architecture. The same artist, in

his picture of the Deluge, has painted *boats*, not then invented. St. Jerome, in another place with a *clock* by his side, a thing unknown in that saint's days. A painter of Toledo represented the three wise men of the East coming to worship, and bringing their presents to our Lord upon his birth at Bethlehem, and three Arabian or Indian kings; two of them are white, and one of them black; but, unhappily, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, their legs being necessarily a little intermixed, he made three *black feet* for the negro king, and but *three white* feet for the two white kings; and yet never discovered the mistake till the piece was presented to the king, and hung up in the great church. —The monks of a certain monastery at Messina exhibited, with great triumph, a *letter written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand.* Unluckily, this was not, as it might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion a visitor, to whom this was shewn, observed, with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was *not in existence* till *several hundred years* after the Virgin had ascended into Heaven.—In the church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, is the picture of a Virgin and Child, whom an angel is entertaining with an air upon the *violin!* So also in the College Library of Aberdeen, to a very neat Dutch missal are appended elegant paintings on the margin, of angels appearing to the shepherds, with one of them playing on the *bag-pipes.*—There is a picture in a church of Bruges, that puts not only all chronology, but every thing else out of countenance. It is the marriage of our Saviour with St. Catherine of Sienna. *St. Dominic the Patron of the Church, marries them!* the *Virgin Mary* joins their hands; and, to crown the anachronism, *King David* plays the harp at the wedding."

How oddly fame is distributed in this world. Old Major Cartwright, who never *did* any thing "good, bad, or indifferent," as the Irish category of life says; who *prased* the very soul out of Reform by his long-winded essays, and who was neither imprisoned, banished, nor hanged, for his illustrious cause, has actually been remembered by his compatriots, and flourishes in copperplate and bronze. The newspapers tell us

"A faithful portrait of this distinguished reformer has been published. At a time when the principles which, throughout a life of lengthened consistency, the individual whose features are here presented to us advocated, are on the eve of completing their resistless triumph, such a portrait is endeared to all who hold the same principles and opinions."

We have no desire to dispute about the taste of this matter, and those who thought the Major a Cato-Major, are welcome to purchase the plate. But political gratitude has gone even the length of erecting a statue to the Reformer; and Burton Crescent has the honour of its reception. It is odd enough that the vicinage of Russell Square should be the only part of the town in which any attempt has been made to erect public memorials to the dead, for the royal effigies which adorn the squares in the West End had but little connection with any public impulse, however they might have gratified either the taste or the loyalty of the people. But it is equally odd, that if royalty takes possession of the West End, Whiggery, with its darker associate Radicalism, should have taken possession of the north; and we have within a few streets of each other, Charles Fox, the late Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Kent, and Major Cartwright. The scale could not be more completely graduated.

Yet in speaking with utter contempt of the Major's political views, we would separate the man from the politician. The Major was a *gentleman;* and was thus incapable of the shiftings, supplenesses, and miserable trimming of the traders in politics. He adopted his views on

principle, blind and foolish principle; but as he adopted them without hypocrisy, he adhered to them with honour. Such a man might go wrong; but his errors were connected with no baseness of heart: he was not looking from side to side, at the moment when he gave his pledge, for a loophole to creep out at: he was not swearing to one party, while he was thinking how he could make the best bargain of his betrayal of that party to another; he was not moving heaven and earth to gain the entire confidence of men, with the express purpose of infamous treachery; he had not wormed himself into trust, until his treachery not simply ruined the cause, but ruined the reputation of every public man of the day, and ruined the reputation of all public men, until the memory of his baseness shall have perished. We infinitely prefer the old Major, with his endless fooleries on Ballot, Universal Suffrage, and Annual Parliaments,—"to be held once a-year, or *oftener*, if necessary!"—to the smooth, soft-tongued, and false-hearted slave, who has shewn us the weight of evils that may be wrought by meanness and mediocrity combined.

We are afraid that the fame of that pre-eminent personage, *Sir* Richard Birnie! is a good deal clouded; and we should not be surprised at hearing speedily that he had gone to complete his studies in the classic retirement of Lambeth Marsh. At a late meeting of the parishioners of St. Martin's, Sir Francis Burdett in the chair, it was resolved, that "it was necessary and expedient that a petition should be presented to Lord Melbourne, the Secretary for the Home Department, praying him to dismiss Sir Richard Birnie from the magistracy." The cause of the petition was some alleged act strongly inconsistent with his magisterial functions. With this charge we have nothing to do. But we come at once to the general question; what qualification has this personage, or *can* this personage have, for the magistracy? Is some knowledge of law essential for the exercise of the magistracy? Has he had the opportunity of acquiring any knowledge of law, or of any thing else? Is some degree of education necessary to give a man the decent use of his mother tongue? Has he had the opportunity of obtaining such education? Cases of great importance are liable to come under the decision of Bow-street, and there sits Sir Richard as the great expounder of the law! We heartily wish that the Home Secretary will immediately assent to the prayer of the petition.

The French boast of their adroitness.

"Custom cannot stale his infinite variety." Over the stall of a public writer in La rue du Bac, at Paris, is the following inscription:—"M. Renard, public writer, advising compiler, translates the tongues, explains the language of flowers, and sells fried potatoes."

This is tolerably well. But we can surpass, in a hundred instances; for example, Lady J——, what a placard would hers be!—"Superintends all the routs from Piccadilly to the Regent's Park, keeps Almacks above water, keeps my lord's racing-book, the 'fiery duke's' secrets, the premier's heart, and the levee-moustaches of the Earl of Munster; makes mirth for the royal circle, character for the Whigs, friends for his Grace of Devonshire, smiles for Lord Palmerston, speeches for Lord King, and wit for the peers in general."—Before the Herculean, or the Protean

labours of this indefatigable beauty, what is the dull and narrow versatility of all the Renards unhanged?

Elliston gone, at last! gay, clever, impudent, giddy Elliston! The man of contradictions, the best and the worst comedian of his time; the best and the worst manager; the best and the worst companion; the best and the worst *schemer*, dead or alive; a man who was ruined by his own dexterity; and who, if he had but half his talent for doing every thing, and could have escaped his determination to do every thing at once, might have been among the opulent of the age.

He was born in Bloomsbury, in the year 1774, and his uncle, Doctor Elliston, Master of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, charged himself with his education,—but the stage, which has been the pleasing cause of ruin to so many others, lured *him* from the University, and brought him before the public—he having, with Mathews and several other votaries of the drama, performed in private, much to their own satisfaction, long previously.

The field of his early fame was Bath, where he became the reigning favourite, and where he married Miss Rundell, a dancing-mistress of great beauty—by her he had nine children. She died in 1821.

His first London appearance was at the Haymarket, where he run through all the favourite comic characters triumphantly. He then tried tragedy, and played some things capitally, failed desperately in others, but was not the less a favourite. He had a spirit that dashed at all kinds of the drama, and we have seen him play Macheath, and play it shewily, though he had a voice which might have been engendered between Munden and Macready. But he had vivacity, a front, and an inexhaustible self-possession, which carried him through all. He died of his contempt for the common rules of life, and might have lived a hundred years, if he had exhibited common care of an iron constitution. The "John Bull," in an article on the deceased manager, says, strikingly and truly, of his talents and his career:

"There was a joyousness in his manner, a vivacity in his action, and a humourousness of expression in his eye and countenance, which combined to place him in the first ranks of the corps dramatique.

"Elliston, however, would rule; and accordingly he took a lease of that overwhelming calamity, Drury-lane Theatre, which, in due course of time, exhausted his means, and he eventually fell to the Surrey Theatre, which he managed, after *his* way, for seven years; but we apprehend with very little beneficial result to himself. He had his follies, perhaps his vices—but not more than fall to the lot of thousands of others; and there was a certain degree of inflation in his manner of treating small matters, which, no doubt, will hereafter furnish food for the theatrical historian—at present we have only to record his death, which, in common with the rest of his admirers, of which class we profess ourselves to be, we most sincerely lament.

Professor Southey is the literary Briareus of his day; only that he has five hundred hands for the old proportion. He is the Pythagorean philosopher, who made music infinite out of the hammer and anvil. He is the alchymist, who turns saw-dust into lignum vitæ, ladies' slippers into sandal-wood, the Sermons of Tillotson, over which our great-grandmothers died of yawning, into capital articles on existing politics; and plays Dr. Sacheverel incognito, without the fear of the Commons before his eye, or of finding a William Dolben in any Bishop, or Epis-

copal-looking personage, from Sir Robert Peel upwards, to the "Member for the Missionaries." "Honi soit qui mal y pense." We honour a man of talents for his industry, a man of character for his keeping his pen clear of the fashionable that "sells" and does nothing else, and a man of virtue for his doing his best to turn the vulgar-great to decent studies. All the three is Southey. But we cannot abide his extraordinary passion for paradoxes. No man alive feels so much delight at astounding the *bonâ fide* believer in his pen, by the metempsychosis of a cobbler into a poet. The village scribe who has delivered his genius down to a laughing posterity, in the shape of those horrible specimens of verse, which figure in our church-yards, becomes, under the Doctor's transforming fingers, a genius of the first water; a little neglected, 'tis true; and from "the unhappy taste of the time," now and then suspected of Sternhold and Hopkinsism, but a true genius after all: sublime upon sign-posts, and profound upon workhouse walls; memorable, if he had been remembered; and distinguished, if he had not, by nature and by fate, quietly sunk into the mire in which he was born. From this "fount and origin of evil" has proceeded all the prose poetry of our late inspired tailors, hedgers, and washerwomen. Somebody or other is, at this hour, publishing (so far has the mania extended, of which the Doctor inflicted the first bite) "The Scattered Thoughts, epic, tragic, and otherwise, of a Journeyman Bricklayer, who has never learned to read or write." In Southey's new compilation of the British Poets, he has begun on the same principle, and we have, amongst the rest, a desperate attempt to lift Skelton, the totally unknown author of some hundred verses worse than any thing in the world, except all the Drury-lane and Covent-garden tragedies of the last ten years. For a slight sketch of this Bard's life, we are told,

"Skelton was curate of Trompington, near Cambridge, the well-known scene of the Miller's Tale, and rector of gloomy Dis, in Norfolk, in the diocese of that infamous persecutor, Bishop Nix. The prelate, in his own atrocious language, might well have considered Skelton as one savouring of the frying-pan, for the poet had directed his merciless satire in full force against the friars and the clergy; but he seems to have balanced the account by attacking the reformers in the same strain. The bishop suspended him for keeping a concubine. On his death-bed, he declared that he conscientiously considered her as his wife, but that cowardliness had prevented him from acknowledging her in that character; for that he would rather have confessed adultery than marriage."

So much for the Bard's notion of "the Graces." We find a quotation, which we must believe to be a specimen of Skelton.

'Though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pith."

The power, the strangeness, the volubility of his language, the intrepidity of his satire, and the perfect originality of his manner, render Skelton one of the *most extraordinary poets* of any age or country. Like "Moshes" in the School for Scandal, "we will shwear to it." Extraordinary indeed: barbarous beyond any human pronunciation; or to be rivalled in that point only by the modern and "much admired" translation of Aristophanes, of whose verses a single page would be of

more difficult management in the mouth, than three courses and a dessert of Bristol stones. But what did the genius to rescue him from the claws of time?

"The first moralities in our language which bear the name of their author, are by Skelton; one of these, entitled Magnificence, was in Garrick's collection, and is still preserved. The Nigromanser, (which is the name of the other) it is to be feared, is irrecoverably lost. It was in the possession of Collins the poet, who shewed it not long before his death to Warton, as a very rare and valuable curiosity: and Warton read and has described the piece. Ritson afterwards declared it to be utterly incredible that this work ever existed."

The Doctor writes all this, knowing in his soul, that he would rather cut off his pen-finger, than have written the best syllable that this barbarian ever attempted to write: knowing, and nobody knows better, that the moralities bear the same relation to poetry, that the Saracen's head upon Snow-hill bears to Titian's Venus; and knowing, nobody has a right to know it better too, that his *dictum* will send a legion of block-heads to probe the pages of this barbarian for sense, and what is worse, to make them in their blundering infatuation, dream that the pages were worth the printing. Yet far be from us to doubt the *vis poetica* of our beloved Isle. We too have our poet in *petto*, and having swept away the presumptuous panegyric of the ancient pretender, we have now nothing to do, but to introduce the merits of the modern son of Apollo. We, however, must acknowledge, that the discovery is not altogether our own; we are deeply indebted to a Scotch paper, distinguished for wit and whiggery, which indeed are synonymous.

A Poem composed on the Illumination Night, in Edinburgh, on the 28th of March, 1831.

On the twenty-eighth of March at night,
The windows in the city were illuminated with light;
The light did so beautifully shine,
That the sight of it looked elegantly fine,
And a great number of people did in seeing it incline,
And a person might see in the streets to dine.
Plenty of rockets were up in the air heaved,
And many of them were by the spectators perceived;
The rockets did fast up in the air run,
Until they were all dissolved and done,
When they could no higher up won;
A great number of boys did the rockets out of their hands heave,
When they made them up into the air cleave,
What great number of people were in the streets walking,
And many among themselves about the illumination talking!
What a great number of boys were in the streets noising,
When they were at that greatly rejoicing.

After those general and merely preliminary observations, those sportings and *ludibria* of the muse, the Bard plunges into action:

But by all the tapers, we read the Newspapers,
There was Jeffrey's fine speech, he who stood in the breach,
To oppose that old joker, Ex-Secretary Croker,
Who in spite of his sneer, (he writes in the Courier),
Soon found that my lord, though not great at the sword,
And as soft as a pullet, at pistol or bullet,
Tho, 'twixt English and Scotch, he was rather hotchpotch,
Yet contrived to take down, that ex-slave of the crown.

Then we read of Lord John, how he stood up alone;
And talked for two hours, drawing tears down in showers,
From Hume, Hunt, and Wood, a grim brotherhood;
Who, like thieves in a storm, swore they'd go and reform.
There shone young Tommy Metaphor, all fuss and vigour,
And Stanley as quick as an Irishman's trigger;
And he who talks verse, and prose too by the yard,
Lord Nugent, the jovial-faced Portugal's bard.

This we believe no man can deny to be *extraordinary*: we will pit our Bard against a bushel of Skeltons. We conclude with a touch of nature: it is in the very finest spirit of observation.

It's surprising how the steam vessels go,
Without either wind or tide, I know;
Supported with engines of many horse-power,
That makes them sail at the rate of so many knots an hour.
From Glasgow to Liverpool they do fly,
And calls at Portpatrick, Isle of Man, as they pass by.

What will the Doctor say to this. "Where," as the Scotchman in the English pit, said on seeing Douglas, "where's your Wully Shakspeare noo?"

The Coronation is, like Hamlet's notion of death, "To be, and not to be;" or like Taglioni's petticoat, invisible, yet existing, a delicate mystery of which nobody would suspect the existence. Or like the witch's promise, "kept to the ear, but broken to the hope:" or like the Reform Bill, an affair voted useless without *ceremony*. On this point spoke the Oracle.

"The affair of the coronation was a subject of some difficulty. The form seemed necessary, the expense fearful. We hope that a compromise, through the kind consideration of his Majesty, between the jarring elements, has been effected. It is rumoured that the day for the ceremony, on which less parade will be attendant than usual, is fixed for the 23d of September. Our amiable Queen, will, no doubt, be crowned along with her royal husband."

So said the great ministerial paper a month ago. It is now, however, decided that the whole affair is to be quite "an *entre nous* sort of thing," or as the Marquis of the Regent's Park would say, a half-hour's *tête à tête*, dry as a Methodist lecture, and not attended with the national expense of a new pair of breeches, nor a bottle of Cape wine to the nation. But all is right in this best of all possible worlds. We have got rid of the Coronation, for the *first time*, be it observed: we hope the getting-rid system will stop there.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Carribean Sea, with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly-interesting Events in his Life, from 1733 to 1749, as written in his own Diary. Edited by Miss J. Porter. 3 vols. 12mo.

This is truly a "romance of real life," and, in point of interest, and even of detail, realizes, and more than realizes, the imaginations of Defoe. It is the self-told tale of a young man, who, with his wife and a little dog, was wrecked on a reef of rocks inclosing and protecting two small, unoccupied islands—and of his residence there for ten or twelve years. Mr. Seaward left England when about twenty-three, as the supercargo of a vessel bound for the bay of Honduras, in 1733—accompanied by his new-married wife, three or four years younger than himself. The vessel was driven by a storm upon the rocks—the crew took to the boat, which was swamped—and Seaward and his wife, who adhered to the wreck, were the sole survivors. The return of the tide lifted the vessel off the rocks, and enabled him to get it into a creek, and thus secure it against future storms. With the stores of the vessel they were in no danger of starving; and, in a spirit of thankfulness for their preservation, they quickly bestirred themselves to provide, as far as they could, for their personal security and comfort. The island was very small; but they were the lords of it, and had no conflicting interests to contend with. Iguanas, peccaries, and armadillos were the only animals they met with: the first their little dog killed—but the peccaries made fight, and gave them some trouble. The shore supplied them with mullets and crabs, and turtle abounded. The stranded vessel was their home; and on the island they sowed and planted, and domiciliated the ducks, and fowls, and goats which they had on board. Seaward laboured hard with the planks, which fortunately had formed part of the cargo, at building a house, and making enclosures for his fruits, and corn, and stock. Fondly attached as were Seaward and his bride, their lone situation drew the chords of affection the closer; and the island, in a blissful climate, was their paradise. It is impossible for the coldest heart to read and not melt at the details of their attachment.

In the island they found a cave—the retreat of large flocks of pigeons—where their attention was one day attracted by the appearance of artificial brick-work. They removed the bricks, and discovered a mass of treasure—doubloons—to the extent of forty or fifty thousand pounds, with vessels of gold and silver in great abundance, chiefly *church* plate. Though, apparently, all this was of no more value to them than the diamond to Æsop's cock, they carefully closed up the aperture, and, after some scruples, resolved to appropriate the prize—they might not stay there for ever. At the end of about six months, a boat, with five negroes—two men and three women—run-a-way Spanish slaves—landed, and, being kindly welcomed, proved themselves faithfully devoted to their service. Seaward was thus relieved from severe personal labour, and had nothing further to do than direct the willing industry of his new friends. A few more months rolled away, when an American vessel appeared off the rocks, pursued by a Spanish guarda-costa. Seaward and his negroes assisted in repelling the Spaniard; and in the American, which remained some weeks for repairs, he finally took a passage for himself, his wife, and the treasure to Jamaica—leaving behind him the negroes, with directions till his return. At Jamaica he took measures for securely transferring his doubloons, &c. to a London banker, with a prudence and caution quite exemplary.

Instead of following his treasures, he had resolved to return to the island; and purchasing a vessel, and fitting it out with a cargo of useful matters, and a crew of negroes and labourers, and a naval officer to command—furnishing himself also with a commission from the commandant at Jamaica—he soon reached

again the new settlement. Soon some relations from England joined them—more negroes were obtained from Jamaica—his plans prospered—and he resolved to go to England, to visit his friends, and make preparations for extending the colony.

In England he found his money growing at Perry and Child's, the bankers; and Mrs. Child introduced the wealthy strangers to her fashionable society, for which neither Seaward nor his wife had much taste. Intent upon his purpose, Seaward lost no time in opening a negociation with the government for the purchase of the two islands, of which he had himself taken possession for the crown; but met with great and apparently insuperable difficulties—chiefly, as it turned out, from not understanding the minister's particular *mode* of transacting business. He did not readily comprehend the necessity of contributing to Sir Robert's bribe-purse. A curious scene of ministerial tactics is laid open, for which we have unluckily no space. Meanwhile Mrs. Seaward had employed Mrs. Child's mantua-maker, and shewn her some beautiful gold stuff, quite unparalleled in England. Mrs. Child's mantua-maker happened to be the queen's also, and the tale of the gold stuffs quickly reached the royal ears. A visit from the mistress of the robes, Lady Sundon, followed. Mrs. Seaward presented the stuffs to the queen, and was introduced to the royal presence. The adventures of herself and husband became naturally the topic of conversation. The queen was delighted with the story, and with the simple manners of Mrs. Seaward; and all difficulties in the husband's negociation vanished like lightning. His demands were granted, and himself knighted, to the amazement and vexation of Sir Robert, who could not comprehend the manœuvre. The queen was at that time regent (1736).

All impediments being thus removed, the new knight accelerated the supplies for his colony, engaged a surgeon and a chaplain, and took under his protection a dozen German families recommended by the queen—investing, before he set out, a portion of his money in the purchase of the Hartland estate in Gloucestershire, where he established his sisters, &c. Then returning to the colony, he prosecuted his purposes with activity; and both islands were soon in a populous and thriving condition. At home, however, Sir Robert Walpole had not forgotten him, and took ample revenge for the mortifications he had sustained. He employed Seaward in troublesome negociations with the Spanish commanders on the Spanish main, and finally singled him out to apologize, in the name of the government, for some injuries said to have been committed by British vessels. This was a perilous service. He refused to accede to the humiliating demands of the Spanish commander, was thrown into prison, and only rescued by Vernon's capture of the fort. Again returning to the settlements, he found every thing prospering; but soon finding himself involved in more business and conflicts than was agreeable—the same necessity no longer continuing, and perhaps he himself wearying—he finally quitted it for his estate in England. A gap here occurs in the MS.; but a few closing pages have escaped, which contain his spirited remonstrance with the government relative to their cession of the two little islands to the Spaniards. The Dialogue with the Duke of Newcastle is most characteristic of that addle-headed but obstinate personage. Sir Edward was compelled to submit, and accept of a very inadequate compensation for himself and his friends. This was in 1749; and "now, my dear Edward," said his beloved Eliza, at the close of this decisive interview with the Duke of Newcastle, "let us return to Hartland, and finish our days in peace." The excellent lady died a few months after; Sir Edward survived till 1774. The MS. was placed, by his representative, in the hands of Miss J. Porter, by whose advice—and nothing could be better—it has been printed. The details are occasionally too minute; but the story carries with it throughout a deep and a touching interest sufficient to cover more serious faults.

REFORM, A POEM, BY H. I. PAULL.

Hunt told the House the other day that a servant refused to hire herself for more than three months, because, by that time, the Reform Bill would pass,

and then there would be no occasion for going into service at all—everybody would keep holiday, and be their own masters and mistresses. The writer's anticipations, apparently, are pretty much of the same cast; nothing short of the golden age will satisfy him.

> "England! too long the sternly bursting cloud
> Hath wrapt thy brightness in its midnight shroud;
> And when some patriot light has strove to pierce
> The leaden darkness, gathering dense and fierce,
> Scarce might it twinkle ere Corruption's storm
> Urged its foul murk, and quenched the glowing form."

(Mr. Paull has a desperate struggle with his metaphor!)

> "But now rejoice! the long-wished birth is nigh;
> His herald-streamer burns along the sky.
> That sun shall rise, and glorious put to flight
> The lingering mists and shadows of the night.
> Beam, cloudless day! where triumphed night and storm—
> That night, CORRUPTION—and that day, REFORM!
> Gild thy high places, glad thy lowliest spot—
> The throne majestic, and the peasant's cot;
> And teach a world the blessings that can spring
> From patriot councils and a patriot king," &c.

Nothing can well be more ludicrous than Mr. Paull's declaration that party feeling has had no influence on his production. He deifies the Whigs, and demonizes the Tories, in utter contempt of the *modus in rebus*. He may depend upon it, the Reformed House will have quite enough of the aristocratic and exclusive spirit to spoil all his brilliant anticipations. In a few months it will be *seen* that the Whigs have only closed one door to open another—extinguished one set of nominee boroughs, and created another.

Some of his versification Mr. Paull packs skilfully enough, and with the tone of his sentiments we can sometimes cordially sympathize. After descanting with some little extravagance, and not in the best taste, upon the blessings of England, he adds:—

> "But spite of all that Heaven has lavish done—
> Despite of seasons, ripening shower, or sun—
> To the poor peasant—to thy poor, alas!
> The earth is iron, and the sky is brass."

This is true enough; but what will reform—the mere transfer of power from one set to another—do for him? It is not political, but individual power—the selfish spirit of the age—which does the mischief. Nobody who has anything, or can by possibility clutch any thing, lets go his hold. If a reformed parliament could expatriate the economists, and extinguish their books, we might tread back our steps to a condition of more contentment, and less ambition—as in the time when individuals thought less of themselves, and more of their neighbours—were more willing to live, and let live.

JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND, BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," 3 vols. 12mo.—

Mr. Grattan's familiarity with the country and story of the Netherlands secures *him*, at least, an undisturbed and undivided sovereignty over those regions. Seldom can much be said for the interest of his tales—the wings of his fancy are of necessity clipt by adherence to facts; but for dilatation and development—for supplying the *lacunæ* of dry history from the sources of his own vigorous conception—few excel him. Jacqueline was the Countess of Holland and Hainault in her own right—an historical personage of the early part of the fifteenth century. She was married to her cousin, John, Duke of Brabant, whose imbecility threw him successively into the hands of the secularized Bishop of Leige, and her cousin, the Duke of Burgundy. To escape from the tyranny of her husband and Burgundy, she fled to England. There, with

the aid of Humphry of Gloucester, then protector, she negotiated with one of the rival popes for a divorce. A compact had been entered into between them—he was to solicit the divorce with all his influence, and she was to give him her hand, and a title to her possessions on the receipt of it. Before this was accomplished, his well-known intrigue with Ellenor Cobham commenced, and his zeal in favour of Jacqueline's wishes cooled. In the meanwhile she returned to Holland to make what friends she could, to repel the continued aggressions of Burgundy—waiting, with equal anxiety, for the arrival of Duke Humphry with the divorce from the pope, and the forces from England to enforce her rights.

The piece opens in Zealand, with a scene between Jacqueline and Gloucester, where she detects Gloucester's alienated feelings; and a hunting-match, in which she is exposed to great danger from the attack of a formidable orox, and rescued by a young gentleman, with whom she falls desperately in love, and he with her. Large space is then occupied with the factions of Holland—the Hoeks and the Kabblejaws—the former the partizans of Jacqueline, and the latter of Burgundy. Hoeks and Kabblejaws mean hooks and cod-fish; and the nick-names originated in a memorable dispute, a century before, among the learned Hollanders, whether the hook catches the cod, or the cod the hook. Much, as usual, could be said on both sides, and the Dutch would take part in the squabble. Parties once generated, do not readily break up; and when one subject of dispute fails, another is readily discovered. It was so with the Hoeks and Kabblejaws; and when they had done quarrelling about hooks and bites, they went to loggerheads about Jacqueline and Burgundy. Burgundy was finally triumphant; Gloucester was *bewitched* into a marriage with Ellenor; Jacqueline lost her sovereign rights, and married the youth who had rescued her from the orox—twice the size of the largest bull—of the Dutch swamps and forests. The scene in which Ellenor Cobham's agents—Bolingbroke and Mother Jourdain, whom Shakspeare has made familiar—work up the philter for Gloucester, though one of the most elaborate in the story, is all but a failure. The details are too distinct, precisely where vagueness was especially demanded. Generally, there is a want of distinctness. The author, like many other novelists, depends too much upon *scenes*, and is too apt to leave them to connect and dove-tail, as they may, in the mind of the reader. Humphry, who seems destined to play a conspicuous part, is, after the first scene, as good as forgotten. But Mr. Grattan has qualities to counterbalance all his defects, and will yet find admirers—and ourselves among them—for half a score more Dutch and Flemish pictures.

Essays and Orations, by Sir Henry Halford, Bart.

Sir Henry makes but a poor figure as a writer in these days of voluminous scribble. A man, however, is nobody now, unless he writes a book of some sort—it matters very little what; and Sir Henry, as might be expected, partakes of the vulgar ambition of being enrolled among the *literatiores*. In the course of a long life of distinction he has had some half-dozen occasions for reading speeches or papers before the College of Physicians; and these speeches and papers, collected together, make, by the cunning of the printer, a nice little volume of something short of 200 pages, (one page of our own would take in half a score,) not enough to weary his most fastidious patients, and quite enough to convince them he wants only leisure to be as voluminous as he is decorous. The first scrap is to shew that what are known as the climacteric changes, and usually regarded as steps of decay, are not the effects of decay, but symptoms of disease, accessible to remedial measures. Another, on the tic-douleureux, amounts to a suggestion, that this torturing disease is the effect of some "preternatural growth of bone, or a deposition of bone in a part of the animal economy, where it is not usually found, in a sound and healthy condition of it, or with a diseased bone"—that is, Sir Henry has in a few cases found some bony excrescence, or some unusual ossification, in the regions falling within the range of the disease—the jaws, or the frontal bones. A third enjoins, with great

solemnity, caution in the estimate of symptoms in the last stage of some diseases, (precisely when they become of least importance,) communicating only what appears to us, who are only medical readers, already familiar almost as household words. The fourth paper, entitled "Popular and Classical Illustrations of Insanity," shews the learned physician's admiration of Shakspeare and Horace, implying, at the same time, something like wonderment, on his part, that either of them could talk like men of sense or observation. The same sort of surprise betrays itself in his comments on a scrap from Aratæus' description of the brain-fever.

To eke out the dandy volume, follow two *Orationes*, one commemorating, as usual, the benefactors of the college (1800), and the other on the opening of the new college in 1825, both full of idle compliment and maudling sentiment, expressed in the Latin of a youngster just fresh from school—a mere string of familiar phrases. On the latter occasion the *Duke of York* appears to have been present—"Cum tot," says the orator, "*apud nos*, (is this Latin or French?) conspicio utriusque senatus lumina, tot publici consilii auctores, tot *Regiæ prosapiæ principis*—atque, hos inter, illustrissimum illum principem, *rei militaris nostræ præsidium et decus*—pertimiscere me, confiteor, et parum abesse, quin me muneris hodie suscepti pæniteat!" Conceive the folly of this—Sir Henry's alarm at the Duke of York's criticism of his Latin!

The *precious* volume closes with his account of the opening of Charles I.'s coffin in the vault of Henry VIII. in St. George's chapel, Windsor, 1813, accompanied with a "faithful representation of the countenance of the king at the time," and a fac-simile of the Prince Regent's signature and seal, in attestation of its correctness.

THE STAFF-OFFICER, OR THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, A TALE OF REAL LIFE, BY OLIVER MOORE, 3 vols. 12mo.

This will never do for a novel, for it has no plot or complexity; nor for the adventures of a soldier, for it is confined mainly to the private adventures of the man. Oliver Moore has linked his story with no points of interest, and for himself the reader cannot care a button. The first may be the fault of his fortune, but the last must be his own. When he found he had nothing of interest to tell, he might have thrown down the pen, or if he must write, it did not follow that he must *print*. It was probably the dearth of imagination that compelled him to obey the order of facts, and tell only of what he had seen, consoling himself the while, perhaps, with some old hereditary maxim, that facts were better than fancies. We have no doubt whatever of the very truth of his relations—they bear the stamp of realities—they are as dull, and insignificant, and jog-trot, as the subordinate rank of the writer, and the common track he moved in, could make them. The best portions of his book are the sketches he gives of the chief authorities in Ireland in the memorable reign of Lord Westmoreland, but this was when the writer was a boy, and, of course, all he says is mere hear-say, or book-say, and of no more value than an extract from an old newspaper.

The hero was the son of an Irishman, in some equivocal position between a gentleman and a court-dependant. What was to be done with the youth was a puzzle, as usual in Irish families of this ambiguous station. At length, but, of course, too late for success, the sea was tried, at least as far as the Thames; but not finding it to his liking, a commission, by hook or crook, was got for him in a new-raised regiment of foot. He commenced soldiering, as a recruiting officer, in his own Ireland, and met with prodigious success not only in seducing recruits, but in kissing the women. His next step was obtained by playing warming-pan a few months to a young sprig of nobility in a cavalry regiment—a service which was rewarded with a lieutenancy in some regiment filled with scamps. By the favour of the commander he was despatched again on the recruiting service, where, if he had less success than before with the men, he had greater with the women. One young lady, the sole daughter and heiress of a wealthy innkeeper in the north, fell in love with him, and he only escaped

instant marriage by pledging himself to return and take the damsel and all her treasures in two years. The lady, however, could not wait, and within the first year married a gallant captain, who in two years made way for another. "The captain and her worthy father both paid the debt of nature in 1798, in the autumn of which year my little Anna, with High Cliff, (the estate,) and £40,000, became Lady M——'s, the last and boldest horsewoman in the palatine, the gayest of the gay in the vortex of fashionable life, the idol of the veteran husband, and the envy of all the six feet ladies of the north." Then follows something intended still more decidedly to identify the lady—we know nothing of the county of Durham, and *this* part may be sheer invention; but if not, there is an indelicacy, which nothing can excuse, in the publication.

To while away the lagging hours, at some garrison town, he volunteered his services to the drill serjeant. His activity fell under the notice of the commander of the district, who gave him some deputy's appointment, and finally recommended him as aide-de-camp to a General Mordaunt, then on the point of embarking for the West Indies. There the general soon died, but the aide-de-camp got some new appointment, and after two years left the country before Sir Ralph Abercrombie returned, on account of ill health. No military details are given—though he could not have been without opportunities of collecting, and the story of that fatal expedition has been but imperfectly told. Returning to England, the staff-officer finds a wife, and the curtain drops upon the scene.

One little anecdote we will copy to compensate for our own dull story. It is of an Irish officer who got into a scrape, and was cashiered. After a time, desirous of an active life again, he drew up a petition to the Irish House of Commons, praying for employment. After urging his manifold services to the state, (in his own peculiar style of language,) he concluded his petition with the bold assertion, that he had received seven wounds at Bunker's Hill, *five* of which were *mortal*. After the roars of laughter, which the reading of this part of his petition excited, had in some degree subsided, the late Vice Admiral Tom Packington, (uncle to the late Duchess of Wellington,) with the utmost gravity, stood up, and, first withdrawing the quid of tobacco from his starboard cheek, moved, "that the House, taking into its *serious* consideration the petition of the *immortal* James Darcus, do humbly recommend his case to his majesty's most gracious favour."

Odds and Ends, by W. H. Merle, Esq.

Mr. Merle is known to readers of modern poetry, if there be any such persons besides reviewers, as the author of Costança, which never fell into our hands, but which we have been assured, with some emphasis, Joanna Baillie spoke of in terms of admiration. The Odds and Ends before us are the merest trifles, chiefly of the gayer caste—not including the frequent punning upon his own name—"as easy as 'tis for *blackbird* to whistle." Some of the morsels, however, are not without humour, though most of it has passed into the designs in which Cruikshank has had a hand. Leaving the poetry, we notice a short paper, entitled Chartley Castle, and Mary, Queen of Scots' Glass. Chartley Castle, or rather the ruins of it, as every body knows, is in Staffordshire, and belongs to the Ferrers' family. It was for a short time the scene of Mary's imprisonment. A few years ago the moat which surrounded it was drained, and the accumulated mud of ages was thrown upon the neighbouring fields, where, as it dried up, a small drinking glass drew the eyes of Mr. Merle, then on a visit to the late Lord Tamworth. On this glass was written—

> "Je songe tous jours a vous
> Je suis tout a fait sensible."

The poet's imagination flew forthwith to Queen Mary; and, it appears, the writing actually accords with the undoubted specimens of her own hand-writing. Beneath these two lines are two others—

> "Blessed be the hand which wrote it,
> I with you may be thought it."

Which Mr. Merle makes no difficulty in understanding. He has no doubt the words are those of the gaoler, touched to softness; and he feels a happiness in believing (that is, in persuading himself to believe,) that he possesses the glass which had been pressed by the loveliest lips that ever *spoke*—meaning sipped—and does not wish to be undeceived. The circumstances are worth recording, and the glass of being preserved.

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty, &c., including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Decease of Elizabeth to the Abdication of James II., by Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Vaughan is the author of the Life and Opinions of Wicliffe—a work published two or three years ago, remarkable for the qualities, which will be found to distinguish the present performance—research, clearness, and candour. The publication before us is one of a more arduous and complicated character: it embraces the History, constitutional and ecclesiastical, of England, during the troubled reigns of the Stuarts, in all its leading points. It is, though a continuous narrative, not one of details—*they* are for the most part passed over, and the principles only of events are discussed, together with the conduct and the motives of the leading actors of the times. Mr. Vaughan is himself a nonconformist—of which class of dissenters we do not precisely know—the cast of his sentiments relative to the "Independents" seems to betray his personal ones.

The revolution of 1688—the acknowledged epoch of our civil and religious liberties—was the result of a protracted struggle in favour of popular rights—a struggle maintained chiefly by religious men. In its earlier stages, the Puritans were the instruments, undoubtedly the main instruments, and, to the last, when others, even the Establishment, were in effective activity, their efforts were steadily exerted. We agree with Mr. Vaughan, that there can be no hazard in affirming, that it was the weight of the Nonconformists which turned the scale to the better side. The influence of these parties, and especially of the Puritans and their descendants, on the great questions of civil and religious freedom, though often alluded to, often even acknowledged, and never quite forgotten, has never been fairly and adequately appreciated. For the most part, the writers of British history have sympathised little with these men; and with many, the object has been to exhibit their conduct in colours of ridicule. No Nonconformist, in fact, has ever attempted that separate and continuous investigation of the subject which its interest and importance clearly demand. To supply this deficiency is the author's leading design, and he has done it in a manly spirit and a temperate tone.

It is not to be expected, nor does he expect, that he will give satisfaction to the Establishment—his exhibitions of Bancroft, Laud, and others, whose object was the ascendancy of a party, and the suppression of all opponents by almost any means, must preclude all hopes of that kind. Neither, on the other hand, will he be thought by the ultras among Nonconformists to have extended his censures far enough, or with severity enough. But there exists a large party in the country, and one whose ranks, happily, are increasing every day, who care little about the interests of mere parties, or sects, or establishments—who are disposed to judge of things by their utilities, and of persons by their conduct, and, so that truth be got at, and justice prevail, are indifferent who it is that are censured, or eulogized. Among these Mr. Vaughan will find some who will think he has done the state some service.

It is probably D'Israeli's recent book to which we are indebted for Mr. Vaughan's. D'Israeli has little of the historian in him—he is fond of an epigram, and to tell a good thing is an object of more importance than the fair estimate of facts. Mr. Vaughan is a grave man, and does not understand jesting with grave matters. But, though indignation may have spurred him to his undertaking, there are no symptoms that he has permitted that feeling to guide his pen. The contempt he entertains for misrepresentation is too cool to hurry

him into the commission of the same fault. It is obvious that our limits forbid even a glance at particulars to justify our opinions; but we can safely recommend the work as an able one—the result of great industry, and of deep conviction.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XX.—History of Poland.

Dr. Lardner, as purveyor-general of the day, has timed his volume on the History of Poland well. The book is written with more care and research than Mr. Fletcher's, but in a spirit less likely to harmonize with the prevailing sentiments. Though deprecating the charge of being the apologist of Russia, the writer thinks justice has not been done to her; and as an advocate of justice, he resolves she shall, like the devil, have her due. The said writer—whose name is not given—assures us, on his own authority, that Nicholas enjoined his troops not merely to refrain from the slightest wanton ravage, but to shew themselves the protectors and friends of the peasantry. These orders, according to him, have not been in the main infringed, and the few instances of infraction which have been heard of, are probably all attributable to the public press. No sovereign in Europe is more averse to oppression or cruelty than Nicholas, nor more disposed to better the condition of his people. Throughout his connection with Poland (and the case is equally true of Alexander) he has omitted no *opportunity* of confirming the prosperity of the country, &c. Of the just complaints brought against his government by the Poles, he has since said, and the author sees no reason to doubt his sincerity, *that he was ignorant.* The author, then, still farther to excuse the autocrat, tells us of the extreme difficulty complaints have of reaching the imperial ear—it is little less than miraculous that they reach it at all! To be sure, this is curious advocacy—call you this backing your friends? The government cannot surely be good, when the governor knows not what is going on; nor can there be ground of applause for good intentions, where no pains are taken to carry them into execution. The fault was in Constantine—but that only shews that Poland cannot be governed at Petersburgh, and therefore Poland, if for no other reason, justly demands her independence.

The writer has no notion—and he claims the weight due to personal knowledge of the country—that Poland will be able to accomplish her independence. He scarcely thinks it desirable, for he believes it may be bought at too high a price — and even doubts if the Poles wish for it. He *knows* the result is regarded with apprehension by the Poles themselves.

"The philanthropist must grieve," he adds, "at the contrast exhibited by Poland during the last and the present year. Her plains are covered with ruins, or washed with blood [is the writer really ignorant over how *small* a space the devastations of war have spread?] her resources are exhausted, her *industry destroyed*—her abundance has given way to wretchedness—the countenances of her children, *once so happy*, are now wan, squalid, and despairing—her peasants, her landowners, and not a few of the chief nobles, now curse the thoughtless precipitation which hurried the nation into so awful a contest before her means of defence were well organized. The majority of the Poles are heartily sick of the war, however anxious the army, the youths of the military schools, and the students of the university, may be to continue it."

All this is probably much too lacrymose—it may be very good painting, but the pencil is obviously dipt in bilious colours.

A chapter on the society, constitution, manners, &c. of the Ancient Poles, is well written, and will supply what is wanting in Mr. Fletcher's book.

The Sunday Library, by Dr. Dibdin.

The fourth volume of Dr. Dibdin's collection contains a few more of what he regards as the *chef-d'œuvres* of modern theologians. Among them are two sermons of Bishop Huntingford's, three of Bishop J. B. Summers, two of Archbishop Lawrence's (Armagh), two of Bishop Hobart's (of New York), who died a few months ago, and one of N. P. Shuttleworth's, whom, of course, Dr.

Dibdin regards as a bishop in futuro—we had one or two of his in the first volume. But the jewel of the batch is Bishop Huntingford's Sermon on *False* Philosophy, which, the false philosophy we mean, as whatever is *false*, deserves, of course, no quarter. But what does the Bishop brand with this same epithet? Sundry shadows of his own raising, apparently. Look at some of the points. It is *false*, because it (the Bishop's false philosophy) asserts that man in society retains all his natural rights—that all men are equal—that man is perfect—that human institutions *can* be perfect—that, because the use of a thing is good, the *abuse* is so—that men are to obey their passions instead of their reason—that nothing is to be admitted as true but on mathematical demonstration, &c. ;—giants, the reader sees, which the good Bishop sets up, to Tom-Thumb down again, while Dr. Dibdin shouts Io Triumphe!

Lardner's Cabinet Library, George IV.

The second volume of this animated sketch of the late king's life and reign, brings the story down to the peace of 1814. The work is written in a spirit of ultra whiggism—which still means only aristocratic whiggism—as far from radicalism as the poles asunder—but who, of whatever party he be, scruples now-a-days about turning inside-out the conduct and motives of public men, from the king to the constable? The author, like his friends, the whigs, has a strong disposition to be decisive and dictatorial, and writes occasionally with more point and piquancy than authority. Erskine gets roughly handled. When the Grenville ministry was patched up in 1806, there was a friendly contention between Lords Ellenborough and Erskine—each claiming the chief-justiceship, and yielding to the other the higher honours of the chancellorship. Lord Erskine's personal vanity would have preferred the seals, precarious as they were; but, with the consciousness that he was ignorant both of the principles and practice of equity, he trembled for his fame, and affected the modesty of concession. Lord Ellenborough, with his characteristic frankness, cut the matter short, by saying, "Why, Erskine, I know as little of equity as you do yourself." Frequent and recent instances prove that a mere common lawyer may be suddenly transformed into an equity judge; but at the same time it follows as a corollary, that *the learned profession has its share of charlatanry*, when, with the notorious want of previous study and experience in that branch of jurisprudence, these sudden transitions can be made with *safety and advantage*.

After the breaking up of this ministry, expressly on the Catholic Question, Lord Erskine took the first opportunity of making his profession of *protestant* faith. The writer thus notices it:—

"Lord Erskine, in the House of Peers, in a strain of distempered folly, which excites wonder, coming from one who had been chancellor and a *cabinet minister*, mixed up the history of the military and naval service bill with that of his own religious education, and made his confession of faith in a tone of drivelling or canting egotism. 'I am one,' said he, 'who really entertains the profoundest reverence for God, religion, and all professors of the christian *protestant* faith. No man, my lords, can be more religious than I am. I need not except the worthy and pious prelates in whose presence I speak. I glory in this declaration—would to God my life were as pure as my faith. I hope to see all nations collected under the benign shade of the gospel. I regard the Romish religion as a gross superstition, now visibly on the decline, and so far from being indulgent to it, I wish that *inconvenience* should be felt, though no *injustice* suffered, by its professors.' It would be hard to say whether this distinction savours more of pettifogging or of persecution. Lord Erskine was one of the many men over-rated, as others are under-rated, in their day. He was a sort of shining ephemeron. His faculties never reached the views or the eloquence of political deliberation. Even his speeches at the bar, *preconised* as they have been, will not save him from oblivion. His rhetoric, as preserved in them, is so superficial, that his power must have consisted in the contagious fervour of

delivery and temperament with which he applied himself to juries, whose minds were of the same stature with his own."

Family Library—Scottish Worthies, by P. F. Tytler, Esq.

These worthies are Alexander III., Michael Scott, and, the eternals, Wallace and Bruce. The lives are written with spirit, and especially that of Alexander III. The details of the invasion from Norway form a piece of very distinct and picturesque description, which stands apart, like an episode, in Scottish history. Michael Scott, stripped of his necromantic robes, makes a respectable scholar, statesman, and courtier; while Wallace and Bruce are what they were—extraordinary men, doubtless, but familiar to every body—too much so to read over again in a new set, and scarcely a *new* set of phrases.

The Novelist's Library—Humphry Clinker.

Nothing in the getting up of the "Libraries" will match this edition of the old novels, which comes forth under the auspices of the new and spirited publishers, Cochrane and Pickersgill. Four Sketches by Cruikshank, a portrait of Smollett, and a memoir of him by Mr. Roscoe, add to the value of a volume, the externals of which are worthy of the jewel they enclose. It will require an extensive sale to redeem the adventurous outlay, and we only hope the attempt will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition, Part XVI.

Monthly publications are now so numerous, that we find it impracticable to notice them all, or at least all of them month by month, without suffering other works to fall too much in arrear. An occasional glance, therefore, is all that must be expected from us. The Encyclopædia Britannica, however, is one of those publications, which, by its well-considered and independent articles, partakes of a permanent character, and calls for more frequent notice. The editor is punctually fulfilling his engagements. The sixteenth portion is before us; and we have not observed one article, on any subject of importance, throughout the work hitherto, which does not bear marks of recent and careful revisal. The main article of the present part, entitled "Army," extends to 44 pages, and is as comprehensive a thing of the kind as we have ever looked into. In the section dedicated to the ancient state of military matters, the description of the Roman army, as to its composition and tactics, is remarkable for its precision and intelligibleness, whilst the review of the military system of every portion of the *civilized* world (that there should be occasion to make use of such a term in such a matter!) will be found more complete and instructive, as to statistical points, than any similar attempt to be met with elsewhere. Modern *tactics* are probably reserved for their alphabetical position. It is but justice to notice the plates which accompany the work—they are of the first quality.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVI.—Fortunes of Nigel.

The success with which the author, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, awakened an interest for one who had none of the common accomplishments of the heroine, prompted him to make a similar attempt with a *hero* of the same stamp. Worth of character, goodness of heart, and rectitude of principle, were of course the only qualities which could compensate the lack of high birth and romantic positions, and he accordingly looked among the realities of life, till he finally pitched upon George Heriot, a man who had left proofs in the gude town of Edinburgh of benevolence and charity, sufficient to warrant the extension of them into the interior of private life. These qualities he brought to bear upon the amendment of a young nobleman misguided by the aristocratic haughtiness of his class, and the seductions of pleasure; "and though," adds the author, at once truly and gracefully, "I am, I own, no great believer in the moral utility to be derived from fictitious composition, yet, if in any case a word spoken in season may be of advantage to a young person, it must surely be

when it calls upon him to attend to the voice of principle and self-denial, instead of that of precipitate passion."

For exhibiting the tone and conduct of the court of James the First there exist abundant materials, and Sir Walter has made a fair and ample use of them; and for the truth of his description of the sanctuary of White Friars, or in the cant term of the day, Alsatia, he appeals to Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia." It is from that source he learned the footing on which the bullies and thieves of the sanctuary stood with their neighbours—the fiery young students of the temple.

Standard Novels, Vol. V.—Godwin's St. Leon.

At the solicitation of the publishers Mr. Godwin follows in the path struck out by Sir Walter Scott, and accounts, step by step, for his doings. Reaching, as Mr. Godwin had done, the summit of expectation in his Caleb Williams, he was quickly urged to try his hand at a second attempt. He hesitated long, and deliberated longer—not then conceiving, that instead of occupying a life with two or three of these productions, the same writer might spin twenty or thirty, and still retain his hold upon the partiality of his cotemporaries. To whom the discovery is due need not be told—enow will follow the track. Years of diffidence and hesitation had elapsed, when Mr. Godwin bethought himself of mixing up "human feelings and passions with incredible passions," as a novelty which might conciliate the patience of the severest judges. The history of fiction will shew, however, this was no new manœuvre, though never perhaps carried into execution so much in detail. In St. Leon the "Charities of Life" were every where topics of the warmest eulogium—the affections precisely which, in his political justice, had been treated with least indulgence. The contrast was striking; but Mr. Godwin had studiously sought the opportunity of modifying the sentiments expressed in the earlier chapters of that memorable work, and found it in prosecuting the adventures of St. Leon—not for the purpose of changing the principles or foundations of justice, but to shew, that after all, whatever he might once have seemed to say, the "culture of the heart" was not incompatible with them.

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery.

Over the story of the Cabots, and the employment of them by Henry VII., with their voyages and discoveries, there has always hung a thick cloud—the detection, in the Rolls-Court, of a *second* patent, granted by the same monarch, has helped to disperse this cloud, and cleared up much of the confusion which pervades all the geographical histories down to our own days. The *first* patent, the existence of which was well known, though the terms of it have been little regarded, was granted 5th March, 1496, to John Cabot and his three sons, of whom *Sebastian* was the second. The object was discovery, and the commission extended east, west, and north. In this patent no previous discovery of Cabot's is alluded to; nor does there exist the slightest evidence of any voyage of discovery undertaken by father or son before that period. Of the results we have little direct information. It is from the *second* patent (the one recently dug out of the depths of the Rolls-Court, and now published for the first time), we learn what was done under the first. This second patent, dated 3rd February, 1498, and granted exclusively to John Cabot, empowers him, on certain conditions, to "*convey and lede to the Lande and Isles of late found by the seid John, in our name and by our commandemente.*" In the same patent occurs a "Lande *or* Isles," as if it were doubtful whether the lands discovered were isles or a continent. That *Newfoundland* was a part of the discovery there can be no doubt. The probability also is, that the Cabots touched at Labrador, and on other parts of the coast of North America down to the Floridas. But the point—the point of historical importance is, that the discoveries made by the Cabots took place between March, 1496, and February, 1498—thus confirming

the date noted in the old map of Queen Elizabeth's gallery, which recorded, that the first discovery of land, whether of Newfoundland or Labrador, occurred on the 24th June, 1497—two years before ever Amerigo Vespucci crossed the Atlantic.

Though Sebastian appears to have been the hero of the voyage of discovery under the first patent—he must have been very young, for he was living sixty-one years after—there is no good reason for quite throwing John, the father, overboard, as the writer, who is furiously critical, is disposed to do. He doubts if he ever accompanied the expedition; but till we have further evidence, we must abide by the words of the second patent, which expressly ascribe the discovery to *John*. Of what was done under the second patent little is known beyond the fact of the sailing of an expedition under the command of Sebastian. John, the father, died before it sailed. There are reports of his being stopped by the want of provisions in his career to the southward.

From 1498 there appears a gap in the story of Sebastian till 1512, in which latter year he is known to have entered the service of Spain. The writer, indeed, eager to find employment for his protégé, sends him on a voyage to Maracaibo in 1499—building, apparently, entirely upon the fact, that Hojeda, who sailed from Spain that year in company with Amerigo Vespucci, met with some English in the neighbourhood of Caquibacao, who could, it seems, be nobody but Sebastian and his crews. In an old Bristol Calendar occurs—"1499: This year Sebastian Cabot, borne in Bristoll, proferred his services to King Henry for discovering new countries, which had noe greate or favourable entertainment of the king, but he, with no extraordinary preparation, sett forth from Bristoll, *and made greate discoveries*." But we may readily believe here is some confusion of date and circumstances—for of "*these* great discoveries" nothing whatever is known.

In short, Sebastian's history is a blank till 1512. In 1516 he returned to England, and was the following year employed to discover the N. W. passage, of which voyage scarcely any thing is known but its failure. It was in this voyage, and not in that of 1496, the writer concludes with some reason, that Sebastian reached the latitude of 67½. The failure of this expedition seems to have shut him out from further engagements in English service. The next year he was again in Spain, and continued in her service for thirty years, for the most part actively employed in prosecuting discoveries, and establishing colonies in South America. About the time of the accession of Edward VI. he came finally to England, as to his native land, for though generally regarded as a foreigner, it appears, on his own testimony, he was born in Bristol. Through the whole of that reign he was in high favour with the court, was consulted on naval matters, and had a considerable pension: and in equal respect with the merchant adventurers, for he was appointed governor of the company. He lost ground in Mary's time—Philip, it seems, resented his quitting the Spanish service. The time of his death is not ascertained, nor is it known where he was buried.

As a memoir the book is, on the whole, but a puzzled account, though brilliant in parts. The thorough industry of the writer has produced useful results. Nothing can exceed the absurdities into which historians have run for want of a little research. The author is a shrewd and searching person, and may do much real good in the path he has selected, and which he seems inclined to pursue. He is apt to be precipitate, and has shewn want of temper. Let him be upon his guard, otherwise it will quickly plunge him into more blunders than he corrects—like the tinker, he will stop one hole and make two.

LONDON AND PARIS, A NOVEL, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CASTILIAN, THE EXQUISITES, &c.

This clever and observant Spaniard is a perfect camelion, reflecting with enviable facility every shade and hut with which he comes in contact. London, Paris, Madrid—he is every where at home; and his object here is to delineate a few of the more remarkable peculiarities, in certain classes, which have struck

his fancy. The tone is every where satirical, but the scenes are often too strictly true to be thus fairly characterised. Nevertheless, caricature is inseparable from an attempt prompted by a love of the ludicrous, and a desire to produce *effect*. The scenes are almost wholly referable to profligacy in high life and low life, and some of them border too close upon the coarse, to be redeemed by the humour, which, itself, partakes too much of levity, whatever be the subject it touches. Among the scenes of happiest execution are a case of Bastardy—Crim-con—the Fire King—Popular Preachers—Body-Snatching—Burkeing—Poaching—Fighting—St. John Long—Robert Taylor, &c. Next to the exhibition of the ludicrous, a favourite object is to expose the absurdity of certain laws of the country for the administration of them—not occasionally without good ground, though the caricature is generally something too broad. Few, we take it, have children fathered upon them without pretty good reason; and as children cannot yet be legally smothered, when they come *mal-a-propos*, and must therefore be maintained, whose evidence would the author recommend in preference to the mother's? The scenes in Paris consist chiefly of gaming-houses and intrigues, and present nothing very attractive, and are certainly detailed less humorously than the London ones. Among the best portions of the volumes is a chapter entitled Vocabulary of Ton—*English* Ton—on which the writer defines and describes the Rage—Lion—Tiger—Tuft-hunter, (not forgetting Tommy Tuft, the poet)—Toad-eater—Chaperon—Eligible—Objectionable—Exclusive—Exquisite—Dandy—Parvenu—Intrinsic—Nobody—Bore—Eccentric—Twaddler—Almack's—Terra Incognita, &c. Some of these, both names and things, are getting out of date, but the portraits are often well sketched, and furnish the best proofs of the author's powers.

Something of a story runs through the volume, so as just to bring the book within the class of novels. The hero is a Spaniard, who, visiting England, gets entrapped into marriage with a courtezan; and going to France, to escape her, is followed, and eternally bothered by her.

THE HISTORY OF POLAND FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME, BY JAMES FLETCHER, ESQ., OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

A sketch of the History of Poland, published very opportunely, to refresh the memories of some, and communicate to others, to whom Poland is new, so much of the general story as will serve to screen gross ignorance, by a few glances at the subject, and coloured with the hues of modern sentiments. A generation has passed since the final partition, and till now, for many years, no stirring motive has presented itself for thinking of Poland at all, and of course the subject has been lost sight of by publishers. The early history of the country is lost in the fog of distant ages—impenetrable to the sharpest eye—and sifting and guessing are for mere antiquaries. Mr. Fletcher accordingly cuts the difficulty, and commences his book with establishment of the Piast family in 830, whose authority, with some few interruptions, continued to 1386. The Jaquilons succeeded—the first of whom married the last female of the Piasts—till 1572; from which period the crown became elective, and, of course, gave occasion to tumults and turmoils at every succession from the elective epoch, to the final partition of Poland. Mr. F. tells the story in considerable detail, without appealing directly to authorities, but with much general truth, and in a liberal spirit. The marks of youth are upon the performance—but of vigorous youth—the quotations and the flowers are the outpourings of recent acquirement, and of recent conception, and may very well be tolerated. The glance at the present state of affairs is taken from the "Metropolitan."

Nothing can be more distressing for the novice than the pronunciation of Polish names. Mr. Fletcher has considerately collected a few directions to relieve the common embarrassment.

All vowels are sounded as in French and Italian, and there are no diphthongs, every vowel being pronounced separately. The consonants are the same as in English, except—

w, which is sounded like *v*, at the beginning of a word, and like *f*, in the middle or at the end of one. Thus Warsawa is *Varsafa*, and Narew is *Nareff*.

c, like *tr*, and never like *k*; thus Pac is *Patz*.

g, like *g* in Gibbon; thus *Oginski*.

ch, like *k*; thus Lech is *Lek*.

cz, like *tch* in *pitch*; thus Czartoryski is *Tchartoryski*.

sz, like *sh* in *shape*; thus Staszyc is *Stashytz*.

szcz, like *shtch*; thus Szczerbiec is *Shtcherbietz*.

rz, like *j*, with a slight sound of *r*; thus Rzewuski is *Rjevuski*.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION, &c., BY DAVID BOOTH, AUTHOR OF THE ANALYTICAL DICTIONARY.

This little volume is distinguishable for the independent view which the author has taken of his subject—the distinctness and facility with which he decomposes and recomposes the details, and the good and well-reasoned principles which direct his critiques. For our own parts we should as soon think of *teaching* common sense, as the *art* of writing; and *art*, no doubt, it is in more senses than one, if it be to be taught. Nevertheless, there is no harm in pointing out the technical informalities, or essential blunders, or in tracing the sources of correctness, or even in attempting to fix a standard of taste, and direct the efforts of aspirants—for none but common minds require such aids, or will be influenced by such rules. The tendency of such books is to produce a cold and decorous correctness—a not undesirable result for the class which alone will make use of them.

As a proof of Mr. Booth's perfect qualification for his undertaking we quote his "Shall and Will." No Englishman is ever puzzled about the use of these words, though he never subjects himself to the torture of analysis. Mr. Booth, himself a Scotchman, has devised a rule, perhaps a successful one, in accordance with English practice; but it is evidently one which requires closer thinking at the moment than can ever be brought into play at the moment, to work it into a habit.

"*General Rule.*—If the speaker is the nominative to the *verb*, and also determines its accomplishment;—or, if he is neither the nominative to the *verb* nor determines its accomplishment,—the proper auxiliary is WILL:—in every other case it is SHALL."

"*Miscellaneous Examples.*—'I *will* speak.' Here I is the nominative and also determines the act *to speak*, which therefore requires *will*. Had the speaker simply declared the act as a *future*, without alluding to his determination, the phrase should have been 'I *shall* speak.'

"'He says that James *will* be hanged.' This is a compound sentence, and will be better understood by reversing the clauses thus: 'James *will* be hanged,—he says that.' We have then only to consider the simple sentence, 'James *will* be hanged,' in which *James* is the nominative, but the *speaker* is not *James*, neither does he determine James's death; and, therefore, according to the Rule, *will* is the proper auxiliary. Had the speaker been a judge, and pronouncing his fiat from the judgment seat, he would, then, have determined James's death, and the expression would have been 'He says that, James *shall* be hanged.'

"'My master desires me to tell you that,—he *will* call upon you to-morrow.' Here it is the servant (not the master) who speaks; and he is neither the nominative of the verb *call*, nor possessed of power over the action; *will* is, therefore, the proper auxiliary."

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

Robinson Crusoe, illustrated with Wood Engravings.—The designs and engravings to this new and cheap edition of Robinson Crusoe are of a nature that must render them equally desirable to the man of taste, the artist, and the uninitiated child. Let no one despise the title of wood-cuts when applied to such little pictures as these. We laugh at some of the humble embellishments with which our childhood was amused, and used to think a wood-cut merely a lame apology for the want of something better; but our artists are convincing the public, that the imagination of a poet, and the taste of a painter, can be displayed upon two inches of wood as well as upon two feet of copper, or twenty feet of canvass; and that all varieties of tasteful invention, including composition of forms, expressive action, and effect of chiaroscuro, may be faithfully reflected amidst the type of a volume—assisting language in the same manner as the look of an intelligent eye will sometimes speak plainer than the tongue itself. When wood-cuts are executed with the feeling and skill of these before us, they are much more to our taste than small copper-plates as illustrations—they are more like the pen and ink sketches of the artist, they are more spirited and firm in the drawing, and, besides, are more a part of the book—when printed with the type they cannot be extracted without injury to the text. The artist and author are inseparable. Mr. Harvey, whose invention and taste have been most successfully exercised in illustrating this elegant volume, has headed each chapter of Crusoe's adventures with a small vignette, exhibiting his hero in the most picturesque situations, and under the most varied circumstances the subject would admit of—now lying senseless on a dark rock, the white sea-foam dashing about him with the fury of an implacable enemy—in another place we see him floating on the raft, the water beneath him calm, and shining with friendly looks—then wandering in his goat-skins solitarily on the beach, the wide and melancholy sea stretched out for miles in the distance, blending with the misty clouds—more lonely still, and the sea more melancholy still, in another page, with the dead body, flung like a weed on the sand—then after these solitary figures we suddenly turn upon the wild fantastic group of savages dancing round a fire. This is one of the most spirited designs we have seen for a long while; the twisting of the bodies, and free play of limbs, are drawn with knowledge and power.

The engraver, Mr. Smith, has executed the drawings with corresponding feeling and taste; there is an attention to the varied textures of objects which we do not often perceive in wood-engravers—they generally appear more intent upon cutting their lines cleverly, and leaving a polished surface, than in representing the object with a painter's touch and feeling—we may be gratified with a tasteful design, with skilful drawing, richness of effect, elegance of action, &c., and yet the whole subject may appear of one hard texture—flesh, drapery, rock, wood, and water. This is what artists call a hard style, and offends the eye accustomed to observe nature, and to the enjoyment of the best productions of art.

In some of these cuts there is great tenderness in the sky tints—the distance melts away from the sight—the water looks watery, and the sands level—the edges of objects are softened and rounded, and on the principal figures bold bits of black contrasted with dashes of white. We particularly like the Ship on Fire—Crusoe with his Family—Chinese Feeding—Friday and his Gun—and the Sea and Shipping.

The Spirit of the Plays of Shakspeare exhibited in a Series of Outlines, by Frank Howard, No. XXI.—Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth form the subjects of this number, and supply a full proportion of striking and effective points for illustration—all of an equal, or very nearly equal degree of merit. These outlines, though of no great value to the admirers of the great poet as illustrations of Shakspeare—for a single good head would be worth them all—will find favour in the eyes of the artist and the antiquarian, and furnish abun-

dant hints to actors in the adoption of costume. Richard the Third, produced in this style, would be a new play.

History and Topography of the United States of America.—America will have reason to be satisfied with her history and its embellishments. The work is now half completed, having reached its fifteenth part. The promises held out are likely to be realized—a consummation less usual than desirable. The narrative, besides comprising a great deal of useful information, has the rare merit of being impartial; and the engravings are worthy of the text.

Four-and-twenty Designs, intended for transferring upon white Wood.—Ackermann's caustic-varnish is to accomplish this object, and it could scarcely transfer two dozen prettier little decorations.

Characteristic Sketches of Animals, drawn and engraved by Thomas Landseer.—Mr. Landseer's masterly hand is observable in every horn and hoof of this splendid zoological collection. His quadrupeds are all spirit, action, and nature. The texture of the coats of the different animals is admirably preserved. The Llama (a picturesque likeness), the Wapiti, and the Nil-ghau, in the number before us, appear the work of different hands, each being treated (as it ought to be) in a style quite distinct from that of its companions, and all being equally characteristic. The vignettes are little miniatures worthy of the full-lengths.

The English School.—This beautiful series of outlines, illustrative of the English school of art, requires no further commendation from us than a mere notice of its continuance; the latter numbers partake of the same interest, and are marked by the same care and fidelity, that formed the excellence of those previously before the public. It is a work which merits every encouragement, and ought to be in the possession (it is very cheap) of every admirer of English painting and sculpture. Our recollections of the most favoured productions of art are vividly awakened as we turn over the pages of this small outline edition of them.

The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas is upon the same plan as that of the work from which it takes its name. It is a production of much ingenuity, and will undoubtedly have its use, though if regarded merely as a curiosity we could scarcely pronounce it dear. Those who value their eyes, however, ought to be cautious how they inquire too closely into maps so minute as these. Admirably as they may be adapted for binding up with the "Family Library," we think it a pity that they were not engraved upon a somewhat larger scale.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, Parts XIV. and XV.—These eight views are equal, in interest of subject and in excellence of execution, to the best of the now numerous landscapes that have preceded them. The hills, rivers, inns, and bridges, answer both to nature and the descriptions, which is much more than can be said of the un-Scott-like creations that we sometimes see submitted to the world as illustrations of the characters of the Waverley Novels. The drawings for these eight engravings bear the names of Copley Fielding, Roberts, Evans, Prout, Cattermole, W. Westall, &c.

Illustrated Road Book of the Route from London to Naples, Part I.—The first of five parts, intended to complete the work, gives token of a production of no common beauty and value. It will contain twenty-four engravings, by the two Findens, after drawings by Prout, Stanfield, and Brockedon. Each part will comprise a distinct portion of the route, with illustrations to accompany it—as from London to Paris, and thence to Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples. The work will thus present a succession of the most romantic and remarkable views of English, French, and Italian scenery, in the whole line of road from London to Naples. Those here given are of the highest order, and at once stamp the publication as one that will have charms and attractions alike for the eyes of those who travel, as for those who are satisfied (or condemned) to admire nature at home through the medium of art. The views are, Dover, by Stanfield—Calais, by Prout—Abbeville, Stanfield again, in a new way—Beauvais, Prout, finer than before—and, certainly not the least lovely, Place Louis XVI., by Brockedon. The Messrs. Finden have seldom exercised their talents with better effect. The editor also undertakes to correct the errors and mis-statements of

other tourists, in which, though he will have a great deal to do, he will be very usefully employed.

The Views in the East.—India, Canton, and the shores of the Red Sea, are not likely to be soon exhausted; they continue to supply a beautiful succession of subjects for the talents of the eminent artists engaged upon this work. Captain Elliot's sketches have received ample justice at their hands. Of the three engravings in this number we scarcely know which to prefer; the last is certainly not the least—a view of the Water Palace at Mandoo; but beautiful as it is, we cannot pronounce the others inferior to it.

National Portrait Gallery, Parts XXVI. and VII.—The gallery is here enriched with several valuable and interesting accessions to its illustrious list. At the head of them stands the portrait of the King, and then follows a monarch of a different order—Sir Walter Scott. For the accuracy of the likeness we cannot say much, but the biographer has done him better justice than the artist. The other portraits are those of Viscount Exmouth, Lord Lynedoch, the Earl of Albemarle, and the Bishop of Bristol—well engraved, and worthy of the rest.

Illustrations of Don Quixote.—These illustrations are "dedicated to the memory of Cervantes;" we wish they were more worthy of it. Mr. Alken is a clever man, and he has got his designs cleverly engraved; but if the glorious old knight were precisely the personage here figured, the world would not have laughed at him for so many years, and would very soon close his history for ever. As portraits of a thin man and a thin horse, they are successful enough; as Quixotes and Rosinantes, they are unspiritual and commonplace.

Of Man, Six Monograms, by David Scott, S.A.—These monograms require a key to render them generally intelligible. We detect glimpses of grandeur in them, and indications of philosophical meaning, boldly shadowed forth. They treat of Life, of Relation, of Knowledge, of Intellect, of Power, and of Death; the last forming a group that Fuselli might have painted, or Shelley clothed in the colours of poetry.

A concise Description of selected Apples, by Hugh Ronalds, F.H.S. With a Figure of each Sort, drawn from Nature, upon Stone, by his Daughter.—We never imagined that any thing half so beautiful or interesting could be painted, or said, about apples. We congratulate the learned horticulturalist, and all who seek to cultivate this excellent and useful fruit, upon a publication which treats not only of the management of orchards, but, to use the words of the preface, "of extensive and smaller gardens, for paradise stocks, for the purpose of sale, and for walls." The drawings are beautifully executed, and possess all the richness and colouring of nature. We recommend Miss Ronalds to pursue the path she has entered upon, assured that full success must attend her labours.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Miss F. Kemble: Francis the First, an Historical Drama.

By Messrs. Lander: A Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course and Termination of the Niger, embellished with illustrative Engravings, and a Map of the Route.

By Dr. Southey: a second Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. The third volume of his History of the Peninsular War will appear this season: and Essays, Moral and Political, in two volumes.

By Lord Nugent: Memorials of Hampden, his Party, and his Times, with Portraits and Autograph Letters.

The Sketch of Venetian History, of which one volume has been published, will be completed in a second, to appear in the Family Library.

By Allan Cunningham: the fifth (and final) volume of Lives of the Painters. It will contain twelve lives; viz.—Jameson, Ramsay, Romney, Runieman, Copley (father of Lord Lyndhurst), Mortimore, Raeburn, Hoppner, Owen, Lawrence, Harlow, and Bonnington.

A Life of Sir Isaac Newton, by Dr. Brewster; a Tour through South Holland,

with designs by Lieutenant-Col. Batty, who also engraves them; a detailed History of the Mutiny in the Bounty (which has supplied a subject for Lord Byron's Island); the second volume of the Sketches of Venetian History; and a work on Chemistry, are among the volumes of the Family Library now in the press.

A Picturesque Annual has been announced, embellished by Stanfield, and to be edited by Leitch Richie.

By James Prinsep, Esq.: the Holy City of Benares, illustrated in a series of beautifully finished plates.

By the Rev. William Liddiard: a Tour in Switzerland, in one volume, interspersed with Poetry.

By Captain Head: a series of Views to illustrate the very interesting Scenery met with in the Overland Journey from Europe to India, by way of the Red Sea, through Egypt. &c.

By Lord Dover: a Life of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia. It is expected that this work will appear in the course of the Autumn.

By the Baron Heurteloup: Principles of Lithotrity, or, a Treatise on the Art of Curing the Stone without Incision.

A Key to Bernay's Familiar German Exercises.

By Bisset Hawkins, M.D.: Summary of Facts hitherto ascertained respecting the Cholera of Russia, with a detail of its Progress from Asia to Europe.

By Mr. Gould: Ornithological Delineations, in Continuation of his Century of Birds, from the Himalaya Mountains, never previously figured. The descriptions will be supplied by N. A. Vigors, Esq. F.R.S.

By Mr. Britton: the History of Worcester Cathedral, uniform with that of Hereford, &c. And by the same Author, Descriptive Sketches of Tunbridge Wells, and the Improvements on the Calverley Estate; also of the Picturesque Scenery, Seats, and Antiquities in the Vicinity.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. 8vo. 10s.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson, with a Biographical Memoir. 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 2s.

State Papers, published under the Authority of His Majesty's Commissioners. Vol. I. 4to. King Henry VIII. £3. 3s.

Tytler's History of Scotland. Vol. IV. 8vo. 12s.

An Historical Inquiry into the Production of the Precious Metals. By Wm. Jacob, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Annals of some of the British Norman Isles, constituting the Bailewick of Guernsy. By John Jacobs, Esq. Royal 8vo. Plates. £1. 2s. 6d.

History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the earliest Time to the Conquest of England, by William of Normandy. By Henry Wheaton. 8vo. 8s.

MEDICAL.

A Manual of Materia Medica and Pharmacy; comprising a concise description of the Articles used in Medicine. Translated from the French of H. M. Edwards, M.D., and P. Vavassour, M.D. By John Davies. 8vo. 12s.

A Treatise on Cholera, as it appeared in Asia, and more recently in Europe. By Geo. Hamilton Bell. 8vo. 5. 6d.

Cocks's Pathological Anatomy. 32mo. 7s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Explanation of the Nature and Properties of Logarithms. By the Rev. James Little. 8vo. 8s.

Facts Illustrative of the Administration and Consequences of the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis. By Edward Gibbonn Wakefield, Esq. 12mo.

Past and Present Times. By a Lady. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate and Ramsgate, &c. 12mo. 6s.

Lanzi's History of Painting. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.

Van Diemen's Land Almanack for 1831. 12mo. 5s.

Philosophy in Sport. By Dr. Paris. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Knowledge for the People, Zoological Series. 18mo. 4s.

Planta's New Picture of Paris. 16th edition enlarged. 9s.

Eight introductory Lectures at the London University Sessions, 1829-30 and 31. 8vo. 9s.

A Preparation for Euclid. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Chance's Treatise on Powers. Vol. I. royal 8vo. 21s.

A Concise Description of selected Apples. By Hugh Ronalds. 4to. £4. 4s. plain. £5. 5s. coloured.

Britton's History, &c. of Hereford Cathedral, No. 3. to complete the Account of that Cathedral.

De la Beche's Manual of Geology. 12mo. 18s.

Booth's Principles of English Composition. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Britton's Architectural Dictionary, with ten Engravings.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Dutchman's Fireside. A Tale by the Author of "Letters from the South." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

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Rustum Khan, or, Fourteen Nights' Entertainments at the Shah Bhag, or Royal Gardens at Ahmedabad. 3 vols. post 8vo. 30s.

Roscoe's Novelist Library. Vol. III. Humphry Clinker. 12mo. 5s.

Standard Novels. Vol. V. Godwin's St. Leon. 12mo. 6s.

POETRY.

Specimens of Macaronic Poetry, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Osmin and Leila, a Turkish Tale, with other Poems. By P. E. Byrne. Esq. 2s. 6d.

The German Muse; the Worth of Woman, and the Tong of the Bell. From the German of Frederick Von Schiller, with an interlinear Translation in English. 4to. 5s.

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RELIGION AND MORALS.

The Popular Evidence of Christianity stated and examined in eight Discourses. Preached at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton. By T. W. Lancaster. 8vo. 12s.

Sermons Preached to a Country Congregation. By the Rev. C. H. Beatson Rodes. 12mo. 5s.

The Works of the late Rev. Robert Hall. Edited by Dr. O. Gregory. Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.

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Carson on Baptism. 8vo. 7s.

Selections from the Works of Hooker. By the Rev. H. Clipold. 12mo. 3s.

Trinitarian and Unitarian Sermons, according to the Scripture Doctrine of the Church of England. By the Rev. E. L. Tournour. 2 vols. 8vo. 16s.

Ryan's Lectures for Religious Instruction for Young Persons. 12mo. 4s.

The Pious Christian's Daily Preparation for Death. Extracted from the Works of Hall. 8vo. 3s.

Vindication of the Religious Opinions of the High Classes in this Country. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Sermons on Various Subjects of Christian Doctrine and Practice. By the Rev. George Garioch, Minister of Meldrum. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific. 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.

Family Library. Vol. XXIII. Being an Account of a Tour through Holland. 5s.

Dates and Distances, shewing what may be done in a Tour of Sixteen Months, as performed in 1829 and 1830. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

New Estate, or Young Travellers in Wales and Ireland. 12mo. 7s.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, a new edition. By the Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker. 5 vols. 8vo. 3s.

The Life of Bishop Kerr. Vol. II. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 8vo. 15s.

The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, written by Himself. Edited by I. I. Halls Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

The Lives of Celebrated Travellers, forming the eleventh volume of the National Library. 12mo. 6s.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

To William Geofrey Kneller, Hackney, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements on stills or apparatus for distilling.—29th June; 6 months.

To Jacob Perkins, Fleet-street, London, engineer, for improvements in generating steam.—2d July; 6 months.

To Baron Charles Wetterstedt, Whitechapel-road, Middlesex, for a composition or combination of materials for sheathing, painting, or preserving ships' bottoms, and for other purposes.—6th July; 6 months.

To Robert Hicks, Wimpole-street, Middlesex, surgeon, for certain improvements in culinary apparatus.—6th July; 6 months.

To Adolphe Jacquessou, Leicester-square, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus applicable to lithographic and other printing.—6th July; 6 months.

To Richard Prosser, Birmingham, Warwick, civil engineer, for certain improvements in manufacturing nails or tacks for ornamenting boxes and articles of furniture.—13th July; 2 months.

To John Milne, Shaw, Oldham, Lancaster, cotton spinner, for improvements on certain instruments or machines commonly called roving frames and slubbing frames, used for preparing cotton wool for spinning.—13th July; 2 months.

To Moses Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's-inn, Middlesex, gentleman, for certain improvements in steam engines and in propelling boats and other floating bodies, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes.—13th July; 6 months.

To Augustus Demondion, Old Fish-street-hill, London, for certain improvements on guns, muskets, and other fire-arms, and in cartridges to be used therewith, and method of priming the same, and in the machinery for making the said guns, muskets, and fire-arms, also the cartridges and priming, which improvements are also applicable to other purposes.—13th July; 6 months.

To James Pycroft, Rolleston, near Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, gentleman, for certain improvements connected with grates and other fire-places.—13th July; 6 months.

To Sampson Mordau, Castle-street, East Finsbury, Middlesex, engineer, for certain improvements in writing and drawing pens and penholders, and in the method of using them.—13th July; 2 months.

To William Batten, Rochester, Kent, gentleman, for an apparatus for checking or stopping chain cables, which apparatus may be applied to other purposes.—13th July; 6 months.

To John De Burgh, Marquess of Clanricarde, for certain improvements in fire-arms and in the projectiles to be used therewith.—15th July; 6 months.

List of Patents which having been granted in the month of August, 1817, expire in the present month of August, 1831.

5. Louis Felix Vallet, London, *for his new ornamental surface to metals, or metallic compositions.*

— George Stratton, London, *for his improved fire-places, and method of ventilating buildings.*

— Charles Atwood, London, *for his improved manufacture of glass.*

— John Hawks, Gateshead, Durham, *for his new iron rails for rail-ways.*

— Ludvid Granhdern, London, *for his method of preserving animal and vegetable food for stores.*

— Anthony Hill, Plymouth, *for his improvements in the working of iron.*

— John Dickinson, Abbots-Langley, Hertfordshire, *for his improved method of manufacturing paper.*

— Dennis MacCarthy, London, *for his improvements on ploughs of various descriptions.*

— John Perks, Westminster, *for his apparatus for purifying and storing gas.*

— Thomas Taft, Birmingham, *for his improved bridle and reins.*

7. Samuel Mersey, London, *for his improved method of making livery and coach lace.*

9. Edmund Richard Ball, Albury, Surrey, *for his improved paper.*

12. Edward Biggs, Birmingham, *for his improved method of making pans and stails.*

— James Bounsall, London, *for his machine for tarring, reeling, and twisting yarn and improved cordage.*

— William Geldart, and John Sewant, Leeds, *for their improvements in mangles.*

23. Jeptha Avery Wilkinson, London, *for machinery for making weavers' reeds.*

26. George Medhurst, London, *for an hydraulic balance.*

28. James Mason Champness, and Henry Binks, Cheshunt-street, Hertfordshire, *for their improved axletrees for carriages.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from June 20th, to July 22d, 1831, in the London Gazette.

[Errata in last Number—In place of "Bankrupts from May 23 to June 23"—*read*, from May 20 to June 20, &c.]

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. J. Seagood, Bread-street, table-linen manufacturer.
A. Woodhead, Salford, common-brewer.
T. P. Lansdown, Chitton, victualler.
D. Lodge, Poole, ironmonger.
S. Ramsden, Calne, cotton-manufacturer.
R. Monteith, Sloane-street, merchant.
J. Williams, Manchester, chemist.
T. F. Drought, Ilminster, druggist.
J. Toms, Kensington, grocer.
J. Shuttleworth, Liverpool, farmer.
W. Richardson, Clementhorp, Yorkshire, farmer.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 116.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Atkin, D. and D. Wheeler, Lambeth, Southwark, brewers. (Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street.
Alves, J., Norton-street, bill-broker. (Roberts, Milman-street.
Ablett, J., Hollen-street, builder. (Williams, Alfred-place.
Adams, M. Atherstone, hat-manufacturer. (Burfoot, King's-bench-walk, Temple.
Armitage, W. H., hop-merchant. (Wilks and Co., Finsbury-place.
Bernard, C., late of Calcutta, merchant. (Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry.
Bassett, W., Dean-street, builder. (Bird, Adam-street.
Bugg, J. and H. Bugg, the younger, and G. Bugg, Spalding, bankers. (Bonner, Spalding.
Brown, J., Sheerness and Tenby, oyster-merchant. (Smith and Co., Cooper's-hall.
Bishop, E. W., Pentonville, builder. (Sylvester and Co., Furnival's-inn.
Birch, R., Shrewsbury, grocer. (Watson, Shrewsbury.
Beckett, S. Hodge, cotton-spinner. (Walmsley and Co., Chancery-lane.
Burton, B. Cartworth, plumber. (Bignold and Co., Bridge-street.
Clark, W., Ilford, victualler. (Woolley, Liverpool-street.
Cash, J., Liverpool, tailor. (Morecroft, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn.
Couchman, W., Bishopsgate-street, linen-draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Crowther, S. Bradford, worsted-spinner. (Lister, Cleckeaton.
Cooper, J., Aylesbury-street, oilman. (Berkley, New-square, Lincoln's-inn.
Chapman, J. N., Bridgewater, linen-draper. (Gregory and Smith, Bristol.
Carter, J., Poppin's-court, victualler. (Brough, Fleet-street.
Chandler, C. Poulshot, Wiltshire, cattle salesman. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane.
Dobson, T., elder, T. Dobson, younger, Kidderminster and City-road, carpet-manufacturers. (Brinton, Kidderminster.
Drakeford, D., Austin-friars, broker. (Hudson, King-street.
Daughtrey, W. C. and J., Kidderminster and Bartlett's-buildings, carpet-manufacturers. (Dangerfield, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Davison and Nouaillie, Star-court, Bread-street, silkmen. (Crowether and Maynard, Lothbury.
Emery, W., Bristol, cornfactor. (Cary and Co., Bristol.
Edge, J., New-mills, Glossop, Derbyshire, calico-printer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row.
Filton, J., Somer's-town and Brighton, leather-cutter. (Davies and Co., Princes-street.
Featham, R., Islington, builder. (Brooking and Co., Lombard-street.
Flint, H., Liverpool, boarding-house-keeper. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square.
Faux, R., Bordesley, hop-merchant. (Capper, Birmingham.
Fairclough, J., Edgworth, calico-printer. (Winder, Bolton-le-Moors.
Flint, P., Burlington-arcade, bookseller. (Parton, Mildred's-court, Poultry.
Giles, W., Lad-lane, ribbon-warehouseman. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Gibbs, W., Savage-gardens, wine-merchant. (Willey and Co., Lothbury.
Goode, J., Wilderness-row, engineer. (Fawcett, Jewin-street.
Goldsmid, L. P., Carburton-street, bill-broker. (Howard, Norfolk-street, Strand.
Hodson, S., Portland-town, victualler. (Lyle, Mecklenburg-square.
Hill, J., Little Pulteney-street, dyer. (Rightley, Argyle-chambers, Regent-street.
Harral, J. H., Kirkgate, fruiterer. (Frost, Hull.
Hodson, S., Glossop, cotton-spinner. (Morris and Co., Manchester.
Hookey, J., Portsea, draper. (Long, Portsea.
Houghton, W. T., Lambeth, coal-merchant. (Dods, Northumberland-street.
Hyde, J. C., Iver-heath, miller. (Burn, Finch-lane,
Hooper, J., elder, and E. Franklin, Westbury, bankers. (Tilby, Devizes.
Huxtable, J., Bristol, factor. (Bevan and Co., Bristol.
Hartwell, T., Derby, silk-throwster. (Dalby, Derby.
Harris, L. R., St. Giles's, grocer. (Glynes, American-square.
Johnson, R., Liverpool, glazier. (Rowson, Prescot.
Jenkins, J., Drayton and J. Pillgwenlly, coal-merchants. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Leman and Son, Bristol.
Jenks, J., Bromyard, tanner. (Collins, Ledbury.
Jones, D., St. Woollos, draper. (Mason, Liverpool.
Isaacson, R. A. and S., Strand, printers.
Jones, J., Well-street, engineer. (Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury.
Kitching, S., Leeds, victualler. (Hoden, Leeds.
Kent, M. Andover, Hants., draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Lloyd, G., Stingo-lane, brewer. (Reynolds, Kingsland-road.
Litt, W. P., and J. J. Harrison and W. Harrison, Lime street, merchants. (Haddan and Co., Angel-court.
Lodge, D., Poole, ironmonger. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Parr, Poole.
Luke, J., Mark-lane, wine-merchant. (Cruickshank, King's-arms-yard,
Law, G., Liverpool, builder. (Holme and Co., New-inn.
Lewis, W., Reading, brewer. (Pittman, Paddington-green.
March, J. Tutbury, grocer. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street.
Marr, E. J., Sculcoate and Hull, dealer. (Frost, Hull.
Moore, J. M., Ashbourne, innkeeper. (Flint, Uttoxeter.
Moore, W. and J. M'Creight, Liverpool, corn-merchants. (Bardswell, Liverpool.
Moses, T. M., Stockton-upon-Tees, joiner, &c. (Marshall, Durham.
Merryweather, S., Manchester, brewer. (Mallock, Southampton-street.

Marsh, J., Manchester, inn-keeper. (Crossley and Co., Manchester.
Martin, T. and F. Richard, London-wall and Leeds, wool-brokers. (Hindman and Co., Basinghall-street.
Muddell, J., New-street, hosier. (Aston, Old Broad street.
Morville, J., Wakefield, horse-dealer. (Rathbone, Crown-court; Janson, Wakefield.
Mackenzie, A., sen., Liverpool, liquor-merchant. (Cuvelje, Great James-street.
Mott, F. O. P., King-street, Bloomsbury, coach-maker. (Baker and Hodson, Lincoln's inn-fields.
Naylor, J., Milk-street, woollen-warehouseman. (Fisher, 162, Aldersgate-street.
Needham, E., Stockport, currier. (Milne and Co., Temple.
Osborn, J., Gainsborough, ironmonger. (Shepherd, Great Driffield.
Owen, J., Chiswell-street, victualler. (Glynes, America-square.
Overton, J. L., Leamington Priors, builder. (Haynes, Warwick.
Phillips, J., Brook-street, tobacconist. (Norton, Jewin-street.
Pattison, W., Wetherby, spirit-merchant. (Baillie, Tadcaster.
Payne, D. B., H. Hope, and G. H. Hope, Wells, bankers. (Brookes, Wells.
Palmer, J., Birmingham, scrivener. (Parker, Birmingham,
Phipp, P., Union-court, auctioneer. (Taylor, King-street, Cheapside.
Pontin, J. M., Turnmill-street, wire-weaver. (Rush, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Richardson, W., Clementhorpe, tanner. (Blanchard and Co., York.
Raven, J. S., Skinner-street, grocer. (Wigley, Essex-street, Strand.
Riley, T., Coventry, dyer. (Austen and Co., Gray's inn.
Sawbridge, W., Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn.
Smith, J., Blackman-street, linen-draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Salter, J., Tiverton, stationer. (Bennett, Featherstone-buildings.
Saywell, A., Queenborough, linen-draper (Edmeades, Sheerness.
Smith, W., Welwyn, grocer. (Grover and Co., Bedford-row.
Sale, S. H., Glossop, cotton-spinner. (Morris and Co., Manchester.
Smith, W., Turnham-green, draper. (Brooks, New-inn.
Staton, R., Carlton street, tailor. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn.
Spedding, D., Carlisle, butcher. (Hodgson, Carlisle.
Smith, J. C., Lower Deptford-road, ship-owner. (Long, Staple-inn.
Sutton, J., Andover, seedsman. (Everest, Epsom.
Solomon, E., Bath, jeweller. (Hellings, Bath.
Statham, T. jun., Clunton, cattle-dealer. (Kough, Shrewsbury.
Tilsley, W., and W. Jones, Newtown, bankers, (Drew, Newtown.
Tosker, W., Waterhead mill, Oldham, inn-keeper. (Shuttleworth, Rochdale.
Tapper, H., Titchfield, innkeeper. (Paddon, Fareham.
Triggs, H., Sol's-row, copper-plate-printer. (Sturmy, Southwark.
Timbrell, T., Trowbridge, banker. (Egan and Co., Essex-street; Luxford and Co., Bradford.
Viney, C. Brodsley, Warwickshire, victualler. (Tooke and Carr, Bedford-row.
Williams, W., St. Woollos, coal-merchant. (M'Donnell and Co., Usk; Prothero and Co., Newport.
Willshire, W., elder, and G. Willshire, Oxford-street, bakers. (Young, Mark-lane.
West, T., and A. Brain, younger, Conham, coal-miners. (Meredith, Birmingham.
White, W., Newent, corn-dealer. (Henderson and Co., Lancaster-place.
Wright, J. I. B., Liverpool, druggist. (Williams, Liverpool.
Watkins, J., Old Kent-road, victualler. (Gaitskell, Southwark.
Wigston, W, Derby, lace-manufacturer.
West, J., Froome, Selwood, banker and ironmonger. (Jessop, Derby.
Yewens, W., Copthall-court or Pentonville, mine-agent. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE process of flowering in the wheats, that most critical advance towards maturity, has, according to the whole tenor of our information, passed off in a healthful and natural state, and the ears, upon rich lands, are long, full and exuberant. The drawback as to this crop of crops, is, of course, upon cold and foul clay lands, chilled to the heart by the long and continued moisture of past seasons, and the want of refreshment by that first of improvements on all such, under-draining. On these soils, the corn stands thin, and both the stalk and the ear are short. On middling soils also, the ears, though numerous and healthy, which may be looked upon as a balance, are small, thence not superabundant in kernel. As a consequence of the few days of rigid and unseasonable frost in May, we, from old experience, foresaw the foundation of at least a partial blight, which is now confirmed—its well known indications, to a greater or less degree, being apparent in most crops; in some, that most dreaded malady the smut, which may be either propagated by smutty seed, or originate primarily from the atmospheric stroke, however pure the seed sown. This we painfully experimented and ascertained long since. The Scots are reiterating their complaints against the *fly*, as the devourer of their wheats during the last four years, of which, as lately observed, we have no experience, having always found the damages to arise from the *aphis*, in its pediculous, not its winged state. Nor are we aware, so far as our experience extends, that, the aphis fly survives the winter, though we do not deny the possibility. The same rule holds, so far as we know, in reference to the turnip crop—no blight, no fly; though some letters state the small damage which during the present season has been done to those plants, to have been occasioned by last year's flies, or even those of several seasons old. The wheat, indeed all the culmiferous crops on the poorest and thinnest light lands, were subjected to a variety, some of them incurable defects, from the long drought, and

the beans are partially injured by the insect; but in general, though short in the haulm, it is fully podded. As a whole, wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, turnips, are sanguinely expected to produce a full average crop; but to repeat our last year's caution, we say *aspice finem*, let us wait the event; we shall determine with more accuracy, after the harvest shall have been got in, and the articles submitted to the test of measure and value. In Ireland, they speak most decisively of the luxuriance of their crops; in Scotland, with less assurance; and on many parts of the continent they apprehend considerable failure, the drought probably having been there more severe and continuous, than in our insular climate.

The late heavy storms of wind and rain, fortunately of short duration, battered down the bulkiest and most luxuriant crops in exposed quarters. The grain must be thence subject to certain degrees of damage, and the former to an additional expence in harvesting. The period since has been almost diurnally showery, but the temperature mild, yet to a degree influensal, the wind generally in the S. W., but almost daily and temporarily verging towards the N., and precluding the access of any excessive dog-day heats. Our ancient acquaintance Swithin, who by patent is *Sanctus pluviosus*, has been daily exercising his privilege of either moistening or drenching us, and should he proceed to the full length of his tether, namely, forty days, he will add considerably to the labour and expense of the harvest, the commencement of which upon the forwardest lands is matter of daily expectation. On such, considerable quantities of peas have been already harvested in fine condition. On some lands, the vermin have made great havoc with this crop. All the grasses have failed in point of quantity, and we have another greatly deficient crop of clover. The hay, however, is generally well got up, and the quality excellent, a great advantage to those stock breeders, in the North particularly, who hold such numerous herds from the impossibility of obtaining a remunerating price for their store cattle. On the head of live stock, there seems to be nothing new. Horned cattle and horses at the fairs, are generally quoted lower, but with frequent exceptions, chiefly in the South. As to the élite of saddle and coach horses, they have, for years past, defied all market variation or decline; and in Norfolk, and some other counties, high quality in the cattle has commanded a brisk sale, and high price. Pig stock, particularly the young, are quoted dearer, yet we have been of late much surprised to hear several farmers assert, that there is no profit attached to pig breeding. All speculation is on the side of an advance on wool, which nevertheless is yet tardy. The hops are in somewhat of a dubious state, from the various appearances of blight upon them, though the bine is exceedingly strong and luxuriant. Worcester and Herefordshire are said to be most fortunate with this precarious crop. The few crops of flax grown, chiefly in the S. W., are most beautiful and flourishing. Of hemp, another ornamental as well as useful crop, we have heard little of late years, even in Norfolk; and saffron, we suppose, has been long extinct, even at Saffron Walden. The great demand for bread corn has long since nearly extinguished all crops of those extra kinds, which we willingly import, as the great declaimers against importation are in the constant habit of doing with all sorts of seeds. From the constant rains, the second crop of grass must prove abundant; thence, from the fine quality of the one and the quantity of the other, it may yet prove a fortunate hay and grass season. In Scotland, they complain of a disease in the oats, there styled the leg or tulip root, of which we have no experience, at least, under that nick-name; they also say, that their land has grown tired of clover, a very common complaint with us in former days, which, however, we then supposed to originate chiefly in an improper management of that crop. We have seen in this country the stoutest and heaviest crops of clover we ever witnessed. Though the fruits were so generally cut off in quantity, there has yet been no scarcity of those in season, but at an advanced price.

The following is a wonderful evidence of the immense powers of multiplication in seeds. A single rye-grass seed produced 278 stems. There were 15 joints in each stem, each joint containing 10 seeds, making the extraordinary total of 41,700 seeds. The plant was grown, and the account taken by Mr. Reeve, of Yalding.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. to 5s.—Lamb, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 6d.—Dairy-Pork, 5s.—Rough fat, 2s. 7d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 55s. to 72s.—Barley, 26s. to 34s.—Oats, 21s. to 32s.—Bread, 4lb. London loaf, 10d.—Hay, 50s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 70s. to 120s.—Straw, 27s. to 38s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, 31s. 6d. to 32s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 25th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

Rev. W. S. Phillips to be Chaplain to Bishop of Gloucester.—Rev. W. Knight to the perpetual Curacy of St. James's, Myton.—Rev. T. G. Parr, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Michael's, Lichfield.—Rev. C. F. Millard, to the Vicarage of Sedgeford, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Underwood, to the Vicarage of Upton Bishop, Herefordshire.—Rev. C. H. Luteridge, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Paul, Huddersfield.—Rev. C. Clutton, to the Vicarage of Lugwardine, Herefordshire.—Rev. A. Matthews, to be Canon Residentiary of Hereford.—Rev. H. Huntingford, to the office of Protector in Divinity in the cathedral church of Hereford.—Rev. Sir G. W. Bishop, Bart., to the Deanery of Lissmore.—Rev. S. V. L. Hammick, to the Ministry of Brunswick chapel, St. Marylebone.—Rev. H. W. Cottle to the Vicarage of Watford, Northampton.—Rev. S. Hudson, jun., to the Rectory of Castle Carrock, Cumberland.—Rev. G. Mason, to the Rectory of Whitwell, Derbyshire.—Rev. G. Woods, to the Rectory of Westdean-cum-Singleton, Sussex.—Rev. J. Clifton, to the Vicarage of Willoughby-on-the-Wolds, Nottingham.—Rev. J. F. Woodham, to be Chaplain to the County Jail, Hants.—Rev. C. Sympson, to the Rectory of Teversall, Notts.—Rev. G. H. Bowen, to the Rectory of St. Paul, Covent Garden.—Rev. J. Vaughan, to be afternoon Lecturer of St. Clement Danes, London.—Rev. C. Swan, to the Rectory of St. Michael's, Stamford.—Rev. J. White, to the Vicarage of Saxilly, Lincolnshire.—Rev. W. Dusatoy, to the Rectory of Exton, Hants.—Rev. T. R. Wolcome, to be Rural Dean of the Deanery of Castle Martin.—Rev. H. Nicholls, of Barnstaple, to the Vicarage of Rockbear, Devon.—Rev. W. Ford, to the perpetual Curacy of Cumwhitton.

HOME MARRIAGES.

Sir B. R. Graham, Bart., to Harriet, fifth daughter of the Rev. R. Cottam.—J. Stuckey, Esq., to Monique, niece of the late Sir W. Bellingham, Bart.—E. Tremayne, Esq., to Sarah Henrietta, only daughter of Rear Admiral Watkins.—J. Webber, Esq., to Susan, fourth daughter of General Churchill.—Rev. R. Berners, youngest son of Archdeacon Berners, to Eliza, third daughter of the late General Sir C. Cuyler, Bart.—Rev. K. C. Bayley, to Miss Charlotte Brockman.—Rev. W. Horne, eldest son of Sir W. Horne, his Majesty's Solicitor General, to Miss Elizabeth Busk.—Lieut. Col. Hughes, to Eliza Luther, daughter of J. Taylor, Esq., late physician to the King.—Sir John Ogilvey, Bart., to Juliana Barbara, youngest daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.—M. T. Smith, Esq., M. P., to Louisa, third daughter of Sir M W. Ridley, Bart., M.P.—Rev. C. I. Glyn, son of Sir. R. C. Glyn, Bart., to Miss Augusta Granville.

HOME DEATHS.

Admiral Sir John Knight, 83.—W. Roscoe, Esq., 77. — Lady Eldon, 76, wife of the Earl of Eldon.—Lord Grey, son of Earl Wilton. — Vice-Admiral Viscount Torrington, 64.—Rev. Dr. Randolph, 77.—At Plymouth, Anna, Baroness Trimlestoun, 73, widow of Robert, Lord Trimlestoun.—At Bath, Hon. Eliza Baillie, relict of Colonel W. A. Baillie, and daughter of Viscount Doneraile.—In Arlington-street, Lord Robert Spencer, 83.—Very Rev. J. Bayly, Dean of Lissmore.—Lady Katharine Walpole, 82.—At Merton Abbey, Rear Admiral Isaac Smith, 79.—At Derrymore, Mathew Greany, 107.—At Trowell, in which village he was born, Mr. John Bacon, 100.—In the World's-end-passage, Chelsea, Charles Patrick Gibson, 111.—Rev. John Gutch, 86.—R. W. Elliston, Esq., 58.—At Bath, C. Phillott, Esq., 85. — At Roehampton, Lord Augustus Hill, fourth son of the late Marquess of Downshire.—Sir. G. Montgomery, Bart., M.P., Peebles.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Malta, the Earl of Rothes, to Louisa, third daughter of Col. Morshead.—At Leghorn, A. Homfray, Esq., son of Sir J. Homfray, to Eustatia, daughter of Vice-Admiral Donnelly, and sister of Lady Audley.—At Jersey, C. Franklyn, Esq., to Emily H. Torrens, daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Popham.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Earl of Dundonnald, 83.—At Kleizewo, General Diebitsch Sabalkansky, commander in chief of the Russian forces in Poland. — At Sidney, (Australia), Dr. Halloran, 65. — The Grand Duke Constantine.

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THE CONFERENCE, AND THE FIVE GREAT POWERS.

It is impossible to doubt that the condition of those governments which attempt to keep Europe from coming to blows, is one of increasing difficulty; that the political relations of the continent are becoming more hazardous hour by hour; and that the whole aspect of public affairs, both abroad and at home, teems with revolution.

We by no means join in the parliamentary oratory against the foreign policy, even of the Whigs. Sinners as they openly are against the stability of the constitution, we have no ground for suspecting them of ill-will to the external strength of the empire. With all the administrations that have governed the country since the Hanover accession, the policy has been, directly, to act as arbiter between the continental powers, to be the general peace-maker, and by throwing the weight of England on the weaker side, to preserve the general equality of the balance.

This was Pitt's successful policy, and for which he entered into the war with France, in 1793. This was Fox's unsuccessful policy, and for which he plunged into the negociation with France, in 1806. This was the Perceval policy, for which the minister aided Spain; this was the Canning policy, for which, different as the administrations were in all other points, the minister aided Portugal; and this is the policy for which Wellington, the enemy of Reform, rescued Turkey from the grasp of Russia; and for which Grey, the enthusiast for Reform, now struggles to save Belgium from being the prey of France, Prussia, and Holland, and the source of an universal war. The unquestionable fact is, that the foreign policy of all the successive administrations has been their strong-hold, and that it is guided by such obvious and necessary principles, that no administration *can* go far wide of the mark. As a proof of this, we ask, what administration, for the last fifty years, has ever been beaten on the ground of its foreign policy? Motions, innumerable, have been made to shake them, on every casualty abroad, but they have cleared themselves with such ease, that the assailants have

always lost ground with the country!—No. If ministers are to be attacked effectually, the attack must be brought in to their own quarters; they must be attacked for their insults to the rights of the subject, and their tamperings with the constitution.

Still, we by no means give Lord Grey's cabinet credit for the part which they have acted in the present convulsion. The Belgian revolt is now almost a year old. The British Government ought to have ascertained, in that time, the *true feeling* of the leading governments on this subject, a point which they have evidently not ascertained at this hour; and we question whether our foreign minister now knows more of the actual mind of Austria, Prussia, or Russia, relative to Belgium, than he did on the first announcement that Belgium was free. In this we say nothing of the mind of Metternich, for we do not expect that cautious and profound statesman to lay his mind open to any man's inspection. Yet there are circumstances which make a peculiar policy imperative on nations, let their ministers be as subtle as the serpent; and it is by judging of those circumstances that a man of ability acts with decision and success. But the whole state of Europe, during the last twelve months, is a lesson against our putting faith in high names. The French insurrection took every cabinet of Europe by surprise; yet it might have been conjectured by every man who drank a cup of coffee in a Parisian cabaret. The Belgian insurrection startled every potentate from the Volga to the Tagus; yet it might have been conjectured by every lounger over a Flemish Gazette; or, if he did not find it in the paragraphs of the paper, he might have found it in the editor's announcement, that he wrote in a dungeon, and that he was one of a dozen or twenty editors who were in dungeons at the same time for speaking their minds. The Polish insurrection was wondered at, till the rescripts of the German courts had no other language; and yet it was notorious to every drummer in Poland, three years ago, that the Russian government dared not give the Polish regiments a round of ball-cartridge, for fear of their firing it down the throats of Constantine and his aides-de-camp. It was notorious that Russia dared not march a single Polish regiment to the Turkish war, and that Poland cursed Constantine, and those who delivered it into the hands of that savage, every day the sun rose. And yet men wondered when Poland made one wild and desperate effort to break the Russian chain.

The labours of the five powers to secure the quiet of Belgium have been more than unlucky, and it is inconceivable how they could have expected that Prince Leopold's simple presence would have quieted Holland, at the moment when Holland distinctly proclaimed that it would be a declaration of war; and the Dutchman kept his word. No sooner had the unlucky Prince arrived, than he was saluted with the bellowing of the Belgic boors running away from the Dutch bayonets. He was roused from his Belgic bed, at two in the morning, to look upon his villages blazing for fifty miles round. His next royal indulgence was to fight a battle, in which all his heroes ran away, and the exulting Gazetteer of his exploits, details them all in the words that "*the King did not run away.*" After this unequalled triumph, he had still another opportunity of adding verdure to his laurels; for he was caught, aye, even by Dutch alacrity, cooped up in the City of Louvain, and his heroes who, a month ago, were to have pelted King William of Nassau and all his

host, with apples, out of their "glorious Brabant," were delighted to make a bargain for their lives, and quietly evacuate Louvain. What became of poor Leopold during this brilliant business is still hidden from history. But he is alive, to receive his pension, and we shall have him receiving it at Claremont yet. Never was unlucky Prince so plumped over head and ears into a sea of troubles; and this too, after the soft life that he has been leading among us for fifteen idle and well-fed, and prodigiously well-pensioned years. Well may he cry—

——————"O happy, lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But King William of Nassau, too, has shewn himself an obstinate blockhead on the occasion. Out of Brussels his troops and his sons had been as fairly beaten as ever men were. The Belgians had achieved the honour of beating the Dutch, such as it was, and the affair was at an end. There was just retribution in this, for the Belgians had been handed over like sheep to King William, and they complained that he clipped the fleece with Dutch shears, and fairly told him that they did not like the mode of conveyance nor the style of shearing. Of course, as is the manner of continental kings, he only clipped them the closer, threw their newspaper-writers into jail, and ordered them, as a national punishment, to learn Dutch. This was the final aggravation; to a man, the Belgians refused to learn the jargon of the Hollanders; they threw off the yoke, and that yoke they will never again wear, while the Nassaus live on this side of the Tropics.

The quarrel about Luxemburg was more doubtful, but this too was one of the *purchases;* a cession for a territory on the Rhine, altogether without any question being asked of the wills of the people who were thus handed from sovereign to sovereign, as a man would make over a mortgage of so many fish-ponds full stocked, or transfer the allegiance of so many swine. But, even the Luxemburgers were human beings, though the knowledge of that fact escaped the royal salesmen on both sides; and they followed the example of the Belges, and swore that they would have no more to do with William of Nassau. And what else could the Dutchman expect, if a Dutchman can know any thing of human feeling? We shall soon see all those purchases nullified in the same easy manner, and the bargainers of "souls" stripped at once of their purchases, and their money.

The Dutch troops began their campaign fiercely, and the unlucky Belges have had that taste of the cup of glory which may cure them of any inclination to drink deeper for a while. Their rout seems to have been of a very consummate kind; they not merely ran away, but they threw away every thing belonging to their soldiership; muskets, knapsacks, cartridges, the caps off their heads, and the shoes off their feet; waggons and cannon they naturally left to the Dutch for their trouble in running after them, and the campaign being over, the volunteers gave themselves their congè. We shall yet see the effect of triumph in the bogs of Holland itself, and even a Dutch Epic may be among the miracles of the nineteenth century.

But the Hollander was a blockhead after all: in his eagerness to frighten Leopold out of his uneasy throne, he seems to have utterly forgotten that France was within a hundred yards of Belgium, and that the first shot fired would awaken all France to the game that she loves

better than even dancing or flirtation. The first shot *was* fired, and instantly the French rushed to the spot, like boys to a pastime, or hounds to a view-halloo. Before the news was in Paris five minutes, King Philip was in council, sword in hand. Before the sun reached his noon, the telegraph had sent the news from Paris to Bayonne, to Lisle, and every where. Before dinner-time, all France was in an ecstacy at the hope of going to war at last; and, before supper, the two young dukes and future Charlemagnes, were escorted, in triumph, by the rabble out of Paris, exulting, "to make their first campaign." Fifty thousand gallant Gauls were on foot in twenty-four hours, and marching in full gaiety on Belgium. For this the Hollander was unprepared, and the Gauls would have made *bouilli* of his cavalry and infantry, beaten his cannon into camp-kettles, and turned his baggage into bonfires, if he had waited for them till another sunset. But the news extinguished his military ardour at once, and the war of Dutch glory was at an end; and it is the absurdity of having been unprepared for this, that makes us think contemptuously of the brains of King William. There was not a smuggler of schiedam, in all his borders, who could not have told his majesty that the French were longing only for an opportunity of pouncing on Holland, or Belgium, or any thing that came in the way; that not a French dragoon had blacked his boots, for the last six months, but with a hope that before night he would be bemiring them on the march to Belgium; that the hope of beating the Dutch first and the world afterwards, has been the solitary and the social thought of the French garrisons for the last year; that it has made their chansons, raised their spirits, and filled every man of them, from the drummer to the duke, with hallucinations of full pay, double rations, plunder, and new ribbons at their button-holes. Yet King William and all his councillors, within a few leagues of them, were as ignorant of all this as new-born babes. And when the fact flashed upon them at last, and they saw the French cavalry running out to plant their pickets on the hills, like school-boys broke loose for the holidays, they fancied that though such a contingency was possible, they "could never have looked upon it as *probable*." So much for the grave wisdom of the Mynheers!

But a heavier charge lies against the Dutch. There can be no doubt that they broke faith, and broke it with an attempt at saving character, which is, in all cases, only the stronger evidence of conscious deception. It is acknowledged that there was an armistice with the Belgians, and an armistice opened expressly for the purpose of negociation with the "Conference." That armistice was *broken* by the Dutch, at the moment while they were sending their envoy to negociate. What could be the impression of those to whom that minister of peace was sent, but that while the end, negociation, was obviously pursued, the means, the armistice, would be pursued too? Or what could be the King of Holland's impression, but that, the moment the news of his invasion reached England, all negociation must be at an end? Can we believe that he sent an envoy with the *bonâ fide* intention to make peace, while he knew that within three days all peace-making would be nullified by his own act of making war? Let the Dutchman deny the conclusion if he will—it is irresistible. Again, he clears his conscience by sending a letter to the British ministry to warn them of his hostilities. And for this purpose he sends a letter which *cannot* reach London before Wednesday, to *warn* them of hostilities which he was to begin on

Tuesday, This warning, *after* the event, may be diplomatic and Dutch, but all men of common sense will know the name for it. The results of this rash and ungenerous attempt are, *already*—that the Dutch King has been forced to abandon all the fruits of his expedition in a moment—that he has for ever extinguished the hope of having partizans in Belgium—that he has roused the French soldiery, and enfeebled the peace-party in France, a measure which may yet terminate in the extinction of his dynasty—and that he has actually *compelled* England to take part against an ally to which she has at all times been the most active and powerful protector. In this there is no enumeration of the villages burned, the property destroyed, the families beggared, and the lives lost. Those are considerations too *un*-royal for conquerors. But they are high considerations notwithstanding; and the government which rushes into war without the most irresistible necessity, without that necessity which would make a man start from his bed and take his pistols to repel a robber, has seldom failed of being taught the lesson of fearful retribution. The French are on his haunches still, and *there they will stay!*

The state of Poland has long excited the most painful anticipations. From the beginning, every man knew that Russia was too powerful for her, and the first feeling of all Europe was terror for the ruin which her gallant spirit was bringing on itself. But that spirit exhibited a gallantry so much beyond all that Europe had expected, so high a determination to resist the tyrant, and so noble a courage displayed alike in the senate and the field, that the general hope revived; men rejoiced to think that one victim more was rescued from the grasp of a fierce and barbarian despotism, and the world looked upon the struggle of Poland and Russia as they would upon a contest of the principles of light and darkness.

In all this there was no mixture of revolutionary feeling, no delight in the triumph of the populace over established authority; it was the rising of the slave against a master more ignorant and brutal than the lowest condition of servitude—the rightful demand of an ancient people to possess the enjoyment of their own laws and properties—a justified wrath against the domination of a savage rejected by his own country, and finding the best excuse for his capricious violences in his being half mad. Against Russia and her viceroy, Poland has made out a case which would justify revolt in any age of the world.

But her rights and her valour have earned for her only the sympathy of Europe—they have not roused its interposition. The Russian armies, however defeated by the impetuous patriotism of the Poles, rest on too populous and powerful a country to be finally worn out; their defeats have produced fresh levies, and the storm of war seems to be at last gathering round Warsaw. The latest accounts state that the Russians under Paskewitch were within a few leagues of the capital, and that the remaining leaders and troops of the patriots were concentrating round the last hold of national freedom.

In lamenting that no European interposition had been available, we can scarcely blame England and France, so much as we regret the result. They are both bound by treaties to Russia, and treaties are not to be broken. No contingency of national advantage, nor even of national humanity, can countenance a breach of faith. That tie among nations

must be sacred under all circumstances; and we believe, that it might be easily ascertained, from a slight review of history, that few nations, perhaps none, ever committed a determined breach of treaty, let the motive be what it might, without being deeply scourged for it by the retributive hand of Heaven. France, and her breach of treaty in the American war, is a memorable example, and should be perpetually before the eyes of kings. If Poland is to be saved, it must be by other acts than the violation of public faith.

But let the consequence be what it may, Poland has infinitely exalted her own character; if her soldiers and statesmen should at last be forced to abandon the struggle, they will be received in every part of Europe with honour; a generous sympathy will attend them wherever they go; and the time may not be distant when they shall be summoned under more powerful auspices, and with a happier fortune, to achieve the independence of their country.

The debates in the British parliament on the French attack on Don Miguel have passed away without effect. We have no great respect for the Duke of Wellington's sincerity in public affairs, and as little for Lord Aberdeen's wisdom. His lordship, in the eagerness of his opposition, forgot that he himself was one of the most virulent, the most *personally* virulent, accusers of Don Miguel, and that there was no language in the vocabulary of contempt which he did not lavish on the unlucky usurper. The Duke chose to forget that the policy which made all alliance with Don Miguel impossible, was his own, and that the Wellington cabinet treated the Portuguese with the most inflexible haughtiness. Of course Lord Grey forgot none of those things, and the Lord and the Duke were equally laughed at, and with equal justice. France has chastised this contemptible prince—and why not? He insulted her, and in the spirit of the same folly which had offered the insult, he refused the compensation. She forced the Tagus, seized his fleet, which seems to have behaved most miserably, and is now compelling him to pay £40,000 for the trouble of punishing him. He is evidently a wretched coxcomb.

But what cares England about the difference between him and Don Pedro, or the little Donna Maria. What fitness has any one of them exhibited for being at the head of a people? Don Pedro has been turned out of his kingship, and now, instead of retiring into that solitude which would be the only thing congenial to a great mind fallen undeservedly from power, is nightly flourishing about ball-rooms and dinner-parties, bedizened like an ambassador's footman—the only thing such fellows are fit for. Such are not the beings for whom the manly people of England will ever interest themselves, much less go to war. Let them have their mazurkas and gallopades, their coats daubed with lace, and their faces covered with moustaches—and they have all they can want. British gold or British blood would be thrown away criminally, if either the one or the other were hazarded in the quarrels of dandyism.

COACHES, CABS, AND OMNIBUSES.

The indignation of an injured people, too long *driven* against their wills, and what aggravates the injury, forced to pay for being so driven, has at length risen to a conflux—and hackney-coaches must be new horsed, new lined, and new painted, "or the patience of a suffering nation will explode," and Heaven alone knows what will be the consequence. The Cabinet have promised a reform in the vehicular administration, and a general four-footed and four-wheeled change is at this moment organizing in an attic of the Home Department. We shall give all our assistance to this great reform; in the meantime we are told that—

"A bill has been brought in to alter and amend the Hackney Coach Laws—not before it was wanted. The absurdity of 'no half-crown fare,' and the monstrous nonsense of allowing a Jarvey to plunder his inexperienced customer of two shillings for driving him a quarter of a mile off the stones, after sunset, under the name of 'back carriage,' we expect will now be done away. The middle classes (though Mr. Twiss would perhaps deny that they can understand the merits of the case) have long considered these to be great nuisances."

However, this much must be said for the hackney-coaches that, bad as they are, they are much better than the cabs, which are to the full as dirty, and a hundred times more *dangerous*. The coach trade is a poor one, and the outfits are so heavy that *no* profit is made unless the coach takes fifteen shillings a day, while its gains are often not half the money. But why not establish omnibuses in the streets, and thus get rid of the whole crazy system at once? The French have omnibuses running through the streets of Paris, to the great convenience of the public. Why have we not the same here? In London they are confined to the City-road, and the line from Piccadilly to the Mansion-house (and in that line they can take nothing but the fare for the whole), not the five-hundredth part of the conveyance that the people want every day. There was some promise by Mr. Goulburn of a Bill on the subject, and now the whole sinks into a mere change in licencing, which adds to the burthens of the coach-owner, and he is poor enough already, without adding in the slightest degree to the convenience of the public. The breaking up of the Hackney Coach Board will be rather an inconvenience than a good, for the commissioners were *gentlemen*, and they treated the complainants before them with attention and civility. We suppose that the complaints must now be carried to Bow-street, that brilliant seminary where Sir Richard Birnie, one of the most renowned of human vulgarians, a person whose law we must suppose equal to his chances for acquiring knowledge of any kind, is the grand professor of courtesy and jurisprudence.

What if we have dearer licences, there is no great improvement in the increase of a tax. Or if these licences generate more cabriolets, what is this but to multiply broken bones? The plain fact is, that the whole system of street-vehicles must be changed. The hackney-coach is too expensive to its owner, to be given at a rate cheap enough for the people. It, therefore, becomes a crazy and a filthy vehicle, with the harness rotten, the horses starved, and the coachman drunk, insolent, and a thief. The cabs are cheap by comparison, but cheating goes on there too in abundance, and the cab is, after all, not much safer than a

balloon; decayed wheels, broken-kneed horses, and the immediate contact of a driver covered with filth, smelling of gin, and perhaps carrying about disease with him, are the charms of the cab. The only rational contrivance hitherto, is the omnibus or the stage; and if they were allowed to ply through the streets as they do on the road, at a fixed price, according to the time—which would probably be better than the distance, in so large a city as London—for instance, at a shilling an hour, and with smaller sums for the half hour and the quarter—a very remarkable addition would be made to the comforts of the multitude, who are now compelled to trudge through the streets, in heat and cold, or be cheated by the ruffians of the whip, and insulted into the bargain.

PAGANINI'S INTERVIEW WITH SATAN.

The Deil came fiddlin' thro' our town.—BURNS.

THERE was a man—a solitary man—
Stood in the depths of a dark night alone,
And ever and anon his fingers ran
Along an instrument of dulcet tone.
'Twas in a dreary room,
Or dungeon, where the gloom
Looked still more gloomy in the shadowy night,
From the fast-failing glare of one poor candle's light.
'Twas said he was confined
Within that prison for some unknown crime—
Some dark mysterious act of vengeance or of shame,
So damnable, that holy men resigned
So great a sinner to a place and time
Where torture punishes with burning flame
Those whom their blessed prayers *forget* to name.
But there was he adjudged for years and years,
To wash away his errors in his tears.
Some said he had a most unhappy case,
That he had shrunk from all his guilt disclosing;
Some said the *tenor* of his life was *bass,*
For he'd been found with others' goods *transposing:*
And some in a mysterious manner hinted
That he'd been known so very high to *play,*
He couldn't keep it up, unless he printed
And gave false *notes* away.
Then others, who were more mysterious still,
Swore he had been the *leader of a band,*
Who made some *shake,* and other people thrill,
With many a fearful *instrument* in hand;
And some were sure 'twas treason, for of late
He had been seen holding communications
With many people of another state,
And made strange *overtures* to other nations.
But these are all pretences
Got up by Rumour in her many shapes;

'Tis true, he had committed some offences;
But then, I'm sure, they were the merest *scrapes.*
He was a little cracked, it might be said,
And always had some "crotchet" in his head.
What was his crime, I know not—what his story,
In very truth I know as little more.
It might be some false movement *con amore,*
Or he *con spirito* run up a *score;*
And then his creditors had thought it best
To place him in a *rest.*
Perhaps he was a man of some ambition,
Who wished the world to think him a musician.
Perhaps he might have loved the *flats* to diddle;
In that, I say, there's neither guilt nor shame;
He might at times desire to play *first fiddle*—
And who the deuce don't like to do the same?
But there, poor soul, was he to curse his stars,
Within so many *bars.*

No voice came near him in his loneliness—
No sounds, save chains and their infernal din,
He had no friend to cheer him in distress,
He had no pleasure—save his violin.
And there all day
He worked away,
And all the livelong night he still was playing;
He never thought of sleep,
And ate but little—just enough to keep
From his thin form his dreamless soul from straying.

Oh! how delicious was the sound
That from the walls reverberated round!
The creeping things came from their holes,
Looking as if they too had souls;
And spiders on their slender threads were there,
Listening, delighted, in the midway air.
But, oh! those sounds too soon were past,
For they were far too sweet to last.
Alas! no joy can last for ever,
For still some care its sorrow brings;
Time can the stoutest cable sever,
And even fiddlers break their strings!
Yes, one by one they broke,
Worn by his rapid stroke,
Snapt quite asunder to his grief and woe;
And there alone he stood,
As many others would,
Trying to do with "two strings to his bow."

"Ah, me!" he thought,
"'Tis dearly bought,
This skill for which I have such dangers run."
When, oh!—the thing—
Crack went the string,
And left his fiddle bare of all but one!
This was a monstrous bore, all will allow—
Enough to make an angel raise a bother;
He could not play upon his fiddle now—
Could any other?

Save some professor which the laws may bring,
  That honest folks their judgment may applaud,
Who makes a flourish on a *single string,*
  And exits with a *chord.*
He raged, he stamped, he swore,
His long and jetty hair to rags he tore,
  And got in such a passion,
That all at once around about his middle
  His dress was hanging somewhat Wetherell-fashion ;
And then he wished the Devil had his fiddle.

    Alone—alone he stood!
  And felt a something creeping o'er his blood;
The candle in the socket burnt more blue,
The air seemed growing of a sulphur hue ;
  He looked, and looked again, and gave a groan,
    For he was *not* alone :
  There right before him, on the self-same level,
      He saw the Devil!
    I will not now describe how he was drest ;
I merely say 'twas with respectability—
Such as would mark the Devil of gentility.
  His claws looked just as clever,
  His tail seemed much the same as ever ·
    Ask Cruikshank for the rest.

With graceful bow, and look paternal,
  And gentle voice, he said——But stay :
That voice was really then not so *infernal*
    As many poets say.
      "Mortal!" he said,
      And bowed his head,
  "Give me your fiddle!"—and then he took it ;
      (Now this I know
      Has happened so ;
  I'd say it before a judge—and book it).
And then—as if the young winds from their sleep
  Arose refreshed to journey o'er the earth,
Sweeping the echoes from the billowy deep,
  And calling all sweet voices into birth—
There came such soft delicious tones around,
  Filling the air with such melodious tune,
As if a charm was borne in every sound,
  Sweet as the fragrance in the flowers of June.
    Now high, now low it went,
  In sounds so full of richness, that it bred
  A world of wonder in the fiddler's head,
To know from what divinest instrument
      Those tones arose :
    His dark eye brightened,
    His soul began to feel less frightened ;
        A look
        He took,
      And squinted o'er his nose!
Oh! the amazement which he felt to see
  The Devil there with fiddle in his hand,
  Playing a concerto piece so fine and grand,
That e'en Viotti could not play, or any great as he ;
      And then the tone

Came sweet, and full, and rich, and clear,
Upon his so-astonished ear,
He scarcely could believe it might be played
Upon the best Cremona ever made;
Yet 'twas all brought from that one string alone.
Indeed, 'twas so divine,
That I must say,
Doubt it who may,
'Twas really devilish fine!
Down went the fiddler on his knees,
With clasped hands, and pleasure-beaming eye;
His look grew more ecstatic by degrees,
As the soft notes in cadences went by;
At last, he said—

"Oh, thou most heavenly devil! let me play
With half the glory by thy music shed,
And I will be thy slave for ever and a day!"
The Devil, either in scorn or pride,
First laid the one-stringed fiddle aside;
And with a grin satanic laughed aloud—
Oh! what a horrid sound
That laugh prolonged around!
'Twas worse than Milton's Pandemonium crowd,
And seemed as like *O. Smith*'s as anything could be—
Then thus spoke he:—

"Mortal! I will give thee skill
O'er the world the soul to thrill;
By my art and magic power,
Live unrivalled from this hour.
Take thy violin, and soon,
Whether in or out of tune,
There shall sweeter sounds arise
Than were wafted from the skies.
When thy bow shall touch the string,
Any sound that touch shall bring,
Which thy genius may inspire,
Or thy audience may require;
But all shall come so sweet and clear,
As ne'er was heard by mortal ear.
Thou shalt soon have gained more fame,
Than the glorious dead may claim;
All the windows shall possess
Full-lengths of thy form and dress;
And thou'lt get from many a master
Immortality in plaster.
Gold shall come to thee in showers,
To delight thy leisure hours;
Wheresoe'er thou shalt appear,
Crowds shall come thy skill to hear;
Theatres at such a crisis
Shall be filled at double prices,
Where the world shall bow before thee,
And the women shall adore thee;
All most fair and most divine
Leave their *beaux* to gaze on thine.
Say, mortal! say, dost thou agree?
If so, this moment thou art free."

The fiddler swore a horrid oath,
And wrote it in the blood of both,

And gave his soul
Upon a scroll,
With evidence no law could sever,
Unto the Devil and his heirs for ever.
Then, to his thinking,
In a winking
The doors flew open with a bang,
The Devil vanished with a twang,
Or flower of brimstone kind of smell,
Which, in some regions, does as well
As eau-de-Cologne, musk, or rose,
Or other perfume for the nose.

He was again alone!
And seeing all the doors were open wide,
He made a stride,
Snatched up his violin, and—he was gone!
The Devil in his promise did not fail;
But at the end, ah me! there hangs a *tail.*
Where'er he went,
His instrument
Produced such wondrous tones, that soon his name
Got puffed in all the journals,
The monthly and diurnals;
And all the continental world proclaimed his fame.
Musicians hid their heads,
Took to their beds;
Some said the cholera-morbus had been near 'em;
But ah! 'twas seen too soon
What put them out of tune—
The "*publico respectabile*" would not hear 'em.
And then it is a fact he did appear
Even here,
And tried to do John Bull out of his guineas.
He doubled all,
Pit, boxes, gallery, and stall,
To all who thither went to hear or see;
Yet though so well he planned it,
They wouldn't stand it;
None like to pay so much to any ninnies;
And so he was obliged to *lower* his key.

But oh! that night,
With what delight,
After escaping from the rush and squeeze,
I saw the length of back,
The suit of black,
And heard this fiddling Mephistophiles!
To paint him, who would dare
His look, his gesture, and his hair,
The long black hair that hangs upon his shoulders,
To the surprise and terror of beholders?
And then his squint,
Put it in print
Who can!
Who is so mad to think
A little drop of ink
Can mark the man?

But ah! the sound—the sweet and gentle sound,
That fell upon the ear like Alpine snow,
Touching with feathery lightness all around,
And then dissolving in a liquid flow.
Oh! so delicious was the strain,
It moved the heart, and stirred the brain,
And made the soul feel young again.
Enough—the boxes and the pit
Saw he had made *a hit;*
And the reporters, every day and week,
Gave him a long critique.
Since then the stranger
Has been in danger;
For, oh! the magazines, in literary strife,
Each month have made *attempts upon his life.*

The world got in a phrenzy, and a passion,
To see and hear him;
And in a week he was so much the fashion,
Hundreds were freely given to get near him.
The famous St. John Long rubbed in his lotions,
Without being half so *killing* to some lady's notions.
Reform was voted stale—the cholera-morbus,
Which did with thoughts of fear so long absorb us,
Was given over, like a plague or bore;
Even the Siamese
Had failed to please,
And the brave Polanders thought of no more.
The revolutions long ago
Were getting low—
They made some fruit so scarce without a reason:
In France, e'en to this hour,
The *Orleans* fruit looks sour;
In Belgium, *Oranges* are out of season.
But here the folks thought little of the matter;
While all the world was ringing with the clatter,
They cared not for a war by land or sea,
Though they kept talking of a *piece* in D;
And then, alas!
It came to such a pass,
No music, old or new,
Would do,
By Spohr or Bishop, Auber or Rossini—
For all were mad to hear the wond'rous Paganini!

R. F. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCENES AND CITIES:—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN IN 1830."

It is no new observation to say, that the melody of a bird, or the perfume of a flower, may change the current of one's thoughts, annihilate the realities of time and space, and deliver us over to the dominion of wild fancy—that sweet will-o'-the-wisp that blinds us to all but our own bright delusions. The cloudless brilliancy of yesterday, and the fine autumnal breeze that had swept over the golden harvest, had settled into one of those quiet balmy evenings that are but too rare in this uncertain climate. I sauntered leisurely among the beautiful knolls that lie by the banks of Wye, thinking neither of the past nor of the future, but open to all the sweet influences of the present scene--the gleam upon the trembling river—the cattle, with their quiet contemplative look, lying in the meadow, or standing reflected in the chrystal stream—the sheep, "forty feeding like one," scattered upon the neighbouring slope—when suddenly I found myself at the foot of the valley of Heas, in the midst of the Pyrenees. What was it that had in an instant carried me a thousand miles from the banks of the Wye, and made me blind to all the sweet images that lay around!—it was a little hedge-row of mingled box and privet that encircled a cottage garden—it wafted to me a Pyrenean odour, and before I was sensible of the cause, I stood in the valley of Heas, gazing upon the mountain slopes, covered with the blue iris and its yellow eyes; listening to the bleat of the sheep "upon a thousand hills;" watching the long patriarchal trains of shepherds and shepherd families, with their cattle, their goats, and their horses, winding along the side of the Gave, and inhaling, with the mountain air, the wild fragrance of mountain shrubs. It is a pleasant law of our nature by which recollections are so easily revived; for it is scarcely possible to walk through the fields, but some trifle—it may be a sight—a sound—an odour—gives to our walk a charming variety, chequering our evening's stroll by short excursions into far distant countries, and mingling with present scenes, the memory, scarcely less vivid, of half-forgotten images and adventures, that we would not willingly let slip from our stock of recollections. For my own part, the smell of a plantation of young firs places me in Norway, by the margin of the river Glommen; the scream of the jay carries me into the forest of Ardennes; the tinkle of a sheep-bell sends me straight to Switzerland; the odour of geranium transports me to the Moorish gardens of Seville; the sight of a narcissus seats me in a nook of the rock of Gibraltar; and the smell of the box-tree never fails to lay me on some flowery slope in the midst of the Pyrenees. Once I had a narrow escape from lying among these mountains for ever.

In the valley of the Aure, and at but a short distance from Arreau, stands the ruined castle of Armagnac. It was full moon, the night I reached Arreau, and the fine irregular outline of the ruin, upon its wood-belted mount, standing in relief against the dark blue sky, and its broken walls white in the moonshine, tempted me to visit it. It is but the imagination that lends beauty to a moonlight view; the fantastic peaks of the Pyrenees—the green meadows that skirt the stream—the old forests hanging on the mountain sides, were then all undistinguish-

able; but the solitude and silence, and deep shadows within the walls, had their own peculiar charms, and I walked through the dusky courts, and in and out among the shadows, and the streams of moonlight that fell through the arches. I little thought then how great a providence it was that I slept that night at Arreau. Next day, with the sun for my guide, I returned to the ruin, and saw, in the inner court, over which a deep shadow had been thrown the night before, my foot-prints on the long grass, and that I had stepped over the corner of a well, whose dusky depth the eye was unable to fathom! I experienced a strange pleasure in visiting this spot, once, at least, every day, while I remained in its neighbourhood.

The Pyrenees I had always figured to myself as widely differing from the Alps, and so I found it to be; but the difference does not arise solely from the diversity in the features of nature, but more from the one being a travelled, the other an untravelled country—instead of the wide smooth roads, along which the nervous may roll in their cushioned carriages, it is well if, in the Pyrenees, the road affords picking for the wary foot of the mule. In place of the stately hotel, with its luxurious beds, *recherché* dinners, and scrupulous cleanliness, the Pyrenees offer to the traveller the house of reception, which holds a rank somewhere between the low French *auberge* and the Spanish *venta*. A brick floor, upon which one walks knee-deep in fleas, a clothless table, a curtainless mattrass, and a bit of smoked izard, come in place of the luxuries that are found in the *Epeé* at Zurich, the *Fancon* at Berne, or the *Trois Couronnes* of Vevay. In the Pyrenees no snug boxes—half villas, are to be seen, as in the Alpine valleys; the abodes of those absentees who have transplanted the detached cottage from Clapham to the valley of Interlaken, or the sloping banks of fair Leman. Nor do we meet any where in the Pyrenees, as we do at every turn in the Alps, those travelling *Messieurs Anglais* who cut so conspicuous a figure, with their broad straw hats, knapsacks, guides, and pointed staves. The lover of nature is well quit of all these. But let me cross the Pyrenees without the aid of guide or stave, and glean some images from the land of wild fancies and dreaming thoughts.

In all the countries of Europe, save Spain and Turkey, our recollections are in a great measure similar—in all of them one meets horses and carriages, and travellers—in all of them we find good inns, and comfortable dinners, and obsequious attendance, and in all of them women wear hats or bonnets, coloured dresses, and shew their faces. But our recollections of Spain are of a peculiar and totally distinct character. Trains of mules winding down a mountain path, and in and out among the thickets of Ilex and Algarobo; silky milk-white goats, and the goatherd asleep, beneath a edge of aloes or prickly pear; ragged urchins, with bare feet and brown shaven hair, lying under a cork-tree, eating a loaf; brown visaged men, with tattered cloaks, sitting in the shadow of a high wall, slicing melons; pairs, or groups of Franciscans, loitering about their convent gates; the strange odour wafted among the wilds from fields of aromatic plants; the thrum of the guitar, and the tic-a-tic-tic of the castanet; dark-eyed women, with mantilla and veil, glancing from the saint at whose altar they kneel to the stranger who enters the church; tall peasants trampling among rosemary bushes, with long gun and lank dog; bright green and golden-speckled orange-groves, and their delicious fragrance; clumps of the

fan-like palm; the odour of myrtle hedges, and of geranium thickets, one blow of crimson and lilac blossoms; Moorish gardens and fountains, and oriental usages. These are some of the images that eke out our recollections of Spain.

It will be observed that these images belong chiefly to the picturesque. There is little in Spain of what is called beauty of natural scenery. Our recollections are pleasing, vivid, and most interesting; but not from the *general* beauty of the pictures which they recal to the mind, but from their novelty chiefly, and in some degree from their *individual* beauty. Wide prospects of verdant meadows, hill and dale, deep foliage, glittering streams and embowered cottages, are no where to be seen in Spain—these must be sought for in England, Switzerland, and in parts of Germany. The beauty of a Spanish landscape is not in the whole, but in its parts; there is no grouping of beauty; the images, often exquisitely beautiful in themselves, stand single; so that when we think of Spanish scenery, it is not of the magnificent prospect enjoyed from this or that height, but of the single images that belong to the dominion of natural beauty. An orange grove is doubtless beautiful, but it is not beauty in the mass; its perfect greenness, and the bright and many-tinted fruit peeping beneath the foliage, render it an object of great beauty; but it requires that one be near it, for it wants the breadth and majesty of a forest. Clumps of palms, with their broad canopy, giant stem, and golden clusters of fruit, are as graceful as they are novel to the eye of the traveller, but still they do not group with the other features of a landscape, and excepting in the neighbourhood of Elche, "the city of dates," palms are seldom seen in greater numbers than two or three hundred in one spot. And as for the thousand aromatic, flowering and beautiful shrubs, as well as the minuter flowers which thickly carpet the sierras of Andalusia and Grenada—the rosemary, the sweet marjoram, the balm of Gilead, the gumcistus, the oleander, and the infinity of heaths—these, beautiful as to waken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," yet add nothing to the general effect of a landscape. The view-hunter will be most pleased with Biscay. The mention of Biscay brings to my recollection a scene that never until this moment has chanced to recur to my memory.

One of the few Spanish bathing-places is Portagaletz, a very small village, at the mouth of the river, the name of which I forget, that forms the Port of Bilbao. It is a common thing to make a day's excursion from Bilbao to Portagaletz, and when the tide answers boats go down with the ebb, and return in the evening with the flowing tide. I devoted one day to this amusement, and have much reason to remember the novelty of the scene which I witnessed. The boat dropped gently down the river, between the lofty Biscayan hills, and we reached Portagaletz and the Fonda (hotel) *de los Tres Reyes,* about ten o'clock. Here a substantial breakfast, in the Spanish style, was laid out, and the party that sat down to it consisted of two very ill-favoured Castilian ladies, of a certain age; the wife and daughter of a Bilbao citizen, the latter, a well-grown, coarse-featured, but rather comely Biscayan; a Jew and his Jew daughter, Iraelite all over, young and interesting; two caballeros, from what part of Spain I cannot tell; two very pretty French *demoiselles, tres gentils,* and one of them, as the French would say, *jolie comme un ange;* a Carmelite friar, his Swedish Majesty's consul, and—myself. Breakfast went off tolerably well, though the soup, which had

a layer of oil upon it half an inch deep, elicited two or three *Mon Dieus!* from the little *Françaises*, as well as from his Swedish Majesty's consul; but the *Sardinas* were delicious, and that may redeem much; the Castilian and Biscayan ladies were affable, as all Spanish women are; the Caballeros, somewhat reserved, as they always are when foreigners are present; the Jewess silent, but slyly making an impression in her own way, and the French girls full of *gaieté de cœur*. I had forgotten to say that the friar was a man of the world, and seemed for that day to have quite forgotten his convent, and that he did extraordinary execution upon the oily soup.

The feast ended—every one rose, as I imagined, to amuse themselves, each according to his inclination; but to my infinite surprise, as I stood at the window, looking out upon the sea-beach, I saw first one, and then another, step out of the house, and trip across the sand in bathing-dresses. These were the Castilian ladies; then followed the Biscayan lady and her daughter; next, out stepped the two Caballeros, breeched in drawers, and carrying huge bladders; then the Jewess; then his Swedish Majesty's consul, attired like the Caballeros; and lastly, the *piquantes Françaises*, holding down their heads, and rather *shaming* at the thing. As for the Jew and the friar, they had seated themselves at the door, with their cigars, to enjoy this exhibition of the Nereides; and, as for me, I followed the example of the majority, provided myself with small-clothes, and was soon one of the party. In fact it was merely an adjournment from the breakfast-room to the sea. The ladies were becomingly dressed, wearing straw bonnets, for nobody wetted the head, but promenaded up to the waist, sometimes swimming a little, by the aid of bladders. Conversation continued as before, but was more general, compliments became more pointed, and gallantry waxed warmer, notwithstanding the element in which it was carried on. The Spanish ladies appeared to be entirely at their ease, but the *Françaises* seemed rather to decline a flirtation with the half-naked Caballeros. This continued at least an hour, and then every one returned to the fonda. I inquired of the friar why he kept aloof, and did not join the *Paseo*. His answer was, that it would not have been *décente*—he did not scruple, however, to sit at the door of the fonda while the *Senoras* and *Senoritas*, almost so many Musidoras, passed by.

Let me pass to a very different scene, and a very different part of Spain. I had returned to my quarto (bed-chamber), at Guadex, a town in the kingdom of Granada, and some hours after I had fallen asleep I was awoke by the sound of angry voices underneath my window. It was a bright moonlight, and as there was no glass in the windows, I had only to rise, and step stealthily across the floor. I saw two men standing—there had been a pause of a few seconds, and just as I looked out, one said to the other, in a contemptuous tone, *Engano!* (cheat) and the next moment the long blade of a Gaudex knife was plunged in his body—a groan—"*oh! Deos*"—and the heavy fall of the dead man, were all that were heard. The murderer deliberately wiped his bloody knife upon his crimson girdle (a convenient colour, by the bye, in those parts), muttered something to himself, in which I could only hear "*Santa Maria*," and walked away. The murdered man lay within four yards of my window, and the bright moonlight fell white upon his ghastly countenance, and shewed me also the dark stain upon the ground, from the blood that had gushed from the wound. To have fol-

lowed the murderer would have been madness. I stole from my quarto, gained the kitchen, and waking a muleteer, who was asleep on one of the benches, told him what I had seen. He roused the innkeeper, and the dead man was brought into the posada. I know nothing more of the affair. I asked the innkeeper, in the morning, whether the murderer was likely to be punished, and his answer was "*segun,*" which has the same meaning as that very significant French expression, "*ça depend,*" and which, in English, meant, "If the murderer be richer than the relations of the man he killed he will hear nothing more about it; if he be poorer he will be hanged"—for so these things are managed in Spain.

The most ruffian countenance I ever saw in Spain, was seen under somewhat startling circumstances. I had lingered till long after sunset, in the Al-hambra of Granada, and foolishly resolved to explore a new path in returning; but not being sufficiently acquainted with the locality, it led me a long circuit behind the mount, upon which stands the convent of Hieronomites, and to the bank of the Xenil; and it fell dark when I was yet half a league from the city. The towns in Spain are not like those in England, stretching in suburb a mile or two on every road; it is as perfect solitude half a league out of Granada, as in the midst of the *Sierca Nevada.* There is a deep and low dell about the spot I speak of, in and out of which the road winds; and in the heart of it, stands a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin; before reaching the spot, I saw a gleam of light thrown across the road, from the candle that burnt before the altar. The door was open; and I stopped an instant, and cast my eyes within. Prostrate upon the floor, lay a man, in the attitude of devotion; his face appeared to touch the ground, and his brown sinewy hands were half hid in his black curly hair; the dead silence was impressively broken by a half audible prayer in the deep-toned voice of the worshipper. The light shone full on his countenance, as he slowly raised himself from the ground, and never before, or since that time, did my eyes rest upon so ruffian a face. I started aside, knowing that nothing was more likely than that such devotion was the result of some dark deed, perhaps newly committed, and might be the precursor to another, and I stole round the building till he should leave the chapel and precede me on the road; that he did immediately, and it was with no small satisfaction that I soon afterwards heard the tinkling bells that announced the approach of a train of mules, going towards Granada; but I can never forget the countenance of the single worshipper, in that lone spot and dimly lighted chapel.

Of all the cities in Spain, my favourite is Seville.

> Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
> No ha visto una maravilla.

Which may be translated—

> He who hath not in Seville been,
> Hath never yet a marvel seen.

This is perhaps going too far, and is an Andalusian gasconade. But still, of all the cities I have ever seen, my favourite is Seville. From earliest youth, Seville had been enshrined in my imagination as a place far distant; a place of romance and mystery, where the guitar was never mute, and where masks and mirth divided the empire with love and

gallantry: in short, almost a fabulous city, holding in my mind the next rank after Bagdat in the days of Haroun Alraschid. And in fact, I found Seville pretty much in accordance with my vision of it. Seville has nothing of the sombreness and parade of Madrid, nor the *un*-Spanish air of Cadiz, or Barcelona; there is not, about the population, that bravo-look, that in Malaga makes one fancy a shining blade within an inch of one's heart; nor that business air that is seen in Alicant and other commercial towns. The *gaieté de cœur* of Paris, is a jest to Seville—it is always a holiday: one cannot say in Seville, "there is a time for every thing"—there is no time there for any thing but the tertulia, the serenade, and the paseo; if there be any thing like trade, it is kept out of sight. Vivid as my recollections are of the cool marble-paved court, the gushing fountain, the fragrant flowers, the brilliant dresses of the men, and the brilliant eyes of the women; the dance, the song, the guitar, and the castanet, there is one recollection that takes place of all these—a recollection of the imperishable works of "the divine art" with which the genius of that master of all excellences, Murillo, has endowed his own courtly Seville. These are worth a pilgrimage to Seville—these alone. Some pearls of great price require to be sought out: they do not hang on the walls of *La Caridad*, they are not in the convent of the Capuchins, nor in the niches of the Cathedral; they are where nobody could expect to find them; and of one such discovery I have a glorious recollection.

A shrewd sort of fellow, an Irishman in origin, now an officer of police, and a kind of bailiff in Seville, was my *valet de place;* and one day, after having returned from a visit to a private collection, he told me, that in a certain obscure part of Seville, lived an old clothesman, who was a picture fancier, and that a walk to his house might probably be repaid. "He is an odd sort of man," said my companion, "he won't shew his pictures unless to true amateurs." Upon the hint I acted, and followed the guide along an endless succession of narrow streets, to a part of the town where I had never been before; at the door of a shop, like a pawnbroker's, we stopped. I introduced my business by a polite salutation, following this up by some inquiries as to the price of a pair of red morocco and gold-inlaid slippers, of which I made purchase. I then glanced round the shop and its heterogeneous stock.—"I see no pictures among your *preciosidades,*" said I.

"They're worth no man's while *now,*" said he.

"Well but," said I, "something ancient; a bit of Cano, or Juanes, or Murillo, perhaps?"

"Murillo!" returned he, in a tone of derision, as if I had blasphemed in tacking Murillo to the fag-end of a sentence.

"Ay!" said I, "Murillo; I would any day walk round Seville, on my knees, to see an inch square of that divine master's handiwork."

The man turned towards me; laid his hat upon a stool, and fixing his old twinkling eyes upon me, said, "You understand Murillo, then?"

"I feel his excellences," said I, "and worship him as the prince of painters."

"Follow me," said he, and displacing some old cloaks that hung against the wall, he pushed open a small door, and ascended a steep narrow stair, up which I followed him. When we reached the top of the stair, he preceded me along a dark passage, and opening a door, walked on tiptoe across the floor of a small room towards the window,

evidently shewing that he felt himself in the presence of something superior. He motioned me to sit down, and then withdrawing the curtain from the window, pointed to the wall. There hung two pictures—Murillo's—of the most glorious days of Murillo. One represented what I had never before seen transferred to canvass—the "Young Man" who "went away sorrowful." Murillo had made the countenance of Christ as sorrowful as that of the young man, and yet, how different was the sorrow; the one, heavenly sorrow, pity for the loss of a soul—the other, worldly sorrow, that to gain entrance into Heaven earthly possessions were to be sacrificed. Never can I forget the expression of that Christ; it possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that for which Murillo is distinguished above all other painters—the power of blending the human with the divine character. With the "love toward men" which appeared in the expression of the Deity, was mingled that human sympathy with our infirmities, which He, as partaking our nature, may be supposed to have felt, when the "young man" rejected Heaven because "he had great possessions." The other picture was of a different character. It represented a Magdalen. There again what genius is needed! for there, too, Heaven and earth must be blended. It is no less difficult to paint a repentant sinner than a fallen angel. Human passions were there, but they were dethroned; earth was there, but Heaven more; an angel, and yet a woman—a sinner, and yet a saint. It was indeed a picture! The old Spaniard spoke not a word while I looked at his pictures. Nearly an hour passed without a syllable being exchanged, and when at the door, I thanked him for the delightful hour I had spent, he said, "Tell them in England and France, that in spite of their robbery and bribery, Seville has the best Murillos yet." I gave the promise, which I now redeem. Seville has the best Murillos yet. For this, I will vouch; notwithstanding the collections of Earl this, and Mr. that, and the Louvre, and the Dulwich Gallery beside. I would not give the old clothesman's Magdalen for all the Murillos in England.

I conclude these sketches with one very brief reminiscence of Sardinia. I took my passage in an English vessel from Port Mahon to *Civita Vechia*. About six o'clock the third evening, for the airs had been light, and our progress slow, we dropped anchor under the north-west coast of Sardinia. Our water had proved bad; and a boat and four seamen were sent on shore to endeavour to procure a fresh supply. The boat returned a little after dark, with only three seamen—one was missing; they could give no other account of him than that he had separated from the rest, and that they had waited two hours for his return. Many fears were entertained of his safety, and it was resolved that next morning the greater part of the crew should go in search of him, and I determined to accompany the party. A more lovely morning never dawned upon the Mediterranean than when our boat rowed under the shadow of the great rocks, and ran up the little creek on the shore of which we landed. It was not yet sunrise; all was deep tranquillity, disturbed by nothing but the plash of our oars. We climbed up among the tangled shrubs and wild olives, and soon reached the general level above the coast. Here a rugged country presented itself, deep dells and rocky heights, covered in many parts with wood of various kinds, and with a thick matting of heaths and wild thyme. No village or house was visible. We separated into three parties, and that which I accompanied

took a direct line from the coast. We had not proceeded more than a mile, when in a hollow on our left, we perceived a house, and at almost the same moment, two men, each armed with a long gun, issued from it, and strode hurriedly away in an opposite direction. We turned in a direct line, and at a quick pace towards the house, and soon reached it. The door had been left open, and there seemed to be perfect quiet within. There was scarcely any furniture: two matrasses on the floor, three stools, and a small table, composed it all. Upon the table stood a wooden bowl, with the *debris* of some rabbits; some skins of animals were hung up, and a few pistol-bullets lay on the floor. Concluding that no discovery was to be made here, we were about to leave the place, when one of our number, lifting up one of the matrasses, disclosed the jacket of the seaman. We had now no doubt that he had been murdered, and leaving the house, we searched diligently in the surrounding hollow. It was my fortune first to make the appalling discovery. His grave was among the flowery heath; there he lay, almost covered by it, and naked. A bullet had entered his breast; it had been enough, for no other mark of violence was seen. Pursuit was useless, and would only have endangered more lives. We carried the unfortunate seaman to the creek, collected our companions, and buried him beneath the rocks. I cut a branch from a wild olive, and having fashioned a cross, planted it on the grave. This will command respect even from the bandits who killed him; they will uncover their heads as they pass by, and speak low.

DON MIGUEL, AND THE STATE OF PORTUGAL.

THERE is no people who display more ingenuity in heaping obloquy on the character of their rulers than the Portuguese. The scandalous anecdotes of the court, which pass current in the saloons of Lisbon, would fill volumes. Some of these fabrications have been reechoed in certain quarters in England, either with the view of gratifying the popular credulity, or with the more culpable object of furthering some nefarious scheme concocted in that Pandemonium of the British empire, the Stock Exchange.

We hope it is needless for us to say that we are no advocates of despotism. We do not stand forward on this occasion as the apologists of the present ruler of Portugal, much as he may require one; but we cannot close our eyes to the conviction, that both in this country and in his own, even *he* has been made, through an organized system of misrepresentation, the victim of unmerited odium.

While the work of delusion is so systematically, and we may say so successfully carried on, it is remarkable how singularly ignorant we are in this country of the real state of public feeling in Portugal, and the character of her people. There, the long and intimate union of a despotic and corrupt court, with a sanguinary and ambitious priesthood, has studiously repressed every glimmering of knowledge, contracted within the narrowest limits the public mind, and effectually struck at the root of every virtue, civil as well as military. This is no distorted picture of Portuguese life. The venality and corruption of the higher orders keep pace with the ignorance and bigoted superstition of the multitude. And yet it was upon such a soil that, in the year 1821, the experiment of planting free institutions was made—an

experiment which, in the minds of all rational men, was from its birth pronounced a chimera.

"How ineffectual," said the Roman moralist, "are the wisest laws, if they be not supported by good morals." How fully is this observation illustrated in Portugal! The violent revolutions which, at different times have convulsed modern Europe, we are ready to allow, have arisen, not from a spirit of innovation in sovereigns and statesmen, but from their bigoted attachment to antiquated forms, and to principles borrowed from less enlightened ages. But it is possible also to fall into the opposite extreme, and to bring upon society the very evils we are anxious to avoid, by prematurely forcing on a country, institutions which it is utterly incapable of receiving:—this was precisely the case in Portugal. All the acts of the Portuguese Cortes displayed an indiscriminate zeal in abolishing the ancient institutions of the monarchy—and that too in a country where the people are distinguished for their devoted attachment and deep-rooted reverence for ancient usages—while they left untouched all those flagrant abuses which so powerfully influence the humble happiness of the million. When so wide a field presented itself for their labours, it must be in the recollection of all, that the subject of their debates was some abstruse metaphysical doctrine on the rights of man, and the dignity of human nature; or on the more important question, of what should be the colour of the national cockade. Like an exotic transplanted from its native clime, the Portuguese constitution soon withered and died—it fell without a blow, and by a singular refinement in national degeneracy, some of the very men who first unfurled its banner were instrumental in its overthrow.

On the demise of Don Joao the Sixth—surnamed by his subjects the most amiable of sovereigns, but to whom, with much greater justice, the term "most imbecile" might have been applied—a new constitution, of Brazilian fabrication, was sent to Portugal. This political document was accompanied by the act of abdication of Don Pedro in favour of his daughter, and the appointment of Don Miguel to the Regency.

The promulgation of this constitution was immediately followed by the insurrection of the Marquis de Chaves in the north, a movement which the Marquis de Palmella succeeded in imposing on Mr. Canning as the van-guard of a formidable Spanish invasion. When Don Miguel, a few months afterwards, set his foot on the shores of Portugal, the elements of a counter-revolution were ready to burst forth in the capital itself. It is not our intention, we repeat, to stand forward as the defenders of this prince: but the cries of outraged humanity which burst from the crowded prisons of Lisbon, invoking the vengeance of Heaven on his head, should be with greater justice hurled against the leaders of the ultra party, in whose hands Miguel is but a puppet skilfully played off. It is the cause he upholds so in unison with the feelings of the people, and not the person of Don Miguel, which is popular in Portugal—and hence the stability of his government.

The right of every nation to choose its own form of government, has now become a received political axiom. In proclaiming Don Miguel as their king, the Portuguese people have only exercised a right inherent in the nation. If they have chosen to relinquish liberty, and prefer the chains of the most degrading despotism, we may pity that prostration of intellect, which adds another example to the annals of human imbecility and degradation—but we certainly have no right

to quarrel with their choice. To denounce Don Miguel's government as unpopular, is to reason in the face of the plain evidence of facts; for no government can stand, whose measures are not in unison with the tide of public opinion. It has now existed for upwards of three years under circumstances that would try the stability of any government—disaffection at home—foreign invasion from without. During the recent visit of the French squadron, when a sense of national disgrace, it was natural to suppose, would have kindled a flame of discontent and produced a powerful reaction—even with this powerful diversion, it is notorious that, far from any demonstration having been made in favour of the constitution, not even a single *viva* was given for Donna Maria. It may be urged that the people were overawed by the presence of a large military force devoted to the government; but it is now a hackneyed observation, that the most powerful and scientific military combinations are insufficient to repress the aspiring efforts of freedom—and the recent examples of Paris and Brussels are quoted as triumphant illustrations of this doctrine. Now the population of Lisbon is upwards of 300,000 souls, while the garrison during the late events barely amounted to 5000 men. Had there then existed a general spirit of disaffection to the government, could it have been effectually repressed by so inconsiderable a military force?

There is a very general opinion abroad, that were the ex-Emperor, Don Pedro, to land on any part of the shores of Portugal, there would be an immediate rising of the whole country in his favour. How far the Portuguese bond-holders may share in this opinion, and how far it may operate on them in inducing a further loan to the constitutional party, ignorant as we are of their feelings, we have not the means of judging. But we have strong reasons for deeming this opinion utterly baseless. The Emperor Don Pedro, it must be recollected, left Portugal when quite a child, when the family of Braganza abandoned that kingdom to the victorious arms of the French Emperor. Since that period he is known to the people of Portugal, but by an event, which in the mind of every Portuguese (to whatever political party he may belong) produces feelings of grief and indignation—the loss of Brazil, of those vast possessions which alone gave to Portugal her political importance; while the recollection of the indignity he heaped on the Portuguese troops in that country, still rankles in the bosom of the army. Should Don Pedro be mad enough to make such an attempt, unless backed by an imposing force—which he has not the means of raising—instead of a triumphant career like that of Napoleon, when he landed at Frejus, the ex-emperor would probably meet with the more melancholy fate of Murat.

On what definable principle, we would ask, is the recognition of the "de facto" government of Don Miguel withheld by the British Cabinet? By our vacillating policy, we have at last alienated even the moderate party in Portugal, and it is indeed lamentable to reflect, that in a country where the influence of England was once paramount, the English name is now held in universal execration. The government of Don Miguel it is clear owes nothing to this country, while the hopes of the constitutional party have been, by turns, raised and depressed, flattered and deceived. There is probably no class of men throughout the world who bear a more deadly hatred to this country than the Portuguese constitutionalists; the ruin of their country they lay at the door

of Great Britain, and execrate, to a man, the commercial treaty of 1810, which, they allege, struck a fatal blow at their commerce and manufactures, and led to the separation of their immense transatlantic possessions. We heartily wish that we could persuade ourselves that this opinion is altogether founded in error. Portugal owes nothing to England but her national independence; a boon, which, if we well reflect on the course the political events of that distracted country have taken since the defence of Torres Vedras, she may justly deem unworthy of her gratitude. Should the constitutional party, therefore, become predominant, we may prepare ourselves for a vigorous system of exclusion to every thing English. We do not urge as a necessary consequence of this view of the subject, that we should seek to conciliate the present ruling party in Portugal; the foreign policy of this country should be founded on nobler principles than the sordid views of commercial advantage. But in the name of political consistency—if such a virtue does really exist—why do we hesitate to recognize Don Miguel? We have recognized Louis Philip, who is seated on the throne of the family, in whose cause we lavished so much blood and treasure. We have recognized, again, the Revolution of Belgium, whose union with Holland we were chiefly instrumental in cementing. But by a refinement of political inconsistency, we refuse to recognise the present ruler of Portugal, who holds his throne by the self-same tenure as both Louis Philip and Leopold—a tenure, we admit, arising from a far less pure and elevated principle of action than that which produced the French and Belgian Revolutions—held, too, by a prince for whom no man can entertain the slightest personal sympathy; but which, nevertheless, emanates from the same source, the legitimate source of all right—the will of the nation.

THE MAGIC OF NIGHT.

Maiden, arise from the darkness of sleep,
The night is enchanted, the silence is deep;
Open thine eyelids—awake to a gleam
Brighter than ever yet burst on a dream.

Sweet though thy vision be, fair as a star,
Here is a vision more exquisite far.
Oh! look at yon hill, while the blue mist above
Is wreathing around it—an image of love.

Now glance below o'er the sparkling bay,
And the ship that severs its star-led way;
And the moon that stops, like a beautiful bride,
To look at her face in the tranquil tide.

And mark how far the heaven is strewn
With courtier-clouds that worship the moon;
While others lie snowy and still through the night,
Like a myriad wings all ready for flight.

Earth seems an Eden unstained by crime,
So pure is the scene, and so holy the time!
Tempest is now with the winds upcurled,
And Nature and Night are alone in the world.

The numbered sands of time seem run,
And Earth and her Heaven are mingling in one.
The light, like love, is silent and deep—
Maiden, is this an hour for sleep?

B.

THE TUTOR-FIEND AND HIS THREE PUPILS.

THREE fathers had each a son—they were determined, come what might, that the boys should be wisely taught—in other words, should be instructed in the mode of *getting on*. They made all inquiries after a teacher, but, for some time, with no success: one was too poor, and therefore incapable of instruction; another, too merry; good-nature was a losing quality. At length they heard of a person anxious, and, they believed, well-fitted to take charge of youth. The parents hastened to the scholar's abode; it was a miserable hut in the middle of a marsh: the croak of frogs and buzz of flies were the only sounds heard about the master's dwelling, which was guarded by a little ugly cur, that, yelping at the approach of the visitors, caused its master to throw open the casement, and reveal himself to the view of those who sought him.

He was a man of about sixty; his whole appearance wild and meagre. His face seemed sharp and bloodless—the dry, yellow skin, tightened over his high cheek-bones, came into more ghastly relief from a dead-black eye. His brow was seamed with wrinkles. His hair, of speckled black and grey, drooped in unsocial lankness. His beard seemed half-rusted wire. His long, naked arms were fearfully muscular; and his nails, hooked as the bill of a parrot. He was employed feeding a nest of owlets, with some crushed snails before him. Looking up at his visitors, he smiled, and displayed two rows of huge teeth, of pearly whiteness. He opened the door, and the visitors entered the tutor's habitation. It consisted of one room, grotesquely furnished; Indian flies were pinned to the walls—here was the jaw of a shark—there a tiger's skin—with snakes of all sorts, wreathed in knots, hanging around. In one corner of the hovel was the miser's bed—a heap of rags, with an account-book for a pillow. A mess of adder-broth was on the fire, to which old Rapax (for so was the tutor called) invited the appetites of his visitors. "There are eels," said he; "but adders *go the farthest*."

The bargain was soon closed. Rapax was to have the children; and, next morning, Scowl, Topaz, and Blitheheart set out for their future master's dwelling. Topaz laughed as he stood on the other side of a ditch fronting the tutor's hut; then springing over, he relapsed into a gloom as he approached the habitation. Scowl neither paused nor smiled; but dashed sulkily over, following his companion in silence. Blitheheart had tarried behind, gathering a water-lily—now, he comes, skipping along, bounds across, and arrives at his future school almost ere he sees it. Rapax was leaning through the window, pursuing his occupation of yesterday.

"You are welcome," said he; "enter.—And you, sir" (addressing himself to Scowl), "come, feed my owlets."

"Feed owlets! Not I, by the rusty holiness of your beard. Feed owlets!"

"You, young sir" (to Topaz), "will perhaps take the office?"

"An' they were a nest of linnets for a pretty daughter of your's, indeed would I; but owlets are not young men's birds."

"Gentle youth," said Rapax, turning to Blitheheart, "will you assist me?"

"Willingly, sir," replied the boy,—"but shew me the fashion."

The old man muttered to himself, "Humph!—scornful, jesting, and ingenuous! Well, well—the same end by different ways." Then to

the youths—" But to our business. Enter; here we must lose nothing, and we have squandered away ten minutes without a purchase."

" I marvel," said Topaz, " at your exact calculation—for I see no dial here."

" Nature's clock, young man—thus," answered Rapax, as he placed his finger to his wrist. " Can there be a better monitor than our pulse? —spurs it not to action?—clamours it not against idleness?"

" No," replied Scowl; " it rather tells us of the uselessness of employment, for every pulsation is but the knell of life gone by."

" Prithee, good father, what are you to teach us? Come, whistle for your dragon, and let us to the moon."

" My business is not in the clouds, young man."

" Shall we sail with you in a cockle-shell? Are you a sea-magician? I should like to string pearls with mermaids mightily," said Blitheheart.

" Nor can I fathom the ocean," observed Rapax.

" Will you then take us into the mines of earth? Shall we play at hustle-cap with diamonds? Shall we go into the earth?" asked Scowl.

" Ay, in good time."

" Truly, yes," sneered Topaz, " and without your necromancy.—Come, what will you teach us?"

" To be rich."

" Then why art not rich thyself?" said Scowl.

" How know you that I am not? I am rich."

" Are you so?" answered Scowl, with bitterness.—" Poor man!" and he looked sneeringly at the wretched abode.

" He who hoards gold," replied Rapax, " does it not for the insensible love of its glitter; but he looks abroad—he sees of what the eminence of human flesh is composed—he scrapes together wealth—and knowing that he can be splendid when he may, cares not to be so. Such am I."

" And this mystery," said Scowl, " you are to teach us?—How?"

" Enter, and learn."

The youths entered the hut, and they seemed as though struck with sudden plague. The old man took from a little box a piece of brilliant gold, impressed with cabalistic figures; and, throwing it upon the table, desired the youths to look at it. " What think you of this metal? Each answer me. What is it?"

Scowl unceremoniously took it from the table, and throwing it up, and catching it in his hand, again cast it down scornfully, muttering, " Gold—the price of human brains!"

" But do you not value it?" demanded Rapax.

" I hate myself and all the world, that I must sometimes value this piece of ore beyond the flower or pebble trodden under foot. I value it not—but scorn it as I bow to it."

" And you, young man?" said Rapax, glancing at Topaz.

" I look on this metal," answered the youth, " and I say to myself—' This life is a mockery; man hath made it a miserable one; and then he forms a partial antidote to its wretchedness, to be obtained by guilt, folly, or craft.' Well, I have this antidote. I ask, ' How can I use it to pleasure me?' Fancy gives the answer, and—farewell gold!"

" For me," said Blitheheart, " were I in a meadow, or by a road-

side, with this gold in my hand, and some miserable wretch, with pistol at my head, should ask me for the coin, I'd freely give it him; and, pitying his poverty who made gold his only wealth, I'd raise my empty hands towards heaven, and, in the lasting beauty of creation, count me beyond all princes—rich!"

"Look on this gold," cried Rapax, in a deep, commanding voice.—There was fascination in the metal. The youths looked silently and intensely; their souls were in their eyes, and they were spell-bound. Their bosoms heaved, their mouths gaped, their fingers clutched the air, and tears rolled down their cheeks. The fiend had entered their hearts. The old man's face was wrinkled with delight, and a ghastly smile lurked at his shrivelled lips. The youths were changed, as if by magic—they were the bondsmen of sin and rapine!

It was evening when the scholars quitted the hut. The old man gave to each a piece of coin. They had not proceeded far ere they were accosted by a wretched, starving woman, with a half-naked babe. She first addressed herself to Scowl.—"In the name of Heaven, young sir, and as you hope to change this miserable world for one where sorrow never enters, give me charity for the sake of my poor babe!"

"And will you live to beg?—in the grave there is independence. Seek it!"—and Scowl passed onward.

The woman then turned to Topaz.—"You are merry, my good woman; you would but try us!—Have beauty, yet ask for charity? Go to cities—go to cities!"

She then appeared to Blitheheart. He was about to speak—then paused, and at length stammered an excuse—"he had no money."

The youths proceeded on their way. For a time they were silent. At length Scowl observed, "Surely our master works by magic—else I had not denied that woman. But a short time, and though I frowned at man and all his wants, yet would I have taken out my purse, and, laughing at the abjectness of nature, emptied its contents to the crowd, to see them—like hungry fowls for barley—fight, and peck, and sidle for the grain. Now, I would dash among the feeders, and, scaring them hence, fill my own pouch with their corn, even though it grew mouldy whilst its rightful owners starved. A short time since, I scorned the world's misery and corruption—now, I will prey upon them. My heart is, on a sudden, hard and moistureless. Good thoughts have vanished from my brain—tears are dried up in mine eyes."

"And where I would have smiled or meditated," said Topaz, "now I would sneer and answer groans with gibes."

"Never before," cried Blitheheart, "could I have resisted that woman's appeal. I told a lie, and yet I did not blush. Surely we are bewitched!"

"But awakened to reason," replied Scowl. "The film is taken from our eyes. The eye of worldly reason looks further into earth than the vision of romantic youth pierces the heavens."

"How long," asked Blitheheart, "do our wise fathers propose to keep us at this academy? When are we to enter the world?"

"I know not—but soon, I hope," said Topaz; "for I long to have a match with its cunning creatures."

"All in good time," remarked Scowl. "We are awhile to look on the game before we play. Farewell; the night is coming on—and now

her gewgaws have no charms for me. Good night!"—and each betook him to a different route, although one road led to their several habitations.

Every morning brought the scholars to Rapax. The fathers—though they complained of a growing lack of obedience in their children—could find no fault with the progress of their education. Indeed, they were charmed with their scholarship—they had grown so subtle and so disputative! Rapax was a rare master!

One morning, as Scowl was about to visit the pedagogue, a girl—a young and beautiful girl—stood in the pupil's path.—"Jane!" he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled wonder and remorse. He glared fiercely at the girl, and her lineaments, searched by his eyes, awakened thoughts and images maddening and confounding. He threw himself upon a bank, and groaned heavily. "Jane!" he repeated. The girl was at his side. His manner became more composed and solemn. He shook his head, as the eyes of Jane seemed eagerly to penetrate his mystery—he shook his head, and with a sickly smile exclaimed, "You seek in vain."

"Alas! have you not happiness?" mournfully inquired the girl.

"What is that"—answered Scowl—"that same enigma, *happiness?*—that common jilt—that sound of all lips—that mockery of all hearts? Fools lisp its name, and grey-bearded men crimp their wrinkled visages, and clasp their yellow hands, and look at the sky when this happiness is named. What is it? I would learn—thou art a fair teacher. Have you known it?—what was it like?—how was it called?"

"Once I thought it bore the lineaments of your affection; I thought its name was your—your love!"

"My love! Psha! I have neither face nor form for woman's sublimer fancies. On my brow there are no curls to catch fair ladies' hearts; my lips are not honied, but steeped in gall; I am puny—misshapen—not at all the creature for a fair one's love."

"Thou knowest my heart—thou knowest it wholly thine!"

"I might have loved you once—but now——Away, girl! Seek some pliant, thoughtless fool, who marries from fashion, because his neighbour weds, or his own blood burns. Shew not to me Love's wreath of flowers—my breath would taint the buds—my eye wither them!"

"Oh! what a change is this!" exclaimed the heart-broken girl.—"I ask not for myself—do as you will. But your parents—why are you thus changed towards them?"

"Parents! I have none—they divorced me from them—they drove me from their hearth, and placed me with another. He has taught me to scorn them—or at least to value them but as the common mass around me.—Yet there is one I love—thanks to my good master!—whom I love—dearly, fiercely love; to whom I would sacrifice father, mother, thee—all ties that keep me to the world—all thoughts of man and man's affection—"

"And who—what is it hath this fearful love?"

"*Self!*" That is my god! I make all else bow down and worship it! Farewell—we part for ever. When you see me turn yonder hedge, think me fallen into an unfathomable gulf.—Farewell!"

"Stay!" exclaimed the girl; and then, in speechless agony, she held forth her clasped hands, looking imploringly at Scowl, who retreated a pace or two, and, with calm brutality, surveyed her posture of phrenzy and despair.

"Truly," said he, "an inspired modern sybil! Your attitude has all the eloquence of speechless misery; and yet, I think, the neck is too—— (she shrunk back.)—So—well improved! Now, would I were a sculptor! I would carve your image thus, to say my——ha! ha!——my prayers to—a stone! You would be a fitting partner for my heart. Seek you a human husband. All affections are dead within me—all feeling save one—an eternal and all-consuming pang—the pang of hunger—the longing after gold!"

"You ambitious of such dross!—you who have——"

"Laughed, mocked at it. My master hath taught me better. Mark me, girl—then shun me. So wild, so universal, is this craving after wealth, that, did I think these yellow locks could, by chemical art, be made to yield one grain of gold—could your heart's last drop be petrified by death into a gem, although I saw beseeching angels kneel around you, I'd lock my hand within your hair—tear forth your living heart—and leave you, tombless, to the birds. Have I not said enough?"

He spoke to a senseless image. The girl fell, stricken by misery, to the earth; and the student pursued his way to the hut of the schoolmaster.

"How now, son!" said Rapax; "why thus late? What have you to shew in exchange for so much time?"

"A woman's broken heart," returned Scowl.

"Ha! ha!"—and the haggard fiend crowed in the laugh—"put it by with the baubles.—But come, what say you, my lads?—we have tarried long enough here? Are you for moving? Will you all follow me?"

"We will!" was the sudden and unanimous response.

"Then," said the master, "prepare to meet me at twelve to-night upon the beach. I have skiff, sail, and compass. By my art I have learned, that where the sun sets is gold; and thither we will steer. Bid adieu to your friends, and be punctual."

"Adieu!" muttered Scowl. "As surely as the wave breaks upon the beach, so surely will I be there. For adieus!—But no matter. I say I will be there."

"And I," said Topaz.

"And I," cried Blitheheart, "will but run home to see what I may pick up to help me on the voyage, and then for the ocean."

The young men departed from the hut; and the master busied himself securing his bags of gold, his jewels, with provisions, and all else needful for the enterprize.

The night came. Scowl was the first at the appointed spot. It was a narrow point, jutting into the sea, which beat over vast fragments of rocks fallen from the surrounding precipices. The night was chilly; the moon and stars were in the skies—yet there seemed a desolation in the heavens. The heavy beating of the waves was in monotonous accordance with the apathy of his soul, who, seated on the rock, raised his eyes from the deep to the cloud-veiled moon, as though they asked, "*Why* moves this water?" The moon returns him in mystery to the wave; and the sea-weed, that listlessly he plucks from the rock, adds to the whole riddle, and all is darkness. His existence seemed to pause in the question of "What *is* existence?" Night seemed again to shed some part of its former influence over him. After vainly venturing to search the hidden springs of nature—the wave's motion, the

wind's chamber, the moon's glorious light—he wept at his darkness. He lay, for a time, the smarting penitent to nature, stricken down by self-accusation, whilst compunction triumphed over him, and, like the scorpion near the flame, he writhed, stung with his own venom. He prayed for the rock to yawn and swallow him; he asked for annihilation, or to change his being with the weed or shell-fish clinging to the cliff. His prayers were scoffed—he still must live, and bear the human stamp.

Thus for a time he lay, passively suffering the embraces of one, who had watched and followed his steps where even the nest-seeking schoolboy had feared to tread. By degrees, the vacant look of Scowl changed from its wandering dulness, and his eyes flashed fire. He looked with a demon's glances at the girl; and, his voice rattling in his throat, he cried—"Have I not said enough?"

The girl answered not. She sunk upon her knees, and, pale and trembling, with outstretched hands and averted head, in silence waited her destiny. Scowl, raising himself from the rock, hurried to and fro on the little space allowed by the uneven surface—then stopping, and looking at the girl, he exclaimed, "Jane!" She turned her face towards his, but rose not. "Jane! you have seen me weep—have heard me groan; you have beheld me snatch in hope at the fruits of heaven, and heard my teeth gnash at finding them ashes; you have twisted a shining serpent in my path; you have——" And he approached her with madness in his features.

"Oh, God! and will you?" shrieked the girl, as, trembling, she seized the arm that grasped her.

"What! fear you death? Look at the beach beneath. But a moment, and, when your fragile form shall dash upon its bed, you will be as insensible as the pebble you displace. The rising tide will bear you to the ocean's vault; and—ha! ha!—sighing nymphs will mourn the love-murdered maid. Why have you hunted me? Was it not enough that I gave up heaven, man's social feelings—pity, love, benevolence? Did I not already stand the grim, uncouth image of man?—must the mockery be painted with blood?"

"Are your wishes blood?" replied the girl, for a moment nerved beyond herself; "I thought they were gold!"

"And gold is blood!" fiercely answered Scowl. "Could gold weep for the means by which men obtain it, a new Red Sea would swallow misers in their homes."

"I have gold.—Here" (and she presented to Scowl a small, well-filled leathern bag)—"here is gold—madness—infamy eternal! Ask not how I gained it!"

"Girl! what have you done?"

"Loved you—lost myself!"

"That woman so should fall!—But, come, let me know your story—else, unwittingly, I may want gratitude."

"This gold—I thought my heart would stop, my arm be palsied, as I touched it—was my father's. It is—oh! shall I say—it is my husband's!"

"Husband! I must trudge and sneak about the world, filching from all men. A wife is an incumbrance to a social ruffian. Were I a proclaimed bandit, then you should be my robber-queen—should kiss my sword for good fortune when I went forth, and wash my hands from

blood at my return. But I cannot war so. I take your offering, but leave your hand for another."

"Oh, Heaven! you cannot mean!—Scowl! I have lost all for you! I must—I will follow you!—Oh! look not so, for you cannot madden me.—Be merciful!"

"I will. Jane, this is your dying hour! Say, is not death sweet amid these rocks, with the waves and the stars to witness the fleeting soul?"

"Death!—oh! to die with guilt so newly on me! Heaven have mercy! Save me—save me!"

Scowl seized the shrieking girl, who, after a short struggle, broke from his grasp, and rushed to a higher point of the rock. He follows her—she falls—and the next moment the beach bears a mangled corse!

A low, long whistle echoed among the rocks. Scowl leapt from point to point, gained the beach, and there beheld his master and his comrades. He threw himself into the skiff, and plied violently at the oar, as though he would numb the mind's action by bodily exertion.

For a time they proceeded in silence. At length Rapax exclaimed—"What! lads, home-sick already? What! Scowl—dull?"

"Have I proved dull since we first met?"

"In truth, no; you are an apt scholar."

"'Tis well you had me. Had I learned from another master, I might have been as great a spendthrift as I will now be miser.—But whither are we bound, and with whom are we to mingle?"

"Our destined land," replied the master, "is a fruitful one, and the inhabitants as nature made them. They worship the stars, and offer fruits, flowers, and shells to the spirits of air, earth, and ocean. Their land is a bloodless one, and their lives pass in the constant intercourse of what civilization calls benevolence!"

"What!" said Scowl, "have they no holiness?—holiness, that burns and tortures one another? So, then, be my trade hypocrisy!"

"I," said Topaz, "will teach them to divide and subdivide their lands. I will shew them how to make man-traps and spring-guns, and how (blest art!) to make a mystery of common-sense!"

"And I," cried Blitheheart, "will create disease, and then be physician infallible."

"Truly," said Scowl, "our vessel hath a goodly freight—superstition, law-making, and physic!"

"Welcome to your inheritance! I give this land to your practices!" exclaimed Rapax, as he pointed to the shore, which, with miraculous speed, they had already approached.

Followed by his pupils, he pursued his way into the island. At length they beheld a multitude of people seated on the grass. The women were lovely, and the men seemed worthy of their partners; their limbs indicated a pliant vigour, and in their features was that dauntless independence which surely adorned men in the early day.

It were long and vain to tell the means by which the strangers lured the people from their happiness and independence—by which they set parent against child, and child against father. In fine, the land was civilized; slaves were made, and taxes were levied; some few fed to repletion, whilst thousands pined and died with hunger. Rapax and his scholars controlled the work. Trees were felled—houses built—the

earth ransacked for iron for locks and bars, and swords and bayonets. Palaces arose—then an inquisition, halls of justice, and a school of anatomy. There were several prisons, and some admirable powder-manufactories. There were likewise tax-gatherers and executioners. The people were civilized.

At length the seeming divinity of the task-masters became a question. Some brave hearts spoke out—"What!" said they, "are millions to be fools and wretches, that some two or three may be idlers and knaves?"

At length King Rapax—for king he was—approached the crisis of mortality. He ordered his riches to be displayed about his chamber, and his blood-shot eye gleamed with horrible delight, as he beheld the glittering heaps to which his soul was yet adhering; and he grasped a handful of gold even whilst its tinkling was responded to by the convulsive rattle in the miser's throat. When death gave the last charge, Rapax screamed and groaned, as though he would fight him still; and, in the agony, he crushed the metal in his hand till the blood started from the withered flesh. Tearing away his vestments, he threw himself amidst a heap of gold, as though *there* he could defy his follower; and as he writhed among the ore, he scrambled for the jewels and the vessels that were about him, supplicating the assistance of the beholders to stand before him and his foe. A terrific laugh of triumph extended his jaws, as he stretched forth his hand to seize a massive piece of gold to hide his head from the attack. Just as, with almost supernatural force, he poised the weight above him, his eyes start—his tongue works in his mouth—the ore rattles with the struggle of his limbs—and the uplifted mass, falling with a crash, thunders the knell of the miser!

The ministers paused not a moment. The ghastly corse, heaped round about by gold, appalled them not. Each was rushing on to take possession—when shouts were heard—then the trample of multitudes. The doors were burst open, and the people, thronging onward, recoiled as they beheld the naked body of their dead enslaver. The pupils, one and all, pounced upon a small casket still held in the gripe of the corse. Scowl was master of the prize, and, in an instant, eluding the vigilance of the populace, disappeared. Topaz and Blitheheart likewise escaped. The streets were empty—the houses deserted: the old men, women, and children had been removed, under a strong guard, to a secure retreat, whilst the attack was made upon Rapax and the younger despots. Scowl, with two or three of his minions, tossed burning brands into the unguarded habitation: the winds rose, the flames raged, and destruction seemed to hover over the devoted city. Again Scowl led on his mercenaries—again he was defeated. The dwellings consecrated to the fair stranger-deities (for such Rapax and his pupils had been deemed) were consumed to ashes—nearly all who fought for the bad cause, relentlessly slaughtered. A few, faithful in adversity, by Scowl's orders launched the boat which had first touched the island, and which had been venerated as something little less than sacred. There was no other refuge save the howling sea for the gold-worshipper. All day he lay hidden; and, when night came, he hurried timidly to the spot where, in an obscure creek, lay the boat. His attendants were waiting his arrival. Scowl, unwilling to venture with such a number in so fragile a bark, despatched all, save one, to his late hiding-place, in the excuse of having left there a treasure of great value. No sooner had the party quitted him, than he leapt into a boat, and, bidding the man follow, was

launching the craft into the sea, when his name was called, and, looking round, he observed his companions, Topaz and Blitheheart, rise from a pit which they had dug in the sand.

"My brother!" said Blitheheart, "we have watched for you. Let us away from this cursed spot!" and, approaching, they were about to enter the boat.

"Stay!" said Scowl, "this is all mine. Shall I not be rewarded for my work? What do you give for your passage?"

"You do but jest! What! friends barter for an act of grace!"

"I jest not. Pay me, and you shall make the voyage. Offer to palter, or to touch the gunwale of the craft, and——"

As he spoke out, he seized the oar, and stood in the act to strike.

"I will humour you, though you do but jest," groaned Blitheheart; and he gave him some twenty gems.

"More!—more!" exclaimed the insatiate Scowl. Blitheheart fairly quivered with hate, as he surrendered up all his hoard to the griping hand of Scowl, who then permitted him to take his seat in the boat.

"Surely you will not leave me!" cried Topaz, in an agony of fear.

"Ay, will I," replied Scowl, "unless you pay."

"Alas! I have no means. I have lost all—all! But my future profits shall be yours."

"I am no speculator, brother," answered Scowl, with malicious coolness, at the same time pushing the boat from the strand.

"Blitheheart! will you pay my passage?" screamed Topaz, as he waded into the sea, stretching his hand towards the drifting skiff.

Blitheheart turned aside his head. Topaz, in madness, seized the boat. Scowl, catching up a sword, struck at the petitioner just above the wrist. With a piercing howl, he let go his hold—his hand hung but by the slightest filament! His shrieks were lost in a sudden shout. The party of Scowl were seen rushing down the beach, followed by the enraged multitude. His followers begged Scowl to return—he laughed! One of the men, seizing a musket, fired; but, missing his aim, wounded the innocent companion of Scowl and Blitheheart. The man was, in an instant, tossed into the sea—the sail was hoisted—the wind sprang up—and on the boat flew from the island. The passengers heard the tumult of the affray—clash of swords—groans and maledictions. The boat sailed on: they were shortly girted round by the wild and dreary sea.

And the islanders were civilized. They knew the value of gold and iron: they bought slaves with the one, and made war with the other. They had prisons for debtors; and they could kill at two hundred paces. They were civilized!

* * * *

The old pilgrim quitted the companions of his travel when he reached the city. He looked at every house with suspicion. There was in his face the assumed meekness of devotion; but his eyes had, at times, a wolfish glare, that made the beholder gasp as it flashed upon him. The devotee appeared aged and travel-worn—he seemed to walk and move from the impulse of some deep, unquenchable passion, rather than from the ease of natural motion. Frequently he paused as he slunk through the streets, and then hurried from the door he was about to knock at. He arrived at a mosque, and, as if instinctively, bowed his head. He sat upon the steps, and, wearied with travel, slept. His old limbs were crouched all night upon the marble. When the morning came, numbers

stood about, looking at the sleeper, who, according to the charity of the beholder, seemed something more or less than human. To some he appeared a sleeping fiend. His black, distended eyelids were in strong contrast to the bloodless palor of his cheeks; his sharp nose, as though protruding through the skin; his fallen jaw, discovering his firm-set teeth; and his arms, hugging his breast, gave him, with different minds, the appearance of a saint or devil.

At length a youth approached the sleeper, and pulled his garment. The pilgrim, as under the influence of some dream, sprang up, and seizing the affrighted youth, shouted, "Where—where?"—then, with the rapidity of thought, felt at his breast, and smiled as he seemed to grasp something. Then, a sudden cramp, the effect of his cold bed and the night-air, shooting through his legs, he fell; and his forehead striking against the edge of the step, the blood gushed from the wound. The people closed about him to render assistance; but, although stunned, he threw forth his legs to keep off the multitude, and never once loosened his grasp from his garment. At length the people resolved to carry him to a neighbouring surgeon; and the pilgrim, fainting from the loss of blood, was borne to a low hovel in an obscure lane.

Here dwelt the leech, a rare compound of quaint humour, cheerfulness, and avarice. The wounded man was left alone with the surgeon, who bound up the hurt, and strove to unclench the pilgrim's hands. Insensibility gave the patient greater strength; and already the man of healing trembled for his fee. He administered violent restoratives to the patient, who, at length, breathed more freely—he panted, and his hands fell for an instant upon his knees. The surgeon thrust his arm into the sick man's bosom—a deep snarl rattled in the pilgrim's throat, as, recovering his consciousness, he grasped the arm at his breast, and threw back his head to confront the danger that menaced him. There was a terrific interchange of look: eye flashed on eye—the face of each was distended—their lips worked—as though in disgust and hatred of the name they uttered—as "Scowl," "Blitheheart," fell, like venom, from them.

The companions were again united. The hunters had again met. A hatred of each other in youth had become more deadly in age: but dissimulation could give a seeming sanctity to the purpose of a fiend.

"Dear brother," cried Scowl, "you have a good trade."

"Poor, wretchedly poor," answered Blitheheart. "What then, I am not what I was. Now wealth hath no charms for me—(Scowl glanced about the hut.) Believe it—I have more silver in my beard than my bag. But come, you are wearied. Though we wear turbans we can drink wine—come, come, we are too old to be choked with a grape-stone. I have no money, but I have credit—we will have wine, boy; and drink to the memory of our old master!" So saying, Blitheheart left the hut on his liberal errand.

Scowl had well scanned his early companion. He had read him with eyes of distrust and hate. No sooner then had Blitheheart quitted the hovel, than Scowl cast his greedy looks around—every corner, every cranny, was ransacked—the search was unsuccessful. Waiting his companion's return, Scowl took up a knife to cut a thorn from his foot—he cut, and still his face was cold and colourless: he whetted the knife upon the stone floor—it stuck at a small iron ring. Scowl seized it, and bending every nerve to the effort, lifted up a huge granite slab.

He staggered half blinded from the spot, and the low roof echoed the rejoicing of the demon. A blaze of gold and jewels shone upon him. At this moment the door opened, and Blitheheart entered. Scowl threw himself before the treasure, and, with the knife firmly grasped in his extended hand, dared the approach of his "dear brother," who, wildered at the discovery, moved not, spoke not—but breathed a deep groan of agony, let the pitcher fall, and, subdued to utter imbecility, threw himself upon his knees: he held out his clasped, trembling hands —the tears rolled down his withered cheeks—he tried to speak—but articulation was lost in guttural moanings.

"What! I have found a treasure!" exclaimed Scowl.

"My all—my all!" sobbed Blitheheart, tremulously.

"All!" echoed Scowl, and drawing his finger down the edge of the knife, and his eyes flashing with triumph, he cried, in a mingled tone of mockery and menace, "Halves, brother!"

The lips of Blitheheart quivered as though struck with sudden ague. The veins worked, like young snakes, in his brow. Still, he strove to call up a ghastly smile into his face—"Halves—aye, aye—we'll see—but the wine is gone—we must have more—we——"

"Regale yourself—here is my banquet. Brother (by which dear name I claim half your substance)—I say, halves! Why so," he pursued, as he searched among the treasure—"this is well; a good trade, in faith, this physic. Brother, how many men died in this?" and he held up a piece of coin, and then again turned over the store. The tinkling of every peice of metal added torture to Blitheheart—his clenched hands struck each other in impotent frenzy, and he rushed forward. Scowl dashed back the terrified wretch—a struggle ensued—and the tenant of the hut lay dumb and insensible. Scowl searched amongst the heap of wealth: he was speedily loaded—indeed, he was almost held to the spot by the weight of his pilferings. He took up a large golden vase—twice he put it down, and then resumed it. It could not be, he must relinquish it—with hate and selfish disappointment he dashed it from him, and the metal tinkled against the bald skull of the dumb and prostrate man. Blitheheart groaned heavily, and Scowl, with a fiendish chuckle, crossed the threshold.

* * * *

"Is there no mercy?" asked a manacled wretch; and the rattling of his chains seemed to answer—"None." The prisoner was a thin old man, whose face, though meagre, was animated with strong, contemptuous feeling: his lips seemed festering with satire. He slunk to a corner of his dungeon, and lifting a stone, took from under it a small bag: it was filled with precious gems. He sat down, and taking up a loose pebble, drove the jewels between the crannies of the dungeon walls. "If they kill the bird, they shall not have the plumes," he muttered, as he studded the cell of death with gems fitting a diadem. "I fix them thus low, that they shall not glare upon men's eyes: for even in a dungeon man does not look down: his hopes will fly upwards, even though they lose their pinions through the bars." As he accomplished his work the gaoler entered—a friend was at the gate. "Friend!" echoed the captive, sneeringly—"Say I have no legacies."

The visitor would take no denial: it was Scowl who came to console the captive Topaz. Scowl held forth his hand. "What!" cried Topaz,

with a malignant grin, "have you another sword behind you?—nay, leave one hand for the cord of the hangman."

Scowl approached Topaz, and touching his chains, cried, "Death, ha?"

"Yes, a little sleep after a long walk."

"And these are the men we cultivated. We taught them to dig for gold, and they hang you for usury. 'Tis a jest, though not a blithe one. Come, no bequest for a friend?—no wealth?"

"Wealth, I have none: though these fools hunt me for it. They surely think I have a vein of gold where other men have marrow. Yet I will bequeath you something!"

"What?"

"The rope that hangs me: 'twill serve you for a penitential cord."

The gaoler entered—the friends must separate. They approached each other with outstretched arms. "Think, brother, do you give nothing?" cried Scowl.

"Nothing," was the answer. Scowl, turning his back on his companion, quitted the cell, and the usurer was led forth to death.

Scowl, as his vessel sailed from the land, beheld the carcase of the miser hanging to the winds.

* * * * * *

All was bustle at the village of ———. Scowl had returned to his native home. He had built a stately and gorgeous palace, yet the edifice had but few inhabitants. Two or three palsied old men from the poor-house tottered in the halls; and the roofs that might have sheltered monarchs echoed the shambling tread of the pauper. Here Scowl would live in solitude, as though he communed with his riches, giving them natures and dispositions. He would talk to them, for his mind was sinking, as they were his ministers and friends.

At length he ventured upon a task imposed upon him by his late master. It was a dark wintry night when he hobbled to the marsh where once stood the cottage of old Rapax. Scowl began to dig the earth, and after a long and wearisome toil, he beheld the buried riches of his master. Here night after night he toiled, removing the treasure stealthily to his mansion. One night, he beheld a man moving slowly towards the pit—he saw him leap into it, and heard him rattle his wealth. Scowl sprang upon the robber, seized a bag, and swinging it with all his strength, dashed it against the head of his opponent, who fell, screaming inarticulate sounds. Scowl repeated the blows, then throwing in the earth, buried the unknown corse of Blitheheart with his idol. Scowl caught up the bag, and hastened to his mansion.

"It must be," exclaimed Scowl, "none else could know the spot!" And then he sought to place the bag with his stores: he felt in his bosom—groaned, and let the bag fall. The noise awakened his servants: the old men ran to their master, whom they found aghast and trembling. Scowl wildly cried, "My keys! my keys! gone—buried!" One of the old men took up the bag—Scowl darted forth to seize it, then staggered back as he beheld it wet with the blood of his victim. The servants cut it open, and the gold fell about the floor. Scowl stamped and shrieked as he saw the old men fighting and struggling for the coin. He rushed to the iron door of his treasures, forbidding all approach. Here, in madness, he raved for hours. The old men terri-

fied, and their suspicions awakened by the appearance of the bag, soon gave tongue to their fears. The civil authorities, with a crowd of villagers, were in attendance. They burst open the bolted door of the apartment which led to the retreat of the miser, and beheld him stretched at the door of his treasury. They raised him up—he was dead. In his madness, he had flung himself violently against the door, and a deep wound on his brow shewed the indention of one of the iron rivets with which it was studded.

These are the deaths of the three pupils of Rapax. One was gibbetted —the other murdered by his fellow—the third fractured his own skull against the barrier of his wealth. They all *got on* in the world.

J.

SONNETS:

ON A SET OF GEMS FROM THE ANTIQUE.

I.

What forms are these, touched by the silver hand
Of honoring Time? Methinks I see the face
Of Genius, smiling on the radiant race
That crowned old Greece with glory, and command
Even now the love and praise of every land!
The Beauty of the Dead herein we trace;
Their very minds seem moulded into grace—
Nay, their most fixed affections may be scanned
In these life-printed pages. Who may tell
How thought hath been inspired! Perchance this form
Was fashioned in the heart's mysterious cell,
An image which young Passion worshipped well;
Or haply in a dream, a visioned storm,
First on the mind it rose, a rainbow bright and warm.

II.

'Twas subtle Nature's ever-working skill
That gave these graces life. Most calm and white
They lie, like clouds. In some enchanted night,
When sleep had sealed up every earthly ill,
The mind, awakening like a miracle,
First in the purple shade, the starry light,
The glory, and the marvel, and the might,
Found fine Realities, diviner still
Than its own Dreams—shapes wonderfully fair,
And faces full of heaven. Or from the sea
In its proud flow—the peaks, sublime and bare—
The woods, wind-shaken—from the shell-strewn lea,
Were these creations caught, that breathe, and bear
Old Nature's likeness—still, profound, and free.

B.

THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS.

Nothing of the sublimity of horror is associated in the mind of an Englishman with the mention of "Jack Ketch;" we even denote him by a pleasant *sobriquet:* we feel no convulsive shudder when we hear of his whereabout; we do not cross over the way when we meet him in Fleet-street. We regard him, with the exception of the vice of drunkenness—some trifling brutality of manner—a rather too prominent expression of contempt for the refinements of society, "taste, Shakspeare, and the musical-glasses," as a mighty respectable professor—in his way. Perhaps the familiarity which our laws permit, between him and the public, may have detracted from all that should have been imposing or impressive about him. But "*l'executeur des hautes œuvres*" is regarded in France in a far different and more formidable light. Although a resident in the centre of the French capital, he is never seen but in the public performance of his dreadful duty:—a degree of cautious and not impolitic mystery is attached to him; and such are the feelings his very name excites, that the mere announcement of his presence, in the common walks of life, would render the very Boulevards sacred to himself alone; would disperse the myriads of barricaders in the noontide of their patriotic travail;—would calm the tremendous clamours of the Chamber of Deputies, and prorogue or dissolve it without the solemnity of proclamation. Should he deign to usher in the Duc de Bourdeaux he might clear a way for him to the Tuileries and the throne without dread of competition or resistance. The mandates of the *Procureur-generale* himself, which summon him to his duty, are deposited in a *bouche de fer,* inserted in the large and massive iron grating that guards the entrance to his dwelling; for perhaps not one could be found, daring and reckless enough of popular opinion, to consign them in person to their terrible address.—He reads and obeys. In the darkness and depth of night, with his assistants, he arranges the materials of death: no word is spoken as he labours in his awful calling; the feeble light, which enables him to prepare the machinery, glimmering on the scaffold, renders the guards that surround it barely discernible: while they, motionless and dumb, seem rather phantoms of the night than breathing men. If allowed to trace such an official to the solitude of his shunned domicile—to see him seated, Crusoe-like, beside his hearth, and to consider the economy of his unprofessional hours—something might be learned of good or ill which might point a moral, if it would not adorn a tale. To him it has been given to know the last words, looks, and actions of many, unobscured by affectation or deceit:—the secret affections of numbers long concealed from the world's view have been laid open, once and briefly, yet prominently, to his sight. He has witnessed the eloquence of remorse or of innocence, at the hour of death, when the retrospect of a lengthened life of sin or misfortune has been comprehended perhaps in one last sentence, one parting word or look, more emphatic than all that "saint or sophist ever writ."

Grave reflections these; but they were passing through my mind as I rung at the bell of a small neat house in the *Rue des Marais du Temple;* the door being opened, I was ushered into a low well-furnished room, wherein a man, of the age of sixty, was employed touching the keys of a piano with his right hand, while his left arm embraced a child

about ten years old, of remarkable beauty, whose features strongly resembled those of him who held her. The old man was Henri Sanson, the public executioner of Paris! Having previously adapted my address to one whom I had imaged in my mind as bearing in his traits the repulsive record of his trade, I had to re-order my ideas, and assume a different manner. For, as I contemplated his mild and open countenance, in which manly beauty was not wanting, I felt myself bound to acknowledge, by a corresponding courtesy of demeanour, the salutations of a man of the world, wholly free from embarrassment or affectation. The intention of composing a treatise on the various public punishments adopted at different epochs of French legislation, was offered by me as an apology for the unaccustomed intrusion to which he was subjected. He politely acceded to my request for information, and conducted me to a chamber, containing a large and well-selected library. Here, all the awkwardness I had previously felt, as to discourse with the singular being who stood before me, was at once dismissed; and the titles of the various volumes which I examined soon led to free conversation, during which my host displayed great taste and judgment in his observations on the various works I brought under his notice: expressing himself as one would do, who had profited largely by what he had read. It was clear that his books formed his chief society: abandoned by the world, he can here hold converse with the illustrious dead, and can render himself familiar with the sentiments of the good and great, of the present or a past age, without dread of the expression of that scorn, disgust, and horror that would attend any attempt at personal communication with his fellow-men. Sanson loves to talk, and talks exceedingly well: but, in the whole course of a visit of two hours, which was prolonged by the interest excited in me by this extraordinary person, he forgot not for a moment the distance placed between him and society in general: he shewed that he was fully aware of his situation, and does not affect to despise the feeling it is calculated to produce in others; but, having made up his mind to sustain it, calls up all his philosophy (for it may well be termed so) to support him in an existence without the pale of social intercourse. Among his books my eye fell on "*Le dernier Jour d'un Condamné.*"

Reverting, however, to the professed object of my visit, he unlocked the door of another chamber, in which the various instruments of extreme punishment, formerly used, are yet preserved by him. It is, truly, a fearful museum: and the examination of its contents gave rise to many inquiries on my part, which led to many curious anecdotes which he recounted, particularly as to the last moments of the condemned. I could not but feel the contrast, of the office of the man with the sensibility he displayed in his narration, and the humanity which he evinced as he adverted to the dreadful circumstances in which he had borne so prominent a part. It is unnecessary to quote them; but all he related of the sufferers, in the hour of death, had something singularly forced, unnatural, and painful. *Castaing* was believed generally to be innocent of the crime for which he was condemned, yet, as Sanson told me, he confessed his guilt upon the scaffold. He shewed me the sabre with which the Marquis de Lally had been beheaded. It was prepared for the occasion, and three were cast before one could be found likely to answer the purpose. It was usual at that period for young men of

fashion to *assist** (as the term is) on the scaffold at the last hour of the condemned, as they did on the stage at theatrical performances. The crowd upon that occasion was great, and the space limited, the arm of the executioner was jostled, at the moment the sabre was balanced above his head, the blow was diverted from the neck of the unhappy victim, and a common cutlass was resorted to, by one of the executioner's assistants, to end the agonies of the sufferer. A notch in the blade of the sabre is exactly of the size and in the form of a human tooth.

I have said that Sanson, during the conversation, gave proofs of no ordinary humanity. He summons up his resolution to the dreadful task he has to perform, and his firmness fails him not at the moment of duty. Yet, as soon as he receives the fatal order of the *Procureur-generale,* he has always a visible and violent struggle with his feelings ere he brings himself to obey. He at length proceeds to prepare, with apparent coolness, the machine of destruction and all the apparatus of death, but as soon as his sad work is finished his countenance becomes pale and death-like—he returns to his solitary home and shuts himself in his chamber, where he long refuses nourishment or conversation, and tears start from his eyes when induced to advert to the circumstances of an execution.

The man had impressed me with feelings decidedly distinct from those which I anticipated as the result of my communication with him, and as I took leave of him (I know not whether from forgetfulness or otherwise) I held out my hand. His countenance suddenly changed as he drew back several steps from me; it expressed astonishment and confusion—all his ease of manner had fled at once, and I was again reminded of "*la Main Sanglante.*"

To save the subject of this paper from a charge of vulgarity, by the world in general, let it be remembered that, during the Irish rebellion, a gentleman of name, family, and fortune, and the high sheriff of a county, had, if I recollect, the thanks of both houses of Parliament voted to him for acting as executioner, when no other could be found, to a formidable criminal; that in the year 1790, on the proposition of Maton Delavarenne, seconded by Mirabeau himself, it was especially decreed, by the French legislature, that the public executioner should be comprehended in the number of citizens, and that, formerly, in the state of Wurtemburg, after having exercised his profession a certain number of years, the headsman was honoured, by having conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

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* This extraordinary taste was much indulged in at the time. The celebrated George Selwyn travelled from London to Paris, day and night, to be present at the execution of Damiens. He was repulsed, at first, by the guards who surrounded the scaffold, until he stated that he had come from London expressly to witness the ceremony. "Make room for the gentleman, he is an Englishman and an amateur," was the bitter observation of a gen-d'arme as he civilly made way for the stranger.

STORIES OF LIVING MUSICIANS.

If an exaggerated degree of veneration was accorded, by the ancient Greeks, to musicians as men, we, perhaps, are too prone to consider them more in their professional than their personal character. No son of song ever yet acquired fame or honour in his art, without possessing an enthusiasm which, though chiefly directed to musical science, could not fail to tinge his thoughts and actions on points unconnected with harmony. Braham rather regales his mind upon the recollections of royalty than the reminiscences of popular applause; Catalani muses less on her miracles of voice than on the compliments of the soldier Swede; and poor Charley Dignum's glee was but the consequence and product of mock-turtle and malmsey-madeira. It might be difficult to define in what manner "the concord of sweet sounds" operates on the moral character of him whom they inspire; yet it will be assented to, that musical taste often wars with the ordinary pursuits of life, and induces apathy in the common concerns of active society:—and it is a freedom from the cares and anxieties of the world, thus produced, which has assured longevity to singers in a number of remarkable instances, little as their avocations would seem favourable to advanced age.

It is but a few years since Madame Mara, after the interval of half a century, re-appeared upon the London boards, undoubtedly with diminished powers of execution, but with all the taste and enthusiasm for the art that she possessed when she enchanted a by-gone generation. She was then more aged than the oldest of her admirers;—on the scene of her early glories, where once the proud and the influential struggled for her notice, and with all the deceitful reminiscences of her former fame alive in her mind, she found herself alone—a stranger in the assembly; the walls had lost their echo, and the mute respect with which the audience listened to her later accents, eloquently told her what she had been, and what she was. She wept bitterly at the wholesome but humbling lesson. Barbarini, once so celebrated as a singer, was discovered but last year, by a traveller, still living, in a retired town of Russia; where, at the age of 106, he was in the active performance of the homely duties of a lowly innkeeper at Voronoge, and, notwithstanding his weight of years, walked daily a league and a half for the benefit of his health; each evening reverting to his guitar, and singing the songs of his fair Italy with a feeble voice. Court-favour failed him, and, reduced to poverty, he was obliged to seek subsistence by manual labour in that distasteful clime.

Catarina Gabrieli, who had been in her infant years the companion of poor Barbarini, who had shared with him the best of his fame (being his junior by five years only), and whose musical talent was the boast of her native Italy, also still survives. She is upwards of 100. But, two years since, she could delight her friends by evidence of yet extraordinary powers. In the meridian of her renown the most splendid offers were made her to proceed to foreign shores, and from London golden arguments were profusely lavished to induce her to visit us. "I can never do there as I like," was the honest answer of the celebrated cantatrice. "If I do not choose to sing I shall be insulted.—No! no!—I would rather live in my own Italy, were it a jail." The Empress Catherine, about the year 1765, exerted all her influence to have Gabrieli at Saint Petersburg, until, wearied by the assiduous persuasion of the autocrat's ambas-

sador, she consented to sing at the Russian court for two short months, on condition of having five thousand ducats, and all the expences of her residence in the northern capital, with those of her voyage thither and return, fully paid. "Tell the Italian," replied the Empress to her minister, "that I do not pay my field-marshals so much." "Tell your mistress," answered Gabrieli, on the message being conveyed to her, "that she may set her field-marshals to sing." Unused as she was to concession, the haughty empress acceded to the terms of the Roman, and so delighted was she by her performance, that jewels, far exceeding the amount of her salary, were presented to the enchantress. Yet Gabrieli was any thing but covetous: indeed she was munificently generous on occasions, and ever charitable; but sometimes, as we have seen, she indulged in freaks of independence which were not always so happy in their results as that practised upon Catherine. Invited to visit Palermo she reached the shores of Sicily, when her fame was at its acmé, and her arrival caused as great a "sensation" in the capital of the island as Paganini's has created among us. For once, in Neapolitan government, the feelings of the Viceroy ran parallel with the enthusiasm of the people. A splendid repast was furnished by him to the nobility of Palermo, on the day of her first appearance—the proudest of the land were in attendance, and the banquet waited—yet she came not. Messengers were despatched to remind the prima-donna of her promise and her host's expectation.—"La Signora sends to say that she had entirely forgotten the invitation—is in bed, and desires not to be disturbed," was the easy answer which he bore; and it was much—as my Lord Pembroke, or any of our countrymen cognizant of the sweetnesses of Sicilian rule, will admit. The promised airs of the evening, however, would, it was thought, recompence the disappointed Viceroy for the less grateful ones thus exhibited, and he repaired to the theatre, followed by an illustrious cortège. Those who have endured long hours of suffocation in the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the motion of some celebrated orator postponed—those who have read a fashionable novel to the end, in the hope of extracting some little particle of pleasure—may appreciate the horror of his Highness, to hear the shrew-like songstress perversely setting all harmony and measure at defiance—stultifying the laborious efforts of the astonished orchestra, and giving her "native wood-notes wild" with a generous disdain of rule, that would have startled the classical ears of the Master of the Rolls, and thrown my Lord Mount-Edgecombe into a swoon. This was really too much for vice-regal forbearance; the contempt of authority was construed into a crime of the deepest dye, and the intractable syren was, on the termination of her performance, safely consigned to a prison, to pay the penalty of the insult. Handsome apartments were however afforded her; she adopted a sumptuous table; was "at home" to all, and at all times, and the prison became a scene of attraction perfectly unprecedented. As the term of the audacious culprit's confinement approached, she ordered a list of those detained for debt to be laid before her, and discharged all claims upon them! A vessel was prepared to bear her to her beloved Italy; and as she issued from her prison-walls, she was borne in procession by the congregated inhabitants of Palermo, past the Viceroy's palace, to the Marina, where she embarked amidst shouts of triumph from the grateful multitude.

The professional career of Rossini has not always been *coleur de rose.*

The strings of his destiny were not always golden ones, nor was the science of sound continually that of harmony to the ears of the great master. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* had a singular fate on its earliest representations at the Theatre d'Argentina at Rome, where it was produced in 1816. A variety of unlucky accidents attended the first performance. Conscious of the merits of the piece, and sensible of the high support promised by the ability of the actors, the elated composer assumed a prominent station in the orchestra; and that he might not be confounded in the eye of the audience with the vulgar mass of *symphoniaci,* he had invested himself with a vermillion-coloured coat—a garb which, however it might dazzle the eyes of some, produced the most discordant laughter in others, and sadly deranged the effect of the overture. The poor *maestro's* features became identified with the colour of his habit. The part of *Almaviva* having been assigned to Garcia, as he attempted to commence the serenade, the various chords of his guitar, with an unanimity somewhat remarkable, suddenly snapped, and hisses pursued the unhappy minstrel as he fled the stage. The nerves of the composer were fearfully shaken, and his confidence in his work was gradually lessening, when all his hopes were at once crushed by a luckless adventure that occurred to *Figaro,* in the person of Zamboni; who by some accident or other made a false step as he entered, and, falling upon his face, struck the most prominent feature of it so violently, as to produce from it a crimson stream. Forgetful, in his terror, of his handkerchief, Zamboni hurriedly applied the skirts of his dress to stop the blushing torrent, while shouts of laughter spoke more the fastidious taste, than the humanity, of the audience. In the confusion that ensued, the humbled but indignant *compositore* fled the theatre, while the opera was terminated amidst signs of contempt and disapprobation. The pride of Rossini was humbled; all his better hopes were destroyed. Could he have withdrawn the piece, he would have been comparatively happy; but it was necessary that it should undergo a renewed ordeal on the succeeding evening. Well aware of the violent passions of a Roman audience, and the uncomplimentary mode of giving them expression, when the fatal hour approached he locked himself in his chamber. Alone, and trembling for his fame and person, the weary hours of that eventful evening passed by no means pleasantly, until the neighbouring bells sounded the hour of midnight—when a distant rumour, as of numerous voices, reached his ear. He opened his casement with a nervous hand, and it became more distinct each moment, until, at a turning of the street, "Rossini! Rossini!" was vehemently ejaculated. Closing his window in affright, he sank despairing on a seat, until the repetition of the cry at the very door of his dwelling recalled him to a sense of danger, and the necessity of averting it. Confused murmurs and many steps were heard upon the stairs; "Rossini! Rossini!" was shouted simultaneously with repeated knocks at his chamber-door; but Rossini answered not. The outcry and battery became yet more violent, until, to his horror, he heard the portal give way, and "Signore Maestro!" and "Rossini! Rossini!" formed the chorus that accompanied the violation of his domicile. He was not there. "Where could he be?" was the general inquiry, until one of more acute vision than the rest discerned, beneath the bed, some of the vestiary appendages of the concealed musician. With a yell of triumph he was dragged forth; "Santa Maria! Signora Compatevole!" ejaculated the affrighted harmonist; when it was announced to him that

the performance had redeemed the ill-fortune of the previous evening—that Rome was in ecstacies, and that the audience had adjourned *en masse* to do honour *al divino maestro.* They bore him in triumph from his house, amid the blaze of a thousand torches and the vociferations of *la bocca Romana.* He was carried past balconies, crowded with fair spectators and beaming with lights, to the theatre, where he was crowned upon the stage. The deep silence of old Rome was fearfully profaned, as the multitude subsequently accompanied him to an *osteria,* where a magnificent entertainment had been provided; and morning dawned ere he and his admirers had terminated the orgies of his ovation.

Rossini is an inveterate musician; his whole soul is wrapt in harmony: he thinks, dreams, eats, and drinks music; it is to him what ale was to Boniface, or what Dr. Johnson was to Boswell. It was late at night, in the summer of 1829, that, on his way to Italy, a foreigner arrived at the inn *Les Trois Couronnes,* in the lovely town of Vevay, with his *cara sposa,* wearied both by travel and the excessive heats of the day. It was the season for the transmigration of the northern hordes to the south, and Money (the master of the hotel) could but afford them his private sitting-room, and a hastily prepared bed to repose on. Supper was ordered, but, ere it came, the eye of the guest had fallen on the piano of Madame M. which was, however, locked. In vain Money represented the lateness of the hour—the number of his guests, who had all retired to rest. No excuse would serve, and the peremptory gentleman attained his end. His fingers swept the keys, and the door being opened to let in air, the sounds penetrated to every quarter of the hotel. The performer had finished one of the airs of *Guillaume Tell,* when his attention was called to those around him. This second Orpheus was encircled by a group composed of persons of various nations: men, women, waiters, ostlers, all night-capped, bonnetted, silk-handkerchiefed, or uncoifed, were listening to him, open-mouthed and mute with delight—Swiss, Germans, English, French and Italians. *"Der Teufel"—"Diu lai Vouarde"—"Superbe! Divin!"—"Who can he be?"—"Egli e Italiano Sicuramente!"* were the cries of his enraptured auditors, in their various tongues. The *Ranz des Vaches* followed—*Henri Quatre—Che bello clima e questo,* and "God save the King," were successively played, and every listener felt prouder of his fatherland as he hearkened to that *piano magico.* The police-book next morning bore the name of "Rossini," and explained to all, the mystery of the preceding night.

The genius of Rossini is inexhaustible, but his learning slight. The sweet and flowing melodies of *Tancredi* were produced by him at the age of eighteen, and at once gave evidence of his taste; while all his subsequent compositions, numerous as they are, have the Redgauntlet brand of origin on their foreheads. Flattered, caressed, and fêted as he has been, it would be strange were the man not affected by the merits of the author. Elevated rapidly to distinction and public notice, his simple nature was scarcely calculated for the weight of honours with which he has been laden; and vanity and presumption took place of the homelier and honester qualities of character. Yet he is said to be more sensible to reprehension than to adulation, and if his share of the former has been trifling in amount, in two instances it derived a factitious importance from the sources it sprang from. "The Siege of Corinth" was

forbidden to be performed on the Venetian stage by Metternich; and his Majesty of Spain, having been present at the first performance of *Otello* at Madrid, interdicted its repetition on the ground of its *immorality*. The propriety of a man's taking away the life of his lady, may abstractedly be questionable; but it must be recollected that the Moor was not a Christian, a circumstance that *might* have pleaded for him with the tender conscience of the Most Catholic King.

The transition from parts of dramatic dignity to the character she supported in private life, was never more easy than in the case of Madame Catalani. In person, manner, and discourse, she was noble: and one was too often disposed to confound Catalani with *Semiramide*. The unusual respect shewn to her by crowned heads, seemed less accorded to the actress than the woman; and whether on the stage or at court, it ever seemed that *elle aspirait à descendre*. The last word pronounced, it is said, by the King of Bavaria, was the name of the Roman songstress. The Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of his theatre, as leader of the band, in honour of her genius; and even the Emperor of Austria forgot all meaner arts in admiration of Catalani. Charles John of Sweden himself conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm, in 1827, where two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her admiration; and some time after a similar pair was forwarded to her, at Paris, by the gallant prince, who deemed twenty-thousand francs a not too costly tribute to the enchanting actress. Yet all her sympathies were not devoted to royalty; for having visited Cracow, and consented to sing for one night at the public theatre, when the enormous amount of her engagement was tendered her, she returned more than the moiety of the sum in aid of the erection of the monument in memory of the patriot Kosciusko.

At Weimar it was Catalani's good or ill fortune to be placed at table next to the venerable Goëthe. It was intended by her illustrious host as a mark of respect to the fair Italian; but the lady was little acquainted with literature in general, or any other poetry than that which the fair translator to the King's Theatre murders so exquisitely for the benefit of its British frequenters. The peculiar attention paid to her neighbour, added to his imposing appearance, attracted the curiosity of the syren; and she inquired his name. "The celebrated Goëthe, Madam." "Pray on what instrument does he play?" was the next interrogation. "Madam, it is the renowned author of Werther." "Oh! yes, yes, I recollect." Then turning to Goëthe, resolved in her turn to compliment the aged poet, "Ah! Monsieur," she exclaimed, "how greatly do I admire Werther." A low bow answered the distinguished eulogist. "I never read any thing so truly laughable in my life. What a complete farce, Sir!" "Madame! The *Sorrows* of Werther?" "Ah, Sir, was anything ever more truly ridiculous!" continued the laughing lady, as she recalled to memory—What? a Parody upon Werther, produced at one of the minor theatres at Paris, where all the sentimentality of the Teutonic swain had been cruelly, but laughably burlesqued. The poet's nerves were sadly affected by the applause so equivocally lavished on his unsuspected talent, and the lady's credit was sensibly diminished at the court of Weimar, by her ignorance of Werther and Goëthe-sentimentality.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. No. IV.*

After my late bivouac on the plains, I pursued my way, none the worse, to Villa Franca, and thence to Merida. Large flocks of merino diversify the face of the country through which I passed; it is likewise rich in corn and oil. The good people in this part of Spain seem to entertain a particular veneration for the stork, which rears its young throughout this district in undisturbed security. With good reason, however, are these creatures unmolested; for they save their protectors the irksome duties of cleanliness, by becoming, after a fashion, their scavengers. They are recommended, moreover, by their strong Malthusian principles, which correct the evil tendency of a superabundant population in the marshes, adjoining Villa Franca and Merida. Merida contains innumerable relics of ancient Roman magnificence. It was once a favourite spot of such of the ancient conquerors, who exchanged the fertile fields of Italy for a more extensive share of those of Spain. Nor can it be wondered at, when we consider the temptations which the climate and soil of this luxuriant district afforded. Like all other places which the Romans honoured by their preference, it rapidly grew in greatness, and Merida became the envy of the neighbouring barbarous districts, by its splendid palaces, its stately temples, its aqueducts, baths, and amphitheatres. The remains of many of these stupendous and admirable works of art are yet in existence, surviving the revolutions of time and of kingdoms, and still exhibit, in their slow decay, that majestic grandeur, which gained for their projectors the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages. The very pavement which we trod upon, the inscriptions on the walls, the broken columns, capitals, bas-reliefs, and statues, all speak a tale of other times—nay, the very churches now devoted to christian worship, borrowing their splendour from the wrecks of paganism, convey forcibly to the mind an image of those days when the stately edifice, now responding to the voice of the true religion, once echoed with the rites of another—a barbarous, though imposing creed. Merida, though a considerable town, sinks into insignificance when viewed in comparison with its former splendour. One of the ancient aqueducts yet supplies the town with water, while the stupendous remains of the other only afford to the stork a secure asylum to rear its young. Within a short distance are the remains of a temple once dedicated to Diana, but now the residence of an anchorite. The bridge crossing the Guadiana is of great extent, and is likewise of Roman origin. Not far from the town are seen the remains of two ancient theatres, one adapted for scenic representation, and the other for the celebration of games, gladiatorial combats, and spectacles in which the ancient Romans took such delight. The remains of the amphitheatre lie scattered about in huge disjointed masses, so strongly joined with cement, as to form a solid and almost impenetrable body. Buildings so constructed might have bid defiance to time, had not man with a more unsparing hand hastened their destruction. This fine edifice has been undermined and pulled to pieces for the sake of the granite which formed the foundations, and faced the walls; thus proving, that the barbarians of a civilized era could not be taught to respect what the Goths of former ages spared. The epigram written on the family of the

* Extracted from the Note-Book of Sir Paul Baghott.

Barberini at Rome—who took such a conspicuous part in the plunder of the materials of the ancient Coliseum, their palace being almost entirely built of the spoil—might apply with equal justice to the modern barbarians of Merida—

"Quod non faciebant Barbari fecerunt Barberini!"

The other theatre is not so much fallen, owing, perhaps, to its still more solid construction—the walls being nearly forty feet in thickness at the base, and gradually diminishing towards the top. There are seven rows of stone seats, still perfect, which in former times marked the different ranks of the audience. It is now converted into a plaza for bull-fighting. The public entrances are but little damaged, though partly buried in earth from the accumulation of the rubbish of ages. The town is adorned with many modern churches and convents, and forms an agreeable and desirable residence, from the mildness of its climate and the abundance of every necessary of life with which it is supplied.

Badajos, which occupies so conspicuous a place in British military annals, is one of the frontier towns of Portugal, and within a day's ride of Merida. It was with regret that I left this town, where there is so much to tempt the traveller to stay; but my time was short; bidding adieu, therefore, to Merida, and all its vestiges of fallen greatness, I hastened onwards to the capital.

It was betimes in the morning that I was fairly on my route, when, passing through the village of San Pedro, but a short distance from Merida, and without any intention of halting, my attention was excited by seeing a handkerchief waved towards me, by a female hand, from the balcony of a very respectable-looking house. On looking up I heard a voice, in very soft and gentle accents, inquire whether I was an Englishman, and on my replying in the affirmative, I was invited in. This invitation, couched as it was in pleasant terms, and conveyed in so gentle a tone, I was not backward in accepting; and on ascending the stairs and entering the room, which I judged to be that adjoining the balcony, I discovered a young lady of a very prepossessing appearance, and a priest, who I conjectured, from a certain resemblance between them, to be a relation. I was not deceived; for the old man, apologizing for the liberty his niece had taken, informed me that she took a great interest in English people, and, on seeing me pass, recognizing me to be of that nation, could not forbear accosting me. The lady—who had before this time drawn a chair for me, and placed herself by my side, was not able to bear the lengthy apology and narrative of her reverent and garrulous relative, which, though given by me in a few words, it must be confessed, was somewhat prolix in the original—now overwhelmed me with a dozen questions in a breath about England, and more particularly London. She informed me that she had been induced to accompany an English officer to London, where he married her. His regiment was then unfortunately ordered off to India, when she was in so delicate a state of health that she was not able to proceed with him. He left her with instructions to follow him, when, on his arrival in India, he might be able to send her favourable accounts. After an anxious year the promised communication arrived, but not from her husband; it was the announcement of his death! She subsequently procured the arrears of pay, and a widow's pension. Her child (for she

had been left a mother,) died before she quitted England; and the last spot she visited, on leaving London, was its grave, in St. Martin's church-yard. She prepared me some chocolate, and gave me fruit, of which I partook; before we parted I made her a present of some tea, with which she seemed highly delighted.

Leaving the village of San Pedro, I pursued a by-road to Almorin, as I wished to pay a visit to my friend Don Ignacio de Vargas, but with all my exertion I was not able to reach it that night; I was therefore obliged to put up at a miserable and solitary vinta of the very worst description; and had the mortification of finding, the next morning, on reaching my destination, that my friend was gone from home to Madrid, and his return was quite uncertain. There was no remedy but patience, therefore I set about regaining my route, which I accomplished by scrambling over a most intricate cross-country, and reached Truxillo about eleven o'clock at night. I did not, however, much improve my condition of the preceding night, for on my arrival I found every place of shelter closed, and I had determined on a bivouac, when I discovered a light in the cottage of a peasant, who very hospitably gave us what accommodation he was able.

Truxillo is an ancient town of some consequence, and is celebrated as being the birth-place of Pizarro. It is very pleasantly situated on a hill, commanded by a castle, now in a state of decay, and surrounded by walls flanked by high towers and bastions—like all old towns, the streets are inconveniently narrow, though the plaza is sufficiently spacious. I happened to arrive on the king's birth-day, and some appearance of festivity was displayed; the town was illuminated, and a body of cuirassiers, with a troop of the Guadalaxara cavalry, were drawn up in the plaza. They had just returned from a skirmish with the insurgents, which, it must be understood, was the term applied to the partizans of the king, when the Cortes possessed the government of Spain. The insurgents, it appeared, had attempted to carry off the lapida—a stone, affixed in the plaza, of similar import to the tree of liberty—but were defeated by the gallant gentlemen I had then the honour of inspecting, and had retreated into the forests, of which they held possession. I waited on the Marquis of Conquesta, who was unfortunately from home, attending his sheep-shearing. The wool from their immense flocks, as I have before observed, produces large revenues to the grandees of Spain. The porch and hall of this nobleman's mansion are decorated with the spoils of the chase—I counted seventeen wild-boars of enormous size, stuffed; the heads of stags and other animals were scattered about in profusion. Leaving Truxillo, I reached Jaracejo about mid-day, when, having refreshed ourselves under an open shed, with some muleteers, I proposed proceeding to Almaraz, and inquired of my companions the way. The *arcros* replied that it was impossible to proceed thither at that time, for the insurgents infested the road, and to be secure it was necessary to go in a strong body, and early in the morning: they added, that if I persisted in going, we should assuredly be robbed of our horses and property. The landlord likewise informed me that two mules had been stolen from him the night before; which piece of information, though intended as a detainer, at once determined me to proceed; for, if we were not safe under the sorry shelter of his roof, it was worth a little additional risk for the chance of better accommodation—"Va usted con Dios!" cried the whole party shrugging their shoulders, as we returned

them their benison, and trotted off, as they confidently expected, to court our fate.

It was not without good reason that my friends, the muleteers, warned me of danger, and it was not long before I had reason to repent my temerity. We had not proceeded more than a league and a half from the posada, when I observed three men of most suspicious appearance, coming down on us in an oblique direction from the hills, evidently with the intention of taking us in flank, whichever way we might feel disposed to attempt a retreat. I had hardly time to communicate my apprehensions to my servant, when they called aloud to us to halt. My servant being unfortunately of a nervous temperament, was about to comply; but I, not seeing the necessity for such over-civility, applied the thong pretty sharply to his horse, and calling on him to fly for his life, put spurs to my own, and fairly tried the merit of our heels. The fellows, shouting, pursued us; but not gaining ground, one of them drew up, and levelling his carbine fired—I heard the ball whistle past me. This so far from having the effect desired, only lent an additional energy to my heels, which communicating in an increased ratio with those of my horse, soon made the distance greater between us, and I overtook my servant, who having the swifter steed, was most gallantly leaving me behind. He was in a terrible state of agitation, and I confess I looked for a repetition of the last favour, with no little anxiety. I told him, however, to reserve his fire in case they should succeed in nearing us, as, on our defensive system, we could not afford time to reload. Looking over my shoulder, I had the pleasure of finding only two in pursuit, the other having stopped, as I supposed, to reload; but seeing that I could expect no help from my comrade, I determined to effect our retreat, if possible, without risking an engagement. We were now ascending a steep hill, and our horses being heavily laden, and urged beyond their proper speed, began to shew evident symptoms of distress. My servant's horse, though the fleetest at first, now but sulkily obeyed his repeated and nervous application of the whip; and, Henriquez, casting a glance of terror behind, beheld our pursuers now gaining ground, and steadily tracking their prey. "We must fight, Henriquez," said I, "looking to my pistols. In an agony of apprehension he crossed himself repeatedly, and most fervently, and called on all the saints in heaven, by name, to effect a miracle in his behalf. "That won't serve you, my friend," said I, "look to your priming." The manner in which I spoke seemed only to increase his fear, so that seeing no assistance could be expected of him, I looked about for a position to strengthen my defence. On the summit of the hill stood the scattered ruins of an old castle, and by the management of whip and spur, I reached the friendly cover of its now delapidated walls. There, standing in the breach, which had, in its time, been defended by many a braver man, I awaited the coming of the enemy. This manœuvre seemed to stagger them, for they had evidently calculated on our failing strength. They were within a good rifle-shot of us, and they halted, as I suppose, to determine their movements. To assist their consultation, I now lowered my piece, which I had previously charged with ball, and taking a steady aim, fired. The distance was too great for execution with a fowling-piece; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them widen the distance between us. Here they turned and consulted again, and I gave them an additional hint, when shaking their fists ferociously towards us, and

firing their carbines in impotent anger, they gallopped back down the hill. As Henriquez saw the danger diminish, his valour proportionately increased; and I had some difficulty in persuading him that it would be better to pursue our route than to follow them across the hills, whither we had the pleasure of seeing them direct their course. Our horses were so completely jaded that we drove them before us down the hill, and pushed on as hard as we could for the Tagus, across which there was a ferry, and hoped to indemnify ourselves for our toil by a good supper and a night's rest at Almaraz. It was just dark when we reached the ferry.

The raft was on the opposite side, but we saw no signs of a ferryman. We called loudly for some time, and at last saw a light glimmer from the opening door of a cabin on the summit of a small hill on the opposite shore. This was from the functionary himself who, instead of coming to our assistance, inquired, in no very gentle terms, what we were bawling about. This being speedily made known to him, he informed us that he never descended the hill but once, having made a vow to that effect, when he was, one night, defrauded of his fare, by late travellers like ourselves. We implored him to dispense for once with so inhuman a resolve; for that we were almost dead with hunger and toil, and were, moreover, pursued by robbers. "I can't help that," coolly replied this modern edition of the Stygian ferryman, "it is far better that they should cut your throats, than that I should break my vow;" with which consolatory remark he slammed the door of his hut, and left us to our meditations. These were not of the most agreeable kind—our horses were in a most distressed condition, and to add to the distress, my servant was taken seriously ill. There was a wretched hovel near, under which I placed the horse-furniture, and tying the animals together, I commended them to their fare. Never did I pass so miserable a night, for though wrapped in our cloaks, beneath the hovel, no sleep closed our eyelids. My servant did nothing but sigh and groan, and my occasional ejaculations were neither of so submissive, nor so innocent a character. At last daylight, in some measure, relieved our sufferings, by bringing the ferry-raft, by which we and our horses, they having had nothing to eat but a few prickly thistles, were quickly conveyed across. I was compelled to walk to Almaraz to breakfast, my horse not being able to carry me, and my servant being too ill to dismount.

Having recruited our strength at Almaraz, we pursued our route to Talavera de la Reyna, and passed the villages of La Calzada and Oropaza, at which latter place, on an eminence, stood an old castle, as I understood, a royal residence, commanding a most beautiful and extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Indeed the neighbourhood of our whole route from Almaraz was exceedingly fertile, and abounded with corn, wine and oil. At night we reached Torrabella, and the next day passed over a flat country, covered with oak timber and corn fields, until we arrived at the range of small hills which form part of the site of the celebrated battle of Talavera. It was a sanguinary day, and the success of the action was so equivocal that it was confidently claimed by both parties. Our cavalry suffered greatly from a covered ravine, into which the foremost ranks were precipitated at the charge. It is said that Lord Portarlington, then in the 23d Dragoons, saved his life by the gallantry of his charger, who cleared the foss at a single leap, and taking a short course on the other side, rejoined the remains of his regi-

ment by the same desperate means, amidst a shower of shot from the enemy. Many hundreds of our brave fellows, under that treacherous footing, found a grave; and it was not without emotion that I beheld the yellow cornfield, and the teeming vineyard, waving their treasures peacefully over their place of rest—fertilized by the blood of the brave! The city was outspread before us, as on a huge map, in the midst of an extensive plain, and nearly encircled by the Tagus. On our approach I found it was encompassed by an old Roman wall, to which were attached the ruins of several towers. The bridge by which we entered the town bore evidence of Roman construction; but it is in a sadly dilapidated state. The town is ancient, and has nothing remarkable in it. It contains some good houses, has a plaza for bull-fighting, and two public walks. There is a royal establishment for the manufacture of silk, which is now inactive; but a considerable trade is carried on by the inhabitants in silk, hats, and common ware.

During my short stay, I was present at a religious festival, and was much edified by witnessing a few acts of practical devotion, the principal of which consisted in burning an effigy of Judas, which was consigned to the flames amidst a burst of pious indignation. Various offerings was then made to the Virgin, in corn, wine, oil, fruit, and flowers. Asses and lambs were likewise driven into the churches, and placed before the altar; which the priests rendering an excellent account of, and the people being extremely well satisfied with, all parties retired from the festival in the most joyous and contented mood imaginable. The climate is very mild, and provisions are in great abundance. I obtained excellent red wine at one penny a bottle. The posadas are indifferent; I was obliged to purchase in the town every thing I had occasion for, and paid the host only for the shelter of his roof. Being rather fatigued with walking during the last two days, I took the advantage of a gallero going from Lisbon to Madrid, and engaged a place. This is a conveyance intended for merchandize and passengers, resembling a light waggon, and travelling at the rate of about four miles an hour. The passengers were not of a description to suit an *exclusive*, but they were civil and good humoured, and endeavoured to make themselves agreeable to each other, by singing and playing the guitar, occasionally introducing a merry story. It was not from want of entertainment, that at the end of the first day I left the gallero; but I found the motion rather more fatiguing than the ambling of my little horse, which I again mounted, having, during my short journey, tied him to the gallero, and left my baggage to the care of the conductor. At night I reached Mostoles, where I had the luxury of a bed on the floor, and the next day arrived at Madrid.

Political dissensions were for a time forgotten at the moment I entered the capital, in consequence of the celebration of the splendid festival of Corpus Christi. The principal streets were covered with an awning of blue and white striped canvass, placed at a considerable elevation, that the view from the balconies and the principal windows might not be interrupted. The ground was strewn with sand, and the streets lined with troops. Eleven thousand men were on duty. All the valuables of the inhabitants, of such a nature as tapestry, carpets, and stuffs of costly description, were exhibited on this occasion, and hanging from the windows in such profusion as almost to cover the walls of the houses, pro-

duced a very lively and agreeable effect. The procession commenced by a line of the public authorities, followed by the bishops and clergy; after these dignitaries was borne the Host, on a magnificent custodia of silver, enriched with gold; and succeeded by a swarm of friars and members of the different orders of priesthood. At these festivals the presence of the king is expected, but on this occasion he disappointed the loyal and faithful. The day is devoted to pleasure and amusement, and before its close becomes a sort of saturnalia. At that period the royal power was completely shorn of its former despotic sway by the Cortes, who, in their turn, usurping too much, caused the interference by which they fell. The hall wherein they held their discussions is not a large building, but is exceedingly chaste and beautiful in its decorations. On the walls of the interior are placed tablets of black marble, whereon are engraved, in letters of gold, the names of those heroes who perished for the constitutional liberty of Spain, viz.:—Porlier, Lacy, Bertrand de Lis, and others who want no such memorial to perpetuate their fame. At the grand entrance stood two pages, attired in white satin robes, and wearing turbans on their heads, ornamented with large plumes of ostrich feathers. Two lions *couchant* were placed on pedestals on each side of the door. The interior is divided into two compartments, each of which is lined with rows of benches, cushioned and covered with purple velvet, and a considerable space is left between, which is tastefully carpeted for the entrance of members. The president takes his seat at the upper end, in a magnificent chair, attended by two pages, dressed like the others, in white satin. On one side is a balcony, appropriated to ambassadors and strangers of distinction, in addition to which there is a gallery capable of holding three hundred persons, which is open to the public without a fee. The throne is very splendid, and is placed in the extremity of the hall. It consists of a chair of state, supported by bronze gilt lions, on its summit is a helmet, surmounted by a large drooping ostrich feather; on each side this chair are figures supporting a canopy of purple velvet, festooned with golden ropes and tassels. When I was present, the subject under discussion was that of dividing the provinces into districts, for the more equal return of deputies. The debate was conducted with great decorum, and a strict attention to outward observations. Maps and plans were placed on the table, and others were handed about to the several deputies who wished for further information on the subject. Notwithstanding the house and gallery was crowded, every member obtained a patient hearing, and a respectful silence was observed throughout the debate. The conclusion is highly favourable to the Spanish Chamber of Deputies, when brought into comparison with a similar branch of legislature of their neighbours the French, and approaches in rationality and dignity* nearer to our own senate—on the model of which, doubtless, its observances have been founded.

* Is our correspondent satirical?—Ed.

THE STEAM-BOAT. A PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S.

I CAN generally tell a traveller of much experience, by his system and tranquillity. He is uniformly in good time—avoids all superfluity of language, and is well provided with the absolute essentials for a journey. On the other hand, the symptoms are as visible in those whose sedentary habits have "still confined them to their homes." Every thing, with them, is hurry and confusion; the objects of their journeys are frequently defeated by absurd omissions; the want of method multiplies the troubles of their preparation, and makes the simple act of packing up a complete labour of distraction. A man in haste will cut himself in shaving, and lose an hour in staunching his wound, before he can venture to put on his shirt and cravat. He takes his breakfast in a constant trot from box to bag; swallows masses of unmasticated food, and scalds his mouth—in many instances, to be too late; or else, to catch his vehicle by running half a mile, and hallooing till speech has left him; when, perhaps, he mounts the coach, with all the liquid honours of a river god; and, after the enjoyment of a three hours' indigestion, finds himself possessed of an insuperable rheumatism, or a six months' cold. Similar and equal evils attend the raw or dilatory traveller, who goes by steam; indeed, where procrastination is "part and parcel" of a man's own nature, he will find himself deplorably unfitted for the duties, and the pleasures even, of a locomotive life.

I could not resist the wishes of a schoolfellow—whom I had lost for many years—to join him on a trip to Dunkirk, in a steamer, which was puritanically designated, in the notice of its sailing, as a vessel worthy the attention, and adapted to the comforts of the *religious public.* I found many martyrs, but no evangelists, on board; and I was glad to see that such a despicable clap-trap had not denuded pleasure of its gaiety, or brought hypocrisy to offer insult to the sanctity of undissembled holiness.

I felt a curious disposition to speculate on all the characters I saw around me; but, why and wherefore I recorded what I thought, I know not. Can the more pretending give a wholesome reason for the utterance of what they write? Can critics give a proof of their infallibility? or dogmatists, who dictate their opinions to the world, produce an honest vindication of their high authority?

My friend and I were not the first on board. A party of *exclusives* occupied a bench upon the larboard side; and, by way of ensuring the uninterrupted pleasures of their *select society,* were confronted by a row of *élégantes* and *beaux,* on stools—an arrangement destined to repel intrusion, and assert the consequence of all the party, though highly detrimental to the humbler travellers, who naturally looked for the free passage of the deck.

By dint of casual inquiries, I ascertained the real grade of these superlatives. The leader of the party was heiress to incalculable wealth; and, being ever in the leading-strings of jealous monitors, had rejected every offer made her, as a scheme upon her fortune. Her importance was augmented by a string of toad-eaters, who found their benefit in the perpetuation of her maidenhood, and earned their living by advice, on all occasions, as their tyro sojourned in the realms of Bishopsgate-within, or in the rural cells of Hornsey-wood, where Fauns and Dryads, Dians, Cupids and Apollos, were stuck as thick and permanently, as old

lieutenants of the navy, without interest, at a levy of Lord Melville's—when in office. Miss Biddlecombe was a pretty girl enough, but the wealth of her *papa* inspired her with a morbid rage for *fashion;* which, actuated with that ambition for attire, too prevalent among the middling classes of society in England, exhibits the purest specimens of genuine vulgarity; and the young lady had, on this occasion, issued, in the glory of her wardrobe, from Norton Falgate; resolved on the concealment of that unnameable abode, by the highest airs of an *exclusive,* and the flippant tone of West-end folly and presumption. She was reposing in an attitude well adapted to the exhibition of a pretty foot and ankle, and well-turned leg. Her bonnet was adjusted so as to disclose that beautiful and indicative portion of a female — the neck, where a fair skin and rich dark hair were beautifully blended and contrasted, at the same time; a handsome volume in her hand, on which she rather gazed than read. The book was open at the play of "Love's last shift." A handsome Frenchman, who, with the facility of good address, had violated the *cordon,* which the *mauvaise honte* of all the Englishmen respected—encountered the fair candidate for admiration. "Mais, il ne semble, Mademoiselle, que vous vous amusez là, d'une manière assez triste. Puis-je me permettre la liberté de vous demander qu'est ce que vous lisez là?" "C'est, Monsieur," replied Miss Biddlecombe, "la dernière chêmise de l'amour."

Among the many members of Miss Biddlecombe's *élite,* the most prominent, by far, was Mr. Botherby, a gentleman of sixty years, that, to all appearance, had been devoted to the acquirement of facetious tales, *bons mots,* and epigrams; of which he was considered, by far, the largest extant repository. He was, in his way, a kind of bazaar, where the humour of an audience might be suited with narratives and jokes at choice. No man was better known on town; he was conversant in the proprieties of every sort of esculation, from a *frescati* pic-nic, or a sprat supper, to the banquet of the noble and urbane; and his nose served as an annual register of these Apician festivities, which were regularly, in the remembrance of his friends, recorded by a full-blown addition to the carbuncular glories of that blushing organ—in the summer-season, rivalling the hue of the deepest peony; and, in the wintry months, presenting the darker and more tempestuous colour of a thunder-cloud. Mr. Botherby was charged to the brim with anecdote and pun, epigram, and rhebus; and it took a full day's exercise to exhaust his fund; though a second day as certainly reduced him to the "crambe repetita." He stood in no need of preparation—of no economy of matter—in boat or coach—walking or sitting, he opened the narrative store of his remembrance, like pulling up a sluice, and away went the torrent of farrago, in turbulent rhapsody, till the vessel of his memory was dry, and the operation of the wine or spirit had silenced the laborious member, which served in the obstetric duty of its delivery. His style, at length, assumed the character of mannerism—all things were introduced with a succinct, but proper preface; "the anecdote just mentioned, reminded him of one, which he would, in a few words, relate." Another was narrated "as a singular coincidence;" a third, "in illustration of the former;" "being on such a subject, he could not refrain from mentioning an interesting fact—a similar occurrence—a miraculous escape—an incomparable repartee." In short, he could meet a party even-handed, with a fellow to every story, pun, or accident—a rival for every prodigy, a companion for

every jest, and a glass of wine to each. Repetition had conferred on him peculiar volubility, and I know few of his acquaintances who cannot relate, in word and gesture, the greater portion of his superlative extravaganzas.

The rare endowment of so much memory, such complying aptitude, and indefatigable loquacity, had fairly conferred on Mr. Guy Botherby, the well-known distinction of a man of "infinite anecdote, and a fund of inexhaustible amusement." Few will be surprised that such a "host within himself," should be selected by a numerous and vulgar party, which delighted in the attentions of a gentleman of notoriety, as the lion of *their* party, at the least—if not, of the extensive crew.

The pretensions of Mr. Botherby were, however, somewhat lowered, or, at all events, approached, by the appearance of an Irish major, who rejoiced in the indicative denomination of O'Gorman; a name of most inflammable and deadly import; for the major, in the sportive recreations of his youth, had killed a man or two, and triumphed in the reputation of a fire-eater. This was an imposing circumstance. An unlimited acquaintance with all peers, from the dukes of Horam, Edom, and the Midianites, down to the last creations of the Caçique of Poyais, invested the gallant officer with a reverend importance; to which the vulgar, with all their affectation of contempt, attach the meanest, most absurd, and most infatuated homage. This distinguished intimate of all the greatness of our sphere, had learned the coffee-house decorum of calling peers by an abbreviated designation, to mark the freedom which existed between him and his superb acquaintance; though he usually *appended*, lest his own importance should be underrated, the titular distinction of his friends; something on the system of an alphabetical list, in which you find the name preceding, and the style and title afterwards. The *splash* of so much unexpected grandeur was *a bonne fortune*, that none but *tuft-hunters* can adequately estimate. With all these sovereign claims to supercilious impudence the gallant officer possessed the wit and gaiety peculiar to his country—all its gallantry and personable quality—together with a brogue, on which a joke prevailed among the major's friends, that it was so pre-eminently influential as to benefit the growth of a potatoe-bed by its vernacular euphony.

Miss Biddlecombe was violently smitten with the gallant officer's unbounded intimacy with the great; and she, in general, herself displayed the ensign of her consequence, by mentioning her pa's acquaintance with certain hopeful honours of the peerage, who frequent the table of some plebeian Crœsus, whom they flatter to his face, and ridicule among their noble friends. The daughter of such opulence (for that is the connection after all,) does wonders with impatient tradesmen. The rumour of a match between a lord, and some devoted heiress whom he most professedly contemns, enables him to carry on his course of profligate imposture—for a host of creditors are fed with trumped-up probabilities of fortune, should patrician pride descend to an alliance, in which the glorious blood of the nobility is to be bartered for the wealth of despicable honesty and frugal toil.

Nor were these irreverent notions of mendicant aristocrats withheld from the reflections of Miss Biddlecombe herself. The zeal of private friendship, which is always so disinterested between the wealthy patron and the poor dependent, had placed incessantly before the affluent young lady's eyes the horror of so sad a marriage. And every argu-

ment against mankind, that ingenuity and rancour could suggest, had been most skilfully developed to Miss B., (as her acquaintance called her,) by the person I am just about to specify, and who figured in the present *coterie.*

Miss Jack, a woman thirty years of age, possessed no personal attractions, but a monstrous stock of vanity, which experience had, however, disabused. The succession of her disappointments in various "enterprises on the heart of man," had totally converted all the sweetness of the female disposition into its acetous opposite. She had, at length, adopted a common refuge of the "unbeloved," affected to despise the charms that were denied her, and arrogated to herself the attributes of a superior understanding, aiming at the conduct of masculine peculiarity. She was, therefore, licensed (so she thought,) to be impertinent and rude, and in the privilege of ugliness and waning years, united with the impunity belonging to —— no, not her female, but her *neuter* gender, would incessantly make witless, pert, unfeeling, coarse remarks; for which, if she had been a man, her nose would have been pulled, and if, in *all respects,* a woman, the gentleness of nature would have shocked her, had they issued from the lips of any other even of her sex. The fear of her companions had conferred the character of cleverness on her unamiable pertness—her spite had been denoted satire—her unfeminine audacity was strength of mind. In short, flattery, founded upon terror of her tongue, did more for the revenge of all her *friends,* who cordially detested her, than any other species of dislike could possibly have done. She thought herself a perfect wit. She made war on her opponents with the artillery of adages and maxims—had always an ill-natured misconstruction to apply to every act, however laudable or harmless—was a splendid liar, a perennial fountain of malignity and slander, and last, not least, the attendant toad-eater and guardian-dragon of the rich Miss Biddlecombe.

Wherry after wherry reached the steam-boat, and all was bustle and confusion save myself and my old acquaintance, Colonel Peregrine, an officer who had visited most regions of the globe, and who had quietly selected, *in good time,* the seat which, under every likely circumstance of wind, and weather, and society, was least objectionable to a gentleman of his contemplative and tranquil character. As we sat together we were able to observe the strange diversity as well as the remarkable coincidence of various characters, as they successively appeared. The grandeur of some clerks and swaggering apprentices, who paid, with a pretending air, a larger fare than was required by the insatiable watermen, who throng the stairs; the bickering of others, who resolved on a resistance to all imposition, and who threatened, on returning, to chastise the insolence of such extortions as were levied in the bustle of departure. Then again was the distraction of young ladies, who had left behind a parasol, a ring, or reticule—in coaches, inns, or boats—in short, a medley of peculiarities, which any one accustomed to a steamer may now remember, though perhaps he never thought them worthy of remark. An attorney was excessively severe in his denunciation of exaction—and referred with true professional precaution to his book of fares; in doing which the breeze, that, like the tide, pays no respect to persons, wafted from the various papers in his hand — a writ! which, after having hovered for a moment in the air above the vessel, was calmly borne by *certiorari* to the shore.

The next cargo which came alongside was the family of the Gobbletons, being seven in number. Mr. Gobbleton, a selfish, dull, opinionated ignoramus—a kind of oracle among his own peculiar *clique*—a man of maxims, whose first of duties was to himself—the idol of Mrs. G.—the disgust of most other persons—and an unprecedented glutton. The fair two-thirds of Mr. Gobbleton—for she was twice his size, was an unusually simple, acquiescent, vulgar, *good soul*, who doated on dress, her progeny, and Mr. Gobbleton; a woman who was, however, always in what is elegantly termed "between a fluster and a muck." This disposition was considerably augmented by the bustle of the embarkation; and Mrs. G., who had taken, with her ponderous dimensions, the seat of honour most appropriately at the stern, conferred a ludicrous appearance on the boat, the after-part of which was well nigh submerged, while the head was erected in the river like an alligator's on a midnight survey. The "little loves"—in number five—were the universal horror of their whole acquaintance; so much so, they were always named expressively "those Gobbletons!" a phalanx of ill-bred, petted, petulant, unruly gormandizers. *The loves* inherited the great perfection of the father; and nature had kindly anticipated their darling predilection, by gifting the uncomely curmudgeons with a stupendous range of mouth, which, in its impression on a cake, or slice of bread and butter, left such an elliptic gap, as antiquarians would, on any piece of petrified *comestible*, have learnedly assigned to the redoubted jaws of the gigantic ages.

The approach was admirable. Mr. G., the model of sapient taciturnity; his lady, scattering the zephyrs round a bonnet—which might well have formed a fellow to the helmet of Otranto—with a fan, in all respects a rival of a Malabar cajan—and the "proles Gobbletoniana" sitting round and setting at their hares, in the shape of a prodigious basket, stored to superfluity with such alluring preparations, as would link together the ordinary meals appointed for the day's support. When they reached the steam-boat, Mr. Gobbleton was seriously employed in settling a dispute among "the loves;" originated, it appears, by an incipient distribution on the Tower stairs, by which the flagrant injury had been inflicted on a *pet* of eight years old, of having had a pie with one plum less in its enclosure than his younger brother's. This arrival in the vessel was notified, in no long time, by the screams of these delightful children; some of whom had tumbled over ropes or packages, or otherwise incurred the inconvenience of a vessel in disorder, by scampering about, and looking everlastingly behind them.

Every variety almost of human nature was on board. An enormous man and his long slender wife were the last accession to our party. The male was the *summum maximum* of corpulence, his lady the *tenue exemplum* of exility—the gentleman asleep; his mate a lynx, all watchfulness and care. Miss Biddlecombe, looking on the slumbering mass, declared it was a case of syncope—Mr. Botherby, all point as usual, replied "in his opinion, it was much more like the figure of antithesis!" "I have heard that twenty times before," said Miss Jack. Mr. Lark, the name of the stout gentleman, as we afterwards learned from his own narrative, was a very early riser; he was rather the original than the picture of somnolency and contentment. His posture was always such as to invite his old antagonist—sleep. His legs were crossed about the ancle, and his hands, which he with difficulty brought to meet above the

spacious realm between them, were intertwined and resting on the edge of his abdominal protuberance. The forepart of his cravat, which was barely visible elsewhere, and not above an inch in width, was absolutely buried underneath the volumes of his double chin; and, as his head reclined *against* his shoulder, the pressure gave his mouth the shape and property of a spout, by which the aqueous saliva, attendant on a heavy sleep, was bounteously effused into his waistcoat pocket. Mr. Lark was now entranced in the luxury of a sixteenth doze since morning; and yet, so strange are the conclusions of mankind, that nothing could have led him to believe himself a man of sleepy habits, because he made a point of rising about four—to quit his bed that he might seek for easy spots elsewhere, on which to take his quantum of repose, by different instalments. With a strength of understanding, which a nature over-kind sometimes subjected to suspicion, he comprised the essence of all good affections, was a merry entertaining oddity—when wakeful; beloved by every one; the donor of good feasts, the easy dupe of any rogue who chose to practise on his confidence: in fine, a mass of charity, sensibility, and drollery—but devilshly disposed (as he himself observed) to *nod* a little. His lady was a tall sharp-visage female, as erect and formal as a Prussian grenadier. Indeed, their union seemed an attestation of the adage, that marriages are made in heaven; for the mere Providence of earth could never have combined such lean elongation with such rotundity of fat—such vigilance of constitution with such indomitable somnolence. If the Ashantees had taken such a prize, their cooks would have assumed the rigid, iron figure of the wife, as a spit especially designed, whereon to roast the vast dimensions of her lord.

At length, we had evidently started. A few large steam-drops fell like rain—the whole fabric of the vessel trembled—the dashing paddles spurned the foam behind and sideways—the smaller craft upon the river were gradually rocked into a state of oscillation—the passengers, with rare exceptions, gathered into silent groups—the captain, on the paddle-case, with an experienced and anticipating eye, directed us through the intricacies of our passage, through the numerous obstructions which negligence or ignorance, and often imprudence, would cast before us. The helmsman was a picture of attention.—I pitied him. He was molested, when thus responsibly engaged, by the trifling queries of a cockney, as to weather and the time of our arrival. He was armed, however, with a curt reply and a repulsive manner, which effectually stopped the progress of interrogation. He suffered one infliction only from the stately Mr. Gobbleton, who asked him, when the dinner would be ready? "I a'n't the cook, Sir," was the laconic answer.

My old friend Peregrine, who knew my love of "character," began the series of that day's speculation.—"It is clear to me, but what think you? whom and what should you suppose that dark man——forward? Him I mean with the aquiline nose—who is rather peck-marked; apparently, too, the mirth of his surrounding friends." The person so denoted was no ordinary character—he had buck-shins, knock-knees, large splay-feet with bulging bunyans, which his boots could hardly hold within their custody. His coat was of a glossy green, with great gold basket-buttons, his vest of variegated velvet-cut, its every flower, in magnitude, surpassing life; a metal chain suspended from his neck, and carefully disposed into a labyrinth of intersections and festoons, was fastened to an ample gaudy watch, as many-handed as the famed

Briareus; a diamond upon every finger, and a swingeing garnet, set in pearls, in the plaited frill of an uncleanly shirt. His coat behind was monstrously distended; a bunch of huge gold-seals descended half way to his knee, as if it he had been the chancellor of all the states of Europe, with the official signets hanging from his fob. With a silk hat, extravagantly pointed fore and aft, and most ambitiously erected at the sides—and the addition of a quizzing (!) glass, of the largeness of a patent crumpet, the attire of this unknown is accurately now before you.

I answered "I could venture to pronounce that man a Jew." On walking forward, the justice of my guess was palpable. Mr. Solomon, with the wisdom natural to such a name, had made business the companion of his pleasure; and having calculated on the thoughtlessness of numbers bent on an excursion—all for fun—had come profusely stored with every sort of cheap but gaudy trinket, which could win the eye and tax the folly of his fellow passengers. His clothes were absolutely all pockets, outside and in; so many repertories in which his wares were notably deposited. His magazines were rife with every bauble—rings, scissars, tweezers, corkscrews, broaches, knives, and nut-crackers. The last production raised a roar of laughter; but a gentleman, who asked the owner, what the use of crackers was without the nuts, was answered "that there was a friend of *hissen* who had got some fresh ones down below." An exquisite, who volunteered to quiz the Jew, was not, however, to be prevailed on as a purchaser; but after an enormity of chaffering, which shewed no hopes of sale or purchase, the Israelite amused the party by offering in *his* turn to become a buyer—when he asked the disconcerted puppy—"if he hadn't got no *dublicates* to sell?" The effect of such a question on the grandeur of a coxcomb, who would not be thought to understand its import, was altogether irresistible. Sectaries are unfairly chosen as the butts of underling wits; and here, it was quite regaling to a looker-on to mark the triumph of the Jew. He answered all the bantering of his Christian persecutors with a clothed acumen, with a bitterness of jesting repartee, which the ludicrous badness of his speech and the artifice of a coerced smile, could hardly rob of its resentful character; but the house of Issachar, with lucre in their view, have drunk the cup of ignominious patience, under all forms of polity—in all climes—in the midst of every faith. I believe, if the majesty of Satan were to tempt the eagerness of speculation by erecting a bazaar within his torrid settlements, the names of *Levy*, *Solomons*, or *Isaacs*, would be the first to shine on the commercial porches of his rising factory.

The fondness and simplicity of Mrs. Gobbleton were sources of amusement all day long. Good heart! she viewed with an applauding smile the nuisances incessantly committed by her children, and wondered any living creature could regard them with a less indulgent eye. The names, too, of her very ugly, and, in one or two instances, deformed productions, were adopted from the heroines and heroes or divinities of heathenism. Master Hercules was rather bandy and hump-backed, particularly feeble to appearance, with a huge head that would have suited Polyphemus, and the rest of his dimensions were no larger than a dwarf's. Miss Psyche Gobbleton was a kind of squat she-Vulcan, red-haired, squinted, and spent her day in sucking lollypops. Endymion was the likeness of a flat-nosed Javanese. Alcibiades, the flower of the flock, had a paunch like an alderman, stammered frightfully, and was much

suspected to be born *natural.* Miss Minerva was remarkable for nothing but the family-mouth—the extent of which, I think, I have already mentioned.

This spacious ground for ridicule was not neglected by the present wits. The highest tone of jocularity, on this occasion, proceeded from a gentleman of much repute in that particular description of eccentric *badinage.*

Mr. Medley possessed, in a fortunate degree, the talent of talking clever nonsense—a quality of conversation both rare and valuable—a happy go-between, where, as it will sometimes happen, the extremes of intellect are so decidedly contrasted, that folly and philosophy, or ignorance and learning, constitute a party. Then is your good nonsense-talker an inestimable interponent—an approximating isthmus between the isolated bodies; for, having levity, brilliance, and volubility, to rouse the *risible* in the less intellectual portion of his audience, he scatters, in the profusion of his colloquy, a *here-and-there* remark, by way of illustration, which shews some point and tact in his frivolity: so that, what to the inferior mind is ample and delicious fare, appears to the fastidious understanding a kind of fanciful extravagance, in which wit and fantasy are wantonly contorted, and which, in spite of all censorious judgment, is tacitly applauded as a specious of anomalous accomplishment. Women love that style of conversation, because it is the covert of so much significance, which, expressed in common parlance, would be trite and formal. It is the language of contrariety as well, replete with the extravagance and foolery of rich imaginations. Blockheads are charmed with it—they know not why; and the learned and philosophic affect to sneer at its unworthiness, that, under the plea of dignity, they may avoid the perils of an encounter for which they are too unwieldy, and wherein they fear as much the disgraceful ridicule of a defeat, as a huge bully, when he risks a lively castigation from a "little one unknown."

"Great patience!" cried certain of the Biddlecombe *élite,* as they beheld the Gobbletons, "how those extraordinary children stuff themselves! They surely will be ill!"

The little darlings, when their maxillary organs were exhausted with prolonged mastication, indulged in the innocent but languid amusement of picking from the cavities of the bread, with the tips of their pretty fore-fingers, the butter which had been pressed into them by the process of its spreading; and when the task, at length, grew irksome, and they *could not*—on the common laws of space and extension—hold an atom more—they severally held out their *planks*—for you could hardly call them by so diminutive a name as *slices*—in a mood of petulant repletion; saying, "Mother! mother! I can't eat no more!—Father! I can't eat no more—now!!"—"Well," said the father, "lay it down then, till you can." So down they laid their several hunches on the bench; and as Mrs. Gobbleton was, at the moment, moving from the other side, a heavy lurch precipitated her to the spot where all "her little loves" had placed their victorious stores, which, under her maternal pressure, were expanded into a respectable superficies, circularly co-extensive with the superimposed *onus.* Mrs. Gobbleton, though alive to the merits of her robe, could readily forgive an accident arising from the heedless error of her blood and bone; and a simple exclamation, mingled with a slight reproof, was all that marked—besides the bread and butter—the damage

of a good square yard of pea-green silk.—" Oh, my *gownd!*" she cried, " Now, ar'nt I told you, Ercules and Psyche, never to lay nothing down *permiscuous?*"

The glorious moment of repast arrived. The dinner was scarcely announced, when a tremendous scream arose—a chorus of distress. It was occasioned by the velocity of the sweet little family of the Gobbletons, who had rushed, on the utterance of these grateful tidings, to secure themselves the preferable places at the dinner-table—in pursuit of which decorous object they had all come into violent collision at the top of the companion-ladder, and had settled the contested point of precedence by tumbling down, *en masse,* to the savoury region of their greedy hopes. A gouty gentleman, unfortunately seated at the bottom, whose feet received this unexpected shower of progeny, bestowed upon the " little dears" a hearty d—n, and hoped their meal might choke them. The lamentations of the Gobbletons were, however, gradually diminished as they ogled the constituent dishes of the dinner; and eventually, on the uncovering of a pie of the shape and magnitude of the Life-Guards' kettle-drum, the juvenile plorators looked at one another, wiped their eyes and noses with their cuffs, and broke into a roar of ecstacy. Mr. Botherby, who had taken a judicious seat, in the immediate vicinity of a *plat piquant,* where he could help himself to a sufficiency, by an experienced *coup de main,* before, by any possibility, a priority of application could mar his usual plan, observed, with an accompanying smile—

> " The tear on childhood's cheek that flows
> Is like the dew-drop on the rose!"

and looking to a sturdy gentleman, his neighbour, for applause, was met by a grave face—the owner of which, by far more interested in his dinner than in the lyrics of Sir Walter Scott, replied, " Is that your bread, sir?" putting out a finger like a kidney-potatoe. " I'll thank you for the mustard;"—and then, holding out his plate—" Some cabbage, with gravy, and no stalk. There!—there!—there!—that'll do.—Some beer, you sir!"

During the first burst of the attack, the motherly Mrs. Gobbleton was assiduously occupied in guarding the attire of her keen progeny from the danger threatened to their Sunday suits, by the usual defence of pin-befores; but the restive anxiety of the little *gourmands* rendered the office, in which she was engaged, as irksome as the bridling of a colt who sees some corn before him. When 'the loves' were muffled to the chin, in their brown-holland, the kind mother drew from her companion-basket a *tablier! tout à fait à la Françoise,* in black calico; which—should it descend to heirs hereafter—certain of the *Old Buck* family will prove, with all the truth and perspicuity of antiquarian erudition, to have been the fatal sail which bore the ungrateful Theseus to the Attic shore. Thus arrayed, the mother of the cormorants assumed the centre of her rank of issue, who played away on either hand with desperate velocity, and seemed to be so many hungry emanations of the heathen *principle* of plenty; each, enviously looking at the others' plates, to see who had the most.

Nothing could surpass the scene of unsophisticated greediness and fantastic affectation of the company. Miss Biddlecombe, and all her fashionable *clique,* were unacquainted with the vulgar joints, so grossly

and profusely placed before the mixed society. The less refined hungarians, with all the purpose of our national voracity, were fain to make a triple visitation to the *masses* of their ordinary fare. Mr. Gobbleton, with unremitting ardour, swallowed plate on plate—incessantly regarding, "with an eye askance," the rapid diminution of the various dishes—and performing acts of masterly despatch on peas, with the edgewise end of an expanded knife, which few could have accomplished with a spoon. Paganini on the fiddle! Lindley on the violoncello! Puzzi on the horn! agreed;—but for eating peas and gravy with a knife, the father of the Gobbletons distinctly had it—"all the world to nothing!"

Miss Jack had "cut her jokes" on Mr. Botherby's *proboscis*, on Major O'Gorman's brogue, and had nearly disconcerted the voluble chatterbox and the modest assurance of the gallant officer, by the thunderbolts of her unjustifiable presumption. She found a capital antagonist, however, in the only character that seemed precisely qualified to meet so privileged and difficult an enemy. And this was no other than the eldest Gobbleton; who having, in the ardour of repast, upset a tumbler and its contents on Miss Jack's fine gown, was called "an odious greedy-gut!" and told, she had a mind "to slap his face!" which really made that hideous portion of the petted pest to colour so with rage, that had the blow been given instead of menaced merely, it was hardly possible that its consequent suffusion could have surpassed the rubicund expression of his full-blown ire! Master Gobbleton could hardly speak from passion; but, running to his mother, pointed with extended arm to the incensed maiden, crying, when he gained his speech, which he recovered with a gulp. "Maa! that there ugly old woman, says she'll smack my face!"—"My pretty!" said Mrs. G., hugging the frightful nuisance in her arms, "if she does, you give *her* a smack in *hern.*"—"That I will," said Master G. The rage of the hostile parties threw the company into convulsions; when, Miss Jack, about to leave the cabin, and looking hard at Major O'Gorman, who had led the laugh, said, "Ah! one fool makes many!"—"Pray, Madam," said the Major, "be azy, why would you reduce our number by laving such conganial company?"—"Capital!" said Mr. Botherby.—"Who spoke to *you?*" said Miss Jack, "*now* you may pay for your dinner *yourself*," said she, departing with a flounce, as Master Gobbleton, still pointing at her, called out "Spitfire!"

The scene was relished by a gentleman whose countenance developed a rich and humourous capacity. He seemed to laugh internally. He was attended by his servant, who had placed before him a slice of cold fried Severn salmon and a cucumber, which still retained its flower and bloom; the succeeding *plat* was served in silver, with a lamp beneath the dish, and seemed to every sensible perception a vension-hash, to which the classical Apician drank a glass or two of Romanée. The rear of the repast was closed with some Sardinias, *confites à l'huile*, with which the skilful epicure drank hock. With the addition of some monstrous red-skinned filberts, a bottle of fine old oleose Paxarête, and a pocket Horace, the fastidious gourmand appeared to revel in the fulness of corporeal and mental satisfaction. A reserved and supercilious clergyman, who ate a biscuit and drank some soda-water with some sherry, was the only one *above* the folly of the scene. The reverend *pomposo* exhibited the gravity of cold abstraction; as if insensible to all around him. His lucubrations were confined to the consistent tracts of Dr.

Philpotts, whose accommodating zeal and flexible sincerity should be the everlasting study of ambitious churchmen!

An elegant gentleman of vast pretensions, in a most soprano accent, called the steward for a spoonful of brandy in some water. "Heavens, fellow!" said the exquisite, "I meant a tea-spoon; you'll absolutely burn out my internals!"—"And give me *another*, stronger than the last," said a fat man of sixty, who looked like a cargo of caloric. "How many does that *make*?"—"Seventeen, Sir," said the steward. "Well!" (with a thundering curse) "anything's better than an atrophy;" and he cast a sneering look on the slender dimensions of the water-drinker.

When Mr. G. and his descendants had gone to the extreme of their ability, an agonizing fact transpired, which none but lovers of roast ducks, like Mr. G., can fairly estimate. Four birds of that description, with every savoury appurtenance, appeared; but all the G.'s were utterly incapable. The father protested it was quite an imposition; he preferred a duck to any thing, and what was meant by bringing them when every one had done? A gentleman or two, whose time had not been so assiduously occupied as that of the devouring family, appeared to greet this suitable supply, and, in addition to the pain of being totally disabled, the Gobbletons beheld, with pangs unspeakable, the enjoyments which they could not share.

As Mr. Botherby advanced in liquor, so he advanced in marvellous adventures and recitals; and the peace of the day was nearly disturbed by the vociferous rudeness of an attorney's clerk, who, as he was going on a journey at the expense of his matter's client, had gotten drunk and impudent, and incessantly responded at the end of every wonderful narrative of Mr. Botherby's—"Walker!" This indecency was noticed on three or four occasions, with a supercilious sneer; but the youth was too much accustomed professionally to contempt, to heed the contumely of a burning nose; and when the indefatigable Mr. B. had uttered, with unusual brilliance, one of his crack jokes, his indignation may be imagined at the ungovernable clerk's exclaiming, "Page 45!" This reiterated insult would have drawn on the offender the instant chastisement of Mr. Botherby; but his purpose was suspended by a crash of distant thunder, which brought the two belligerents to instant reason. In a second, the clerk was on his knees, in prayer. The other passengers looked one another mutely in the face.

I went on deck and saw the aspect of the heavens, and sea, and land, completely changed. The distant hills were veiled with mist; the clear blue sky obscured by rolling masses of black cloud occasionally edged with stormy white, from which you might, at times, discern the slightest flickering of lightning, followed by a shattered clap of obviously approaching thunder. The sea had lost its gay, calm, gilded green, and now reflected the portentous darkness brooding over it; the waves began to whisper with their spray; their crest grew larger, and a shower of scanty drops, as large as bullets, splashed audibly and visibly upon the water. It ceased and was succeeded by a low and lingering murmur; when, for a moment, air and ocean both were hushed, as if to gather strength for the impending conflict. The vessel heaved and staggered, as she met the fierce succession of the billows—simultaneously a livid sheet of lightning flashed upon the dark expanse of either element—a volumed peal of thunder, with augmenting clamour, rattled onward to the boat, its distant echoes rolling round the

shore; a deafening surge broke wildly on our bows and deck, and fell as if an ocean had submerged us with its force. The attorney's clerk was heard below vociferating "murder!" The *proles Gobbletoniana* were incontinently occupied in works of retribution. All the Biddlecombe society in gay attire were drenched and drooping, like so many summer-flowers smitten by the fury of a passing storm; in short, the perturbation of the changeful element had levelled all capacities and qualities to helpless languor and abandonment. The steamer, with its vaporous eructation, seemed like a leviathan exhausted, though its tremor gave it all the semblance of the fury of that monster, contending in convulsed exasperation, with the bounding waves. Any thing was better to the *Biddlecombe élite* than the oppressive heat below. Numbers had slunk away, no soul knew whither. The feeble cry of "steward!" fell from numerous lips, apparently oppressed by so much utterance; and the sound of mops and basins, was a minor adjunct to the greater discord of the storm.

I observed a girl, of extraordinary personal charms, decline into the very form of death; her lips and cheeks grew pale, and cold as marble —mortality appeared in her to have concluded all its functions—colour, speech, pulsation—all were gone; and there she lay, a picture of appalling, desolated beauty.

Throughout the storm, a handsome Spaniard lay reclining on the poop, apparently enjoying the tumultuary magnificence of the impressive scene. A smile of sadness dwelt upon his noble countenance—I learned he was a gallant refugee.

In about three hours the anger of the elements subsided—the wind was tranquillized—a straggling gleam of sunshine fell along the foamy hillocks of the sea; the darkness, in masses, fleeted off and left the west a blazing heap of castellated golden clouds, that augured the serenity of the approaching sunset. Every thing began to manifest reanimation. The fair beauty, I have mentioned, answered the inquiries made to her, with a gentle motion of her hand and lips, and looked, at that especial instant, like the famous statue of Pygmalion, warming into life and action.

Her beauty soon became the topic of discourse; as usual, her charms were too provoking to the ladies to receive their due: for women will distribute vast encomiums upon *secondary* beauties only, as men are lavish of their praises on inferior wits alone. Both hope to dim the fame of first-rate merit, which they either envy or detest; and, yet while they are bounteous in encomiums *somewhere,* they trust to escape from the suspicion of a sordid jealousy, which, however, to a just observer, is as forcibly conveyed by such a misappropriation, as if they had fallen pêle-mêle upon the excellence they secretly abhor.

Our landing at the town of Dunkirk seemed to give invariable satisfaction. Miss Biddlecombe and her fastidious coterie, were most particular in being "by themselves." The ambition of the good man Lark, who landed in a doze, was levelled at a comfortable dormitory, and the certainty of being called betimes, because he was an early riser!—O'Gorman had come over on a small affair of honour, which was settled by the interchange of six or seven shots. The Gobbletons, of course, to taste the cookery of France. Mr. Botherby, "secundum morem," crowned the pleasures of the day by getting "drunk as Chloe," as he never marred the blessings of the cup by any thing like decent *tipsiness.* When per-

fectly inspired, he fell foul—*cominus et latè*—of all sorts and conditions of men, and being full of most fastidious censure, he converted the "angelic creatures" of his sober rhapsodies, into "demons curst and fiends detestable," beneath the ban of his pot-valiant energy. The thrifty Solomon, who had quietly disposed of all his wares on board, found out a fellow in the faith who helped him to the cheapest stock for his return.

Miss Psyche Gobbleton and Master Hercules were taken ill, from having swallowed an enormous quantity of plum-stones, and could hardly be prevailed on to take such medicine as was calculated to relieve them. But to shew what specious methods of inducement a judicious parent can extend to children, they were told that if they took their physic "like good loves," they should have two puddings instead of one on Christmas-day, a promise which the young *destroyers* hailed with such alacrity, that if a double quantity of mince-pies had been added to the prospect, the little souls would have made a hearty effort to swallow all Apothecary's Hall.

The Albums of the young ladies were amply stocked with the remarks arising from their short excursion, and a mass of information, ocularly authenticated, might be found among a host of painted butterflies, charades, and autographs of poetasters. Dunkirk was recorded as a town in France, with all its topographical delineations; and indeed that fact was left utterly indisputable.

Most of the young gentlemen returned on board with blackened eyes and lacerated faces, the record of their vernacular politeness, in having caught the earliest chance of being rude abroad, and calling little Frenchmen "frogs;" a piece of impudence which the Gallic youth retorted, ten to one, by the opprobrious epithet of "*gros Jean Bull*," and a tremendous drubbing, indecently provoked and bounteously bestowed.

Peregrine and I regaled ourselves with a *béchamelle* of soles, a pullet, and a glass of *Macon*. On the ensuing morning, I was called before a *juge de paix*, of whom and of his like I have digested my remarks; which for the benefit of all foreigners, and for the dignity of France herself, I shall shortly offer to the serious meditation of her chief authorities.

A DAY AT THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN POLAND.

I was at St. Petersburgh when the first intelligence of the Polish insurrection reached the Russian capital. When the first movement of surprise caused by this unexpected political event had in some degree subsided, but one feeling appeared to pervade both the government and the Russian people—a mingled feeling of indignation and pity; violent indignation against the men who had madly precipitated their country into a contest so unequal—pity for the gallant but ill-fated Poles, on whom the unsparing wrath of the northern autocrat was about to fall with an iron hand. Indeed, the moment chosen for the development of the insurrectionary movement, appeared singularly ill-timed; for the Russian armies, for some time before, had been rapidly concentrating on the Polish frontiers. Orders were immediately sent off to put these troops in motion—and the campaign commenced.

The season was already far advanced; and, having no taste for the sublimity of a hyperborean winter, I turned my back on the Russian

capital early in November, with the intention of reaching Vienna by way of Poland. It was on a bitter cold night that I reached the town of Lomza, at that time the head-quarters of the Russian invading army of Poland. The north wind howled mournfully through the pine-wood which skirted the town; and as I descended at the Hôtel de l'Empereur, I mentally resolved to make that posada my own head-quarters for a day or two, for the double purpose of recruiting from the fatigue of thirteen days' and nights' incessant travelling—and of renewing my acquaintance with an old travelling companion, the young Count D——, who I knew was attached to the staff of Field-Marshal Count Diebitch.

Early the following morning, I despatched a note to my military friend, announcing my arrival, and had scarcely finished sipping my second cup of coffee, when in stalked to my apartment a tall cossack orderly, whom the count had sent to conduct me to his quarters. It was with some difficulty, under the escort of my cossack guide, that I succeeded in making the *place d'armes;* for a superb division of Russian light cavalry was at the moment defiling through the town. Traversing the square, we reached a large and ancient edifice, situated at the northern extremity, formerly the residence of a Polish starate, but now the quarter-general of Count Diebitch. Ascending a lofty flight of steps, we entered a wide and spacious hall. The scene which suddenly burst on my view was picturesque in the extreme.

The sides of the hall were decorated with rich and curious specimens of ancient armour, which contrasted singularly with the arms and accoutrements of the modern warriors who were assembled beneath its lofty roof. Standing in groups, or lounging up and down with a listless air, their spurred heels clangoring on the marble pavement, you beheld the steel-clad curassier of the guard, the graceful hulan, and the cossack of the Don, picturesquely grouped with the sable-clad yager, or the more gorgeously attired hussar; while the stream of mellow light, reflected through the high-painted window, imparted to the whole a character of savage grandeur, which I shall not easily forget.

Passing onwards, we entered a large apartment, filled with general and staff officers. Among the latter I immediately recognized my young friend, who immediately introduced me to the group of officers with whom he had been conversing. One of these—a remarkably tall, handsome man, with his breast covered with a profusion of decorations—was General Count Giesmar, the quarter-master-general of the army. The ceremony of introduction was scarcely finished, when a door opened, and an officer, dressed in a double-breasted green frock-coat, with scarlet cuffs and collar, the shoulders surmounted with rings, similar to those worn by the officers of our own household-troops, entered the apartment. He wore an infantry sword, and a single ribbon decorated his buttonhole. This was the celebrated conqueror of Turkey—General Count Diebitch. All present uncovered, and saluted him with profound respect. Advancing to the spot where we stood, he entered into conversation with General Geismar; and, during a pause, my friend seized the opportunity of introducing me to the marshal. He received me with the most distinguished urbanity of manners—spoke of the fatigue I must have undergone in travelling at that inclement season—and finished by inviting me, in the most condescending manner, to dine with him that day. As I gazed on the man who had played so distinguished a part on the theatre of events, I was struck with the absence of all those

external indications of genius which we generally look for in great men. Diebitch appeared to be in his fifty-second year—of a short, thick-set figure—about five feet eight inches in height—with a rubicondity of complexion, which, to his more glorious title of Sabalskansky, had procured him, from the wags of the army, the less honourable one of the "punch-bowl." The hour of dinner was so near, that I had scarcely time to reach my hotel to make the necessary changes which the occasion required.

On regaining the marshal's residence, I found my friend expatiating on the gaieties of Paris to a young cossack officer, from the wilds of Caucasus; dinner was almost immediately announced. Exclusive of the marshal's staff, about twenty officers, all of superior grade, sat down; the arrangements of the table were remarkably plain—the dishes were handed round in the French style, and a bottle of wine was placed to each person—champagne was handed round with the dessert. I was particularly struck with the absence of that easy flow of conversation, freedom of opinion, and, above all, that gentlemanly feeling of equality, so marked a feature of an English mess-table—there was no desultory conversation across the table. The marshal was listened to with marked attention. He questioned me, particularly, as to the composition and character of the South American troops, with whom he had heard that I had served, and remarked, that the habits of the Guachos of the Pampas resembled, in a remarkable degree, the wandering tribes of the Ukraine. The approaching military operations were never once discussed. There was, however, a *gêne,* which all appeared to feel, and, I believe, no one felt sorry when the marshal rose from his chair, bowed to the company, and retired to his apartment—this was the signal for a general break up. I proposed, to my friend, to adjourn to my hotel to finish the evening, to which he assented.—"Well, what think you of Sabalkansky?" said he, pledging me in a bumper of claret.—"Externally, nature has absolutely done nothing for him," was my reply.—"There you are most egregiously mistaken; she has, on the contrary, done every thing for him; for it was his short, ungraceful figure which was the stepping-stone to his fortune."—"I have heard," I rejoined, "the anecdote to which you allude, but, like all such stories, deemed it the offspring of a malicious *jeu-d'esprit.*"—"There again," said the count, "you are mistaken, the anecdote is correct *à la lettre,* for you must know that it was a maternal uncle of mine, who, for his gigantic stature, was selected, by the Emperor Paul, to take the guard which it was little Sabalkansky's turn to mount, on the occasion of the King of Prussia's visit."—"But what think you of the Polish war?" said I, becoming, in my turn, the interlocutor.—"Think," he rejoined, with animation, "that it will be a mere hurrah and a horrid butchery, which humanity shudders at contemplating even in perspective—the Poles will fight like devils, but they will be crushed, and bloody indeed will be their day of retribution."—"If the Poles," I answered, "do but prove true to themselves, hopeless as I confess their cause appears, success may crown their efforts—the game of war has many vicissitudes, and accident often mars the most masterly combinations."—"*Detrombez vous, mon cher!*—Can Polish patriotism burn with a brighter flame than when it was extinguished by the hand of Suwaroff? Believe me, there exists not the shadow of a chance for Poland; a

single blow, and she is prostrate in the dust." My own opinion was too much in unison with that of my Russian friend, to admit of an argument. I merely, therefore, observed, that so short a campaign held out but little hopes of promotion.—" I should agree with you," said the count, " could I persuade myself that the possession of Warsaw will terminate our labours, but our forward movement will not stop there; the month of May will see Sabalkansky on the Rhine, and then, but a short campaign, and the belles of Paris will, once more, behold the fires of the Russian bivouacs."—" So, then, according to your political horoscope, we may expect that the fierce struggle, which has so long devastated Europe, will be repeated over again. But, *mon cher Compte,* with what eye do you think that England, the *arbiter gentiarum,* will view these hostile movements."—" With the eye of neutrality, *mon ami,* while your aristocracy will view, with complacency, our attempt to root up those noxious principles which have again bloomed on the soil of France.—But I am no politician," he continued; " and if I were, I have no time to discuss this matter at present. The post of aide-de-camp is, I assure you, no sinecure—in two days we break up our quarters;—take my advice, and break up yours also—get out of Poland as quick as possible; avoid the track of our army; for, believe me, a foreigner and idler, at our head-quarters, may excite suspicion. Your arrival has already given rise to a host of idle conjectures." I profited by his advice, left early the following morning, and reached Vienna in safety.

Near a year has rolled away since I left Lomza. Poland still shews an unconquered front—the cholera has dissipated the ambitious dreams of Diebitch Sabalkansky—while my friend, who, in the noon-tide of youth and military ardour, so confidently predicted a different result to the campaign, perished on the bloody field of Ostrolenka.

The Polish campaign has confirmed the truth of that profound observation of Napoleon's, that, in war, the moral is to the physical force, as three parts to one—still, it is not to the powerful development of this force that the Poles entirely owe their success—Fortune, which rules in war, has powerfully befriended them. Count Deibitch's plan of campaign was well-conceived—every chance was nicely calculated, and due weight given to the fierce resistance which the Poles would offer; and yet it failed from accidents, too capricious to be guarded against, and which may baffle the finest combinations. The rapid and unexpected thaw, which destroyed the roads, not only impeded the advance of his columns, but prevented his supplies from coming up, and ruined his army. The elements proved as fatal to Diebitch as to Napoleon, while the wretched administration of the Russian commissariat consummated the evil.

If we measure the operations of Count Diebitch by the rules of the military art, we shall find that fortune, as Livy so finely remarked of Hannibal, took a malicious pleasure in confounding, at once, his good sense, his military skill, and his bravery.

THE LONDON-BRIDGE LION.

Great events are great nuisances. There is no exception to this rule—they are all alike in their effects. Good or bad, they are the same. Whatever the "great event" may be—whether the coming of the cholera, or the importation of a red-American Indian Paganini—the turning of a statesman's coat, or of a mayor into a baronet—the loss of a colony, or the elopement of a countess—a new parliament, or a new prima-donna—it affects society in the same way. No matter what occasions the earthquake, the convulsion produces the same degree of annoyance in all cases;—in setting people's tongues going! That is all I have to complain of—and that I shall not cease to complain of for the rest of my listening existence—which will be short enough; for people whose ears are not inveterately shut, may be talked to death, at a sight-engendering season like this, in a surprisingly short space of time. I have no invincible objection to "sights" myself: on the contrary, I would give what is called "a trifle" to be present even at an economical coronation, and see a ceremony by which a king will gain a crown, though it will scarcely cost the country one. I would have paid something to have seen the patriotic running-match in Belgium—and would most certainly have given, not "something," but "anything," to have had one brief, one momentary glimpse of the Hollanders, when, for the first time since the creation of small-clothes, they took to their heels, and ran after the illustrious racers. But this is a part of the tale of chivalry which I have not yet been thoroughly able to comprehend. A running Dutchman, or even a *walking* Dutchman, is a thing that I can form no notion of; and if King Leopold wishes to shew any gratitude to the people of this country, he should try and catch one in the fact, pack him up in a cask, and send him over here directed to the Egyptian Hall. Him would I rush to see, though the Siamese and Simias called to me in vain. I repeat, that I am not naturally averse to "sights;" but I *have* an invincible objection to the histories of them. I know no reason why people should not see as much as they can—I only complain of their keeping their mouths open, as well as their eyes. I can have no desire to control their taste; let them go every night to hear my Lord Londonderry; but let them not break upon my balmy morning-slumber, to tell me the "heads" of speeches that were actually made without any. Let them also, if they like modern comedies, abandon all other narcotics, and doze over them till they are delighted; but why should they come to us when they wake, and inflict "plots" upon us, compared to the atrocity of which Guy Fawkes's was Howard-like and innocent!

Certainly of all talkers your sight-hunters are the worst, collectively at least, if not individually; because they all rush simultaneously to tell you the same thing. The prosers, whom Cowper describes as devoting their hours of health to minute histories of every symptom of their sickness, are bad enough, taken separately; but then they do not *all* come with the same tale.

> "They thought they should have died, they were so bad;
> Their peevish hearers almost wish they had"—

And if the poet had said "quite," I should have been disposed to forgive the want of music in the line, for the sake of its increased moral beauty. Your only chance with them is in a variation of the complaint. If

you are worn out, fatigued down to the very depths of exhaustion, by a biographized influenza, you may find some relief perhaps in turning to a dropsy. If a friend forces upon you the secret-memoirs of all his cramps and rheumatics for the last fifteen years, and chains down your attention to a splendid collection of colds gathered in various quarters of the world from his infancy—you suffer a martyrdom, but then the thing is done with; and when he visits you again, he comes with a fit of the gout—which of course you heartly wish him. Here there is change and variety—but with your sight-seers you have no hope. They are worse than the cuckoo, for they have only one note. While a wonder lasts, you hear from the dense mass of marvellers, but one exclamation, even to the last hour of the nine days. Like Paganini, they play upon a single string. This violin-lion, by the way, will supply an illustration. Let the reader, whoever he may be, and in whatever class of society he may move, consider for a quarter of an hour, and endeavour to calculate how many times within the last three months, and by how many persons, he has been saluted with this question—"Have you seen Paganini?" We rest our argument upon his reply. He knows very well that the number is beyond the reach of arithmetic.

There are places where you can evade the jaws of this English inquisition. In company you can parry the query by upsetting some wine over a lady's dress, or treading on somebody's toe, and then begging his pardon, just by way of changing the conversation. In the street you can feign a creditor coming (perhaps it will not be necessary to *feign* one), or you can see somebody turning a corner that you would not miss for the world, or you can have left something in a hackney-coach upon the last stand—or you can faint and be carried into a chemist's. Should all these fail, and it become necessary to fight it out, begin, instead of giving an answer, with Schedule A. of the Bill, and go through it down to Colonel Sibthorpe's thunder that Lord Chandos borrowed the other day. The means will be desperate, but the remedy will be perfect. Here there are outlets of escape—crannies through which you can creep, to the derangement only of your habitual placidity and courteousness of demeanour. But to be edged up in a corner, to be pinned to the wall, to be placed as it were in a vice, with a sight-describer's fangs at your button, and his "sublimes!" and "beautifuls!" ringing in your ear—to know that you have heard the same story from seven other historians since breakfast, and to feel that you are getting it by heart—that there is no escape, and that you must resign yourself to your fate; it is then that the whole system of society, and the boasted purity of our laws, becomes most lamentably ludicrous. Why should they give one class of the community the privilege to talk, and not protect another from the consequences! If a man were to forcibly pour a glass of Cape Madeira down my throat, I should obtain a triumphant verdict even from a jury of wine-merchants; yet, the very next hour, he may pour something equally as revolting to my taste into my *ear*, and I have no remedy, no consolation, but that of knowing that he has served all my friends in the same way. People are obliged to take out licences to shoot—and why not to talk? Many carry tongues, but few know the use of them. They ramble about with their instruments of mischief always loaded, destruction is scattered around them, and yet there are no coroners' inquests. The year is, to them, one continued first of September—and to us a first of April. In fact, they are more mischievous than their fellow-

sportsmen of the field. We can keep at a prudent distance from the sphere of a Joe Manton; but from a Joe Miller there is no retreat—no sanctuary. It would bring us down at the Antipodes. Deafness—utter deafness—is the only coat-of-mail that can for a single instant resist the attack of the talker.

But, if the mere spectator, the mere abstract and unoccupied looker-on at some "grand sight"—a review or a race-course—be thus dangerous to the unhappy innocent, who may come within hearing of his exclamations, what must be the peril of an encounter with one who has been actually a party concerned in the "sight"—who has absolutely carried a flambeau at the funeral of a king, ridden with the new sheriff to Westminster-hall, or held Paganini's fiddle for him behind the scenes! Of course the torture must be multiplied a million-fold;—and this brings me to an incident which I cannot resist the pleasure of relating.

I must begin by asking a question;—was the reader ever on a Paddington-stage? If so, he may know something about the attributes of a spot called the New-road; and may be aware that it is an avenue dignified at either end with a resort of no common renown—the one having acquired the elevating appellation of "the Angel," and the other being most emphatically and euphoniously denominated "the Yorkshire Stingo;"—the two being placed at as great a distance from each other, as their designations would seem to denote. Between these two opposite points, I found myself the other day—seated on a Paddington-coach—vainly endeavouring to get a glimpse of the houses, on either side, through the clouds of dust that enveloped the vehicle. I could only just see my neighbour, and, occasionally, as the breeze blew, a person seated next to him, who, unchoked by the dust, was delivering an oration with such earnestness and emphasis, that the fate of a world seemed to hang upon every second syllable. One might have imagined that he had that morning arrived from the North-pole, and that his long-frozen description of it was undergoing a rapid thaw—that he had just met the Millenium walking out of Mr. Irving's chapel—that the Cholera was on the next coach—or that he had found out a new method of paying off the National Debt. Any events less momentous than these, seemed to me to be unworthy of his energy. But, eloquent as the exordium evidently was, it had not the faculty so common to eloquence, of "riveting" those who heard it to their seats; on the contrary, its effects were of a "moving" character. I perceived a person, on the off-side, next to the speaker, suddenly stop the stage, and get down, as I fancied afterwards, with some symptoms of impatience on his countenance. However, on we went for five-minutes, and still the lips of the speaker kept moving, as if they had been a part of the machinery of the coach and were acted upon by the wheels, only that they moved incalculably faster. He was now only *one* removed from me, but the noise prevented my catching the subject of his declamation. I could merely see that he was a fine Quaker-like looking personage, of about fifty, and that the solitary listener between him and myself was growing fidgetty. My suspicion of this fact was confirmed, when my fellow-passenger abruptly requested me to let him pass, and descended from the coach without troubling it to stop, evidently leaving the interrupted speaker to conclude one of his sentences at a semicolon as well as he could. He was now, then, like that indefatigable divine who "preached himself down to the bare sexton." I was the last rose of his summer—a solitary plank between him and silence—the

only remaining straw at which his eloquence could catch; unless, indeed, as a last and desperate resource, he had leaned forward and unburthened his spirit to the coachman—whose incessant interruptions of "Down the road, sir?" "Pentonville, ma'am?" would have been scarcely less annoying than the "hear, hears!" and "a laugh," that so courteously confound the perorations of another class of talkers.

Towards me he of course moved, by immediately seizing upon the vacated place. Little time was lost in flourishes; he knew the value of a moment too well. With a polite salutation of the head, he began—"I believe, Sir, this rather odd, but not absolutely ugly pile before us, in the middle of the road, is called King's-Cross?" This was a proposition easily disposed of. "Do you know what this spot was originally called, Sir?"—"Battle-bridge," answered I, innocently and laconically. "Battle-bridge!—you're right, Sir—it was Battle-bridge. By the by, talking of bridges, *did you see the ceremony of opening London Bridge?*"—I started—and involuntarily moved to the utmost extremity of the cushion. There was nothing unusual in the question—Heaven knows I had been asked it before—but that was only a stronger reason why I should flinch from it now. Here then was the key to his oratorical designs—here was a simple edition of Mystery made Easy. He was evidently a London Bridge chronicler; an experimentalist who had paid a guinea for a seat, or had perhaps dined with the committee at the city festival, in order to see how many people he could destroy with the story in the course of a fortnight. I felt the full peril of my situation, but I wanted to ride on to the Angel, and scorned therefore to retreat, even before the Dutch forces of my companion's prolixity. The question was repeated. I said something about the wind running away with a part of his observation, and leaving me only a syllable here and there. Deafness I could not assume, for my curiosity (what a moral was now appended to it!) had seduced me to listen in the first instance. A third time he put the question, and in that particular tone which there is *no* evading, which you *must* hear. "Did you see the ceremony of opening London Bridge?"—"Why, really, Sir," I stammered, "I *can't* absolutely say that I *saw* it; but—" His eye glistened—his fingers were making a rapid movement towards my button—he was about to pounce upon me like an eagle; the words were on his lips—"*But, but,*" I interrupted, with equal ardour and impressiveness, "I have heard—" "Heard! oh, my dear Sir—" was bursting like a torrent from his tongue, but I succeeded in stemming it—"Yes, yes, I have *heard*—besides I take in a newspaper morning and evening, I purchased two Sunday papers, one with an engraving—and I give you my word of honour, as a gentleman, that I have read every line that has been written upon the subject."—"Newspapers! heavens! why, my good fellow, you don't trust to the newspapers? Never was any thing so incorrect in this world—never—or in any other. It was nothing like it. Really, I beg your pardon for saying so to a stranger, but I'm afraid you've been exceedingly culpable—yes, my dear Sir, I'm sure you've been wofully deceived in this affair. Now pray let me—" I despaired of further resistance, gave up the contest, submitted myself to his description, and he inflicted not less than two hundred and fifty lines, almost a column (small print) upon me. "But the grand feature of the ceremony," continued he, "was the Balloon. The accounts given in the papers—" and here the coach stopped! I lamented the provok-

ing shortness of the stage, that had so cruelly abridged the balloon-biography, hoped somebody would bring a bill into the next parliament for lengthening the New-road, and got down with a rapidity that, by a sudden glance of the coachman's eye, had, I perceived, produced a surmise that I was walking off with his fare in my pocket.

My commission in the neighbourhood of Canonbury—(where I saw the old tower, occupied at various times by a series of illustrious tenants, including Oliver Goldsmith, and, "though last, not"—yes, now I recollect, also "*least*"—by Mr. Keeley, of Covent Garden)—my commission was executed; I sandwiched at "the Angel;" and jumped upon a stage, "just going to start," on my return. The most liberal translation of "just going to start," means twenty minutes. I began to discuss Goldsmith within myself, and fell into a reverie about Burchell and the Primroses, which rendered me insensible to the circumstance that somebody had taken the vacant seat beside me. We both turned our heads at the same instant, stared, and smiled; yes, I *smiled*, as one smiles at a friend who drops in just as one is sitting down to write an article; or at meeting a particular acquaintance whom you have been trying to avoid for three months, and who, you had just heard, had gone out of town for a twelvemonth. In short, it was the identical London Bridge chronicler whom I had parted from in the morning—the city-festival historian whom I had so much reason to dread a re-encounter with. My first thought was to affect not to know him, and to be deaf—I saw that wouldn't do; my next was to take a seat behind, or to leave the coach—but little time was left me to think; for the coachman affected to crack his apology for a whip, the horses (or what had been horses) pretended to start off, and in a few minutes worked themselves into a respectable imitation of a trot, that deprived me of all choice but that of keeping my place—and my patience, if possible.

"I think I was speaking of the balloon, Sir, when the coach stopped this morning," was the first glimmering indication of the dazzling description that was to follow. "These aëronautic excursions"—opened a paragraph that lasted to St. Pancras Church, ere the expatiator paused to take breath. He described all the minutiæ of the matter, from Somerset House to the centre arch, and launched into the subject of balloons with a chemical acumen that would have fascinated Faraday. He was, in fact, filled with delight at all he had seen on that eventful day, and his ecstacy was running over at his mouth. He had evidently obliterated from his mind all "fond and trivial records"—the balloon alone was sailing through the bright mists of his imagination—and he had talked of nothing else, from the moment the cords were cut, to that hour—and, I may doubtless add, to this. He seemed to have been wrought up to that perilous pitch of excitement, that he must either die, or describe. His physician had possibly prescribed twenty listeners a day, ten night and morning; and in order that they should not escape from him, he had directed him to take them upon stage-coaches. This was the only way in which I could explain the phenomenon. His mouth was the safety-valve on which his existence depended. On the other hand, he seemed to regard me as "all ear:" he must have thought that I was born to listen, and had never felt the most distant inclination to interrupt. Humanity kept me silent—I bore it with exemplary meekness—(posterity will see my portrait, as the frontispiece to the Book of Martyrs)—but I could not, with all my philosophy, endure it beyond Park-cres-

cent. I was obliged, not to get down, but to throw myself off the coach —I forget whether I paid or not, in my agitation—and as I leaned my head against the railing of the Park-gates—listened—and heard no other sound than that of the rattling wheels of the retreating vehicle, it is impossible to paint my sensations. There is a pleasure in being relieved from listening, which only those who have been relieved from listening know. I had to walk home to be sure, but then the idea that I could not by any possibility overtake the stage, was delightful.

On the occasion of my second visit to Canonbury, I was more cautious. Never, thought I, will I risk my senses—nay, my soul itself, for assassination might ensue—on the outside of a Paddington stage. A brilliant thought succeeded. "Yes," said I to myself, "I will get into an omnibus." And I got into an omnibus, penetrating through the line of green veils and bonnets, and walking upon feet and flounces, as you beat down the brushwood and trample upon furze-bushes. I had been seated two minutes when the vehicle stopped to take somebody in. The next instant, a thin nervous gentleman next to me said, "They ought to repair this road—it is very dangerous."—"Very dangerous, indeed," promptly responded the voice of the new comer, that seemed, moreover, alarmingly familiar to my ear; "I don't half like these vehicles upon such roads as this—whatever people may say, it's much safer travelling in a *balloon!* I'd rather go up with Green any day." There was no mistaking the oracle from whose lips these last words fell. I might have spared myself the trouble of looking; but I did cast a glance along the line of bonnets, and became convinced of the utter futility of all mortal manœuvres. I had foresworn the Scylla of a stage, and fallen into the Charybdis of an omnibus. There he was—my London Bridge friend—between me and the door—nine passengers off; eight people only between me and his reminiscences. I heard him going word for word through the whole narrative, with at least a hundred-and-forty-reporter-power. It was evidently no matter who his listeners were; consequently I could not interpret it into a personal design upon me: yet it was odd that I should find him always upon the same track. Did he devote his whole time to riding backwards and forwards to "the Angel?" —or was it all accidental? And who was he? Was it Mr. Jones, or any of the committee, or aldermen, whose heads were turned at the exceeding condescension of His Majesty, in *not* ordering them to be thrown over the bridge? However, my business is with fact—not with speculations upon it; there he was—but where were his listeners? We had hardly reached Euston-square, and five or six from both sides of the vehicle had quitted it already. One or two others were taken up, but none of them staid. By degrees the number diminished; and at last I saw only *three* persons left between us. I now determined to make a desperate effort to escape; but then he was stationed, as I said, between me and the door, and I reflected what an improvement it would be if they were to build omnibuses with a door at each end! But I had a still greater difficulty to struggle with. For a fat lady opposite to me, who, probably from having connections in the city, had been perseveringly listening to the heterogenous history of flags, feathers, arches, aldermen, and balloons, had at last fallen asleep, with one of my knees so tightly jammed between her own, that to extricate it without a more violent effort than my nerves were adequate to, was impossible. There I sate—fixed. Two more retreated, and the space between us lessened.

In vain did I ensconce myself behind the shadowing shelter of a bonnet, whose magnitude I for the first time admired. A sudden bend by the wearer of it exhibited me to his recognizing eye. In another instant his hand was stretched out, as if to drag me from my retreat. "Ha! my dear Sir," shouted he, as I shrank and looked round for compassion, "you are fortunate; I suddenly lost sight of you the last time we met—but I have something in my pocket which I *must* shew you—you'll be delighted." And, suiting the action to the word, he drew from his pocket—let the reader guess what—a huge coloured print of the "Ceremony of opening the New London Bridge!" The fat lady woke with the commotion which this occasioned, and—with a mental thanksgiving—I felt my leg liberated. The liberation came too late—my hand was imprisoned. "Look here—here it is," he continued; "you can trace all the different groups and positions as I explained them to you the other day. All very good, indeed, very like—except the *balloon!* That's not the thing—I must speak to Green."—"And pray, Sir," said a small sour-visaged youth, who had once or twice attempted to stem the torrent, with an effort to be quizzical, "at what part of the bridge were you stationed, that you could observe all this so accurately?" The orator turned a supercilious eye upon him—"I was not on the bridge at all—I was *there!*"—"There!—where, Sir?" He pointed triumphantly with his finger, and looked round at us all. "THERE!" he said, in a tone that evinced his consummate satisfaction. We all leaned over to look. His finger rested upon a spot far beyond the reach of every spectator in the picture but *one*. We scarcely trusted our eyes. He actually pointed to the CAR OF THE BALLOON. "Mr. Green!" we all shouted simultaneously—but we were all wrong. It was not Mr. Green—it was only "the gentleman that went up *with* Mr. Green!"—the renowned Sir Claudius Stephen's *locum-tenens*.

This is my story. Whether it be worth telling or not, I hardly know. I only know *that it is true.* B.

THE FATAL SPOT.

I'M good enough myself—but, whilst I live,
Adam and Eve I never will forgive,
Who left their offspring so devoid of grace—
We would not give a button for the race;
But listen, neighbour, to the tale I tell;
You will not wonder, for you know us well.
The documents are scanty, I'm afraid,
And do not mention where the venu's laid;
But speak of one Sir Charles, a bonny knight,
Who "came, and saw, and conquered," at first sight,
The Lady Mary—handsome, chaste, and true—
A few years older—and she said *but few.*
Both parties were agreed, and, past redress,
They soon renounced their single blessedness,
Thanking the gracious gods, who linked together,
Hearts to love on through every change of weather—
Thanking, indeed!—they'd houses, lands, and carriage,
Though not the smallest infant from this marriage;

However, they had nephews by the score—
His holiness the Pope can have no more.
And why should some be dying in despair,
And other folks have happiness to spare?
Perhaps they thought so—for they did not worry
Heaven with their prayers, but said there was no hurry.

Meanwhile my Lady managed the estate,
Like other noble dames of modern date;
Ejected tenants, purchased, and resold,
And every thing she touched was turned to gold;
Till the whole country echoed with a fame
Which quite extinguished proud Sir Charles's name.
Delightful creature, thus to fill the purse!
But tarry, neighbour, there is something worse.
For she was dauntless, and had special care
To hold it too, and take the lion's share;
Whilst her astonished Lord, in his own castle,
Found himself nothing but a favourite vassal.
Pretty dilemma!—for, to speak the truth,
He was a wild young fellow during youth;
To use a Scottish phrase—a very sorner,
And now was standing for it in the corner;
Half mad for cash to send across the waters,
To feed a colony of sons and daughters;
And little doubting they would traverse oceans,
If he once failed these sturdy Nova-Scotians.
Oh! what variety of wishes sprung
From his galled heart, and died upon his tongue!
Yet it must be confessed they went no further,
Than natural death, and never reached to murther.
But she was wrapped in vanity, and sure
Husband of hers must be so good and pure;
And as for any wickedness suppressed,
He might have had a window in his breast.

But granting this, how could the man have erred,
Unless he were that very Irish bird
Which Paddy boasts of, who at once exists
Both *here* and *there*, exactly as he lists?
For she had ears so fearfully contrived,
That every sound to those dread cells arrived;
And such a matchless sight had Lady Mary,
She'd eye the welkin like an old grey fairy.
Well with the household fair his morals stood,
Ay, watched and warded, he was special good;
A little dull, she owned, in rainy weather,
When they had been confined some days together.
And glad enough they were one dusky morn,
No doubt, to hear the cheering postman's horn;
And eagerly they turned their letters over—
Most eagerly—a large one marked from Dover.
The black seal soon was broken, and they read
That Captain Dreadnought, of the Greys, was dead.
It might not be the Greys—there's many more
Valiant and brave besides that gallant corps.
But he was gallant—all the Dreadnoughts are—
And loved the battle and triumphal car;
Loved handsome women, too—and one he married,
Poor like himself, and her to India carried;

Fought, devil-like, as usual in our quarrels;
Died, and bequeathed her nothing but his laurels.
And she was wending to her native home
By the first fleet; but wherefore should she come?
Death had been busy with her kind relations,
And they were banished from their early stations.
Of all her kindred now there was but one—
The Lady Mary—whom she reckoned on;
Their mothers were twin-sisters—for their sake
Would she the orphan to her bosom take?
Her habits were not idle—but her grief,
In the first stage, solicited relief,
The sympathy which tenderness affords,
And ample leave to give her sorrow words.

The wife, the husband, stood a moment still,
As if to ascertain each other's will;
They both were touched (I'm glad to speak the truth),
And thought upon her poverty and youth;
Both had their motives for a slight demurring,
And both, at last, for cordially concurring.
Yet not a moment did her words beguile them—
She was distressed, and wanted an asylum:
And soon an answer to the mourning dame
Was promptly sent, and she as promptly came—
All calm propriety and serious ease,
With features freshened by the ocean's breeze.
Her eyes I will not liken to the dove's—
No—let the reader paint them as he loves.
But then her voice had cadence, and a tone
Which, if she chose, would make your heart her own;
And, altogether, certainly I wonder
How, in this earthly world, those sons of thunder—
I mean the mates and captains of the ship—
Should let so bright an oriental, slip:
But she was clever, and might calculate,
By some bright planet, on a happier fate.
Howe'er it was, her conduct was quite wary,
And won the heart and soul of Lady Mary;
Nor did she conjure up a moment's strife,
As some expected, 'twixt the man and wife—
No! when the clouds were gathering, she was steady,
And, ere it thundered, had a sunbeam ready.

So time rolled on in comfort, till, at last,
My Lady withered all at once and fast.
The doctor came, of course, and heard the case,
And saw the loving cousins, face to face;
Not one of those who live in woods and glen,
"But populous cities and the haunts of men;"
Had studied erring mortals day by day,
And knew the composition of their clay.
He looked about him—conned the symptoms o'er—
Believed he'd seen such malady before;
His patient had no hunger, thirst, or rest,
And very little pain she had confest;
Her nose was peaked, and her eyes were red,
As though a thousand painful tears she'd shed;

Was full of fears, and could not now abide
The sweet Cecilia from her sofa's side.
The doctor thought again, and, if 'twas true,
She was Sir Charles's sweet Cecilia too!
He might as well throw physic to the curs,
As give her steel in such an ill as hers.
A better course he took (for he was kind),
And gave his powerful tonics to the mind;
'Twas quite enough—regardless of his fee,
To send his drooping patient to the sea.
And there the household tarried, till 'twas plain
The dying lady rallied up again;
"Was grown good-natured now;"—her waiting-maid,
And Tom the footman, to each other said,
They liked the borders of the Brighton-sea,
And new to them its stirring revelry.
Cecilia loved her own calm seaward room
For meditation and the twilight's gloom;
An open lattice (think of that!) in June,
With sparkling waters, and a rising moon.
Sir Charles was somewhere—but we cannot tell,
Not being conjurors, where his footsteps fell.
Her Ladyship most likely wished a crisis—
So left the parties to their own devices.

It did so happen—for Cecilia came
One evening, smiling, to the noble dame,
And asked the favour of a little slip
Of good court-plaster—she had hurt her lip.
Her Ladyship, without a comment, took
The boon requested from her pocket-book;
Adding, in days of yore she liked the grace
A sable spot would give her plainer face.
Cecilia dimpled, flitted off again
To breathe the fresher breezes of the main.
An hour elapsed—it might be something more—
Sir Charles strode forward from his study-door;
His countenance adorned with a patch,
Which might, in shape and size, Cecilia's match.
The married woman viewed his features stern,
As though she'd something from their form to learn;
And asked—but not without a bitter smile—
What he'd been doing with his lips the while?
Just at this moment sweet Cecilia entered,
Robbed of that gem which in her face was centered,
An awful pause succeeded, and the guest
Looked round the room, astonished and distressed.
Sir Charles, unconscious how he was arrayed,
And little dreaming of the transfer made,
"Lashed up the lion"—marched, with angry cough,
Towards the candles—*when the patch fell off!*

PARAGRAPHS FROM A TRAVELLER'S PORTFOLIO.

I saw in the Superga the tomb of the Piedmontese princess, who rendered herself famous by a single sentence. There was a famine in that little kingdom. The princess was astonished. "Do they die of it?" asked she. "In great numbers," was the answer. "What squeamishness!" said her highness; "why don't they eat beef and mutton? I'm sure I would do so, rather than starve."

The world has other instances of this high-life knowledge. The son of an English duke, a guardsman, is still memorable for a sentiment of equal ease. On his regiment's being ordered for Holland, in the first French war, it was observed that he must prepare for some privations. "To be sure I must," was his reply. "A bottle of good champagne and a tolerable haunch, I suppose, are holiday fare among the Mynheers. Let me have but a bottle of drinkable claret and a roast fowl, and I can get on anywhere."

The old Duke of Norfolk was a prodigious profligate, a prodigious politician, and a prodigious eater—a combination of prodigies. He had the art of throwing three dinners into one: "I first take my fish and my bottle of claret," said he, "and then I go to dinner." All idlers and idle nations are great eaters. The Italian will eat macaroni, as a horse eats grass, every hour in the day, and perhaps in the night too. The French gourmand will begin his dinner by eating a dinner of oysters. The Russian noble gets drunk with brandy, before he gets drunk with wine; and, having finished his wine, gets drunk with brandy again.

When the mob, in the French revolution, opened the tombs of the sovereigns in St. Denis, they tossed the bones of all the Clothaires, and Capets, Pepins, and Valois, into one pit, and quick-limed them, I suppose, for fear that they would rise and form a counter-revolutionary army. Henry IV. escaped a little better; he was found in tolerable preservation, and a young soldier leaped into the coffin, took off one of the king's mustachios, and, clapping it on his lip, said, "Ah, moi aussi, je suis un soldat François." He flourished about the church with this new badge of soldiership upon him; exclaiming, "that he would never wear any other mustache." Then finishing with a true French boast, that he was sure, "Avec cela, de vaincre les ennemis de la patrie, et de marcher à la victoire."

The English pride themselves in their nicety in wines—yet there is no nation in the world more perpetually duped in this very point. Three-fourths of the Bourdeaux clarets are made up of the rough hot wines of Italy, mixed with the meagre French vintages. Half the white wines on the English tables are made up of Cape, which the London palate pretends to abhor.

"Give me," said a French merchant, "six hours' notice of what wine you like, and you shall have it out of those two barrels." There are forty thousand pipes of Madeira sold annually in Europe, while the island produces about ten thousand! There are thirty thousand casks of Frontignan sent every year from the French cellars, while the vineyards of Frontignan produce, in the best seasons, two thousand! Constantia is to be found in the hands of every dealer in Europe, yet it is

produced in but one vineyard, and the vineyard produces but a few pipes. But we have the same dexterity in almost every thing connected with the public subsistence. The utmost importation of tea at the India House, is thirty millions of pounds; a couple of millions more may be allowed for smuggling, and this is scarcely more than but a pound and a half each for the consumption of the twenty millions of British and Irish, in a year! all of whom, with scarcely an exception, drink tea, morning and evening.

The art of supplying the deficiencies of nature has descended even to mushrooms. I remember a Parisian maker of catsup saying, on being asked how he managed his manufacture in a peculiarly bad mushroom season, "Sir, I should know little of my *profession* if I could not make catsup *without* mushrooms."

What a volume of meaning a few words may convey. The whole reckless spirit of the French revolution was told in the Jacobin's answer to the man who reproached France with the massacres of 1793. "*Croyez vous donc, Monsieur, qu'on fasse des révolutions avec de l'eau de rose.*"

None of our European sketches of character ever exceeded the keenness of an Arab peasant's description of his neighbouring town. "It has three kinds of people," said he, "bad Turks, bad Arabs, and bad Christians. Three *devils* were sent to take the three to hell lately, and they were immediately found out by their *quietness.*"

The south of France has been ridiculously overpraised, and all the romance of vineyards, orange-*groves*, and mountains covered with lilies and roses, now live only in the rhymes of the Della Cruscan school. Even a "gentleman's gentleman," for all those fellows now contrive to make the tour of Europe—(Forbin, the French count and dilettante, has *never* recovered the shock of seeing an English nursery-maid in a straw bonnet and London-made pelisse, reading a novel of the Minerva press at the foot of the Great Pyramid!)—every one of those valets, who daily advertise that "they have no *objection* to travel," knows that the best French vineyard in its best days looks like a wilderness of gooseberry bushes, and in its worst, like a decayed turnip-field; that the orange-grove never is a *grove*, but a scattering of stumpy trees; and that, for nine months in the year, it would be as easy to find the crown of Barataria on a French mountain, as either lily or rose.

Yet where there are mountains on which Frenchman has never laid a finger, and which Nature, a much better gardener, has taken into her own hand; from time to time, even France herself, one of the ugliest countries under the sun, makes a figure. I have universally found that the spots which the regular tour-writers, the persons of wit, honour, and common-place books, colour with all their ink, are the most abominable spots on which description could alight, while all the pretty ones escape them by a direct law of nature. It was on an evening, which, in Paris—even *la belle*, and *la superbe*, and what not, Paris—would have been dark as mist, rain and sleet mingled could have made it, for it was deep in November; I climbed the hills overhanging the little town to which Napoleon's landing from Egypt has given a niche in history. Man

luckily had nothing to do with the road, which had no other Macadam than some earthquake, or burst of water at the time when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and Noah circumnavigated the world alone. But no English plantation was ever thicker of "firm and fragrant leaf." The road was a bower of myrtles; which, in this region, like a boarding-school Miss transformed into a city-wife, lose at once their sentiment and their shape, and are fine, broad, flourishing specimens of "congeniality of circumstances;" with a hundred plants and shrubs besides, with a hundred French names, and all breathing out fresh perfume on every bird's wing that rustled through them before me; and the ground was a bed of thyme and flowery turf, such as all the art of man could never have raised, within the precincts of the Tuilleries.

I had here three things that might fill any lover of the lovely in nature with food for the next ten years—memory, perfect solitude, and fragrance, undefiled by the infernal *cigarrerie* that infects France by circles of longitude and latitude, and makes every mouth a chimney. In one of the most glorious of all possible sunsets, I had nearly forgotten, what is indispensable to the true delight of the true tourist, that the very spot where I sat had been the scene of some of the most villanous performances of robbers—I should apologize, banditti—that ever figured in the history of the stiletto; and that on the very spot against which I leaned my telescope, to follow the little barks that were now floating up and down the Mediterranean like flies in the sunbeam, was erected a cross for the murder of a count from Naples, with his whole suite, travelling to espouse some opulent heiress of the gay land of the Provençals. I was making a sketch of the mountains that lay tost round me, with the wildness of clouds after a storm, and almost with their varying lights and shades; gold, green, and purple, were beginning to glow on my paper; the sea beneath was emerging in a long sweep of azure, the sun lying in a vermeil pavilion in the corner, and the moon a crescent, bright as the diamond circlet on the forehead of Madame la Marechale de En-bonpoint, and brighter than any thing else in the world but her eyes, when I was startled by a rustling near me. I sprang up:—I was, however, gradually re-assured by the sound of a voice, singing some adventure of Roland; the prince of the preux-chevaliers could not have been invoked by a bandit, and I recovered from my "sense of the stiletto." But I was in the land of the Troubadours; the minstrel pushed forward through the shrubs, and I was prepared to honour the art of poetry.—He was the scullion of the French tavern, come out to catch frogs for a fricassee! Ah, Romance! another such a blow would be mortal.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The Reform Bill is going to the dogs. Who shall now doubt *our* powers of prophecy! *We* said so from the beginning. *We* said, that it was *never* intended to pass. We said that Lord Grey was one of the last men in England who wished it to pass, and that the Whigs, aye, the Whigs themselves were the party who would in their secret souls oppose it tooth and nail; for we argued from fact, nature, the old tricks of Whiggery, the mother and mistress of Boroughmongering, and from the fierce aristocracy of the premier's visage. Who that ever saw that premier could think that, by any possible contingency, he would ever ask the "most sweet voices" of the rabble of cobblers, coalheavers, barbers, and butchers, who were to make up this new legislature of ten pound votes! Such might do very well for the Hunts or the Humes, but we have seen how eagerly Burdett has struggled to get rid of patriotic constituency in that virtuous part of the world, Westminster; and how his coadjutor shrinks from "His Majesty the Mob." With what jubilation would either of these Gracchi hail the chance of a peerage, come how it might, if it were but for the mere circumstance of escaping for ever the adipous fondlings of their "citizen" constituents. And what must be the feelings of the tribe of actual Whig gentlemen, yet unused to this embrace, at the prospect of having nothing else to do every year of their lives, with the addition of that fever of friendship, that cholera of canvassing, which must be gone through every two years, the late average duration of parliaments! The thing is impossible, except by a revolution, which would throw Whig and Tory alike into the general mire; and is inconceivable but by such brains as are substitutes for rationality, in the *crania* of the Carlisles and Nugents of this silliest of silly worlds.

But what said we, on the first mention of the matter? "This Bill will lie *under* the table within the next six months." Else, why have so many precautions been taken *against* its success? Why was "Reform," such as it is, taken out of the hands of Brougham, a daring fellow, a clever fellow, and a leading name with the House and the Reform party throughout the country? And why, but to make assurance doubly sure, was it put into the hands of little Lord John Russel?—little Lord John, of all men upon earth; an amiable lyric poet, a gentle tragedian, a delicate historian, and a pretty member of parliament; and with all these qualifications the last man in the House, or out of the House, to carry this measure, or any other measure. We actually mean no disrespect, though we can feel no great love for the hero of a measure, which would in ten years cover England with armies, fighting each other to their last drop of blood for the ground they stood on; send one half of us as prisoners to the colonies, or despairing fugitives round the earth, and raise the ten-pound legislators into the enviable condition of tearing each other in turn. But speaking in all possible respect of Lord John, we said then, and say now, that the measure was put into his hands purposely to fail. Were his the Ajax shoulders to carry the shield of Reform against the arrowy storm of vengeance and scorn, that must pour upon it from the honest representatives of the country, and from the empire itself? But the Bill was, from its very nature, constructed for a speedy mortality. Why was the clause introduced, ex-

tinguishing at a swoop more than a hundred and fifty members? Why, but to make every man of those hundred and fifty furiously hostile; a sworn and indefatigable enemy to the Bill in all its stages. Why was that odd experiment, the Gregson clause, tried, which if the Bill had, by accident, succeeded, would have instantly stultified its whole operations? Why has the Marquis of Chandos's motion been suffered to pass, which breaks at once Colonel Sibthorpe's heart, and the principle of the Bill? Why have the lingering decision of clause after clause, the affected difficulty, the monotonous prolonging of the useless debate, the changed and despairing tone of the notorious public instruments of the ministry, been permitted, but for the most palpable of all reasons, the original determination to throw up the Bill?

It was otherwise in other things. When that fatal and guilty measure, the Catholic Bill, was to be forced on the country, it *was forced* in the spirit of its conception; rash, fierce, and violent in its nature, it was driven on from day to day with a successful violence that we shall lament as long as England is England. But *then*, it was intended that the "bill do pass." Now, when the intention is of another kind, the means are suited to the object, and the object has been accomplished. This we say to comfort the party. Lord Grey will not be cast out of his title, his estate, and his place in society this session nor the next, nor until some true "Reformer" shall carry a bill similar to the one which the country now triumphs in trampling under its feet. Lord Brougham will enjoy the seals till he grows weary of them, and will go on quickening the steps of solicitors, lifting the eyes of "leading counsel" in increasing astonishment at his undue celerity, and shewing the miracle of a Chancery-suit concluded within the term of one's natural life. Lord John will turn delighted from the flinty field of politics to the flowing pastures of Parnassus, and graze there with renewed and grateful appetite, having nothing to do but to whisk the critic-flies from his tender parts with his ears and tail. All will go on well, and the wheels of the world, now a little out of order, will return to their railroad, and slide on with double their old anti-friction rapidity. The ten-pound legislators will give up their dreams of making Members of Parliament, for the nearer and dearer necessity of making shoes, pantaloons, and puddings. We shall have a new poem on Portugal from its established bard, and Don Miguel will be the hero of the new "Sebastianade." All, we say, will go on well, and the world will wonder that it could have been so disturbed. The grim and warlike form of Old England, leaning on its sword, covered with scars and still smarting with its wounds, will not bear to be longer pestered with this popinjay; and we shall all turn quietly to the national trade of getting rich, keeping the continent to its duty, making its military coxcombs, its kings and khans, and sultans and czars, know, for their good, that they have a master who can strip off their epaulettes, pluck off their mustachios, and throw their swords into the next river on fit occasion.

Those are our natural employments—*tu, regere populos,* and not paltry ephemeral bills, parliamentary squabbles, and the elevation of a race of poor devils of shopkeepers (nine-tenths of them too poor to pay their poor-rates, and actually discharged from this payment by an act of parliament), into the mock-majesty of judging of the qualities of members of parliament—a judgment which would be nothing more than who had the heaviest purse, and who scattered it in the most shewy style.

As for Lord Grey and his coadjutors, we wish them well. We certainly have not the slightest wish to see Sir Robert Peel and *the* Peels in their places. For that hero of the "atrocious bill" we have feelings which not fifty nor fifty millions of his anti-reform speeches can diminish. Let others praise him if they will for his repentant harangues; but we believe him to be still the man, who, after fifteen years of solemn protestation *for* the constitution, inflicted the most deadly blow that ever fell upon that constitution—and until he can shift his identity we must hold our opinion. The Æthiop cannot change his skin with such happy facility; and therefore, say we, let England beware of Sir Robert Peel. We have no objection to his destroying whiggery by his alliance, but toryism must never suffer the peril of his partizanship again.

One word more: if the bill should, by hocus-pocus, work its way to the Lords, they need waste no time in thinking how to get rid of it. The shortest way is to apply it to the lamp that burns under the chin of Sir George Rose's deputy, and throw the ashes to swell the dust that envelopes the Marquis of Londonderry in his more energetic moments. *They may rely on the nation!* To a man, the nation is sick of the whole affair already; sick of the long speeches, the tiresome gnawing through the alphabet, the wearisomeness of the topic at dinner, the stagnation of business, and the general groan of bankruptcy among the legislative landholders, from ten pounds to ten shillings per annum. *Ca ira*, as singeth the Dublin candidate, with the green rope—we beg pardon, "ribbon"—about his neck.

Every one who honours literature, honours Sir Walter Scott. But all the rescripts from his own romantic town have lately conspired to put him to death once a week, luckily with the happy reverse of restoring him to perfect health by return of post. The *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* has thus delivered itself on the subject:—

"Sir Walter Scott is about to set off on a tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr. Lockhart. We take this opportunity to express a sentiment (entertained by us in common with all our respectable contemporaries) of disgust at the teasing and persevering folly with which certain underlings of the press have of late kept retailing every stray lie respecting the health enjoyed by this revered individual. Is Sir Walter to be put out of the pale of humanity, because he is so immeasurably above these creatures, and his own and his family's peace disturbed by impertinent curiosity, which can only be fitly rewarded with a horse-whip?"

This is rather glowing language for the crime. But it is curious enough that the game continues, and we are still kept in doubt whether the baronet is to write more novels, or to be content with writing his own epitaph.

But why do not his friends send him to travel? A tour in the Highlands, and so forth, is very well for the Scotch or London cockney; but Sir Walter ought to go further. Germany may not just now be in the happiest position for the traveller. But Italy still sleeps; all is quiet, fat, and frolic, from the Alps to the sea. Let Sir Walter wait but till September is past, and then go forward, trusting boldly to the protection of the Nine, conscious that the ladies of Helicon will look to his relays, his coach-springs, and his postillions; and in six months he will have seen Rome, Naples, the Pope's toe, and the Pretender's tomb; will have written "The Red Hand of Benevento, a Romance of Italy, in

three vols.;" will have become home-sick, and be in the High Street of Edinburgh, receiving the congratulations of the Scotch world on his return, and with a lease of ten years' additional life in his cerebellum. We wish the baronet well, and have given him, in this instance, advice worth all the scribblings of the College of Physicians. *I pede fausto.*

We would not give sixpence for the brains of any man who can hesitate a moment about the causes of the riots, rick-burning, and other sullen savageries, that from time to time disfigure the character of country life in England. The whole and sole cause is the same one which would make a lord of the privy-council mutinous, or a groom of the bed-chamber question the propriety of the civil list within ear-shot of his sovereign: it is hunger. There is no instance on record within these hundred years, where, when the common people were sufficiently employed, they exhibited any discontent whatever. Give the English labourer employment enough to clothe and feed him decently, and he will no more rebel, not read incendiary nonsense, nor set fire to his master's barns, than the honest bullock that he drives afield. And this is not the result of his silliness, but of his good sense; and if those who have the lives and labours of the peasantry in their hands, and who live from hour to hour upon the industry of those poor men, were to take but half the care of them that they do of their ox and their ass, we should hear no more of peasant-tumult in England than we hear of it in the Georgium Sidus.

The *Hampshire Advertiser*, a well informed paper upon those points, thus states the case at present.

"The farmers are again reducing men's wages down to the old point; and it is feared that, unless something is done to relieve the distress, serious consequences will arise during the next winter. It is asked, how can farmers afford to give the wages demanded while they are paying such enormous high rents? But the fact cannot be concealed, that there is scarcely a farm or a small piece of ground to be let, but there are from 20 to 30 applicants, bidding one against the other, giving from 2*l.* to 3*l.* per acre for what had just let for 30*s.* While the farmers pursue this course, how can they afford to pay their men adequately for their labours?"

For taking their lands at such rates we cannot blame the farmers, who, we may fairly presume, would take them cheaper if they could. But we blame the landlords, who are foolish and cruel enough to let their lands at prices which no farmer can pay without robbing his labourers. Of all the symptoms of national decline, that which seems to us the most formidable is this fierce spirit of Mammon, this furious and short-sighted avarice which makes the landlord think only of forcing the highest penny from the land. In the better times of England, the yearly tenant was almost as secure of his tenure as the lord of his title. Generation after generation flourished on the same farm, and with it flourished a generous feeling of protection on the part of the landlord, and a generous feeling of attachment on the part of the tenant. The case is now beginning to be scandalously the contrary. The landlord and his tenant are two land-huxters, the one straining all points to secure a high rent, the other straining all points to pay the lowest wages possible to his labourers. The labourer must take what he can get, or he must starve—he takes wages which scarcely keep soul and body together, he grows sullen, and desperate, and then is ready for Captain Swing. As

to patriotism, he has at least as much as the rapacious landlord. But what man can feel attachment to a country which refuses him food, which does not shew a single cottage that the poor man can call his own, where day by day the commonage is curtailed, the footpath blocked up, and the immense majority of the population are as much aliens in their native land, as much pilgrims and wanderers, as if they were thrown loose in Africa.

"We have heard," says the paper, "of cases where a man has his wife and seven or eight children to keep out of 10*s.* per week, when 7*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* is paid away for bread, and they have not tasted meat for months together. In two other parishes the men, having struck, were met by two of the principal farmers of the parish, who asked them what they desired? The men replied, they only wanted the promise of a month's harvesting, that they might not be deprived of their bread by strangers. The farmers, immediately upon this, promised the men that their request should be complied with, stating to them that it was a just one. The men immediately dispersed, and went to their labours."

For this, we allow that mere law can apply no remedy, for mere law cannot prevent the cruelty of screwing up land to a dishonest price, nor half starving labourers, who would rather be half starved than die of hunger. But law should take care how it aggravates the opportunities that guilty and cruel minds will eagerly adopt, to make money at the expense of public good and private humanity. The use of machinery is one of those means. It is impossible to prevent that use. It would be unjust if it were possible; for the inventor and the maker of the machine has as much a title to the profit of his genius or his labour, as the ploughman or thrasher has to the fruit of his toils. But no man is justified, before the tribunal of common feeling, or even of common sense, who does not provide that his labourers, whom the machine may displace, shall previously find employment somewhere. If he must have a thrashing machine, let him not consider himself entitled to its use, while there is a single wretched being in the form of man looking on, and seeing in that machine the sentence of his own dismissal and starvation. A humane landlord will remember that the people about him are men like himself, that he is accountable not merely to man, but to more than man, for the use of his power; and that, if he use it only to make money, and drive his fellow creatures into famine and despair, he is accountable in conscience for every crime that they commit in famine and despair.

It is for this utter neglect of man as man that we abominate the whole school of the political economists. Money, money is the principle. If more money is to be made by grinding a man's bones into dust for the manure of a field of Norfolk turnips, than by keeping him alive, the question is settled at once by the modern economists. His bones must be ground. With these doctors, the heart of man, the soul, all the attachments and affections, the whole nobler portion, for which the whole fabric of society has been formed, is nothing. Unless they can grasp the material profit with their earthly fingers, unless they can weigh it in their scales, and sell it by the pound in their shambles, it enters not into their elements of calculation. This gross and bitter product of infidelity, which in France issued in Jacobinism, and here is rapidly tending to the same result, is as unworthy of the name of philosophy as it is of christianity; and until we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, it must be the seed of discontent, rebellion, and all shapes of individual

wrong and public shame. But the only healing and vigorous application must be found in our returning, man by man, to the honest humanity and generous good sense of our forefathers. We must introduce into our expenditure that true economy which does nothing for ostentation, and does all things with a regard to the welfare of our fellow-men. It is the guilty vanity of the time which has done three-fourths of the mischief. The squire must have his claret and champagne, his livery servants and his coach, like the duke; the farmer must have his dressy daughters, his hunters, and his pipe of port, like the squire; so it goes down through all the gradations of society to the miserable labourer, the serf, who sustains all, works for all, and starves for all. But common feeling revolts against this waste; common sense shews the folly of thinking that wealth can be safe when the boundless majority see it without the hope to share it, but by violence; and christianity, highest and wisest guide of all, declares in its strongest tone, that he who forgets in man that he is more than a mass of sinews and bones to do the work of a master, that he is gifted with the title of a common nature, and an equal rank in the eye of Heaven, with a right to all the enjoyment compatible with his condition here, and to all the hopes bound up in immortality; shall be, sooner or later, the victim of his own faithlessness, hard-heartedness, and folly.

We were weary of the cholera from the first month, but the subject is now coming on us in a fatal shape, under the disguise of pamphlets, boundless in point of number, and prosy to the very verge of dissolution. Whether it will ever come to England is the question. We ask in explanation, where has it been? *Only* in the filthiest and the worst fed countries of Europe, and in the worst fed, laziest, and most habitually diseased countries of Asia. What is Russia but a human dung-hill, saturated with train-oil? What is Poland but a lazar-house, proverbial for every disease that the concentration of dirt, indolence and beggary can engender? What is the whole extent of the Russian Asiatic provinces, but a sweep of perpetual contagion? The distinction between the European and Indian cholera is thus obviously accounted for. The Indian is in the air—the European in the apparel—the breath—the body. The Indian comes with the burning sun of summer, wastes the little blood and bone of the rice-eaters, and kills this meagre population like flies. Not one European, who takes common care of himself, dies, out of a thousand. It is true, the gallant dragoon who drinks his couple of bottles a day, whether of stout port, or gay claret, who eats as much roast beef at the mess, as if he were "a captain bold in Halifax, put up in country quarters;" or the bluff subaltern of infantry, flushed with his daily four meals, his extra rations, his dozen of Hodgson's pale ale, between the hours of ten in the morning and ten at night, and his final half-pint of pure Mauritius brandy, as a cooler—will be occasionally in danger of a "touch of the liver," which goes into the general account of cholera. But the meagre Indian, the sickly native, is the true subject, and *he* dies of the air. A movement of a mile to the left or the right, a march up a hill or across a rivulet, makes all the difference between health and massacre.

But the European cholera, let it originate where it will, being kept alive by salt-fish or starvation, by train-oil, or nakedness and misery, walks over Europe, extinguishing the guiltless of a full meal in a month, or

of soap and water, in a year. It is now raging in the aboriginal soil of the *plica polonica*, and if it wanders over its border, it will be the bequest of the pantaloons of some dirty Jew, some industrious old clothesman, carrying his pack to the German fairs. There has been no symptom of the disease in either Austria or Prussia Proper. Their Polish provinces have it, and will have more of it; and we should almost rejoice in the application even of this tremendous scourge, if it could compel the two powers to give up possessions gained by acts of horrid iniquity, and incapable of being held without a crime.

The only facts known about the European cholera, are that it is *not* impeded by winter, further than intercourse is impeded; that it may be totally kept off from individuals by avoiding contact with the diseased; that all the *remedies*, so much boasted in the newspapers, are not worth a straw, that three-fourths of the pamphlets are not worth the paper they are printed on, and that our English physicians know *nothing* about the matter. The true remedies are clean living, clean clothes, temperance, and an abjuration of reading a syllable of all that has been written on the subject. Perhaps we should propose a "legislative enactment," ordering that Holywell-street, Strand, should be bricked up at one end, and fired at the other—so that the objectionable neighbourhood might be burned to the ground as speedily as possible. A regular decimation of Duke's-place and the Minories would be useful, and an "ordinance" that the Jews should be shaved periodically by the police. A general washing would be no bad expedient for St. Giles's; and the Thames, at high water, might be let in once a week, in the purlieus of Paddington. But the reform fills the brains of our legislature too much at the present time, and we must wait for the extinction of the bill before we can ablute the Irish or the Israelites.—"It was stated in the House of Commons, the other night, that *six* Members had already delivered *one hundred and fifty* speeches on the subject. It was also stated that one Member had repeated the self same speech *fourteen times*. An apt illustration of the *vox et preterea nihil*. Pity that such eloquence should have been thrown away."

The glories of the London Bridge feast still continue to flourish in description, and astonish the mayors and corporations of the remoter portions of the British Empire. One happy *misprint* is understood to have produced some *thousands* of letters from inquiring correspondents. A newspaper had put in the word *turtles* for tartlets, and the account that "three hundred turtles" figured on the tables, had excited a storm of envy, hatred, and various other uncharitableness among the corporate feeders of the provinces, which may be the ultimate cause of a rebellion.

Still there are some little anomalies in the history; *ex. gr.* we are told, —"The cutlery supplied for the late banquet, by Messrs. Champion and Sons, was 4,608 ivory-handled knives, 2,472 ditto forks, 1,764 ditto dessert knives, 768 ditto forks, 123 ditto carving knives, 123 ditto forks —total, 9,858. The cutlery provided for the dinner at Guildhall, which of course was to consist of many removes, was 12,998 pieces."

Now this we cannot quite comprehend. The number of knives seem to us about twice the number of forks. It is true the knife is the essential, and the place of the fork may be supplied by the fingers, if one has prepared for the operation by sufficient practice But in our

simplicity we had always conceived that fork was to knife, as man and wife, a sort of undisseverable, at least till the banquet of life, and of the table, were alike over. We cannot understand the two knives to one fork, any more than a plurality in marriage. We beg to be informed on this endearing yet mysterious subject.

There certainly is a guardian genius of riot especially in pay for the benefit of Irish agitation—" a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft"—for the perpetual O'Connelism of the " gem of the sea." The Dublin election came in by " especial desire" to keep men's bloods in motion in the interval, while the great agitator was making speeches here; and it worked well. Dublin, and with it all Ireland, was kept in a ferment during every hour of the struggle; puffing, paragraphing, and pugnacity—as our alliterative friend, Derry Dawson, says—were the order of the day; and Alderman Harty was the pilot that was to carry the ship, *not* through, but into the storm. The spirit of O'Connelism was victorious. The popular heroes drove out the corporation heroes, and George Moore, the most Whiggish of Tories, and the *greenest* of Orangemen, was tumbled down like another Phaëton, but with a gentler destiny; for, instead of breaking his bones, he dropped into the downy pillows of a soft sinecure of three thousand a year. But the day of *reaction* came, and the cold-blooded committee of the Commons mercilessly " resolved," in the following style—a style worthy of Rhadamanthus himself:—

" Resolved 1. That Robert Harty, Esq., the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Lewis Perrin, Esq., were not duly elected citizens to serve in the present Parliament.

" Resolved 2. That the last election for the city of Dublin is null and void.

" Resolved 3. That the petition against this return does not appear to this committee either frivolous or vexatious.

" Resolved 4. That the opposition to this petition does not appear to the committee either frivolous or vexatious.

" Resolved 5. That R. Harty, Esq., the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Lewis Perrin, Esq., had, through their agents, been guilty of bribery at the last election.

" Resolved 6. That *certain individuals* holding *official situations,* who were considered to be connected with the government, did, in *contravention to the orders and rules of the House of Commons,* exercise *undue influence* at the last election for citizens to serve in Parliament for the city of Dublin. And,

" Resolved, lastly. That the chairman on presenting this report be instructed to move that the report be printed, and also the evidence upon which it is founded."

And to obtain this point of ambition, is said to have cost the candidates £20,000! Perrin is a clever barrister, and should have had his brains more at his own disposal, than to be tricked into the meshes of a set of fellows who, after all, wanted nothing but to see " a capital roaring election," good for the inn-keepers, the gin-shops, the five-pound voters, and all other patriots of the same swallow. Yet Perrin, who is notoriously an excellent fellow, will make it up in the course of time. But what in the name of Mammon and Belial, both orators and patriots as they were, is to become of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor? Perrin still has his briefs, and long may he live to puzzle judges, seduce juries, shield smugglers, and prey upon mankind, according to the duties of his profession. But what is to become of his unfortunate coadjutor patriot? The Dublin papers are lively on the occasion; and,

if to make the world merry with his misfortunes be the last aggravation of ill-luck, short of hanging, he is beyond the power of patriotism to console.

Laporte has made his last speech, and is now, we suppose, flying off to Paris, with £30,000.—the profits of his penurious system. Thank Heaven, the Opera is at length wrested from his hands! Anything more vilely, pitifully, and miserably mismanaged than this establishment has been during his career, we cannot conceive—rich as we are in records of theatrical and musical abuses. One grand good, then, has been effected in getting Laporte out; but that, luckily, is not all; for the directorship of the King's Theatre has at last fallen into the hands of a gentleman likely to make it what it is wanted to be—precisely the opposite of all that it has been of late. Mr. Monck Mason, the new lessee, is a *gentleman*—a word that has a very un-manager-like look—a person of birth and education, possessing many advantages, arising from a frequent intercourse with continental cities, a becoming ardour to improve the national taste, zeal, talent, and liberality. All this is much, and we hope much from it.

It is odd enough that the history of the Beggar's Opera should be still in dispute. There is something like an acknowledgment that its first conception was Swift's, for we have it recorded of him that, in his spirit of burlesque, he "observed one day, to Gay, what a pretty sort of a thing a Newgate *pastoral* would make." Galt, in his pleasant book, the "Lives of the Players," says of the songs:—

> "It is not generally known that the first song, "The modes of the Court," was written by Lord Chesterfield,—"Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre," by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams,—"When you censure the age," by Swift,—and "Gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike," by Mr. Fortescue, Master of the Rolls."

We may add, that the song of "If laws are made for every degree," was either written or revised and sharpened by Pope. The work, in general, was altogether superior to Gay, as is obvious from "Polly, an Opera," its second part, which is feeble in the extreme. The chief part of the early dialogue, the Mrs. Peachum and Filch scene, with the sarcasms of the two thieftakers, probably, belonged to Swift—the arrangement was Gay's. He went to Scotland at the time, and gave six weeks to it in a tenth floor, in one of the *wynds*.

We wonder at the abortiveness of every system for governing Ireland! yet we never wonder at the abortiveness of every government of Ireland.—They scarcely average more than the life of a Lord Mayor.—Since the commencement of English rule in Ireland, from 1172 to 1831, just 659 years, we have had no less than 396 governors, exclusive of those who held the reins from 1677 to 1711. To these add, chief secretaries, &c., and during the same period, be it observed, England has been ruled by thirty sovereigns and one lord protector. This gives an average of one year, seven months, and nineteen days for each vice-regal reign. But the chief secretaries are the principal feature of this curiously shifting government, for there have been, generally, three secretaries for one lord lieutenant; the secretary being the actual governor, and

the viceroy little more than a gentleman who held levees, and presided at balls and suppers. So much for policy!

No one doubts Moore's skill as a general master of poetry; but we have been always sceptical on the point on which he has been most studious to excel—his amatory themes. In our apprehension, no bard of his own or of any other day, ever knew so little about Passion, ever less spoke its language, or ever exhibited more glaringly the glaring error of mistaking it for the mere work of the senses. We should be content to let the question be tried by this brief extract from his observations in the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:—

"In natures of this kind (the warm and enthusiastic), a first love is almost always but a rehearsal for the second; that imagination must act as a *taster* to the heart before the true 'thirst from the soul' is called forth—and that accordingly out of this sort of inconstancy to one object is oftenest seen to spring the most passionate and even constant devotion to another."

Now the man who could write this, evidently has no more notion of love than that it is a mere thing of appetite. The experience of mankind is against it, for what has been the language of all poets but himself, on the crime of inconstancy to a first love, on the force and depth of its impressions, and on the almost impossibility of ever reviving, by a second, the fine ardour and vivid delight of a first passion. We believe, that even poetry has not exaggerated this sentiment. There may be fondness and esteem, and even a liveliness of attachment, in a second love, capable of solacing the heart for the loss of the first; but the sensation of the first is never to be restored nor forgotten. We might as well say that the consciousness of life could be felt a second time as it was at the moment when it first shot through the veins. No one will dispute the beauty of sunrise, but who can see it like him who, born blind, has his vision opened to it for the first time.

The plain conclusion from all our rhapsody is, that Moore, however capital a lyrist, knows no more of *love* than an oyster.

Since the death of Kitchiner, "alas! poor Yorick!" nothing great has been done in the culinary line. Men eat turtle and pines without asking, or venturing to ask, whether the callipash might not be made more transcendant by a new patent Cayenne, or the "Anana, best of fruits," touch the feelings more exquisitely by the new phusiteknicon sauce. Still there are some efforts, some *tentamina*, as Apicius Hexameter Burney would say, towards a revival of the glorious science. For instance, the following receipt for making a goose what a goose should be:—

"The first step is to wrap the goose up in linen; after which stop the ears with peas, and hang it up in a dark place, where, neither hearing nor seeing any thing, it remains in a state of stupidity, neither struggling nor crying. After this preparation give three times a day pellets, made of ground malt or barley, mixed with water, setting, within reach, water and gravel, in a pan. In this manner the birds are made so fat, that, without seeing, one can scarcely form an idea of it."

This, we own, may be at first sight called a cruel affair. But then it is, at the worst, kind to the eater, and the true view of the case is, that it is kind also to the eaten, for the sooner he is fat the sooner he is put out of all his pain in this world. But clever as the receipt is, we must

announce that it is a mere plagiarism from the well-known receipt for making an alderman of London the thing that it becomes an alderman to be. The original is in possession of one of the oldest ornaments of the board, civic, and convivial.—"Take a citizen, and wrap him first in a fur gown, stop his ears, shut up his other senses, wrap his legs in flannel, and then put him in a gilt coach. Let him remain in a state of stupidity from the November of one year to the November of another. The hanging up may be deferred until the operation is complete. During this period, let him have on an average fourteen dinners a-week, each of three courses, setting within reach champaign, claret, and rose-water in a pan. In this manner the subject will be made so fat, that without seeing, one could scarcely form an idea of it. But the sight should not be deferred, as apoplexy is considered to be the natural result of the experiment, and many worthy aldermen have found it difficult to weather their twelve months. At the end of that time the hanging operation may commence with great comfort to themselves, and much gratification to society."

The public have been lately astounded with the publication of what was said to be a case of St. Vitus's dance in one of the hospitals.

"The appearance was that of his being possessed by a demon. I am sure, if the boy had been seen in ancient times, he would have been brought forward as an instance of possession of a devil. He made all sorts of horrid faces; his head went about in all directions; his mouth opened and shut as if he were trying to snap at and chew the air; he grinned and gnashed his teeth; his arms were flung about in every way: he was in the most horrid state of perpetual motion. This patient was cured in about three weeks, by doses of the subcarbonate of iron."

On inquiry being made into the case, it was ascertained that the student who had been described, had lodgings opposite to a "young noble lord," not a hundred miles from Wimpole-street, who has lately exhibited a "House of Commons ambition," and that he had filled up all the *picturesque* of the statement from a morning's observation of his movements in repeating his speech for the evening. A committee from the hospital were appointed to examine the fact, and being introduced by the student to a view, declared that he had failed only in the low tones of his picture, and that the oddity and violence of the convulsions exceeded any thing that they had ever seen, except the "dancing duke's" practice for a gallopade at St. James's.

It is remarkable how few of the Irish *patriots* contributed a farthing in the late famine. They were probably too busy in securing the "national glory," and thought that to men dying of hunger, speeches were more necessary than bread.

But we have mentioned this repulsive subject chiefly to shew the good that can be done without speech-making, and with no other means than charity and practical honesty of purpose. A statement has appeared from one David Matthews, mentioning his proceedings on this occasion.

"Hearing of the wretched state of the poor in the west of Ireland, I went among them," says he, "a few weeks ago—I opened a soup-room, wherein I have been feeding 550 children daily, at the small cost of 1*l.* per day—I have been feeding them *on the spot,* under my own superintendence, to avoid the thousand impositions which these demoralized beings practise in a time of famine,—

I knew the appetite could not falsify though the tongue might, and therefore I *filled the stomach,* while some of the other soup-rooms, by delivering soup *out,* were perhaps in many cases only filling the hog's trough, or the ditch bottom."

This shewed David's good sense, at once saved his soup, and saved his soup-eaters. But the man himself was on the spot, which in those cases implies all the difference between charity and speech-making. Friend David's next steps were scarcely less necessary, and were in the same spirit of common sense and practical benevolence.

"Now, since the press of the famine is over, I have been turning my attention to a more permanent good than merely feeding. I have selected 80 girls from those whom I have been feeding, and clothed their worse than Indian nakedness, to beget in them the virtue of decency; and have them now at work, sewing, spinning, knitting, &c., to inculcate the good order and ingenuity of employment. I have adopted this scheme to do away with their resorting to begging, and as a plan of 'practical morality,' since the priests will not *hear of any thing in the shape of education,* fearing religious conversion amongst the children."

So much for popery, which is all the same in every corner of the earth, and would rather see human beings turned into brute beasts than see the most trivial chance of the pope's losing a slave, or their own reverences losing a sixpence. Plague upon them! why are they afraid of reading and writing, unless from their love of darkness, and their consciousness that men cannot exert their common understandings without discovering the tricks, basenesses, and superstitions of popery? It is this that has been the plague of Ireland, worse than all its famines, rebellions, and beggaries, and itself the cause of them all. Yet we have paid nearly a quarter of a million! to keep up a popish college in wretched Ireland, and are at this hour paying £8000 a-year to propagate this most guilty and pernicious superstition. More fools we.

The effects of friend David's system are beginning to be felt in his narrow sphere, and he holds it out as an evidence of what may be done, and justly solicits the attention and benevolence of those, who, though they may be Irishmen, are not agitators, and may be Christians, though they are not papists, to help a design of practical good.

"The system," says David, "has already been productive of considerable change in the character of the girls, for, from a practice of squatting in groups round a puddle, or manure-hill, chattering, musing, or dreaming their time away into idiotcy, they have become excited by the spur of labour to emulate our English industry. However, I fear my establishment is on too small a scale to become a *national example,* which has been my object from the first—and, therefore, I appeal to the benevolent to assist me with funds, according to their means, to extend its scale. Their contributions may be sent through the relief committee, Castlebar, County Mayo, and applied under their inspection.

Westport, July 25. DAVID MATTHEWS."

Of this statement, we of course know nothing more, than that it has appeared in print, and that it shews good sense and practical charity, which are worth all the fine speeches and appeals to "our suffering country," that ever broke from the lips of man. We wish success to David Matthews, whoever he is.

A clever book might be written, and ought to be written, on the state of periodical literature on the Continent. It is little known here, and not much known there, and yet its state must form one of the elements of that computation on which we can decide the comfort and freedom of the people, or the security of their government. Thus in Poland

the number shews by an obvious comparison, the spirit of the people.—"The kingdom of Poland comprises eight palatinates; and contained in 1830, 4,088,000 souls. In 1815, there were in Poland but 100 looms at work; in 1830, there were 6,000, producing annually 7,000,000 yards of cloth of all qualities. The elementary schools are not at all sufficient for the wants of the population; whilst, nevertheless, one child in 100 is taught to read and write—the proportion in Russia being one in 367. There is but one university at Warsaw, which has upwards of 800 students. The kingdom of Poland, in 1830, had 37 journals, while Russian Poland, with 8,000,000 of inhabitants, has only 2."

Compare the Continental system with the American, in those matters.—"There are now published in the United States, 364 newspapers, of which 158 are in the interest of the republican, and 157 in the federalist party; the others are neutral. Eight are printed in German, five in French, two in Spanish, and the others in English. Nine of these journals were established prior to the American revolution. Their aggregate annual sale is estimated at 25,200,000."

Or to return to Russia:—"There are published in Russia 73 journals, of which the most extensively circulated are the *Bee of the North*, the *Patriot*, and the *Invalid*. These journals are written in 12 dialects. The number of elementary schools is 1,411, attended by about 70,000 pupils; so that, compared with the number of children of an age fit to receive instruction in Russia, there is but one in 367 receiving even superficial instruction. There are seven universities, where 3,100 pupils are educated, under the superintendance of 300 professors. The seminaries are the most frequented of the establishments for education in Russia; the four academies of theology at Kiew, St. Petersburgh, Moscow, and Korsan; the 37 seminaries of the first class, and the 18 of the second, belonging to the Greek Church, contain 26,000 pupils, under the superintendance of 427 professors. The Roman Catholic Church possesses 14 seminaries; one of the first class, where are educated 250 young men for the priesthood."—We are to remember that this literary provision is for the wants of a territory nearly equal to a third of the Old World.

France is daily throwing up new literary products of this kind, which some term volcanoes, and which are certainly inflammable enough. But one, at least, will set no one on fire.—"A newspaper, called the *Stenographe des Chambres*, has just been established by the Chamber of Deputies, and is to be supported at its expence, for the purpose of reporting, more fully than the other newspapers can afford space to do, the speeches of the deputies. The whole of the composing and printing is to be done in an adjoining room to the hall, and it is calculated that a full report of each sitting may be placed in the hands of members in an hour and a half after the adjournment of the Chamber each day. The paper is about the size of, and promises to be just as repulsive as, the *Moniteur*."

England is going head over heels to ruin. The cobblers *must* rebel, for people now wear no shoes, and, of course, have none mended. The tailors are in despair, as within the last half-dozen years of public decay, every one has obviously gone naked, and the poor schneiders have sat with empty thread-cases. Every thing is going on in this unfortunate way. People no longer buy plates and dishes, as why should they,

when they have no longer any thing to put in them? We insert a corroborative return from a distinguishing place, which we suppose *ought* to be undone. It is from Staffordshire:—

"The goods received into the Potteries last year, and dispatched from them, amounted to upwards of 106,000 tons: the first price of the raw materials used in their manufacture was but 155,000*l.*, and that of the same materials wrought up was 1,300,000*l.*, exhibiting an amount of wealth created, of labour paid, and profit actually reaped, hardly falling short of one million and a quarter sterling."

To a statement so melancholy we have nothing more to add. We suppose the platters must have been given away.

Field preaching is lifting up its sacred visage, and shaking its stiff locks among us again. Irving is said to have lately "taken the field," somewhere about St. Pancras, and to have greatly amused the rabble. He has soon found a rival. A few Sundays ago, at an early hour, a young saint, named Rachael Smithson, about 22 years of age, belonging to a sect called "the United Sisters," preached a sermon in the open air, at the foot of Putney-bridge. In the course of her exhortation she stated that she had suffered very much on account of her religious zeal; that about three years ago she was in imminent danger of losing her life, occasioned by the oversetting of a pleasure boat, in which she was sitting with an aged mother. In this extremity she offered up a fervent prayer for help, and promised that if she and her parent's lives were preserved she would serve her God as long as she livid. Since that time she had given herself wholly to the work of the ministry. And so having made her vow, she performs it by talking nonsense, chattering about matters of which she can have no possible knowledge, and making grave things ridiculous, and sacred things unintelligible, for the rest of her days. Thus runs the world away—and thus will Rachael Smithson run, till she either runs in debt, and from that into a prison, or a madhouse, or the Regent's canal. How much happier and wiser if she had made a vow to mend her stockings!

Ireland is as full of "agitation" as ever; the agitation now, however, not consisting in speeches made in the tea-houses and taverns of Dublin, but in shootings, burnings, and plunderings throughout the whole popish portion of the country. The special commissions have done nothing—they have tried, and hanged, and transported, but the moment the judges were taking their departure, with congratulations that they had "quieted," and so forth; the angry spirit of the people, the burnings were behind, before them, and on each side of them. The magistrates of the west of Ireland have just applied to have some hundreds of square miles of those "quieted" districts put under martial law. The Lord-Lieutenant has replied by "regretting that the special commissions, proclamations, &c. have had no better effect;" but promising new activity of the same kind, which will have the same consequences. In the mean time, though the grand agitator is in London, where he is not idle in his vocation, another agitator, to whom O'Connell is a dwarf in influence, is starting into action; the double-tongued J. K. L., a man capable of great evil from his priesthood, though in all other points contemptible; a pitiful writer, and altogether an ignorant and trifling creature; and for this character we may safely appeal to the tiresome, and infinitely washy tirade which he has just issued against Lord Farnham, his "Letter" to that noble person, being such as would actually degrade

the pen of any tenth-rate pamphleteer of the day; and, obviously, as dull and weak a dissertation upon exhausted topics as any thing in the annals of newspaper correspondence. But we have more to do with this disturber's mischievous maxims than his pitiful style. The principles of his "Letter" are thus analysed by the Warder, an able Irish paper.

"The maintenance of the laws, the prevention of crimes, the well-being of society, are unworthy of the cares of a Christian legislature.

"The residence of a protestant clergyman is a grievance inflicted on the individual, because, not having the cure of all the souls in the parish, he should not attend to those committed to his charge.

"The Roman Catholics of Ireland having been gradually relieved from the penal laws, until, at length, they stand on the same civil and political level with Protestants—being, 'not almost but altogether,' the same in privilege, they are in a *worse state of slavery* than any community of men in either hemisphere!

"The law sanctions tithes, and is therefore unjust, and to be vilified, because it once sanctioned the slave trade, which it no longer does!

"It is criminal to coerce a government or resist the law, but perfectly innocent to counsel that coercion and resistance!

"Property vested in a body, either by national or private endowment, and held successively by the individuals of that body or corporation only in life trust, *is no property at all*, and may be despoiled. This maxim is applied to the property of the church!"

Dr. Doyle, with the common cant of agitators, denies that a property which goes from life to life is any body's property. What will our corporations say to this? Are the "Fishmongers" immortal? if not, away their lands must go. Are the aldermen, men of nine hundred and ninety-nine years each? if not, away go the City lands. And, in the same style, must go the lands for the endowment of charities, schools, and all establishments of the kind. Neither schoolmasters, governors, nor trustees, have yet found out the secret of defying death, and all their lands must be at the mercy of the Doctor and the state, until they do. Such is popish logic. Very good, no doubt, for the old popish dream of the resumption of the estates forfeited for rebellion two hundred years ago; but very unlike what we have been accustomed to call either common-sense, common-law, or common-honesty. What is the church but a great corporation, with lands transmissible from generation to generation, for the purpose of sustaining a race of teachers of the people, and differing from other corporations no more in its rights, than is to be inferred from the superiority of those rights; its higher office as the depository of religious knowledge, and its older title, as being actually centuries earlier than any other title to property in the empire.

We have seen this anecdote set down as Neapolitan gallantry:—

"The Duke of C—p—a, brother to the King of Naples, happened to meet a young English lady at a ball, and was greatly struck with her charms. He contrived to cross her path in all her morning rides, and in one of these premeditated *accidental* meetings, the prince presented his fair companion with his portrait, beautifully set in brilliants. On the other side of the miniature was an inscription, purporting the token to be *une gage d'amitie*, from the Duke of C—p—a to the beautiful Miss ———."

The offer we call Neapolitan impudence, and the acceptance English immodesty; if even that be not too innocent a name. But how was the "beautiful Miss Blank" left to run alone through ball-rooms? Had she no father to cane the generous duke? no brother to kick the Prince of Caprara?

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia, by Thaddeus Bulgarin. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is a genuine Russian novel, and a tale which, with the interest of a fictitious story, presents many details of a state of society of which nothing can be learned from books of travel. It is, in every respect, equal to Hope's Anastatius; and were the Russians as likely to awaken attention as the modern Greeks ten or twelve years ago, and we do not see why they should not, Ivan Vejeeghen might, as it well deserves, equal that renowned romance in popularity—it has all the novelty and the ability. The scenes lie chiefly in Byalo-Russia, that is, in one of the border provinces adjoining the old kingdom of Poland, in Moscow, Petersburgh, and the Steppes occupied by some Mahometan tribes. The piece is autobiographic—the hero, an orphan, appears, for the first time, in the half-savage establishment of a sort of country 'squire, where the child is treated like a dog, till he becomes the favourite of his master's daughter, who makes him useful in conducting a correspondence with a young gallant, and, finally, through her means, he falls into new hands. At Moscow he is recognised by an aunt, who is living in splendour as the *chere amie* of one of the thousand princes of Russia. He is now sent to school, and grows up to the age of seventeen or eighteen, in the enjoyment of every indulgence that the prince's money can procure—the dupe, successively, of the interested of both sexes. By some insidious adviser, he is prompted to quit his aunt's roof, in chase of some lady who had smiled upon him, and in his way is entrapped, half killed, and thrown among a tribe of Kirgheezians—wild marauders of the deserts. In this new scene his activity and accomplishments stand him in good stead—he is the favourite of the chief—shares in the perils of the tribe—gathers plunder at every turn, and at last returns laden with spoil to Moscow, where he finds his aunt in distress. She had lost her protector, and the charms which might have procured her another. The poor woman confesses herself his mother; Prince Somebody, with an unutterable name, was his father; and by degrees he discovers the parties, who had had an interest in disposing of him among the Tartars. With money at command, he provides for his mother, and mingling in the pleasures of Moscow society soon gets into divers scrapes, from his love of excitement, gaming, and the ladies. Stripped at last of every penny, he betakes himself to the army, where he wins the favour of the commander, and gathers laurels in a Turkish war; and after new fluctuations of fortune, finds himself at last master of large property bequeathed him by his father—to deprive him of which had been the object of the prince's heirs in the persecutions he had suffered. With mature experience, the wife of his affections, and an ample fortune, he withdraws to the Crimea, where, in the neighbourhood of an old and staunch friend, he begets sons and daughters, and cultivates his own acres.

This slight sketch will suggest the scenes of Russian society, into which the book will introduce the reader; and we assure him there is no want of details—the very things which travellers who scour the country posting can never discover. We select a kind of comparative estimate of Petersburgh and Moscow society, as a specimen of the author's powers. The translation is executed with unusual care and effect:—

"Petersburgh society is in general much colder than that of Moscow, and in every house attempts are made to carry etiquette and punctilio to the utmost. The presence of foreign envoys gives to society a sort of diplomatic gravity and restraint which stiffens and strait-laces social intercourse. Here they do not like story-tellers, nor good-fellows, nor people who amuse the company by their talents, who are so much sought after in Moscow. In Petersburgh, every one must speak from notes, proceed upon plan, and appear in the house when he is wanted, like an actor in a comedy. Here every acquaintance is an object of calculation, and is valued for the sake of his consequence, his connections, or his family. Every one looks on his acquaintances as steps to the ladder of rank or fortune, and gets hold

of as many as are necessary for him to reach the summit of his wishes. Some are received because they are necessary; others, because they serve to amuse necessary people. The amusement is—card-playing; and so, he who can play high is received into society, in order to form a party for people of consequence. Petersburgh passes for a musical city, or to speak more correctly, for a city where there is much singing and playing upon musical instruments. This is true, but hence does not follow the conclusion, that there are here many real connoisseurs and amateurs of music. They play cards in order to avoid speaking, and hear music for the same reason; after dinner, the subject of conversation is—the weather. Nobody likes to tell his mind here, because every one is seeking or expecting something, and in such a predicament dialogues are dangerous. The frank discoursiveness of Moscow, the freedom from restraint in behaviour, and the old-fashioned Russian hospitality, are reckoned here unsufferable rudeness and Gothic barbarity. Here they bid no one, as in Moscow, at first sight, to come every day to dinner, and spend every evening, but invite you out of favour; and, as every body is here busy about something or nothing, you must not visit your acquaintances except upon set days and hours, and at fixed times. In Moscow, the language of high life is a strange medley of French and Russian; but in Petersburgh, you do not hear a word of Russian: you must speak French with the pure Parisian accent, and the smallest blunder against the rules of grammatical precision is noted as ignorance. In Moscow they sometimes speak of Russian literature, the Russian journals and authors; but, in Petersburgh, that is a mark of *mauvais ton.* The learning of the great world does not extend farther than criticising French literature according to the system of La Harpe, conning over the articles of the *Journal des Débats*, and reading English romances in the original. Not one Russian writer or artist of eminence is received into the higher circles, unless he enjoys the special patronage of some man of note. There is one exception to this rule, to wit, a regard for Moscow notability: the master or mistress of the house, on presenting a new man not known in the Petersburgh world, apologizes by saying that he is known in Moscow. The youth of Petersburgh, even before they come to maturity, gather an air of coldness in their behaviour, which makes young people particularly insufferable and disagreeable. They make their friendships not from any coincidence of taste and habits of thought, but from the importance of the connections and relations of their comrades. Every man who cannot do any thing for them, who can neither help them forward himself, nor put them in the way by means of his friends, is reckoned a useless member of society; they behave towards him haughtily, and even shun his acquaintance. The females also are subject to the general spirit of place-hunting; they are as cold in their demeanour as the gentlemen, and, to say the least, are too dead, at any rate, so far as outward appearance goes. Tenderness and sympathy follow the fashion like bonnets. The ladies of Moscow scold and romp, but with all their faults, they have hearts which feel, as well as hands which help. Here they sigh, talk most sentimentally upon morality, and set lotteries agoing for the poor. A Petersburgh ball would appear to be under the management of a co-operative society, consisting of a French ballet-master, a Chinese master of the ceremonies, a German knight of a rueful countenance, and an Italian scene-maker. Every thing in its place, enough of every thing, but more than all, *ennui.* In Moscow, on the contrary, they sometimes dance out of tact, sometimes the musicians go out of tune, sometimes there are tallow-candles among the wax-lights, sometimes the floor creaks in the dancing-room; after a hearty supper there is sometimes too much champaign drunk; sometimes there is more noise at a ball than at a market: however, the merriment arises not from custom, but from the overflowing of the heart; people come to town expressly for the purpose of dancing and merry-making."

A Manual of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, &c., from the French of H. M. Edwards, M.D., and P. Vavasseur, M.D., by John Davies, Surgeon.

This is a translation of a French work, by Messrs. Edwards and Vavasseur, corrected and adapted to British practice by Mr. Davies, a surgeon of Hertford, and some time ago editor of the London Medical and Surgical Journal. The work is presented to the public, on the authority of the translator, a man at least well acquainted with the existing English publications on the subject, as superior to any of them. It is intended specifically for the service of students,

in part as a cramming-book, and for what the translator calls counter practice, that is, for the compounders and venders of drugs. Its general conciseness, and especially its arrangement, will doubtless recommend it in preference to the more bulky and clumsy performances now commonly in the hands of medical men. The multitude of *remedies* admitted into the Modern Pharmacopœia are here distributed, according to their primary effect, into a dozen classes—much to the advantage of the reader and referrer—for they are usually scattered and detached. The whole body is classed as Caustics, Rubefacients, and Epispastids, Astringents, Tonics, Excitants, Narcotics, Emetics, Purgatives, Laxatives, Temperants, Demulcents, and Anthelmintics—a distribution at least welcome to the unlearned consulter of a pharmacopœia.

THE CLUB-BOOK, BEING ORIGINAL TALES, &c., BY VARIOUS AUTHORS. 3 vols. 12mo.

Two heads are better than one. What if we bring together a thousand heads, and those learned ones? asked the projectors of the Literary Union, in the spirit of mathematicians, rather than of philosophers or poets. We shall soon fly over the moon, and set the Thames à fire. Literary men—though Chian and Falernian might make capital tipple—were as little likely to mix as oil and vinegar. Whatever department they take, they are still too much of a trade to agree; and no hatreds, not even theological ones, have equalled, if we may trust D'Israeli, literary quarrels in animosity. Nevertheless, the hope of gain, if not of fame, will sometimes draw and bind together these deadly opposites; and here are no less than nine or ten of the members *clubbing* to make three little volumes, with Captain Galt at the head of the squad. In this loving act of rivalry, the raw folks of the country will expect each man to exert his best energies, and anticipate a treat; but not one, we suspect, was written with a view to joint publication at all. The volumes are, however, amusing enough—few of the tales perhaps come up to the reputation of the individual, except in the single case of Jerdan, who certainly in his little sketch of the Sleepless Woman, has far outstripped himself. Let him rest—never let him tempt his fame with another; for never must he calculate on such another inspiration. By the way, where did he pick it up?

Galt, at some time or other, has been striking into a new path—that of the mysterious—as if he had just got a glimpse of the possibility of something extraordinary being wrung out of common events. By dint of studying faces, a painter detects the guilt of a footman—discerns the word ravisher written on the brow of a wretch, who had violated a lady in the absence of her lord. In the "Unguarded Hour," a judge detects a murder, by frightening the culprit at the bar, with suddenly appealing to the ghost of his victim; an old tale, by the by, and as felonious to repeat as a Joe Miller. In the "Book of Life" he goes still farther. One man has some pretty good reason to suspect another of a murder, and *annually*, on the anniversary, dreams of the current events befalling the man. These dreams he reports to a third, a very wise, *observant* man, and a German, and *he* finally details the said dreams to the dreamée, and forces him to the confession of his crime.

Allan Cunningham's "Gowden Gibbie" approaches too close to the extravagant, as is always the case whenever he touches fiction—he should eschew it, *sanguine viperino cautius*. It tells of a sordid farmer, Scotch (by the way, all the writers are *Scotch*, except Lord L. Gower, and he is half a one), who is tricked into the belief, that the hill upon his farm is full of *liquid* gold, which he is destined to *tap*. Under cover of the cheat, some rogues strip him of his *solid* metals. To make the dupe a Scotchman is an atrocious libel.

Andrew Picken's "Deer Stalkers" is past all reading—we question if Sir Walter Scott would get through it; and Mr. James will certainly stifle his patron, the said Sir Walter, and ourselves, with his chivalry. Hogg's "Bogle o' the Brae" mocks us with the hope of humour—but it is all shadowless as the figures of the magic lanthorn, which gives rise to it.

Facts relating to the Punishment of Death in the Metropolis, by Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq.

Mr. Gibbon Wakefield is the gentleman who was imprisoned three years for forcibly carrying off Miss Turner; and the book before us is the result of observations while in durance vile within the walls of Newgate. His opportunities were great of becoming intimately acquainted with the sentiments of thieves and convicts in every gradation of turpitude, and of every age; and he has apparently let none of them slip by him. The study was his main occupation, and beguiled the tedium and monotony of such an existence. If the imprisonment has done himself no good, it will be productive finally of much good to society; but it *has* done him good—it has made a man of him, and a thinking man. On the entire want of a preventive police—on the effect of the severity of punishment upon prosecutors, judges, juries, and criminals—on that of the uncertainty of punishment—though exhibiting fresh evidence on all, he has little that is *new;* it is almost wholly confirmative, but then it is confirmative from the very best testimony. The portion which presents novelty is the chapter entitled the Appeal to the King in Council, *i. e.* the supposed consideration of the Recorder's Report. The circumstances attending this appeal are scarcely credible; and they are now brought forward for the first time distinctly in their full absurdity before the public. It is obvious, at the first glance, there must be an end, and a speedy one, to these recorder's reports. It is a piece of sheer mummery, and an anomaly in criminal jurisdiction. In every other part of England, execution is left to the fiat of the judge who tries the criminal. In London *only* is the appeal made to the king in council—grand words, indeed, but itself a mere and a melancholy farce. It is, in fact, a new trial—so far as it is *any* trial at all—in the absence of the prisoner, and of all personal evidence. Nobody is present who knows any thing of the cases but the recorder, who himself knows nothing of one half of them. He, however, is supposed to state the cases to the king and council; but that he does not make a full or adequate report is certain, since, on the average, twenty cases are decided on at a sitting often of not a single hour. That justice cannot be *fairly* administered is attested by the surprise which Mr. Wakefield says he experienced, *as well as the officers of the prison,* whenever the decision of the council was announced at Newgate, at the selection which was made for execution. But the truth is, that after this farce thus played before the council, the whole matter rests with the home-secretary; and Mr. Wakefield expresses his conviction—no light opinion, but one supported by abundant evidence—that half the reversals take place from false impressions made on the mind of that individual. Those, of course, whose friends are the most active, and the least scrupulous, have the best chance of escape! The language of the officers of the prison is—"those whom we know to be the most guilty escape, while those whom we know to be least so often suffer—it is all a lottery." And how should it be otherwise—the matter is taken out of the hands of those who best know the facts—and placed in those of persons who know *nothing* of them but from imperfect reports. Is it not amazing that there should have been such a succession of home secretaries, and not one of them to make an attempt to shake off such a burden from his own shoulders? Surely no man can consider such a responsibility *desirable.* The matter must undergo full consideration; and one more anomaly be removed from our criminal courts. Mr. Wakefield has done a good work, and admirably redeemed the injury inflicted by him in the folly of youth upon the security of society. We recommend the details earnestly to our readers.

Tales of a Physician, by W. H. Harrison. Second Series.

These little tales consist of incidents, which, though independent of each other, string together as falling within the experience of a physician in the course of his country practice. They might be told by any body—physician or no physician, as they are in fact by one who is none; but though they have no professional peculiarities, they have a character of another kind, which distinguishes them favourably from those of their cast. They are uniformly expres-

sive, not only of pure and elevated sentiments, but of such sentiments as are built on the basis of religious convictions. The leading characters are every where such as are influenced in conduct by the noblest and most unselfish considerations—exposed, indeed, most of them to difficulty and embarrassment by the imprudence or guilt of family connections, but all of them emerging, and ultimately receiving their reward even in this life a thousand fold. The contemplation is fascinating; and we were delighted especially with the good fortune of the gentle Clara, and the good feeling of her cousin Tomkins, the tailor —with that of Emma, who conciliated the good will, with a thumping legacy, of a crabbed old maid, and became herself the sweetest of the sour sisterhood—and with that of Mabel too, the miller's daughter, who, if she did not, like the nut-brown maid, meet with a lord, become the bride of the wealthy "mortgagee." In all this, to be sure, there is mighty little vraisemblance—events like these are the exceptions of common life, and occur not once in an age. But still they awaken tender sympathies, encourage delicacy and refinement, and, eventually, more than benevolent feelings. Mr. Harrison's tone contrasts favourably with the heartless and frivolous one much too prevalent, and the shewy style in which such things are generally exhibited.

Speeches of the Right Hon. William Huskisson, with a Biographical Memoir, supplied to the Editor from Authentic Resources. 3 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Huskisson's Speeches—those, we mean, which discuss the measures which have had any perceptible effects on the policy of the country, are too well known to be reconsidered here; and for the rest, they are too insignificant to call for any consideration at all, and we can but marvel at the reprint. But the collection is preceded by a memoir, which, coming with the authority, or at least with the implied sanction of his family, must set at rest the absurd stories that have been put forth, by political enemies, at every period of his long public life. He has been described as a mere adventurer—as a man of no education—of illegitimate birth—a counting-house clerk—an apothecary—a jacobin, &c. &c.

He was, it appears, the son of a Staffordshire country gentleman, of independent, but not of large property, much of which was entailed on him as the eldest son. He was born in 1770; his mother died early; his father married again; and he himself at the age of thirteen, with a brother, passed into the care of his mother's uncle. This gentleman, a Dr. Gem, was a physician, who had retired from practice, and lived at Paris, indulging there his love of leisure, and mingling in the literary circles—then become most stirring and potential. Young Huskisson's studies were superintended by his uncle, and the cares of that gentleman were well seconded by his own activity and diligence. It was impossible that he should not imbibe something of the spirit of the times and of his uncle's society. He was in the very focus of political excitement. Jefferson was an intimate friend of Gem's, as Franklin had been before. Huskisson was present at the capture of the Bastile, and became a member of the Club of '89—not the Jacobin club, as has been repeatedly affirmed, but that of '89—the specific object of which was the support of a constitutional, *i. e.* of a limited monarchy. While a member of this respectable society, he distinguished himself by a speech, which denounced the consequences likely to attend an excessive issue of assignats—a speech which brought him into general notice, as an extraordinary display of ability in one so young—he was only twenty. It was his only speech, and would do no discredit to his maturer and more Tory years—it is printed in the collection before us. Upon this slender basis rests all the charges of Mr. Huskisson's jacobinism.

The same year (1790) occurred his first introduction to the present Marquis of Stafford—then Lord Gower, and ambassador at Paris. It was brought about in the simplest manner. The ambassador's chaplain was an old acquaintance of Huskisson's uncle, and introduced him to Lord Gower's table, with whose family he was soon a favourite. Within a few months he accepted the office of private secretary, and remained with the ambassador till 1792, when the occurrences of August obliged him to quit Paris. In London Mr. Huskisson was

still for the most part with Lord Gower at Wimbledon, or in town, where he was often in the company of Pitt and Dundas. The position was of the most favourable kind, and his talents were quickly appreciated by men so accustomed to judge, and with such means at command for employing them. The thronging of emigrants into England, and the protection given them, made the creation of an alien office indispensable, and Huskisson's knowledge of the French language pointed him out as a fit person for the charge of it. Though not the most agreeable employment in the world, yet it was deemed advisable by Lord Gower for him to accept of it, as likely to lead to more important appointments. Huskisson was not *in want*, but on coming into possession of the family property, he found it a good deal encumbered by provisions for younger brothers, and resolved to sell. His connections, too, with a higher caste, naturally disinclined him to the part of a small country gentleman. After a close attention to the duties of the alien office for nearly three years, he succeeded Nepean as under-secretary in the war and colonies department. From this period he devoted himself wholly to politics, and the year after was brought into parliament.

About this time he became the proprietor of Hayley's estate at Eartham, by the death of his uncle Gem, who had a mortgage on it. On Mr. Pitt's retirement from office, Huskisson resigned, but was induced to hold on for some months by Lord Hobart, Dundas's successor in the war and colony department. When Mr. Pitt returned to office, Huskisson was made secretary of the treasury, and was again thrown out by his patron's death. In the short reign of the "Talents" he was in active opposition. From this time he may be regarded as attached to Mr. Canning's small band; and for the most part he followed his fortunes to their close, and suffered by so doing. Mr. Huskisson cannot be considered as a fortunate man. He was outstripped in his career by Peel and Robinson. When Canning went to Lisbon, Huskisson returned to office, and was placed at the head of the Woods and Forests; and on Canning's replacing Castlereagh, at the head of the Board of Trade; and finally under Goderich and Wellington at the head of the Colonial department. But his career is too much within the memory of every body to require further details. The successive steps, with all his disappointments and successes, are recorded in the memoir, if not very clearly, at least correctly. It is a source for reference.

Mr. Huskisson was a man of great industry—a man of considerable detail, and not incapable, as many such men are, of systematizing his knowledge, and supporting a system. He wanted the shewy talents of his friend Canning, but he far surpassed him in soundness of judgment, in tact of discretion, and precision of knowledge. He wanted, too, the impudence of Canning; and was all along shoved out of the place he was entitled to fill by far inferior persons. He was cut off precisely at the time when his influence was beginning not only to be felt, but his talents and his services to be best appreciated by the country. A cry had been raised against him as the reckless and unreasoning advocate of free-trade—the result of mere prejudice—or ignorance—or party interests; but never was man more successful in refuting, in debate, the calumnies thrown upon his measures by the silk and shipping interests. Mr. Huskisson's *free*-trade was a *reciprocal* free-trade, and in no one instance went an inch beyond.

The Soldier Boy; or the Last of the Lyals, a Novel, by Rosalia St. Clair. 3 vols. 12mo.

Mademoiselle, or Madame Rosalia St. Clair, is quite a stranger to us; but she appeals, in evidence of her powers or her perseverance, to a string of performances—at least seven, besides an etcetera, which may embrace a score more—appended to her liquid name, like a kite's or a comet's tail. She must be one of Mr. Newman's most laborious, if not most efficient, operatives. Of course all the world knows Mr. Newman is a sort of dernier resort for despairing novelists; but his very name, in certain quarters, operates like a wet blanket, and excludes as effectually as a black-ball at the Travellers', from all admission to the "politer" circles west of Temple Bar. But even Almack's is not able at all times to fence out intruders, nor can the *Monthly* always guard against them. Perseverance, like hunger, or dropping water, makes its way

through stone walls. Mr. Newman *will* intrude, or rather obtrude, and our good-nature, as every body finds it occasionally, is more than a match for both our prudence and our principle. Madame Rosalia, in short, has got within our sanctum, and must be read, and must be be-critiqued too. Yet what is to be said of the performance? It is but the shadow of a shade. It is like some things we have seen, and good things too. It reminds us of an object placed between two reflectors, where every succeeding image becomes more dim and vague, till resemblance is with difficulty detected in the confusion and obscurity. Madame sees nothing but these reflected images, and, unluckily, only the remoter ones. She is obviously one of the thousands who read till they imagine they can write—or listen to sermons till they think they can preach, though they have plainly no "call." There is the genuine and the pseudo novelist—the first is the man who has seen life in its realities, and exhibits it in its varieties; while the other, man or woman, has done nothing but read novels, good and bad. Alike they communicate what they are each familiar with; but the difference is, one reflects truth and nature, the other repeats nothing but the dim images, stripped, by distance, of all life and vivacity, and almost of all resemblance. This is distressingly the case with Madame, or Mademoiselle Rosalia St. Clair. The "Soldier Boy" is a narrative—not a story—it biographizes from the cradle to the grave. We can fancy the process. When Milton finished Paradise Lost, a friend asked him what he had to say on Paradise Regained, and a new poem was the result. Madame Rosalia took home her "Sailor Boy;" and asking for another job, "Give us," says Mr. Newman, like a man of business as he is, "the Soldier Boy." To work the lady goes; and as one war is the same as another to a person who knows nothing of either, she takes the American, and without ceremony plunges herself and her protégé into the thick of it. Battle after battle follows in glorious confusion. The young hero gets wounded at every skirmish—often desperately; but wounds on paper are readily cured in defiance of all surgery. He rescues a lady from the violence of a Hessian officer—marries her—gets entrapped by the revenge of the Hessian into the hands of the Indians—escapes a scalping—returns to his wife—gets wounded again, and leave of absence in consequence—loses his wife in child-bed—saves the child—returns to England, and survives thirteen years. The orphan boy, at seventeen, obtains a commission—and he goes to war too—but, luckily, this Last of the Lyals falls in the *early* part of the Peninsular war, "fighting valiantly under the gallant Græme"—that is, some ten or a dozen years before the said Peninsular war began—for he must have been born in 1780.

A Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden, &c., by George Lindley, C.M.H.S. (?) and Edited by John Lindley, F.R.S., &c.

Mr. Lindley's Guide professes to present a complete account of the fruit-trees and vegetables cultivated in the gardens of Great Britain, as the result of a personal experience of more than forty years. The book—itself a practical one—is edited by Mr. John Lindley, his son, known as a lecturer on botany, and prefaced with an introduction, the object of which is not precisely to remedy the complaint that gardening books abound in rules, but have a plentiful lack of reasons—but to sketch the method by which a person possessing a competent knowledge of the physiology of plants, and some practical acquaintance with the culture of them, might readily supply the deficiency complained of. It is but an outline of the principles on which the common operations of the fruit garden depend, but enough is said to summon attention to the "rationalia of what may seem extremely simple and well-understood practices, but which are, undoubtedly, neither so perfect, nor generally so skilfully performed, as to be incapable of amendment."

Classical Library. Vols. XVII., XVIII., XIX., XX.

Of these volumes, the first two contain Horace and Phædrus; the nineteenth, Juvenal and Persius; and the twentieth, the commencement of Thucydides. The Horace is Francis's translation, which notoriously wants point and vigour,

but, though bad is the best, the best on the whole. The editor could not do better; and in an appendix, he has given another translation of about a third of the whole by "various hands," as the booksellers used to phrase it. The Juvenal is Badham's—why chosen in preference to Gifford's, no good reason can be given, unless the bar of copyright interfered, which in this case we think did not. Dr. Badham himself indeed tells us that Gifford's is not remarkable for the graces of poetry, and complains that it abounds with vulgar and vernacular expressions, and has more abruptness than energy, implying, of course, that he has himself supplied the graces and energy, expelled the vulgar and vernacular, and softened and rounded the abrupt. *Nous verrons*—the first eight lines—

> "That Theseid still! what! have they no *remorse?*
> Shall Codrus? with diurnal ravings *hoarse,*
> Shall whining elegies, *against my will,*
> And wretched dramas *persecute* me still?
> *Unpunished Telephus* my days consume,
> And *marginless Orestes be my doom,*
> Where o'er the *sheet's vast back* th' extending scrawl
> Is not yet finished, though it fills it all!"

Can Dr. Badham suppose for a moment that he is here conveying *clear ideas,* or giving the *spirit* of Juvenal, which he talks about, or expressing himself with point, or with grace, or with energy, or with harmony? No, no; this is worse in *all* respects than Gifford ten times over. But Gifford had offended Dr. Badham, and revenge is sweet.

Drummond's Persius is a miserable performance; but nothing will ever be made of Persius in English versification. Dr. Smith's Thucydides is the best extant, but surely one more worthy of the Athenian might be readily obtained, though of course not without cost, and that does not suit the projector's views.

Letters to a Young Naturalist on the Study of Nature and Natural Theology, by Dr. Drummond, of Belfast.

Natural history is improving rapidly. Mere arrangement is taking its proper place in public estimation—as the means of facilitating the acquisition of knowledge, but not knowledge itself. Within these three or four years numerous books have been published with as little regard to Linnæus, or any other systematiser, as if none of them had ever existed. The course is perfectly natural—each plant and animal has now got its place, and may be examined at leisure. The attention is turned to the habits of animals and their final causes—to the use that may be made of them, and the advantage to the exclusive possessors of reason. Dr. Drummond's book is entitled to favourable distinction among recent publications on similar subjects—for the extent and idiosyncracy of his observations, and also the enlightened and benevolent tendency of them. But every man makes slips occasionally, and Dr. Drummond is not more than mortal. "I hope," says he, to his young correspondent, "you will learn better to appreciate the works of nature, than to destroy any thing without having a sufficient reason for so doing. Kill nothing through mere wantonness or caprice, for such practices can only belong to an *unfeeling* and unamiable mind. If an object is to be gained worth the sacrifice, then let the animal die; but let its death be as easy as possible; and if for the sake of science you must deprive animals of their being, make it a point, otherwise, to save all you can. In your evening walk avoid the snail that crosses your path; if a beetle lies sunning itself on the highway, where the next passing foot may trample on it, throw it out of danger over the hedge; if an insect is struggling in the water, save it from drowning; and perhaps you would say, if a fly is uttering its death-cry in the embrace of a spider, save it from the clutches of the robber. Surely not; the spider is committing no wanton, no unnecessary murder. You might with equal justice cut the fisherman's net," &c.

Now this is surely nonsense, or rather it is system, in one of its worst forms—in contempt of *feeling.* Why is the suffering of the fly not to be regarded as well as the hunger of the spider? If it is to be a matter of reasoning, how can

Dr. Drummond reconcile the justice of balancing the rapacity of the one with the murder of the other? The fly has heedlessly fallen into a trap; but if relief be at hand, why should it be refused because the entrapper would like to make a meal of him? Nay, let the spoiler wait for the next opportunity, and devour his victim when there is none to rescue him. What advantage does the author anticipate to the feelings of humanity, which he is usually so earnest in inculcating, by teaching his pupil to steel his heart against the cry of distress, come from what quarter it may?

To compensate, some pains are taken by Dr. Drummond to remark upon Buffon's ridiculous language, and it well deserves it. "An animal like the bat," says Buffon, "which is half a quadruped and half a bird, and which, upon the whole, is neither one nor the other, must be a *monstrous* being; because by uniting the attributes of opposite genera, it resembles none of those models presented to us in the great classes of nature. It is an imperfect quadruped, and still more an imperfect bird. A *quadruped* should have *four* feet, and a bird should have feathers and wings." Can any thing be imagined more absurd than this tone? Again, "the bat's flight is rather a desultory fluttering than flying, which it executes very awkwardly. With difficulty they raise themselves from the ground, and never fly to any great height; they quicken, relax, or direct their flight in a manner the most bungling and imperfect." Buffon must, to be sure, have supposed he could have done better. The flickering movement has an obvious purpose—the pursuit of moths, which have a similar flight.

Divines of the Church of England, edited by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D., &c. Vols. XIII. XIV. XV.

This desirable reprint proceeds steadily according to the prospectus. The volumes before us are occupied with Jeremy Taylor's Works, or rather his "Sermons," and prefaced by a memoir, which contains the pith of Heber's biography, compressed very faithfully and competently by Mr. Hughes, who still perseveres with the *Summaries* at the head of each sermon. To say the least, this is a work of supererogation. The reader who cannot catch the drift of Taylor, and pursue it without these aids, should leave him alone—he has no concern with him—he is not of his kidney, and should betake himself to the dry bones, which abound on all sides. Nothing but the sermons are, apparently, to be reprinted in this collection, which, we think, is a matter to be regretted. Of his other productions, many are superior to his sermons—and all theological, or so near of kin, as fairly to have a family claim to admission.

Treatise on Cholera Asphyxia, or Epidemic Cholera, by Geo. Hamilton Bell, late Residency Surgeon, Tanjore.

Though but an ill-constructed book, Mr. Bell's is by far the most intelligent account of the cholera which we have met with, and we accordingly point it out to our readers as a book from which much, historically and physiologically, may be gathered, at least relative to the Indian cholera; and there is no reason to question its identity with the Russian. Britain itself has probably been more than once visited with this formidable disease—the sweating sickness, so remarkable in the annals of disease in this country, accords too closely in its symptoms to have been far removed from this same cholera, which Mr. B. from its leading characteristic designates asphyxia—with more propriety than the senseless epithet *morbus*. Nothing can be more inapplicable than *cholera*, but the name has got too strong a hold to be shaken off.

In India cholera is no new disease. Bontius, 200 years ago, has an accurate description; and in 1775 the medical officers of the Company describe the epidemic as extending its ravages to the island of Mauritius. But it was not till its last avater in 1817-8, that materials were gathered for marking its progress with anything like geographical precision. In the early part of 1817 the cholera was first heard of in the upper provinces of Bengal. Through that year, and considerably into the next, it gradually proceeded southerly to the peninsula, stretching

across, in its course, the whole extent of India. In March, 1818, it reached Gonjam, in lat. 18½° N., Madras 13°, in October, and Cape Comorin 8°, by the end of the year. Through the whole of that year the disease may be considered as marching at the rate of one degree every month, in the teeth of winds often—unchecked, indeed, by either currents or temperature. All evidence is adverse to the supposition of contagion—that is, all is compatible with the contrary hypothesis, while some things are utterly irreconcileable with the theory of contagion. It is strictly epidemic; and all are not seized who fall within its range, because, as in all epidemics, apparently, a certain degree of susceptibility is required to fasten upon, which *all*, happily, have not. The remoter *cause* is at present inaccessible—probability points to the electric, or, which is the same thing, the galvanic state of the earth's surface—to some sudden change in what appears to be the source of the nervous energy, if it be not the thing itself. But whether this be so or not, the disease seems distinctly traceable to the sudden suspension of the nervous energy, whatever be the source of that energy.

The cholera is a stroke upon the circulating power, and produces its effects as suddenly, almost, as a blow upon the sensorium, and the recovery is often as sudden and complete, an awakening from death to life. In the human system there evidently exist three, to a certain extent, distinct powers, the sensorial, the respiratory, and, for want of a better name, the sympathetic, or circulating power—having their sources of action respectively in the cerebrum and cerebellum, the medulla spinalis, and the ganglions. Any one of these may be suspended, and the other two continue to operate. The sensorium may be suspended, as often occurs in blows on the head, and the circulation and respiration be unimpaired. The circulation may be supported after respiration has ceased, and the brain been removed; and in like manner the respiration and the sensorium may be active, when the circulation has stopt, as is the case in cholera. In the very commencement of the attack, the secretions fail universally. There is, strictly, no gastric, no pancreatic fluid, no bile, no mucus; the kidneys are inactive; there is no saliva, no moisture in the eyes, scarcely any carbon thrown from the lungs, no animal heat.

To stimulate them is of course the aim of the doctor—to revive the circulation, or rather to relieve it, oppressed and obstructed as it is—to restore heat and activity to the source of energy. Notwithstanding the apparent paradox, bleeding is *the* remedy par excellence, whenever it is practicable. But the progress of the disease is so rapid, all but instantaneous indeed, so completely is the circulation stopt, that in a few hours the venous blood is of the consistence of tar, and the difficulty of removing it of course obvious. But if, by shampooing, or by some excitement, you can once get a flow, and go on withdrawing till the blood recovers its *colour*, and the oppression of the chest is relieved, the patient is cured, the dead man gets up and walks. The remedy acts mechanically—you unload the gorged vessels, you take away the obstruction, you leave room for the play of the enfeebled system—the energies, the springs, compressed by the clog and weight upon them act again, and restore the current. The lungs resume their functions free again—*pure* blood is thrown again into the heart, the arteries again fill with wholesome fluid, reacting thus upon the sympathetic system, till its energies are completely restored.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXI. First Volume of Lives of British Statesmen.

This volume of biography contains the lives of More, Wolsey, Cranmer, and Burleigh. That of More is the handy work of Sir James Macintosh—leisurely and carefully written. There is more of the scholar than the lawyer in this portrait of More, and justly so, for his literary merits will long outlive his fame either as chancellor or statesman. Of More's thorough honesty of purpose, no man, capable of forming a judgment of character on the evidence of facts, can doubt; but neither can any man doubt that he had one set of sentiments on paper, and another on his tongue. As a scholar in the closet, and among his correspondents, he was speculatively liberal and rational; while as a statesman, and in the business of life, and of his profession, he was ready vigorously to enforce

law and custom, and, with few exceptions, to take things as he found them. He has been represented as exercising much cruelty, officially, and even supervising acts of torture. Sir James takes pains to examine the evidence on which this charge rests; but More's own "apology" supersedes further search. He meets the charge in the most direct and satisfactory manner, and shrinks from none of the details; but, unluckily, the defence has never travelled along with the charge; and it still, in the impression of numbers, sticks a blot on his benevolent character.

Admiring Sir James as we do—as a man of research, and generally of sound judgment—we confess he wearies us. He is a desperate reasoner; he fastens upon any and every thing he meets in his way like a leech, and will leave nothing till he has drained it dry. But More is a subject worthy of his diligence, and deserving of discussion. He was an excellent man, and would have been an excellent man in any age, and in some greater than he was in his own—*that* was unpropitious. Henry would not be guided, and More was not made to contend with a brute, much less to control him. Nor was he made for command—he was too indifferent to enter zealously into the conflicts of life—more inclined to look on and smile, than mingle in the broil.

Wolsey's Life is but a moderate concern—as poor as Mrs. Todd Thomson's—with a great deal too much poetry and Shakspeare.

Cranmer's is better, and, what is better still, is obviously not written by a churchman. Cranmer wanted pluck. Fortune placed him too high for his powers. He had head enough to conceive rightly, but not spirit enough to follow up his conceptions, and present them to effect. He was destined by nature for an underling—to execute the projects of others, under others' responsibility; when left to himself, he fell into the most pitiful and pitiable contradictions. He meant well, and, had he been placed out of the way of temptation, would never have done ill—but what does this amount to? Why, that he was not fit for the position he occupied, and the less that is said of him the better in the way of defence. The attempt is both hazardous and useless.

Burleigh's Life is a reprint from Macdiarmid's Lives of British Statesmen, and need not be noticed here.

THE SOLITARY, A POEM IN THREE PARTS, BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

The Solitary consists for the most part of gloomy musings, supposed to proceed from disappointment, or satiety—from anticipating and exhausting life—from crowding too much of its energies into too small a compass—till the mind falls back in weariness, and preys upon its own vitals. We are indebted to Lord Byron for these morbid descriptions, the fashion of which is fast vanishing; for nature cannot support them and live. The folly of contending with nature, or pouring forth grumblings and maledictions upon what is insensible to the torrent, or tornado, and doing so, only because her bounties have been prodigally spent, is becoming so obvious, that all but the *very* young (in age or reflection) can do nothing but smile at the miserable exhibition; and would rather bid the victim hang or drown, than suffocate others with words without meaning. Mr. Whitehead must still be allowed the praise of eloquence—of energy of words and phrases. There is often great vigour of language, if not always of sentiment; his sentences are pithy, expressive, antithetical; occasionally exciting surprise by their strength, and admiration by their felicity. The description of silence and solitude at the outset, has touches of great beauty, strong feeling, and good painting. A few lines will shew the tone of the whole.

How many in the deaf oblivious realm
  Of sleep are hushed beneath her dynasty;
E'en he whom many a woe and grief o'erwhelm,
  Who but recruits his jaded strength to try
Another fall with stronger destiny,
  And will not be o'ermastered, sinks at last,
  Even as a dreamless babe, to rest; while I,
Lingering upon the bleak shore of the past,
My hopes into that sea, like worthless pebbles, cast.

And thus my thoughts, goading my sluggish will,
  Run the fierce gauntlet and the circle round;
This finite world's infinity of ill—
  All that is lost—all that was never found—
  All that, urged bravely forward, did rebound
And strike the spirit down into the dust—
  This mockery—this echo of no sound—
This cheat that levies faith upon distrust,
And from our very joys replenishes disgust.

Say, wheresoe'er thou (Truth) be, is virtue gain,
  Is honour, wisdom, honesty content?
Are all we deem of pleasure—or of pain,
  Aught but the vilest clogs, by Folly lent,
  T' impede our halting wheels in their descent?
If all be true that is affirmed of Heaven,
  Why is life wasted, wherefore is it spent?
Is all we suffer not to be forgiven?
Then were our daily bread of a most tearful leaven.

Beware of Folly, she is wondrous wise;
  Beware of Wisdom, she is half a fool;
Of Love beware, so blind with Argus' eyes;
  Of Hate so passing hot, so lasting cool;
  Of all that work by word, or prate by rule;
Of speculation built upon desert;
  Of Hope, the brittle reed in Fortune's pool,
Which our clear-imaged Heaven doth invert;
What granted prayer could now re-form thee as thou wert.

Family Library, Vol. XXIII. A Family Tour through South Holland, &c.

At least the volume is what it professes to be—a family tour, from Antwerp to Amsterdam—up the Rhine to Mayence and the Maine to Frankfort—down the Rhine again to Cologne, and back through the Netherlands, by the way of Leige, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend. The whole accomplished in one month by a family party of six persons and a servant, at the cost of £138—the party travelling by the common conveyances of the country, by land and water, and sharing the best accommodations. The present confusions of Belgium will spoil many a similar tour which this little volume would have prompted this autumn. As a mere matter of sight-seeing, we know not why a longer time should be spent upon the tour, for the party saw *all* the lions in the way, which is all that the greater part of people care about. The book itself is of little intrinsic or peculiar value; the line of country is a well-beaten one, and thoroughly known to the readers of tours. The buildings and pictures, which form the staple of the description, have been described a thousand times—though probably *never better*. The writer's sentiments relative to the political state of the country, and the conduct of the government, he of course took with him; he could have no time to inquire into the truth of them on the spot, and it is pretty obvious had no desire to correct them—his prejudices are of a fine vigorous growth. They are worthy of the anti-jacobin times of forty years ago; all reformers, and radicals, and revolutionists, and republicans, in a lump and without discrimination, are nothing but rogues and vagabonds. The king of the Netherlands is an excellent king, and the Belgians had nothing to complain of; their revolution was all sheer love of mischief in the leaders, and blind folly in the followers. Yet is all this vituperation finally wound up with the strange confession that the union of the two nations "never augured well. The difference of language and religion was, of itself, repugnant to such an alliance, more especially, when toleration on one side had to contend with bigotry and superstition on the other. In this, even a separation may be of benefit, ultimately, to both parties."

Passing through Bonn the writer discharges the following decent and delectable tirade, not only against the University of Bonn, but the whole batch of

German institutions. "This city was recently revived one of those German universities, where young men, like the polytechniques of Paris, fancy themselves to know more than their teachers, laugh at religion, set at defiance all authority, behave with insolence to their fellow citizens, lose all sense of decency, and muddle away their time in drinking beer and smoking tobacco. They are, in fact, the fruitful nurseries of immorality, sedition, and licentiousness," &c. Can the writer imagine that passing through Bonn, in a carriage, gives any weight to the sentiments of any body with or *without* a name? The opinion thus expressed of Bonn, the writer, of course took with him, and could have no means of personally ascertaining the accuracy of it. Yet is it put forth as that of a person who has visited the place, and of course *must know!* The views, consisting chiefly of buildings, are drawn by Colonel Batty, and etched on steel by that gentleman. The effect is excellent.

Change of Air, an Autumnal Excursion through France, Switzerland, and Italy, 1829; by James Johnson, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the King.

Dr. Johnson is very far beyond an ordinary tourist; he travels for health, or for relaxation, which he deems essential to health; and he gives, with the tact and the precision of his profession, the results of his own observations upon the physical effects of travelling. The wear and tear of life—the consequences of over-excitement in the metropolis, whether from professional pursuits, or the eager chace of distinction in science or literature, require occasional cessations; and, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, there is nothing like travelling—it is his panacea, and excellently good reasons gives he for his opinions. He looks with the eye of a philosopher, and something approaching to scorn, at the rage with which every thing is overdone from ambition, pride, vanity, and fashion—the result, as it is, being loss of health and vigour, but poorly compensated by the loftiest successes. Contrasting England with France, he finds it is all work and no play with the English, and all play and no work with the French. The effects are traceable in the countenance. Of the general truth of this statement we have no doubt; but the French do not *look* less harassed than the English: the marks of strong passions are everywhere visible—wearing down the possessor's frame to an "atomy."

The tour itself is through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and the scenes of every day's description; but the tone differs from most books. The Doctor delights in reducing the high-flown to a lower level; and so rarely does he sympathise, and to such a degree does he indulge a critical spirit, that he is everywhere, if not querulous, derisory—he vents his indignation at delusive description upon the unlucky country itself—and nothing is finally bearable but Old England, or at all comparable with it. He crossed France from west to east, and on his return from south to north. "La Belle France is the most uninteresting. The flowers, nay even the flatness of Holland—with all its smooth canals and shaded dykes (those monuments of industry), its fertile fields, its neat and cleanly towns, its painted houses, varnished furniture, and broad-based, thick-headed inhabitants, excite a variety of emotions, and those generally of a pleasant kind, in the mind of the traveller—but France, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine, from the Tura to the Atlantic, from Antibis to Calais, presents very few spots indeed, compared with her vast extent of surface, on which the eye can rest with either pleasure or admiration. Her mountains are destitute of sublimity, her valleys of beauty," &c., to the end of a diatribe which extends some pages, and comprehends man, woman, and child in its vituperations.

The Doctor's attention was turned especially towards disease—the cretinism of the valleys of Switzerland, the pellagra of Lombardy, the malaria of Rome—the details and discussions are full of interest. The reader will not be wearied with unimportant matters; the Doctor glances at every place, without any bother as to how he got there, what he eat, or where he slept. In Rome and Naples, and at Pompeii, he is full of historical recollections, and so thoroughly out of humour is he by that time got to be, that he cannot forbear a stroke at Cicero and Cato

en passant. Disgusting as every thing in Italy is, he finds evidence enough that the Romans of old, ladies and all, were to the full as bad as the moderns; and Lady Morgan is not forgotten, because she could not see, or would not describe, some of the indelicacy which met his own eyes, though she is far from fastidious. The book, however, is very superior; the author is a man of real intelligence—of considerable reading; and he brings it to bear occasionally with great felicity. He is too perpetually on the hunt for smart sayings, and sometimes misses his mark; but though this and his poetry be calculated to depreciate—that only applies to the taste of the writer—there is sound knowledge at the bottom, and much that is well-fitted to correct misconception and prejudice.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages. By John Britton, F. S. A.—Of the Dictionary itself we have nothing to say, in this branch of our critical department; but the engravings, of which there are ten in each part, are well executed from drawings by Cattermole and others. We are sometimes scarcely aware of the beauties of the minor details of architectural decoration, until they are brought before us in this manner. There are here brackets, buttresses, shafts, and crosses, in sufficient variety, to charm both the artist and the antiquarian.

Two more numbers of the *English School* have reached us. They comprise some beautiful outlines of popular pictures by Stothard, Reynolds and Wilkie, besides many others worthy of remembrance.

History and Topography of the United States of North America, edited by John Howard Hinton, A. M.—The two parts, 19 and 20, just issued, complete the first volume of this work; that is to say the *History* of North America—the succeeding parts will contain the *Topography*. After the notices we have given of it, it only remains for us to express our hope that the next volume will be equal to the first, that the embellishments will be of the same character, and that its popularity may be proportioned to its value.

The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas, Part 3.—This number of the beautiful little Atlas published under the above title, contains maps of the Land of Canaan, of India or Palestine, of the Tribes of Judah and Simeon, and of Canaan or the Land of Promise.

The Monastic Annals of Teviotdale, by the Rev. Jas. Morton, F.S.A.E.—A quarto work of first-rate promise, both as regards its literary illustrations and its engravings. The first number is devoted to Jedburgh Abbey, of which an interesting and succinctly-written history is given, containing much curious information, collected, we should think, with much research, and arranged with equal care. The embellishments are excellent. The first plate is a view of the fine old abbey from the south-west—a well selected and picturesque view, executed with extreme softness and beauty. The next is a curious old Roman door in the abbey, no less masterly, in its style, than the other. These are drawn and engraved by W. H. Lizars. The number also contains a plan of the abbey.

Society for the Encouragement of Medal Engraving in Great Britain.—We leave the prospectus of this new Society to tell its own story, by extracting a passage or two that are entitled to the attention of all patrons of art:—"Highly cultivated as the Fine Arts are in this country, it is singular that this branch of art (Medal Engraving) the most imperishable in its nature of the whole circle, should have been so signally neglected. It cannot be supposed that a country which has produced such eminent painters, sculptors, and engravers as England, would be found deficient in men fully competent to assert her superiority in medal engraving. Yet Captain Mudie, who recently published a series of national medals, commemorative of British victories, was obliged to get the greater part of them engraved in France! Even the celebrated series of the Kings of England were executed entirely by a Frenchman! It is now proposed to raise medal

engraving to that height to which it is so justly entitled; but we cannot hope to effect this in a manner worthy of the British nation, without the combined encouragement of persons distinguished for rank, talents and taste, uniting to give a tone to the national mind." For this purpose the Society has been formed; it is to consist of an unlimited number of members, at an annual subscription of five shillings and upwards. The subscribers are to have the sole right of choosing the subject, and every subscriber will receive one bronze medal for every five shillings. We trust that there are many hundreds, who, for their own sake, if not for the advancement of art, will support a project that holds out such advantages.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By the Rev. Richard Burgess: the Topography and Antiquities of Rome, in two volumes, with plates.

By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield: the Greek Testament, with English Notes, in two volumes.

Edited by Mrs. Bray: Tables, and other Pieces; by Mary Maria Colling, with some Account of the Author, in Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.

By Lieutenant-Colonel John Leach: Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier during a Service in the West Indies, at the Siege of Copenhagen, in the Peninsula, and the south of France, in the Netherlands, &c.

By J. Rennie, A.M., Author of "Insect Architecture:" a Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths, with descriptions of all the species found in Britain, amounting to nearly two thousand.

By the same Author: a Translation, with copious Notes and Synonimes, of Le Vaillant's Works, the Birds of Africa, the Birds of Paradise, and the Parrots.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Mr. Roscoe. By one of the members of his family.

By Alaric Watts: a volume of Poems, entitled Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems, with thirty Engravings.

By James Kennedy: the History of the Indian Cholera.

By Thomas Thomson, M.D.: a System of Inorganic Chemistry, in two volumes.

The Amulet for 1832. Among its illustrations will be found engravings from four of Sir Thomas Lawrence's most celebrated paintings; that of "the Marshioness of Londonderry and her Son" being the frontispiece. It will also contain prints from Pickersgill's "Greek Girl;" from Haydon's "Death of Eucles;" from "the Death of the First-born," by George Hayter; from a picture of "Corinne," by Gerard; with landscapes, by Stanfield, Roberts, &c. &c.

Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall: "The Juvenile Forget Me Not" for 1832.

By the Rev. S. Sanderson, A.M., Oxford: A volume, to be published by subscription, consisting of Poems, intended simply as a record of such thoughts as were suggested to the mind of the writer by a comparison of the Book of Nature with the volume of Revelation.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. Vol. VII. 5s. Being Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon. In 2 vols. Vol. II.

The March of Hannibal from the Rhone to the Alps. By Henry Lawes Long, Esq.

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick. Vol. I. Royal 4to. £2. 12s. 6d.

Historical Researches on the Conquest of Peru and Mexico, by the Moguls in the Thirteenth Century, &c. &c. By John Rankin. 8vo. 28s.

LAW.

Lynch on the Law of Elections in the Cities and Towns in Ireland. 8vo. 6s.

Law's Forms of Ecclesiastical Law. 8vo. 14s.

Statutes at Large. Vol. XII. Part II. William IV. 4to. 5s.

MEDICAL.

Principles of Lithotrity, or a Treatise on the Art of Curing the Stone without Incision; illustrated by five Plates, exhibiting exact representations of the different instruments. By Baron Heurteloup, Doctor of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. 8vo. 20s.

Practical Observations on Prolapsus,

or Protusion of the Lower Bowel. By Frederick Salmon. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

An Account of Inventions and Improvements in Surgical Instruments, made by John Weiss. 8vo. Price 15s.

A Practical Treatise on Injuries of the Head. 12mo. Price 3s. 6d.

Medico-Chirurgical Notes and Illustrations. Part I. By R. Fletcher, Esq. 1 vol. 4to. With Plates. 20s.

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XVI. Part II. In 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Summary of Facts hitherto ascertained respecting the Cholera Morbus of Russia. By Bosset Hawkins, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Marshall's Account of the Population for 1801, 1811, and 1821. Royal 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

A Professional Survey of the Old and New London Bridges, and their Approaches. With plates. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Accounts of Fifty-five Royal Processions and Entertainments in the City of London. To which is added, a Bibliographical List of Lord Mayors' Pagents. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

General O'Connor's Letter to General Lafayette on the French Revolution of 1830. 8vo. 2s.

The First Lines of Zoology in Question and Answer. By. R. Mudie. 18mo. 6s.

Don's (Geo.) General System of Gardening and Botany, with numerous wood cuts. Vol I. 4to. £3. 12s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXII. Contents—A Treatise on the Silk Manufacture. 12mo. 6s.

The Origin, Science, and End of Moral Truth. Post 8vo. 7s.

Thoughts on Various Subjects. By Wm. Danby, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A Bird's Eye View of Foreign Parts, and a Look at Home. A Poem. 12mo. 5s.

Notices of Engravers and their Works. By William Young Ottley, Esq. Vol. I. Demy 8vo. 12s. Large paper, 18s.

The Elements of Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics. By W. H. Miller, of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Integral Calculus. Part I. By John Hymers, of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Gerald Fitz-Gerald. A Novel. By Anne of Swansea. 5 vols. 12mo. 30s.

Standard Novels. Vol. VI. The Last of the Mohicans. By Cooper. 12mo. 6s.

Tales of the late Revolutions, with a few others. By F. W. N. Bayley. 12mo.

Alice Seymour. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Females of the Present Day considered as to their Influence on Society. 12mo. 5s.

Woman, in her Social and Domestic Charactor. By Mrs. John Stanford. 12mo. 6s.

Stories for Young Children. By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c. 18mo. 2s.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

Discourses on the Miracles. By the Rev. S. Knight. 8vo. 12s.

Dale's (Rev. Thos.) Sermons at St. Bride's. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons before a Country Congregation. By the Rev. M. Oxenden. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Vindication of the South Sea Missions. By Walter Ellis. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hymns for Children. By the Rev. W. Fletcher. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

French and Skinner's Translation of the Proverbs. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Malcolm's Dictionary of the Bible. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Rev. Robert Hall on Modern Infidelity, with a Memoir of his Life and Character. 18mo. Price 6d.

TRAVELS.

Ellis's Polynesian Researches. Fourth Edition, and concluding volume; with a Map and two Engravings. 12mo. 6s.

Journal of a Tour in the State of New York in 1830. By John Fowler. 12mo. 6s.

Narrative of the Ashantee War, with a View of the present State of the Colony of Sierra Leone. By Major Rickets. 8vo.

Andrew's Guide to Southampton and the Isle of Wight. 12mo. 3s.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MRS. SIDDONS.

To render justice to the professional character of such an actress as Mrs. Siddons, within a column or two of a periodical, is utterly impossible. All that can be reasonably hoped for are a few dates, facts, and elucidatory points. Mrs. Siddons's mother was the daughter of a Mr. Ward, the manager of an itinerant company of players in Wales, and the adjacent English counties. Her father, Mr. Roger Kemble (towards the close of his life one of the Poor Knights of Windsor) travelled with the company in the capacity of hair-dresser. Miss Ward, who is said to have rejected the honourable advances of the then Earl of Coventry, accepted those of Mr. Kemble, and the parties were privately married. The lady's parents were inexorable, and, for a time, the newly married pair were obliged to seek their subsistence in another company. Soon, however, Mr. Ward relented—resigned the theatrical sceptre into the hands of Mr. Kemble—and shortly afterwards died. The honours to which the new manager succeeded appear not to have been of the loftiest stamp; for it is asserted, on the authority of Mr. Stephen Kemble, that he was accustomed to proclaim the play at the doors of the different farmers, accoutred in a smock-frock and grenadier's cap; and that he was delighted to regale himself with a pint of ale at the hedge-side inn, always taking care to order *a large toast* in his cann.

It was on the 14th of July, 1755, while her father's company were performing at Brecknock, in Wales, that Sarah Kemble (Mrs. Siddons) was born, at the Shoulder-of-Mutton public-house. With her parents she passed the first fifteen years of her life. She, and her brothers and sisters, were all players. When a mere child, Sarah made her *début* in reciting the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, for her father's benefit. At the age of fifteen she and Mr. Siddons, a clever young actor in the company, became mutually enamoured of each other. To prevent so unpromising a match, Sarah was placed, as lady's maid, with Mrs. Greathead, of Guy's Cliff, near Warwick. There she was introduced to Garrick; but, not struck with her talent, he rejected her proffered services, and discouraged her ambition. Some busts, modelled by the hands of Mrs. Siddons, are still preserved at Guy's Cliff; they prove that she possessed a taste for other arts besides the drama. At length she was, in her eighteenth year, united to Mr. Siddons, with her father's consent.

In 1775, while performing with her husband at Cheltenham, she was seen by Bate Dudley, a dramatic writer, a fighting parson, &c. He recommended her to Garrick; and, on the 29th of December, in that year, she came out as *Portia*, at Drury-lane Theatre; and afterwards appeared as *Mrs. Strickland*, in the *Suspicious Husband*, *Lady Anne*, in *Richard the Third*, &c., but without making any great or permanent impression. From an anecdote, related by Miss Lefane in her life of Mrs. Sheridan, it would seem that Garrick, who never was distinguished by generosity or liberality, was apparently rather than really blind to the merit of Mrs. Siddons. In a dispute with Miss Young (afterwards Mrs. Pope), who, as well as other actresses, had shewn refractoriness of temper, Garrick exclaimed—"I tell you, you had better not give yourselves airs, for *there is a woman in the house*, who, if I chose to bring her forward, would eclipse you all in youth, beauty, and talent." Of this woman's abilities, however, he did not avail himself, and at the end of the season Mrs. Siddons returned into the country. Her next engagement was at Birmingham, where Henderson, the great actor of the day, saw and appreciated her talents, and predicted that they would never be surpassed. Through his recommendation, she was engaged at Bath, and in the vacation of that theatre, at York and Manchester; where, especially at Bath, she was, for several seasons, the leading favourite.

At Bath, she is said to have derived considerable advantage from the instruction of the well-known Mr. Pratt. It was at Bath, also, that she was seen by Mr. Sheridan (father of *the* Sheridan.) Strongly urged to witness the performance of a young actress, who distanced all competition in tragedy, he found, to his astonishment, that it was a lady whom he had seen, to little advantage, on the Drury-lane boards. Her improvement, however, was so great, that he introduced himself, urged her to make another attempt in the metropolis, tendered his services, and actually obtained for her an engagement at Drury-lane Theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. King. She proposed making her *début* as *Euphrasia*, in

The Grecian Daughter; but, on Mr. Sheridan's suggestion, she adopted the part of *Isabella*, in *The Fatal Marriage.*

Of that character, in which she first appeared on the 10th of October, 1782, she gave twenty-two representations in the course of the season. She also played *Euphrasia* and *Jane Shore*, with proportionate effect; and, so great was her attraction, that she was indulged with a benefit before Christmas. On that occasion she performed *Belvidera*, in *Venice Preserved.* Great part of the pit was laid into boxes; the presents made for tickets, by the nobility and gentry, were immense; and Counsellors Piggott and Fielding raised a subscription for her, to the amount of 100 guineas, amongst the gentlemen of the bar. During the recess, she visited Ireland and Scotland; and on her return, in the ensuing season, her first performance was by the command of their Majesties. At Edinburgh, in the next recess, she received 1000 guineas for performing ten nights; and amongst numerous presents, she received that of a magnificent silver urn, inscribed with the words—"*A Reward to Merit.*"

Mrs. Siddons was the means of introducing to a London audience her brothers John and Stephen, and, at a later period, Charles. She now added to her stock of characters, *Isabella*, *Measure for Measure; Mrs. Beverley*, in *The Gamester; Constance*, in *King John; Lady Randolph*, in *Douglas; Sigismunda*, &c. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her, as the tragic muse, in 1784. Subsequently she increased her list of characters, by *Lady Macbeth*, *Queen Katherine*, *Margaret of Anjou*, *Mrs. Haller*, and *Mrs. Oakley.* In 1787, her brother John became acting manager of Drury-lane Theatre; and, in the spring of 1788, she appeared, for his benefit, as *Katherine*, in *Katherine and Petruchio.* In her thirty-fifth year (1790) she played *Juliet*—ay, Shakspeare's divine *Juliet!* Boaden expresses an opinion, that had Garrick, "at her first appearance in London, brought her out in Juliet, the winning gentleness of her first scenes, contrasting with the ardent affection and speaking terrors of the latter, must have established her at once."

Mrs. Siddons played *Lady Macbeth* to her brother's *Macbeth*, on the opening of New Drury, April 21, 1794. In 1801 her brother having acquired a share in Covent Garden Theatre, she transferred her wonderful talents to that estabishment. The old house having been destroyed by fire, Mrs. Siddons opened the new one, with *Lady Macbeth*, on the 18th of September, 1809; but, in consequence of the O. P. row—sixty-seven nights of outrage—consequent on the attempt to increase the prices of admission, her second night, when she repeated the character, was not till the 24th of April, 1810. In the last season but one of her appearance—that of 1810-11, she went through nearly the whole range of her characters. On the 29th of June, 1812, she took leave of the public in the part of *Lady Macbeth.* Her nephew, Mr. Horace Twiss, wrote an address which she recited upon the occasion. The following year, however, she again appeared as *Lady Macbeth*, for the benefit of her brother Charles; and also played for the Theatrical Fund. In 1816 she appeared as *Queen Katherine*, for her brother Charles's benefit; and, on the 8th of June, in the same year, for the gratification of the Princess Charlotte, whose illness unfortunately prevented her from attending, she once more personated *Lady Macbeth.* This, if we except her public readings from Shakspeare, at the Argyle Rooms, during two seasons, must be regarded as constituting the close of Mrs. Siddons's professional life.

Mrs. Siddons lost her husband in 1802. She had four children, two daughters, and two sons. Her eldest son, Henry, lessee of the Edinburgh theatre, married the daughter of Mr. Murray, the representative of an old Scotch family, whose baronetcy was lost, by attainder, in the rebellion of 1745. He is well remembered by the frequenters of the Covent Garden and Haymarket theatres, as one of the most chaste and gentlemanly actors that ever trod the stage. His son-in-law, an author as well as actor of respectability, died in 1815. After the death of her husband, Mrs. H. Siddons, who possessed great talent as an actress, held the lease of the Edinburgh theatre, in conjunction with her brother, until a year or two ago, when, through illness, she was under the necessity of retiring from public life. If we mistake not she is since dead. Mrs. Siddons's second son has a family, and is living in India. Her younger daughter died in 1798; the victim, as it is understood, of an unrequited affection for the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. With the society of her eldest daughter, who remains unmarried, Mrs. Siddons was blessed, until the final close of her existence, which occurred at her residence in Upper Baker Street, on the 8th of June. Some idea of a public funeral was entertained; but Mr. Charles Kemble respectfully declined the offer of attendance on the

part of many of the nobility; and, on the 16th of June, the remains of the deceased were interred in a vault in Paddington church. A hearse and four—two mourning coaches and four, with the relations of the deceased — fourteen mourning coaches and pair, each containing four gentlemen mourners, belonging to the theatres—and two private carriages—constituted the whole of the procession.

THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

The Right Hon. Henry Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount Normanby, Baron Mulgrave, G.C.B., an elder brother of the Trinity House, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, and Vice Admiral of the East Riding of the county of York, a General in the Army, Colonel of the 31st regiment of foot, and Governor of Scarborough Castle, F.R.S., and F.S.A., was a descendant from Sir William Phipps, Knt., a naval officer, who invented the diving-bell, by which he was enabled to recover immense treasure from the wreck of a Spanish galleon, which had lain buried in water 44 years, near the banks of Bahama. His son, Sir Constantine Phipps, (great-grandfather of the earl,) was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in 1710, and father of Constantine, created Baron Mulgrave, in the Irish peerage, 1757. It was his son, the second baron, a captain in the navy, who made an attempt to discover a north-east passage—held several high official stations—married the Hon. Lepall Hervey, eldest daughter of Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol—and was raised to the English peerage in 1790. He was succeeded by his brother Henry, the late earl.

His lordship was born on the 14th of February, 1755; he was educated at Eton, and originally intended for the law, but he changed his views, and entered the army in 1775, and distinguished himself in the American war. In 1776, he served in America, as aide-de-camp to General Knyphausen. By purchase and otherwise, he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. On the peace with America, he returned to England, and in 1781, he was elected M.P. for Totness, in Devonshire. As a member of the legislature, he entered fully into Mr. Pitt's system of politics. On the death of his elder brother, October 10th, 1792, he succeeded to the title and family estate. On the breaking out of the French war, he was employed by government in a confidential mission; he succeeded, and having now the rank of colonel, he, in 1793, repaired to Toulon, which had been surrendered to the English, and he served there until the place was evacuated. After his return, he was created (August 13th, 1794,) an English baron, and appointed Governor of Scarborough Castle. About the same time, he was appointed colonel of the 31st, or Huntingdonshire regiment of foot, which he commanded until his death. He afterwards served in Holland. Subsequently to that period, he devoted himself to a political life, and became a principal member of the Pitt, Perceval, and Liverpool administrations. In 1804, Mr. Pitt made him Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and, in 1807, he was nominated First Lord of the Admiralty. These appointments gave him admission in the privy council, and the latter into the cabinet. Soon afterwards, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire. In 1812, he was removed from the Admiralty, to be Master-General of the Ordnance; and, on the 7th of September, in that year, he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount Normanby, of Normanby, in the county of York, and Earl of Mulgrave.

In 1818, his lordship resigned the office of Master-General of the Ordnance to the Duke of Wellington; but by special agreement, he retained a seat in the cabinet.

On the 20th of October, 1795, Earl Mulgrave married Sophia, daughter of Christopher Thomas Malling, of West Hennington, in the county of Durham, Esq. By that lady he had a son, Henry Constantine, Viscount Normanby, his successor — three other sons, and five daughters, all of whom, we believe, with the exception of one daughter, survive.

From the time of his retirement from office, in 1818, his lordship had been in a declining state of health. He died at his seat, Mulgrave Castle, Yorkshire, the 7th of April, his son, Lord Normanby, having arrived from the continent two days before. By the earl's death, the colonelcy of the 31st regiment of foot, and the Governorship of Scarborough Castle, became vacant.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from July 20th, to August 22d, 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Samuel Crowther, Bradford, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner.
John Gubbins White, Wall's Quarry, Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, coal merchant.
George Jackson, the younger, Bishopsgate-street-without, London, surgeon.
James Lee, the younger, Worcester, butcher.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Brownlee, W., and A. Wilson, Glasgow, spirit-dealers.
Buie, A., Fochabers, innkeeper and farmer.
Broughton, E., Glasgow, power-loom-weaver.
Bowie, J., Elgin, flesher and glover.
Calder, T., Edinburgh, smith and ironmonger.
Dougall, I., Leven, cloth-merchant.
Fairley, J., Edinburgh, grocer.
Martin, W., Lockerby, banker.
M'Laren, R., Edinburgh, wine-merchant.
M'Dougal, J., and J. Dunlop, Glasgow, spirit-dealers.
Macqueen, D., Edinburgh shoe maker.
Robertson, W., Aberdeen, bookseller.
Wilson, J., Leith-walk, Edinburgh, coal-merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 89.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Alderson, R., Crawford-street, St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, linen-draper. (Crocker, Lad-lane, Cheapside.
Andrew, Joseph, Nottingham, money-scrivener. (Forster, Lawrence Pountney place.
Alcock, R. H., Coventry, timber-merchant. (Carter and Dewes, Coventry.
Bell, J., Oporto, Portugal, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place, Holborn.
Brown, S., Dartford, Kent, grocer. (Hutchinson and Imeson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Birch, R., Great Longstone, and New-mills, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. (Calton, Chesterfield.
Bristow, M., and J. Bristow, Ratcliff-highway, Middlesex, fire-engine-makers. (Willey and Morris, Bank-chambers, Lothbury.
Buttress, L., London-terrace, Hackney-road, Middlesex, builder. (Comyn, Belvidere-place, Southwark.
Blackley, R. C., and J. B. Blackley, Fenchurch-street, London, tea-dealers. (Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Benjamin, B. D., Manchester, merchant. (Claye and Thompson, Manchester.
Baptist, F., Lock's-fields, Walworth, Surrey, timber-merchant. (Shackell, Token-house-yard.
Buckler, J., Coventry, builder. (Carter and Dewes, Coventry.
Claridge, J., Birmingham, victualler. (Stubbs, Birmingham.
Cowling, E., Poultry, London, haberdasher. (Wilkinson and Lawrance, Bucklersbury.
Cross, S., the younger, Lambeth, Surrey, timber-merchant. (Bailey, Berners-street, Oxford-street.
Clark, J., and Adam Clark, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, drapers. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Clark, A., Broad-street, Ratcliff, Middlesex, miller and wharfinger. (Cottle, Furnival's-inn.
Curlewis, H. C., Hanover-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, tailor. (Cook and Hunter, New-inn.
Chapman, J., Trowbridge, Wilts, victualler. (Bush, Trowbridge.
Dewhurst, T., Liverpool, ironmonger. (Leather, Liverpool.
Davies, T., Swansea, Glamorganshire, rope-maker. (Peters, Bristol.
Davis, J. Redford, Liverpool, merchant. (Philpot and Tanner, Brabant-court, Philpot lane.
Dixon, P., Newbury, Berks., tea-dealer. (Cattlyn, Ely-place, Holborn.
Dunlevie, C. T., Liverpool, broker. (Lowe, Liverpool.
Dunn, R., Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. (Waldron, Wiveliscombe.
Evans, J., Oxford, stationer. (Dudley, Oxford.
Fletcher, A., Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, glass-seller. (Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors.
Fall, T., Leyburn, Yorkshire, bookseller. (Simpson, Richmond.
Gilbert, J., St. Luke's, Middlesex, iron-founder (Jenkins and Abbott, New-inn.
Graves, T., the younger, Hales Owen, Salop, innkeeper. (Parkes, Birmingham.
Hamilton, J., Bristol, innkeeper. (Cornish and Son, Bristol.
Hinchliffe, J., late of Leicester, machine-maker. (Rawson, Leicester.
Halstead, J., the younger, Colne, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Atkinson and Birch, Manchester.
Hebblewhite, W., Manchester, commission-agent, (Houghton and Broadhurst, Liverpool.
Hutchings, J., Carnaby-street, Golden-square, Middlesex, tinman. (Watson, Gerrard-street, Soho.
Hawkes, J., Pall-mall, Middlesex, silk-mercer. (Sol. Rogers, Manchester-buildings, Westminster.
Hervey, J., and J. R., Manchester, and Robert Hervey, Douglas Bank-works, near Wigan, manufacturing-chemists. (Duckworth, Denison, and Humphrys, Manchester.
Hazelton, G. J., St. John-street, West Smithfield, Middlesex, furnishing-ironmonger. (S. Gilbert, Mark Lane.
Isaacs, N., Norwich, and Oxford-street, Middlesex, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Bignold, Pulley, and Mawe, Norwich.
James, J., late of Meeting-house-court, Old Jewry, London, merchant. (Abbott and Arney, Symond's-inn.
Jarvis, D., Radford, Nottinghamshire, frame-smith. (Fox, Nottingham.
Jones, J., Tottenham court-road, Middlesex, lodging-house keeper. (Long, Staple-inn, Holborn.
Jones, J., late of Newington-causeway, Surrey, hosier. (Newbon, Great Carter-lane, Doctors'-commons.
Jenkins, R. N., Glamorganshire, victualler. (Lewis, Bridgend.
Knight, Alfred, Basing-lane, London, stationer. (Richardson, Ironmonger lane.
Lundie, R., Hull, wine-merchant. (Walmsley, Hull.
Lynall, W., Walsall, Staffordshire, victualler. (Barnett, Walsall.
Lee, S., High street, Poplar, Middlesex, victualler. (Trehern, Cornhill.
Lomax, J., Hoghton Bottoms, Lancashire, calico-printer. (Dodgson, Blackburn.
Martin, W., Newgate-street, London, wine-merchant. (Bolton, Austin-friars.
M'Dermott, A., Liverpool, corn-merchant. (Bardswell, Liverpool.
Matthews, J., late of Bristol, basket-maker. (Callender, Bristol.
Miller, A., Oxford-street, Middlesex, bookseller. (Frisweil, Wimpole-street.
Medhurst, J., Fleet-street, London, tailor. (Brown, Martin, and Brown, Mincing-lane.

Nockells, S. H., Mincing-lane, London, wine-merchant. (Sol. Towne, Broad-street-buildings.
Parnell, S. J., North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, Middlesex, auctioneer. (Chester, Union-row, New Kent-road.
Parry, W., Liverpool, slater. (Atkinson, Liverpool.
Petty, J., Liverpool, coal-merchant. (Houghton and Broadhurst, Liverpool.
Palmer, W., Pencoyd, Herefordshire, clothier and seedsman. (Hall and Humfrys, Ross.
Parsons, J., Fulham-road, Middlesex, upholsterer. (Wills, Ely-place.
Peters, P., Manchester, publican. (Crossley and Sudlow, Manchester.
Poyel, J. W., Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, plummer. (Chitty, Shaftesbury.
Routledge, J., Manchester, stone-mason. (Hampson, Manchester.
Ratcliff, J., Aston, Birmingham, victualler. (Hawkins and Richards, Birmingham.
Richards, R., Mary-le-bone-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, mercer. (Wilde, Rees, and Humphry, College-hill.
Rees, T., Crumlin, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. (Perkins, Bristol.
Reece, J., Aldersgate-street, London, grocer. (Brough, Fleet-street.
Symons, A., Falmouth, Cornwall, wine-merchant. (Bull, Falmouth.
Simmons, A., Goswell-street, Middlesex, baker. (Wilson, Albany-street, Regent's-park.
Statham, T., the elder, Clunton, Salop, cattle-dealer. (Kough, Shrewsbury.
Sharp, D., Maldon, Essex, cattle-dealer. (Pattison, Witham.
Suwerkrop, J. H., University-street, St. Pancras, Middlesex, engineer. (Smith, Great Eastcheap, Cannon-street.
Simpson, J., Poulton, Wilts, baker. (Bevir, Cirencester.
Towers, W., Nottingham, grocer. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, London.
Thirlby, W., now or late of Ibstock Lodge, Ibstock, Leicestershire, farmer. (Green, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.
Thomas, J. M., High-street, Shadwell, Middlesex, grocer. (Allingham, Hatton-garden.
Vanzeller, J., Great Winchester-street, London, merchant. (Sharpe and Field, Old Jewry.
Vining, T., and C. Vining, Bristol, corn-factors. (E. and J. Daniel, Bristol.
Woodward, S. H., Duvalle's-lane, Holloway, Middlesex, apothecary. (Lowless and Peacock, Tokenhouse-yard.
Wilson, J., Liverpool, mercer. (Law and Coates, Manchester.
Wilson, H., Riding-house-lane, St. Mary-le-Bone, Middlesex, timber-merchant. (Williams, Alfred-place, Bedford-square.
Wallace, J., Belfast, Ireland, merchant. (Hadfield, Manchester.
Weatherill, T., the younger, Liverpool, surgeon (Mather, Liverpool.
Wace, D., Newgate-street, London, grocer. (Mayhew, Johnston, and Co., Carey-street.
Wood, J., Manchester, manganese-dealer. (Kershaw, Manchester.
Walker, G., Newport, Salop, mercer. (Stanley Newport.
Wright, J., the younger, Nottingham, jeweller. (Sols. Percy and Smith, Nottingham.
Wilkinson, W. D., Notting-hill, Middlesex, and Martin Petrie, Lime-street, London, East India-agents. (Baxendale, Tatham, U. and J. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Zwinger, J. A., Auction Mart Coffee-house, London, merchant. (Sol. Holt, Threadneedle-street.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Throughout the present season, there appears to have existed a perfect analogy between the atmospheric vicissitudes, anomalies, and extremes, and the similar conditions in all the productions of the soil, fully demonstrating the sovereign rule of the Prince of the Air over all vegetation and production, and the precarious nature of the farmer's hopes, however skilful, industrious, and provident he may be. It has proved, indeed, a summer partaking in all the extremes and vicissitudes of every other season, from the winterly frosts in May, happily of short duration, to the almost tropical heats of the dog-days: and, as a singular anomaly, the greatest heats, whether by day or night, have been experienced whilst the wind has proceeded from the N. or E., in which quarters, yet perpetually changing, it has generally been at home throughout the last and present month. The thunder storms and heavy falls of rain which occurred somewhat beyond the middle of the present month have been attended with considerable destruction, but fortunately with little or no loss of human life, though a great number of animals have perished. In the sister kingdom, they have not been equally fortunate. A most apalling and heart-sickening calamity has lately fallen upon a part of the already too miserable inhabitants of that country. We learn from the "*Western Herald*," that the most awful thunder storm ever recollected, took place on Thursday last, at Glanflesk, near the town of Killarney: its frightful peals were succeeded by several water-spouts, pouring from the heavens until the whole glen was deluged. This occurred at midnight, assailing a number of humble habitations, together with their unfortunate inmates. On the whole, however, what with the genial warmth of the sun, and the aid of refreshing showers, a considerable degree of fertility has been excited in the soil; in consequence, there will be heavy crops of corn and pulse upon good lands in all districts; and also great failures upon all lands, fertile or poor, which have been much exposed to the *mal aira*, or the evil influence of the air. The irregularities of the season, and the consequent varieties and confusion in the state of the crops, render it extremely difficult to produce a consistent and satisfactory general report; and the difficulty is enhanced by the silence of so many correspondents, whose attention, at this important period, is so exclusively engaged.

As we stated in our last, the original mischief occurred within the three or four frosty nights of May, induced by a shivering and blasting N. E. wind, by which a full moiety of our national stock of fruit, of every description, was cut off at a stroke. Most of the early sown turnips were simultaneously destroyed, ploughed up, and re-sown under happier auspices. Had this inauspicious state of the weather continued but a few days longer, or to the length experienced in certain former unfortunate years, a famine—at least, high famine prices—must have been the inevitable consequence, from the obvious difficulty, under such circumstances, of obtaining adequate supplies from the Continent: other consequences, in regard to our numerous unemployed labouring population, are too obvious to need being adverted to. Fortunately, this plague was stayed in saving and good time; the capricious elements changed their tone, and this calamitous state of the weather was succeeded, during a considerable length, by its direct opposite, under which our crops enjoyed the benefit of being fanned and cheered by mild and genial south-western breezes, and of being pushed forward to an early harvest, by the power of a constant and ardent solstitial heat, to the utter overthrow of the predictions of us wise-acres, who seemed determined that the harvest of the present year should be of the latest ever experienced in this country. Very few culmiferous crops have escaped without exhibiting, upon the straw or husks of the ear, appearances of one or other of the several affections of atmospheric blight. They are both *rusted* and blacked, the fatal mildew succeeding to too great an extent, by which the milky substance of the kernel is dried up, and itself reduced to an almost empty husk, of a burnt and unpleasant scent. There is very little complaint of *smut*, or the black and fœtid disease in wheat, by which, through the evil influence of the atmosphere, the kernels, few or more in an ear, are changed into balls (smut balls), containing a portion of fœtid black powder. The mildew seems to have prevailed most, and most fatally, in the maritime counties, and chiefly in those lands bordering on the sea-coast; also in the fen districts. In less exposed situations, it may be hoped that the effects of the blast have been only external, reaching no farther than the stalk and the chaff. Thus we have found it on certain light loams of this county, a few mildewed kernels in many, or most of the ears, disgracing the general sample of excellent, plump, and fine-coloured wheat. The ears of middling and poor soils are not very long or large, and their numerical contents in kernels, so far as we have numbered and averaged them, are far below those on which we have made similar experiment in former prolific years. The barley is said to have suffered, notwithstanding the protection of its awns and spikes, nearly as much as the wheat. On those fortunate soils where, according to the accounts from their happy cultivators, the blight had no influence (here we have our doubts), all the crops of corn and pulse are described as first-rate, both as to quantity and quality. Some of our friends, however, remind us of our last year's caution, and, ere they give a final opinion, are determined to await the result of a barn-floor test. The very moderate quality of the new wheats exposed to sale, and the rising prices, do not seem to sanction the splendid expectations of certain over-sanguine reporters. We have heard little yet from the south-western, north-western, and midland counties; our intelligence has been chiefly derived from the southern, eastern, and north-eastern.

The early turnips which withstood the shock in May, and those which were re-sown, have proceeded most luxuriantly. It has been said, "they grew so fast as to out-grow the fly;" but we apprehend it may be said more correctly, that the second sowing had the advantage of a more mild and genial season, whence no blight ensued to produce the fly; and that the *aphides*, or blight-insects, are the *effect*, not the *cause*, of blight. Scotland presents a strange deviation in the course of the weather from all or most other parts of the island; instead of being deluged with rain in July, as was the case in many other parts, their lands have suffered from heat and drought throughout the whole summer, to the premature ripening of their corn crops, and burning up their first and second crops of grass—the latter too short to be mown. Nearly all their crops are described as of good promise, with the singular advantage, in a season like the present, of being nearly free from the effects of blight. The Scotch accounts, as usual of late years, are universally *fly-blown*. We repeat the acknowledgment of our last—we cannot understand them in that matter, though we were formerly long *aphis* hunters, as well as fox-hunters, and most of the former. In some parts of Scotland, it seems, the wheat crop has been reduced 25 per cent. by the ravages of this fly, which had been in existence some weeks before the ear appeared. The "leg, or tulip root," an excrescent disease of wheat in Scotland, to which we adverted in our last, is probably the *ergot* of the Conti-

nent, which we formerly observed in this country, in a crop of wheat, the produce of continental seed. We have preserved a specimen of it. In Ireland, the crops in general are highly spoken of, with a profusion of keep for their numerous herds. We have probably more complaints from South Wales than from any other part of the Island: not, indeed, as to their crops, which they estimate as a fair average, affected but partially by the mildew. Their grand lament is of the low price of produce, whether corn or live stock—indeed not without reason, granting the fact that the constant great importations of Irish flour have rendered the Welsh average market prices of wheat even 20s. per quarter below some of the English markets. Their live stock of every description equally low in price, and nearly unsaleable, caused by the droves of Irish, incessantly travelling the country for sale.

Harvest, begun in the last week of July, is by this time nearly completed, and the produce stacked or housed, upon most of the forward lands. Upon the whole, it has been equally successful as forward, though with some impediments from the weather, but chiefly from the state of the crops which were beaten down by the late storms, and disputes with the native labourers as to the method of cutting them. Where corn is much lodged, scattered, and confused, bag-reaping, or mowing, is far preferable, for dispatch and the general profit of the farmer, to the common mode of reaping; and the Hainault hook or short scythe, which we recommended many years ago is the proper tool. Against this, our own labourers have entertained a constant and settled aversion; and, in general, the Irish only can be induced to use it. One reason assigned for the dislike of our men is, that they in the end obtain less from gleaning or leasing after the scythe. As to the general opinion on the crops—Barley is deemed an average in quantity, but not with respect to quality, nor are the markets probable to be overstocked with the fine and bright malting species. Oats prove a fair crop. Pease are well spoken of, and expected to prove a fine sample. Beans an irregular produce: where they have escaped the blight, abundant. Winter tares large. Hay fine, but greatly defective in quantity. Lattermath in profusion. The crops of turnips, of Swedes, frequently a risk crop, and of potatoes, expected to be as abundant as ever known.

Hops, with a strong bine, have suffered considerably from the weather, and of them nothing certain can yet be predicated. Of the cattle and sheep fairs and markets, little can be said but that the national supply is yet ample, with a variation of supply, demand, and price, in different districts. Sheep and lambs may be somewhat dearer from the defalcation caused by the rot, which, we hope, is at length extinct. Of horses the old story, great numbers on sale, wonderfully few good, and those ever commanding a high price.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 4d —Lamb, 5s. 0d. to 5s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. 0d., 4s. 10d. to 5s. 2d. best milk-fed.—Rough fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 60s. to 80s.—Barley, 23s. to 34s. for grinding—Oats, 22s. to 32s.—Bread, 4lb. London loaf, 10d.—Hay, 55s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 68s. to 120s.—Straw, 24s. to 36s.

Coal Exchange—Coals, in the Pool, 31s. 6d. to 32s 0d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, August 25th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

Rev. Richard Sandford, to the Vicarage of Eaton, Shropshire.--Rev. Oswald Leycester, of Stoke-upon-Tern, to the Rectory of Hodnet, Salop.—Rev. J. Vane, Rector of Wrington, perpetual Curate of Burrington, Somersetshire.—Rev. G. T. Mostyn, to the perpetual Curacy of Tubercurry, near Sligo.—Rev. Wm. Magee, to the Living of Swords, county of Dublin.—Rev. Edward Everard Blencowe, to the Rectory of West Walton, Norfolk.—Rev. Henry Salmon, to the Rectory of Swarraton, Hants.—Rev. Wm. Webb, to the Rectory of Tixall.—The very Rev. the Dean of York, to the Vicarage of Thornton, Yorkshire.—Rev. William Sharp, to the Vicarage of Cromer, Norfolk.—Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, to the Rectory of Abbots Ann, Hants.—Rev. Robert Ridsdale, to the Rectory of North Chapel, Sussex.—Rev. James Carr, to the Living of South Shields.—Rev. R. Welsh, to the Union of Tomfenlough, County of Clare.—Rev. John Routledge, to the Vicarage of Cransley, Northamptonshire.—Rev. Richard Hind, to the Rectory of Luddington, Northamptonshire.—Rev. G.

Carter, to the office of Precentor of Norwich Cathedral.—Rev. Daniel Jones, to the Vicarage of Caerleon.—Rev. Henry James Hastings, to the Rectory of Areley Kings, Worcestershire —Rev. H. Trevor Wheler, to the Vicarage of Pillerton, in the county of Warwick.—Rev. Francis Robinson, to the Rectory of Little Stoughton, Bedfordshire.—Rev. John Phillips Roberts, to a Minor Canonry in Chichester Cathedral, and also to the Sub-deanery.—Rev. Charles Walters, to the Rectory of Bramdean. —Rev. George Edge Larden, to the Rectory of Doverdale, near Worcester. —Rev. Hugh Hanmer Morgan, to the Vicarage of Lydney, Gloucestershire — Rev. Robert Wm. Shaw, to the Rectory of Cuxton, Kent.—Rev. F. Maude, to the Chapelry of Longridge, Lancashire. —Rev. James Robertson Holcombe, to the rural Deanery of Castlemartin.

MARRIAGES.

At Walston, the Marquis of Hastings, to Baroness Grey de Ruthyn.—Peter Squire, Esq., son of John Burden Squire, Esq. of St. Neot's, to Mary Christiana, daughter of Alexander Balmanno, Esq., Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.—Charles E. M'Carthy, Esq., to Elizabeth Augusta, daughter of J. G. Ravenshaw, Esq. Deputy Chairman to the East India Company. —Robert Price, Esq. of Caroline-place, Guilford-street, to Eliza, daughter of Thomas Horne, Esq. of Southampton-row.—At Tamworth, the Rev. Thomas Loveday, B.D., to Mary, only surviving daughter of the Ven. Archdeacon Churton.—At St. Twinnell's Pembrokeshire, G. B. J Price, Esq. of Pigeonsford, Cardiganshire, to Ellen, third daughter of Sir John Owen, Bart.— At Willesdon, the Hon. George Thomas Keppel, second son of the Earl of Albemarle, to Susan, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart.—At Clifton, the Rev. Geo. Gregory Gardiner, to Catherine, M'Clintock, niece of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—At Paris, Edward Hamilton Ffienney, Esq. of his Majesty's 62d regt., to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. Professor Lee, Prebend of Bristol.—J. Jervis White, of Dublin, Esq., to Mary, widow of the late Sir J. Jervis White Jervis, Bart.—Neill Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch, Argyllshire, to Harriet Mary, third daughter of the Rev. Sir Samuel Clarke Jervoise, Bart.—Mr. Hugh Inglish, to Rothes Beatrix, second daughter of the late Sir John Leslie, Bart.—Sir Charles M. L. Monck, Bart., to Lady Mary Elizabeth Bennet, sister to the Earl of Tankerville.—Edward Cotterell, Esq. of Naples, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. E. H. Warriner, Rector of Foot's Cray, Kent.—Captain William Way Baker, Madras Army, to Barbara, daughter of John Adolphus Young, Esq. of Great Ormond-street.— William Henry Baron Von Donop, of Woebbel, in Westphalia, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart.—Captain H. Fitzroy, son of the late Lord Henry Fitzroy, to Lady Sarah Lethbridge, daughter of Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart. —Frederick Durack, Esq. of the 24th regt. of Bombay Native Infantry, to Eliza Anne, youngest daughter of the late Col. Ellis.—At West Ham, Col. J. F. Salter, to Emily, daughter of the late Wm. Stanley, Esq. of Maryland Point. —Lieut.-col. Power, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Henry Brown, Esq. of Portland-place.—Samuel Twyford, Esq. of Trotten-place, Sussex, to Dora, daughter of the late George Augustus Simpson, Esq. of Calcutta.

DEATHS.

At his house in Guilford-street, Russell-square, Matthew Consett, Esq. 74. —At Teignmouth, Lieut.-col. Rotton, of the East India Company's Service, 77. —At Machany, the Hon. Elizabeth Drummond, of Strathallen, 76.—At her house in Lower Gardiner-street, Dublin, the Dowager Lady Louth.—Right Hon. Lady Augusta Clavering, eldest daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll. —Gen. J. Drummond, of Dummawhance.—Harriet, Countess of Massarene, 67.—Mrs. Stratford Canning.— James Northcote, Esq. R.A., 86.—Gen. Loftus, Lieut.-governor of the Tower of London.—Mrs. Porter, mother of Sir Robert Kerr Porter, 86.—Kenneth Francis Mackenzie, Esq. formerly Attorney-general for the Island of Grenada.—T. Sotheby, Esq. Admiral of the White, 72.—Caroline Drury, wife of Colonel St. Dudley St. Ledger Hill.— At Calais, after a few minutes' illness, on his landing from England, the Baron de Flassans, 29.—Kezia, relict of Rear Admiral Scott, of Spring Hill, Southampton.—At Boulge Hall, Suffolk, 85, Elenor, relict of the late Colonel Short, of Edlington.—The Hon. Wentworth Ponsonby, second son of Vicount Duncannon, 18.—Mrs. Beaumont, mother to the present Member for Northumberland.—At Great Malvern, Colonel Dawsonne West.—Harriet, the wife of P. Le Couteur, Esq. of the Island of Jersey.—At Cove, Cork, the Right Rev. Dr. Coppinger, Titular Bishop of Cloyne, 78.

THE

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OF

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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

That the whole of Europe is rapidly approaching to a crisis, is altogether beyond denial. The symptoms of a fierce and total change are already appearing in every monarchy of the continent; and the agency of powers, whose untamed and untameable violence has formed the terror of statesmen in all ages, is palpably assuming a combined and systematic activity, that must end in fearful overthrow. In every part of Europe the press is laying its grasp upon the public mind. Let us give that press all its praise. The invention of man, or perhaps, we might more justly say, the bounty of providence, never offered a nobler boon to the liberties of nations, the advance of knowledge, or the general control and cultivation of the human mind. But power is a good only as it is used for good. The press in England may still be kept in the straight way by the force of that established public opinion, which crushes the traitor, and strips the libeller. But the continental press is altogether furious, ignorant, and revolutionary. All its appeals are to the populace, and its arguments, if they deserve the name, are gross and blood-thirsty incitements to the rabble passions of blood and plunder. The fallen Jacobin, the obscure rebel, the man who after a brief day of ferocious vengeance and dissolute revelling, has been plunged down into his original obscurity, clings to the press as the only instrument by which he is to be raised to the surface of society again. The disbanded soldier who feels life irksome where it no longer leads him into the furious riot of the passions, or pampers his desperate ambition with hourly massacre, and gluts his brutal rapacity with perpetual spoil, clings to the press as the instrument by which he is to be drawn from his beggary, and sent forth to rob and murder once more. The infidel hating God and man alike, and longing for the return of those wild times when the king and the priest were equally offered up to his sullen scorn; and the land was in a blaze, fed by the remnants of all that was royal, honourable, learned, or holy within the realm, clings to the press as the machine whose rapid wheels are to bear him over the wreck of throne and altar, and make him master for awhile. At this hour the

whole *Journalism* of the continent is revolutionary. Of course we do not speak of the papers actually under the control of the governments, for they are mere Gazettes of court and military proceedings, and no more capable of being representatives of the tribe, than they are of uttering a sentiment not directly dictated by the minister. The true *Journalism* is in the class of those publications which, unpurchased by the minister, follow the natural bent of party; and with either covert hostility or open attack, range themselves against the peace of mankind.

We are as determined enemies of all abuses, as the most enthusiastic Journalist that ever tore down the good and evil of a state together. We would punish with the strictest rigour every offence against public honesty, we would abolish all useless expenditure, extinguish the extravagance of patronage, and break down every barrier which had been raised by hereditary corruption against genius and honour. We would disband all military force that was kept up for either a mere military flourish, or for the idle pageantry of a court, or for the guiltier purpose of feeding a race of dependents, at the national expense. But, extinguishing the evil, we would sustain the good. Under even the most despotic monarchy of the continent, we would ascertain what portion of even a vicious system was capable of public service; violence should be kept down until it was discovered to be the only means; overthrow should be abhorred while there was a possibility of escaping so hazardous a remedy; amputation should not be the specific for every disorder of the limbs, and if the terrible appeal to arms must come at last, it should be retarded while there was a human hope of peace, and be looked on as itself the most dreadful alternative short of national ruin.

The continental press, however, has none of those reserves. "*Pastorale canit signum,*" it has but one voice, and that it sends through its trumpet, summoning every obscure lover of tumult to the coming banquet of democracy, and has but one purpose, to plunge Europe into a general war, that the war may be merged in a general revolution. This is pre-eminently the spirit of the French Journals, which, like their country, always take the lead in the disturbance of Europe. They are now flinging firebrands through every corner of Christendom.

Another sign of the times has risen. War is in preparation in every court of the continent. After fifteen years of peace, every court is compelled to keep up armies, altogether disproportioned to its revenues. Every court trembles at every movement of its neighbours; a spirit of bitter jealousy, and vindictive recollection, is spreading through all kingdoms, and a single cannon-shot fired by any one of the great powers at this hour would set the continent in a blaze.

It is to the honour of England that she is still the great protector of peace, the mighty mediator between the conflicting bitternesses of nations, the depository of those safe principles of public virtue, national vigour, and popular freedom, which make her at once the natural arbitrator of angry nations, and the natural refuge of the weak, and the wronged. This is her true distinction, and while she sustains it, she will be, under whatever change of continental things, the virtual leader of the human race. But nothing can be more palpable, than that in this high capacity she has now peculiar difficulties to encounter. The genius of the English constitution, of the English nation, and of the English mind, is essentially anti-republican. For, the land loves justice, and hates spoliation; the public heart is human, and cannot be reconciled to

blood; and the national sagacity, with the book of history before its eyes, knows that democracy is havoc, and that the havoc is inevitably followed by chains. England instinctively shrinks from the torch and the dagger; and she will abhor to prepare for the chain of some military usurper, by first weakening herself down to slavery by the loss of her own blood. On this principle, she has at all times abjured the disastrous aid of republicanism on the continent; and even within our own day, she shook the ablest and most popular of her public men from her councils, for daring, even in a figure of speech, to depict her as the favourer of rebellion abroad. Canning's whole public influence was instantly sacrificed, by a mere oratorical flourish on the available alliance of foreign insurrection.

But it is with this insurrection that she now has to deal; with the gusts of rebellion springing up in every point of the compass, she has to navigate her perilous way, and she has to choose between a struggle for the ancient system, which may task all her strength, and in which she may soon stand alone: and the embrace of an ally, which must, in the passing of a few years, be the master of all who are mad enough to suffer its connection.

The first difficulty of the British government is Belgium. The whole course of Belgian events has run directly contrary to the policy, the principles, and the wishes of England. The original union of Belgium and Holland as a barrier against France, was the pride of British policy, and almost the only prize of that war in which she defended the liberties of Europe. This union was dissolved at a moment. Her next effort was to save Belgium from falling into the hands of France. But what is the state of Belgium now. She is a province of France in all but name. First, a French army was giddily called in to protect her, and the undoubted object of those hazardous allies, was to hold military possession of the prominent points of the country. They were compelled to withdraw, only by the direct remonstrance of the European powers. But now the Belgian army is actually given into the hands of French officers to drill; as if the science of marching and counter-marching could be communicated by nobody on earth but a French marshal—as if no German could be discovered willing to give his knowledge of the drill for Belgian ducats, or no confidence was to be placed in Englishmen. The result is, that the Belgian army is under the command of Frenchmen, and those too still in the pay of France. Even the fortresses, which were deemed essential for the protection of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which had seven millions of men to defend the country, are now deemed useless for the defence of Belgium, which has but four millions, and after costing immense sums of British money they are to be demolished, for no discoverable purpose but to make the high-road into Belgium as easy as the high-road from Versailles to Paris. The argument that those fortresses could not be garrisoned by the force of the Belgians is absurd. The volunteers, the levees en masse, are the natural garrisons of such fortresses, while the regular troops take the field. Or if we are to be told that the expense of maintaining them would exceed the Belgian finances, we answer—Let them decay, if they will, in the course of time. But why expedite their fall? The true reason of their overthrow is to break down the barrier of Belgium.

Poland has fallen. It is now useless to deplore a fate which every one

foresaw, and which every one would have burned to avert. The cause of freedom in that most unhappy land has been a second time trampled down, and Europe has now nothing more to do than to receive the illustrious refugees with the honours due to disastrous patriotism, and valour thrown away.

France is still disturbed. The king sits on an uneasy throne. The populace remember their late mastery, and every murmur terrifies the government as the sign of a coming storm. The king exhibits a mixture of prudence and patience, which shews him to be worthy of a throne; but his supremacy depends upon accident, and the most trivial change of popular opinion may send him and his race into exile. The throne has no foundations in France. It stands upon the surface, and that surface may in any hour of the night or day break in, and plunge the seat of royalty into a depth from which no living eye shall see it brought up again.

Portugal is still a source of bitterness, a thorn in the side of England, instead of a staff in her hand. Yet the difficulty seems scarcely capable of being reconciled. The mixture of insolence and coxcombry in the miserable despot who sits upon the Portuguese throne, make all accommodation impossible. Such, at least, is the language of every ministry of Europe. The Wellington ministry outlawed him: no man treated him with more haughty scorn than the Duke of Wellington himself; and no man lavished the language of vituperation on him, in a more unmeasured style than his subordinate, Lord Aberdeen. These men now make themselves only ridiculous by attempting to figure as Portuguese champions. Whether Lord Grey is wiser in his abstinence from virulent language, admits of no question. But his policy is the same; though it may be more than doubted whether he has not, if possible, aggravated the causes of quarrel, by sending Hoppner, as British agent—a puppy, of whose pertness he ought to have been aware. But Don Miguel has an obvious facility of getting himself into scrapes, and after having alienated England, insulted France, being threatened and humiliated by the former, and chastised severely by the latter, he does not seem brought to his senses an atom the more. The sooner the Portuguese make their peace with mankind the better, even though it should be at the expense of sending this coxcomb to rove the world with the Ex-King of Sweden, the Ex-Duke of Brunswick, the Ex-Emperor of the Brazils, the Ex-Dey of Algiers, and all the other childish and trifling personages who have sickened the continent so long, and who, if they do not prodigiously change, are so likely to follow them.

But England has better things to think of than fighting for any but herself. Madness would not be too harsh a name for the councils which would make her go to war for Don Pedro and his little Donna Maria. The Don has shewn his qualifications for government already, on the other side of the Atlantic, and we cannot afford to give him an opportunity of being turned out of another kingdom. But even if we were to place him on the Portuguese throne, what security could we have for his being a particle more grateful than we have always found foreigners? No, we must let the Ex-Emperor pay for himself, which he seems not at all disposed to do—diplomatize for himself, which he has evidently failed to do—and fight for himself, which no man will ever see him do. England can go on without any of those men of mustachios; and her common policy will be, to scorn them all.

THE SPECULATOR.

Good!—Leslie, I knew you could never forget him.—His strange coat, which hung together thread by thread, as if it had been (as it really was) manufactured after a fashion of his own—his eyes, the very reverse of those commemorated by Shakspeare, as having "no speculation in them"—you remember their wandering restless expression, ever seeking something new, and dissatisfied with what was old. You cannot have forgotten the tricks we put upon him at Eton, and the unchanging good temper with which he supported them—his perfect carelessness of money, and the good fortune which literally courted his acceptance, when his worthy uncle, Sir Peter Ryland, died, and left him in possession of three thousand a-year—just at the very time too, when he had (as he thought) received a useful lesson in economy, having been about four months without a shilling. It was my fate to communicate the joyful tidings to my quondam friend, and I went on my way rejoicing at the happy luck of a really good-natured but eccentric being. I found him in a little garret in the poorest part of Chelsea—he was seated on a reversed deal-box, the cover of which had just sufficed to make a blaze on the grateless hearth. His outward man was better than I anticipated, and he greeted me with that peculiar buoyancy of air which told me truly that some new discovery was on foot. "My dear fellow, my old friend," he exclaimed, shaking me warmly by the hand, "you are just come in the nick of time, to congratulate me on my good fortune."—"I know it," I replied drily.—"Know it—the deuce you do?—What! has any one then forestalled my discovery?—Psha! it is impossible—I do not mind explaining it to you though—do you see that pipkin?—Ay, ay, you may laugh, but *you* can distinguish nothing but a pipkin—that pipkin contains my shoe—there is a peculiar gum in leather, which, if properly extracted, would make the finest French polish in the world—this polish as I will prove to you, *must* be best, when extracted from *old* shoes, because all, except the adhesive matter, wears away." "That wears away, occasionally," I observed, looking at the companion to the one in the pipkin, that was literally in the state of the poor Irishman's brogue, whose utility he defended by averring, "that if it *did* let the water in, it let it out again." "Stuff!" exclaimed my friend, "think what a benefit it would be to convert all the old shoes in London into the most splendid varnish? I have been to Jews' Row to contract with the old clothes-men for all the shoes they can obtain, and I am to go down again about it. When this is sufficiently softened to shew the truth and excellence of my experiment——"—"I think you had first better go with me to Quill and Driver, Lincoln's Inn, to hear your uncle's will read," I replied, anxious to produce a pleasing and electrifying effect; "he has left you by three thousand a-year richer than you were ten days ago."—"The devil," irreverently exclaimed my companion. "Poor old Peter! if he had only tried my preparation of gooseberry leaves, he would have been hale and hearty at this moment! but my dear fellow, if I leave this it will burn—here, Jane"—shouting at the top of his breath to the landlady's daughter, a dirty, capless lassie of eleven or upwards—"come and stir this, like a smart girl." Unwitting what he did, my eccentric friend thrust his foot, which was only par-

tially concealed by a listen slipper, into the solitary leathern shoe—and I shall never forget the look of dismay he threw upon the pipkin when it first occurred to him that he had, in his rage for experiment, absolutely left himself shoeless. I endeavoured to make him ashamed of his carelessness, but in vain—he laughed at the mistake, vowed his discovery in twelve-months would be more valuable than old uncle Peter's legacy, and superintended the pipkin operation with manifest delight, while ragged Jane went to purchase a pair of boots for the Speculator, at the nearest shoe-shop, of course with my money. "Very kind of Peter! it will give me the means of diffusing knowledge all over the world—in three years, my friend, that three thousand a-year will be thirty—thirty, ay, twice thirty! Sir Peter, poor man! was content to vegetate upon his estate after the old fashion—never thought of improvement. What glorious dyes I shall extract from the bark of the trees in that curious old copse, his American copse as he called it—and what fine water-mills, on my improved model, I can erect, where he was content to see the miller fag in that crazy structure, covered with lichens and ivy, merely because it looked picturesque."

With many such visionary schemes did my friend amuse himself as we walked towards Lincoln's Inn, and I confess that I became so provoked as to feel almost sorry that his uncle had left such a confirmed madman unbounded power over one of the most beautiful estates in England.

The Speculator's madness, is a madness peculiar to itself. It is not the madness of affectation, which is fantastical;—nor of wit, which is biting—nor of sentiment, which is sickening—nor of honour, which, according to modern reading, is blood-thirsty—nor yet of love, which worships ideas as realities—nor of patriotism, which is out of fashion. But it is a madness of its own, avaricious, yet revelling in the destruction of wealth; and in mere wantonness, scattering the gold with the one hand, it would feign make the world believe it was accumulating with the other. I have seen several persons possessed with this sort of mania; but of all, Harris Ryland was certainly the most demented. On every thing unconnected with speculation he was sane and intelligent, and I often tried to apply to himself the arguments which he applied to persons and things, but in vain. The moment a project of any kind was started—the instant a new view of any thing was touched upon, he was up and away, with as much avidity as was ever evinced by a child six years old, after a butterfly; unfortunately, with a great deal more perseverance.

I heard of Ryland's taking possession of his estate, of his projecting and putting in practice such schemes as made the entire neighbourhood, from the knight of the shire down to the parish clerk, believe that he was a fit subject for Bedlam; an opinion which the very paupers would have echoed, were it not that his humanity and his speculations for once agreed. He had submitted to the proper authorities a plan for ventilating alms and workhouses, which he declared would prevent disease from within, or contagion from without; and prolong the existence of those parish incumbrances to immortality! This plan you may be certain was not relished by the guardians of the poor, and some warm altercation ensued, which led to a resolution on Ryland's part to prove the truth of his theory by putting it at once into practice. Accordingly on a spot of ground denominated "Ryland's Close," a green picturesque

valley, girded by a succession of little hills, he actually erected seven curious but comfortable dwellings, and speedily found occupants for them, amongst "the lame, the halt, and the blind," whom he purposed curing after his own fashion of their several disorders. Although the blind still remained insensible to the beauties and glories of nature, though the cripple still leaned on his crutch for support, and made the pavement of his little court-yard echo with the sound that tells of human infirmity, and though an old woman most obstinately persisted in dying, at the very moment her speculating physician pronounced her cured, yet I have no hesitation in affirming, that the time Ryland spent in his labours for "the poor and friendless," were the happiest of his life: the natural benevolence of his heart was gratified, and his disappointments softened by the real good he effected, and the solid blessings he bestowed. At this time too, he fell most unaccountably in love. It is not at all improbable that the father of the girl who attracted his attention was perfectly aware of the rank and station of Sir Peter Ryland's successor, and consequently affected an interest, it was almost impossible for any but a speculator to feel in the issue of his undertakings; but I believe that Lizy Armstrong was too proud, and too amiable, to enter into any system of manœuvering, although she made the first impression on my friend's heart, from the admirable skill she manifested in the composition of a salve which he applied to a cut finger—cut, while he was proving, or endeavouring to prove, that the blade of a table knife fresh from the steel, could be so instantaneously blunted by the application of a particular acid, as to turn at the touch of the softest substance; unlike most experimentalizers he practised on himself, and the result proved the absurdity of his theory, and the excellence of Lizy's plaster.

A rich man's wooing need seldom be a long one; and nothing particular occurred, except that the carriage-springs (of his own construction) gave way, as they were returning from church, and the bride, white satin, blonde, and orange-blossoms, were consigned to a hillock by the road-side, fortunately without any injury, save a great fright, and a great derangement. After they returned from an excursion which, during our continental wars, was limited to the Scottish or English lakes, I was invited by a note, which I preserved as a curiosity, to join the new-married pair:

"My dear Tom,

"Come to us, and make arrangements to stay as long as you possibly can. I have made a great discovery—I cannot tell you what it is—but come—come—I also want you to know Lizy—I will not say any thing about her, *either*. Only come. "Yours, as ever."

"*P. S.* Pray look at the wax with which this letter is sealed, is it not beautiful? If more important discoveries did not call my attention, I could make a fortune by making sealing-wax."

The ruling passion, thought I, as I turned to examine the envelope. I could discover nothing particular in the wax, except that it was of a very deep red; but as I did not wish to be "deeper read" in my friend's follies, I had half a mind not to go to Ryland Hall. However, a great deal of curiosity, and I hope some good feeling, or call it perhaps vanity, which leads us to believe that we can effect what no one else can —that feeling which persuades many a pretty woman to marry a con-

firmed rake, under the idea, (vanity, what hast thou *not* to answer for?) that she can reclaim him—urged me to believe that I might divert, if not stem the torrent, and prevail upon "The Speculator" not to speculate. Leslie, which of *us* was the most absurd?

It was evening when I arrived at the hall; to my astonishment I found that there was no porter at the lodge, and, as it appeared to me, no inhabitants in the house. After ringing and calling, for a length of time, to no purpose, a withered crone came from one of the outhouses, and pointing to the plantations, exclaimed:—"They be all at the lake." I made signs (she was as deaf as a post), to her to shew my servant the way to the stables, and after a hungry ride of two and forty miles, set off towards the spot, not in the best of humours, as you may suppose. We are only flesh and blood, Leslie, and the stomach will cry out, and disturb its unworthy members, whenever they are improvident or careless of their master's wants. Just before I came in sight of the beautiful piece of water which the servant mentioned, I heard a tremendous explosion, the very trees vibrated as if an earthquake had riven the hills, and presently after I saw a column of smoke ascend even to the heavens. Some fatal end, thought I, to his experiments. I had scarcely time to collect my scattered senses, when a shout, a joyous shout, burst upon my ear, another and another, and turning the ally, I came full in view of an animated crowd, upon the verge of the lake, which was still overshadowed by the smoke: in a few moments Ryland came running towards me, his face and hands blackened with gunpowder, but his alacrity clearly proving that he was uninjured in strength and limb.

"How fortunate—how very fortunate that you should arrive at this moment!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "The shaft is sunk, and we were only puffing some impediments out of our way. A mine! a mine! my friend! a right rich mine!—a glorious copper-mine—by Jupiter! it sparkles in the sun like gold—and gold it soon shall be—the vein runs right under the bed of the lake—so we must follow—it was discovered by mere accident: but you do not congratulate me! Ah, Tom, Tom—you are a perfect St. Thomas still—but even you must cease to be sceptical on this subject, when you see the specimens—the indications ——— !"

He hurried me onwards, and certainly shewed me some ore, which appeared rich with the precious metal. Still I was doubtful, and by way of changing the subject I inquired for his lady.

"Oh—ay—I forgot—women are strange creatures. She would not stay to see the explosion, but wandered up the lake. I dare say we shall soon find her," he continued, as he wiped "the filthy witness" from his hands and face. We plunged into a thicket, almost rendered impassable by the clusters of roses and honeysuckle that tangled the foot-path, and after much "sweet encounter" with the blooming and perfumed shrubs, Ryland exclaimed, "I am sure she is here somewhere, with her favourite swans—Lizy!—Lizy!—Lizette."—"Here, Ryland," responded a gentle, and I thought, a melancholy voice. We were soon at her side, and I shall never forget the impression she made upon me that evening. Do not imagine that I was guilty of the immorality of falling in love with my friend's wife. No such thing. Mrs. Ryland could not even be called pretty, but she was womanly and

interesting; one glance at her mild face told you that her intellect was not of a high order; but there was something better even than talent about her—there were indications of an affectionate, tender heart, and a self-sacrificing spirit. She looked at the first glance the personification of domestic virtue. She was seated on the grass, binding with her scarf the wing of a large swan, which was evidently much injured: the poor bird's entire side had been dreadfully lacerated; and though her fingers trembled in the performance of her kind task, they shrunk not from it —the partner-bird stood at the water's edge, gazing with an interest that one would suppose belonged only to creatures of a higher order; and as the suffering object writhed under her well-intended care, it emitted a low moaning sound, telling powerfully of its agony. Mrs. Ryland looked up, but as I was behind her husband she did not see me. "Do, Ryland, come here, I am sure it is dying—it was so tame, and knew my voice so well even in this little time." While she spoke the object of her attention rolled from her side, and expired after one or two struggles, which brought it close to its mate. It was affecting to observe the widowed bird stretch its long neck, and move awkwardly round its companion; and I honestly confess that I liked the lady all the better for seeing more than one tear steal down her cheek.

"A fragment of the rock you have been excavating struck it," she said. "I would not be superstitious, but I cannot think the omen a good one." Her husband laughed, and turning to me, observed, "You have infested the very air with your scepticism, Tom; my wife even becomes contaminated."

Day after day during my visit I heard of nothing but the wonders of the mine, the riches of the mine, and the extraordinary purposes to which the wealth acquired from the mine was to be devoted. On the old principle, that "one fool makes many," Ryland seemed determined that one speculation was to be the founder of others: and I confess that when I looked upon the gentle helpless woman, whom my friend had chosen, and thought of the probability there was of his having children who would cry unto him for bread, when he would have none to give, my heart sickened within me, and I bitterly cursed the infatuation which had besotted him. You must not imagine, Leslie, that this mine was the only experiment my friend engaged in—no such thing—it was the *principal*, but not the only one. An outhouse, that, "in the good old time," had been a noble barn, where many a harvest-home had been joyously celebrated, was filled with long-backed pigs, which Ryland declared should be fattened on—sea-weed! Note—we were eighteen miles from the sea. Query—what did the sea-weed cost? One comfort was that the expense was not of long continuance, for all the pigs were dead in a month. Was Ryland convinced of the absurdity of his experiment? No, he only remarked, that the weed collected was not of the right kind! Then rabbits—a particular breed of rabbits was obtained—and these creatures, in three months, were, by a still more particular course of feeding, to attain the weight of twenty-two pounds each. To be sure the meat so produced would cost somewhat about fifteen-pence a pound—but what then?—think of a rabbit weighing two-and-twenty pounds! In looking over some horrid old volume "On the Art and Practice of Gunnery," he took it into his head that a cannon could be constructed so as to contain three charges at once, and

only throw forth one at a time. To form this wonderous death-dealing machine it was necessary to erect a temporary forge, and employ some London gun-smiths, and between them and the miners the place was converted into a den of Cyclops. Every one you met had a dingy face and dirty hands; and I fancied that the fair complexion of his fair young wife looked darker and darker still, in the atmosphere which gathered round her. One morning at breakfast, Mrs. Ryland, in her usual gentle tone, inquired "how the mine was getting on, and if any of the ore had yet been disposed of?"

"Why, not yet, my love," was the reply, "we have not worked the profitable portion of the vein yet; in fact, the overseer says, that the richest part is right in the centre of the lake."

"Indeed, my dear!" responded his wife, "and what will it cost you to get there?"

"It is impossible to say."

"My dear Ryland, the servants have been complaining of getting nothing but rabbits to eat, five days out of the seven."

"The rascals!—that rabbit-meat stands me in fifteen-pence a pound—every farthing of it."

"My love, we could get beef and mutton for half the sum."

"My dearest Lizy, allow me to know best."

"Certainly, my dear. Did James tell you that the *incurable* mare which you *cured* of the spavins, is dead?"

"My God!—no—all owing to that d—d fellow's stupidity—he did not fodder her properly. The animal was as sound as a rock canteloupe melon—as well as you or I!"

"James says that the disease only moved from one portion of the body to another."

"James is a fool!—and you—my love—I beg your pardon;—but you ought really to exert a little common sense. I'll prove to you that I can cure not only spavins but glanders—ay, and in their worst state, too—I'll buy up all the diseased horses in the county—I'll send an advertisement to that effect to The County Chronicle—and I'll bet a thousand pounds to a penny that they shall leave me, sound in wind and limb! That beautiful mare!—Such a neat, light, well-formed head!—Such a flat, broad forehead!—She had Arabian blood in her veins—of that I'm certain!"

And away went Ryland, to rate the groom, and actually give directions for the purchase of diseased horses, that he might prove his knowledge, in the face of the county!

Mrs. Ryland looked after him, and sighed—I echoed both the sigh and the sentiment, and resolved to have one more conversation on the old subject, with Ryland, before I left him, as I found that I could not remain much longer absent from town. I found him, in the afternoon, amongst the American trees, whose destruction he had formerly meditated, snipping and chipping, and smelling at the bark, evidently intent on some new project. I led the conversation, and to do him justice, it is only right to add, that he always replied to my doubts with good humour, if not with good argument.

"The fortune you must *spend*," I said, at last, hastily—

"*Make*, you mean," he responded.

"That is not by any means certain," I continued; "besides, where

you have a wife, who will shortly become a mother, dependant upon you, you ought at least to settle some portion of your property so that no speculation could affect it."

"My dear fellow," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder, and half shutting one restless eye—a habit he had ever since I knew him, when he meditated astonishing you by some sudden display of his talent and forethought—

"My dear fellow, I have made up my mind, that, be it boy or be it girl, it shall never wear caps! Caps are the destruction of infancy—the bane of childhood—they compress the brain, and prevent the growth of the intellectual faculties!—I have some doubt as to the propriety of clothing a child at all, but my mind is fully made up on the subject of caps."

I turned from him, with a mingled feeling of pity and indignation, and the next morning returned to town.

During the next three months I neither saw nor heard from Ryland-hall, except once, when a brace of pheasants, bearing my friend's card, told me of his continued good feeling. I was lounging, as usual, at the Athenæum, when looking over some country papers, my eye was riveted by the following paragraph:—

"We are sorry to announce that an accident, attended with the loss of many lives, occurred yesterday at Ryland-Hall. The worthy proprietor had discovered what he supposed a vein of copper ore on his estate, and it is conjectured, pursued it too eagerly to the centre of a beautiful piece of water, in front of his dwelling: at the very moment when it was believed the miners had arrived at the richest part, which the owner hoped would repay his trouble and expense, the water rushed in from above, and deluged the labour of months with ruin. It is conjectured that not less than twenty persons have been overwhelmed in the dismal shaft; and many of the surrounding families are plunged in the deepest distress by the loss of some valued relative or friend."

This was no time for idle ceremony; so I mounted the first coach and found myself ere night at the scene of destruction. The account I had seen was of course exaggerated; fortunately only five persons had been deprived of life, as the greater number of people were at dinner when the accident occurred. I never beheld Ryland so completely depressed; no, not even when he had not a dinner, nor a farthing to purchase one with. There was no possibility of draining off the water, for a considerable portion of the bed of the lake had fallen in, and every vestige of the works was destroyed. He wandered round and round the spread of waters, like a perturbed spirit, and the only happiness he appeared to experience was in bestowing relief and support on the families of those who had perished in his service. I knew, however, that this inactivity would not last.

Good heavens! how changed was that beautiful place in a few short months. The walks and alleys were blocked up with the huge bodies of noble trees his ancestors had planted, and stripped of half, or perhaps the entire of their bark. A portion of the kitchen-garden had been converted to an enormous tan-pit, into which I was near tumbling on my way to the hot-house, where I found the grey-headed gardener with his pruning-knife in his hand busy amongst the vines, which had failed "to bring forth their fruit in due season."

"It's all along measter's faut," said the old man; "I bean't able to tend the grapery, and fodder two hundred and forty varmint rabbits, that are ever eating, eating, eating, in the sunlight—in the moonlight—in rain and dry weather; to say nothing of a colony of hawks, which he fosters to destroy the poor rooks, innocent black things! and good friends to the farmers, though he won't believe it."

Of course his experiments in favour of horses had invariably failed. And in addition to his losing hundreds upon hundreds by the purchase of such a pack of wretched and dying animals, he was obliged to pull down the stables they had occupied, as every quadruped that entered became diseased.

The dairy had been metamorphosed into a species of distillery for converting balm and rue, and potatoes, and Heaven knows what, into brandy. And even the old hall, with its carved oak and moth-eaten tapestry, had been abused to the vile use of storing sheep-skins, which were to be prepared after a fashion of the speculator's, so as to rival all the sheep-skins ever dressed before or since the flood. It was sad to view this change; the very birds of the air, as they whirled over the fallen trees, chirmed their wailings to each other; and even the swallows had abandoned the lake where they had so often dipped their dappled wings, or chased the busy insects which the benevolence of an all-providing Nature had appointed to be their food.

"Do you remember the poor swan?" said Mrs. Ryland, as she sat caressing her capless babe, who, notwithstanding the absence of lace and muslin round its fat laughing face, looked to my eyes, poor helpless lump! particularly interesting. "The swan's blood," she continued, mournfully, "was the first shed there. *My* heart has often bled since." In this brief visit I learnt what I had before anticipated, that my friend had added to his other speculations that of borrowing money—of applying to the money-changers—the human harpies who increase and multiply, and thrive and feast, on the miseries of mankind; they had taken his broad acres in trust for their comparatively valueless coin, or decidedly valueless bills, which had to be discounted by other no less ravenous gentlemen, learned in vice, or the law—which I take it are synonomous terms. Poor Ryland! even then he might have been saved! but the madness was still strong upon him, and he returned with tenfold vigour, when the grief and disappointment occasioned by the mining misery was forgotten, to fresh speculations.

He came occasionally to town, still intent upon some new project, and though the green lands of his ancestors were fading from before his eyes, even as "the green mantle of the standing pool" fades beneath the hot blaze of the mid-day sun yet "wealth is *coming*" was his continual cry.

Do you remember his last project, Leslie? It was *the cure of Insanity;* and he converted a summer lodge, at the termination of the alms-houses I have before-mentioned, which contained some five or seven rooms, into a mad-house. My poor, poor friend! He was its first inhabitant; the storm, which had long been gathering and gathering, burst at last. There was no reprieve—no means of escape—he was utterly and hopelessly ruined in body and mind. The remnant of that fine estate was sold, and persons connected, I believe, with the parish authorities, bought in the very dwellings which Ryland had erected for charitable purposes. It was more than he could support—his mind was active but

nerveless, and doubtless perpetual motion had not a little assisted in destroying what was never at any period of his life strong or vigorous. He sank gradually under it, and became little better than a driveling idiot!

Some kind persons secured him a safe asylum in the house founded by himself. I have seen him twice in his state of hopeless imbecility. The last visit was peculiarly distressing. His poor wife! *She* was there, Leslie, with her two helpless children, gazing upon the living wreck of what *might* have been! Good God! is it not dreadful to think how man perverts the benevolence of his Maker, and how thoughtlessness poisons the cup of life! And yet the poor idiot was in what would be called rude animal health: while *her* black and threadbare garments—her pallid cheek, and tottering step, substantiated the truth of what her lips declared—"that the world went coldly with her and hers." She kissed him at parting, and made the children kiss him too. And he cared not for those kisses, but looked upon the group with lustreless eyes and a senseless laugh. She covered her face with her worn hands, and I heard her sobbings as she passed from the narrow apartment.

So much for the curse of civilized society—the fool's-paradise of *speculation.* H.

STEAM-PACKET REGULATIONS.

A brief debate has taken place in the Commons upon the means of providing for the security of the public in the steam-boats; in which debate we say, reverentially (as we ought with the fear of the honourable house before our printer's eyes), we did not discover much sense —the general opinion being, that to make any inspection of those same steam-boats, as to their sea-worthiness, the state of their machinery, or the means of escape in case of danger at sea, was an indelicate distrust of the wisdom, honesty, caution, and so forth, of the proprietors of the said steam-boats. In short, that the passengers should look to the affair for themselves; and take care to go on board no steam-boats of whose security they had not satisfied themselves.

Now we confess that all this sounds very like nonsense. How, in the name of common sense, are the passengers to know anything on the subject? They see the George the Fourth or the William the Fiftieth, all flourishing in green paint and blue, waiters in white aprons, muffins and coffee in the cabin, and three fiddlers and a bassoon in full loyalty of song on the deck. The sun shines, the smoke towers, the bell rings, and off they go, tide and wind with them, at the rate of twenty knots an hour. How are those gay creatures of the element floating along the "liquid blue," as the poets of Almacks pronounce it, to know, that in half an hour every man of them is destined to swim or flounder for his life? that the boiler is within the millionth part of a square inch of blowing up every second? that the engine-man is immersed in gin? that the timbers, however painted they may be, are rotten to the core? that the captain is an ass, and a savage, and will be dead drunk before the gallant steamer has evaporated her first peck of coals?

Let the unfortunate Rothsay Castle tell the tale. Of the hundred and twenty unfortunates who stepped on board that ship in the gaiety of

their hearts, to drink Welch ale at Beaumaris, and return to drink English ale in the next twenty-four hours at Liverpool, was there a single soul that could know any thing about the ship, the engine, or the drunken villain of a captain!

"It is now ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the number of passengers on board the steamer, at the time of her sailing from Liverpool, exceeded one hundred and ten, to which must be added the captain and mate, two seamen, the engineer, the steward and his wife, a black boy and four musicians, making not less than one hundred and twenty-two souls; probably more, as many persons are supposed to have gone on board the ill-fated boat without registering their names. Out of these, only twenty-two have been saved, leaving a certain total of one hundred and two individuals who were swallowed by the remorseless waves."

Now, of the one hundred and two people sacrificed on board of this ship, how many could possibly know any thing about its condition; though they soon discovered that the captain was an unmannerly ruffian, by his answer to their demands of being put back, and by his insolent observation that "there was little danger on board, but a d—d deal of fear." So on they went, brawling and blundering, until the horrid catastrophe was accomplished.

In this case the fault was the agents', for they should have provided a proper captain; and as a man does not take to habits of insolence and drinking within the first half hour from his leaving harbour, they ought to have known how far this fellow was fit to be trusted with men's lives. As for the vulgar argument, that self-interest will make the proprietors take care of their vessel; every man of common experience knows, that there is a low self-interest as well as a high one, and that there are proprietors, who, to save sixpence at the moment, would run the hazard of losing a thousand pounds twelve hours after. With those miserable ruffians, the first consideration would be a cheap captain, and a rotten ship; the saving of wages and repairs altogether effacing the danger of losing ship and all. Besides, the insurance-office takes off the only stimulus to their prudence, and sink or swim, away goes the vessel to sea.—If she goes to the bottom they are not the less secure of their insurance.

Again, in the best-formed vessels, what provision is there for those accidents which may befal the best ships that ever crossed the sea? One of those steam-packets puts out crammed with three or four hundred people. If the ship springs a leak, runs foul of another, or is driven on a rock—all which things might happen to her if she had been steered by Cook himself—there is *one* boat at the stern, to carry off the whole four hundred. Half a dozen may escape in the boat; the rest are lost, beyond all possibility of escape. The whole affair is a general murder, man, woman and child plunged by wholesale into the bottom of the deep; and all this because a rascally parsimony in the proprietors, an insatiable avarice, has refused to give the unhappy people any chance of escape. What is the use of a legislature if private villany, for it deserves no gentler name, is thus suffered to prey upon the lives of the people? The legislature *must* take the matter in hand, and steam-boat proprietors must be suffered no longer to sport with life.

It should be enacted—that no steam-boat should be suffered to leave its station, whether for river or sea, without being, half an hour before,

visited by an inspector, bound to make a full report of the state of the vessel, as to its general fitness, the state of its boiler and engine, the sobriety of its crew and captain, with all other necessary circumstances.

That no steam-vessel going to sea should be permitted to take in any greater number of passengers, than she has boats on board to provide for their security in case of accident. And this regulation ought to be most strictly adhered to; as indispensable in all cases, except in rivers like the Thames, where, from the nearness of the shore, escape is easy.—That also, every steam-vessel going to sea should be provided with cork-jackets or swimming-belts, equal to the greatest number of passengers which she is licensed to carry: a precaution, which, however apparently slight, would have saved the lives of the whole one hundred and twenty-two lost on board the Rothsay.—The precautions of ringing bells in fogs, and hoisting lights in the night, have been of late use, and compelled only by the experience of dreadful losses; for of all men the sailor is least alive to precaution, and most disposed to trust to luck. Those ought to be strictly enforced.

The objection to creating a new band of officers for this work might be easily obviated by putting it in the hands of the custom-house, and paying the superintendants' daily trouble by a trifle from the fare of the passengers, who would most gladly contribute, if they could have the additional security. A penny a head, would in general form an ample recompense. The steam-boats require those regulations peculiarly; from the peculiar carelessness of the captains and crews, who look upon steam as taking all the trouble off their hands, and who in general have but little to do, but lounge along the decks, tell stories, and smoke their pipes. Another necessity for official superintendance lies in the proverb, that "what is every body's business is no body's business." The proprietors, in nine instances out of ten, know nothing of the property, but whether it gains or loses them ten per cent. at the end of the season. An idle agent, an idle ship-owner, or a vulgar skipper, is the responsible personage, and boiler and ship may be on the point of blowing up, without their troubling their heads upon the subject. Yet the blowing up may blow with it four or five hundred lives in a moment. The crowds that load the steam-boats during all the finer months, and in all the more stirring parts of the island, make it of infinitely more importance to legislate for them, than for the common sailing-vessels. One of the Liverpool steamers will bring two or three hundred people at a trip, and this happens every day for six months together. The steamers on the Thames last year, carried upwards of two *hundred thousand people* from London, and of course as many back—five hundred on board at a time being by no means an unusual cargo. The danger is naturally diminished, while the steamers continue within the river-banks, and the boats might probably be dispensed with in similar instances. But an engine will blow up as well within a river's-banks as on the ocean, and the inspection of those vessels and their machinery cannot be too frequent, nor too exact for public safety. In America, there are capital boats, plenty of proprietors, smart captains, and machinery made from the very forges of Soho. Yet, as republicanism disdains inspection, there are no inspectors, and the consequence is, that accidents on the American lakes and rivers are perpetually occurring, and accidents of the most horrid and sweeping nature. The American captain drinks his rum uncontrolled by the slavish fear of authority, the engineer does

the same with the same sense of freedom; the crew, being all freemen, exhibit their predilections for rum, undisturbed by the frowns of kings, peerage, or parliament; the ship takes fire during the general libation to liberty,—and captain, crew, ship and passengers are roasted whole. It was but the other day, that one of the largest steamers navigating Lake Erie went to the bottom at once, with, the papers say, seven hundred people on board!

We are glad to see that a member of the Commons is about to bring in a bill on the subject. Let it be brief, plain, and practical, and it must pass. Before half-a-dozen years are out, three-fourths of the sea-going vessels, and all the river-vessels of Britain, will be steamers. The liability to accidents will naturally multiply with the navigation, and nothing can prevent the most dreadful catastrophes, but the direct interposition of the Legislature; and the sooner it saves us from the rapacity of proprietors, and the carelessness of captains and sailors, the better.

BREVITIES.

Drinking, with a view to heighten natural good-spirits, is like attempting to improve the natural fragrance of the rose by smearing it with pomatum.

A benevolent man would not so much wish for the lever of Archimedes to move the world itself, as for a moral lever that would enable him to lift its inhabitants one degree nearer to heaven;—and this glorious privilege every such man does in a degree possess. His example operates as a strong arm, stretched out to raise his fellows to the eminence he has reached himself.

In the heathen mythology, Diana was twin-born with Apollo—a useful hints to poets of the luxuriant class.

It is a severe satire on mankind to say that prosperity is more difficult to bear than adversity. The maxim implies a natural meanness or malignity in those to whom it is applicable; for if a man has but the habitual wish to diffuse happiness, what more does he require to make his prosperity a blessing to himself and all about him?

Fame, like money, can never be enjoyed while we are obliged to dun the world for it. That only is worth having which comes unasked.

Genius is the wand of an enchanter;—talent, the strength of a giant.

Continuing the game-laws in order to induce country-gentlemen to reside on their estates, reminds one of Master Billy enticed to school by his tender parents, with a promise that, if he is a good boy and minds his book, he shall kick the cat about when he comes home.

The Genius of Astronomy, with his starry wand, has effectually shivered the fortress of Superstition—shivered, but not destroyed;—almost every one possesses a piece of the ruin as a sort of relic; but it can never be re-united as a place of strength to overawe the nations. Where Newton is freely studied and believed, we shall have no more religious wars.

Nations are sometimes, though rarely, ungrateful; but they much oftener commit the folly of being grateful infinitely overmuch. Let them beware of this; it is wasting one of the most precious streams, that Providence has ordained to fructify human genius and benevolence.

O.

STERNE AND THE DUKE OF WHARTON: A DRAMATIC SCENE.

[THE Duke of Wharton, author of "Crazy Tales," and "The Sentimental Journey continued," had a peculiar and unconquerable aversion to the north-east wind; so much so, that he had a weathercock placed in such a situation before his bed-room window, that he could immediately apprize himself of the quarter from which his dreaded enemy issued; if it was from the north-east the duke confined himself to his room, and partially to his bed, for the whole day. His friend and companion, Laurence Sterne, is reported to have played off the joke upon which the following sketch is founded.]

Dramatis Personæ.

LAURENCE STERNE—THE DUKE OF WHARTON.

SCENE.—*A room in Skelton Castle, Yorkshire; through a window is perceptible the vane of a weathercock, pointing due south.*—STERNE *is seated at a table covered with books.*

Sterne. The very demon of mischief has possessed me this morning. By the soul of Momus 'tis a lucky hit! A pestilent *north-east* wind is stirring. Now, Eugenius, rise from thy couch, draw the curtains of thy window, look on thy trusty weathercock, count the vibrations of thy placid pulse, and come down to breakfast. Assist me, hypocrisy; and, assuming that moody garb I am too often doomed to wear, beshrew me if I convince not Eugenius that I am the most melancholy man of the two! Mental delusion! thou dubious devil!—what a bugbear art thou, to chain down to his pillow for the live-long day a man like Eugenius!

Enter WHARTON.

Wharton. Good morrow, Yorick: thou hast been up betimes; for, missing thee at breakfast table, inquiry elicited that thou wert stirring with the lark. What can have transpired to disturb so light-hearted a repose as thine?

Sterne. Be serious, and I will tell thee. Last night I had a terrific dream, in which thyself wert a shadowy actor, Eugenius. Methought I had been strolling with thee through the balmy meads and gardens of Skelton Castle, on a summer's afternoon, enraptured with earthly and aërial beauty, when suddenly the heavens became overcast—the wind shifted to the north-east.

Wharton. Pshaw!

Sterne. Mock me not, for I am already a half-convert to thy nervous creed.—I say, the wind shifted to the north-east, and arose with tremendous power, blighting the trees and flowers, and driving the cattle to phrenzy. Looking upwards, I beheld in the air shapes of monstrous proportions and awful visages; and dismal shrieks and yells were heard on the boisterous hurricane. I turned to look at the castle, but its embattled walls and clustering towers had supernaturally changed—nay, even the very earth and its objects became impalpable—and in the midst of the appalling metamorphose stood the lord and master of the unearthly mansion, (his head enveloped in a triple night-cap, and with "Burton's Anatomie of Melancholie" under one arm, and a copy of his own "Crazy Tales" under the other,) petrified with fear—the precise personation of an Egyptian mummy. Such a scene was too

horrifying, Eugenius; I awoke in terror, and starting out of bed, the light of the soothing morn attracted me to the window, and the first object which presented itself was thy weathercock, pointing from the congenial *south!*

Wharton. Have mercy on my weakness, Yorick! yet, despite thy raillery, I shall persist in my belief of the cause of my malady. This morning, to wit—did the wind blow from the pestilent quarter—I should not be where, and as, I am; and so acutely susceptible are my nerves of the change, that I am sensible of it the moment I feel the first breath of the morning. I never was in better spirits than at present—a proof, Yorick, of the fallacy of thy ridicule in that particular.

Sterne. Now, thou laughest at my dream, Eugenius; but I verily pray that the devil, of which thou hast been dispossessed, may not have entered me; for I feel wofully chop-fallen. However, I rejoice in thy convalescence; for, without thee, I am but as a mateless sparrow on the house-top—my chirruping ceases, and I hide my head under my wing.

Wharton. This day I am determined to be social; therefore make up thy mind to amuse and be amused, Yorick; and I promise thee that there is no arrow in the quiver of thy wit, however surpassing in keenness, which shall pierce the panoply of my good-nature.

Sterne. God bless thee, Eugenius! thou wert surely created to put me in love with life; I can better paint thy impassioned friendship by likening it to a beautifully transparent basin of snowy marble, into which the fountain of my overflowing heart discharges its fervid torrent, settling there into a tranquil and glassy repose. With thee I could leave the world and become a monk—what thinkest thou of me for a monk? Heavens, what a blissful existence! To kneel devoutly while the melodious quiverings of the matin hymn reverberated through the fretted choir of some old monastery, and the joyous sunlight streamed through the flaunting colours of its many windows; to bend in adoration on the moon-lit mosaic floor, and prefer a prayer to the unseen Virgin; and, immured in Gothic magnificence, and surrounded by the glory of nature, pass to heaven without spot or blemish—but, pardon me, absent Eliza! my assuming the cowl could be only on the unallowable condition that thou shouldst accompany me.

Wharton. A true Cistercian, on my soul! So this is the finishing stroke to thy painting of monastic beatitude! Thy outline sketch was somewhat in character; but no sooner did I feel solemnized by its embodiment, than thy wicked pencil introduced a petticoat. Thou a monk! why thou wouldst have been enough to have procured the dissolution of all the religious houses in Christendom; and had sly old Harry taken thee as a specimen of monastic rectitude, it would have saved Thomas Cromwell's journeys, and have doomed the abbeys without further investigation. Take thee in the humour for worshipping the virgin, and thou wouldst acquit thyself most devotionally, no doubt; but how long might the fit last?

Sterne. Why, on a second thought, three months out of the twelve; the other nine of which I should like to take leave of my beads and rosary, my cowl and crucifix, and take a ramble to France, returning as good a monk as ever. I would never abuse the sanctity of my seclusion by so much as a smile, unless thou, Eugenius, let slip some unlucky repartee, or whispered in my ear one of thy crazy chapters.

Wharton. Nay, an' thou wilt affect the cloister, I must suppose thee entering a *nunnery*, disguised as one of the sisters, and the third evening's moon lighting thy precipitate retreat through one of the narrow windows, accompanied by a veiled virgin: thou mightst take her to the "sweet south," enshrine her image in thy voluptuous fancy, and fall down and worship her—quarrel with her in a week, and in one month forget the whole occurrence.

Sterne. I allow, Eugenius, that I am as fickle as thine own weathercock; yet trust me, were I elevated for its purposes, I would never point from the pestilent north-east, for thy sake!

Wharton. My own weathercock!—an apt analogy, to witness to the truth of which I might call thine own Eliza.

Sterne. Yet how cheerfully could I refer thee to her for an irrefragable declaration of my affection and constancy!

Wharton. Forgive the sally, and most sincerely will I make amends, by contending that thou art a true poet; yea, and I defy all the critics and half-wits who weekly chatter about thy genius, to disprove the assertion. I would choose as arbiter of the question, not a systematic and icy reviewer, but one of Nature's own manufacture, with a heart like Rousseau's, and let him peruse thy letters to Eliza; one of which commences—"Yes, I will steal from the world, to a retreat so remote and tranquil that Echo shall not whisper of it. Suffer thy imagination to paint it as a little sun-gilt cottage on the side of a romantic hill, with woodbined windows and straw-roof, where the birds might revel in the brightness of morning. But, thinkest thou I will leave love out of the question?—No, Eliza shall go with me!" Now there is more real poetry in that single passage than a hundred of the pigmy productions which appear in the hobbling reviews and sleepy miscellanies of the day.

Sterne. So thou hast elected me a critic with "a heart like Rousseau's?"—Now mad-cap fortune defend me from the censorship of such a visionary! and give me rather Voltaire.

Wharton. Voltaire? ha, ha!—I laugh to think what unsparing havoc his pen would make of thy romantic sensibility, Yorick. Only to imagine his withered and wicked-looking phiz poring over thy "Sentimental Journey"—the bare mention of it is provocative of laughter. Were he, however, to turn over the leaves of thy "Tristram Shandy," he would relax into sympathy: and, further, were he to meet thee on thy bony steed, (*vide* the Parson's description of himself) like Death on the Pale Horse, he would instantly recognise thee as of the fraternity of skinny wits, and thrusting forth his anatomy-like fingers, give thee a hearty shake of the hand.

Sterne. Speak somewhat more reverently of my *bony steed*, as thou art facetiously pleased to call him, though thou rail at me; for there existeth not his counterpart in all the neighbourhood, famous, too, for horses. Had Cervantes beheld him before writing "Don Quixote," then Rosinante had never been; for he would have immortalized the parson's hack instead of the knight-errant's. But, by Jupiter! though it may furnish Eugenius with mirth, I am wofully taxed, both in pocket and patience, by my beast's want of flesh, and his sorry speed. There is no protection against his huge and piercing bones; and, with their friction against my own, I am fairly galled by the osseous contact. The falling of a thunderbolt would not alter his pace, and the seasons he

sets at defiance. I have with me on my excursions an arch little urchin from the village of Coxwold, in order to administer to him the whip *à posteriori;* but his flagellations have no more effect than the tickling of a straw. To provide myself against the casualties of the weather, I am obliged to carry an umbrella as large as an Arab's tent, else I should be soaked to the skin ere old Scarcity would move a jot the quicker.

Wharton. Place it to the account of thine own avarice, Yorick, that thou ridest so beggarly a hack. Thou hast given us thy whimsical and opposite reasons for such adoption:—the first, that, mounted on such an attenuated animal, thy musings were as much benefited as by having "a death's head" before thee; the second, that the horse and his rider were, "centaur-like, both of a piece;" the third, that being of about the dimensions of a good-sized walking-stick, thou couldst not endure to bestride "a fat horse;" but the real motive confessedly originated in a desire to save thy pelf; for, possessing a tolerable beast, he was borrowed by the husband of every parturient woman in the parish; and his value was frittered down from twenty-five to five pounds, by continual gallopings to and from the accoucheur.

Sterne. May Fate consign me to execration, if my soul be tainted by the hell-born vice of avarice! If I am parsimonious, it is to supply the waste of expenditure, not to hoard up gold in my coffers: besides, the skeleton parson and his fleshless steed furnish amusement to the whole village; when they pass, "the bucket is suspended in the middle of the well;" the house-wife runs to the door, leaving her pots unwashed, and her floor unswept; the ploughman stops his team, though in the middle of a furrow;—to have a peep at the parson. Now, I am surprised, Eugenius, that thou canst assign no other origin to all this interest but that of avarice.

Wharton. Fitting provision for thy family, Yorick, if not care for thyself, may justify that necessary economy which I have thoughtlessly termed avarice. But of what trivial moment is a disquisition begun so innocently, though taken up so seriously!

Sterne. Nay, I wish but to convince thee how lightly I esteem riches: as for my family, they are but two, Eugenius, a wife and daughter, and I commend them to the support and protection of the same Being who has hitherto spread my own table. As for myself, were my years to outnumber those of Methuselah, I must die; and I had rather it be said that "Yorick ended his days in a garret, after a merry life spent in affluence," than that the country journalist should add to his newspaper obituary of me, "he died rich, having lived most parsimoniously."

Wharton. Confusion! why I could swear that the north-east wind was chilling *thy* blood with its demoniac breath! And now may come my turn to be jocular.

Sterne. To continue, Eugenius—How little it avails us mortals to either build or hoard, when we look upon the impressive mutability which surrounds us! Behold the rich expanse of verdant beauty sloping from this window, where peace and love have taken up their abode, and the very trees seem conscious of sympathy, as they mingle their well-clad boughs in vernal friendship; and the unsophisticated ploughman walks over the upturned earth with ruddy and contented aspect, as his children revel before their stony dwelling, little dreaming of the countless changes time will bring forth. Yon little church, whose Norman

battlements have stood the brunt of a thousand years, will soon shade the grave of their father; the cottage will revert to strangers; another will plough the fertile soil; those trees will shed their golden tears, and fall beneath the axe of the woodman; that gorgeous sky will be overcast, and its colouring hid by autumnal clouds, and yon joyous fledgelings will experience separation and sorrow: some of them may be slain in patriotic warfare for their country; others, after years of agricultural slavery, may sicken and die at home. In short, what I have been so long in describing, Shakspeare embodied in one pithy line—and I would to Heaven that my friend Davy were here to give it!

"Life's a walking shadow; a poor player."

Wharton. Imaginary, Yorick, imaginary!—Thou hast given the reins to thy fancy to-day, and the devil could not stop it!

Sterne (aside). Be it so, my Antony; but I shall by-and-by take my leave of fancy, and come to fact; and if I do not convince thee that it is in our nature to fear less that which *is* than that which *seems to be*, then will I forswear all collusion with the wind, and leave thy cursed weathercock to be blown about as the weather may please.

Wharton (who has taken up Rousseau's "Confessions"). Romantic Rousseau, the etherial fire kindled by thee on nature's altar, will illuminate the wilds of sorrow when thou her chosen priest art no more! Thy words have given immortality to the localities of thy home; and when thou hast departed thence to adorn another existence, the "vine-clad hill" will still bear its gorgeous load, the lake reflect the imagery of the clouds, the sun continue to wrap thy native town in rising and setting light, and all of beauty, save mortality, will survive thee; but thy wand of sorcery has been waved over the scenery, and it is consecrated for ever!

Sterne. Just such another weathercock mortal as Eugenius!

Wharton. Next to blasphemous, Yorick! His are the feelings of a god: he approaches the temple of nature with "fear and trembling," nor plucks even a flower but with hesitation: his most latent sensibilities, his most nebulous imaginings, have in them that which commands our sympathy: in love—

Sterne. He is an ass, Eugenius.

Wharton (angrily). Perhaps he may partake less of that character than he who could stop the said animal in the street, and exchange symptoms of condolence with him for those blows from his master, which would have been better bestowed on the meagre sentimentalist himself.

Sterne. Rousseau in love! A Genevese fish-wife, and a Provençal orange-girl, a courtezan of the Palais-Royale, and a third-rate dancer at the opera, possess enough of accomplishment to constitute them, in his eye, divinities!

Wharton. And why not, when waiting-wenches at inns, and female decoy-birds behind the counters of shops, are to be seen *tête-a-tête* with Yorick?

Sterne. Yet I am no Rousseau, sleeplessly tossing whole nights on his bed, and rising at an early hour, no matter what the weather, to ensure that morning kiss from the lips of his agonizing fair one, granted by courtesy and the usage of his country! Give me the realities of love—wedded rights and lawful possession.

Wharton. Stay, my rigid monk, some half hour ago, were expressed thy chastened yearnings to exist but amidst wax-tapers and painted windows; now, thou art out-Rochestering Rochester. I contend, that in all thy sententious journeyings—thy *rencontres* with pretty *filles-de-chambres* and prattling milliners—thy exchanging of snuff-boxes, thy grievings over a dead ass, and thy maniac-like communings with Maria, thou wert but playing the mime to Rousseau!

Sterne. Critics have accused me of being a plagiarist in words, but Eugenius impugns me as a plagiarist in deeds. Still, following up my censures of Rousseau, I will maintain that, in love, possession takes the precedence of all its delights. Ask Garrick, after he has been playing Romeo, whether it be not the veriest dream, to wait beneath the balcony of his mistress (another's wife the while), beseeching the "sun to kill the envious moon," and wishing that he "were a glove upon her hand, that he might touch her cheek." I know Davy better, than not to suppose that he will laugh in his sleeve at his eye-wiping audience. The doting young gentleman and the adored young lady may each retire to their couch of solitude, to dream about "Romeo and Juliet," and Garrick's acting; but, mark it, Eugenius—the curtain drops; the audience depart, the stage-lights are extinguished, and the actor is charioted to his home, where he finds awaiting him, a sumptuous supper, two or three bottles of champagne, *and Mrs. Garrick!*

Wharton. Well, well, Yorick; sneer not at Rousseau, for thou art his counterpart.

Sterne. Not in fiddling, any how: but I give up the argument, for I grow weary of litigation. Look here, Eugenius, (*taking up a volume of Shakspeare,*) these, not exclusive of "Romeo and Juliet," are the emanations of a genius, seduced not by wit on the one hand, nor intoxicated by imagination on the other; of one who watched Nature till he beheld her emerge from her mint, and then entered and stole her dies.

Wharton. Ay: but Shakspeare's paucity of wit is attributable to his not possessing the quality, and not to his judicious abstinence from it. That he took no cognizance of the good-humoured raillery of Ben Jonson, is a proof that he abstained from the combat, because wanting the weapon with which he was challenged.

Sterne. Fallacy, Eugenius. What is his character of Falstaff, but the life and soul of wit embodied in an earthly and every-day shape? Depict the poet as an abstracted painter, whose energies were absorbed in the task of ornamenting with original pictures an alabaster temple, reared in the recess of a woody solitude, and destined to be eternal—how could he stay his pencil, and stoop from the dome of that ever-during fabric to listen to the jibes and jests of one planting perishable flowers, or even more lasting evergreens, around its portico? Look at their visages; the lucid veil of poetry hides the one; the other is, what the offended Dekker declared it to be, "like unto a rotten apple."

Wharton. And yet it is surprising that Shakspeare should have made such clumsy essays to be sprightly and satirical, ending often in the school-boy achievement of a silly play upon words.

Sterne. Professedly making his fools speak foolishly, and his wise men sagely.

Wharton. Well—so be it. How wags the world with thee at thy curacy, Yorick?

Sterne. 'Tis a lonely wilderness, a cenobitish seclusion. Thou knowest

that "I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, 'tis all barren;" but assuredly such a scene of *ennui* I never beheld. From the window of my old mansion I behold, perhaps, half-a-dozen individuals in the lapse of a day. Here is the picture,—the village, with its grass-covered pavement, seems asleep in the sunshine; scarcely a passing foot to disturb its slumbers from morn to night: the cawing of a saucy rook from the top of a tree, or the bellowing of an overfed bull in a pasture, often fills up an hiatus of two hours. Perhaps the rolling of some distant and coming chariot may summon the women to the window, eager to behold some indication of humanity besides themselves; suppose it to be a spectacled antiquary driving to the neighbouring ruin of Byland Abbey; now *his* countenance is tolerable, contrasting it with that of the driver of yon load of hay—not an idea there above the swine's flesh he feeds upon. How whimsical a contact, Eugenius, should the man of lore stop his vehicle to inquire of the rustic about the style, date of erection, and what illustrious characters have had sepulture in the wealthy old abbey.

Wharton. Yes, whimsical indeed; should he be fool enough to put such outrageous interrogations to one so incompetent to answer them. But look not with jaundiced vision, Yorick; there is somewhat of incident, even at Coxwold.

Sterne. It presents little to me, however. If I visit the apothecary, he wearies me with his symptomatic and pathognomic distinctions of fever; if I call upon the tithe collector, he draws upon my patience with his dissertations on the different qualities of land; if I meet my parish clerk, he exclaims against the remissness of the parishioners in attending Sunday service; and if I look in upon the venerable old landlady of the little alehouse, she detains me with the history of the hamlet for the last three quarters of a century, and laments the innovations of recent introduction; dwelling on the preference of linsey-wolsey to printed cotton, and censuring the village "lasses" for wearing white stockings.

Wharton. Vapid as these retirements and their humble incidents may be to us, a race of poets and poetasters, novel and essay writers, shall arise, who, scorning the cold though classical path of their predecessors, shall discover, amidst these rustic retreats, the brightest gems of literary adornment.

Sterne. Yes, when the sheets of thy "Crazy Tales" will be found enveloping the butter in the market-woman's basket; and the "Sentimental Journey," be sacrilegiously employed to singe fowls—when the inscription, "Alas, poor Yorick!" may be erased from my monument, and the stone itself deposited in the lumbering belfry by the officious sexton—and when all of Eugenius shall be found beneath a triple row of coffins in the cemetery of his fathers!

Wharton. Confound thy changing notes! Thou wouldst horrify me, let the wind blow from what quarter it would.

Sterne. Suppose, Eugenius, it should be *now* in the north-east; for though it appears to point meridionally, yet the chilly air, and the struggling sunbeams, indicate that hellish breeze thou so fearest.

Wharton. No more of thy *airy* nonsense, Yorick. If it be a whimsy then will I this day renounce it: but the whole world, leagued to dissuade, could not shake my belief regarding this physical affection—my recruited spirits, temper, and appetite, are proofs irrefragable that my

nerves cannot brook the oppressive blight of the north-east; but that when released from its influence, I become a new man.

Sterne. Then, what the universe would fail to accomplish, one atom of it, even I, Laurence Sterne, will alone and quickly achieve!

[*Exit* Sterne.

Wharton. Whither flies the madman?—(*rising, and looking from the window, through which is seen Sterne, mounted on a ladder, untying the weathercock.*)—Ha, ha!—what a tit-bit for caricature!—Don Quixote on the wind-mill—the Devil on the mount! Ah!—am I right?—most truly do I believe that his cursed fingers—'sdeath! I see it—have bound the weathercock as pointing to the sunny south; and with so firm a tether that were Eolus to let loose the four winds of heaven they would fail to move it. Yes, by Heaven, he releases it, and it reverts to the north-east! Fool that I was to fancy myself so much the better! If I speak to Yorick, for a month to come, may that d—d weathercock never shift its position! I feel, and I have felt all the day, unaccountably heavy, but that hair-brained parson would seduce Satan himself to forego his quality!—[*Shuts the window in a passion—Sterne stands laughing at him upon the ladder.*

H.

SONNET.

Nature will have her way. What boots it then
To strive against our natural impulses?
Those who have thought them gods were less than men,
But never were there gods such men as these,
Homer, and Milton, and Demosthenes!
Names that shall dazzle with their brightness, when
Kings and their conquerors shall pass away,
Even to their own poor nothingness and clay.
The glitter of a bauble, or a crown,
The boast of conquest, or the gift of shame—
Oh! what are they to those who hold a claim
To an undying and deserved renown:—
To the bright glory of a starlike name,
Robed with the light of everlasting fame.

R. F. W.

THE CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF NICOLAS CHAMFORT.

The literature of France is singularly rich in those brief yet vivid and philosophic portraitures of our passing virtues, and those acute and searching remarks upon the habits and peculiarities of men, to which the names of *caractères*, or *maximes*, or *pensées*, have been indiscriminately given. We might look in vain among the productions of our own country, many and glorious as they are in every department of knowledge, for any collection of thought worthy of comparison with the quaint yet living *Amusemens de la Maison* of the Abbé de Bruges; or the *Reflexions* of Vauvenargues, which passed under the revision of Voltaire, who considered their author entitled to take his place by the side of Fenelon and Paschal; or, least of all, with the *Caractères* of La Bruyère, who may, without exaggeration, be said to have united the most intimate acquaintance with the variable workings of the mind, to the most perfect mastery of language and aptitude of illustration; and to have blended the rich and graphic humour of Molière, with the beautiful and moral grandeur of Bossuet.

With the exception, perhaps, of one or two detached pictures in Lucian, neither among the treasures of antiquity, nor in the multitude of modern books, had La Bruyère any model. The philosopher, in the time of Lucian, as Goldsmith with his usual felicity has observed, was chiefly remarkable for his avarice, his impudence, and his beard.

The Characters of Theophrastus, which he translated, resemble the *Caractères* of the French moralist in nothing but the name. The pupil and successor of Aristotle, with much of vigour and animation indeed, discourses of virtue, and wit, and all the mysteries of mortal passion; but it is like a professor in his college-chair; he seems to describe what he had thought, rather than what he had seen. He gives outlines, so to speak, of folly, and sin, and misery, sometimes struck off by a hand not wanting in knowledge of situation or decision of touch; but Bruyère brings the scene, the very life, before our eyes; he animates the thought, and personifies the idea, until we cease to look upon poverty or wealth as abstract blessings or misfortunes; we cease to behold the delicate links which the moralist is imperceptibly weaving into a chain of exquisite workmanship. The favourite and the outcast of nature, in their contrasted splendour and misery, are called up, as by a spiritual ministry, before our wondering eyes; we see, not as in a glass darkly, but face to face, the up-turned and heaven-gazing countenance and contemptuous bearing of the one, and the stooping shoulders, and earth-seeking eye, and the hat drawn over the brows, of the other; and we exclaim in the words of the painter himself, "Il est pauvre!—il est riche!"

La Bruyère has been styled by his eulogist Victorin Fabre, the painter of society and manners. Passing the earlier years of his life amid the seductive influences of a gay and voluptuous metropolis, he appears to have yielded to the feelings and passions of the age with a view of observing them more clearly and satisfactorily. Intellect is the eye of the soul; and never, surely, was it turned with more penetrating earnestness, than by the author of the *Caractères*, upon the many and strange vicissitudes of life. Society may be said to have sat to him for her portrait, and having, with watchful and unwearied asssiduity, carried away in his memory each feature and even shade of expression, whether of joy or sorrow, or guilt or innocence, or craft or ingenuousness, which long and

careful observation had enabled him to discover, he retired from the tumult and distraction of the world, and, like a painter of the old time, living among the creations of his genius, devoted the remaining years of his life to their delineation. To write the aphorisms of meditation, is one thing; to communicate the truths of painful experience, is another. The German physiognomist studied the passions in the countenance; La Bruyère, in the conversation and the actions. He was the Lavater of the understanding.

There are two classes of moralists, as well as of politicians: one makes man a pilgrim and an alien upon a dreary and desolate land, plodding along in sickness, and suffering, and despair—an outcast, under the eye of a relentless inquisition; the other puts a crown of flowers upon his head, and sends him into the crowd as into a triumphant festival. The greater number of moralists have, for the most part, inclined to the former opinion. Montaigne, La Bruyère, La Rôchefoucault, Swift, Mandeville, Helvetius, and many whom I could add to the list, have found life a thing requiring tears rather than rejoicing. It does not, that I can discover, at all detract from the excellence of a moral axiom, that the many which have been addressed to the great and powerful have failed in producing an adequate result. The ingenious writer from whose *Maximes et Pensées* I propose making one or two extracts, deceived himself in uttering such an idea. The Christian religion has now been dwelling among us during a period of more than eighteen hundred years; and yet of how small comparative efficacy have her ministrations been productive! Lord Brougham would be loth to exchange the woolsack for the calm and saintly solitude of the hermit's cell; and Wilberforce would shew no particular eagerness, I expect, to sell half of his possessions, and give the money to the poor. These things are so, and yet who would think of reproaching religion that she had done so little? I am wandering, however, from the subject.

A moralist must live in the world; he must play his part in its comedy and its tragedy, and follow sometimes in the train, and at others as a spectator, of its pomps and vanities; he must analyse the component parts of which its loves and enmities are compounded. His experience will then, it may be, enable him to discover *which sides of the soul it will be necessary to paralyze*, if he would live happily in the world. The idea, which the reader I doubt not will appreciate as it deserves, is taken from one of the *Maximes* of M. Chamfort. A man must have seen much, and suffered still more, before he could have made such a reflection. Johnson, with all his knowledge of mankind, and all the light which a surprising intellect enabled him to pour forth, is still rather a theoretical moralist. Nature, as beheld in books, resembles a drama performed behind a green curtain. Victorin Fabre has a very pertinent observation, in his *Eloge de la Bruyère*, upon the modes in which three celebrated writers have written upon women, which may be no unpleasant illustration of our remarks. Thomas, for instance, an elegant and accomplished writer, but knowing nothing of the female character except from history, composes an eulogy in the style of Plutarch when celebrating a Grecian or Roman hero; Rousseau, whose acquaintance with the spirit of the sex cannot be questioned, pourtrayed it with the accuracy of a philosopher, though he injured the truth of his picture not a little by the soft and Italian tone of its colouring; but La Bruyère

passes before our eyes, like a series of anatomical plates, his wonderful delineation of their loves and caprices, their devotion and hypocrisy, their enthusiasm and their hatred. His history seems to be the transcript of a manuscript written by the hand of Nature herself.

A brief account of the author whose name is at the head of this paper, more especially as he is very little known even to French scholars in this country, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Sebastian-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort was born, in 1741, in a village near Chamont, in Auvergne. Unnoticed and unregarded by his father (he was illegitimate), he interests our feelings by the warm and glowing affection with which, in his boyhood days, he conducted himself towards his mother. Excluded by the prejudices of opinion, as his biographer phrases it, from a place in honourable society, he devoted himself assiduously to the improvement of his talents, and finally obtained, by his genius, what had been denied to his birth. His success at the university was proportionate to his merits. The second year he carried away all the prizes. It was with this happy omen that young Chamfort concluded his studies; and he entered upon the avocations of life with nothing but virtue for his guide, and learning for his patrimony. After many changes of place and occupation, he thought himself fortunate in being appointed secretary to a wealthy gentleman of Leige, who professed himself to be a patron of letters, and offered the destitute student his protection and assistance. But the Mæcenas of Chamfort resembled the Mæcenas of Horace no more than the *Cicerone* of Rome the *Cicero* of the republican age—he had perceived the literary talent of his *élite*, and had engaged him in the hope of appropriating the fame of some of his compositions to himself. But Chamfort scorned the idea of pandering to the ignorance of the wealthy, and he returned to Paris as poor and as independent as he had quitted it. He supported himself during the two following years by contributions to various literary journals—among others, to the *Journal Encyclopédique* ; but his labour was harassing, and his emolument trifling. His success in the literary world may be dated from the publication of his *Jeune Indien*, and was rapidly increased by his *Marchand de Smyrna*, and other miscellaneous productions. His *Eloges de Molière et La Fontaine* obtained the prize proposed by the French Academy and the Academy of Marseilles. His tragedy of *Mustapha et Zeangir*, in which the queen is said to have discovered some flattering references to herself, introduced the author to the notice and favour of the court. He was, soon after, nominated " Secretaire des Commandemens" to the Prince of Condé.

So far the life of Chamfort had passed in a gentle and delightful serenity ; but it was soon to be shaken into tumult by the rushing whirlwind of the coming revolution. I am ready to believe that Chamfort united himself, at least in sentiment, to the bands of eager and hot-headed republicans from a conviction in his own mind that he was acting with honour. He had, indeed, nothing to gain, but every thing to lose ; the torrent of infidelity and blood which was roaring over the land, so far from washing to his door, as it had done to that of thousands who were anxiously watching its desolating progress, any fragment of the mighty and costly shipwreck, carried away, on the contrary, even the little which an active and not unprosperous life had enabled him to collect. The first act of the Constitutional Assembly deprived him of his place and pension in the Academy, to which he had been elected in 1781.

M. Chamfort made every sacrifice without a murmur. There is something grateful to our self-love in martyring our worldly prosperity for the supposed benefit of our country. It was not long, however, before he regretted the extent of his sacrifice. The angels of the apostacy lost their brightness to the clear and unebriated eye of reason and thought; they sought to build an altar from the stately ruins of that beautiful edifice which they had overthrown for the immolation of their victims; they placed the Moloch of their religion in the sanctuary of the temple of Liberty, and bound unto its golden horns every patriot hope and every noble aspiration. Conviction came at last; and M. Chamfort became the spirited and high-minded denouncer of craft and wickedness, as he had formerly been of favouritism and tyranny. From that moment he became a marked man; he was denounced to one of those vampire-spies that every where infested France, and was immediately thrown into prison. He recovered his liberty by the assistance of his friends, and he took an oath that he would never again be taken alive by the ravagers of his country. He kept his word; and the account of his last moments, given by his biographer, is melancholy indeed. A second order for his arrest had been issued, and the persons entrusted with its execution were at hand, when (continues the writer of the notice of his life prefixed to his works) he passed into his cabinet, and having loaded a pistol, placed it against his head; but, from some motion of his hand, the ball only injured his nose, and destroyed one of his eyes. Wondering that he still lived, and resolved to die, he seized a razor, and endeavoured to cut his throat; his efforts were unavailing. But I will continue the affecting description in the words of his biographer:—"L'impuissance de sa main ne change rien a la resolution de son ame; il se porte plusieurs coups vers le cœur, et commençant à defaillir, il tache, par un dernier effort, de se couper les deux jarrets et de s'ouvrir toutes les veins. Enfin, vaincu par la douleur, il pousse un cri et se jette sur une siege, où il reste presque sans vie." They carried him to his bed, and it was after a partial recovery of his strength that he pronounced this singular declaration, which was written down by one of the spectators, and signed by himself:—"Moi, Sebastien-Roch-Nicolas Chamfort, declare, d'avoir voulu mourir en homme libre, plutôt que d'etre reconduit en esclave dans une maison d'arrêt; declare que, si par violence on s'obstinait a m'y trainer dans l'état où je suis, il me reste assez de force pour achever ce que j'ai commencé,—je suis un homme libre; jamais on ne me fera rentrer vivant dans une prison." Such a declaration might have proceeded in the old time from the lips of a Cato. The death of Chamfort offers a practical illustration of one of his *Pensées,* in which he says that the object of kings and priests in proscribing suicide, is to ensure the duration of our slavery; and he likens them to the wretch in the *Divina Commedia,* who caused the door of the cell where the unhappy Ugolino was confined, to be walled up.

With the miscellaneous works of Chamfort I have no concern; I intend to devote a page or two to a selection of some of his most interesting *Maximes* and *Pensées,* and *Caractères* and *Anecdotes,* which are deserving of the highest commendation. It will be better, perhaps, to offer them in a translation.

How true and excellent is the philosophy of the following!—

"The reason why the dishonest man, and sometimes even the fool, are more successful in their journey through life than the man of honour and talent, is

simply this :—the dishonest man and the fool have less difficulty in assimilating themselves to the manners and tone of the world in general—which is, in fact, nothing but dishonesty and folly; while, on the other hand, the man of honour and talent, not being able to enter immediately into a commerce with society, loses an opportunity the most precious for 'pushing his fortune.' The first are merchants, who, knowing the language of the country, dispose of their goods, and provision themselves without delay; the others are obliged to learn the language of the sellers and the purchasers, before they can either submit their merchandize to public inspection, or enter into any arrangements. *Sometimes they disdain to make themselves acquainted with this language, and then they return to their own homes without even a handsel.*"

The concluding remark is full of melancholy reality. How many proudly-gifted men, from the Grecian philosopher to our own painter, Wilson, have passed from the cradle to the grave, unhonoured and unappreciated by their contemporaries, and unornamented by any of the world's honours, simply because of their ignorance of this necessary dialect! He who is the most conversant with the feelings and tempers of men, is, after all, a greater linguist than Magliabrachi; for that language alone, so universal is its acceptation, will carry them from one end of the world to the other.

There is something grand and striking in this observation upon Bacon:—

"When we behold Bacon, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, pointing out to the spirit of man the path which it ought to follow to rebuild the edifice of the sciences, we cease to admire the great men who succeeded him—such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He distributed to them the land which they were either to clear or to conquer. It is Cæsar, lord of the world, after the victory of Pharsalia, bestowing his kingdoms and provinces upon his partizans and favourites."

The aphorism has more of imposing effect than truth to support it. I am perfectly ready to agree with Chamfort in considering the author of the treatise on the "Human Understanding" much over-rated: he borrowed his system from Hobbes. Columbus was not the first discoverer of America, yet the credit will always be assigned to him by the majority. Philosophy, after all her vauntings, has done little during her long sojourn amongst us; she appears to become more feminine and gentle every year of her existence; no longer the Minerva of the ancients, breast-plated and helmeted, yet beautiful exceedingly in her majestic loveliness—the instructress of Socrates—the companion of Plato! A philosopher, as Chamfort remarks in another place, is a man who opposes nature to law, and reason to custom, and conscience to opinion, and judgment to error. A philosopher would dare to be virtuous in the saloon of a theatre, and to speak the truth at a court drawing-room. Need we wonder at the paucity of such individuals?

I will give two or three remarks from the chapter *Des Femmes de l'Amour à Marriage*, &c. The author's experience constituted him a Mentor worthy of belief:—

"Women have phantasies, infatuations, and sometimes tastes; they can even occasionally elevate themselves to the passions. The quality of which they are least susceptible is—*attachment*. They are made to hold communion with our weakness, with our folly, but not with our reason. There subsists between them and man an external sympathy—*des sympathies d'épiderme*, as the author

powerfully renders them—and very little sympathy of spirit, of soul, or of character—a fact proved by the comparative neglect with which they treat a man who has reached his fortieth year, even when their own age may happen to correspond. The preference which they sometimes accord to him is to be traced to some dishonest speculation, after a calculation of interest or vanity. *Marriage, as practised among the great, is a conventional indecency.*"

Again:—

"The woman who values her mental quality more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex. But she who prides herself more on her birth than her beauty, is out of her sex, and above her sex."

To me it seems almost impossible to concentrate more truth in the same number of words. It was observed by some French writer, whose name I forget, that a woman seeks to possess the affections of a man as a favourite exerts himself to obtain the ear of his sovereign: by that means they both obtain distinction and worship. M. de Levis, in his *Souvenirs et Portraits,* attributes, in a great degree, the downfall of the French monarchy to the influence of women. The history of the reign of Louis XIV. might be called the history of female domination. He revoked the edict of Nantz at the instigation of a mistress. Marmontel has said with great spirit, that the Sully of such a king must have been a woman. There may be a few women who honour their birth rather than their beauty; but I believe it would be difficult to find one who would not prefer a compliment on her charms, whether real or imaginary, to the most enthusiastic encomium upon her intellects. Madame de Staël offers a singular example. She happened to be in company with the celebrated Talleyrand, and, although very plain in her features, had been anxiously endeavouring to extort a comparison (favourable to her own charms, of course) between herself and a very beautiful lady who was of the party. The courtier, however, had seen too much of the political trickery of a Congress to be entrapped even by De Staël, and he adroitly evaded every question. The author of "Corinne" at length determined to obtain her object by putting a direct interrogatory, which she did in this manner:—"Suppose that lady and myself were to fall into the water; which would you save first from drowning?"—"Oh! madam, *you would swim too well!*" was the reply of the unfoiled Talleyrand. This anecdote is one of the most interesting and conclusive that could be offered; but many others, of a similar nature, might be instanced which go to confirm the philosophy of the axiom of Chamfort. In like manner, we find women, distinguished for their learning and masculine acquirements, assuming the air of a fashionable ignorant of St. James's. Miss Jones, the sister of the celebrated orientalist, whose delight consisted in walking through London with a Greek folio under her arm, happening to hear some one mention the "Merchant of Venice," asked if there was not a pretty song in it about Jessica. The ingenious Count d'Oxenstirn, among many other eccentric fancies, supposed that Solomon's object, in keeping such a numerous harem, was not the gratification of low and sensual passion, but to discover, if possible, *one* perfectly amiable and virtuous woman among them all. History, unfortunately, has preserved no record of the success or failure of his experiment.

I will conclude this paper with a few anecdotes:—

"A courtier observed upon the death of Louis XIV.—'After the death of the king, we can believe any thing.'"

This reminds me of a similar specimen of gross flattery paid to the same monarch. Massillon, the celebrated preacher, commenced his oration upon the late king, the reader will remember, after looking around upon the melancholy symbols of departed magnificence, by lifting his hands, and exclaiming in a solemn voice—"Mes freres, Dieu seul est grand!"—a remark which gave great offence to some of the court parasites, who said—"*As if Louis was not great also!*" And yet this "glass of fashion, and mould of form," could scarcely read or write; and as to any real love of literature or the arts, he knew nothing more of it than Scaliger of the "Monthly Magazine," or the Emperor Heliogabolus, who feasted upon peacocks'-livers, of an American Temperance Society.

I do not remember to have met with the following in any criticism on Molière:—

"It is remarkable that Molière, who spared no person, however eminent, never lanced any of his arrows against the *gens de finance* (the Rothschilds of the day). It is affirmed that Molière, in common with all the comic writers, had particular commands given them on this subject by Colbert."

One more, of a different nature:—

"M. de Fontenelle, when in his 77th year, was fond of saying a thousand gallant things to Madame Helvetius—young, beautiful, and recently married. One day he accidentally passed, without noticing her, to take his place at the table. 'See,' cried the lady, 'how slight account I ought to make of your gallantries; you pass before my face without ever looking at me.'—'Madame,' replied the old man, '*if I had looked upon you, I could not have passed you.*'"

The last shall be one of Voltaire's most lively sayings:—

"Voltaire was one day in the boudoir of Madame du Chatélet, amusing himself with the Abbé Mignot, then an infant, whom he held upon his knees. He began to play with him, at the same time instructing him. 'My friend,' he said, 'in order to succeed with men, you must have the women on your side. To interest the women, you must know them. You will find, then, all women to be false and immodest.'—'How!—all women!—What say you, sir?' exclaimed Madame du Chatélet, in anger.—'Madame,' quietly said Voltaire, '*we must not deceive infancy!*'"

W.

THE LASO; ITS ORIGIN AND ITS USE.

Every British officer who has served in the patriot armies of South America—every traveller who has given to the world the result of his observations, to whatever part of that vast continent he may have directed his steps—whether to the Llanos of Colombia, the table-land of Peru, the extensive vallies of Chili, or the Pampas of Rio de la Plata—one and all, the soldier and the civilian, have broken forth in terms of the liveliest admiration of the extraordinary skill, displayed by the natives of those regions in the use of the laso; while some among them, carried away by their enthusiasm, and struck with the importance of its use, have strongly recommended its introduction into our own service.

It is not a little singular, that this missile—if such a term may be appropriately applied to the laso, which is of the highest antiquity—should at the present day be considered as peculiar only to the natives of South America. The earliest traditionary records we possess of the human race, teach us that, in similar states of society, the wants of man are ever the same, while the means which necessity urges him to adopt for their gratification have, in every part of the globe, been marked by the same uniform character of identity. Among a pastoral people, the use of the laso must, at an early period, have been found of the same importance as the bow among the hunter-tribes, who, in an inferior grade in the scale of civilization, supported a precarious existence on the supplies of the chase. Thus it is we discover that its use has been known to the Nomadic tribes of Central Asia from time immemorial; and if we prosecute our researches still further, we shall, at the present day, discover it among the wandering tribes of the Ukraine, in Wallachia and Moldavia, and even in Hungary, where a more advanced state of civilization has narrowed the field of its operation.

In proof of the antiquity of the laso, we may be allowed to quote Herodotus. In his catalogue of the different nations who, under Xerxes, formed the invading army of Greece (Polymnia), the historian enumerates the Sargatians, who brought 8,000 cavalry into the field, and were brigaded with the Persians who constituted the flower of the army.

"There is a Nomadic tribe, called the Sargatians—a Persian nation, and using the same language: they have, however, a costume which partakes at once of the Persian and the Pactyean. They use no arms, whether of brass or iron, excepting daggers; *but they use cords made of the twisted thongs of hides. The following is their mode of fighting when in presence of an enemy. They throw out their cords, which have running nooses at the end*; whatever the noose may fall upon, whether horse or man, the Sargatian draws towards him, and immediately puts to death."

Judging from the force of their contingent, we may presume them to have been a considerable people, although modern geographers are divided as to the exact position of their country. But, in reading this description of their mode of fighting, written 450 years before the birth of Christ, we may literally apply it to the manners of the guacho of the present day, the inhabitants of a continent the very existence of which, in the days of Herodotus, and for many centuries afterwards, was unknown. This missile is of two kinds—the bolas, and the laso properly so called. The former consists of three leaden balls attached to three thongs, about three feet in length, and joining at the centre. It is generally launched, and is uncommonly sure in its operation. In pursuing his game, the guacho, on approaching within thirty yards of his victim, commences whirling the bolas in an horizontal position around his head, and having given to them the necessary momentum, with unerring aim they fly from his arm, coil around the legs of the flying animal, and bring him to the ground.

It was in this manner that General Paz, the leader of the unitarian party, was lately made prisoner on the Pampas. Although surprised by a party of Buenos Ayrean cavalry, the general had time to mount a swift horse, and, in all probability, in any other country, would have escaped; but a guacho spurred after him, and hurling with unerring aim his bolas at the legs of the general's charger, brought him down, and captured the rider.

The laso, on the other hand, is made of very thin stripes of hides plaited together like the thong of a whip. Attached to one end is a small iron ring, through which the cord runs when it is thrown. Its length varies from eight to ten yards, according as it is used, either on foot or horseback. In the latter case, it is attached to the saddle-girth, and, like the bolas, previously to its being thrown, is whirled horizontally round the head of the rider. The horse should also be well trained, and taught to turn the instant the laso has fallen on the object at which it was thrown, for the purpose of tightening the noose. Great strength of arm and quickness of eye are indispensable for the skilful use of the laso—qualifications which can only be attained by long practice, commenced at a very early age. It is from this circumstance that we are led to doubt the practicability of successfully introducing it into our service. During a residence of nine years in South America, we never met with, or even heard of, a European who was considered skilful in the use of the laso; but even were it possible, by dint of long practice, to render our troopers expert in the use of this instrument, we might, after all, exclaim, "cui bono?" In Europe there certainly exists no field where its introduction could be attended with either advantage or utility; while, on the other hand, in South America, every circumstance in the habits of life of the natives renders the laso an instrument of the first necessity. Almost as soon as he can walk, the young gaucho may be seen launching his bolas at the inhabitants of the Basse-Cour; while urchins of a larger growth amuse themselves with the laso in making war on the numerous flocks of water-fowl which swarm to the banks of rivers for their prey.

The laso-harness, used by the Buenos Ayrean artillery, certainly possesses the merit of extreme simplicity. Whether the trace attached to the girth, in preference to the horse-collar, diminishes the draught of the carriage, we will not venture to decide—the great advantage of this harness consisting in the facility of unhooking a jaded horse from the gun, and putting on another, not only without halting the carriage, but without diminishing its speed. But in South America it must be borne in mind, that every gun, as well as every regiment of cavalry, is accompanied by an immense number of supernumerary horses—a circumstance which does not, and which never can, exist in the regular armies of Europe. The introduction of this harness into our service would render it absolutely necessary to have a driver on each horse, or the great advantage of changing horses, without halting the gun, would be lost; but, in South America, the introduction of the practice of giving a rider to each horse, has not arisen from any conviction of its superiority over the European method, but from the impossibility of managing their half-broken horses in any other way than by the application of their all-powerful bits, and the murderous castigation of their ponderous spurs, which, to the eye of an European, appear more calculated to kill a horse than to urge it forward.

In General Miller's excellent work on the war in South America, many interesting anecdotes of the gaucho will be found; but neither the general, nor Captain Head, who has likewise treated the subject, have related the following:—

When the Portuguese army, under General Le Cor, composed of 5,000 peninsular troops, advanced, in the year 1817, from Rio Grande do Sul to Monte Video, in their march across the plains of the Banda

Oriental, they were fairly besieged by the gauchos. Many of their mounted officers, at the head and on the flanks of the columns, were *lasoed;* and but for the timely co-operation of a body of Rio Grande cavalry accustomed to the gaucho warfare, the division must have made a retrograde movement. The Portuguese, masters of Monte Video, held no more of the country than what was within range of their guns; the gauchos pushed their inroads to the very gates of the fortress, and obliged them to draw all their supplies by sea. At Colonia del Sacramento, which they likewise held, a post on the land-side, consisting of a mud embankment, with embrasures for guns, was, on relieving the guards for several mornings in succession, found to be deserted. The commandant was utterly unable to account for this circumstance, as no spirit of desertion had manifested itself among his troops. He accordingly selected a Caçador of tried gallantry, and proved fidelity, to mount guard at this post, and gave him strict orders to fire at whatever might approach it. As the grey tints of morning broke in the east, the sentinel discovered a solitary horse grazing near the spot: he remarked, also, that the horse gradually approached nearer to his post. Faithful to his orders, he fired, and brought him down. The soldier reloaded his piece, and, on looking towards the dead animal, he thought he perceived something moving on the ground, and on straining his eyes to ascertain the fact, he distinctly observed a man in the act of crawling away. He again fired, and a groan told him that his fire had taken effect. The mystery was now cleared up. This gaucho, as the morning broke, had been in the habit of approaching the posts, crouched down beneath the belly of his steed. When near enough, he would spring suddenly on the back of the animal, and, watching the centinel as he passed the embrasure, throw his laso, drag him through, and lead him away a prisoner.

REFLECTIONS ON A RAMBLE IN GERMANY.

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit. VIRGIL.

MODERN civilization has pared down the surface of English society to one undeviating straight line of monotonous uniformity. This is, perhaps, as it should be; but while the lip of the philosopher curls with a smile of pity at the wild ravings and fanciful delusions of the enthusiast, the lover of the picturesque in character and manners will still seek, beyond the shores of our own island, some appropiate field for the indulgence and gratification of his favourite taste. If he direct his steps to Germany, his labours will be amply rewarded. There is a martial aspect on the brow of Germany which strikes you on the frontier. The brazen trumpet's maddening note—the iron clatter of the mustering squadron—the deep, lumbering roll of the heavy guns—the slow, measured tread of infantry, with their spirit-stirring bands;—these are the sounds which break on the ear of the traveller on the very threshold of the land. In the features of the country there is something chivalric.

The stern mouldering battlements and gothic spires constantly remind him of times which, for pictorial effect, appeal as powerfully to the imagination as the heroic ages of Greece. There is, in her towns and cities, a brightness blended with aristocratic tranquillity; in the character of her men, a martial ardour, a deep solidity of thought; in the character of her women, a winning softness, a romantic sensibility and enthusiasm, which excites our admiration and awakens our love. Such is Germany!—such is the land where, under the glittering veil thrown over it by the hand of modern civilization, there still linger many of those beautiful traits of character and manners which, near twenty centuries ago, so powerfully captivated the imagination of the historian Tacitus.

I entered Cologne on a fine Sunday evening, in the summer of 1828. There is an air of gloomy antiquity about this old city, with its long, narrow streets—heavy, quaint style of architecture—and fine old minster, which powerfully appeals to our historical recollections. The window of my chamber, at the Hôtel du Rhin, looked on the river—the broad, bright, legendary Rhine. I crossed the Bridge of Boats, and wandered towards the Caserne. The public gardens were full of happy groups—some quietly enjoying the aromatic pleasures of the meerchaum—others moving in the mazy circles of the graceful waltz. The music was beautiful, and the martial figures and uniforms of the soldiers, intermingled with the quaint costumes of the women, produced a picturesque effect. On my return to the hotel, I met a detachment of infantry. The men sung as they marched, in full, deep chorus, a popular national air. In the soft stillness of the evening, the effect was beautiful. The Hymn of Mars, chaunted by the Greeks on moving to the attack, must have raised, in an extraordinary degree, the spirits of the men, and have nerved their souls to deeds of daring.

An old gentleman, with whom I conversed at supper, told me that the French regime was universally regretted throughout the Rhenish provinces. Napoleon's continental system encouraged manufactures; the constant passage of his armies circulated money; the war opened a free career to talent; but the peace has changed all this. English competition has ruined their trade. The national vanity of the people is hourly wounded by the arrogance and conceit of the Prussians; while the value of property has suffered an immense deterioration by the introduction of a depreciated currency—the *sheide munze*—a species of copper money, silvered over. Strange, that even in the land where the French sojourned as conquerors, they should have left behind them a feeling of regret! But so it is in every country almost, wherein the eagles of Napoleon hovered, though but in desolating triumph.

In Germany all classes travel, from the sovereign prince down to the meanest mechanic. This locomotive existence narrows, in a wonderful degree, the circle of national prejudice. For enlightened and impartial opinions on the manners and superstition of foreign countries, commend me to the German. The approach of the curzeit—as they emphatically style the bathing-season—produces much the same effect as the 12th of August with us: every body flocks to the country. At this period, all that is distinguished for rank and fashion in the land may be found assembled at some of their numerous watering-places; when the traveller, at a glance, may contemplate all the lights and shadows of German life:—the sovereign prince, and his Morganic consort; the mediatized

prince, and his mistress; the foreign diplomat, and the native statesman, tired of conferences and protocols; the rich Jew banker, from Frankfort or Leipzic; crowds of foreigners from every clime; hosts of counts and barons, soldiers and students, merchants and mechanics, black-legs and *dames de moyenne vertu*—all congregated in some beautiful romantic spot, ardent in the pursuit of health, or its antithesis—dissipation. The class of *artistes* who form the base of this Corinthian pillar, outnumber the votaries of pleasure, in the same ratio as the camp-followers of an Indian army exceed the combatants. Actors from Berlin and Vienna; prima-donnas from Venice and Milan; opera-dancers, *coturieres*, gaming-house-keepers, and cooks from Paris; watch-makers from Geneva; pipe-makers from Frankfort; Tyrolean glove-makers; fiddlers and jugglers;—in short, every art that can administer to luxury and dissipation are found assembled, actively employed in reaping, from the exercise of their avocations, a rich and plentiful harvest. This singular *mélange*, and the activity and bustle they occasion, would alone present a wide field for observation and amusement; but add to all this, romantic scenery, fêtes-champetres, balls, concerts, enchanting society, beautiful women, piquant adventures—and in such a place may the ennuyé safely write in his note-book, "*Inveni portum!*"—at least so I thought; for, leaving behind me the far-famed romantic banks of the Rhine, I did not halt until I found myself in comfortable quarters at the Hôtel de Russie, at Ems, in the duchy of Nassau—one of the most fashionable watering-places in Germany.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the approach to Ems from the Coblentz road. As the traveller descends the valley of the Lahn, this romantic little place bursts suddenly upon him. The tranquil seclusion of the spot forcibly impresses on the mind its appropriateness as a fountain of health.

Ems, on my arrival, was crowded with visitants. In the first rank stood the Grand-Duchess Maria-Helena—now the magnet of attraction at Cheltenham—and her suite, composed of several Russians of distinction—the hereditary Prince of Orange—the Polish Prince K——y, well known in the fashionable circles of London—and a long list of other distingués. The grand-duchess entered freely into all the amusements of the place. Titled hauteur was laid aside. I repeatedly saw her of an evening in the bazaar, simply dressed and almost unattended, conversing in the most affable manner with the ladies of her circle. The personal appearance of this princess is extremely interesting. Delicately fair, with soft blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn hair, the expression of her countenance was sweetness itself; her mild, amiable character, and her graceful manners, were the theme of universal admiration. She was in a very delicate state of health, and was usually carried up and down stairs, on a cushion, by two of her attendants—her slender, sylph-like form, and transparent complexion, forming a beautiful contrast with the bare necks, long beards, and wild, savage appearance of her Russian porters. Her husband, the Grand-Duke Michael, commanded at that time the Russian army of reserve in the Turkish campaign.

Between two and three hundred guests sat down daily to dinner at the Curhaus, formerly a hunting-palace of the Grand-Duke of Nassau's, but now let out by his highness as an hotel for the accommodation of the bathers. The bustle and confusion of such a scene, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues which prevailed, may be readily imagined.

The rich productions of the Rhine and Moselle—the rosy asmanhausen, the amber rhudesheimer, the delicious schatzberg—were eagerly called for in every variety of tone and accent.

In the evening I followed the stream of fashion to the universal point of attraction—the Spiel-haus. A glittering crowd of both sexes was seated round the rouge-et-noir table. What a singular contrast the marble visages of the bankers and crupiers—visages which appear to have been long ago the grave of expression—form with the look of feverish and intense anxiety marked on the countenances of the players! I was particularly struck with three figures: one, a Polish countess of considerable personal attractions; she was playing high, and as the glittering pile of napoleons before her rapidly disappeared, her lip quivered, and a look of angry passion shed its desolation upon her beauty. The next was a young German lady, whose sweet placidity of countenance, as she watched the varying chances of the game, underwent not the slightest change: the demon of play had not yet entered deeply into this fair creature's soul. Immediately behind her, stood a Prussian officer; his countenance assumed an air of fierceness, and I thought he would have torn out his mustachios by the root, as he beheld his last frederick-d'or swept away by the insatiable rake of the banker. I quitted the scene with disgust, and wandered forth to contemplate the fair face of nature. It was a beautiful night; the full moon silvering the glassy surface of the Lahn, and bathing in a flood of light the woody heights of the opposite bank. On this very spot, twenty centuries ago, did the long-haired Germans offer up, on the eve of battle, their bloody sacrifices to their warrior-god. At such an hour, here, on the banks of the tranquil Lahn, which was flowing past me like a dream of happiness, might the first glimmering of ambition have burst upon the mind of the future Cæsar, as with folded arms and upraised eye he sought to read the star of his destiny. Again, in later times, on such a night as this, here, by the same sôft light, has the young crusader told his tale of love, or recounted to his blue-eyed mistress the wonders of the Holy Land—the martial glory of the Christian host—who rode the victor of the lists at Ascalon—what arms Saladin wore, and the fierce onslaught of England's Cœur de Lion; while she would cling to his arm, or piously vow a votive offering to her favourite saint for her lover's safe return. Empires are mouldering in the dust; religions, that formerly won man's reverence, are now his mockery; new worlds have been discovered; the whole structure of society has undergone, and is undergoing, a change. Yet Nature is still the same.—But this is rhapsody: and yet such thoughts as these will flash across the mind when, at the soft hour of evening, we wander in solitary loneliness among scenes to which belong

"The stirring memory of a thousand years."

Our mornings were passed in courses on the mountains—the evenings in concerts or balls. A splendid ball was given, a few nights after my arrival, at the pavillion in the garden on the banks of the river. The glare of the numerous lustres, the glittering of stars and epaulettes on the splendid uniforms of the military, the beauty of the women and their *recherchée* toilette, formed a very brilliant *coup-d'œil.*

The ball opened with a stately Polonaise. The column of dancers first made the tour of the ball-room, passed into the garden, which was illu-

minated, and, after meandering through its various alleys, returned to the saloon.

The mazurka was danced by some Polish ladies and some Russian gentlemen of the grand-duchess's suite. There is a martial character in this dance that pleases from its novelty. But the great attraction of the evening was the waltz, danced as it is no where danced but in Germany. There is, in the soft, swimming movement of the waltz, something that beautifully harmonizes with the tender expression of countenance, and feminine softness of form, of the German women. National dances, when transplanted to foreign climes, like exotics, degenerate. The bolero and fandango must be seen in the sunny land of their birth. I was much pleased with this assembly; it was marked by a fascinating polish of exterior, and high-bred courtliness of manner, far superior to anything we see in similar reunions at the watering-places of our own island.

I left Ems on the eve of the anniversary of the King of Prussia's birth-day, to witness a grand military spectacle in its honour, at the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The morning was beautiful, and as I wound round the steep ascent which led to the fortress, the magnificent valley of the Rhine burst upon us in all its beauty. The troops were formed in a hollow square in the quadrangle; the battlements above were crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Coblentz and its neighbourhood. It was a martial scene, and many a fair bosom heaved, and bright eye danced with delight, in contemplating the assembled chivalry of Prussia. Divine service, according to the rites of the Lutheran church, was celebrated, followed by a sermon, preached by a pale, ascetic-looking clergyman, whose solemn figure, sable habiliments, and black Geneva cap, recalled to the memory the martyrs of the olden time. On the conclusion of the sermon, the troops sang, in full, deep chorus, a solemn hymn. The effect was beautiful, and went immediately to the heart. Ere the last notes had died away—amid the deafening roar of the opening cannons, and the martial flourish of drums and trumpets—the black-eagled flag of Prussia rose majestically on its pole, giving its ample folds to the morning-breeze in lordly pride. The troops now broke into column, and marched back to their quarters. First passed the cavalry: the appearance of both men and horses was magnificent—the men looking fierce, and ready for the mêlée. Next came the infantry, with music in the measured tread of their platoons. The heavy roll of the guns, and the glitter of the arms of the troops as they wound round the descent, was extremely fine. Ere the rearmost platoon had quitted the quadrangle, we proceeded from the height on which we stood, the lancers crossing the Bridge of Boats on the Rhine, their pennons floating in the breeze—the wild notes of their trumpets sounding sweetly over the surface of the water. The scene I had witnessed was magnificent, and will long linger on the memory. I tarried for some time on the spot, to contemplate the magnificent prospect beneath me:—

> "A blending of all beauties: streams and dells,
> Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
> And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,
> From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells."

My guide pointed across the Rhine to the tomb of General Marceau. He had seen him fall. The incidents of this poor guide's career were

as romantic as the scenery we were admiring. The French revolution dragged him from his peaceful home. He had fought beneath the Pyramids—had retreated from before Torres Vedras—had mingled in the horrid butchery of the Borodino—had lighted his pipe at the embers of the burning palaces of Moscow—and, finally, had beheld the setting of the sun of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo. The benumbing influence which this event shed over the military world, extended itself to the narrow orbit in which he moved; he was disbanded, and now earned a miserable subsistence as a guide to the Rhine. This old veteran appeared to live on the memory of the past; and he spoke of his former chief in terms of melancholy enthusiasm.

The table d'hôte, at the Hôtel de Treves, was crowded. The upper part of the table was occupied by the officers of the garrison; the *truces et cerulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, et magna corpora,* distinguished them as strongly as they did their ancestors in the days of Tacitus. Near me sat two disbanded French officers of the old imperial army; their brows wore an air of gloomy disappointment; they inveighed bitterly against the Prussians, and said that, in the event of a war, in fifteen days the Rhine would again become the boundary of France. As I looked through the windows, the formidable works of Ehrenbreitstein appeared to frown a fierce defiance to this Gallic vaunt. The Prussians are entrenched up to their necks in the land; and it is not one, or even two, successful campaigns that would drive them beyond the Rhine. The Prussian army is, in every respect, the most effective in Europe, and will, in the event of an appeal to arms, cut out hard work for the French.

There were two young English officers of cavalry at table, on their way to the camp of instruction at Sane Louis; they were fine specimens of our military school, and I looked on them with feelings of pride. At the bottom of the table were seated an English lady and gentleman, who forcibly arrested my attention. The lady was beautiful, and has often since haunted my dreams; she had soft hazel eyes, a profusion of raven locks, and a classical paleness of complexion that we rarely meet with but in the sunny climes of the south. Her companion appeared to be in the last stage of a consumption, and was on his way to the genial climate of Italy, in the vain pursuit of health. The hand of death was already on his pallid brow; and, long ere he reached the frontiers of that sunny land, the beautiful creature by his side, who was turning her eyes on him with a look of thrilling anxiety and tender solicitude, was a widow, in the desolate loneliness of a foreign land.

POPE GREGORY AND THE PEAR-TREE.

Hugo Bon Compagno was one of the gayest of the gay children of the south. He had archness and vivacity—a bright eye and a ready tongue. He was the favourite of the neighbours, and was predestined by the monk who taught him Latin, to make a great figure in the world. Hugo had formed a close friendship with a youth about his own age,—the son of a gardener; in all respects his inferior, save in that plastic quality of temper that moulded itself to the will of others, and which by its docility made, very frequently, a far deeper impression on those who knew him, than the more apt and vivacious qualities of his patronizing companion. However, the two lads were firm friends, and in the day-dreams of boyhood, ere the warm impulses of our nature become chilled in the school of selfishness—ere, in our progress through the world, we imperceptibly imbibe so great a portion of its clay—the youths had but one hope, saw but one fortune for both. Wealth, if they gained any, was to be equally shared by them—honours, if they came, must be participated by either. So dreamt they in the delicious time of youth, so lived they in one of the liveliest spots of Italy,—at a village some few miles from Bologna. The world, as yet lay before them, an undiscovered country; they saw it, as the great navigator saw in his dreams, the distant yet unknown land: a halo of glory was about it—it was rich in fruits and flowers, and spicy forests and mines of gold.

At length, the time arrived, when this romantic region was to be explored. Hugo was to go into the world.—At the period of which we write, the church was the surest road to honour: and Hugo, as we have before implied, had that keen and subtle temperament, that untiring perseverance, and that aptitude for book-learning, which in those days were considered the indispensable requisites for one who, in ostensibly devoting himself to God, sought to grasp at temporal sway; and who, as he bowed with a seeming inward reverence to the Cross, leered with a miser's eye at Mammon and his heaps. Hugo was devoted to the church: he quitted his native village, and grown beyond childish years, and having cast away "all childish things," he became a monk, and in his function pored over that awful volume, so blotted with crime, so stained with tears, so confused, so scrawled with error—that mystery of mysteries—the human heart. Thus he laboured, all his thoughts and feelings attuned to one purpose—worldly ambition. His home, his relatives, the companions of his youth, the scenes of his boyhood—all, all were forgotten—the monk had killed the man.

"Well, Hugo," said Luigi, with a saddened air—"to-morrow you quit us: to-morrow you leave the village, and the saints alone know, if we shall ever meet again."

"Meet again, Luigi, and why not?—you will come and see me—I shall sometimes come here. We shall see one another often—very often."

"Yes—see one another! But you will only be to me as the ghost of a dead friend!"

"The ghost of a friend! Can I ever forget Luigi—my earliest playmate—the brother of my heart, though not of my blood?—Trust me, I shall ever love you."

"A monk love!—a monk has neither parents, nor friends!"

"No: he loves, with an equal affection, all mankind!"

"Aye—and only with all, must Luigi take his share. Farewell, Hugo, and the Virgin bless you:" and Luigi turned away with ill-concealed emotion, and endeavoured to proceed with his work. Hugo was likewise sensibly affected by the sincere passion of his friend. And let not the reader too hastily condemn the scene as weak and puerile—hitherto Luigi, although he had known and conceded to the superiority of Hugo, yet felt proud of the excellence that had cast its favour upon himself.—He now saw in it the cause of separation; he now felt that he was the humble Luigi, the gardener, destined to eat from his daily toil—and that Hugo, his earliest and choicest friend, was to be severed from him to pursue a path, it might be, of glory and renown. Luigi continued at his work.—

"What are you going to plant there, Luigi?" asked Hugo.

"A pear-tree—and it is said to be of a rare kind."

"Stay, let me help you," rejoined Hugo; and approaching Luigi, he assisted him in planting the young shrub, for it was little more. Whilst thus employed, they uttered not a word—each drew a sombre picture of the future, and for the time, Hugo felt that he could give up all hopes of the power and splendour, promised to him in his dreams, and in those reveries more delicious, though often as equally vain, as the visions of the night—that he could forego all temporal pomp, all spiritual dominion, rather than wound the honest heart beside him.—For a moment, the genius of the place seemed to ask him—"Why not abide here in the home of thy father—why not rest with us, and get thy food from the earth—why pant for the commerce of the world, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks?'" Ere the young tree stood supported by the earth, this feeling had subsided, as it had never risen, and Hugo stood again about to say farewell to Luigi, who looked at him with a look of mingled sorrow and distrust.

"Luigi," exclaimed Hugo, with sudden animation—"let this tree be as a covenant between us. As it stands, it is no unapt type of your friend. The rich earth is about its roots, and the 'dew will lie upon its branches;' with the blessings of the saints, it may put forth swelling buds and leaves, and rich and odorous fruit—and men may pluck refreshing sweetness from its boughs, and rejoice beneath their shade. So it may grow up, and so may it adorn the land that doth sustain it: and, Luigi, it may be that it may pine and shrink, and never put forth one green leaf—or blight may eat its buds, and canker gnaw its heart, and so, cut down, it may be cast upon the fire, and so may perish. Thus stands your friend: I shall be planted in the church, Luigi,—in that soil, rich with the flesh and blood of saints—heaven may rain its dews upon me, and I may put forth glorious fruit—and, Luigi, (the voice of the speaker became slightly tremulous)—these hopes may be a melancholy mockery of my fate—for I may perish, unknown, unhonoured, unregretted. I know not how to account for it, my mind is possessed by a sudden superstition—I feel, and it is an odd, perhaps an unchristian fancy, that this tree will be the symbol of my destiny: if it flourish, I shall prosper; if it fade, Hugo will decay too. But, however it may be, Luigi, the hearts of our youth shall, in their friendship, be the hearts of our old age. And though we shall meet, yes often meet, yet here I promise, that there is no time so distant, no state so high, that even though, parting here as youths, we never meet but as grey-headed men—that here embracing in this humble garden, we next encountered in the

halls of kings—I give my solemn word that you shall be to me the same Luigi, I the same Hugo."

Luigi grasped the hand of the speaker—"Heaven prosper you, Hugo—and forget not your friends—Remember, remember the pear-tree."

Hugo quitted his paternal home; years passed on, and whilst Luigi, a happy and contented man, tilled his ground and propped his vines, and saw his ruddy offspring flourishing around him—whilst he enjoyed that great gift of Paradise, "a country life," and lived in an atmosphere of serenity and sweetness, Hugo was toiling through the devious paths of church-craft, a childless man. He was a politician and a priest—then, more than ever, twin-flowers upon one stalk—he had advanced in dignity, and had almost within his grasp, that bright reality, the shadow of which had shone like a star upon his tide of life, and tempted him to ford all depths, to dare all dangers, to hold all toil as nought.

And Luigi lived on, and became an old man. His children's children frolicked under the shadow of the pear-tree, which shot up, and spread out, as though some spirit were specially charged to tend it.

"Ha!" cried Luigi, "'tis a rare crop;" as two of his grandchildren, perched in the boughs, plucked the fruit, and threw it into the laps of their little sisters, who piled it in two large baskets—"'tis a rare crop," repeated Luigi, "and if Hugo bear but half as much, there are few richer among the brotherhood. He said, as this tree flourished, so should he prosper: he was a true prophet; though 'tis well he left something behind to inform me of his increasing greatness—it seems I should never have known it from himself."

Hugo had, shortly after his departure, forgotten his friend, who, however, continued to tread the same humble, happy path, in which he had at first set out. He had had nothing to disquiet him, no losses, no family afflictions; the dove, peace, had always nestled in his cot—and it was not until the old man was bending downwards to the grave, that misfortune threatened his hearth-stone.

A man of high birth and immense wealth had built a magnificent palazzo in the neighbourhood of Luigi's cottage. This man was connected by marriage, with the family of Hugo. He was purse-proud and despotic, making of his gold a sword against the poor. One day, it was his arrogant whim that the cottage of the gardener interfered with the beauty of the prospect from the palazzo. It was almost instantly conveyed to Luigi, that he must seek another abode, as the land on which the house was built, together with the gardens, belonging to his potent neighbour, were to be devoted to other purposes. The intelligence fell with a heavy blow upon the old man. To leave the cottage—the roof under which himself, his fathers, were born—to quit his gardens, his trees, things which, next to his own children, he loved with a yearning affection—the very thought of it appeared to him a kind of death. He refused to quit—he remonstrated—implored: it was of no avail—the cottage interfered with the prospect.

One evening the old man, half bewildered, had returned from a fruitless journey to the palazzo. He sat down in his garden, and looked with swimming eyes upon his mirthful children (heedless pretty ones, whose very happiness gives a deeper melancholy to a house of sorrow); shocked and wounded by the tyranny of his landlord, he glanced at Hugo's Pear-Tree—(for so he always called it). The old man leapt from his seat—his resolution was taken—he would go to Rome—he

would, as a last hope, strive to find some part of his boyish playmate Hugo, in the wrinkled, politic churchman. All things were soon ordered for his journey, and he quitted the cottage, bearing with him a small basket, filled with the finest pears plucked from Hugo's tree. Luigi arrived in Rome—and now, with a sinking heart, now with a confidence based on honest pride, he sought the presence of the Holy Father. Appearing before the servants of his Holiness, Luigi asked for an audience of Messer Hugo Bon Compagno? When reminded of this unbecoming familiarity, Luigi replied, that he knew not Pope Gregory XIII., but was a dear friend of Hugo's, and therefore demanded to see his companion, not caring, he said, to trouble the pope.

To this Luigi obstinately adhered, continually urging, with great earnestness, that he should be admitted to the presence of his early comrade. There was a simplicity in the old man's manner that for once won upon the minions of the great; and the strange demand of Luigi being reported to his Holiness, he was with great ceremony ushered before the sovereign Pontiff—before the man who was courted by emperors, flattered by kings. All retired, and the rustic and God's vicar upon earth were confronted.

How changed, since the friends had last met!—Then they were, at least in fortunes, almost equal. Now, one was bent beneath the load of empire—worshipped as one only "a little lower than the angels"—the triple crown upon his head—St. Peter's keys within his hand. What has the poor gardener to shew against all these?—a basket of pears!

"Now, my son," said Pope Gregory—"you sought Hugo Bon Compagno—you find him in Gregory the Thirteenth. What ask you at his hands?"

"Justice, most holy father—justice and no favour."

"Speak."

"I made with another, in my time of youth, a mutual compact of kindness and protection—we vowed that whichever should prosper in his fortune, should serve and assist the other."

"It was a Christian promise. Well? Stand you in need of succour?"

"Most grievously—oppression has come upon me in my old age."

"And your friend forsakes you in your need? Have you witnesses to the compact of which you speak?"

"Yes—this basket of pears!"

"Pears!" cried the pontiff, and light darted from his eyes as he fixed them earnestly on Luigi—

"We planted the tree on which they grew—'Let this tree be a covenant between us'—were the words of my companion. He and the tree have flourished: for forty years that tree has never failed; for every year it hath brought forth a crop of luscious fruit—and I have sat beneath that tree and wondered how it could be so bountiful to me, when he who helped to plant it, he who was bending beneath his honours and his wealth, had forgotten to send me even a single pear."

"Luigi—Luigi," exclaimed the pontiff, and with a face crimsoned with blushes, he threw his arms about the rustic!—*Their grey heads lay on each other's shoulder.* Thus they continued for some moments, and then Luigi, stooping to the basket, presented a pear to Gregory: he took it, and looking at it, burst into tears.

Luigi kept his cottage. J.

"CONSOLATIONS" IN CHOLERA.

That the cholera will cross the Channel before the reform-bill shall have passed the House of Lords, or before certain noble senators have exhausted their eloquence in defending the assassin of the old Marquis de Loulé, or before the *non-illuminated* have caused the broken windows of their mansions to be mended, can scarcely admit of much doubt, when we look at the rapid strides this greatest of all reformers has already made into the heart of Germany. At all events it may be quite as well, even if it never reaches our own shores, to turn a greater share of our attention to the means of opposing the progress of this malady, and whilst scientific men are yet at variance respecting its contagious or non-contagious qualities, to adopt all the means placed within our power, to prevent the sacrifice of human life to the yet unsettled opinions of its nature.

If during the fierce disputes which have always, and ever will prevail, on the subject of epidemics, the common consent of all the disputants could but be obtained to a system of precaution, which would include the resistance of attacks either from contagion or infection, then, without any derogation to science, the epidemics which so often ravage Europe, and particularly the Mediterranean coast of Spain, might possibly be attended with a much smaller loss of life; but unfortunately theorists have hitherto found a pride in maintaining doctrines formed previous to any entrance on the arena of the malady, where alone circumstances should assist in forming their conclusions, which are too often the cherished decision of closet-studies, or, what is still worse, interested views. Such was the variety of opinions regarding the nature of the late epidemic at Gibraltar, that one physician daily swallowed the "*vomito negro*" to prove its non-contagious power, whilst another conversed with his patients at the end of a long stick, and with averted head, lest a nearer approach should communicate the disease. Experiments according to the notions of each particular party were consequently practised, and no single combined system of cure observed, because prejudice could not be conquered.*

If it be not too hazardous a step to pronounce an opinion derived from mere experience, amidst the conflict of scientific ones which exist, the precaution might not be found without its use, nor totally disregardful of the health of the people of these realms, if the cholera morbus were considered as a disease communicable, either from the breath of infected persons, or by means of conducting substances, such as hemp, wool, &c., from which effluvia may arise to poison the atmosphere, and propagate the pestilence. In this light it becomes the legislature not only to enforce quarantine regulations against passengers, but also to cause a

* Until Dr. Pym's arrival in Gibraltar in 1828 no uniform system of cure or precaution was adopted. It is curious to reflect on the composition of the board of inquiry government instituted at this time, to consider the nature of the disease. Two of the members of this board were the town major and the captain of the port. In case the fever had been pronounced indigenous, the town major would have been displaced for suffering a surplus population to collect in the garrison. If imported, the captain of the port would have been equally disgraced for a relaxation of the quarantine laws. Yet amidst this heterogeneous mixture government hoped to elicit impartial opinions.

regular and strict expurgation of all merchandize coming from suspected ports or places.

Lest these remarks should cause it to be supposed that some dissertation on infectious diseases is here intended, I must at once declare that such is not the case; it is only meant to record some of the moral features of the epidemics which have occurred in the garrison of Gibraltar —hitherto the most fertile field in Europe for the study of contagious disease.

It is well known that many of the present inhabitants of the rock have accumulated great riches merely from the frequent recurrence of epidemics. Now that their treatment is somewhat better understood, and that fear, that worst of all infections, has not as formerly abolished all police regulations, the chances of making fortunes by these events are considerably diminished; add to which, the present registration of landed property prevents the accidental holders of title deeds from appropriating to themselves houses or lands, which the death of the real owners induced them to convert to their own use. During the fever of 1804, the houses of sick individuals were openly plundered at mid-day of every valuable they contained. The family of a Portuguese lady, who had all fallen victims to the epidemic, had been successively carried to their graves, she alone lay abandoned on her bed, with just sufficient of sense left to see what was passing around her. A neighbour, who had hoped that there would be no kind friend at home to receive her visit, came to the house, and under the impression that her conduct was unwitnessed by any living being, proceeded to rifle the drawers of some valuable jewellery, with which she decamped. The Portuguese lady, contrary to expectation, recovered; as soon as she was able to walk, she returned her neighbour's visit, intent on reproaching her with the theft, but death had laid his cold hand on the offender, who was extended on the floor a corpse. Under these circumstances, to take possession of what was her own property the lady conceived was perfectly justifiable. In the act of helping herself the police entered the house to remove the dead bodies, and found her in the act of carrying off the jewellery. In vain did she protest the property was her own; the appeal was useless, she was hurried off to prison, and as soon as the fever had subsided was brought to trial. Fortunately the parties yet lived of whom the Portuguese doña had purchased the trinkets; these lent some weight to the story she told in her defence, and when the possession of the ornaments came to be contrasted with the notorious poverty of the woman who had died, the prisoner's innocence became apparent.

At this time the living were scarcely sufficient in number to bury the dead; delinquents imprisoned for crime were offered their liberty on condition of undertaking that office. Even those under sentence of death were pardoned for this purpose. Four mutineers, soldiers of one of the Irish regiments in the garrison, had been condemned to be shot at the period of the commencement of the epidemic. They had taken a final leave of their wives and children on the morning of execution, and were conveyed to "Bay-side" to undergo the sentence of the court-martial. Their eyes were bandaged, and they had already fallen on their knees, when, ere the platoon received the word "to fire," the town-major stepped up to the culprits, and told them, on condition of their devoting their lives to the care of the sick and the burial of the dead throughout the duration

of the fever, his excellency the governor consented to grant them a free pardon. The poor wretches, already half dead with fright, could scarcely believe the words addressed to them, but as soon as their scattered senses comprehended the proposal, they joyfully assented to the terms. Being set at liberty joy lent them wings, they took to their heels, contending with each other which should gain the barrack-yard first to communicate the joyous intelligence to their families. Here all the women and children, belonging to the different regiments of the garrison, had assembled to join in the wailing and lamentation customary with the lower class of Irish on these occasions. Uttering the wild shouts so peculiar to their country, the four men with reversed jackets, and bandages with which their eyes had been bound still hanging loosely round their heads, bounded into the barrack-yard to the great terror and astonishment of the women and children, who had already commenced the most dismal howlings, concluding this world had closed upon the condemned. Confusion and dismay now seized every one present; their natural superstition lead them to suppose these were but the apparitions of the deceased. A cry of "ghosts!" was raised. Some of the women ran distractedly screaming to and fro, whilst the more bold shared in silent trembling the general panic. On three of the four wives of the soldiers, the yet unexplained phenomenon of their husbands' reappearance had a fatal effect. Strong hysterics seized their frames, as they viewed with streaming eyes, and indistinct vision, the supposed spectres. The pardon of the men was the death-blow of their wives, who never recovered from the fearful effects of that sudden surprise. The poor fellows, however, braved the fever in its direst forms, and all except one survived its fury.

One third of the population of the garrison were at this time swept off. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, and Mahommedan were buried in one common grave. The cries of the sick and dying resounded from the houses and ships. The heavy rumbling of the dead-cart was constantly heard in the streets. Coffins, of rough deal, lay piled in pyramids in the market-places. The scene of desolation was such as may not be painted too minutely, but it may be easily imagined how every way terrific are these scourges of Providence, if we for a moment picture the ties of kindred or of love broken and despised—every one intent on individual safety—flying from death in one shape but to meet it in another!

The extreme danger resulting from any unnecessary detention of a corpse above ground, in so hot a climate, gave rise to some ludicrously tragic events, which in the general dark picture of an epidemic may almost be considered the only endurable relief.

A Genoese captain, from whose body the breath had scarcely escaped, was placed in a shell for interment; the evening gun told at this time the closing of the garrison gates, outside of which was the burial ground. The corpse was consequently allowed to remain in the apartment where it laid, till the following morning. The mate of the vessel to which the captain belonged, calling at the captain's house to ascertain his fate, was informed that he was dead, and already nailed down in his coffin. The mate recollected the captain wore a pair of gold ear-rings, and deeming it a pity these should be interred with the body, watched a convenient opportunity to steal up-stairs, when he removed the lid from the coffin, and proceeded to detach the ear-rings from the captain's ears. One of

these did not easily yield; the mate thinking at the moment he overheard footsteps on the stairs, attempted to force the ornament from the ear, and in so doing tore away part of the flesh. Blood instantly spirted from the wound, and with a deep groan the Genoese slowly raised himself from his narrow bed! The mate was filled with terror; he threw himself on his knees, and implored all the saints in the calender to pardon the sacrilege he had committed. He declared he meant no harm to any one! When the mutual surprise had so far subsided as to admit of an explanation of their relative situations, it was discovered that the captain had been too speedily deposited in his coffin. He embraced the mate, and prayed heaven to reward instead of punishing him, for only tearing off his ear, whereby he had prevented him from being buried alive!

Benito Soto, the pirate, who was imprisoned at Gibraltar, during the epidemic of 1828, nearly succeeded in getting himself removed from his prison, by ingeniously colouring his face with yellow ochre, and his tongue with ink. In this state he was found by the gaoler, extended on the floor of his cell. So frightful did his condition appear that even those who had taken pains to innoculate themselves with the disease, were afraid to approach him. Reflection, however, on the symptoms of his case, led to the suspicion that some hoax was intended. He was consequently strictly watched, and the trick was discovered. Instead of being conveyed to the hospital, as he expected, where he would not have found it difficult to make his escape, he was more closely confined than ever. This imposture having failed, he subsequently attempted to commit suicide, which, from the cares of Mr. Scrogie, one of the garrison staff, who presides at the farewell ceremonial of culprits, he was prevented from effectually accomplishing.

The over-crowded population of Gibraltar, during the last fever in this place, filled with just alarm the *sinecurists*, who had so long enjoyed the fruits of office; they perceived the attention of the government at home would now necessarily be drawn to the state of the population in the garrison, and therefore adopted every expedient to reduce the amount of its numbers, and amongst other measures, strictly prohibited the re-entrance into the town of all the Spanish emigrants, who had been encamped, during the fever, on the neutral ground. Orders were given to the inspectors at the different gates to prevent their admission. Towards the close of the fever the ingenuity of these gentlemen was roused to devise means to escape the vigilance of the gate-keepers. The dead-carts, which, from the regularity of their arrivals and departures, had been compared to stages, and had been actually nick-named "The Swan," "The Defiance," "The Black Vomit," &c. &c. were pitched upon, on account of their fitness for concealment, as an excellent means of serving their purpose. A party of these ill-fated men bargained with the driver to carry them into the garrison, which being agreed on, they were placed within the vehicle, and conveyed without observation to their place of destination. They had scarcely, however, descended from the pestiferous cage in which they had been confined, ere they were seized with the worst symptoms of the yellow-fever, the carts being strongly impregnated with the contagion. Contrary to their expectations, they all fell victims to their temerity; and were soon after removed in the same conveyance to their graves.

The frightful ravages this disease made at Barcelona in the year 1823, exhibited the fear the Spaniards still entertained of it. The medical men despatched from Algesiras to visit the Gibraltar hospitals, after examination of the sick, declared the malady to be nothing more than bilious intermittent fever, an opinion which for a short time greatly delighted some English medical sages, who exultingly reported that the Spanish physicians had but confirmed their own ideas of the nature of the disease. Few hours, however, had elapsed ere their eyes were opened to the true opinion of the Spanish doctors. On the arrival of the latter at the Spanish lines, on their return to Algesiras, the commandant was informed that a yellow fever, of the most virulent description, existed in the garrison. All communication was immediately suspended, and a military cordon was formed across the peninsular which connects Gibraltar with Spain, thus preventing any entrance of the English residents into the neighbouring country. Birds or beasts which accidentally crossed the cordon were at this time pursued and shot. The Spaniards were prohibited from eating fish, being told that the English were in the habit of casting dead bodies into the sea, which, by poisoning these animals, might communicate the disease. The inhabitants of the garrison were even forbid to sail along the Spanish shore on pain of death, which latter prohibition had nearly proved fatal to the writer. A sudden breeze prevented a boat, in which he was sailing, from tacking at the required moment, and carried him involuntarily beyond a jetty which had been marked out as a boundary by the sea line. A volley of musquetry from the shore, which made sundry apertures in the flapping sail, soon told that a choice between that of being drowned or shot was extremely probable; the former alternative was chosen: leaving the boat to drive before the wind, he jumped over-board, and strove, by swimming, to regain the English territory, but "ere he could arrive the point proposed" he became exhausted, and, as is usual, just previous to sinking, felt all the strange sensations antecedent to such a death, which those who have been in similar situations can alone appreciate. With just sufficient sense left to know that the rays of the bright sun, which shone full on his face, as he lay floating upon the water, were the last he should ever see, he bade farewell to its light; and at the same moment he was grasped by a stout hand, who, regardless of danger, and instigated by the suggestion of a brave and noble heart, buffeted the contending waves, and drew the tired swimmer to the shore.

S. B.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

LANDER's discovery of the mouth of the Niger, has turned public interest once more to Africa, and there may now be at last a rational hope of establishing some useful communication with its people, discovering some portion of the natural riches of a land fertile beyond all conception, where it is fertile at all; and perhaps ameliorating the social condition of those millions of mankind who have been from the earliest ages condemned to be the victims of their own ignorance, and of the avarice of every other people of the globe.

Those who scoff at every thing, may scoff at the idea that providence takes any care about those matters. But there may be no superstition in thinking that there is a striking coincidence between this great discovery of a path into the heart of Africa, and the present perfection of the steam-boat; and that the honour of the discovery, and perhaps its first and most direct advantages, are given to the nation which first declared against the sale of the unhappy African, and which, to this hour, holds an unremitting and most righteous struggle against the incorrigible and hideous avarice of the European slave-traders. The entire of Western, and what is called central Africa, are unquestionably laid open by the discovery of the mouth of the Niger, and by the access thus given to the numerous rivers which branch off from its course, and which intersect nearly the whole of the middle country. But there is still a vast country, the table-land of Africa, totally unexplored, and of which we even can conjecture little; but, by judging from other table-lands, that its climate is temperate, its population naturally numerous, and that in it we shall probably make the finest and most useful discoveries of natural produce and mineral opulence.

The extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and it lies directly under the sun's path; the equator almost intersecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions to the north and south. The sun is *always vertical*, somewhere, in Africa. In Major Head's ingenious Life of Bruce, he observes, that "what is marked by nature, on our European scale of climate, as excess of heat, is all that the African knows of the luxury of cold, except what is produced by elevation or evaporation." It is two thousand five hundred miles from the equator to its northern boundary, the Mediterranean, and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope. The great question with men of humanity and common sense is, how this mighty continent can be civilized, made happy, and made a contributor to the general happiness and wealth of the world. In this view, we entirely agree with the author of the life of Bruce. Nothing has been made in vain. The Creator had made no country, for the express purpose of defying the activity or benevolent ingenuity of man. All is capable of being turned to good if we but use the means. The earth was undoubtedly made to submit to the mastery of man, and the vast and curious inventions of late years seem to have been put into our hands for the purpose of expediting that mastery. It is not improbable that the discovery of America was *delayed*, until the peaceful state of Europe, the commercial activity of its people, and the adoption of settled governments, rendered it capable of taking advantage of that

magnificent discovery. It is observable, that the discovery originated in no striking improvement of either ships or seamanship at the time. The European ships and sailors had been for centuries as good as those which first touched at America. But if the discovery had been made under the Roman empire, it would have been probably neglected by a people who were engrossed with war, and who despised commerce, and hated the sea. If in the dark ages, it would have probably been equally neglected among the furious feuds of the little European powers, too little to bear the expense of remote expeditions, living from day to day on the plunder of friend and enemy, distracted by perpetual change, and generally perishing as soon as they rose. The only use which they would have made of America, would be as a place of refuge to some defeated chieftain and his half savage followers. But a time came, when the Crusades had relieved the European cities of the weight of baronial tyranny, when the sudden opulence of Venice, arising from its eastern intercourse, awoke mankind to the value of commerce, and when the leading sovereign of Europe, Ferdinand, the ruler of the most chivalric and daring nation of the fifteenth century, had just flung off the tremendous pressure of the Moorish wars. And then, and at that moment, was divided before the Spanish keel the mighty barrier, which had shut out America from the eye of mankind since the creation.

If Africa, so long known, and so close to the most civilized and inquiring regions of the world, should have remained to this day scarcely less shut out than America, we may well ask, how could we expect to have the treasures of this land given to us, while Europe was guilty of the slave-trade, while, if we could have penetrated the hidden glories of this fourth of the creation, it would have been only to spread more misery, to shed more blood, to fill it with the moral contagion of the most corrupting of all traffic, to inflame more savages to fury and massacre by our temptations, and finally to drag more human beings from their country, to perish thousands of miles from their home. The time has certainly arrived when this trade, which it is no violence of language to call Satanic, has received its death-blow, at least in England, and the time may not be remote when we shall be summoned to apply the national vigour to open up the treasures of Africa. "It is not unreasonable to hope that the whole southern continent may be given over to our tutelage, and that England, the great depository of freedom, knowledge, and religion, may be the elected guardian of the *infancy* of Africa. Our extraordinary advances in machinery, and the general command over the powers of nature, a command which seems to have been almost exclusively confided to this nation, have not been given for nothing, and important as they are to the increase of our wealth and comforts at home, we shall yet see them operating through the world on the colossal scale, suited to the wants of nations. The very fact that our powers of steam and machinery are so rapidly increasing, that we literally can hardly imagine to what known obstacle we shall have to apply them, tends to shew that there must remain something very important in this world for man to do. In short, the enormous tools which nature is placing in our hands, clearly foretell that she has some wonderful work for us to perform, and therefore, instead of calculating, as many people do, for instance, how long our coals are to last us, and in how many years hence we are unavoidably to be left in cold and darkness; is it not justice to believe, that with our new powers, we shall obtain new

resources, and that the wisdom of nature will continue to bloom when the idle fears and theories of the day have faded away and perished.

The hope of civilizing Africa, must depend on its being made fit to sustain civilized communities, which from its present natural constitution it is unfit to do; one immense portion of it being overspread with barren sands, and another being alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Between the tropics it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country. The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irrigation, and the direct result is, a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat and excessive moisture first come in full combination. Yet for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence; so deadly from its miasmata, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendous fierceness of the sun, than the agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation checks the air, and all is fever and death.

We see that the whole question turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortune of Africa; and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave, or a nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of nature. It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wildernesses of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth, if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert, vegetation where ever there is a well, and a little colony, surrounded by woods and rich fields, where ever there is any thing like a regular supply of water. The grand problem would be to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of Central Africa, into regions now condemned to perpetual dryness. The results would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil, and to water the burning sand alike into fertility; in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest: and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages.

The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, this central belt is so lofty that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the lake Tchad, one of the reservoirs of those rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it towards the south was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached, at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. To use Major Head's words, "It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above the thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now pollute the

climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean; would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of travellers, by a scientific reconnoisance, to determine (only in theory, for theory must in this case long precede practice, and with the practice, after all, *we* can have little or nothing to do) what would be the difficulties attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying tourniquets upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."

We fully agree in this conception, gigantic as it is, and difficult as its execution may seem. It would be a truly noble object of inquiry; and would be worth all the idle ramblings of our dilettanti in Egypt—that fashionable lounge—to the last days of the earth. But we greatly doubt the *veto,* that we can have but little to do with the practical part of the change, if it shall take place. If it be ever done, it will be done by England. It is our boast, and deservedly so, that no work of palpable good ever wanted protection in our country, nor the ability to carry it into execution, when once fairly undertaken: and there are some curious instances which may take off our alarm at the difficulty. The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple water-course. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sun-beams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had a quarrel with the Divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock," out of which Egypt drank. There is a remarkable instance too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lalibala the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The true points in which those conceptions should be viewed, are their use to Africa, their use to mankind in general, and their especial honour to England. It is a matter of great importance to have a direct object of acknowledged utility in our researches in a foreign country. Hitherto in Africa we have had scarcely any, or the mouth of the Niger alone. Our travellers have all set out on a hunt for Timbuctoo, of which nobody knew what possible good could be derived from the discovery. But Timbuctoo had been said by some fabling Moor to be a second Paris or London, with only the addition that gold was the paving of the streets. A crowd of able and active minds have been lost to their country in this wild-goose-chase after an Eldorado, which after all turns out to be nothing more than a collection of filthy huts, in the heart of a desert. Bruce, a man of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and mental and personal activity, wasted his health, his wealth, and his years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But the expedition to discover the means of pouring fertility into the wilderness, and giving health to the tropical regions of Africa, would be among the noblest that can be undertaken by the benevolent ambition of man. That there are vast districts where drainage could be effected with very simple means, and equally vast ones where water might be collected and preserved to supply the failure of the rivers in the dry season, is well

known. On such a subject, though rashness may be deprecated, it would be criminal to despair. We must remember, that "the difficulties will not increase, while our powers are hourly increasing;" and in this good spirit let us turn to the service of human nature our last grand discovery of the Niger.

But it is a higher consideration still, that by giving health and fertility to Africa we should be actually taking the most direct way to elevate the character of its innumerable tribes. The tyranny of the petty kings is almost wholly founded on the poverty of their people, on their ignorance of every thing, and their unacquaintance with the arts and comforts of European life. The poverty of their kings themselves drives them to the horrid resource of the slave-trade, itself reacting on every feature of the national character. Africa undivided by its enormous deserts, and with the spirit of man unbroken in it by perpetual disease and poverty, would not long remain without making advances in liberty, knowledge, virtue, and as the combined result and protector of them all, in Christianity.

Our intercourse, unstained by the indescribable pollution of the slave-trade, would rapidly excite the tribes to the employment of their natural powers, and by a wise and well regulated commerce we *must* rapidly rescue those benighted millions of our fellow-men from fetters heavier and more fatal than all that were ever forged of iron. And all this might be done without the most trivial coercion, and with the most direct advantage to ourselves. "In all countries under the sun there is one great road that leads directly to every man's heart, his own interest."—If we were calmly to offer to those people the information that we possess, and give them gratis the inestimable benefits which science can bestow upon rude labour: if we were to offer to the poor woman a wheel for her draw-well—to the people who pound their corn in a mortar, a simple method of grinding it—if we would by a common filter sweeten for them impure water, and by an herb lull the painful disorder which it creates—if we would come forward to replace a dislocated limb—if we could shew manure, unknown, lying in the soil before them—and on the greater scale, if we would explain to those people, that by a very simple operation immense districts of their vast country might be either irrigated or drained—in short, if, on great subjects as well as small, we were chemically and mechanically to assist them, we should undoubtedly find that the general good qualities of a mind truly civilized, would, in Africa, as well as elsewhere, be fully appreciated, that our fame would justly extend, and that every tribe and nation would be eager to receive us. The following sketch of the rivers of Africa, shews what vast floods the tropical rains pour down, and how little founded is the complaint which charges Africa with general want of water.

"The only river of consequence which empties itself into the Mediterranean is the Nile. It is the longest river in the whole Continent, being navigable about four hundred and fifty miles from the sea. The greatest velocity of the stream is three miles an hour. The rivers in the Barbary States, which run into the Mediterranean and Atlantic, are very insignificant.

"There is no stream deserving notice on the western coast from Morocco to the Senegal.

"From the river Senegal, along the coast of Guinea to the equator, there is more water discharged into the ocean than from any other part of Africa—probably more than from all the rest of that Continent put together. The

Senegal has a course of about one thousand miles; is navigable for sixty leagues from its mouth, in all seasons; and, in the rainy season, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons can go two hundred and sixty leagues from the sea.

"The next river of importance is the Gambia. It is navigable for vessels of three hundred tons for sixty leagues. The tide is felt, in the dry season, at the distance of two hundred and fifty leagues. For the first three months, even of this season, the current is so strong that vessels cannot ascend the stream.

"The next river is the St. Domingo, then the Rio Grande, navigable for vessels about twenty leagues, and for large boats about forty leagues farther. From this river, or more properly from the Gambia to the river Mesurado, the country being flat, the rivers are often united a considerable distance up the country, when they branch off, and discharge themselves into the sea in distinct streams.

"The Mesurado is a large river, so is the Sierra Leone river. Then follow the Ancobar, St. John's, Volta, and Formosa rivers. The latter can be ascended twenty-eight leagues.

"From Formosa river are the Rio dos Forcados, the Bonny, the New Calabar, the Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey. These are very large rivers, and not well known. The country about here is low; and these streams intersect the land in every direction, and form numerous islands.

"Turning southward is the river Cameroons, which has several mouths, but its size has not been ascertained. Then succeed several smaller streams, till we arrive at the Congo or Zaire river, which is very large and rapid, discolouring the sea for a considerable distance, and tearing away large pieces from its banks.

"South of the Congo, for about six hundred miles, there are several rivers of a good size; many of them will admit vessels of one hundred tons. After that, for about eight hundred miles, there is not a single stream of fresh water till we come to the Fish river. Then follows the Orange river, which, although it has a considerable length of course, does not discharge much water into the sea.

"There are several considerable streams in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as on the east coast of Africa, the largest of which is the Eramo or Zambese, which has a course of about one hundred and eighty leagues. The rest are much smaller, but none of these are well known, though many of them are large and deep at their entrances.

"The Decra river, which runs into the Indian ocean to the north of the equator, is very large at its mouth, and is supposed to take its rise in the mountains south of Abyssinia. Beyond this there are no rivers of consequence till we reach the Nile, and indeed it is not known that there is a single stream of fresh water discharged into the Red Sea."

Such is the continent newly opened; for we must call Africa a closed world to us, until the discovery of the connection of the Niger with the ocean. Such are the means of access given to us, now that we have purified our hands of the abomination of man-selling, and that we are masters of that most extraordinary means for defying tide and storm, which steam has given. A great duty is imposed upon us, and England is not what she was, if she does not instantly proceed to fulfil it, and that nobly.

PROPOSALS FOR ABOLISHING THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER. BY A RETIRED SPORTSMAN.

The first of September, and the first of April, are the only days in the year to which I have strong objections. The fifth of November is also no particular favourite of mine, though it serves to keep up my abhorrence of the Pope. Why I dislike the first of April I need not say—but why I utterly abominate the first of September I have sundry good and efficient reasons sufficiently powerful. Only let the humane reader take into consideration the fate of those unhappy ornithological bipeds, (to speak scientifically,) who are thus annually deprived of their short-lived existence. Wilberforce, are you thrashing your nigger?—Martin, are you starving a donkey?—that you allow this worse than slavery, this horrible cruelty to pass unnoticed. What is slavery compared to the life of a partridge? What is cruelty in comparison to its fate? Talk of thrashing a nigger, what's that to basting a pheasant? Talk of rubbing red pepper into the back of a slave when he shews symptoms of insubordination, what's that to the cayenne and lemon juice thrown upon his body when the poor bird gives indications of being on the go? Mr. Martin described the sufferings of animals with an eloquence as great as if he had himself endured them. Let him be placed on Wimbledon Common, and allow himself to be shot at by innumerable cockneys, till some one puts him out of his misery—then let him undergo the various operations of plucking, skewering, basting, and cayenne-and-lemon-juicing:—let him be eaten with bread sauce, and his bones thrown to the dogs; and *then* let me ask him if he ever felt, or saw, or read of any thing half so cruel in the whole course of his philanthropic existence? There is no disputing such an argument; and I entertain great hopes that after passing the Reform Bill, ministers will bring in a bill for abolishing the first of September. Let them talk of the good qualities of the blacks, let them praise the usefulness of domestic animals; but to a brave nation such as Great Britain, no virtue can be of half so much importance as that of being game to the back-bone. *Ex officio* informations should be brought against Manton, Egg, and such as are in the habit of persuading others to break the peace, and spread inflammatory reports.

I may be asked what motives induce me to attempt spoiling other people's sport. I say, the most disinterested that ever influenced frail humanity. I have known, seen, and felt all kinds of sport, and have always found it, however pleasing at the commencement, most unprofitable at the conclusion. I have had painful experience of the fact, and will relate the result of that experience for the edification of all those who are interested in this most momentous subject.

I was always fond of sport. I recollect my first essay was against the finned race, and it took place shortly after I had been initiated into the glory of frock and trowsers. I had previously observed boys of all ages, by the banks of a pond near our house, pursuing their piscatory avocations, who used to carry away with them their tiny prey alive in a wine-bottle, or a pickling-jar filled with water. I saw nothing in the pond but a few consumptive looking dogs, who, if I were to fish there all day would never honour me with a *bite*—doubtless for various good reasons of their own into which I have not inquired; and some unfortunate kittens who had been deprived of their existence for sundry

unanswerable arguments in political economy, (for which see Malthus). But I had ocular demonstration that some very fine fish nearly half an inch long, inhabited those waters; for I saw them hooked, and bottled off for home-consumption. I was an Izaak Walton in embryo, and declared war against the tittlebats. Clandestinely I procured the best part of a ball of thread from my mother's work-box, and luckily found a bent pin admirably adapted for my murderous intentions. These I joined together, affixed a worm to one, and my father's riding-stick to the other, and then sallied out to the enjoyment of my first day's sport. Nibbles I had innumerable, but I was at first too eager, and lost every chance. As I became more disappointed, the fish became more shy. I watched the bait with as much anxiety as an expected heir watches the last symptoms in a rich relation. At last I saw one of the scaly tribe, larger than the rest, swim several times round the bait, and look at it with rather a suspicious eye; after a time his doubts cleared up, or perhaps it had *wormed* itself into his confidence, for he opened his capacious jaws and swallowed it with as much ease as a whale would a jolly-boat. I was overjoyed with my prize, but had unfortunately forgotten to bring with me any vessel in which to carry him home. I thought of a happy expedient; that very morning for the first time I wore a handsome new white hat; without a moment's hesitation I snatched it off my head, scooped out some water with it from the pond, put in my fish, and marched homeward with a very exalted idea of my own cleverness at having discovered a new hat to be useful for more purposes than one. Near home I met my father, who had gone out in search of me. On I went in full confidence of being rewarded with all the halfpence in his coat-pocket for my skill and dexterity. I exultingly told him my history, in confirmation of which there was the water oozing out of my unfortunate beaver, which had undergone considerable alteration both in colour and shape. As soon as he saw its deplorable condition,—but it will be enough to say, that, as was also the case with the fish above mentioned—I *caught* it.

I grew up more fond of sport than ever. My father had a considerable freehold property, with game preserves; but although he was exceedingly fond of shooting, he gave strict orders to the servants not to allow me on any occasion to handle a gun. I was therefore confined to bows and arrows, and other missiles, which teach "the young idea how to shoot," and occasionally did considerable execution among the tomtits and other small-birds. This I soon grew tired of. I panted for higher game. I tried to coax the game-keeper, but without success. I attempted to bribe the other servants with as little effect. Then I bethought me of a boy on the estate, who had a gun for the purpose of keeping the rooks off the corn. He was a poor half-starved, tattered rascal—in fact a *living* scarecrow. He had a sort of den under the cover of a thickset hedge, at one extremity of the field. I got into his good graces by bringing to him something more palatable than his ordinary diet; things I had stolen from the larder for that purpose; and while he was eating I scared away the rooks by shouting at them. Things went on admirably. He taught me how to load a gun and fire it off, and allowed me to handle it. His was an old heavy one, with a touch-hole wherein I could nearly put my little finger. I longed to shoot a hare, but he was only allowed powder, and I knew that without shot I had but small chance of killing one. To supply the defect, I picked up in the gravel-

paths, a number of nice little round white pebbles about the size of swan-shot; these I kept in my pocket till a proper occasion for their use presented itself. One day when the boy had gone into the next field to cut a turnip for a dessert after his dinner, and had left the gun in my care, I put in nearly a handful of these little round pebbles, rammed them well down with stiff brown paper, put in plenty of priming, and then with the gun upon half-cock, I went in search of game. There was a path, on each side of which were plantations; and I knew I should find there hares in plenty, and rabbits out of number. I got there with all speed, approached on tiptoe along the grassy edges of the path, and beheld four hares nearly within shot, scratching up the gravel, and then scattering the dust with their hind legs with the greatest impudence imaginable. I hid myself behind a tree, cocked my gun, and waited for them. In a short time a fine jack-hare came within a few yards. I put the gun to my shoulder—took aim—shut my eyes, and pulled the trigger. I heard a bang—and felt one, which sent me nearly lifeless on the ground. When I recovered, I found myself lying in my own bed with a dislocated shoulder.

After that I was sent to school that I might be out of the way of mischief. Here I contrived to have a little sport occasionally. It was the custom of our worthy dominie during the summer season to take us out every Saturday to angle in a brook within about a couple of miles of his "Establishment." For this he had two good purposes in view, it went to the increase of our health, and to the reduction of his expenses; for the proceeds of the Saturday's sport always went to the Sunday's dinner. When we had caught as many as we could, we put away our lines and hooks, divested ourselves of all external covering, and plunged into the water. One luckless day I was diving where there was a great depth of water a little distance from the rest, and as I was throwing out my feet I felt myself to my inexpressible horror and pain, hooked just below the tendon-achilles. I prepared to rise to the surface, but felt the hook tugging in a contrary direction. As soon as I could clear the water from my eyes, I discovered a little cockney urchin, who had lately joined the school, standing on the edge of the stream, and wondering what sort of a fish he had hold of. I brought my complaint with my wounded leg before the master, but the bow-bell and bow-kneed imp whimpered out as an excuse, (the pun is his, not mine)—"Vy, I vas only a fishing for heels," and he was allowed to go with a reprimand, and a desire to drop the aspirate in future. Rods I always disliked since I first came in contact with them; and lines, except poetical ones, I have never made use of from that hour.

This, though it damped my ardour for sport a little, did not lessen it. It only determined me to confine my pursuit of it to the land. There was a subscription pack of hounds kept in the neighbourhood, and they hunted during the season twice a week. Our excellent pedagogue always indulged us, upon half holidays, with the enjoyment of following the chase on foot, and at convenient places observing it at a distance. This I did with as much excitement as the red-coated and top-booted gentlemen themselves; but I longed to cross a horse, and mingle in the mounted throng. There I thought was all the enjoyment; and the pleasure to be derived from hunting on one's own legs I began to think, was a mere nullity compared with that of carrying on the sport on those of others. Once, as I was running along the side of a hedge,

I heard the sound of a horse's feet, and as I turned round I saw a huntsman taking a flying leap over the high hedge within a few feet of where I stood. He cleared that, and a wide ditch as well, but the beast stumbled, pitched his rider violently to the ground; and then, after going a few paces, suddenly stood still. Without a moment's thought I put my foot upon the stirrup, and with some difficulty mounted the saddle, but, before I could make my seat secure, the animal started off at the top of his speed. It was a terrible cutting-up chase across country, but we cleared every thing in the finest style: five-barred gates we went over with as much ease as a frog would over a mushroom, stone walls of any altitude, and ditches of any width, were passed almost without an effort. The consequence was, we distanced all competitors, and kept close to the hounds; wherever they went we went, I expecting, at every leap, as many a member of parliament may at this moment, to be deprived of my seat. Every ditch seemed to yawn for me, and every wall seemed to put its head in our way that mine might be sent against it. The fox, as a last resort, swam across the branch of a canal, but he was "dogged" wherever he went, and killed at the other side. All I remember further is, that I was ultimately tumbled backward into the water, and that, when I recovered, my kind master thought it right, as I had been "horsed" during the chase, that a similar ceremony should be performed afterwards.

In due course of time my father went the way of all fathers, and I was declared heir to the estate. Then my old passion for shooting returned with its full force, as I knew I possessed every opportunity of indulging it. I armed myself with a first-rate double-barrelled Joe Manton, and purchased some excellent dogs. The first of September arrived, and with my old friend the gamekeeper, who had the reputation of a most capital shot, I started off one fine morning caparisoned in the most appropriate style. We went through the park into a stubble field—the scene of my first attempt. The sight brought to me some painful recollections, but I considered that there was some difference between *con*cussion and *per*cussion guns, and felt more at ease. We trudged side by side. Presently the dogs made a point, and up went a covey of young partridges. This rather confused me, and prevented me taking a good aim, but I slapt away with both barrels, and though the flashes made me wink a little, it did not prevent me, to my inexpressible joy, seeing a brace and a half of birds fall to the ground. I ran to pick them up, and the keeper, while he was reloading, complimented me upon my success. After we had bagged the game we proceeded onwards. We found the birds very plentiful and strong upon the wing, but to my surprise and delight I never missed once—bringing them down by two's and three's every time. The result of that day's sport was very pleasing, for we had partridge-pie in the house all the week; and sent several brace beside to my friends in town. My good friend the keeper proclaimed every where that I was a most astonishing shot, and as he seemed to admire a very handsome powder-flask which I made use of, I presented it to him, in return for his honest opinion. My delight in sport increased wonderfully, and my friendship for the gamekeeper with it, for I found that I never missed when he was by my side; consequently he was never away when we went out on our sporting excursions. He generally fired either at the same time, or immediately after I did, but he always laid the result to

my *charge*, with such strong asseverations of my superior skill, that I in a short time considered him to be a miracle of honesty, and when he complained of his ill-luck, I thought I was bound to make him most liberal amends. My fame increased wonderfully, till one day, at the house of a neighbouring squire, whom my friend, the keeper, had assured me was not half so good a shot as myself, a dispute arose as to who was the best; that I was sufficiently certain of, and offered to bet—I tremble to think of the sum—that I would bag more game in a certain time than he could. The conditions were, that his keeper should proceed with me, and mine with him, that each should have the same chance of fair play. I was going to demur about the absence of my faithful servant, but I considered that one keeper must do as well as another, and was satisfied. Every thing was arranged, and we started off in different directions, exactly at the same hour. The man who went with me was not at all prepossessing in his appearance—an old, stiff, ostrich-legged sort of person, who looked as if he lived upon cast-iron. He was as taciturn as a sign-post, and moved as mechanically as an automaton. We had not proceeded far, before, with the usual rustling of wings, up rose a hen pheasant, and immediately afterwards the cock followed; my senses must have been distracted between the two, for I fired at both, but unfortunately killed neither. I felt a little chagrined, and looked at my companion, while he was loading, but his countenance was innocent of all expression. We went on—my dogs started a hare—I slapped at him with both barrels, and waited to see him drop; but on he went as if nothing had happened, and turned into a coppice. I called back the dogs in no very good temper, but my silent friend did not seem to notice any thing. I proceeded, and met with the same ill-luck wherever I went. I shot at numbers of pheasants, without so much as inconveniencing one of their feathers, and kept firing away at hares, without disarranging the order of their tails. I began to think it very odd. Still the features of my untalkative companion kept their vacancy undisturbed. The time now was nearly concluded, and I had not bagged any thing. The last field came to be crossed. It was full of furze, and I knew it to be the resort of hares and rabbits innumerable. I had gone a little way, when I saw something move among the bushes, which I was certain could be nothing else but a hare. I took a good aim, and fired. To my infinite horror I heard a melancholy howl, a few short barks, and then my favourite spaniel crawled out, and lay dead at my feet. I was just on the point of shedding tears at this unhappy incident, when I was startled by a tremendous noise close by me: I turned round, and saw my hitherto mute companion indulging in a strain of laughter that drowned even the reports of my competitor's gun, which were now becoming nearer. The end of it was, that my antagonist had met with the most excellent sport. My keeper was loaded, and several boys followed him, bearing as much game as they could carry. He was in high spirits, and praised the excellence of my preserves, with a volubility of tongue which kept me dumb. When my companion came up, and was desired to produce the result of my day's sport, he twisted his mouth into a most diabolical grin, and opened the game-bag, where I thought there was nothing; but to my utter despair the unfeeling villain hawled out by his tail, the remains of my hapless spaniel. What could be said after that! "Where should Othello go?"

This settled my love of sport. I discharged my keeper without any

ceremony, and did the same with my gun for the last time. To fire-arms, I have thus acquired a most particular aversion, and like Mr. O'Connell, have made a vow never to accept any challenge; so that it would be quite useless for any one to think of calling me out. My friends wanted me to become a captain in that fine body of middle-sized men, the Surrey militia, by which I might have had an excellent opportunity of seeing the coronation; but I disliked the suspicious manner in which they carried their muskets, and declined the honour. When in town, I never attend the theatres, in consequence of the immense quantity of gunpowder and bad jokes which are let off there upon all occasions, and nothing on earth will induce me to touch a newspaper on account of the "reports." R. F. W.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A PORTFOLIO.

The "science" of Latin-verse pronunciation has puzzled England for the last five hundred years, and I suppose will proceed in puzzling it for five centuries more at least. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, in his Memoirs, feelingly deplores the misfortune of having "got his Latin" at a north-country school, which left him to hammer out the "longs and shorts" for himself, when he began to work his way up to character at Cambridge. Paley too, was not "strong" in this very much prized, and very absurd attainment. It is still among the stories of the "common room" at Oxford, that in reading the Thesis for his Doctor's degree, he pronounced "profugus" with the penultimate long. All Oxford was in astonishment, nothing was talked of for a month, but this high-treason against prosody. At last by an effort of wit and indignation which cost the author another month, the following lines were pasted on the undone Doctor's door:—

> "Italiam, fato profŭgus, Lavinaque venit littora,
> Errat Virgilius: forte profūgus erat."

It is to be presumed that nothing could have prevented his drowning himself under the college pump, after this ponderous punishment; but his getting the living of Bishopwearmouth, worth two thousand a-year then, and since worth four, and swelling the pluralities of the Honourable and Reverend the husband of the *celebrated* Lady Charlotte Cadogan, and brother of the Duke of Wellington, being the fifth tribute to the "virtues and learning" of that very lucky personage.

Sheridan's habits of *un*punctuality were so confirmed, that no one ever thought of his keeping an engagement: and the true way of having him at dinner was to invite him to breakfast; then there was a probability of his stepping in about the time cloth was laid, to apologize for being a "little too late."

At last a friend, who had frequently been disappointed when he had asked large parties to meet him and Mrs. Sheridan, applied to him to fix his own hour, and tell him fairly at "what time of day or *night*, he would choose to dine." "Oh, any hour you think proper," was Sheridan's answer: "but, my dear friend, hang being fixed to minutes! I hate such bread-and-cheese notions."

A single sentence may sketch a national character. What could be more graphic than the Englishman's, who, sitting in a coffee-house, the day after he was in the Gazette, happened to have his opinion appealed to by a couple of his friends. "Sir," said the ruined man, in the bitterness of his spleen, "why should any one ask me? What opinion can a man have in this country, without a guinea in the world."

To take another character from the mingled wit and scorn of a Persian. When it was told to Nadir Shah that the Turks intended to invade Persia, he threw his cloak into his camp-fire: "I do this," said he, "because it was old, and I shall soon have tailors for *nothing;* the *cross-legs* are coming." On hearing that the Turks were actually on his frontier, "Never mind," said he, "they would have enough to do, if we were asleep. The Osmanli have but two hands, the one is busy keeping on their turban, and the other pulling up their trowsers. If they had a third, it would be holding up their pipe."

The discovery of the chief sources of human enjoyment have all been attributed to some fabulous origin in the ancient world. Corn, wine, oil, music, and a multitude of similar things have all been ushered in by some antique tale. But some have had in later times a sort of second birth. The story of that important feature of the Englishman's happiest dinner, the beefsteak, was thus given in the middle ages.

Lucius Plaucus, a Roman of rank, was ordered by the Emperor Trajan, for some offence, to act as one of the menial sacrificers to Jupiter: he resisted, but was at length dragged to the altar. There the fragments of the victim were laid upon the fire, and the unfortunate senator was forcibly compelled to turn them. In the process of roasting, one of the slices slipped off the coals, and was caught by Plaucus in its fall. It burned his fingers, and he instinctively thrust them into his mouth. In that moment he had made the grand discovery, that the taste of a slice thus carbonadoed was infinitely beyond all the old, soddened cookery of Rome. A new expedient to save his dignity was suggested at the same time; and he at once evinced his obedience to the emperor by seeming to go through the sacrifices with due regularity, and his scorn of the employment, by turning the whole ceremony into a matter of appetite. He swallowed every slice, deluded Trajan, defrauded Jupiter, and invented the beefsteak. A discovery of this magnitude could not be long concealed: the sacrifices began to disappear with a rapidity and satisfaction to the parties too extraordinary to be unnoticed. The priests of Jupiter adopted the practice with delight, and the King of Olympus must have been soon starved, if he depended on any share of the good things of Rome. The phenomenon at length attracted Trajan himself: he was a man of that indignant virtue, which hangs the criminal for the purpose of reforming him. The chief priest of Jupiter, and all his subordinates, were condemned to the halter. This venerable personage, was a man of ancient years, of imperturbable gravity, and had the most prodigious and saintly length of beard in Rome. Trajan felt some human compunctions at the loss of a high-priest with such a holy prodigy hanging at his chin, but his word was irrevocable, and if he had ten times the length of beard he must be hanged. The emperor,

however, did him the last honour, that of attending the ceremony. All Rome was on foot: there never had been any thing so melancholy since the death of the Emperor Titus the beloved, and the interest made by the Roman matrons of the first rank, to get conspicuous places in the Coliseum, was unequalled. How the high-priest would be clothed, whether he would be hanged or decapitated, and in the latter case have his beard, or his head cut off first, were the whole conversation of the highest circles for a week, and the ladies of the senators, and the royal family, wept and laid wagers on their own opinions of the matter, from morning till night. During the entire day before, nothing was done, but driving from place to place, to make bets on the length of time the holy criminal would take in dying, to hurry the robe-makers for new dresses for the ceremony, and to join their tears in weeping for the handsomest wearer of the handsomest beard, ever seen since the arrival of the ambassador from the Parthian king.

The day came, and the Coliseum was crowded to the highest bench, with all the youth and beauty of the metropolis of the world; the costumes magnificent, the gold and jewels incalculable, the loveliness divine, and the tears, only awaiting the beginning of the sacrificial song to fall in showers.

The ceremony at length commenced, and the high-priest, looking more venerably handsome than ever, advanced to be hanged. Virgins and matrons rose on tiptoe, that they might not lose a single feature of a ceremonial, against which even the presence of Trajan himself could not prevent them from more than murmuring, as the most barbarous act of his reign, though they acknowledged that the general ceremony was worthy of imperial magnificence. In short, all were terribly interested, all miserable, and all delighted.

Trajan now approached, and the high-priest supplicated that he might be allowed to finish his career as he had begun it, by sacrificing to Jupiter. The last request of so high a servant of the state could not be refused. The altar was loaded with fire, the victim was laid on it in the accustomed pieces, and the ceremony was performed in the most perfect style. At its close the high-priest presented a fragment of the offering to the emperor, humbly entreating that he would but put it to his lips, as an evidence that he bore no personal resentment against the sufferer. Trajan complied, tasted it, and the slice, to the universal wonder, instantly disappeared. Another, and another followed. The ministers of the scaffold were still delayed. The matrons and virgins began to be impatient for the conclusion of the ceremony. At length, the whole vast assembly rose, and with loud outcries demanded, how long they were to be disappointed. The emperor returned from the altar, and with a look that expressed all the offended dignity of the master of the world, resumed his seat upon his throne. Then with the high-priest at his right hand, said, "Romans, clamourers against my imperial will, rebels against him who is a god on earth, bow your heads to the dust and be silent. Know the temptation before you adjudge the crime. The high-priest has given away only to an irresistible pleasure. Now you, in your ignorance, call him an offender against the laws of the empire; if he had not so done, he would have been an offender against the laws of nature. I invite him to dine with me to-day. To-morrow, there shall be a public banquet, at which every dweller in

Rome shall taste what I have tasted to-day; and on the third you will be erecting in every street of Rome, statues to the great discoverer." All was so said and so done, and the Beefsteak was immortalized.

"The noble lord in the blue ribbon," said Fox, in one of his nervous attacks on Lord North, "I see, carries the concentrated majesty of the government in his person. But however it may have been in other times, he shall not be counted for his cabinet; he shall go for nothing more than he is worth, in the settlement of this question."

Fox's reference was probably to the very curious, and very lucky, mistake, in casting up the votes in the celebrated 31st of Charles II. Lord Grey, one of the tellers, a man of pleasantry, on seeing a very corpulent peer just entering the house, said, laughing, "My lord, I cannot count you for less than ten," and went on counting accordingly. The other teller, Lord Harris, a moody and careless man, took the telling for granted, which Lord Grey, in the hurry of the moment, forgetting what he had done, gave in. This decided the majority for the Ayes, and the bill, one of the most important to the freedom of England, the right to bail before trial, was made part and parcel of the law.

The world is flooded with anecdotes of Johnson. Let me record an anecdote of one of his hearers. He and Burke were one evening, I believe, at the Misses Cotterell's, when the conversation turned upon the great poets of antiquity. At length, it was settled on the comparative merits of Homer and Virgil. Johnson was for Homer, Burke for Virgil. Johnson poured out a prodigious quantity of thought upon the vividness, originality, and grandeur of the Greek. Burke delighted in the sustained majesty, the mingled pathos and vigour, and the mellifluous eloquence of the Roman. The argument went on for hours, while no one present thought of interrupting so noble a display of genius on both sides. At length, a young lady's eye glanced on her watch, and to her surprise, finding that it was past midnight, she whispered the hour to her mother. "Child," said the mother, indignant at being disturbed, "tell me that the house is on fire, for nothing else can be an excuse for leaving such conversation."

A party, among whom were Arthur Murphy and some of the "Wits about Town," were dining at a tavern in Fleet-street, when two of them oddly began to quarrel about two poems which they were on the point of publishing. To appease the controversy, Murphy recommended a deputation to Johnson, to decide a bet, as to which was the superior work.

The deputation waited on the doctor, who, though surprised at dinner, was at length induced to listen to the statement of the affair. "What depends on my decision?" said he. "Five guineas," was the answer. "Give me the poems," said Johnson. He ran his eye down them, and reckoning the lines, made his award. "Gentlemen," said he, solemnly, "poetry does not always differ from real life. It is a right principle, of two evils to choose the lesser. Both poems are as bad as poems can be; therefore the *shorter* has won the wager."

The French, in their day of revolutionary renown, had a favourite boast that all the roads of the world centered in Paris, a boast which expressively hinted that the march of a French army was easy to any capital of the globe. But England has now taken the lead in the locomotive propensity, and her travellers, whether by steam, by carriage-wheels, or by balloons, will soon leave no spot untraversed where man can live and be looked at. How would it have astonished our forefathers to hear that St. Petersburg could be reached from London, slept in, and returned from, within the week. Of course, this lays all Europe, where a steam-boat can approach, directly at the mercy of the cockney who can spare from twenty-four hours to half a dozen days. A simple glance at the map shews the distances of all the ports.

The distance from Amsterdam to London is 190 miles W.
The distance from Copenhagen to London is 610 miles N.W.
The distance from Stockholm to London is 750 miles S.W.
The distance from St. Petersburg to London is 1140 miles S.W.
The distance from Constantinople to London is 1660 miles N.W.
The distance from Lisbon to London is 850 miles N.N.E.
The distance from Dublin to London is 338 miles S.E.
The distance from Edinburgh to London is 395 miles S.

The distances between London and the capitals not accessible by sea are more formidable from the mere circumstance of their being out of the way of the steam-boat; but time may introduce the railway, at least upon the principal highroads of Europe, and we shall disregard miles equally by land or sea. The distances of the remaining capitals are:

London from Paris is 225 miles N.N.W.
London from Berlin is 540 miles W.
London from Vienna is 820 miles N.W.
London from Madrid is 860 miles N.N.E.
London from Rome is 950 miles N.N.E.

No one will charge either the ancient Romans or the modern English with inferiority in mental distinction, and yet almost the whole of the Roman sources of eminence in the arts of civilization were foreign. Their music, painting, and sculpture were Greek; their laws Greek; their architecture Greek. In war their borrowing was equally conspicuous. Their tactics, their weapons, their armour, their standards, their military rewards, their art of fortification, their military machines, were all borrowed from strangers.

England has been just as great a borrower, if we were to judge merely from her language. Our principal terms of sculpture and of painting are Italian; our military terms are French; our navigation has largely borrowed its language from the Dutch and Flemings; our systems of accounts, loans, and banking, are Italian; our coats are made by a *tailleur;* our wives' gowns by a milliner (a Milanese) or a mantua-maker; our hunting vocabulary, our horsemanship, hawking, and field-sports in general have borrowed largely from the French; our cookery is daily borrowing so much from the French, that it will require a Parisian education to sit at an English table. The chief uses of the old English are to be found in the names of things connected with tillage. The names of science, and its instruments and operations, are principally modelled on the Greek. The botanical names of flowers are generally Latin. And yet England has contrived, like Rome, to do prodigiously

well on the system of borrowing; or rather, is not the good sense that dictates this general adoption of all that is useful among strangers, the true guide to greatness in men or nations?

Eccentricity finds eccentric reasons for its doings. Schlager, a Danish man of fortune, sold his estate, and fixed in the northernmost corner of Iceland. He said that he fixed there because he hated the confined air of Europe, and chose to have his breeze fresh from the pole.

An Englishman, some years ago, was found vegetating in the midst of bogs and solitudes, in a village on the west coast of Ireland. His reason was, to be in the next post-town to America.

A Spaniard perched his house on the summit of the Sierra Morena; on being asked, "why he preferred that place of clouds, storms, and solitude?" he said, "that he was tired of mankind, and the clouds hid mankind from him; that he was tired of his wife's tongue, and that the storms drowned her talk; and as to the solitude, he could not be solitary, who had the angels for his next door neighbours."

No book has lost more by "improvements" than Johnson's Dictionary. The definitions in which Johnson's spleen burst out against a world which had used him hardly enough, have been extinguished one by one, until this famous Dictionary differs little from a common word-book. The first edition took the town by surprise more than any book of its day, and a second edition was called for within the year.—No slight part of the charm was to be found in such definitions as these:

"*Tory.*—A cant term, derived, I suppose, from an Irish word signifying a savage.—One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolic hierarchy of the church of England.—Opposed to a whig."

"*Whig.*—The name of a faction."

"*Pension.*—An allowance made to any one without an equivalent.—In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state-hireling for treason to his country."

"*Pensioner.*—A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master."

"*Excise.*—A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but by *wretches* hired by those to whom it is paid."

For this opinion on matters of excise, the commissioners conceiving violent wrath, actually meditated a prosecution for libel, and laid an opinion before Murray, the Attorney-general, afterwards Lord Mansfield, to ascertain how far they could take vengeance on the man who had called them *wretches*, a name, however, to which they had been tolerably well accustomed from the time of Walpole. Murray, who probably thought the whole affair absurd, recommended that "an opportunity should be given to the writer to alter his definition; otherwise, he should be *threatened* with an information." Murray thus dexterously contrived to evade the *onus* of a public prosecution, and the hint was probably given to Johnson, for the definition of both Excise and Pension were altered in his octavo abridgment.

The Doctor's well-known antipathy to the Scotch, still displayed itself in his definition of

"*Oats.*—In England the food of horses, in Scotland the food of men." But his gall was let fly on other things too, for example—"*Dragoon*, a soldier who fights *indifferently* on foot or horseback." His scorn of his

own pursuit was humorously represented by his definition of—"*Lexicographer*, a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge;" and "*Grub-street*, the name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, *dictionaries*, and temporary poems; whence any *mean* production is called Grub-street."

Tom Warton, the Laureate, abounded in eccentricities, as is the case with most men who have lived much by themselves. Tom Warton had "kept his chambers" for thirty years in a college. He had an extraordinary fondness for puppet-shews, and all sorts of street exhibitions, provided they were attended with a *drum*. The charm was in the drum. He was a thorough believer in the frequent appearance of ghosts, though I do not recollect whether he ever was indulged in person with any visit from the tombs. One of his propensities, and a most unaccountable one, though he shared it with Selwyn and many others of note, was his fondness for seeing executions. In one instance, when he had some particular reason to fear the indecorum of being present, he was known to have disguised himself in a smock-frock, and appeared as a carter.

He was desperately ridiculed in the "Probationary Odes for the Laureateship," and the joke was made keener by an ode of his own being the one inserted among the burlesques. Unluckily, nothing could be more capable of being turned into a caricature of the whole art and mystery of those unfortunate productions, Birthday Odes. The Laureate seemed to take the jest in good part, but the blow was not to be parried.

Mason, the poet, was a good deal of a coxcomb. All the world have laughed at the story of the senior wrangler, who on going to the play one night when the king was present, and seeing the audience standing up, begged of them to sit down again, declaring that *he* had not expected Cambridge news to be so soon known in London, and that, *though he was senior wrangler*, he was still but a man.

Mason went nearly the same length of modest deprecation. He had written a heavy poem called Isis, containing some reflections on Oxford, and speedily forgotten by every body. Some years after, he paid a visit to Oxford, and congratulating himself that he entered it at the close of the evening, his friend asked him the reason, "Oh, to be unseen!" was the answer; "remember my 'Isis.'"

The French have a pleasant little anecdote of a poet suddenly awakened from his dream of popularity. The bard had published some verses on the Lottery, which fell lifeless. After running about Paris for a week to gather his laurels, and finding that the crop had entirely failed, he left the city of the Muses and Graces, with a solemn protest against ever believing again that a Parisian knew good verses from bad.

Within a league or two of the abandoned city, he sat down to rest himself, and soon perceived that he was the object of marked attention to all the passers by. Some took off their hats—some pressed their hands on their bosoms—some looked up to Heaven, as if thanking it for having sent so distinguished a genius upon earth. The bard was surprised, delighted, overwhelmed with gratitude. "Paltry Parisians!" he exclaimed, "your brains are stuffed with the dust of your stupid streets. It is only in the country that sensibility exists;—this is true fame at last." He rose, and continued gratefully taking off his hat to every

group who passed. At length one man threw himself from his horse, knelt down, and approached him on his knees. The bard was in raptures. Was there ever a more striking deference to genius?—it was actual worship!—"No, no, my good friend," he exclaimed, rising, "you must not offer this homage to me. I acknowledge your taste. Yet remember that, though I am the author of the 'sixteen sonnets' on the Lottery, I am still no more than a man."

The worshipper looked astonished, but proceeded in his homage. The bard could no longer resist; this delightful disobedience mastered him. He rushed forward, and flung himself in tears on the worshipper's neck. The man started up, and they both rolled on the ground together. As the bard happened to cast up his eyes, he saw that, on the bank behind him, was an image of the Virgin. The secret of the general bowing and uncapping was suddenly revealed to him. He rose, brushed the dirt off his culottes, shook the dust off his feet against the good city of Paris, went his way, and wrote verses no more.

Old Selden has some curious remarks on the manners of courts. He compares the different styles of the English royal life to the succession of dances at a ball—which, by the by, seem to have been a curious and rather formal ceremonial in themselves. "First, you have the grave measures; then the corrantos and galliards; then French-more and the cushion-dance;—and then all the company dances—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid—no distinction.

"So, in our court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's time, things were pretty well; but, in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but French-more and the cushion-dance—*omnium-gatherum, tolly-polly, hoity-cum-toity.*"

Julius Cæsar, the prince of gazette-writers, has undergone the torture of the wits in his Latinity. "*Venit summa diligentia*" is translated "come on the top of a diligence;" proving that, in his time, they travelled by public coaches in France. Tacitus is authority for the Roman invention of telescopes; for it is said of the same Cæsar that, in his invasion of England, he examined the country *positis speculis*—"by fixing his glasses;" though another translation pronounces it—"putting on his spectacles." And Suetonius is equal authority for attributing the trial by jury to the Romans. Speaking of Cæsar's death, he says, "*Jure cæsus videtur,*" which is translated—"he appears to have been put to death by jury;" a proof unanswerable, and which may lower the crest of our Anglo-Saxon law-makers.

It is singular to see a phrase making the tour of the world. Oxenstiern's celebrated remark, "My son, see with what little wisdom the world is governed," was probably made a thousand years before Oxenstiern, and uttered by a thousand lips before his. Selden relates it of one of the popes:—

"He was a wise pope that, when one, who used to be with him before he was advanced to the popedom, refrained afterwards to come at him (presuming him to be too busy in governing the Christian world). The pope sends for him, bids him come again, and says, 'We will be merry as we were before; for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the whole world.'"

Selden's notions of popery would be scouted by the *liberalism* of our days. Yet Selden's acuteness will scarcely be doubted; and he lived in a time when popery was well known.

"The protestants in France bear office in the state, because, though their religion be different, yet they acknowledge no other king but the king of France. The papists in England, they must have *a king of their own—a pope,* that must do something in our kingdom; therefore, there is *no reason* they should enjoy the same privileges.

"Amsterdam admits of all religions but papists, and 'tis upon the same account. The papists, wherever they live, have *another king* at Rome. All other religions are subject to the present state, and have no prince elsewhere.

"The reason of the statute against priests was this. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth there was a statute made that he who drew men from their civil obedience was a traitor. It happened, that this was done in privacies and confessions, where there could be no proof. Therefore, they made another act, that for a priest to be in England was treason, because they presumed that it was his business to fetch men off from their obedience.

"The priests of Rome aim but at two things—to get power from the king and money from the subject.

"When the priests come into a family, they do, as a man that would set fire to a house. He does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They attempt the women, and let the men alone."

We all know the characteristic answer of the Protestant to the Papist who taunted him with the novelty of the Reformation.

"Did you wash your face this morning?"—"Where was your face *before* it was washed?"

Selden gives it in another shape. *Papist.* "Where was your religion before Luther, a hundred years ago?"—*Protestant.* "Where was America a hundred years ago, or sixscore years ago?"

Æsop himself has nothing finer than Selden's apologue of the Dog and the Mutton. On the maxim "*In a troubled* State *save as much for your own as you can.*

"A dog had been at market to buy a shoulder of mutton. In coming home, he met two dogs that quarrelled with him. He laid down his shoulder of mutton, and fell to fighting with one of them. In the meantime, the other dog fell to eating the mutton. He seeing that, left the dog he was fighting with and fell upon him that was eating. Then the other dog fell to eating. When he perceived there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought with, his mutton was in danger, he thought that he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting and *fell to eating himself.*"

The apologue of the Lion and the Fox is full of the practical wisdom so important in his day. "Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelt? She said, Aye. He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf and asked him. He said, No. He tore him in pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him. Truly, he had got a cold and *could not smell.*"

After all that we have been told of the prepared orations of the Greek and Roman orators, it is curious to find so high an authority as Quintilian declaring, that without the power of extempore speaking an orator had better let his art alone.

"Maximus vero studiorum fructus est, et velut præmium quoddam amplissimum longi laboris, ex tempore dicendi facultas. Quam qui non erit consecutus, mea quidem sententia, civilibus officiis renuntiabit, et solam scribendi facultatem ad alia opera convertet."

His directions to attain this essential faculty are many and rational. "Nota sit primum dicendi via." We must first look to the order of the subject, and settle which part to place first, second, and so forth. The next point is the "copia sermonis optimi," the commodity of good words. This is to be the work of habit. "Nam consuetudo et exercitatio facilitatem maxime parit." The next point is to acquire the habit of "foreseeing the parts of the discourse." "Ut dum proxima dicimus, struere ulteriora possimus semperque nostram vocem provisa et formata excogitatio excipiat." A great point is to throw our own feeling into the subject. "Pectus est enim quod disertos facit, et vis mentis. Ideaque imperitis quaque, si modo sint aliquo affectu concitati, verba non desunt."

But no one should trust entirely to his talent, nor suppose that words and thoughts will come at command. We must cultivate the extempore faculty from the least beginning, to perfection.

The other mode is *thinking* the subject over in all its divisions, which has the advantage of its being manageable in all times and places. Diligence should be perpetual. "Studendum semper et ubique." Cicero recommends "perpetually to speak one's best." "Quidquid loquemur, ubicunque, sit pro sua scilicet portione perfectum."

We should never write more than when we are practising extempore speaking; for writing corrects the superfluities of style, and gives it solidity and dignity. Those who have frequent necessity for extempore speaking, often find it convenient to write down the principal points, and "beginnings," which Cicero did. It may be advisable also to have notes and heads written to glance at. But it is bad to write down an oration which we are to deliver; for it restrains the natural impulse of the time. "Nam hic quoque accidit, ut revocet nos cogitatio ad illa elaborata, nec sinet præsentem fortunam experiri."

AFRICAN TRIBES.—THE ASHANTEES, &c.*

The attractive, but very deceptive colouring under which the narrative of *Mungo Park* was disguised, before being submitted to the public, was more calculated to aid the deep designs of certain persons in this country, than to give a faithful view of the actual state and condition of African society.

To please the public, and the *amis-des-noirs*, the harsh features of the picture seem to have been softened down, or entirely obliterated; and instead of presenting us with a faithful idea of what Park actually saw, we fancied to ourselves a number of primevous communities of happy and innocent beings, amusing themselves with "mumbo jumbo," dancing all night by the light of the moon, and pitying *the poor white man*, who had "no mother to bring him milk," and who, "to grind his corn, no mother had he!"

These narratives, universally read and admired, assisted in creating erroneous impressions, which were artfully kept up until this country was led into an injudicious expenditure of some millions of public money, —genuine charity was enticed from its proper channels,—and many thousands of valuable lives have been thrown away in pursuance of impracticable plans for civilizing Africa, and in maudlin schemes, promulgated under the specious garb of philanthropy, which never would have been entered upon, or at least pursued to any ruinous extent, had the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, been at first made public.

To draw aside the veil, and look at the actual deformities of African society, as exhibited by more recent travellers is, to a mind imbued with feelings of humanity, rather a repulsive than a pleasing task. But when we contemplate the mischief which has actually been done, and may still be perpetrated by persons taking advantage of these false impressions; and when we hear people still characterizing the natives of Africa as a simple, innocent, and unoffending race, it becomes the duty of every honest man to strip them of that deceptive and factitious colouring by which the truth is obscured, and to exhibit all their native deformity, so that delusion may no longer prevail.

We have already, by exposing the Sierra Leone humbug, and by noticing the travels of Clapperton, Caillé, Landers, and others, contributed our share towards this desirable object; and we have now before us the narrative of Major Ricketts, a gentleman who spent many years in active service on that coast.†

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* Narrative of the Ashantee war, with a view of the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone.—*By Major Ricketts, late of the Royal African Colonial Corps.* London, 1831.

† Our readers are aware that the slave trade is still carried on there, in spite of our naval superiority, to a greater extent than ever; but they may not, perhaps know, that while ministers are endeavouring to put it down with one hand, they are *holding it up* with the other. Foreign sugars, raised by means of the slaves now surreptitiously carried off by these foreign slave dealers, are, by a juggling "foreign sugar refinery bill," admitted into the refineries, and are partly consumed in this country, to the exclusion of British sugar; so that the latter is now almost entirely shut out from the refineries; for by this stupid bill the refiners for exportation *cunningly obtain a bounty*, in the shape of drawback, *of 3s. or 4s. per cwt.* more than is allowed upon British sugars!

The melancholy catastrophe which befell Sir Charles M'Carthy, is still so fresh in the memory of our readers, that we do not consider it necessary to recapitulate at any length the circumstances which preceded and attended it. That lamented officer arrived on the coast, and took possession, in March, 1822, of the forts which, in consequence of the clamorous and false accusations of the Sierra Leone *saints*, had been transferred from the African Company to government. Two or three years previously the savage chief of the Ashantees had attempted to impose a tribute upon the people of the coast, which demand was opposed, particularly at Cape Coast Castle; and, in 1821, the Governor, assisted by certain of the natives under our protection, repelled a threatened attack of the Ashantees and Fantees, who had murdered one of our people; the trade with the Ashantees was interrupted in consequence, and Sir Charles found matters in this threatening and unsatisfactory state on his arrival. Shortly afterwards a serjeant in the Royal African Colonial Corps was kidnapped while on duty, and put to death by order of the King, who had the "jaw-bone, skull, and one of the arms" of the victim, sent to him. An attempt made by Sir Charles, at the head of a British and native force, to chastise this aggression, was unsuccessful, and led to further pretensions.

Sir Charles left Cape Coast for Accra, in April, 1823, but returned in May. The Ashantees, in the meantime, threatened to drive the English into the sea, and prepared for hostilities by buying powder at Dutch and Danish Accra, where some skirmishing with the British troops and their adherents took place, and many lives were lost.

Having organised a militia on the Gold Coast, Sir Charles returned to Sierra Leone, and composed some differences amongst the contiguous tribes; but he was shortly recalled to the Gold Coast by the hostilities which had there continued.

Captain Laing had successfully attacked one of the enemy's camps; but before the Ashantees fled, "they, with their accustomed cruelty, massacred the unfortunate prisoners who had fallen into their hands, whose bodies were found still reeking from the knives of their murderers."

A camp was established in the interior, to endeavour to prevent the Ashantees from receiving gunpowder from the coast, and on Sir Charles's return, in November, he was enthusiastically received by all classes. He shortly received a visit from a neighbouring king, who exhibited considerable pomp. His drums were covered with tartan plaid, "to hide the skulls and jawbones of his conquered enemies, with which they were decorated, *according to the custom of the native chiefs on this part of the coast;*" but this *potentate* had the good sense to know that such a display would not be agreeable to the British. He afterwards visited the camp at Yancoomassie, and received the voluntary oath of the chiefs, to stand by him against their enemies, an oath which the Fantees, in particular, shamefully violated on the day of trial. "The person about to swear took a sword in his right hand, and with great animation, whilst expressing his determination, called heaven to witness that he would be faithful to the cause, continually pointing the sword upwards at the governor's head, and flourishing it round his own, so near at times, that his excellency's eyes were frequently in imminent danger."

The Ashantees now approaching the coast in great force, Sir Charles endeavoured to introduce something like discipline amongst his allies,

and advanced to meet the enemy, who continued to move towards the coast.

An Ashantee girl and lad, who had been taken prisoners, stated that when they left Coomassie, the capital of Ashantee, young virgins had been sacrificed on certain days in the week, to the fetish, for the recovery of the king's health.

The Warsaws and Dinkeras, retreating from before the Ashantees, were with difficulty induced to turn their faces towards the enemy, who, on the 21st of January, were heard advancing through the woods with horns blowing and drums beating. They are said to have consisted of considerably more than ten thousand men, armed with muskets, and having large knives stuck in their girdles. They marched up through the woods in different divisions of Indian file, their horns sounding the names or calls of their different chiefs. "The action now commenced on both sides with determined vigour, and lasted till nearly dark. It was reported about four o'clock that our troops had expended all their ammunition," and being disappointed of a supply, which should have reached in time for the battle, every thing fell into confusion, and our gallant little force, deserted by most of their allies, and now outflanked and surrounded, defended themselves with their bayonets until overpowered by the enemy, "who instantly beheaded nearly every one who fell into their remorseless hands." Although the Warsaws and others had deserted early in the action, Cudjoe Cheboo, the king of Dinkera, was found by Sir Charles surrounded by his people, fighting bravely; but it was impossible to rally any other part of the force, and Sir Charles, who had received several wounds, lost his life in attempting it. Major Ricketts succeeded with much difficulty in escaping. The Ashantees behaved after the battle with their usual ferocity, obliging the captive women to throw away their children in order to enable them to carry their plunder, and many of these poor infants were afterwards found in the bushes, "in a dying state, or with their brains dashed out."

Major Chisholm, who had been advancing to the support of the governor, on hearing the result of the action, retreated to secure Cape Coast Castle, where he was afterwards joined by the force under Captain Laing, and was enabled to resume offensive operation on the 16th of February, by an attack upon Dutch Sucoondee, which he burnt, after driving out the natives and Ashantees.

The Aashantees, after the battle of the 21st of January, having remained for some time inactive, opened negociations through the government of the Dutch settlements on the 14th of March, which were, however, unavailing.

Mr. Williams, the colonial secretary, who had been wounded in the battle, and kept in their camp, obtained his liberty during this negociation. He had been locked up each night in the same room with the heads of Sir Charles M'Carthy, Mr. Buckle, and Ensign Wetherell, and fed on a small quantity of snail soup.

The allies, after an injudicious attempt to bring the enemy to action, dispersed or retreated in the beginning of April. On the 10th of that month another movement was made in advance from Cape Coast Castle, but the enemy again fell upon the native forces, defeated, and dispersed them.

Lieut.-Colonel Sutherland, having arrived with reinforcements from

Sierra Leone, assumed the coumand, and, on the 21st of May, fought the Ashantees for several hours, and being well seconded by the King of Dinkera, forced them to retreat.

On the 21st and 22d of June, the Ashantees, being strongly reinforced, again advanced, under command of their king, to within a very short distance of Cape Coast Castle, into which the women and children rushed for shelter. The garrison being strengthened by the seamen and marines from the vessels, the enemy retired to a new position, from which they sent out parties to burn and destroy all the adjoining villages, and lay waste the country.

A strong party of the natives having again joined our small force, another battle was fought close to Cape Coast on the 11th of June. Two of the enemy's camps were burnt and plundered during the action by some of the unorganized natives, who, although *daily driven out of the town to their posts at the point of the bayonet,* fought bravely this day for four hours, particularly those on the right, against which the greatest efforts of the enemy, who shewed great courage, were directed. On the 13th the enemy retreated, having first, by a skilful *ruse-de-guerre,* succeeded in sending off their wounded, the women, and carriers. It was reported by a brother of the King of the Fantees, a prisoner who had made his escape, "that the heart of Sir Charles M'Carthy was eaten by the principal chiefs of the Ashantee army, that they might imbibe his bravery; that his flesh had been dried, and, with his bones, divided amongst every man of consequence in the army, who constantly carried his respective proportion about him, as a charm to inspire him with courage."—An action characteristic of the ferocity of these bloodthirsty demons, who have been held up to the people of this country as a simple, innocent, and unoffending race! But as we proceed we shall find *our own allies* disgraced by equal brutality.

Lieut.-Colonel Grant arrived from England on the 18th, bringing a supply of ammunition, and a few men of the artillery and rocket corps, and, taking the command, he sent out parties to annoy the enemy, who continued plundering and burning the Fantees, until called to defend the capital of their own country, now threatened by the Queen of Akim. They left many hundreds of the sick and wounded behind them, who fell into the hands of the Fantees, and were "nearly all beheaded."

Famine and disease began in the meantime to prevail within the crowded walls of Cape Coast, where most of the houses had been accidentally burnt down in preparing for the defence of the castle; and unless a timely supply of rice and other provisions had arrived from England and Sierra Leone, the mortality and distress would have been still more dreadful.

About the latter end of March, 1825, Major-General Turner arrived with considerable reinforcements, and issued a proclamation stating, in regard to the Ashantees, that if their king would "content himself with governing his own nation and people, and not stop the trade of the interior with the coast, or attempt to oppress his neighbours," peace would be made with him; "but," says the General, "I will not make peace with him on any other terms, nor until he gives up every claim to tribute or subjection from the surrounding nations." The general, having returned to Sierra Leone, died there on the 7th March, 1826, and was succeeded by Sir Neil Campbell, who hearing that the Ashantees

were again advancing in a hostile manner to the coast, left England in July, accompanied by Major Ricketts, and other officers; but before he reached the Gold Coast a decisive battle had been fought by the British and their native allies, the whole being under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Purdon. This battle took place in a plain, with small clumps of trees and underwood at intervals, about twenty-four miles north-east of British Accra, near to a village named Dodowah.

On a Monday, the day reckoned prosperous by the Ashantees, the king's drum was distinctly heard, beating the war march; and the allies, estimated at about eleven thousand, of whom only three hundred and eighty had muskets, formed a line to oppose them, extending about four miles east and west. "Our men," says Captain Ricketts, "were decorated with large sea shells, suspended from their necks and shoulders, before and behind, or were decked with a strip of white calico, to distinguish them from the enemy. Many of them fought with the cloth hanging from the barrels of their muskets, which added to the novelty and singularity of the scene." After some dispute between the Kings of Akimboo and Dinkera, and the *Queen of Akim,* who should attack the King of Ashantee, hand to hand, the former by agreement took up a position on the extreme right, and the two latter on the left, the centre being composed of a few Europeans, some of the Royal African Corps, and the European residents, with their servants and volunteers. "The attack commenced from right to left, at about half-past nine o'clock. Several of the natives came insulting and abusing the centre as cowards; which being represented to the commanding-officer, he directed them to advance about four hundred yards, when a heavy and destructive fire took place. They went steadily forward amid the work of death, the enemy slowly and sulkily giving way. No prisoners were taken by the natives, but as they fell they were put death: happy were they whose sufferings were short; *in vain the gentlemen implored them to hold their hands,* or at least kill them out-right; some were ripped up, and cut across the belly, when plunging their hands in, they took out the heart, and poured the blood on the ground, as a libation to the good fortune of the cause: others, when they saw their own friends weltering in their blood, would give them a blow on the breast or head, to put an end to their misery. In many instances they dragged each other from the opposite ranks, and wrestled and cut each other in pieces; and fortunate was he whose knife first found out the vital part in his foe during the deadly grapple, though perhaps in his turn to be laid low by the same means. So hard were the enemy pressed at this moment, that a captain of consequence *blew himself up,* nearly involving some of the Europeans in destruction."

Notwithstanding this successful effort in the centre, the battle had nearly been lost through the cowardice of the people from Dutch and Danish Accra, who gave way, and allowed the Ashantees to penetrate between the centre and the left. "The centre were now obliged to fall back and relinquish every advantage, sustaining a galling fire in flank, and closely pressed with the mass of the enemy, who evidently were making a bold push to seize or bring down the whites. This was the crisis of the battle; Colonel Purdon advanced with the reserve, and the rockets, a few of which thrown among the Ashantees, occasioned the most dreadful havoc and confusion: the hissing sound, when thrown, the train of fire, the explosion, and frightful wounds they inflicted,

caused them to suppose that they were thunder and lightning, called *snowman,* in Fantee, by which name they are now known among the natives."

On the left the King of Dinkera, deserted by the Winnebahs, was hard pressed; but being assisted by a few rounds of grape, thrown over the heads of our people, he succeeded in driving back his opponents. On the right, the battle was not for a moment doubtful; "the King of Akimboo drove all before him, and penetrating the King of Ashantee's camp, took them in flank; his path was marked by the column of smoke that rose in front, the short grass being dry, from our forces having bivouacked at the roots of the trees for two nights, together with extreme heat, caused it to take fire; *the explosions of some Ashantee captains, who at interaals blew themselves up, in despair,* which was known by the smoke that arose over the trees; *the shouts and groans of the combatants, with the burning grass, and the battle raging all around, formed no bad idea of the infernal regions.* Fancy may indeed imagine, but it cannot describe such a scene of havoc and destruction, more resembling the wild fiction of an oriental tale, than one of absolute reality." The actors in this bloody drama seem, indeed, to have fought more like demons than human beings, possessed with the common feelings of humanity,—yet such are some of the people whom the pseudo philanthropists of England delight in describing as "our simple, innocent, and unoffending brethren of Africa!!"

The cowards who fled at the beginning of the battle, returned, and stole away the greater part of the plunder. About one o'clock the heads of the Ashantee chiefs began to be brought in,—when the deaths of any of them were reported to the king, *he offered up human sacrifices to their manes,* in the heat of the battle. The Ashentee camp, with their baggage and gold, fell into the hands of the natives. "Towards the end of the day, a great many slaves or prisoners were taken by the natives, *who subsequently sold them to slave vessels,* to the leeward of Accra, being satiated with the multitudes they had killed, in the early part of the fight."

The troops lay on their arms all night, during which, at intervals, "some of our native allied chiefs struck their drums to some recitations, which were repeated along the line, and as they died away, had a most pleasing effect, but were generally succeeded by deep wailings and lamentations from the glades, in front of our position, apparently from some unhappy Ashantee women, looking for their friends among the fallen."

This important battle, of which Capt. Ricketts gives a strikingly graphic description, seems to have broken the power and courage of the Ashantees. After various negociations, their king sent in April last, his son and nephew to Cape Coast Castle, as hostages, accompanied with six hundred ounces of gold, to be lodged there, as a security for his future good conduct towards the British, Danes, and Dutch; thus terminating disputes which had disturbed the coast for so many years.

The queen of Akim, who evinced so much activity in the war, and who was resolutely engaged in the battle of Dodowah, is described as being "about five feet three inches in height, with an infantine look; her voice is soft, evidently modulated to interest her audience, but cracked, as a singer would express it, from constant use." "Just before the attack she went along the line with a massive necklace of leaden

bullets, and in her hand a gold enamelled cutlass, and she was afterwards in the hottest part of the action! To some of the gentlemen who called upon her the day before, she said, among other things, 'Osai has driven me from my country because he thought me weak, but though I am a woman, I have the heart of a man.'"

We have now authentic accounts regarding most of the nations, or tribes, on the coast of Africa, or bordering thereon; we see that they are everywhere treacherous, brutal, and ferocious; that notwithstanding all our attempts to civilize them in Africa, their thirst for blood is easily excited, and that in seeking revenge, or in compliance with superstitious customs, it is still poured out in their native country, like water! We have been told by a person long resident on the coast,* that the negroes usually sent from the interior for sale, are, generally speaking, either savage warriors taken in battle, or "bad subjects of barbarous states enslaved for their crimes." We see that this statement is corroborated by the narrative of Major Ricketts, and that many of the Ashantee prisoners taken in this last battle, *were actually sold to the foreign slave-traders.*

We have seen by the narrative before us, the ferocious disposition of these savage warriors; and we would ask any reasonable man whether it would be possible by any speedy process of civilization, to reclaim them from their state of brutal barbarism.

The British West Indians say, that by a long course of steady and mild discipline, they have succeeded in raising the character of their labourers, until, in point of civilization, and as regards all the relations of social life, they are far beyond even the most favoured tribes of their original country. That they are now, unless when disturbed by arbitrary regulations sent from home, living in cheerful contentment, and gradually gaining a knowledge of the gospel; that they have laid aside and nearly forgotten the whole of their ancient superstitions, and are in fact rapidly becoming a moral and industrious people; that they possess considerable property, and are well cared for in sickness, and in old age; and they have repeatedly challenged a fair and full inquiry into the truth of these allegations, to be made, not secretly, but openly in the face of the country.—Yet a well known party of anti-colonists at home, wish, by sudden and forcible measures, to deprive the blacks, by the ruin of the whites, of their present advantages; and throw them back into that state from which they are now rescued.—Surely the people at home will not always remain blind to the true state of this case, nor insist upon that which would place the lives of thousands of our countrymen in jeopardy, or perhaps at the disposal of some old negro warrior, of whom there are still many in the West Indies, whose African propensities only require to be roused by the sound of the war-drum and the prospect of plunder.†

To return to the Narrative before us, Major Ricketts gives us a concise, but perhaps rather favourable view of the condition of the people at Sierra Leone. We have not space to enter fully into this subject, after what we have already said regarding it in former numbers; but we

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* *Pamphlet of the late Kenneth Macauley, Esq., of Sierra Leone notoriety.*

† The accounts which have just been received of a partial insurrection of negroes in the United States, is illustrative of this subject. *They are said to have murdered, with the most atrocious cruelty, every white family within their reach, without the least regard to age, sex, or condition!*

have much pleasure in referring such of our readers as may be desirous of further information to Major Ricketts' Narrative.

The climate will always prevent Sierra Leone from being a desirable settlement. "At intervals during the day in the rainy season," says the major, "the action of an intensely hot sun on the earth, covered with a luxuriant vegetation, and saturated with moisture, produces a sickening smell, which is probably one of the causes of the fever that prevails at this period of the year, as persons recently arrived are generally taken ill in July or August; some, however, have been known to reside in the colony above two years without having been affected by it. If they remain beyond this time they are certain not to escape much longer, and when at length they take the fever, it generally proves fatal to them." The major expressly states, that unless some method be devised to give employment to the greatly increasing population caused by the emancipation of slaves, who are almost daily arriving, it is probable the liberated Africans will relapse from their present state of civilization into their former habits and customs. "*There was evidently such a tendency when I quitted the colony.*" Many secret themselves in the woods, rather than live in villages, especially the Pacongo nation; "these are cannibals; and one of them was taken not very long since with a human hand in his wallet!" The original Maroons still in existence, *speak of their former residence* (in Jamaica) *with fond remembrances, and sigh to return to it.*

With regard to the slave-trade, which has cost this country so many millions of money and valuable lives in attempts to abolish it, "it is carried to a greater extent than formerly, on the neighbouring rivers; many of the liberated Africans have been enticed from the colony, and others kidnapped by the vagabonds who reside in the suburbs of Freetown: *they are re-sold as slaves*; some of them, after a few months, have been re-captured in slave vessels, and brought again to the colony to be liberated," and a second bounty is paid to their captors, out of the public purse!! "Slaves are purchased from the natives, on an average, for about four pounds each, and are paid for in gunpowder, arms, tobacco, ardent spirits, &c." which do not originally cost a third of that sum. These slaves, as our readers must know, are carried to the Brazils, Cuba, and the French islands, where they are immediately employed in raising sugar to compete with that which is raised by our civilized negroes, in the British colonies. Instead of trying to check this system, by discouraging the use of such sugars, our wise governors, with humanity on their lips, and stupidity in their heads, are encouraging its consumption—even in this country—to the ruin of our own colonies, and the injury of those British negroes whom they profess themselves so desirous to benefit!*

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* *Vide* note at page 414.

THE WISDOM OF FOLLY.

Any one who loves not an honest laugh—any one who is not ready to give the brightest day in August to a frolic dedicated to Momus alone—any one who is not a jolly, roystering blade, who can forgive a joke even against himself, for the sake of the joke—any one who goes up the steps of life one by one, counting each step as he goes, instead of now jumping three at a time, now pausing a livelong day on a single one, and now hopping up half-a-dozen on the left-leg alone—any one who likes grave airs better than merry faces;—any and each of these, on reading the title of my paper, will cry out "a paradox! a paradox!" shake their huge ears with solemn, sneering glee, and wonder how any editor, not utterly insane, could ever dream of admitting such an article into his magazine. So let it be! I heed them not! "The Wisdom of Folly" is not written for their comprehension.

For myself, I am determined to laugh all through the paper. I have wrapped myself round with the mantle of good-humour. I have, like Mr. Peter Piggins, thrown off the world's heaviness for the nonce, and I am determined to have a day's pleasure, *coute qui coute.* The disbelievers in "the wisdom of Folly" I discard, before they have an opportunity of discarding me; and if, on any point, I should descend to the explanatory, it is not in obedience to their scruples, but in the hope of picking up by the way the doubters, the fickle, and the weathercocks, and confirming them in the true and honest faith of the wisdom of Folly.

When Folly was born, Mirth was the next to come into the world; and so close did the one birth follow the other, that the good midwife, Lucina, owned herself fairly puzzled to tell which had precedence. Mirth, however, like a jolly, honest-hearted fellow, and considering that

——"when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place,"

yielded in favour of his sister, and, at the same time, swore by Momus, sire of both, that never should his sister shew her face without his being at hand to do honour to her presence. Thus as they began, so have they ever been; and so shall they ever be, in spite of old, wrinkled Age, who frowns and puckers when laughing Echo first gives notice of their approach.

Every thing of, about, and concerning Folly is in keeping. Like the harvest-moon, she has a halo of her own, the whole of which borrows its lustre and colour from the luminary that shines in the midst. "When the heart of a man is depressed with care," it flies to the shining light for illumination and gladness; while Folly herself revels in a sort of green field, which nature has adorned with a thousand bewitching innocencies for the spirit of all honest men, when worn down with ugly worldly care, to rejoice in, and regain its pristine buoyancy: it is the meadow-land of the imagination—the paddock surrounded with an invisible fence, in which the skittish fancy of a man may frisk, and bound, and jump, and dance, without the fear of the dingy harness of solemn prudery before his eyes:—he who enters there in the true feeling of the place must be a partaker with Cowley's grasshopper—

"Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy."

If he be not this, the pleasant places of folly are not for him; and he must retreat again into that same Slough of Despond, which as much encircles these happy regions as those so picturesquely described by Bunyan.

But it is not Folly alone that offers so much gladness. To repeat my metaphor, all her halo partakes of the same tone.—Let us examine it, part and parcel, as a lawyer would say. The very word has something sympathetic in it. Folly! Folly!—it rings with a silver sound in the ear, like a well-cast bell—and jogs on towards the heart, like the burthen of a merry song;—and, indeed, the ending of all authentic verse is but an imitation, or rather a trolling expansion of it.—Foll-loll-de-roll! —Who does not see, in a moment, whence this thousand-times-repeated, always-welcome cadence, dates its origin? Sir Philip Sidney well remarks, in his Defence of Poetry, "I never heard the old song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet;" and that prince of Follyists, hight Sheridan, was fond of saying that he would rather have written the ballad of Hosier's Ghost than any piece of poetry in the language. Verily, there is great excellence in a song;—but ten-fold—yea, twenty-fold, is the excellence that lies in the burthen of it. So much, then, for the word!—Now for the associations that that word produces. If there is one thing in the world that has dear and touching associations attached to it, it is Folly. It takes us back to childhood—to those delicious days when all was folly and all was happiness. Folly, the immaterial, resolves herself into a picture palpable to the senses; she wears the shape of the tiny paper-boat, and still more tiny sail, waiting for a breeze in the forest-pool;—she takes on herself the image of the schoolboy, climbing the tallest tree, leaving the world fifty feet below him, and conjuring himself into a Robinson Crusoe or a Lemuel Gulliver;—or assuming the same progressive fiction, "with a difference," she is a boy-Cæsar, leading on a Roman army of half-a-dozen playmates across a new Rubicon, so christened for the occasion. Nor are these the only associations that Folly has for her disciples. Not only with schoolboy-reveries, but with "Love's young dream," is she rife. The fair-haired, blue-eyed maiden of the valley comes back, almost to our corporeal senses, at her bidding; the wicked brunette, that laughed us into midsummer-madness, joins the throng; and each bright fairy of the spring of life, that tripped to the wayward music of the heart, is once again revivified and made personal to the mind.—These are the delights of Folly's associations;—but her recollections have joy-giving power too. They take us back to the days of olden time; they place before our eyes the court-fool, the Lord Mayor's fool—party-coloured and coxcombical; and can these strike upon our memory without bringing with them gentle ladies, gallant knights, love-sick troubadours, and fell magicians wound round with necromantic charms? Or—quitting the general for the individual—Folly's recollections give us back Medora's tender-hearted fool, who pined himself to atrophy for that his mistress died—honest, fine-faced Will Somers, who yet lives on Holbein's canvas—Shakspeare's Touchstone, who equally lives in the poet's page—and Sancho Panza, the *ne plus ultra* of the brotherhood, who, in eating, sneaking, proverbizing,

aggrandizing, and ass-riding, lays fair claim to the rank of Folly's prime-minister.—Thus much for Folly's name, for Folly's associations, and for Folly's recollections! But there is yet one other scintilla of her halo—Folly's emblem—the venerable cap and bells! Ah! gentle reader, I see by your good-humoured smile—that which is illuminating me as I write—that the very mention of this head-gear has "iteration" for you. The high-coned bonnet is before your eyes—the tinkle-tinkle of its silver caparisons is in your ears—and you claim for yourself the rhymer's couplet,—

> "When the light heart with Folly swells,
> At least put on her cap and bells."

But though these things are light and airy, as things so connected should chiefly be, Folly is not without her more solid recommendations to the heavy-going mind, that finds a difficulty in flapping its wings in the rarified oxygen atmosphere of imagination. Folly has often stood the honest cause of humanity in good stead, and crushed mischief that threatened grievous consequences. It was Folly's prompting that taught the elder Brutus how to make Rome free; for with Folly's mantle round him he outwitted the tyrant Tarquin, till the time was ripe for graver matters, and Lucretia's virtuous death sounded the trumpet of enterprize. So in Rome's later days, Folly's own bird, the goose, saved the Capitol from the ruthless Gaul, and fanned into flame the city's torch of freedom that was at that moment about to be extinguished for ever. And as Folly knows how to save virtue, so she knows how to punish crime. Witness how she prompted traitorous Tarpeia so to word her bargained reward for treason, that the gift was death instead of riches.

Nor has Folly confined herself to actual deeds in thus benefiting mankind. It is she that, in a hundred instances, has inspired the poet's pen and the painter's pencil; it is she that has awakened them to the faculty of delighting the world—thus, at one effort, doing homage to their mistress, and conferring immortality on themselves. Holbein's obligations to Will Somers have already been mentioned. But, without Folly, what would Hogarth have been?—what Teniers?—what Ostade?—what Wilkie? Evil, thrice evil the day, when the latter forgot his debt of gratitude to the mistress who had inducted him to fame, and, deserting her colours, under which he was captain, enlisted under the banners of another, where he has hardly yet obtained the degree of a non-commissioned officer. But, if painters are thus in debt to Folly, how much more so authors! The world would have had no Petrarch but for the folly of love—no Rabelais but for the folly of humour—no Cervantes but for the folly of quixotism. Pope would have left unwritten some of his finest productions but for the folly of mankind; and, but for the same cause, the great Shakspeare himself would have been shorn of half his beams. Where would have been, but for Folly, his Don Armado—his Touchstone—his Trinculo—his Sir Andrew Aguecheek—and, above and overtopping all others, his honest Jack Falstaff, the fattest and the folly-est of all the tribe of Follyists?

Hail, all hail, then, Folly!—thou queen of all good things and all good fellows!—thou princess of laughter!—thou chief of mirth!—thou, in whose train walk

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles!"

Were I a rich man (which thou, great mistress, knowest I am not), I would build unto thee a temple, which, in honour of thy name, should be called "The Folly!"—A college of Follyists, with myself for their *sacerdos*, should there assemble weekly; and, by laughing, joking, quirking, quizzing, drinking, dancing, eating, fiddling, roystering, ramping, each should strive to shew himself worthiest of being quoted as thy disciple. High in honoured state should be thy fane, and all around should be arranged the busts of those who, through the world's lugubrious ways, have held thy faith unpolluted and unbroken. But, alas! I am being carried away again by Folly's tide. I have no riches wherewith to honour her of my heart: "silver and gold have I none." Verily, I have not wherewithal to gild a gingerbread alphabet, or to make glittering a baby's coral. But, with all this emptiness staring me in the face, I despond not. Despond, said I? Nay, I laugh hugely, giggle exorbitantly, dance unceasingly, and royster endlessly—for all which manifold blessings, to thee, oh! Folly, am I indebted!—to thee, to whom, like Erasmus, I dedicate my best lucubrations in endeavouring to extricate thy jolly name, from the fangs of those cold-blooded, matter-of-fact men, who will have it that "folly is folly," and "wisdom is wisdom," without admitting the possibility of so admixing the two, as to arrive at that pleasant concoction, which good fellows recognize under the title of "The Wisdom of Folly!" G.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Every man who is unhappily forced to make use of his feet, in our Sunday promenades, must look with envy, for such is human nature, at the brilliant chariots, the spruce buggies, and the shining chargers of gentlemen, whom in his week-day peregrinations, he sees with pens behind their ears, and their persons behind desks in the dingy holes and corners of the city, which by courtesy are called counting-houses, banks, and public offices. His week-day pity had been raised by thinking what calamity had driven those poor devils to perpetual sallowness, starving, and scribbling; and he goes out of the den wondering how any living being can manage to live in this tax-paying world upon the salary allotted to this tread-mill existence. But Sunday reverses all his meditations, converts his sorrow for them into shame for the seediness of his own wardrobe in such well-dressed society, and finishes his calculation, in the wish to discover the gold mine out of which the men of sallowness and scribbling have dug such capital things.

We submit a little explanation of the phenomenon to our Heraclitus, and give him this paragraph to dry his tears withal:—"A clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Curtis, Robarts, and Co., having absconded with £4,000., which he had collected, the police were sent in all directions. Sir W. Curtis himself, accompanied by Forester, the officer, went to Calais, and set inquiry on foot. He gained no information from which he could draw any conclusion as to the destination or the hiding-place of the clerk. Letters were sent off to America to stop the notes of the bank. It is believed that the clerk is in London, and a sharp eye is kept upon the movements of some of his female companions."

Dear as buggies and bungalows are, £.4000 would, even in these hard times, go a good way to pay for them, and we conceive that a

clerk of sixty pounds might contrive to live in tolerable style for at least a year, on the application of these assets of Messrs Curtis. The truth is, that buggies and bungalows, and even blood-horses, cannot be had for nothing; that a villa at Clapham, vulgar as the thing is, is not to be had for a song, and that a fortnight at Brighton itself is not to be managed, even at the York, without putting the hand rather frequently in the pocket. In this way the £4,000 is easily, naturally, and faithfully accounted for. Clerks *must* be men of fashion, as who is not, on sixty pounds a-year? Men of fashion *must* have their little conveniences; or be *cut*, an indignity to which no gentleman could or would submit. They must have their club, if newspapers are to be read, coffee drunk, or a rubber played with any human comfort. For exercise, they must have something of figure, one of Milton's hundred-and-fifty-guinea galloppers for Hyde Park, half-an-hour before their lounge to dinner, at their deservedly favourite Clarendon. The hunting season requires an addition to their stud, and for five hundred pounds, if they are lucky in their dealer, they may be respectably mounted for three days in the week, with the Surrey fox-hounds. All the world must be aware that no gentleman can do this out of moonshine: and if Sir W. Curtis i angry at the disappearance of his £4,000, he has only to ask himself could *he* do it for less. The thing is incontrovertible, and the pedestrian has only to envy on. A flight to America, to his brother men c fashion, who have already run the same brilliant career, saves all troubl The man of fashion, like the patriot, finds every land a home. "*Omn forti solum est patria.*" Glorious America opens her free arms to th flyers from jails and ropes, those cruel and fiend-like accompaniments c the demon legitimacy, all over the ancient world; and the man c fashion sports his virgin swindling in the virgin world of swindlei "*Vive le Tilbury!*"

At the announcement of every drawing-room, there is a formidab postscript commanding that no one shall be presented, without a previou sending in of names to the Lord Chamberlain. How then can w account for the paragraph which has been running the round of th papers?—"At the drawing-room an occurrence took place with refe rence to the reception of a lady of title, which has given rise to muc conversation in the higher circles. A peeress (not recently marriec whose conduct in private life has not always been of the stricte moral character, despite of the remonstrances of her friends, would l presented on this occasion. Her Majesty, we understand, treated he in such a manner as to evince in the circle of the court that determinatio to discountenance doubtful characters, even in the highest rank, whic was so deservedly lauded in the demeanour of Queen Charlotte."

The worst part of the whole affair is, that, no journalist having though proper to give the name of the "fair unpresentable," imagination get an unlucky liberty to rove; and goes doing mischief among a full thir of the "fashionable world." Far be it from us to lift the veil of th delicate obscurity, but we must join in the common acknowledgme that the sooner the court sets a good example to the people, the soon we shall see "*matters as they ought to be.*" We say no more.

How rapidly all the fair and the famous pass away! So have said a the moralists from the beginning of the world, and we do not disput

their saying. Of all the eminent officers who signalized themselves in the greatest of all wars, the French revolutionary war, Wellington alone survives. Blucher, Schwartzenberg, Platoff, Bulow, Gneisenau, and a crowd of others, have all gone. Yet there are from time to time, singular instances of existence prolonged to a date and rendered memorable by a good fortune, that almost contradict the common maxims of the novelist. Let us take the ladies: — "The venerable Countess Dowager of Mornington, who died a fortnight ago, was the most aged of the peeresses, having, at the age of 20, walked at the coronation of Geo. III. and Queen Charlotte. Her ladyship was the only surviving female of rank who officiated at the coronation of the illustrious parents of our present monarch. The Countess was the eldest daughter of the first Viscount Dungannon, and accepted the hand of the late Earl of Mornington in 1759. By his lordship, who died in 1784, the Countess had issue the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, Lord Cowley, the Honourable and Rev. Gerald Valerian Wellesley, D.D., and one surviving daughter, Lady Anne Culling Smith. Lady Mornington, who had for some years lived in retirement, was in the receipt of a pension of £600 per annum from the civil list."

Here was a mother of the Gracchi? The wife of an obscure Irish peer, dies the mother of four lords, and would have died the mother of a fifth, if the Rev. Gerald had played his cards a little more coolly. However, he has no great reason to quarrel with the world, it having given him *four* incomes, amounting to about £7,000 a year. This fortunate woman lived long enough to see her sons enjoying among them the highest rank of subjects, and, in the instance of Wellington, the highest professional fame. It was not to the honour of any of those sons that she should have been left in her old age a pensioner on the public bounty, and a dweller under a public roof. But nothing will ever cure a public man of his passion for grasping every farthing that he can out of the national purse, and while the price of one of the Duke of Wellington's dinners would have made her independent, she was forced to linger on a pension; and while a quarter's tithe of the Rev. Gerald's living of Chelsea, might have given her a handsome house, she was forced to lodge among the peerage rabble of Hampton Court. But it is useless to expect high-mindedness among those people.

The old Duchess of Rutland was another of those instances of prosperous longevity; though her prosperity was of a less casual kind. She saw no sons rising from comparatively humble life to eminence. She began on the highest step. The wife of a duke, the mother of a duke, and grandmother of a rising race of beauties and nobles; she died, after a period of undisturbed rank, opulence, public respect, and personal esteem, at the great age of seventy-five, and rests honoured in the tomb of her family. The funeral cavalcade was in the ancient English state, a style which, however unsuited to the *parvenus*, whom we see aping nobility, yet is graceful and becoming, where it belongs to the noble and the honoured. "The cavalcade was joined about four miles from Belvoir, by one hundred and fifty of the duke's tenantry, on horseback, wearing black cloaks. The remains of her grace lay in state at the castle during Sunday, and on Monday morning they were removed for interment to the family mausoleum, within a short distance of the castle. The funeral ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Thornton, in the presence of the Duke of Rutland, the youthful Marquis of Granby,

Lords Charles and Robert Manners, Lord Forrester, and the Messrs. Norman, her grace's grandsons. The jointure of her grace, amounting to £7,000 per annum, reverts to the present duke."

The duchess, fifty years ago, was confessedly the handsomest woman in England, which is equivalent to saying that she was the handsomest woman in the world. She lost her husband, while she was in the bloom of life, and she yet remained a widow; with a character unstained, with the respect of the world following her to the last hour, and with the more singular female distinction, of beauty, scarcely touched by time.

Another instance of prosperous years, though in the hazards of a peculiarly hazardous profession, has lately been brought into public notice by the peerage of Sir James Saumarez:—"Baron de Saumarez, whose important naval services and general unostentatious merits fairly entitle him to the honours of the peerage, which it has been understood is the spontaneous gift of the king, was passed over at the coronation of his late majesty. His lordship was made a baronet in 1801, on the occasion of his celebrated victory over the Spanish fleet. The noble lord has since obtained the highest honours of his profession, having been rewarded with the distinguished appointment of Vice-Admiral of Great Britain, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, with which he was invested in 1802. The venerable peer is far advanced in years, having completed his seventy-fourth year. The Honourable and Rev. James Saumarez, the incumbent of a living in Devonshire, is the noble lord's eldest son and heir apparent."

His being passed over at the late king's coronation, was understood to arise from no intentional neglect, but from some difficulty as to the pension usually given to the naval peers. He had proudly earned his rank. He was one of the pillars of the naval throne of England, and late as the honour has arrived, long may the great warrior wear the coronet that he has so long deserved!

What is life, even the life of a licenser, but vanity? as the wisest of kings said. What is it but the subsidence from the saddle into the easy chair, from the flask of Champagne into the pint of old Port, from the wit into the story-teller, from the poet into the proser, from the graces into the gout, from the man into the "slippered pantaloon," from the playwright into the licenser, from the jovial denizen of the King's Bench into the ultra-prim prig of the king's ultra-pay, from the spruce manager of the play-house into the lieutenant of the band of gentlemen-pensioners, and from the lieutenant into nothing! The licenser has just disposed of the commission which entitled him to draw some hundreds a year, for the laborious and heroic duty of wearing a coat with ten pounds' weight of tinsel on it, half a dozen times a year. Report says, that somebody has been found generous enough, or by whatever other name such transactions designate the payer, to give him £6000 for the honour of wearing the coat—a bargain with which old George is understood to be peculiarly well pleased.

Then he has got rid of his licenser-ship too, though we have not heard the terms. So thus old George is now completely *sinecured* to all intents and purposes, and left to cultivate his virtues undisturbed by the cares of this world. Which of *the* biographers is to have the honour of delivering him down to posterity? Why not make the experiment himself? His "Random Recollections," were, we must ac-

knowledge, dull for a professed wit, and rather destitute of *plot* for an inventor of so many *ruses* on the boards. But we will have no quarrel with old George the *younger*, after all. He has done something for the drama in his day. His John Bull was, to be sure, one of the most impudent things that ever were fabricated; but it was clever, it was a fair attack upon the blundering arrogance that from time to time abuses authority, and George was at that time no hypocrite. His "Heir at Law" too, though a clumsy caricature of both the pedant and the *parvenu*, yet had life about it, and deserved to live. George must have a monument, placed somewhere in the purlieus of Covent Garden, with himself in the gentleman-pensioner's full embroidered suit, setting his foot on the head of a prostrate Shakspeare, and a motto from Wesley's hymns, REQUIESCAT!

Why is not Martin an R. A.? Have the whole forty among them an abler artist, a more poular painter, or a more amiable member of society? Is there among them one whose works have done more honour to British art on the continent? have produced more, in the more commercial sense of the word, to the community, or are more distinctive of original talent? Certainly not one. The academy contains able men, and we have every reason to be proud of our national school; but the absence of Martin from the academy is a public slur upon its reputation. Of the private and individual reasons which may be offered for this strange neglect of its own honour, we ask nothing, for we care nothing. If Martin is offended with their overlooking him when his genius was known only to his profession, we cannot wonder at his feelings: if he disdains to canvass for election, and, manfully scorning the little arts of mediocre men, stands upon his claim of right, we altogether applaud him: if he appeals to his celebrity, to the fame that he has added to the British school, to the impulse that he has given to his art, and scorns to crouch, while he feels himself entitled to hold up his head, and rank with any artist living—there too, we applaud him; and say that it is of such men that an academy should be formed, and that sycophancy and creeping should be as decisive grounds of rejection as absolute want of talent. We trust that under so intelligent a head as the president, this blot will be cleared away, and that Martin and the academy will, before long, be in circumstances to do honour to each other.

In the mean time he perseveres with his unwearied activity and ability. He has now enriched his art with a series of compositions on the finest subjects ever offered to the pencil, Illustrations of the Scriptures. The second plate from Genesis has just appeared:—The first plate represents Adam and Eve after the fall. The figures are well conceived; the attitudes natural and expressive. The back-ground would be grand enough, we think, without being quite so black. The sky, together with the moon and stars, have a fine and appropriate expression; the lights playing among the foliage are sweetly introduced, and give great life and value to the scene.—The second plate is, where they are, or should both be, covered with skins. The air of the disconsolate pair is striking; the distraction pourtrayed is pertinent, and seems to pervade even the surrounding scenery. The face of nature presents a howling wilderness, as if all fell with Adam; the tempestuous sky, the lightning, and the infuriated tiger, all conspire to spread despair and desolation around. The lion killing the deer, though not exactly new, is not the less good. The

total exclusion of verdure from the garden of Eden gives a powerful impression of the effect

> "Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose moral taste
> Brought death into the world, and all its woe,
> With loss of Eden."

The artist has acquitted himself with masterly ability, and we do not doubt that he will highly gratify his admirers, and all who like to see the sublimest subjects grappled with by a mind, awake to all their interest and importance, and full of vigour and poetical imaginings.

The late peerages have set all the merry-men in motion, and no member of any of the clubs within five miles of St. James's thinks he has done his duty, without a bon-mot daily on the subject. That odd rencontres sometimes occur in this world, every body knows; and it will be no wonder if Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, when we may possibly see Westminster getting into a west-country stage, (from pecuniary considerations) and driving as fast as four horses can accomplish the object, into Cheshire. "One of those witty gentlemen about town, who

> "Things that are serious turn to farce,"

hearing that Lord Grosvenor was to be created Marquess of Westminster, suggested the absurdity, quite possible, of an invitation from the Bishop of this diocese to his lordship, couched in these words—

> "Dear Westminster,
> "Will you come to Fulham to-morrow?
> "Your's truly, C. J. London.

"It is thought that Lord Westminster's second title will not be Earl Grosvenor, as might naturally have been expected, but that the present second title will be changed in a slight degree, so as to suit the alteration in his own, and that as son of the Marquess of Westminster, Lord Belgrave will in future be called Lord Belgrave Square.

"There is another title vacant, which, if Mr. Hume, whose surgical skill should never be forgotten—should be elevated to the peerage, will, we presume, be granted to him—Lord Bills of Mortality."

But if we once begin with the bishops, what a fertile field may we plough for the pleasantries of locomotion. We shall have Jamaica coming to St. James's, Barbadoes on a visit to Brighton, and Calcutta, for the winter months of May, June and July, established in Cavendish Square. This is the day of strange things. It was once predicted that when the cross of St. Paul's met the dragon on Bow, London should have a wooden Lord Mayor. The rencontre actually took place in a tinman's shop in Cheapside, and this difficulty being got over, the rest of the prediction was a matter of course. The next prediction was, that when the bottom of the Thames fell out, the giants of St. Dunstan's should strike their last; and four fools should be returned for the city to parliament. The Thames tunnel effected the fulfilment, and the result is before our eyes. Who but knows the famous Mother Shiptonism?

> "There was an old prophecy found in a bag,
> That Ireland should be ruled by an ass and a hag;
> That her priests should be thieves, and her thieves should be priests;
> That her feasts should be blood, and her blood should be feasts,

That her rulers should walk with tied elbows and knees,
And the pike and the gallows o'ertop all the trees.
And the parsons, and nobles, and traders take wing,
And a rascal from Rome be priest, general, and king."
(Vide the Original in Sir Jonah Barrington's Memoirs.)

The Lords of the Treasury have with great propriety abolished an intolerable multitude of Custom-house and trading oaths, of which it was not unfairly said, that they were all comprehended under one, an oath not to keep any of them. The number is computed at ten or eleven thousand direct perjuries, which their lordships cleared from the consciences which, we are sorry to say, never "boggled" at any of them, and would have as little reluctance to bolt ten thousand more.

But why will no friend to the church take up the laws of simony? The purpose of those laws is to prevent the presentation to livings by means of money. There are thus five classes of contracts obnoxious to the charge of simony. 1st. All payments or contracts for a benefice *already vacant.* 2nd. A clergyman's purchase of the *next vacancy* for *himself* in any way whatever, either with his own money, or money to which he may have a future right, as his heirship, or his future wife's portion, or in any way whatever, by which it is to become his own. 3rd. The procuring the living by giving up any of its rights to the presentor. 4th. Promises to the presentor, of a portion out of the dues, any annuity, or allowance whatever, as a bribe or acknowledgment for the living. 5th. Bonds, to resign on demand, though Paley objects to the law on this last class, and thinks that it lays a snare for the conscience. The law has been modified, but cases arise in which difficulties are still encountered.

"A case concerning simoniacal contracts has lately arisen, which is important to the information of the clergy, and also patrons of livings. A clergyman tendered to his diocesan the resignation of a living, of which he was incumbent, made by him in pursuance of a regular agreement entered into by him with his patron at the time of presentation, to resign the living at the end of two years. Upon reference to very high legal authority, this agreement proves to be simoniacal, under the act of 31 Eliz., c. 6. It necessarily follows, that all engagements whatsoever between a presentee and a patron to resign, unless made and registered according to the provisions of 9 Geo. IV., c. 94, are simoniacal, and render the parties liable to the severe penalties of the first mentioned act, viz., the avoidance of the living, the forfeiture of the next term of presentation to the king, &c.; and that it is absolutely necessary for parties, who propose to enter into such engagements, to regulate their proceedings strictly according to the 9th Geo. IV., c. 94."

This class contains obvious conveniences to both patrons and clergy; for, the holding of a living until the patron's son comes of age to hold it, is one of the most common things, and is advantageous in so far as it gives an addition of income, for the time, to some respectable clergyman. But as for the other classes, the purchase of livings with marriage portions, and fifty other transactions of the same kind; what shall we say, or what says every-day experience?

In the pleasing bustle of Reform some things of some importance may be casually neglected. And we beg leave to suggest to the unconscious legislature, that the India charter, a matter once thought worthy

of consideration, comes to its close next year. In other days a twelve months' notice might have been thought rather short for the winding-up of such a concern. But as we live in an age of "doing-everythingness-at-once," as the celebrated Mr. Hume says, probably the business may be settled in a committee-room, some time in the Easter holidays, over a week's consumption of coffee. Jeremy Bentham, too, will be by that time, we presume, in the House, and every one must acknowledge how much his counsels may tend to abbreviate the question.

The papers are still keeping up a fire upon Dean Ireland and his people:—"*The Westminster Abbey Show.*—The Dean and Chapter, in reply to an order of the House of Commons for a return of their receipts arising from the exhibition of the monuments, say—'This grant was made to the Chapter in 1597, on condition that, receiving the benefits of the exhibition of the monuments, they should keep the same monuments always clean, &c.' The following are the receipts of five years:—1821, 648*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.*—1822, 2,317*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.*—1823, 1,664*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.*—1824, 1,529*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*—1825, 1,585*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*"

It is impossible to doubt that the Dean, a man of honesty, though notoriously one of the most crabbed of the sons of the church, is able to satisfy his conscience as to the distribution of those monies; yet we are not quite so well able to satisfy ours. What! an average £1,700 a year for brushing away spiders, or even for washing the faces of the old effigies! They might be gilt by contract for half the money. Mops and brooms must bear a formidable price about Westminster. But the truth is, that the whole charge ought to be abolished. Old as it is, it is beggarly. It may make a few pounds for each of the Chapter, but it makes more sneers than are worth the money. The whole paltry traffic offends people; it unquestionably gives a handle to scoffers, it makes the church unpopular, and if the Dean could but see the countenance with which this miserable tax is paid, or hear the reflections which accompany the parting shillings, he would doubt whether Vespasian's famous maxim might not be carried too far. This pitiful tax must be abolished, mops and brooms must not be purchased at so heavy a charge, water and brushes must be procured at some market where they will not cost £1,700 a year; and the public, whose fathers paid for the cathedral, and who themselves have paid for the monuments, must be admitted to a view of their own property, and have a sight of the great men of England, in their monuments, without being perpetually reminded of the little ones.

Poor Taglioni! The life of a general is precarious; so felt Diebitch. The life of an orator is a passing shew; so felt Orator Hawkins, the other night, when he broke down so piteously, in the very centre of his most prepared pathos. But what are they all to the perils of a *danseuse!* Poor Taglioni, unblemished as she was, has made a step which the Parisians say, is irrecoverable, and the occurrence of an unfortunate chink in one of the boards of the King's Theatre, has sent this bounding and elegant creature to obscurity for life. The sprain of her ancle has again disabled her, and she retires, almost hopeless of returning to the scene where opulence and applause attended every saltation. Alfred Chalon has made his sketches of this most renowned of dancers, just in time. They are clever, as what is not that comes from his dexterous pencil?

And they are lithographed by the most established of our lithographers, Lane, we are sorry to say, with no possible addition to his stony renown. They look pitifully thin and washy—scraped, not drawn, and altogether albumish—a phrase which we have adopted from young Macauley's last speech, and to which we thus give the *imprimatur*. But our chief objection to this sextuple Taglioni is, that the artist makes her consummately ugly. Six caricatures are too much for our feelings, six varieties of deformity overwhelm our taste for the dark side of human nature, six duplicates of distortion and diabolism startle our dreams by night of the exquisite *danseuse*, and ruffle our gallantry by day. No, for the honour of the female face divine, Taglioni is *not* the thing that now lies grinning and writhing through the six physiognomical positions of agony on our table. Her little Italian visage, though not of the "finest order of fine faces" is not the grim diversity of a face on the rack, nor the living emblem of Sheridan's picture, "where, like a congress, every feature seemed to have a different interest, and the nose and chin are the only ones likely to come to an amicable understanding." We quote from memory, and if we have improved the original, Sheridan has only to thank us. Clever the sketches are, good in legs and feet, bust and arms; but the night-mare physiognomy in the midst, reminds us of nothing but the Arab flying fiend, the genie, the son of the daughter of Eblis. If Chalon thought his heroine ugly, why did he not make her handsome. A dancer's fame, fortune, figure, and physiognomy are in her feet. She might as well be painted without a head, for any thing that we care. But there the head *is*, and such as it is, it spoils our meditations, and reminds us of the Bottle Imp—at the moment when we wished to give ourselves over to the recollections of the sylph, treading the air in blue roses, green clouds, and coquelicot satin wings.

But as we have not time to tell the characters under which this matchless mistress of the whole three graces at once, appears from the pencil of M. Chalon, we must resort to the poetry that illustrates them. Each sketch is accompanied by a poem, from the pen of "F. W. N. Bayley." The closing compliment to the fair *danseuse*—now, we fear from what we have lately heard, a dancer no more—we copy as a specimen:—

Marie Taglioni!—we've bowed to thee now,
  As the nymph of a blue stream*—the goddess of flowers†—
As a creature whose heart, like the smile on her brow,
  Is as light and as lovely as life's happy hours.

As a Napolitaine—as a daughter of Tell,‡
  Bounding out from her cottage, as light and as free
As the chamois—the eagle—the fawn—the gazelle,
  In her youthfulness, pure as the purest might be.

We've hailed thee with wings! as a spirit of air
  (The wings of a butterfly, not of a dove)—
We've hailed thee when, robed as the bright Bayadere,
  Thou seemest to dance in a circle of love!

Thus thy colours were varied, as those of the bow
  That spans in its beauty the skies of the spring;
And in all thy young gracefulness haunted us so,
  That still to its magic our memories cling.

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* La Naiade. † Flore. ‡ La Tyrolienne.

And now, with the hope that 'mid days of delight,
And moments of pleasure, nor futile nor few,
Thy heart may be happy, as thy step has been light—
Marie Taglioni!—we bid thee adieu!

"A little black negro beggar, who about five years ago used to stand by Messrs Elliott and Robinson's tea warehouse, near Finsbury-square, has retired to the West Indies with a fortune of about 1,500*l.* obtained by begging. He lodged for many years at the Rose and Crown public-house, better known by the name of the Beggar's Opera, in Church-street, St. Giles's, where he has been known to spend 30*s.* a-week for his board, and has been seen to spit his geese and ducks, and live upon 'the fat of the land.' He always kept a bag of silver and a bag of copper in his room, and has frequently taken up people who lodged in the house for robbing him of money."

We give the statement as it was given to us, and though it contains some superfluities of expression, such as, telling us that the negro was *black*, and that living by begging, he was a beggar, still the thing is valuable. It shews what can be done by emancipation, and at once offers a new contrivance for re-inforcing the decayed population of the West Indies, and proves the utter distinction of nature between the negro and the Scotchman.

We give another incident. The property to be made by beggary is undoubtedly very considerable, as every one knows who walks Bond-street and compares the display of three-fourths of the shewy persons there with their possessions on the face of the earth. Bankrupts, too, are generally a very thriving race, and your thrice-washed insolvent is generally marked by the peculiar *enbonpoint* of his person, and the peculiar elegance of his clothing. But, to our tale. The individual in question was a regular professor of the art of supplication, imprecation, intoxication, vociferation, and the other accomplishments of that ingenious class of society who would rather honour the king in any other way than by paying him taxes, and who love their neighbours by howling them into the practice of the virtues. The hero's name was Sinclair, not the Sinclair whose sweet tones have extracted so many guineas from the public pocket on the stage in willing exchange for his *notes*, but a brawny Bacchus who roused the chimes and frightened the watchmen through the length and breadth of Scotland. He was, however, stopped in his trade the other day, and "inquired into." The narrative states that,

"Upon examining his person in prison, it was found that his coat, which was in some places two inches thick with patches of various colours, contained between 20 and 30 pockets, filled with pamphlets, tracts, school-books, songs, &c.; and in one of his private receptacles were discovered a promissory Edinburgh bank note for 130*l.*, and two of the British Linen Company—one for 43*l.*, and the other for 42*l.* 13*s.* In the pockets of his waistcoat (about 20 in number) were deposited 2*l.* 7*s.* 9¾*d.* in silver and copper, almost every shilling and sixpence being separately placed in the fingers of old gloves, and carefully tied up. The whole sum found upon this wretched disciple of mammon amounted to 218*l.* 2*s.* 9¾*d.*, which has been lodged in the bank. The entire motley habiliments of this sturdy beggar weighed nearly eight stone, including about seven pounds of bread, and a small quantity of oatmeal."

Here was handsome evidence of talent in his line. But there are some points of the narrative on which we would desire a commentary. "*Wretched* disciple of Mammon." Why? He was probably a much merrier fellow than any lord from Inverness to Berwick during its col-

lection. As to the money's being seized by the reverend gentleman, whether it were lodged in the bank, or in his own bureau, we desire the clerical magistrate to shew us his law for either. It was the fair gain of his labours, and no one else had a right to touch a penny of it. As to the tremendous fact of it being stuck in the fingers of old gloves, we can only interpret it as a sign that Sinclair did not choose that it should be *fingered* by any one but the owner. Still there are some points about the story which make us pause. The seven pounds of wheaten *bread* to the small quantity of *oatmeal*, might show the fellow's good taste, but how could he obtain the bread in the northern regions of the isle. The sum of money too is staggering. Two hundred and eighteen pounds and odd shillings, collected in Scotland in the course of a life, however long, travels however extensive, and begging however indefatigable, are a phenomenon severely trying to our belief. The whole story will probably turn out to be a puff of the Scotch bankers, to shew the internal resources of their country.

The theatrical world is prodigiously on the *qui vive* at the approach of *the* season. At Drury-lane the old fashion of our going to see the lions is to be revived with delightful reality, a whole forest of them being to be let loose on the stage, and to devour M. Martin, their proprietor and principal prey every night. The greatest precautions are in progress for the security of the audience. The stage is to be palisadoed round with bars ten feet thick, and forty feet high. In addition, the first three ranks of the pit are to be furnished with pikes eighteen feet long, to defend themselves in case any of the dramatis personæ should break through, or in their enthusiasm scale the parapet. To prevent the chance of flying leaps, the remainder of the pit are to be furnished with rifles double-loaded, from Mr. Eggs', the celebrated gunsmith, now selling off his stock, and a regiment of the Guards is to be planted in the two-shilling gallery. The master-general of the ordnance also, with that attention to the public convenience, which characterises the whole policy of ministers, has voluntarily promised to keep a brigade of field-pieces in readiness on the nights of performance, which, in case of any thing like serious disturbance among the performers, will be in town in half an hour from the throwing up of the first rocket from the roof of the theatre. The lives of the biped actors are also to be insured at "double hazardous!" Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Humby, and the other more attractive portions of the female establishment, are to be cased in cuirasses, furnished in the kindest manner by several cornets of the Life Guards, and which fit their shapes as if they were made for them. The engagement of these pre-eminent *artistes* is due to the diplomatic talents of Mr. Bunn, who has out-manœuvred Matthews and Yates, in a style which will probably terminate those two gentlemen in a *felo de se*.

The fate of Covent-garden distracts us still. Whether Charles Kemble and his daughter are to play here or in Kamschatka, to retire from the stage, or to bear once more the burthen of the establishment on their own heads, are matters which still perplex the world. The fact is, that there is nothing certain under the sun, and we fear that theatres and their calculations must be reckoned among the number. One thing we hear of which we do not like; a vast number of expensive engagements of actors who, without good plays and new ones too, are absolutely worth nothing, let their abilities be what they may. Another is, that we do

not see the slightest hope held forth of these good and new plays. Where has gone the genius of the drama? where the encouragement once held out to it by the great? or does it wait only for another Harris the elder, or a revival of Rich? what know we? But we are told, "The future lesseeship of Covent-garden theatre is still undecided, owing to the continued indisposition of Mr. Pepys, who is retained as leader of the respondent's case. Should the House of Lords think proper to reverse the decision pronounced by Lord Lyndhurst, the affairs of the theatre will be thrown into great perplexity, and wholly preclude the possibility of its being opened for several weeks. The engagements for the ensuing season have been all made with Messrs. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, and to these, of course, Mr. Harris will not be bound, should he succeed to the managerial throne. Some say if that should so turn out, Mr. C. Kemble means to take his company either to the Italian Opera or to the Haymarket theatre—but this is all surmise. The fact is, Mr. Kemble does not anticipate the possibility of failure in maintaining his claim to the theatre."

The marriage act brought in by George the Third, to extinguish the possibility of *mesalliances* in his family, has certainly not been among the most prosperous instances of legislation. One of its fruits is now flourishing before the public in Chancery.

"Sir Augustus D'Este, the son of the late Countess D'Ameland by the Duke of Sussex, has, it appears, filed a bill, to perpetuate the testimony of his father's marriage, and has also taken counsel's opinion upon its *legality—which is in his favour!*"

If the lawyer says so, we only wonder at the oddity of the opinion, for nothing can be more express than the statute of 1772, and few things could have been more perfectly understood during the last half century, than its operation. It has been conceived, indeed, that the illegality of the marriage in England may not bar the rights of the issue of such marriage in Hanover. But unless law be a vapour the question in England is settled.

We rejoice that we have not had an opportunity of personally witnessing the wisdom of our "Sovereign Lord the Mob, in the districts of Zips and Zemplin." The history of the proceedings of his "majesty" may be of some use to the experience of those who will be taught by nothing else, and who may learn at last to believe, that the rabble wisdom is not altogether to be relied on in all public emergencies. On the approach of the cholera, the Austrian government had issued directions for its treatment, and among these remedies chlorate of lime seems to have been a good deal relied on. In some instances this failed, and probably in some, the peasantry swallowed the chlorate, and thus poisoned themselves. But the rumour instantly spread that the government had been the grand practitioner in the poisoning, and the sovereign people acted without delay, on the suggestion.

"This story, with the sudden and violent breaking out of the cholera at Kluknau, led the peasants to a notion of the poisoning of the wells, which spread like lightning. In the sequel, upon the attack of the estate of Count Czaki, a servant of the chief bailiff was on the point of being murdered, when, to save his life, he offered to disclose something important; he said that he received from his master two pounds of

poisonous powder, with orders to throw it into the wells; and, with an axe over his head, took an oath publicly in the church to the truth of his statement. These circumstances, and the fact that the peasants, when they forcibly entered the houses of the landowners, every where found chlorate of lime, which they took for the poisonous powder, confirmed their suspicions, and drove the people to madness. In this state of excitement, they committed the most apalling excesses. Thus, for instance, when a detachment of thirty soldiers, headed by an ensign, attempted to restore order in Kluknau, the peasants, who were ten times their number, fell upon them; the soldiers were released, but the ensign was bound, tortured with scissors and knives, then beheaded, and his head fixed on a pike as a trophy. A civil officer in company with the military was drowned, his carriage broken to pieces, and chlorate of lime being found in the carriage, one of the servants was compelled to eat it till he vomited blood, which again confirmed the notion of poison."

When the cholera broke out in St. Petersburgh, the mob could find no better contrivance for its extirpation, than murdering the physicians; who, they declared, were hired by the government to poison the patients in the hospitals, and it was not till after they had proved their science, by tearing some of the unfortunate doctors into fragments, that some battalions of the guards put a stop to this summary justice.

But the true state of popular wisdom is not to be looked for in great cities, where there are battalions of guards ready to turn out with fixed bayonets, but in the rural districts, where life is pastoral and pure, where the vices of cities dare not venture, and where the shepherds and shepherdesses have it all their own way. For example:—

"On the attack of the house of the Lord at Kluknau, the Countess saved her life by the most piteous entreaties; but the chief bailiff, in whose house chlorate of lime was unhappily found, was killed, together with his son, a little daughter, a clerk, a maid, and two students who boarded with him. So the bands went from village to village; wherever a nobleman or a physician was found, death was his lot; and in a short time it was known that the high constable of the county of Zemplin, several counts, nobles, and parish priests had been murdered. A clergyman was hanged because he refused to take an oath that he had thrown poison into the wells; the eyes of a countess were put out, and innocent children cut to pieces. Count Czarki, having first ascertained that his family was safe, fled from his estate at the risk of his life, but was stopped at Kirchtrauf, pelted with stones, and wounded all over, torn from his horse, and only saved by a worthy merchant, who fell on him, crying, 'Now I have got the rascal.' He drew the Count into a neighbouring convent, where his wounds were dressed, and a refuge afforded him. The secretary, who accompanied him, was struck from his horse with an axe, but saved in a similar manner, and in the evening conveyed with his master to Leutschaw. The steward of Count Czarki was killed, his chief bailiff bound, thrown on the ground, and half beaten to death; after which, he was dragged to a smithy and bound to a bench, and the soles of his feet burnt with irons, which peasant women made red hot. The entreaties of the wife and sister of the bailiff seemed only to increase the rage of his tormentors. But enough of these horrible scenes! Those here mentioned (and they are but a few from the counties of Zips and Zemplin) will suffice to give an idea of the mad rage of a

people hitherto kept in a state of ignorance and brutality, as soon as it breaks its fetters for a moment."

We are compelled to agree in the final observation, hostile as it may be to the march of intellect, and are very glad that we are not enjoying its progress in the districts of Zips and Zemplin.

The theatres will all open in a few days. Fascinating news! The stages, long and short, are as crowded with actors now rushing up to town, as they were a fortnight ago with partridges, and will be, for a week to come, with geese. And the lounging members of both houses, who have battled, broiled, brawled, and bungled through this burning and endless session, will have somewhere to rest their weary souls from the perpetual bore of doing good to their country. They must, unluckily, wait awhile for the opening of the King's theatre, where Mr. Monk Mason, who speaks Italian like a tiger, who has visited foreign lands, and sat out all the operas for the last five years, is preparing to assemble such a galaxy of operatical lights, as never yet were let loose upon the optics of our foggy and philosophical island.

"M. Laporte, released from the Opera, intends directing his whole attention, in conjunction with M. Cloup, to the French drama, and the company, next season, will be more efficient than any that has yet appeared."

The critics are still in doubt whether this active and very ugly Frenchman gained or lost by his tenancy of the Opera. Laporte says that he *ought* to have made 15,000*l.* Others say that he ought not to have made the thousandth part of the number of farthings.

"Macready is engaged at Drury-lane." We hope not to play Virginius and Werner, Werner and Virginius, through the season.

"At Covent Garden, Young is positively engaged for a limited number of nights. Lacy has prepared an opera—and the evergreen Braham, has been studying his part for a month past. Wilson, and the great card, Miss Inverarity, will, of course, form part of the company."

We have no objection to any of these engagements. But we must enter a caveat against our being compelled to see Young in the Stranger, Hamlet, or Brutus, for the last time. We have some sensibilities about us still, and can be tired of the eternal repetition of the most delightful of all human things, as much as ever Manners-Sutton was tired of a debate on the Address.

"The fascinating Mrs. Humby is enlisted in Captain Polhill's corps. A Miss Kenneth, described to be in Miss Foote's line, will also appear. Mr. Jones, from Edinburgh, takes the lead in genteel comedy. The Honeymoon will be the opening play."

By joining the captain's *corps*, we are to understand, nothing more descriptive than becoming a portion of the captain's theatrical company, to which this gay and clever little actress will be a great acquisition. Why has she not been a regular *attachée* to the Winter Theatres long ago? They have not had upon their list a prettier woman, a livelier comedian, or a more piquant *artiste*, in dress, dialect, dialogue, and dithyrambics.

Bishop, the idlest of clever composers, who has enriched English opera with some of the sweetest works extant, is generating a pair of operas at once. Under the general head of drama, we understand that there never was a season so fertile in proposed performances. Forty-

two French farces are already in the actors' hands. Macready has the leading parts of ten tragedies lying on his breakfast-table, enough to deprive any man of his appetite. One hundred and fifty melodramas, from all corners of the empire, and with the *venue* in all quarters of the globe, are perplexing the brains of Messrs. Farley and Barrymore at both houses; and the Christmas pantomime of Covent Garden is complete, with the exception of a flying man in the last scene: while, at Drury Lane, they have been rehearsing their pantomime during the last month. These are new times, and the results must be brilliant. We understand that the superintendance of the ballet-department is to be given to the Lord Chamberlain, who has lately been taking lessons from M. Diddelot for the purpose, and that, as soon as he is able to *pirouet*, his grace will announce his acceptance of the office. It will not be like his chamberlainship. It will be any thing but a sinecure.

What an immensity of consternation the Saints exhibited a sample of, years since, on the untimely end of a Mr. Missionary Smith. "John Bull," who still protests against "all that sort of thing, and every thing of that sort," as Matthews says, has just ferreted out a little transaction of the Missionary, which shews that he had his eye a leetle fixed on the mammon of unrighteousness, as well as the publicans and sinners of the West Indies. The document by which he exhibited his sense of the guilt of dealing in slave merchandise is worth preserving, even for his sake:—

"Know all men by these presents, that I, John Smith, of the colony of Demerara, for and in consideration of the sum of eighteen hundred gilders, Holland currency, paid to me by James Kelly, Esq., of the aforesaid colony of Demerara (the receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge), have granted, *bargained, sold*, aliened, enfeoffed, and confirmed unto the said James Kelly, a female *negro slave*, named Kitty, together with *her future issue and progeny*, and all right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, both at law and in equity, *of, in, to, or out of* the aforesaid slave, and her future issue and progeny, to have and to hold the said female negro slave named Kitty, unto the said James Kelly, his heirs and assigns, *for ever!*

"And I, the said John Smith, do hereby warrant and defend the aforesaid female slave, together with her future issue and progeny, against all and every person whatsoever, unto the said James Kelly, his heirs and assigns, for ever!"

By the bye the West Indies are going to ruin. The outcry against the planters, the interference of my Lords of the Treasury and the Right Hon. the Colonial Secretary for the time being, and the Sierra Leone Man-consumption-company, and the Mauritius Free-slave-sugar-corporation, and the Female-penny-raisers, and the orators black, brown, and fair in Exeter-hall, are rapidly breaking down the interests of the finest and most productive colonies that ever swelled the opulence of a nation. We are making the West Indians ask the question, "What good is to be got by adhering to England, and what evil by looking to America?" If a war should arise in that hemisphere, the islands would be among the very first objects of American attack, and the time may come when the hope of being able to make that attack successfully will be the cause o. an American war. We have clearly contrived to irritate the colonists our next steps may alienate them, and when, to please the Buxtons o

this speechmaking generation, we shall have either thrown the whites into the hands of the blacks, or the islands, with both whites and blacks, into the hands of the Yankees; then, it is to be hoped, we shall be satisfied. But as matters are going on now, between laws to teach the planters how to take care of their own property, and to encourage the produce of strangers in preference to that of our own countrymen, West Indian property is going to the dogs, hour by hour.

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Since his Majesty's accession, one valuable change has taken place in the military equipment, by the adoption of red for the general service, cavalry as well as the infantry of the line. We are not quite so much charmed with the remaining mustache privileges of the life-guards, lancers, and hussars, who are still too much Frenchified for British tastes, and who would fight as well, and look much better, by applying the razor to their upper lips as well as their lower. We also think that in naval tailoring, the new taste is by no means an improvement, and that the white facing which Nelson, Jervis, Howe, and Collingwood made a terror to our enemies, is ill-displaced for the Frenchified red and blue of the present fashion. Now, too, the British marines are to have a Frenchified title, and to be called naval *guards!* a copy of Napoleon's "gardes de mer," as if nothing could be good that was not borrowed. The "naval guards!" are to be divided into four corps, with a distinguishing appellative to each of the four divisions, viz.:—"1st, King's, or Kent division; 2d, Queen's, or Devon division; 3d, the Lord High Admiral's, or Hants division; 4th, Princess Victoria's, or Essex division; and that a *third* colour (the *original* standard of the corps) is to be restored, and presented to the third division. This flag is St. George's Cross, having the rays of the sun diverging from each corner of its centre. When the marines bore this flag, they were designated His Royal Highness the Duke of York and Albany's, or the Lord High Admiral of England's Own Naval Regiment." Perhaps in no service in the world has the passion for changing uniforms and names exhibited itself so much as the British. The changing of the uniforms may be intelligible enough, for the tailor-interest has always been strong. But when no one was to be the richer by the change in the names, we find it difficult to assign the reason of this perpetual shifting of nomenclature. Thus we have seen the 95, first the sharpshooters, and then the rifle-brigade; the royal artificers, now the sappers; the third foot guards, now Scotch fusileer guards; artillery corps, now regiment of artillery; horse artillery drivers, now horse brigade; household troops, now life guards; the 60th, now Duke of York's rifles, &c. &c. *cum multis;* and the service not a hair's breadth the better for them all.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Principles of Lithotrity.—By Baron Heurteloup, Doctor of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris.

Lithotomy, or *cutting* for the stone, is an operation comparatively modern, but though frequently accomplished with success, it is always hazardous, and in a large proportion of cases attended with fatal results. But the *knife* is the favourite instrument with English surgeons. Something like vanity enters into their dexterous use of so formidable an instrument; and they will not readily relax their hold. On the face of it, Lithotrity—that is, the breaking and crumbling of the stone by the means of instruments introduced through the urethra, is the more obvious and desirable mode of cure. The source of the disease is thus accessible by one of nature's own passages, and not of man's forcible entry. It is the difference between quietly opening the door of a house. and burglariously breaking in; and carries with it its own recommendation. It is true lithotrity has been abandoned, on consideration for what appeared the better process—the more direct and violent one; but that is no proof of its superiority. Lithotrity may have been managed in a bungling manner; but modern ingenuity, and the delicacy with which the necessary instruments can now be manufactured, might long ago, had surgeons persevered, have remedied all defects. Instead of this, the attention of the medical world has been turned from it, and directed almost exclusively to the perilous knife. The art and the use of it have doubtless been improved; but no approaches have been made, or can hope to be made, to perfect security. In this state of things we welcome this powerful publication of Baron Heurteloup—a French gentleman, who has turned his mind to the improvement of lithotritic instruments for some years past, and who is now settled in London for professional practice. The book is obviously the production of a man who enters zealously into the subject, and is thoroughly familiar with its details, and who writes, moreover, in a manner "intelligible to the meanest capacity." It cannot fail of arresting attention. Patients will force surgeons to turn to it. The dread of lithotomy is general, and the facilities and safety of lithotrity will strike patients forcibly—it will be difficult, when once this book becomes known, to persuade them to submit to the knife.

Into the particular merits of the baron's improvements, we cannot here, of course, enter; but the following considerations are worth listening to:—"Lithotomy requires to be performed in a favourable season; lithotrity may be performed at all times, with equal chance of success. The former requires that the patient should remain in bed for a month or six weeks after the operation; the latter needs no confinement, and often allows the patient to pursue his usual avocations. Lithotomy requires the patient to be kept on a rigid diet; while he who undergoes lithotrity is only moderately restricted;—the recovery is often, in the former case, very tedious; whilst, in the latter, it is effected at once. Lithotomy often produces serious accidents—such as impotence, incontinence of urine, and urinary fistulæ; lithotrity, from its nature, cannot cause any of these consequences. The former, whatever may be the means employed, always requires a large and deep incision; the latter requires none. Lastly, lithotomy may cause almost instant death, from hœmorrhage; lithotrity cannot, under any circumstances, produce such a termination."

The History of English Dramatic Poetry, &c., by J. Payne Collier, Esq. 3 vols, 12mo.

It would be difficult to point out, among the Origines of art or literature, one more involved in obscurity than that of the English drama; nor would it be easy to decide which has most contributed to retard the clearing away of that obscurity—indolence, ignorance, or arrogance. The general tone of commentators and critics has been—we have done all that can be done—we have

searched and sifted all our materials; you must be content with the fruits of our labours, for labour can do no more. They have taken credit for consummate ability and unsurpassable exertion—for strenuously reaping the scanty harvest, and even for carefully gathering the gleanings. But, luckily, the effects produced by such declarations are usually short-lived—they repress only contemporaries. With the next age they lose their force; and the new energies of a fresh generation will scale with ease what the old pronounced unsurmountable. Thus it is that one age surpasses another, and we have little doubt that, though Mr. Collier's researches will appear to *his* contemporaries to be such as to make further efforts hopeless, another age, another century, will produce new labourers, who will make his discoveries look as little as he makes those of the Stevenses, Malones, and Giffords.

Mr. Collier's able performance consists in reality of two distinct works—the Annals of the Stage to the closing of the Theatres in the reign of the Puritans; and a History of Dramatic Literature to the days of Shakspeare. The public offices and receptacles for old records furnished large and valuable additions to the materials, which had been already discovered, but which lay scattered in printed and manuscript volumes. The state-paper department—the privy council office—the chapter-house of Westminster, have supplied numerous original documents, which throw a fresh, clear, and strong light upon some of the most obscure parts of the history of the stage and drama. Among them, Mr. C. particularizes unopened patents to different companies of players—original accounts of the royal revels from the early part of the reign of Henry VIII.—unexamined books of domestic expenses of our kings and nobility from Edward IV. downwards. These were sources scarcely accessible to general search, and might be expected to present some novelty; but not less productive have proved the MSS. of the British Museum, which have been long open to every body's scrutiny. Mr. C. was amazed at the substantial materials which he detected there. The Burghley papers, exceedingly voluminous, had been scarcely glanced at; and even the Harleian, Cottonian, and royal MSS., have never been thoroughly ransacked. In the royal MSS. Mr. C. found two of Ben Jonson's masks in his own hand-writing. In these, too, he met with letters from and concerning our "most notorious poets," the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare; and especially in a diary, kept by an intelligent barrister, who lived while Shakspeare was in the zenith of his popularity, he found original notices and anecdotes of him, Spenser, Jonson, Marston, &c. Mr. C. spent some years in going through these voluminous collections, but he declares he never had occasion to repent the mis-spending of a single hour while so employed.

In the history of dramatic poetry Mr. C. begins with the miracles, or miracle-plays, (usually designated by the name of Mysteries,) as the source and foundation of the national drama. They appear to have been translations from the *French* language rather than Latin. The most ancient is that of St. Katherine, acted at Dunstable very early in the twelfth century. It is true the French dramatic records are supposed not to extend beyond the thirteenth century; but St. Katherine itself was the production of a Norman monk—a member of the university of Paris, though finally abbot of St. Alban's. Mr. C. has examined the whole stock, printed and manuscript, known to be extant; and the reader will find an analysis of the whole of the Widkirk, Chester, and Coventry series. A new MS. of the Chester series has recently come to light—much superior to those before known—an earlier transcript—more correct, and of course serving to correct the blunders of later ones. It is in the possession of Mr. Nicholls, the printer—himself a diligent collector in matters of archeology. No miracle-plays probably were written after the reign of Henry VIII., but they continued to be performed till the end of the century. They were acted even so late as 1603, at Lancaster, Preston, and Kendall.

Mr. C. next traces the connection between miracle-plays—which consisted at first solely of Scripture characters—and morals, or moral-plays, (commonly styled Moralities,) which were made up of allegorical personages. The miracles

gradually, and almost imperceptibly, merged into the morals by the intermixture of allegory with sacred history, till they finally ceased to be distinctive. An examination of all the extant moral-plays, similar to that of the miracle-plays, follows, furnishing much novelty of information.

As the miracles merged into the morals, so these, in their turn, were finally lost in tragedy and comedy, by the introduction, in successive steps, of the characters of history, romance, and society. Mr. C. pursues the growth of tragedy and comedy till they reached their maturity in the hands of Shakspeare, though before *he* wrote a line for the stage our romantic drama may be truly said to have been completely formed, and firmly established, notwithstanding Dryden's ignorant declaration that Shakspeare "created the stage among us." Mr. C. reviews the pieces of all the predecessors and early contemporaries of Shakspeare in what may be termed the legitimate drama; and concludes his eleborate performance, the contents of which we can do no more than glance at, with an inquiry into the origin and history of our old theatres—as successfully accomplished as any other department of his labours. The book is an invaluable one—the worthy result of a toil of twenty years. We hope Mr. C. will now publish an uniform edition of all the miracle and moral-plays, interludes, and dramas, to the days of Shakspeare.

On the alleged Decline of Science in England, by a Foreigner.

"Science is on the decline in England," says Mr. Babbage. Comparatively, or absolutely? Both, he replies, or implies—the continent surpasses us, and we have no more Newtons. And what is the cause of this sad declension? The want of patronage, that is, of government patronage; for under all Mr. Babbage's complaints, lurks a desire for place, emolument, money. He seems to think that men of science should have the monopoly of office; none but they should be statesmen, diplomatists, legislators, bishops, &c. Knowledge, like virtue, it has been said, is, or should be, its own reward; but Mr. B. has no toleration for so absurd a maxim. He has no notion of anybody's learning any thing, or communicating any thing but for gain—he has but one idea of the word *acquisition*. Fame, respect, admiration, are all nothing at all in Mr. B.'s eyes; and of course he cannot but marvel at Milton, for instance, and indeed at all who have ever written, without the prospect, or the expectation, or the thought of money-making. Mr. Babbage has taken up hastily an opinion, that France is the region of science, and a paradise for the cultivators of science. Some three or four men of science, during the last troubled half century, were in high office, and for this Mr. B. envies the condition of men of science in France; but he should know that these same persons owed their elevation to connection, to the times, to their own bustling spirit, and certainly not to their "science." This is the feeling of the writer of the pamphlet before us—a Frenchman, who has been led, from a sort of analogous mistake, seeing things only at a distance, and unacquainted with facts, to envy and admire the condition of science, and its cultivators in England. The surprise produced by Mr. B.'s book prompted this reply; and so have we the singular spectacle of the state of English science attacked by a native, and defended by a foreigner. At all events he has brought forward some pretty conclusive statements to enable the reader to pronounce on the truth of the alleged "decline." France has but one philosophical journal, and that of course has the choice of all papers offered for publication; while with us, there are the Quarterly, and the Edinburgh, and Jamieson's Journals, besides the Philosophical Magazine, any one of which will shew an average number of articles equally important and well-written. The Germans at least are as eager to translate the English as the French papers. But English mathematicians have all an eye to the practical, which of necessity keeps them in the rear of the French, who, pursuing, without such interruptions, theory and analysis, far outstrip us in point of dry knowledge. But is this a proof of *decline?* In France eminent men confine themselves to one branch, while, generally, in England, students take a wider range. But is this a disadvantage? We venture to say, no. The different branches of science naturally serve each other, and

utility is never so soon lost sight of, as when the attention is contracted to single points. But that the higher departments are really neglected in England, must be denied, as long as we have Mr. Babbage himself, and such men as Ivory and Herschel. With all Mr. B.'s admiration for France, he cannot be blind to the fact that science is more widely diffused among us—that it has here more cultivators, and admirers, and so more *patrons* in effect. Looking to the learned societies of England, and the costs of association with them, the "Foreigner" of the pamphlet cannot forbear a smile at the thought of six hundred Frenchmen out of thirty-two millions, being found *willing* or *able* to pay twelve hundred and fifty franks, or £50 a-piece, for the promotion of science! The pamphlet is published by Faraday—himself a distinguished cultivator of science, and worthy of being, as he is, the successor of Davy.

London Pageants, by J. Nichols and Son.

The volume embraces an account of fifty-five royal processions and entertainments in the city of London, commencing with Henry III. in 1236, and closing with George III. in 1761, to the exclusion of the receptions of foreign sovereigns and thanksgiving-processions to St. Paul's, which were found to be "too numerous to mention." The details are taken almost wholly from contemporary writers, and will at least gratify the city, and a few inquirers into forgotten matters. A second division of the book has a bibliographical list of Lord Mayors' pageants, that is, of publications descriptive of the annual shew at the inauguration of the Lord Mayor of London, with some historical notes relative to that august ceremony, still more gratifying to the citizens than the former. The indefatigable compiler has added some account of a succession of city laureates, to the number of fourteen.

In the account of a pageant in honour of Edward VI., occurs a song, which contains most of the sentiments of the modern "God save the King," and which seems to have escaped the notice of the many persons who have at various times investigated the history of that national *anthem*, as Mr. Nichols styles it.

Plain Rules for improving the Health of the Delicate, preserving the Health of the Strong, and prolonging the Life of all.—By Wm. Henderson, M.D., of Perth.

Dr. Henderson has been himself a great sufferer, and, like Dido of old, was thus taught to sympathise with his suffering brethren. From his childhood he experienced the thousand ills the dyspeptic is heir to, and some of them to a most intolerable degree. The particulars are of so extraordinary a caste as to have required some *courage* to detail them. It was this early suffering, however, that prompted him to turn to medicine, with a resolution to study disease in its sources, and ransack nature for remedies. For years and years his success fell short of his hopes; and at last, as the proud result of all his efforts, to mere accident was he indebted for the precise composition of ingredients which he pronounces to be nothing less than a specific for all "stomach complaints." The final object of the book is, of course, to herald the said specific to the acceptance of the world; and, indeed, his "Stomachic Vegetable Elixir" has qualities, if one-half of them be real, to conciliate every *body* that has a stomach within him. It is perfectly *safe*—it may be taken by *every* one, of whatever age, sex, or condition, at all times, at home or abroad, in doors or out,—a "family" medicine, in short, as handy as the whisky-bottle in Ireland. All may benefit, and some may more than benefit, especially females, the *literary*, and the sedentary. It has, besides, some qualities of a rarer kind—an agreeable flavour—a power of abiding on the stomach when *nothing else* will—a perpetuation of efficiency, for it never loses its power, and, still more marvellous, the same quantity always produces the same effect. No matter again how you take it; you may use it as sauce for mutton or fish, or mix it with your claret;—it will improve both, never oppress the stomach, never fail in its salutary effects on the bowels, and never cost more than four and sixpence a pint, stamp included. Dr. Henderson has himself continued the daily use of it for twelve years, to the

daily experience of its uniform effects, and his daily conviction, that, contrary to the common maxims of medical men, it is still as effective as at first—it loses *none* of its force. Notwithstanding, the book itself has nothing of a quackery air, but is written with great sobriety, and is equal, we think, to the very best of its class. It exhibits the signs of no common experience, is full of good sense, and calculated to prompt people to use their own understandings in matters that most nearly concern them.

We dropt on a curious instance of the disposition of professional men to view every thing through their own professional spectacles. The human machine, in every part of it, must be kept in action, or its powers will weaken. This is the doctor's maxim; but the confirmation the reader would hardly anticipate. Hence, says he, the wisdom of the rule which the illustrious Cyrus established among the Persians—that they *should never eat but after labour,* and hence also the propriety of the Apostle's apothegm—*he that would* not *work, neither should* he eat; as if the good man really took these directions for medical maxims.

Original Songs, by Robert Gillfillan, of Leith.

The word *song* is enough to indicate that the subjects are wholly confined to amatory and bacchanal topics. Mr. Gillfillan's are very agreeable trifles, written in accommodation to national tunes, and will remind the reader of Burns, Tannahill, and Macneil. Several of them were written for the Burns' clubs of Dunfermline and Leith; and others of them have the flavour of Burns, especially "Pity the Lads that are free." We selected that for a specimen; but it is too long, and we must substitute another:—

Tune—"*Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.*"

The poets, what fools they're to deave us!
  Now ilka ane's lassie's sae fine;
The tane is an angel, and, save us!
  The niest ane you meet wi's divine!
An' then there's a lang-nebbit sonnet,
  Be't Katty, or Janet, or Jean;
An' the moon or some far awa' planet's
  Compared to the blink o' her een.

The earth an' the sea they've ransackit
  For sim'lies to set aff their charms,
An' no a wee flower but's attackit
  By poets, like bumbees in swarms.
Now, what signifies a' this clatter
  By chiels that the truth winna tell?
Wad it no be settlin' the matter
  To say—Lass, ye're just like yoursel?

An' then there's nae end to the evil,
  For they are no deaf to the din,
That, like me, ony puir luckless deevil
  Daur scarce look the gate they are in;
But e'en let them be wi' their scornin'—
  There's a lassie, whase name I could tell,
Her smile is as sweet as the mornin'—
  But, whisht! I am ravin' mysel'.

But he that o' ravin's convickit,
  When a bonnie sweet lass he thinks on,
May he ne'er get anither strait jacket,
  Than that buckled to by Mess John;
And he wha, though cautious and canny,
  The charms o' the fair never saw,
Though wise as King Solomon's grannie,
  I swear is the daftest of a'.

Polynesian Researches, by William Ellis, Vol. 4.

The fourth volume of Mr. Ellis's collections relative to the isles of the Pacific, is wholly occupied with the Sandwich group, and contains all that is known or knowable of them, as to their history and the habits of the natives, since the discovery by Captain Cook: for of their history before that discovery little can be gathered at all definite. There are no records, and every thing is obscure and vague in their recollections: their very traditions scarcely extend beyond their grandfathers. Mr. Ellis traces accounts of the arrival of foreigners *three* times before Captain Cook, none of them, obviously, very remote. The most so, is that of the priest Paao, whom Mr. Ellis conjectures to have been a Roman Catholic priest, driven out to sea from the Japan or American coast, or the sole survivor of a wreck, and the gods he brought with him, an image and a crucifix. The latest arrival consisted of seven persons in a painted boat, with an awning at the stern, but no mast or sails. The people were white, and dressed in white or yellow, and one of them had a long knife by his side, and a feather in his hat. They married native women, became chieftains, and for a time held the government of the Hawaii (Owhyhee). Their descendants are still distinguishable—they have lighter complexions, and brown curly hair, and themselves claim to be so descended. A very complete account, we repeat, of the islands, as to their extent, population, habits, history, and much of the territorial peculiarities, may be collected from the volume, though it is in itself inartificially put together. A great deal of it is descriptive of a tour round the main island, and thus much of the information relative to the condition and circumstances of the natives is given incidentally, and it is not very easy to find what you want. But all is there, if the reader can command patience to hunt for it. Mr. Ellis was himself engaged some years as a missionary—he knows perfectly what he describes, and honesty of purpose breathes in every line.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, translated by Edward Griffith, F.L.S. and Others.

Mr. Griffith and his coadjutors are rendering an important service to science by this translation of Baron Cuvier's popular and admirable work. Widely as it was consulted before, its usefulness will be considerably extended by this publication; embracing, as it does, large additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and of many that have never before come under the notice of the zoologist. In fact, Mr. Griffith's notes and additions would of themselves form a work of no mean pretensions as to extent, and are admirably calculated to illustrate and improve the general arrangement of Cuvier. The engravings are not only excellent in themselves, and important as giving delineations (many of them at least) of new and unfigured species, but they are also numerous—the Mammalia alone monopolizing upwards of two hundred. Thirty of the fifty parts announced as the extent of the work have already appeared, and of these thirty one convenient character is, that each class is distinct in itself, and forms a separate work, independent of its connection with the series of the Animal Kingdom.

Tales of the late Revolutions, with a few others, by F. W. N. Bayley, Author of Four Years in the West Indies, &c.

Mr. Bayley seizes upon recent political revolutions and events, to illustrate their disastrous effects upon domestic felicities by details, which shew their interference with the security of private life. All his tales turn upon the interruption given by them to the loves of the young, and the enjoyments of the old; but while he thus laments, he professes himself a lover of liberty, and ready to exult in her triumphs. It is a sort of insidious advocacy, however, betraying while it eulogizes; and leading us to dwell more upon immediate bad effects than upon ultimate good, upon particular evils more than general benefits. After destroying the hopes of one set of lovers in Poland, driving another poor girl mad in Brussels for the loss of her admirer, and plunging a third into pining melan-

choly from the same cause at Paris, he comes home, and pitching upon the rural war of last winter, involves a poor well-meaning lad in machine-breaking and stack-burning, to the ruin of himself, and the premature death of a cherry-cheeked lass. The colonies are next visited. To shew the effects of "sudden emancipation," Mr. Bayley describes the condition of a negro, emancipated suddenly at the death of his master. Instead of being benefited by the change, he finds himself *suddenly* thrown upon his own resources, unable to procure any thing, necessaries or accommodations, but only as he worked for them. Sickness reduces him to extremity, all is sold to the last rag for present support; his wife dies, and by a manœuvre he gets a passage to England. Here he contrives to drag on life by fiddling in the streets—when he loses his fiddle, by blacking shoes, running errands, pacing before Freemason's Tavern with the papers and reports of the Anti-Slavery Society; and finally dies of sheer starvation, near the London University, and his skeleton is found by the pupils of that *thriving* establishment. The writer's views are obvious enough, but he overshoots his mark. We are well known to be no friends to the Macauley party; but it is but just to say, this is no fair representation of the consequences of their proposed measures. They are not fools enough to call their system "sudden emancipation," as Mr. B. makes them do; nor is it fairly inferable that such is their purpose. They only propose to *accelerate,* what the West Indians are resolved to retard. The effect of sudden emancipation would not be the difficulty of getting work, for the planters must have free labour when slave-labour is no longer attainable; and what labourers will be to be got but the emancipated slaves? No, it is the unsettling of the minds of the slaves that is to be dreaded, their repugnance to returning to labour, the probability that they would prefer plunder to labour, and combine as banditti to destroy and devastate, rather than as freemen to maintain their personal independence by the toil of their own hands. *Tout ce qui ne'est pas prose est vers,* is Mr. Bayley's motto; and as some of his tales are not prose they are consequently *vers.* The sketch on the Vistula, excluding the narrative, is of a very superior character—the introductory part is beautiful both in conception and expression. Polignac's doom is too much of the doggrel-cast.

"The Vistula—the Vistula—
  I gazed upon its tide—
When here and there some little bark
  Down the blue stream would glide;
Its waters then were all unstirred,
  Save by the dashing oar—
And there was peace upon the wave.
  And plenty on the shore.

"The breath of summer lost its spice,
  In Praga's shady groves;
The zephyr's murmur still was low,
  And half as sweet as love's.
The palace of a mighty king,
  Had sunshine on its tow'rs,
Freedom had not yet taken wing,
  Slaves did not count the hours.

"I stood upon the river shore,
  I watched each rippling wave—
I gathered flowers from the banks—
  They might have decked a grave;
I stooped to pluck a full wild rose
  From off the blossom ground—
Music broke sweetly on my ear,
  And sense was charmed with sound."—&c. &c.

Vindication of the South Sea Missions, by W. Ellis.

In Capt. Kotzebue's description of his last voyage in the Pacific, he gave a very unfavourable account of the condition of Tahiti (more generally known by the orthography of Otaheite), ascribing all its degeneracy, since Cook's discovery of it, to the mischievous missionaries. His publication has had by far too wide a circulation to be overtaken by the vindicatory pamphlet before us, and we on that account the more readily lend it our assistance, to remove some of the aspersions which Mr. Ellis thinks, and very justly thinks, have been cast upon the missionaries. The tone of Capt. Kotzebue's narrative was pretty plainly a prejudiced one, that is, he was evidently indisposed to believe any good could be accomplished by converting the natives of the Pacific to Christian sentiments, or European habits; but we did not, in the slight glance we took of his book, suppose for a moment that he had *wilfully* misrepresented facts. Nor do we know now that he has done so; but at least, it is indisputable, he has taken up hasty opinions, without weighing his authorities, or rather has trusted blindly to the information afforded by interested parties, because, apparently, it concurred with his own prejudices. He himself was but a very short time on the island, knew nothing of the language, and saw but little of it, or the population, though what he *did* see, he acknowledges indirectly was favourable. His misrepresentations are speculative ones, mere deductions from the reports of others. The main facts relied upon by Capt. Kotzebue for his general inferences is, that the population in 1774, on the testimony of Capt. Forster, was 120,000, and that now it does not exceed 8000. To what is this to be ascribed? To the introduction and influence of the missionaries, says Capt. K. Pomareh, the chief, at their instigation, propagated the gospel by fire and sword, and the race has in consequence been nearly swept away. Capt. Forster's estimate, however, is of no authority whatever, it was made on the most erroneous detail; and certainly in 1797, when the missionaries first landed, the population appeared, on much better authority, when there was no interest in depreciating the numbers, but rather the contrary, to be but 16,000. It is since that period that Capt. K. represents *nine-tenths* of the people to have been extinguished by the missionaries, because he could trace the reduction to no other source. These nine-tenths of his were thus calculated on Forster's estimate instead of that of 1797. But the ravages of imported disease—the introduction of ardent spirits and fire-arms—the continuance of human sacrifices, and of infanticide, to a frightful extent—with ten wars, will sufficiently account for the reduction from 16,000 to 8000, and the wonder should rather be that the natives have not been utterly annihilated. All this too occurred *before* the influence of the missionaries began—for not one native was converted before 1812. The fact is, as it may well be supposed in our days, that no force was sanctioned or in any way promoted by missionaries, English or American. Since their influence has been effective, the population has again increased, and life and property is comparatively sacred. To those who read Capt. K.'s volumes, and must have been struck by his representations, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Ellis's vindication—he was himself eight years a missionary, on the Friendly and Sandwich islands, and deserves to be listened to. He cannot, we think, fail to conciliate the good will and confidence of the reader.

Substance of several Courses of Lectures on Music read in the University of Oxford, and in the Metropolis, by Wm. Crotch, Mus. D. &c.

In these intelligent and well-considered lectures Dr. Crotch has shewn himself thoroughly qualified to discuss the principles of musical science, and to instruct and promote, what he professes to be his main object, the public taste. *That*, he insists, requires much cultivation; and the best proof of it is the rage for novelty, which marks the lovers of music of the present day. Have you any thing *new*, is every body's first inquiry on entering a music-shop. He considers them wholly at the mercy and caprice of modern composers—themselves often

possessing as little taste as knowledge—studious of nothing but effect, and careless of every thing but clap-traps. Dr. Crotch sets himself seriously to the task of defining standards and styles, and divides them into the sublime, beautiful, and ornamental, following the analogies of painting, architecture, &c., till, like a will o' the wisp, they lead him apparently whither they will. Reynolds turned the morals of Johnson to account in his lectures on painting; and in his turn Dr. Crotch finds Reynolds equally convertible for musical purposes. To the sublime the doctor consigns all church-music, and though he does not precisely declare there can be no more good church-music, he is positive the style can never be changed with advantage, and any attempt at a change he obviously regards as so much profanation. To us, however, the most attractive portion of his lectures is the one relative to musical expression, in which the sobriety, as well as the soundness of the writer's judgment, is very conspicuous. As an imitative art he acknowledges frankly its general impotency. In nothing have composers shewn more extravagance in their pretensions. The union of music with poetry it is, that has been the fruitful source of these exaggerations. The merits of the poetry have been assigned to the music. "But take away the poetry," says Dr. C., "or let it be in an unknown tongue, and then see whether music can build the walls of a city, or civilize a savage race." It may represent certain qualities in objects, or rather excite feelings similar to what those objects themselves excite; but it cannot delineate the objects themselves, nor indeed distinguish them from scores of others. It can convey no imagery, and cannot discriminate, with any nicety, the very affections it seems at times to command. It may speak of something serene, or troubled, or joyous, or wild, or tender; but what that something is poetry alone can tell us. "Let the piece be unaccompanied by words, and the gliding, tossing, bellowing, and confusion, will represent either water, a storm, or a battle." "Handel," adds Dr. Crotch, "has but one and the same favourite soothing melody to express the murmurings, or perhaps the undulations of a flowing stream, the repose of the dead, the beauty of the green, and the softness of the spring." Again, where waves were to be depicted, and the roaring of a giant, Handel uses but one passage. "Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums," says Pope of Handel, and says well; but the drums are obliged to represent sometimes one, and sometimes the other.

Dr. C. commemorates, with abundant knowledge of what he is talking about, the chief composers of the last three centuries, in their several styles, and finally expresses very distinctly his sense of the present state of the public taste—which is, in spite of all he has said or insinuated, that it is in a gradual state of improvement; and notwithstanding the decline of the art itself, which he still insists upon, has attained a higher stage of advancement than it has known for half a century. *Laudari laudato*, &c.

A Key to Reading, &c., by John Smith; Lecturer on early Education, &c. Liverpool.

The title does not convey specifically, or with sufficient precision, the object of the book. Its purpose is to furnish a specimen or two of the way in which he proposes to make reading useful—or rather, the way in which the teacher is to ascertain whether his pupils understand what they read; and that is, by questioning them minutely and closely on every word of any passage that has been read, together with collateral matters connected with the subject, words, phrases, allusions, &c. The book is, of course, intended for the assistance and guidance of teachers and parents; and the plan, admirable in itself, has only one little difficulty involved in it—that of finding teachers and parents with intelligence enough, and self-possession enough, to make a tolerable use of it. We can conceive the bungling of many who will make the attempt.

The grammatical picture, attached to the key, is a most ingenious contrivance for conveying to children the distinctions of what are called Parts of Speech. With a lot of children assembled, the teacher proposes to them to make an imaginary picture, the materials or objects of which they are themselves to supply. One names a cottage, another a rock, a third a brook, a fourth church-

bells, a fifth a shepherd, &c. These he tells them are all *nouns.* Where will you have your cottage? *Near* the brook—*above, below,* &c. These are *prepositions.* But what kind of a cottage shall it be? *Large, small, white,* &c. These are *adjectives.* Well, but now to give things a little life, motion, &c.—what shall the bells do? *Ring.*—The trees? *Wave.*—The shepherd? *Sing.*—These are *verbs.* But again, how shall the brook flow? *Swiftly, merrily,* &c. These are *adverbs.* Well, but now, how does the cottage look? *It* looks beautiful, &c. That is a *pronoun.* And so on, till the whole *nine,* not the muses, are embraced, and thoroughly comprehended.

First Lines of Zoology by Question and Answer, in Seven Parts—Mammalia, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, Mollusca, Crustacea, &c., by Robert Mudie.

Mr. Mudie's catechism, among the thousand and one publications of this nature, is fairly and deservedly distinguishable by a steady adherence to the useful—to the inculcation of principle, instead of indulging in mere description, or matters of detail. Works of natural history for young persons consist too generally, he assures us, of mere scraps of description, often exaggerated, and of little use if they were true; or they present the technicalities of an artificial system in an unknown tongue—making thus the real knowledge of the subject appear twice as difficult as it actually is, by adding an unexplained name to an undescribed reality. Mr. Mudie, of course, implies that he has reformed all this moderately, if not altogether; and we willingly bear our testimony to the general and particular intelligence visible in his book, and the complete success with which he has executed his purpose.

A Synopsis of the Origin and Progress of Architecture; to which is added, a Dictionary of general Terms; by William J. Smith.

The very title is untoward—the writer knows the meaning neither of *synopsis,* nor of *general.* The latter occurs eight or ten times in a preface of a few lines. Mr. Smith professes to give a "general" view of the history of architecture, first, to the period of its highest perfection in Greece, to which he attaches an enumeration of the more remarkable specimens of antiquity in Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, India, Greece, and Sicily. In a second division of his book, the general history is continued to the Fall of the Western Empire, with a sort of catalogue raisonné of the chief antiquities of Italy, France, and Spain. Tables also are given of the dimensions of many or most of the buildings. The general history is finally continued onwards to the days of the Gothic; and some notices follow of our English cathedrals, with a guess or two for solving the eternal question of the origin of the said Gothic. We do not wish to throw any doubt either on the completeness of the enumerations, or on the accuracy of the details, but nothing in this world ever exceeded the "general" *meagreness* of the whole concern. It is much drier and more costive than any thing we have had the fortune to meet with in these loquacious and copious times, and the wonder in consequence with us is, how any man who had so little to say, good or bad, should attempt to say *any thing.*

Translations of the Oxford Latin Prize Poems, First Series, (!) by Nicholas Lee Torre.

This strange scheme must have suggested itself to sheer indolence—a fondness for literary dawdling, without the power of starting original conceptions, or of combining old materials— a morbid or imbecile desire to be *doing,* with nothing to do. The merit of the original pieces lies wholly in the latinity; and the latinity itself is but an evidence of some facility, and occasionally of some felicity, in dove-tailing incongruous phrases. In the Latin the reader knows of course there exists little or no discrimination, for the sources of the language are all precisely the same; and as to the Translations, he may be sure they exhibit still less—for they are all "done" by the same person—in the same metre

—with phrases ground in the same mill—taste, tone, and cadence, all undistinguishably *semper unum et idem.* The pieces thus translated in this *first* series are by Canning, Richardson, Copleston, Puller, Baker, Atkins, Herbert, Conybeare, and Shuttleworth; and none of them, living or dead, can, or could thank, the translator, for forcing them from the comfortable obscurity in which they have long reposed, into the light which they must all be ashamed to face.

Homonymes Français, or the French Homonymous Words, &c., by Dominique Albert, and Egerton Smith, Liverpool.

These homonymous words—for the term itself may require explanation—are words of similar sound, but of dissimilar signification, and generally dissimilar orthography. Words of this kind are frequent in most languages, but abound in the French, and present formidable obstacles to speaking the language, or at least to the learner's discovering what the speaker means. In reading, *au, aux, aulx, eau, o, oh, os,* nobody will confound, but to the ear they all come with the same sound, and often baffle the learner—suggesting as they do such odd and out of the way combinations of meanings, as if the purpose of the speaker was merely to mystify. To get rid of this embarrassing inconvenience as quickly as possible, the authors have ingeniously brought together in these homonymous words single sentences, which are to be committed to memory, trusting to its facility in retaining new associations for the success of the contrivance. Suppose the homonymous words to be *antre,* a noun, *entre,* a verb, and *entre,* a preposition—they are introduced into the sentence—Pour visiter la sibylle, on *entre* (enters) dans un *antre* (cave) profond, percé *entre* (between) deux énormes roches. Again—On ne *doit* (ought) jamais montrer personne au *doight* (finger)—which at once distinguishes the words, and conveys a lesson of good manners.

Waverley Novels. Vol. XXVII. Peveril of the Peak.

The story of William Christian is conspicuous in the annals of the Isle of Man. His father had been governor, and he himself eventually was one of the dempsters, or supreme judges. Both father and son embraced the party of the islanders, who contested some feudal rights claimed by the Earl of Derby, as king in Man. During the civil wars, the earl, as every body knows, was beheaded at Bolton-le-Moors; after which event William Christian placed himself at the head of the insurgent party of the island, and opened a communication with the parliamentary fleet. The island was formally surrendered, and the countess and her son, a child, were thrown into prison, where they continued till the restoration of Charles. On that occasion she was released; and seizing on Christian, she, in quality of regent for her son, caused him to be tried and executed for treason to his liege lord. For this stretch of feudal power Charles, glad of the occasion to get money, levied a heavy fine upon the Derby estates. This masculine asserter of her regal rights was a daughter of the French House of Tremouille, and well known in the civil wars for her gallant defence of Latham House. Sir Walter's preface is chiefly remarkable for a defence of Christian and *his brother,* by the present representative of the family, John Christian, Esq., who still holds the office of dempster in the isle. Sir Walter, it will be remembered, exhibits Christian's brother *Edward* as a wretch of unbounded depravity; but this he did, it appears, without knowing in fact that there ever existed such a brother. He found an *Edward Christian,* "with whom connected, or by whom begot," he knows not, associated with Blood and O'Brien in the conspiracy against the life of the Duke of Buckingham—whose character answered his purpose, and he adopted him.

Newton's Life, by Dr. Brewster. Vol. XXIV. of Murray's Family Library.

No person could be better qualified for writing the Life of Newton than Dr. Brewster, from his great familiarity with the history of science down to its minutest points: and he has accomplished his task with exemplary diligence,

and a laudable anxiety to unearth every source of information for the clearing up of all obscurities. From some report received by Huygens, that mathematician spoke of Newton, in some letter, as being in a state of insanity in the year 1694, either from intense application, or from excessive grief at the loss of his chemical laboratory and several MSS. This story was first published in a Life of Newton, by Biot, and used by him to account for Newton's not having, from that period, done any thing worthy of his early reputation—disabled, in fact, from the overstraining of his faculties. From the same authority, too, La Place concludes, he was fit from that time for nothing but theology, to which, according to him, Newton then for the first time betook himself. The origin of this tale, quite new to English readers, Dr. Brewster has been at great pains to trace and develope, and has met with more success than could have been anticipated. Mr. Pryme, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, has in his possession a MS. diary, kept by a Mr. Abraham Pryme, a collateral ancestor of his, and a cotemporary of Newton. In this diary Mr. Pryme records, at the date of February 2, 1692, the fact of Newton's papers, containing the results of experiments on colours and light being destroyed by fire, and *its effect upon Newton.* It is, in short, the old story of his Dog Diamond; but instead of the prodigious tranquillity with which the philosopher bore the disaster, and of which we have heard a thousand times, Mr. Pryme relates, that when Newton "saw what was done, every one thought he would have run mad, he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself a month after." The accident must have occurred towards the end of 1691, and according to Mr. Pryme, Newton was "himself again" *in a month.* But Huygens' report was made in June, 1694, at which time he speaks of him as then beginning to be able to comprehend his own Principia again. In this very interval, however, and about the middle of it, the end of 1692, and beginning of 1693, Newton wrote his letters to Bentley on the Existence of a Deity—letters which at least shew a degree of power and calmness quite incompatible with the alleged obscuration of his faculties. Still, in September of that year (1693), he describes himself as not having "for a twelvemonth either ate or slept well, or enjoyed his *former consistency of mind.*" The expression is perhaps vague—though at that period it meant *steadiness*—but the letter itself which contains it is a proof of some strange want of self-possession—for it is written to Pepys, in apparent reply to a message, which it appears Pepys had never sent. The letter is now published for the first time from the MS. in Lord Braybrooke's possession, along with Pepys's correspondence in consequence with his nephew. Within three days of this letter was also written to Locke, that singular epistle published recently by Lord King, in which he tells him, he had suspected him of embroiling him with women—had charged him with Hobbism—wished him dead—and ascribed to him some design of selling him an office, &c.—some part of which, and perhaps all, Newton appears, from another letter, about a month afterwards, to have forgotten. In his efforts to clear up this imputation on the soundness of Newton's intellects, in the interval between the accident at Cambridge and Huygens's report, Dr. Brewster has produced two irrefragable instances of *illusion,* however temporary that illusion may have been. But as to the inferences made by Biot and La Place, nothing can well be more unfounded, or more at variance with facts. For years after, Newton was engaged in matters of complication, that required as clear and steady a brain as in any the most laborious period of his life. As to his theology, indeed, it is of little value, but at all events theology was no new study with him. He had early shared in the theological discussions of his collegiate cotemporaries, and was not at any period, in those discussions, *more* absurd than the gravest and weightiest of professional divines.

Treatise on the Origin, Progress, and Present State of the Silk Manufacture—occupying the 22d vol. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

One of the most useful volumes hitherto sent out of Dr. Lardner's manufactory. It contains abundant information in every department of this interesting

branch of human industry—in the history, culture, and manufacture of silk. The more recent portion of its history is, of course, if not the most attractive, the most important; and the details will prove amply sufficient as to the actual state of the trade in every part of the globe. The author has evidently gone to the best sources of information, and has taken a practical and an enlightened view of the changes brought about by Mr. Huskisson. He has shewn beyond all cavil or contradiction, the efficacy of that statesman's measures, and the correctness of his views—his correctness with regard to the silk-trade at least. Of all the numerous attempts to naturalise the silk-worm in the British dominions, the one of 1825 promised the best results. But it has, it seems, been wholly abandoned, and the efforts of the projectors transferred to Malta, in spite of all the patronage it received on the part of those who anticipated from it a profitable source of employment for the Irish peasantry. A spot of ground of about eighty acres was chosen on the estate of Lord Kingston near Michaelston, in the county of Cork, and 400,000 white mulberry-trees were successfully transplanted. A small but complete building for rearing silk-worms was adapted on the plan of Count Dandolo, and every thing seemed to promise that success which usually attends judicious plans and well-directed energy. The experiment was also repeated in the neighbourhood of Slough, on a piece of nineteen acres. But Malta has proved more attractive, and the proprietors of the company have reason to anticipate a successful result.

Among the more curious portions of the volume are the attempts to substitute other food for mulberry-leaves, in rearing the silk-worm; and again, to obtain silk from spiders and pinnæ. But the portion most acceptable to such as have few or no opportunities of examining mills, and looms, and machinery—of seeing things with their own eyes, will be the description of the mechanical processes, in all the varieties of the silk manufacture—plain and figure weaving—velvet, gauze, sarsnet, satin, gros-de-naples, crapes, &c. &c. Not that the mere description of the more complicated machinery will supersede the necessity of actual inspection;—distinct ideas of tangible and visible matters are seldom obtainable by pen and ink sketches, with whatever skill and accuracy they are drawn. These, before us, are unexceptionable, and the whole concern is a very respectable performance, and does infinite credit, as we said, to Dr. Lardner's manufactory.

Dibdin's Sunday Library. Vol. V.

This is by far the best volume of Dr. Dibdin's selections—but only because the best of the sermons are not by divines of the church of England, but by Blair and Chalmers of the Scotch church, and others. Allison, though strictly of the Scotch Episcopalians, has also preferment in the English church; but Robert Hall, at all events, was of neither establishment; and though his sermon on Modern Infidelity be the best of the bunch, there is no reconciling its introduction with the terms of Dr. Dibdin's title-page. The "Church of England" has no claim to it, whatever be its merits; and, whether prompted by a "liberal" spirit, or an usurping one, Dr. Dibdin should know he can with no propriety do what he will with anything but his own.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The plates of the "Winter's Wreath" have afforded us the first glimpse of the dawning beauty of the Annuals. If we are to judge by these specimens, and take the embellishments of the Winter's Wreath as a criterion of what its contemporaries will exhibit, we may say, without hesitation, that there will be no falling off, as far as engravings go, in the Annuals of 1832. This publication has always ranked among the most favoured; and its present list of embellishments will sustain its reputation to the very letter. We can give little more than a bare list of the beauties, particularly as they will so soon come before us in another

shape. They are, Lessing Gray (Martin), and Lago di Nemi (A. Aglio), by Brandard; Cotter's Saturday Night (Stothard), and Reply of the Fountain (Liversege), by E. Smith; the Wreck (Williamson), by Miller; the Piper of Mull (E. Goodall), and Villa of Rione, by Robinson; the Visionary (Liversege), by Engleheart; Naples (Linton), E. Goodall; Abbeville (Roberts), A. Freebairn; Sunset (Barret), R. Wallis; and, lastly, or we should rather have said "first," the Wreath itself, an elegant and tasteful design, worthy of the company it is intended to usher into notice. If all the Annuals are like this, we shall hardly feel justified in wishing their numbers diminished.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By Mr. Madden; The Ancient Scottish Metrical Romances of Sir Gawayn and the Grene Knyzt, from a MS. in the British Museum.

By Wm. Maugham, Surgeon: the London Manual of Medical Chemistry, comprising an interlinear verbal translation of the London Pharmacopœia, with extensive Chemical, Botanical, Therapeutical, and Posological Notes, &c.

By Hugh Moore, Esq.: a Dictionary of Quotations from various Authors in Ancient and Modern Languages, with English Translations, illustrated by Remarks and Explanations.

By F. H. Lightfoot: an Embellished Chart of General History and Chronology, comprising a Series of Persons, Epochs, and Events, from the Deluge to the Latest Period.

By the Authors of "The Odd Volume:" the Sister's Budget, two volumes of Original Tales in Prose and Verse, &c., with Contributions from Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Hodson, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bell, Mr. Malcolm, and some others.

The Law of Husband and Wife, containing the whole of the Legislative Provisions for the Celebration of Marriage, by Banns, Licence, Special Licence; and for its Dissolution, by Divorce, on the ground of Crim. Con., Cruelty, &c. &c. &c.

By Sir W. Jardine, Bart.: Wilson's American Ornithology; with the Continuation, by Charles Lucian Buonaparte; together with an Enumeration and Description of the newly discovered Species not included in the original works, with copious Notes, in 3 vols, with 100 engravings.

By R. Green: the History, Topography, and Antiquities, of Framlingham, compiled from the best authorities.

By Adam Taylor: the Works of the Rev. Dan Taylor.

By B. Ererf, Esq.: the Adventures of a Dramatist, in 2 vols.

By C. Macfarlane, Esq.: the Romance of History—Italy.

Cruikshank's Comic Album, being a Collection of Humorous Tales, with numerous Illustrations on Wood.

By the Author of Gertrude: a Novel called "The Affianced One."

By Mr. Atkinson, of Glasgow; the Cameleon, a Volume of Original Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse.

By the Author of "Modern Fanaticism Unveiled:" a volume under the title of Balaam.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by Dr. Memes, will form the 72d vol. of Constable's Miscellany.

By Miss Landon: a Novel, in three volumes, called Romance and Reality.

A splendid edition of Childe Harold, in two volumes; each volume will be illustrated with forty Topographical Engravings, from drawings by Turner, Stanfield, &c.

The following Six Works will be included in Mr. Murray's Family Library.

History of the Reformation in England, by the Rev. J. J. Blunt.—Popular View of Egypt and its Antiquities, from Belzoni, &c.—The Elements of Chemistry, familiarly explained and practically illustrated.—The Legendary History of Mahomed, by Washington Irving.—The Eventful History of the Mutiny in the Bounty; its Cause and Consequences.—Journal of an Expedition to explore the Course of the Niger, by the Messrs. Lander.

The following Annuals will be published in November.

The Winter's Wreath.

Heath's Picturesque Annual; containing Twenty-six Plates, from drawings by Stanfield; the descriptions by Leitch Ritchie.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.

The Keepsake.

The Forget-me-Not, a New Series, printed on paper of larger size, and in more durable binding.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison.

Friendship's Offering.

The Comic Offering. Edited by Miss Sheridan.

A new Annual, illustrated with drawings by Prout, under the title of The Continental Annual, uniform in size with the Landscape Annual of 1830 and 1831. The literary department, under the superintendance of Mr. W. Kennedy.

The Geographical Annual. Uniform with the larger Annuals, and containing 100 finely executed Engravings from steel, of all the States, Kingdoms, and Empires, throughout the World.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Count Lavalette. Written by Himself. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. In French 18s.

Memoirs, Correspondence, and Poetical Remains, of Jane Taylor. A New Edition. 12mo. 5s.

Curtis's History of Leicester. 8vo. 12s.

Burgess's Antiquities of Rome. In 2 vols. 8vo. £3. 3s.

Dodsley's Annual Register. Vol. LXXII., for 1830. 8vo. 16s.

The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations Proved. By James C. Prichard, M.D. 8vo. 7s.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain. Vol. III. Part I. 4to.

Comparative Geography of Western Asia. In 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. Atlas to Ditto. 4to. 30s.

Geographical Illustrations of Xenophon. 4to. maps 21s.; and On the Topography of Troy. 4to. 7s. 6d., by Major Rennells.

The Topography and Antiquities of Rome, including the Recent Discoveries made about the Forum and the Via Sacra. By the Rev. R. Burgess. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The Eventful History of the Mutiny of the Bounty, is published in Murray's Family Library. 5s.

Hinton's History of America. Vol. I. 4to. £3 3s.

National Library. Vol. XII. Contents:—Lives of Celebrated Travellers. 12mo. 6s.

MEDICAL.

Plain Rules for Improving the Health of the Delicate, and Preserving the Health of the Strong. By W. H. Henderson, M.D. 18mo. 6s.

Severn's First Lines of Midwifery. 8vo. 7s.

A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence. By Dr. Ryan. 8vo. 9s.

Atkinson on Stone in the Bladder. 8vo. 5s.

A System of Inorganic Chemistry. By Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow. In 2 vols. 8vo. £2 2s.

Winkworth on the Teeth and Gums. 4to. 10s.

Celsus, Latin and English, with the Order of Construction. By Alexander Lee. Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

Bright's Medical Reports. In 2 Parts, coloured. Royal 4to. £9 9s.; Plain, £7 7s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Elements of the Integral Calculus. By J. R. Young. 12mo. 9s.

Wright's improved Game Book, for one Year. 5s.; Two Years, 10s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopœdia. Vol. XXIII. Treatise on Silk Manufacture. 12mo. 6s.

An Essay on the Future Destinies of Europe, dedicated to Earl Grey. 8vo. 4s.

Johnson's Sportsman's Dictionary. 8vo. £1 11s. 6d.

Scenes in Scotland. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Analogies of Organised Beings. By J. L. Duncan. 8vo. 5s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Standard Novels. Vol. VII. Scottish Chiefs. 12mo. 6s.

Milman's Tales of the Stanley Family. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Austin Hall, or After-Dinner Conversations. 12mo. 5s.

The Smuggler. A Novel. By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family." In 3 vols. £1 11s. 6d.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library. Vol III. Peregrine Pickle. vol. I. 5s.

Mary's Journey. A German Tale. 12mo. 3s.

POETRY.

Corn Law Rhymes. 12mo. 4s.

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Crayons for the Commons, or Members in Relievo. A Satirical Poem. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ., R.A.

James Northcote, one of the most successful artists of our days, was descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Northcotes, whose settlement in Devonshire may be traced back to the Conquest, and probably to an anterior period. Of this family, which has given several high sheriffs to the county, and many representatives for it in parliament, is also the present Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart., whose ancestor, John Northcote, Esq., of Hayne, in the county of Devon, was elevated to that dignity on the 16th July, 1641.

The subject of this sketch was the son of an eminent watch-maker, at Plymouth, where he was born in the year 1746. He was designed for his father's profession; but having, as it seemed, a natural predisposition for the fine arts, and being flattered by praises bestowed on his early efforts, he determined to abandon the mechanical occupation of watch-making, and to devote himself entirely to his favourite pursuits, drawing and painting. In these he evinced so much ardour and assiduity, that Dr. Mudge, a physician, of Plymouth, recommended him, as a pupil, to Sir Joshua Reynolds. He accordingly came to London in 1771, and placed himself under the care and tuition of his countryman, Sir Joshua, who was then in the zenith of his fame. With that great man he remained five years; living with him in all the familiarity of friendship, receiving from him the utmost assistance towards perfecting himself in the art of painting, and enjoying the advantage of being introduced to the most distinguished characters of the age.

In 1776, Mr. Northcote quitted Sir Joshua, and commenced painting on his own account. In the summer of 1777, following the advice and example of his great master, he set out for Italy, at that time the unrivalled seat of the fine arts. He fixed himself at Rome for nearly three years—visited every part of the country—and laid up a rich store of experience and information for future use.

While in Italy, Mr. Northcote also formed an extensive acquaintance with the first artists of the country—enjoyed universal respect—and had the honour of being elected a member of the ancient Etruscan Academy at Castoni, of the Academy del Forti at Rome, and of the Imperial Academy at Florence. While at Florence he painted a portrait of himself for the academy—a compliment always expected from a new member.

In 1780, Mr. Northcote returned to England; and, that he might have an opportunity of observing all that could be seen of the eminent masters of the Flemish school, he took Flanders in his way. Thus, in the enjoyment of every advantage that could constitute him a master in his profession, he re-entered upon his studies in the metropolis, and soon obtained the most distinguished reputation in history as well as in portrait.

In 1786, he was chosen a member of the Royal Academy; for a period of thirty years his productions may be said to have borne a conspicuous part in the exhibitions at Somerset House; and, even till within the last year of his life, a season rarely elapsed at the British Institution, or the Gallery of the British Artists, without presenting one or more efforts of his pencil. It is astonishing with what firmness he painted, to the last; but, latterly, his eye, keen as it was, and brilliant with the light of mind, failed in its nice distinction, appropriation, and harmony of colour.

One of the most excellent pictures Mr. Northcote ever painted, was exhibited the very year that he was ad-

mitted of the Royal Academy. The subject was, the Murder of the Young Prince in the Tower. In this, the story is strikingly told; the drawing is perfectly correct; and the assassins are delineated with great character and power. Alderman Boydell purchased this painting for his splendid edition of Shakspeare; for which Mr. Northcote also produced some other pieces of merit. Another of his finest works is from the story of Hubert and Prince Arthur. One of his best portraits, and much in the style of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is that of a man holding a hawk. This is in Lord Grosvenor's collection.

In the Somerset House exhibition of 1796, Mr. Northcote produced a series of moral pictures, the object of which was to shew the opposite effects of seriousness and levity in two young women, in menial situations of life. Clever they certainly were, but—as may be seen by the engravings from them—they had little of the Hogarthian spirit.

While in the vigour of his professional powers, Mr. Northcote's colouring was chaste, forcible, and distinct; his pictures having that breadth of light and shade which is one of the most estimable properties of a good painting. Many of his historical pieces display an accurate and extensive acquaintance with the subject treated, much study, and that force of conception which is the true characteristic of genius.

Mr. Northcote was an acute observer—possessed excellent sense, quick perceptions, and great conversational powers. Confined, first to his chamber, and then to his bed, he would talk for hours together, almost to the day of his death, with untiring vivacity and unceasing intelligence.

As an author, he did not altogether appear to equal advantage. His greatest work was the "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds." His "Fables," his "Conversations," and his "Life of Titian," were much indebted to the pen of Mr. Hazlett. As a critic, he was severe, and too frequently cynical. Yet, as a virtuous, well-informed, and communicative man—ever ready with good advice—he was greatly esteemed.

Mr. Northcote died at his house in Argyle-place, on the 13th of July; and, on the 20th, his remains were interred in the vault, under the new church, of St. Mary-le-bone. This, according to one of the injunctions of his will, was, that they might be near those of his long-departed friend, Cosway.

From his great professional success, and his penurious habits, Mr. Northcote is said to have died worth £80,000.

THE EARL OF NORTHESK.

The Right Hon. William Carnegie, seventh Earl of Northesk, Lord Rosehill, and Inglismaldy, Admiral of the White, K.C.B., &c. was the representative of an ancient family, possessed of the lands of Ballinhord, in the county of Forfar, Scotland, in the thirteenth century. The present earldom dates from the 1st of November, 1647. Lord Northesk's father was in the navy, and attained the rank of Admiral of the White. He married, in 1748, the Lady Anne Leslie, eldest daughter of Alexander, fifth Earl of Leven. His eldest son, David, dying without issue, in the lifetime of his father, he was succeeded in the family honours, by his second son, William, the subject of this notice, in 1792.

His Lordship was born on the 10th of April, 1758; and, having been early destined for the naval service of his country, he embarked, in the year 1771, with the Hon. Captain Barrington, in the Albion. He next served with Captain Macbride, in the Southampton, and Captain Stair Douglas, in the Squirrel. He was made acting lieutenant in the Nonsuch, and confirmed by Lord Howe, in 1777, in the Apollo. He afterwards served with Admirals Sir John Lockhart Ross, and Lord Rodney. By the latter he was made a commander, after the memorable action of 1780—in which he served as a lieutenant in the Admiral's ship—and appointed to the Blast, fire-ship.

In April, 1782, he was promoted to the rank of Post Captain, and appointed to the command of the Eustatius, in which he had been present at the reduction of the island of that name. From the Eustatius, he was ordered into the Enterprize frigate, in which he returned to England, and was paid off at the peace, in 1783.

In 1788, Captain Northesk succeeded his brother, as Lord Rosehill; and, on the 9th of December, in that year, he married Mary, the only daughter of William Henry Ricketts, of Longwood, in the county of Hants, Esq. (by Mary Jervis, eldest sister of John, Earl St. Vincent, G.C.B.), on whom, in April, 1801, the title of Viscountess St. Vincent was granted in remainder.

On the death of his father, in 1792, his Lordship succeeded to the Earldom; and, in January, 1793, he was appointed to the Beaulieu, of 40 guns, in which he sailed to the Leeward Islands, and

thence returned with convoy, in the Andromeda, which was soon afterwards paid off.

In 1796, his Lordship was put in commission for the Monmouth, of 64 guns, and employed in the North Sea, under Lord Duncan, until May, 1797; when the spirit of disaffection, which had originated in the Channel Fleet, unfortunately spread to that squadron, and the Monmouth was one of the ships brought to the Nore.

In 1800, Lord Northesk was appointed to the Prince, of 98 guns, in the Channel fleet, under Earl St. Vincent. In that ship he continued till the peace of Amiens, in 1802, when he again enjoyed a brief period of relaxation from his professional duties. In the same year, he was elected, for the second time, one of the Sixteen Representative Peers of Scotland.

On the removal of hostilities, in 1803, his Lordship was appointed to the Britannia, of 100 guns, in which he served in the Channel fleet, under the Hon. Admiral Cornwallis, till May, 1804, when he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White Squadron. He hoisted his flag in the same ship, and continued to serve in her, in the arduous blockade of Brest, during the tempestuous winter of 1804, and until August in the following year, when he was detached with a squadron, under the orders of Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Calder, to reinforce Vice-Admiral Collingwood, off Cadiz.

In the battle of Trafalgar, Lord Northesk, whose flag was still in the Britannia, bore a noble and distinguished part. Previously to the action, it had been directed by Lord Nelson, the commander-in-chief, that the Britannia, in consequence of her heavy rate of sailing, should constantly take a position to windward of him; and, on the morning of October 21, he ordered, by signal, that she should assume a station as most convenient, without regard to the order of battle. Subsequently, he sent verbal directions to Lord Northesk, by the Captain of the Sirius, to break through the enemy's line astern of the fourteenth ship. This his Lordship effected in the most masterly and gallant manner, though the Britannia was severely galled in bearing down, by a raking fire from several of the enemy. Preceded by the Victory, Temeraire, and Neptune in passing through the line, and hauling up, the Britannia was the fourth ship of the van division in action; and, in a very short time, she completely dismasted a French ship of 80 guns, which waived a white handkerchief in token of submission. She afterwards singly engaged, and kept at bay, three of the enemy's van ships, that were attempting to double upon Lord Nelson's flagship, the Victory, which was at that time warmly engaged with two of the enemy, and much disabled.

During this long and bloody conflict, Lord Northesk most zealously imitated the conduct of his illustrious leader, displaying the most heroic courage, tempered by the coolest judgment and presence of mind. After the action, his skill and promptitude, in the arduous task of securing the captured ships, were equally conspicuous.

As a matter of course, his Lordship was honoured with the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, the Corporation of London, and several other cities and public companies. Nor were his splendid and important services overlooked by his Majesty. On the 5th of June, 1806, the noble Admiral had the honour of being invested with the Order of the Bath; and the King was further pleased to express his approbation of his conduct, by granting him certain additions to his armorial bearings.

On the 14th of June, 1814, his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue Squadron; and, at a subsequent period, he was further advanced to that of Admiral of the White.

By his marriage, Lord Northesk had a family of nine children; of whom the eldest, George, Lord Rosehill, a midshipman on board the Blenheim, was unfortunately lost at sea with Sir Thomas Trowbridge, in 1807, at the age of sixteen.

His Lordship died at his residence in Albemarle-street, in June last, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William Hopetoun, now Earl of Northesk.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN CALCRAFT, M.P.

The Right Hon. John Calcraft, M.P., whose existence was recently terminated under very melancholy circumstances, was the son of Mr. Calcraft, who, as an army agent, accumulated a large fortune, and became proprietor of the borough of Wareham, in the county of Dorset—one of the boroughs which, under the new reform bill, are to be disfranchised. He was born in the year 1766 or 1767. At the general election of 1796 he was returned M. P. for Wareham, and continued to represent that borough until he was elected for Rochester. He generally voted with the Opposition; but, for a time, he attached himself more particularly to the interests of his late

Majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales. He warmly espoused the cause of his Royal Highness in 1803, and moved for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the extent of his embarrassments, that he might be enabled to resume the splendour and dignity suitable to his high station.

When the Prince cast off the party usually designated the friends of his youth, and determined to avail himself of the services of his royal father's tried councillors, Mr. Calcraft remained steady in his opposition.

During the brief but memorable administration of "All the Talents," he sat some time at the Board of Ordnance, where he was considered to have rendered himself complete master of the details of the British army.

In the debate of 1815, on the bill for regulating the importation of corn, Mr. Calcraft moved that importation should be permitted when the price exceeded 72s. per quarter; but the motion was lost, and the importation permitted only when the price should exceed £4.

In the same year he endeavoured to procure a reduction of the army and garrisons, but was equally unsuccessful as on the corn question.

It was, we believe, in the general election of 1820, that Mr. Calcraft lost his seat for Rochester; since which, he continued to sit for his own borough of Wareham. Though not possessed of brilliant or commanding talents, he was a useful supporter of the party to which he had attached himself. With other members of that party he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington; with whose political views he appeared to coincide until the great debate upon the reform bill, at the close of the last parliament, when, to the astonishment of thousands, he voted with the majority of 301 in favour of the measure. This vote of Mr. Calcraft's has since called forth remarks which it is not our wish to repeat.

We now approach the distressing circumstances of his death, which occurred on the afternoon of Sunday, September 11, at his house in Whitehall Place. He had been in a declining state of health, low and dejected in spirits, for several months. Having unfortunately been left unattended, he destroyed himself, in his dressing closet, by dividing the principal arteries of his throat with a razor. On the return of Miss Arabella Calcraft from church, he was found extended on the floor, with his face downwards, quite dead, and with the fatal instrument of his destruction firmly grasped in his right hand.

On the coroner's inquest held upon the body on the Monday evening following, one of the jurors—from what motive did not appear—put the following question to Dr. Phillips, one of the medical gentlemen in attendance on the family:—"Did he (the deceased) ever feel disappointed at not being elevated to the peerage?" To which Dr. P. replied,—"I believe he never had any expectation of being raised to the peerage. He had latterly fancied that he was continually watched by a man sitting on the top of a house. He was a thorough believer in religion." The verdict ascribed his death to an act of temporary mental derangement.

Mr. Calcraft had married, many years since, a lady of the name of Hailes, who was possessed of considerable property. By her (who died in 1817) he had a family of five children: John Hailes Calcraft, Esq.; Captain Granby Calcraft; Lady Burke (wife of Sir John Burke, Bart. M. P. for the county of Galway); and two other daughters, unmarried. At the time of his decease, Mr. and Lady Caroline Calcraft were at Kempstone Hall, the family seat, in Dorsetshire; Miss Calcraft was on a visit in Kent; and her sister, Miss Arabella, was the only member of the family residing with her father. The remains of the deceased were removed on the 17th of September, from Whitehall Place, for interment in the chancel vault in St. James's church, where two of his children are buried. The funeral was strictly private; only two mourning coaches followed, in which were Mr. J. H. Calcraft, Captain Calcraft, and Sir John Burke.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from August 20th, to September 22d, 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Howel, G., now or late of Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire, druggist.
James, G., late of George Town, Demerara, and Gracechurch-street, London, merchant.
Hodgson, W., Birmingham, merchant and roller of metals.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Blyth, R. B., Edinburgh, merchant and agent.
Stein, A., W. Brown, J. Dudgeon, J. Burton, and W. Ainslie, Kirkliston, distillers.
Henderson, R., Whitebalks, Linlithgow, farmer, cattle-dealer, and grazier.
Martin, R., Glasgow, baker.
Napier, C. H., Leith, wood-merchant.
Pitcairn, J., Perth, wood-merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 95.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Austin, W., Powis-street, Woolwich, ironmonger, (Watson and Sons, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.
Butler, W., Hampton, Northamptonshire, fishmonger. (Hawkins and Bloxam, New Boswell-court, Cary-street.
Beville, C., Clapham-common, upholsterer. (Davies, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar.
Backhouse, L., Great St. Helen's, insurance-broker. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street, Aldgate.
Blayney, T. R., Newtown, Montgomeryshire, flannel manufacturer. (Bandstrom and Jones, Newtown.
Blomeley, T., Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Woodcock, Bury,
Beaman, B., Catharine-mill, St. Catharine's, Somersetshire, mealman and maltster. (Hellings, Bath.
Butter, W., Chipnal-mill, Cheswardine, Salop, miller. (Stanley, Drayton-in-Hales.
Botham, J., Derby, builder. (Ryalls, Sheffield.
Clark, J., Jewry-street, Aldgate, wine-merchant. (Kirkman and Rutherford, Cannon-street.
Crofts, G., Wells next the Lea, Norfolk, merchant. (Garwood, Wells.
Chambers, S., the younger, Birmingham, ivory and tortoiseshell-worker. (Parker, Birmingham.
Coopland, W., Leeds, boot-maker. (Naylor, Leeds.
Clarke, R. R., High Holborn, victualler. (Parnall, London.
Crockwell, S., Torquay, Devonshire, builder. (Bell, London.
Cooper, J., Liverpool, bone-dealer and coal-merchant. (Bourne and Hassall, Liverpool.
Dempsey, J., Manchester, flour-dealer. (Makinson, Manchester.
Dawson, A., Park street, Grosvenor square, Middlesex, boarding-house-keeper. (Teague, Lawrence Pountney-hill, Cannon-street.
Deudney, G., Deptford, Kent, seed-crusher. (Druce and Sons, Billiter-square.
Darke, E., Stroud, maltster and boat-owner. (Housman, Woodchester.
Dufton, W., Basinghall-street, London, dealer in wool. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square.
De Cantelouze Rene, Middlesex, dress-maker. (Jones, Gray's-inn square.
Davis, J., Birmingham, linen-draper. (Hadfield and Grave, Manchester.
Dawson, G. and J. K., Manchester, nankeen-manufacturers. (Higson, Bagshaw, and Higson, Manchester.
Edwards, W. H., Norwich, maltster. (Barnard, Norwich.
Evans, J., Northumberland-street, Charing-cross, tailor. (Charsley and Barker, Mark-lane.
Fabbage, W. B., Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, mast maker. (Worship, Great Yarmouth.
Emmet, R., Halifax, Yorkshire, woolstapler. Craven, Halifax.
Force, J., Exeter, broker. (Brutton, Exeter.
Fletcher, A. and J. Young, Millbrook, Hants, iron founders. (Makinson and Sanders, Elm-court, Temple.
Geldart, J. S., Pultney-lodge Academy, Enfield, schoolmaster. (Lock, Surrey-street, Strand.
Graham, R., Liverpool, victualler. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple.
Green, A., Brewer-street, Pimlico, Middlesex, tailor. (Whitelock, Aldermanbury.
Gillingham, T. J., Providence-wharf, Kingsland-road, Middlesex, coal-merchant. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street, Cheapside.
Gray, C. G., late of Norwood-house, Iver, near Uxbridge, Bucks, dealer. (Lowless and Peacock, Tokenhouse-yard.
Howard, P., Liverpool, cabinet maker. (Hodgson. Liverpool.
Harrison, T., Prince's-place, Commercial-road, Middlesex, woollen-draper. (Van Sandau, Old Jewry.
Herapath, S., Holborn-bridge, London, hatter. (Cole, Skinner's place, Size-lane.
Hodges, T., late of the Turf Tap, Tattersall's-yard, victualler. (Willis, Sloane-square, Chelsea.
Hawker, T. R., Cheltenham, tailor. (King and Son, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
Harris, B., Northleach, Gloucestershire, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence-lane.
Hull, W., Regent-street, picture-dealer. (Holt, Threadneedle-street.
Hawthorn and Lloyd, Burton-upon-Trent, linen drapers. (Hardwick and Guest, London.
Hutchon, T., Finsbury-circus, London, merchant. (Forbes and Hall, Ely-place, Holborn.
Hodgson, J., Nicholas-lane, London, insurance-broker. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street, Aldgate.
Hollins, J., Leeds, meal-seller. (Smith and Hutchinson, Leeds.
Hurst, W., late of Bedford-square, Mile-end-road, Middlesex, builder. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street.
Herbert, R., Old Cavendish-street, Middlesex, builder. (Bird, Adam-street, Adelphi.
James, J. C., Bathford, Somersetshire, builder. (Hellings, Bath.
Jones, T., late of the Grapes Inn, Llangollen, Denbighshire, inn-keeper. (Edwards, Oswestry.
Kelsey, W., Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper. (Nicholson and Empson, Glamford Briggs.
Lonecraft, J., Buckington, Devonshire, worsted-spinner, (Taunton, Totness.
Lowthian, G., Exeter, draper. (Terrell and Son, Exeter.
Lerew, W. H., Great Portland-street, surgeon. (Reynolds, London.
Motley, J., Arle-mill, Gloucestershire, miller. (Winterbotham, Weedon, and Co., Tewkesbury.
Mellar, J. and W., Castle-street, Oxford-street, jewellers. (Swan, Bell-yard, Doctor's-commons.
Maynard, R., Durham, wine-merchant. (Moore and Thompson, Durham.

Manning, W., F. Manning, and J. L. Anderton, New Bank-buildings, London, West India-merchants. (Freshfield and Son, New Bank-buildings.
Muirhead, J., Buxton, Derbyshire, inn-keeper. (Leyes, Chancery-lane.
Miners, R., late of Illogan, Cornwall, victualler. (Lambe, Truro.
Morris, R., Lawrence-lane. London, wholesale linen draper. (Neild, King-street, Cheapside.
Miller, W. W., Bath, grocer. (Hellings, Bath.
Neighbour, T. sen. and jun., West Smithfield, wine-merchants. (Wadeson and Co., London.
Nettlefold, T. and W. Reid, Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, ironmongers. (Hunt, Craven-street, Strand.
Nicholson, W., Bradford, Yorkshire, scrivener. (Swan, Bradford.
Plowright, E. G. and W., Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, wine-merchants. (Garwood, Wells.
Perks, R. H., Monckton Combe, Somersetshire, brewer. (Hutchison and Imeson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street.
Pring, J. J., Bradford, Wilts, grocer. (Stone, Bradford.
Price, R., Manchester, grocer. (Hitchcock, Manchester.
Pickering, H. and W. Pollard, Liverpool, upholsterers. (Rowlinson, Liverpool.
Pottinger, C., Green Dragon Public-house, Stepney, victualler. (Williams, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street.
Pennington, M., Burton Leonard, Yorkshire, common-carrier. (Dodgson, York.
Rule, E. and A., Leadenhall-street, ship-owners. (Baxendale and Co., King's arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Rout, T. C., Portpool-lane, currier, (Rippingham, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields.
Rea, P., Worcester, glove-manufacturer. (Godson, Worcester.
Reade, H., Liverpool, victualler. (Frodsham, Liverpool.
Reynolds, J., Parker's-court, Coleman-street, wholesale grocer (Lofty and Knight, Cheapside.
Rope, J., Ray-street, Clerkenwell, butcher. (Denton and Co., London.
Scott, C., St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, merchant. (Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
Shaw, W., Aston, Staffordshire, china-manufacturer. (Young, Lane-end.
Sleigh, W. W., Alpha-road, St. Mary-le-bone, surgeon. (Hertslet, Norfolk-street, Strand.
Thompson, W., Upper Thames-street, wine-merchant. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.
Tuck, W., Elsing, Norfolk, miller. (Bignold, Pulley, and Mawe, Norwich.
Thomas, R., late of Clun, Salop, maltster. (Green, Knighton.
Walton, G., Kingsland-road. timber-merchant. (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand.
Withers, W., Holt, Norfolk. money scrivener. (Thomkins, Essex-court, Temple.
Williams, J., Prosnant, Monmouthshire, miller. (Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.
Whitfield, G. T., and J. Sargent, Whitchurch, Salop, silk-throwsters. (Harpur, Whitchurch.
Wilks, J. and J. Ecroyd, Rochdale, Lancashire, nail-manufacturers. (Gaskell, Wigan.
Wrigley, T., Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. (Radley and Clegg, Oldham.
Whitbread, J., Everton, near Liverpool, livery-stable-keeper. (Birkett, Liverpool.
Walmslay, F., Parliament-street, Westminster, lodging-house-keeper. (Bruce, Francis-street, Golden-square.
Wilday, J., Birmingham, hotel-keeper. (Stubbs, Birmingham.
Ward, J., Upper Ground-street, Christchurch, Surrey, iron-founder. (Godmond, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.
Wyatt, A., Bankside, Southwark, Roman-cement-manufacturer. (Grimaldi and Staples, London.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

In our last we complained of the extreme difficulty of producing a consistent and satisfactory general Report, from the irregularities and anomalies of the season and the consequent varieties and confusion in the state of the crops. This difficulty still exists in a considerable degree, notwithstanding the mass of general information which has reached us, but with the drawback of its being so multiform and various, and so repeatedly contradictory, that no small portion of the old difficulty is still opposed to the formation of a satisfactory judgment. The completion of the harvest, however, nothing now remaining ungathered but a few beans in the most backward districts, and a nearly general application of the barn floor test, has furnished us with some more certain and less objectionable grounds on which to proceed.

In Scotland and most of the northern districts of England, the character of the season is described as that of drought and aridity, parching up the grasses, preventing, in a considerable measure, the circulation of the vegetable juices in all other crops. Whilst in most other parts of England, in the early part of the summer especially, the lands were sodden by frequent and heavy rains, productive of most abundant grass crops, but not so friendly to the perfection of those which bear corn. But all parts agree on one point, that of the sudden setting in of a dog-day heat, which urged on all the crops of corn and pulse to a premature ripeness, rendering the last one of the shortest and speediest harvests within memory; its common duration being but three weeks, to a month at the utmost, in the most backward districts. The crops so quickly harvested, were almost universally saved in good condition, with the exceptions of some parts, where the rains yet prevailed, and the apprehensions of the farmers excited them to carry the corn in a damp state. The shortness and want of bulk in the straw, both of corn and pulse, seems nearly universal, and to have prevailed to a considerable degree, even in those districts visited by such frequent showers; hence the farmer will obtain no fuel from

his bean haulm during the ensuing winter. In our last, we noted the blight in May, which produced *rust* and blackness upon the stalks and chaff of the corn, but the chief injury has arisen from an almost universal mildew which subsequently affected the crops at the very critical period of their near approach to maturity. This mildew, or unhealthy moisture, the product of heavy dews in a dull, unventilated atmosphere, remaining unexhaled upon the superficies of the plants, and being absorbed, causes an obstruction in the circulation of the vegetable juices, which prevents the due filling of the grain, rendering it shrivelled, rough, and defective in substance and colour. In sad truth, mildew is justly deemed the heaviest malady that afflicts our corn crops. In the northern parts, and where so much drought prevailed, they have suffered the least from this scourge. In most parts of England it has been general, fortunately not universal, since we find some favourable exemptions in many, or most counties.

As to the actual extent of the mildew, we have observed that Scotland, and certain of our northern districts have been least affected. Cornwall boasts of an exemption, and of wheat crops above an average, quantity and quality; the same of oats, their barley fine, but below an average. Throughout the S.W., and the western parts of the midland counties, the disease does not appear to have been very prevalent. We hear little of it from Oxford and Berks, or from South Wales. In the eastern and most fruitful parts of the kingdom, it is reported as most destructive. In Kent, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, the wheat crops have suffered most from the *opprobrium* of the season. Some parts of Essex are said to have escaped, but we have seen many samples of rough and poor Essex wheat at market. In Herts the mildew would have done considerable damage, but for the expedition used in cutting and carrying the wheat crop. The barley crop has also been variously affected. In regard to quantity, even including favoured Scotland, average or large crops universally form the exception, middling and scanty ones the general rule. Not only the want of length and bulk in the straw is universally noted, but the ears are not so numerous as is usual in an abundant harvest, beside being short, and, according to our personal experience, not so well filled, and the grain small. These views urge us to speculate that the loaf will not be much reduced in price during the ensuing year. As usual in the S.W., wheat seed commenced with September, the seed scarce and dear. With the aforesaid exceptions, barley is a defective crop in both respects, particularly in regard to quality. In the great barley county, Norfolk, the sample is, too generally, coarse and high coloured; fine samples are in great request and very dear. Oats, not an average crop, have been more successful in quality. Beans and peas are below the quantity of last year. Winter vetches make a good figure, and the clover seed, defective in quantity, is a great improvement upon the former crop in point of quality. With hops there seems to remain a curious stay on which to hang a hope; the atmosphere of the late season has been productive of thunder, in the opinion of our fathers, friendly to the hop. In fine, too many of our most sanguine expectants have acknowledged their disappointment from their most favourite crops. The brank or buck wheat has been much blighted and mildewed.

Considerable difficulties have been experienced in the harvest from the absence of the Irish labourers, threatened and actually ill-used by our natives; and these last are represented, chiefly in Berks and Kent, as in a dangerous state of insubordination, to quiet which will probably require additional remedies to the proposed act for the allowance of steel traps and spring guns. Occasionally, high prices have been obtained for harvest work, and the general rate has been somewhat improved. In the least productive districts, wheat is deemed full one-third short of an average in quantity. Turnips and potatoes appear likely to prove among the largest crops hitherto obtained in this country; mildew has occasionally visited the Swedes, bleaching their foliage white. This great supply of roots, and that of the grass have greatly encouraged the purchase of store cattle, and pigs, by which their price has been advanced; and at our well supplied fairs, with few exceptions, the sales have been brisk. As to sheep, the late destruction occasioned by the rot has been sufficient to enhance their price; and where the rains most prevailed some apprehension still subsists on that score.

Under draining, wet, and poachy soils, has of late proved extremely profitable to a few intelligent farmers in the north, who express their surprise that an improvement so long recommended, and of such high consequence, since a single crop will repay the charge at the present prices, should be so generally neglected. In the south, the old question of the early cutting of wheat has been lately revived, but it still remains a question. The old custom of employing "month's men" in

harvest, is still said to prevail, and the harvest to be delayed by allotting to every man a stated number of acres; whilst it is averred that, by a more provident system, the same number of acres might be cleared in half the time, and the corn saved in much better condition. Considerable difficulty, however, would be experienced in effecting this improvement. During the extreme heats of the sun, many of the harvest labourers were stricken, as if with a *coup de soleil*, and rendered for a time utterly incapable of exertion. The want of water, both for man and beast, was also experienced. To add to the few difficulties of so favourable a harvest season, flies and wasps were so enormously multitudinous, that the men were perpetually tormented, and the horses were with the utmost difficulty held to their labour.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 0d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Dairy do., 6s. 0d.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 80s.—Barley, 26s. to 46s.—Oats, 22s. to 32s.—London loaf, 4lb. 10d.—Hay, 60s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 124s.—Straw, 24s. to 36s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, 19s. 0d. to 33s. 3d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, September 23rd.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

The Hon. Richard Ponsonby, Lord Bishop of Killaloe, to the Bishopric of Derry.—The Rev. John Torrens, Archdeacon of Dublin, to the Bishopric of Killaloe.—The Hon. Robert Maude, to the Archdeaconry of Dublin.—Rev. George John Skeeles, to the Rectory of Kirkby Underwood, Lincolnshire.—Rev. Reginald Bligh, to the Rectory of Cockfield, Suffolk.—The Rev. Duncan Matheson, to the Church at Knock, in the district of Eye.—Rev. Miles Coyle, to the Vicarage of Blockley, Worcestershire.—Rev. Richard Burnet, to the Curacy of Blackburn.—Rev. Christopher Clarkson, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary's, Mellor, Blackburn.—Rev. Richard Day, to the Vicarage of Wenhaston, Suffolk.—Rev. Wm. Warburton, to be one of the Domestic Chaplains to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Rev. L. Hay Irving, to the Church and Parish of Abercorn, Linlithgow.—Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, to the Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's, London.—Rev. George Ware, to the Vicarage of Winsham, Somerset.—Rev. Cornelius Pitt, to the Rectory of Rendcombe, Gloucestershire.—Rev. E. Stanley, of Plumbland, to the Rectory of Workington.—Rev. Mr. Hill, to the Vicarage of Kirtling, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. J. Wenn, to be one of the Domestic Chaplains to the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.—Rev. George Croly, who has lately had conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. by the University of Dublin, to the Rectory of North Fambridge, Essex.—Rev. Wm. H. Wyatt, to the Perpetual Curacy of Snenton, near Nottingham.—Rev. Francis Cobbold, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Mary Tower, Ipswich.—Rev. Francis T. Attwood, to the Rectory of St. Mary, and Vicarage of St. James, Great Grimsby.—Rev. Henry Owen, to the Rectory of Wilby, Suffolk.—Rev. Wm. Pulling, Chaplain to Cambridge Town Gaol.—Rev. Sumner Smith, to the Rectory of Ham, Wilts.—Rev. Christopher Stannard, to the Rectory of Great Snoring, with Thursford annexed, Norfolk.—Rev. Cooke Otway, to the Rectory of Monsea.—Rev. Wm. Homan, to the Rectory of Modereney, County Tipperary.—Rev. R. Neville, Rector of Newmarket, diocese of Cloyne, county Limerick, to the Living of Clonpriest, near Youghall.—Rev. Samuel Fisher, to the Perpetual Curacy of Corpusty, in the diocese of Norwich.—Rev. Edward Houlditch, to the Rectory of St. Leonard's, near Exeter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 30th Aug., at Hanwell, Middlesex, William Johnson, Esq., of Eaton Place, to Sarah Jane, only daughter of Charles Turner, Esq., of Hanwell Park, Middlesex.—At Bedale, Yorkshire, Captain Arthur Lysaght, R.N., to Elizabeth Dorothy, eldest daughter of Henry Percy Pulleine, Esq., of Crakehall, Yorkshire.—Marylebone Church, Lieut. Charteris, R.N., eldest son of George Charteris, Esq., of Amisfield Castle, Dumfriesshire, to Elizabeth Cecilia, widow of the late John Dick, Esq., of Tullymet, Perthshire.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. E. G. Palmer, R.N., to Harriet, relict of the late D. Bayley, Esq., of Cape Coast Castle.—At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, B. Herteond, Esq., of Neufchatel, Switzerland, to Mary

Ann, daughter of Capt. J. Packwood, R.N.—At Hayling Island, Wm. Hunter Little, Esq., to Mary Katherine Newman, only daughter of the late Rev. Jas. Rogers, D.D., of Rainscombe House, Wiltshire.—John Fairlie, Esq., to Miss Home Prowes, daughter-in-law to the Speaker of the House of Commons.—At Cheltenham, Capt. Waite, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Izou, Esq., of Bournbrooke House, Worcestershire.—Rev. Lord Charles Paulet, second son of the Marquis of Winchester, to Miss Araminta Ramsden, third daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.—At Lambeth, Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of the late Major-general Sir Henry Torrens.—At Plymouth, Mr. C. Whitford, Solicitor, to Eliza, second daughter of Colonel Hamilton Smith.—At Bilney, Sam. Hoare, Jun., Esq., son of Sam. Hoare, Esq., of Hampstead, Middlesex, to Catherine Edwards, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hankinson, of Bilney Lodge, Norfolk.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thos. Metcalf, Jun., Esq., of Portland-place, to Grace, second daughter of Wm. Shepherd, Esq., of Half Moon-street.—At Woolwich, W. B. Young, Esq., of the R.A., eldest son of the late Col. Young, of Holly Hill, Sussex, to Mary, daughter of Col. Trelawney.—At Wimbledon, Capt. E. B. Phillips, late of the 53d regt., to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. G. Secker, of Keeping's Hill, Berks.—At Aberystwith, W. Van, Esq., late of the 16th Lancers, to Katherine A. M. Wilkins, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Wilkins, of Dany Park, Breconshire.—At St. Marylebone, Geo. L Smart, Esq., late Capt. 76th regt., to Catherine Anne, eldest daughter of the late Sir Hen. Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, in the county of Kent, Bart.—At Edinburgh, Hugh Dunlop, Esq., second son of Gen. Dunlop, to Ellen Clementina, daughter of Robt. Cockburn, Esq.

DEATHS.

At Brettenham Hall, 22, J. A. Nisbett, Esq., son of the late Sir John Nisbett.—In Upper Grosvenor-street, London, 61, William John Bethell, Esq., brother of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington.—At Glasgow College, Mr. Professor Walker.—At Stamford Hill, Sir Daniel Williams, 79, Police Magistrate of Lambeth-street Police Office for 32 years.—At Vienna, Baron O'Connell, Colonel in the Austrian Army, 92.—Charles Baring, youngest son of Henry S. Northcote, Esq., Portland-place, London.—At South Lambeth, London, Mr. Peter Nasmyth, 46, the eminent Landscape Painter.—At Deal, Capt. Leach, R.N.—At Deal, Captain Richard Budd Vincent, R.N.—In Woburn-place, Russell-square, Nicholas Darlington Kent, Esq., of Downland House, near Liphook, Hants.—At Hampton, Edward B. Sugden, Esq., eldest surviving son of Sir Edward B. Sugden.—At Corfu, the Hon. Charles G. Monckton, son of Viscount Galway, 26.—Anne, Countess of Mornington, mother of the Duke of Wellington, 90.—In Ireland, Alex. Stewart, Esq., uncle to the Marquis of Londonderry, 85.—Sir P. Grey Cullum, Bart., of Hawstead, Suffolk, 99.—In Dublin, Lady Roche, widow of Sir Boyle Roche, Bart.—In the Island of St. Helena, Mrs. Elizabeth Honoria Frances Lambe, relict of the late Serjeant Lambe, of the Artillery of the Island, at the advanced age of 110 years and four months. In the year 1731, she was housekeeper in the establishment of Governor Pyke, during his second government, and well remembered having heard that Sir Richard Munden stormed the fort which now bears his name. Twenty-one personages have filled the seat of Governor of the Island during her life-time. She was eight times married, and had numerous generations, 260 of whom are now alive.—At Glasgow, David Walker, Esq., Consul General for the United States of America for Scotland.—At Strasburg, Mr. John Romain Addison, 23, the last relative of the celebrated Joseph Addison.—Major Edward Spencer Fitzpatrick, of the East India Company's Service.—Andrew Strahan, Esq., 83, King's Printer, London.—In Downing-street, London, A. Dawson, Esq., M. P. for Lowth.—The Bishop of Worcester, 78.—Sackville-street, London, the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, 75.—In Portman-square, London, the Right Hon. Matthew, Lord Rokeby.—Sir H. Innes, Bart., M.P. for Sutherlandshire.—In Jamaica, at the extraordinary age of 146, Joseph Ram, a black belonging to Morice Hall's estate.—At Cove, Dr. Coppinger, Lord Bishop of Cork, 78.—At Seaton, the Hon. Mrs. Percy, lady of the Bishop of Carlisle.

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THE KING'S SPEECH—PARLIAMENT—THE CONTINENT.

The session has at length closed, after a succession of the most stormy, anxious, and harassing debates within memory. On the 20th the prorogation took place. The House of Commons were engaged in a debate on petitions, and were beginning to grow angry, as usual, when Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt appeared, and, like another Neptune, appeased the storm by the apparition of his wand. The house followed him to the royal presence, and the king delivered the speech of his ministers. It was, like all king's speeches of late years, a mere outline of the principal measures of the time, expressed in language systematically divested of all the materials of contradiction.

His Majesty noticed the amendment of the game laws; the reduction of the taxes; the improvements in the law of bankruptcy; then adverting to foreign affairs, declared that he had received every assurance of the continued amity of the continental powers. The late arrangements of the Belgian conference naturally occupied a portion of the speech, and we had his Majesty's conviction that the peace of Europe was provided for without hazard, equivocation, or sacrifice, on the part of our all-meddling and all-paying country.

The portion of the speech which applies peculiarly to the lower house, was read with an emphatic tone, which some of the journals say was an evidence of respect, others of remonstrance, and others of alarm. Probably it was not one of the three. The topics, however, were slight, and proportionably touched. His Majesty thanked his faithful commons for their ample liberality to the Queen, in case of her widowhood—for the supplies of the year—and for their willingness to submit to the increase of the military and other establishments, which the circumstances of the time were stated to render necessary.

The general address which by custom closes the speech, was occupied in recommending the preservation of tranquillity in the respective counties of the noble lords and members; a recommendation to the people to observe order and moderation in their proceedings; and a

promise of calling the attention of Parliament in the next session to a reform bill, assuring the nation of "his Majesty's unaltered desire to promote its settlement by such improvements in the representation as may be found necessary for securing to his Majesty's people the full enjoyment of their rights, which, in combination with those of the other orders of the state, are essential to the support of our free constitution."

The king was received with applause by the multitude on his way to the house. The galleries were filled with ladies, who, customary as the affair may be, would make a much better figure anywhere else: some of them, leaders of ton, for which they are fit, attempting to be leaders of politics, in which they only make themselves ridiculous; and deeming that to lose any exhibition of themselves and their officiousness, would be a loss of their station in public *influence!* One or two of those bustling personages forced their way through all obstacles, to the front, and by their looks of approbation, we hope, much comforted his Majesty, under the difficulties of his government, and by their smiles cheered the downcast hearts of his Majesty's ministers. When Napoleon was once approached by one of these female settlers of nations, who tendered her opinions on government, he turned round, and simply asked her, "how many children she had at home?" The lady politicians would be much better employed in their nurseries.

We shall follow his Majesty's speech in its principal features, to ascertain on what footing the year leaves us with Europe.

Russia is once more mistress of Poland. This we regret, for every reason, and first for the sake of the Poles themselves. Their insurrection was that of a brave people against an oppressive government; of patriots against strangers; of men demanding a government of equal laws, and necessary rights, against a fierce and iron despotism, which acknowledges no law but the sword. The attempt has failed. But its failure shall not make us hesitate to pronounce that it was justifiable in the highest degree; that the conception of the enterprize was magnanimous; that its conduct through unexampled hazards was heroic; and that its failure is unstained by any loss of national honour. On the contrary, the national honour has come out of this tremendous contest raised to a nobler rank, and though the sword has been wrenched by brute superiority of force from the Polish hand, and Poland will from this hour be watched with a more envenomed vigilance, and loaded with a heavier chain, yet she stands in a more distinguished rank with Europe, than if she had never made this gallant effort, and, prisoner as she may be, she has redeemed herself for ever from the name of slave.

Russia has lost formidably by the struggle. Her military name has been tarnished by successive defeats; her armies have been dispirited—her most distinguished chieftains baffled. It has cost her almost two years, the expenditure of millions of money, and little short of two hundred thousand lives, to break down the resistance of the poorest people of the north—a people scattered over a wilderness, without money or a government; with but one fortified town, and with but one army. Russia never purchased so doubtful a victory, nor purchased any victory at so dear a rate. She has no triumph to boast of in the field. To garrison Poland, she must expend an army. The spirit of the country is not dead, and every movement in Europe will vibrate to Warsaw. The first sound of war among the restless powers of the south and west will be re-echoed along the Vistula, and Russia will have justly brought

upon herself the waste, the anxiety, and the hazard, that belong to all supremacy, which depends on the perpetual exercise of oppression.

A government has been offered to Poland; but it is impossible to believe that a government of Russian bayonets can conciliate the conquered, and, in the present stage of European feeling, that government itself may be the means of striking a blow at the heart of Russia, of all blows the most threatening.

The Russian soldier, savage as he is in the field, is yet a man; he can be taught the advantages of a state of things altogether different from that in which he was born,—liberty may hold out its prospects even to the Russian slave. The feelings of personal freedom have a response in every human heart, whether under the civil rule or the cuirass; and the Russian garrison of Poland may learn, before a few years are past, the lessons with which every heart in the Polish territory is teeming. If those lessons shall be brought into practice by honest guidance, and the Russian soldier be placed within view of rational liberty, it is not the distance between Warsaw and Moscow that will stop the spreading of the flame to the heart of the empire; nor the distance from Moscow to St. Petersburg, that will prevent it from reaching its head. The popular discontents in Russia are matters of publicity. The leading writers are notoriously waiting only an opportunity to declare the sentiments of all men of manliness and honour throughout Europe. The present reign began with the developement of a conspiracy unequalled for extent in point of numbers, comprehensiveness in its objects, and we grieve, for the sake of honest and true liberty, to say, for its determination to shed blood. From the few details which the sudden and cautious extinction of that gigantic conspiracy has suffered to transpire, it is known that nearly two thousand officers of the Russian army had signed their names, that the purpose of the confederation was the total upbreaking of the present government, the dismemberment of the provinces, and the formation of a series of states, on the principle of America; but that in this determination was included the sacrifice of the whole royal family,—a resolve equally cruel, useless, and guilty, which must have disgraced the entire plan, raised the abhorrence of Europe against its authors, and probably extinguished all the results of its triumph. It is not less probable, that to this sanguinary determination was owing its defeat; putting out of the question the abhorrence with which a higher power than man must look upon all attempts at good which commence by massacre; the knowledge of this desperate resolve clearly roused the government to a vigour which struck at the heads of the conspiracy at once, repaid blood for blood, and broke the great conspiracy into fragments—for a time!

The character of the Emperor Nicholas is favourable to the hope, that Poland will not find in him, at least, a merciless governor. His reign has exhibited none of the furious atrocities of the northern thrones. His personal nature is said to be mild and just; but, Emperor as he is, he must be the slave of circumstances. The old English phantom of "a power behind the throne greater than the throne," in Russia is a reality. The nobles exercise an influence which has cost Russia many a monarch. Despotism always lives at the mercy of its guards. The Autocrat and the Sultan are the two most despotic lords of Europe, yet how seldom has either an Emperor of Russia or of Turkey died in his bed. We have no love for revolutions, but the revolution which shall give the benefit

of equal laws to Russia, and secure the subject from the caprice of the sovereign, will have no less fortunate effect in securing the personal safety of the King.

An amnesty has been declared in Poland, and it will probably be observed with reference to the inferior soldiery and the common people. But many are excepted, and the higher orders will long have reason to dread the grasp of a power so sensitive to popular discontent, and with such fearful means of exerting its revenge as Russia. With a prison, reaching from St. Petersburg to the arctic circle, and the Chinese sea, the emperor's resentment must have terrors, unknown in the narrower limits of continental vengeance. But the time is coming when all those freaks or frenzies of power shall meet their reward, and even the Russian mind shall feel the value of a wise, intelligent, and well-regulated freedom.

Italy is again disturbed. The retreat of the Austrian troops has left the popular feeling room to rise again; and in every province of the peninsula, the seeds of revolution are rapidly sowing. Who can wonder that this seed should be sown, or that in the harvest which must arise from it, the whole gross oppression of the land should be overwhelmed! Of all the lands of Europe, Italy is the most palpably intended by nature for power, productiveness, and general human enjoyment; yet, for centuries, Italy has been the toy or the drudge of foreigners: her fine country the common field of blood and plunder to the Austrian, the Spaniard, the Swiss, and the Frenchman; her cities, foreign garrisons, or the residences of petty sovereigns, too feeble to protect their independence, but too powerful for their liberties; meagre stipendiaries of foreign courts, haughty plunderers of the industry of their people, useless in peace, contemptible in war, hostile to commerce, literature, and all the great instruments of public strength and personal distinction. All the Italian cities are at this hour verging rapidly to decay; or, where that decay is partially checked, their remnant of seeming prosperity is due to the two cankers of the land—the extravagance of some little court, or the presence of an Austrian garrison.

But this too will have an end. The popular spirit, defeated often as it has been, is not extinct. Every account from the British travellers, and even the paragraphs of the little Italian gazettes, timid as they are, combine in describing an eagerness for insurrection as universal; and though that impulse may be restrained for a time by the fear of an Austrian invasion, yet, let a Leader but arise in Italy—a man of popular habits, vigorous determination, and established name—and we shall see Italy, languid as she is, overspread with a living deluge of the sword.

One striking characteristic distinguished the Italian insurrections of last year from all that went before. They were not *for* the priesthood, but totally against it. In the little towns in the heart of the peninsula, where, in the absence of other authority, the priest was once all-powerful, the sudden outcry was "down with the monks, friars, and parish clergy, in a body." In the Papal states, the Cardinal governors were put to flight by mobs denouncing all allegiance to the Pope. The mobs were Italian, but the cries were French; the spirit, the banners, the half-naked women brandishing knives and axes, and singing songs alternately blasphemous and sanguinary, were of the genuine school of Jacobinism. Nothing can be more alarming for the hopes of Italian freedom than this spirit. Out of a Jacobin revolution nothing but

tyranny can come. The first stage is anarchy, the second civil war, the third military despotism. And the progress is so inevitable, that in no instance in the history of nations, has its havoc ever failed. But if this spirit spread, it must master all resistance! a hundred thousand Austrian bayonets against the united furies of the peninsula, would be but as chaff before the wind.

Italy, some years since, contained, at the lowest estimate, fourteen millions of people—she probably now contains eighteen; if this whole force were roused, and led by any one mind capable of given direction to its mighty mass, what force of Europe could shake it? Army after army, sent across the Alps, would plunge down into the Italian plains, with no more chance of return, than if they plunged into the Mediterranean.

Soon or late, the whole administrative system of Italy will be destroyed; whether by the desperate means of Jacobin insurrection, or by the calmer and more effectual vigour of an enlightened and deliberate public judgment. With the trade of this fine country extinguished by monopolies, with her agriculture cramped by imposts, with her revenues absorbed by the waste of her little worthless courts, the payment of the worst troops in the world, and the luxuries of the most contemptible nobility, who can feel any degree of surprise at the general disaffection?

But the heaviest blow is already openly aimed at the Italian priesthood. That body has long forfeited the few claims that could have atoned for its guilty employment, as a tool of the Italian despotisms. Within the last two centuries, it has totally lost all literary distinction. The Italian ecclesiastic writes nothing, probably reads nothing but his breviary, and probably knows nothing but his chess-board, and the way to my lord cardinal's patronage. Who ever hears of a book from the pen of an Italian divine? The sole known representative of classical knowledge in the Italian church, is Angelo Mai, now a decrepid old man, and at best, only a librarian and a copyist of old manuscripts; some drowsy essay or some fragment of antiquity, fished up from the Tiber, or dug up from the Forum, alone attests from year to year, the existence of the Romish clergy. The whole body are in an atrophy; and the nations are beginning to note the sloth and the stupidity of those men, whom they once worshipped much more than the Heaven to which this worthless priesthood pretended to lead the way. The Carbonari conspiracy has never been extinguished. The recollections even of the brief triumph of that time, are still living among the furious and the fantastic; a new reinforcement has been added to the old disaffection, by the success of democracy in France; and the period may be brief which will see Italy republican, from the Alps to Calabria. The slightest approach of war would precipitate the revolution at once, and the unfurling of the French banner on the plains of Lombardy would rouse every village in determined insurrection.

The Belgian question has been nominally settled by the ministers of the five powers. The basis of the convention is the extent of territorial possession belonging to Holland, in 1790. The Dutch, therefore, retain all the territory on the left bank of the Scheldt. The navigation of that river is to be regulated by the treaty of Vienna. The portion of Luxembourg, assigned to Belgium, is more than half that province; and in exchange, Holland obtains part of Limburg, containing a popu-

lation less by 50,000 persons, than that portion of Luxemburg, which is relinquished by the treaty. The King of Holland holds the remainder of Luxemburg, and, as grand duke of that province, is still to be a member of the Germanic confederation. Maestricht remains wholly Dutch. Antwerp is, of course, to be given up to the Belgians, as soon as the treaty is ratified, and the latter, on their part, will surrender Venloo. The debt is not divided equally by this treaty; the interest of the whole amount to about 27,000,000 of guilders, of which Belgium is to pay only between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000, being rather less than one-third. The plenipotentiaries of Belgium and Holland, left London to obtain the ratification of the treaty.

The singularity of this treaty is, that it discontents both parties. The Dutch, proud of their fragment of victory, declare that they will allow no five powers, nor fifty, to cut up their territories. The Belgians, heroes, every man of them, though a little unlucky in their late display of chivalry, are equally indignant at parting with a square-yard of morass, or the breadth of a Flemish ditch; proclaim themselves the most injured people on earth, and threaten the world with war.

In the midst of this tumult of rival courage, our unfortunate pensioner, Prince Leopold, says nothing, and does nothing, but walks about, as the journals tell us, looking twenty years older than he was six months ago, and doubtless, casting many a longing glance towards the quiet sinecure which he enjoyed among us, for the last fifteen years; the perpetual dejeunés of Windsor and St. James's, the dinners, the dances, and the innumerable easy delights, attending on the colonelcy of a regiment of horse, recognized but on the day of receiving his pay; the cheap residence of a national palace, for which he paid neither rent, tithe, nor taxes, and the punctual receipt of the annual sum of £50,000, of which he perhaps spent the fiftieth part in the country that fed him.

Those are the truths that his Belgian majesty has left to record his memory in the British mind; and if the nation still condescends to feel any interest in the quarrel between the two *crapauds*, or care a straw whether the Dutchman hunts the Fleming into his own morasses, or the Fleming swamps the Dutchman; whether Flanders exults in the grasp of half a dozen acres from her heavy neighbour, or that neighbour deems its national existence to depend on plundering Flanders of fifty pounds a-year; England desires only, that however the matter may turn out, she may get rid of her pensioner—a pensioner who hung upon her till she was long tired of him; who signalized his presence here by nothing but a petty economy; who patronized neither her arts nor her public institutions; dragged on a lazy and obscure life for half the life of man; gathering money,—and at last finished his career by a poor compromise with the future; securing his pension as a pillow for his head under an emergency, which this very provision would be the first thing to hasten.

The Belgian settlement concludes with an extraordinary declaration, that if either party refuse, the arrangement shall be carried into effect by force of arms. This is a curious contrivance for peace-making. It may, for the moment, produce acquiescence, but it is impossible that it should produce agreement. France has her vulture eye fixed upon the whole transaction, and she is, possibly, at this hour making the way

straight for war. The dismantling of the Belgian fortresses is a step which no power would have demanded, whose purpose was not to take advantage of the naked frontier. The dismantling of those fortresses has actually not found a single argument, except the one that it was the desire of France—an argument, which ought instantly to have roused the vigilance of the Continent, and to have set every engineer in Belgium instantly at work, to render them impregnable. As to the palliative, that their repairs would have drawn too heavily on the Belgium exchequer, the answer is obvious; that supposing these repairs to have been too costly for Belgium, which is by no means proved, they might have been provided for as the fortresses were built —out of the money of the continental powers, who are all interested in rescuing Belgium from the grasp of France; or, at least, it could cost nothing to let them take the chance of time, and fall to pieces in the course of a century.

Or if the Belgian army were too small to supply their garrisons, what was to prevent their being garrisoned by the bands of temporary troops, that a week would at any time put under arms. With a population of four millions, Belgium might have a national guard of five hundred thousand men—a force equal to have manned twenty times the number of the fortresses. But the demand was from France—for French purposes; and in the first ripple of continental affairs, we shall see that France knew well what she asked, when she commissioned M. Talleyrand to insist on the demolition of the Belgian fortresses.

The Portuguese question is still unsettled. Don Miguel still sits on his unacknowledged throne. Don Pedro still makes his pilgrimage to the courts, protesting against having the slightest personal desire ever to wear the "galling circle of a crown" again, yet soliciting every court to embark in his cause; disclaiming all hostility, yet collecting partizans, soldiers, and exiles; telling Portugal that he has no wish whatever to divide or disturb her, yet actually arming a fleet in the French ports, obviously for the purpose of invasion. We only hope, that England will not be involved in the quarrels of either of the Dons. The difference to us of Don Pedro or Don Miguel is not worth the ink that writes their names. Don Pedro, if we had taken him by the hand, and led him him up to his throne in Lisbon yesterday, would treat us to-day just as every foreigner does, the day after we feed and clothe him. In those fellows we place no faith. Don Miguel has the ill fortune of being drawn in the blackest colours by every one. We have Lord Aberdeen loading him with a richer variety of contumely than we thought political wrath could find words for, from the lips of that remarkably heavy and frigid lord. We find the Duke of Wellington himself, warmed beyond that delicacy—that notoriously prudential caution, with which the statesman speaks of every sovereign in whose dominions he has an estate, or in whose service a commission; that wise reserve which can suffer itself to detect neither avarice in the Dutchman, nor tyranny in the Spaniard, nor any thing, beyond a little excusable savageness, in the Russian; yet even this man of delicacy could suffer himself to glow into something extremely akin to contempt of the unhappy Don who now rules the Portuguese by the right divine of the stronger. Still Don Miguel keeps his hold, in spite of Mr. Consul Hoppner's ill opinion of his proceedings,—in spite of the displeasure of the Marquis Palmella, the injured feelings of little Maria de Dolores, who is now all but hope-

less of being ever able to marry her own uncle,—and the royal claims of Don Pedro himself, whose experience in the ways of being turned out of one throne, must operate as an irresistible qualification for his ruling another.

Again, we say, what have we to do with these coxcombs? Is there a hair's breadth between the rights, the merits, or the mediocrity of both. Should we possess the honour of the ex-emperor of Rio Janeiro's friendship an hour longer than we should that of the ex-king's, if we turned him out to-morrow? Let Don Pedro then go to dejeunés and dinners in such a display of royal moustaches as never were exhibited on the human visage before, nor on any animal visage, except the Duke of Cumberland's, or a white bear's. Let him levee princesses, and attend duchesses to routs; or let him exhibit himself round Europe in his most glittering uniform, the very hero of melodrame, and the envy of Monsieur Ducrow. But let not this rambling Portuguese think that England will fire a shot to place him on any better throne than the cushions at Grillon's hotel. We are sick of spending our money, or throwing away our blood, upon the quarrels of those pampered children, who arrive at manhood foolish as ever, adding nothing but age to puerility, and who must be taught by stern experience that the hearts and heads of men are not made for their idle pleasure.

The breaking up of the Oporto monopoly has, we must confess, our strongest approbation. Monopolies of all kinds are only a cover for extortion; and the foolery which would tell us that a treaty is beneficial which compels us to pay to strangers ten times the value of a commodity, merely on the ground that those strangers purchase a certain quantity of our manufactures (which are essential to them, and for which they must pay double in any other quarter), ought to have been exploded long since. We shall soon have the best wines of Portugal at the lowest price, and the Portuguese wearer of our cloths will have in return just as much of our manufactures as he wants. It is absurd to say that he ever would have had more. The policy of supporting Portugal against French or Spanish invasion will not be altered by our drinking port wine of a better quality and at a cheaper rate. The Portuguese farmer will not soften his inveterate hatred to the Spaniard, by the diminution of sixpence a bottle in his wine; nor feel himself more disposed to be robbed by French dragoons, or torn by French grape-shot, from the circumstance that he sells his vintage direct, and puts into his own pocket the tax which he was once forced to pay to the chartered monopolists of Oporto. We may fairly leave matters of this kind to the course of human things.

The King's speech pronounces that no nation gives evidence of hostile intentions towards his Majesty's realm. Hostile intentions are not usually declared till they are on the verge of action. But whether England is to be entangled in war, or to escape, the whole continent holds itself yet in the most manifest preparation for war. All is recruiting, drilling, marching, and countermarching; autumn encampments in one province, sanitary cordons in another, and corps of observation in a third. Prussia boasts of having at this moment 300,000 men under arms, Austria half a million, Russia a million. France from time to time issues a half-manifesto, and flashes in the world's eyes her five hundred thousand *braves*, backed by her two millions of national guards, and those again backed by a population of two-and-thirty millions! every one of whom, she

boasts, is a true patriot or patriotess, *fidéle au roi, au loi,* and especially to France, and able to shoot from behind a hedge any Prussian, Austrian, Swiss, or Russ, who dares invade the sacred barrier of the "grande nation."

But the most prominent and fatal feature of the whole aspect of Europe is, that jacobinism is rapidly penetrating the whole mass of the population. A wild and bitter impulse against authority has been given by the "three days of July." The day of clubs is reviving, fierce appeals to physical force are no longer matters of astonishment, deposed sovereigns, abolished constitutions, and "regenerated states," are no longer the solitary contemplations of a few beggars and exiles, those ragged enthusiasts who cover robbery with the pretence of public good, and differ from the highwayman only in being the baser rogue. The most sweeping political changes are discussed with the most perfect simplicity, alterations to be wrought only by massacre, are calmly argued, with a familiar knowledge of the cost; and the time is made a matter of calculation when every man who can rob or murder, will enjoy the full fruits of his patriotism. Philip of France is a king, so long as it shall please the shopkeepers of Paris, and not an hour longer. But jacobinism looks to a higher conquest than the tottering throne of France. A spirit of fury is gone forth in England; the pictures and blazoned banners of of bleeding heads, and the exploits of the pike, are the accompaniments of our mob meetings. This spirit may be subdued for a time, by energy in the government, and manliness in the higher classes. But the revolutionists of Europe have every eye turned upon England, and the first serious convulsion here will be the signal for an explosion, which will leave the continent without the vestige of a throne.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH, AND THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera is now the prevalent topic, and unquestionably the mere possibility of its reaching England has excited great anxiety. A few nights before the close of the session, the subject was brought forward by Sir R. Vivian. In answer, Mr. P. Thomson said, that in the course of last week government had received information that the cholera morbus had reached Hamburgh. On the receipt of this intelligence the government issued orders enforcing a stricter quarantine with respect to all vessels coming from Hamburgh, and had directed further precautionary measures to be taken with regard to vessels coming from any part of the coast lying between the north of Denmark and Rotterdam. The recommendations which government had issued to the authorities in the country, contained a statement of those precautionary measures which government thought it desirable should be taken, and he had no doubt that if carried strictly into effect, they would, if the disease should appear in this country, check its progress, if not entirely confine it to the place of its first appearance.

A number of letters have been since published in the papers, generally ridiculing the public alarm, and treating the attempts at precaution, quarantine, &c., as totally nugatory. But one thing we must observe, that almost the whole of those letters are from mercantile persons, who dread the interruption of their trade, and who, in nine instances out of

ten, are the very class by whose negligence or avarice the contagion is brought into countries. One of the most specious of these letters is from a Hamburgh merchant, detained in quarantine at Standgate Creek, who, of course, is rather uneasy at his position, and thinks that national hazard is no reason why he should be prevented from making his appearance on 'Change, disposing of his bills, and reloading his coffee and sugar in the usual mode.

On the other hand, the chief part of the letters recommending precaution, are from travellers and medical men, a rather higher authority than the traders. The Board of Health, in the meanwhile, have published a long and important document, pointing out the precautions necessary to be adopted in case the contagion should actually exhibit itself here. Whether the disease shall make its way here at all, or whether, if it should, its symptoms may be not much lightened by the better system of English medical science, and the better food and clothing of our population; there can be no doubt that the form in which it has already shewn itself abroad, justifies the most extreme vigilance. It seems to have been a horrible disease, with but the single palliative, that its suffering soon ends one way or other.

The subjoined description of the symptoms of the disease has been published by the Board of Health, College of Physicians, dated October 20:—"The following are the early symptoms of the disease in its most marked form, as it occurred to the observation of Dr. Russell and Dr. Barry, at St. Petersburgh, corroborated by the accounts from other places where the disease has prevailed:—Giddiness, sick stomach, nervous agitation, intermittent, slow, or small pulse, cramps beginning at the tops of the fingers and toes, and rapidly approaching the trunk, give the first warning. The features become sharp and contracted, the eye sinks, the look is expressive of terror and wildness; the lips, face, neck, hands, and feet, and soon after the thighs, arms, and whole surface, assume a leaden, blue, purple, black, or deep brown tint, according to the complexion of the individual, varying in shade with the intensity of the attack. The fingers and toes are reduced in size, the skin and soft parts covering them are wrinkled, shrivelled, and folded; the nails put on a bluish pearly white; the larger superficial veins are marked by flat lines of a deeper black; the pulse becomes either small as a thread, and scarcely vibrating, or else totally extinct. The skin is deadly cold, and often damp, the tongue always moist, often white and loaded, but flabby and chilled, like a piece of dead flesh. The voice is nearly gone; the respiration quick, irregular, and imperfectly performed. The patient speaks in a whisper. He struggles for breath, and often lays his hand on his heart, to point out the seat of his distress."

After this we are not to listen to the nonsense of any trader, eager to carry on his traffic at the risk of human life, or tourist, tired of the confinement of the quarantine. The very mention that the contagion was once in England, would produce more evil, even to trade, than the delay of every trafficker that could lie at Standgate Creek for half a century, Nothing can be more obvious than that it would break up the whole intercourse of English life, and put a stop to all commerce, from the moment that it was clearly ascertained to be among us; and in its progress involve every description of trade and business in difficulties, equivalent to little less than national bankruptcy.

This we must guard against by all possible expedients, and we can-

not begin too soon. There are miserable spots in every great town in England—even in cleanly England; where cleanliness never enters; spots of beggary, foulness, vice, and promiscuous and wretched living, from one end of the year to the other. Those haunts of pestilence ought to be instantly examined and cleaned out, or utterly destroyed. In London itself, every suburb has its peculiar haunt of disease. What must be the condition of St. Giles's, of the outskirts of Westminster, of Saffron-hill, of Wapping, of Whitechapel, of Spitalfields, if contagion come? There is not one of those, nor of a dozen others, in which there is not material, in filth, drunkenness, poverty, and promiscuous vice, for the food of a national pestilence. Let the local authorities be set to work without delay, and a general inquiry into the state of these districts, and the mode of clearing them out, take place. But the system of English life has even its peculiar liabilities to the effects of contagion.

A large part of our population is gathered into great masses. We have manufactories, with hundreds of people compressed together in the same heated atmosphere and dangerous contact. Our workhouses contain crowds, equally the food of contagion. Independently of those, our jails are continually crowded—a natural result of the temptations of a country, where trade and opulence stimulate men to the commission of crimes that seldom come in the way of the people of merely agricultural countries.

Some curious statements to this effect have been produced by M. Ducpetiaux, and other foreign economists. It is asserted that a fifteenth of our whole female population is subsisting by vice. This is, of course, a calculation taken from the commercial and manufacturing districts:—"One-fifteenth have no means of support but by robbery, swindling, pickpocketing, and every species of crime. Five-fifteenths of the people are what is denominated poor, living from hand to mouth, and daily, nay, hourly, sinking into heartless beggary!" A comparison between a few foreign countries and Great Britain further demonstrates the effects of poverty and ignorance on the great mass of the population. In North America pauperism is almost unknown, and *one-fourth* of the people are being educated; premeditated murder is alone capital—imprisonment for debt has in several states been abolished, and crimes, particularly of enormity, are exceedingly rare. The Dutch, who possess a competency, and are generally educated, are comparatively free from grave offences. France affords a remarkable illustration. M. Ducpetiaux has divided it into northern and southern, the *former* being richer and more enlightened than the latter; their relative condition is as follow:

	Population.	Offences against the person.	
Northern France....	14,000,000—In 1825,	726..In 1826,	714
Southern France....	18,000,000—Ditto,	1,340..ditto,	1,193

Proportion of Murders.	Northern France in 1825,	238
	Southern France in ditto,	593

The United Kingdom affords us a nearer illustration:—

	Scotland.	England.	Ireland.
Instruction of the people ...	1 in 11..	1 in 20..	1 in 35
Criminals among the people .	1 in 5,093..	1 in 920..	1 in 468

The economists pronounce that this excess of crime results from our severity of prison punishment, &c.: but the economists always blunder

when they attempt to reason. They should never step beyond their registers. The accumulation of crime in England is the consequence of the wealth of England, the exposure of that wealth, and the general habits of popular indulgence. There are more bank-notes plundered in a month out of mails and letters, than would make the circulation of a German kingdom. There is more pilfering from the London shops than would make the finery of many a German court. There is more gin drunk by the populace than would make a German revenue.

If France exhibits less crime, it is because she is almost wholly agricultural, and men cannot steal waggons as they can watches. If America exhibit more apparent honesty, it certainly is not for want of a superabundance of rogues, as long as America continues to be the common refuge of all the swindlers of Europe. The truth is, that the English jail is the natural result of the English manufactory, the English shop, and the English mansion. But there are at this hour not less than one hundred thousand people passing yearly through the English jail; and no argument can be required to shew how much this influx and efflux increases the natural hazards of contagious disease. To this let the authorities look without delay.

The report issued by the Board of Health proceeds to state the steps proper to arrest the progress of the disease in the first moments of seizure:—"All means tending to restore the circulation, and maintain the warmth of the body, should be had recourse to without delay. The patients should always immediately be put to bed, wrapped up in hot blankets, and warmth should be sustained by other external applications, such as repeated frictions with flannels and camphorated spirits; poultices of mustard and linseed (equal parts) to the stomach, particularly where pain and vomiting exist; similar poultices to the feet and legs, to restore their warmth. The returning heat of the body may be promoted by bags containing hot salt or bran applied to different parts of it. For the same purpose of restoring and sustaining the circulation, white wine whey, with spice, hot brandy and water, or sal volatile, in the dose of a teaspoonful in hot water, frequently repeated, or from five to twenty drops of some of the essential oils, as peppermint, cloves, or cajeput, in a wine glass of water, may be administered; with the same view, where the stomach will bear it, warm broth with spice may be employed. In very severe cases, or where medical aid is difficult to be obtained, from twenty to forty drops of laudanum may be given in any of the warm drinks previously recommended."

This treatment is simple enough, and is almost within every one's power. To restore the heat of the circulation is evidently the first point. That done, there may be room for the physician, who should be called in as soon as possible. The vigilance of government, however, seems fully alive to the emergency; and on the local authorities on the coast, by preventing the intercourse of the villagers with smugglers and other illicit arrivals from the continent—and in the towns, by dividing them into districts, and instantly detecting every symptom of disease, must now depend, humanly speaking, the protection of England from this formidable visitation.

THE VISION OF BEASTS.

"All the world's a stage."

LIFE is a drama—so hath Shakspeare said;
The world the theatre on which 'tis played;
Nature the prompter—but I needs must say
The devil often mingles in the play.
Sometimes he acts the *licenser*, and then
He blots out all that's sacred with his pen;
And sometimes, too, if truth may be expressed,
He damns as often as the rest.
Five acts dramatic laws demand,
(Some say 'tis seven—
The other two perhaps are spent in heaven),
And into these the different scenes expand;
First infancy, childhood, and youth;
And then, forsooth,
Comes manhood and old age;
Till death draws down the curtain on the stage.
But why should man
Monopolize this plan?
I feel convinced it is a thing that suits
All kind of animals,
The civilized and cannibals—
Even from human nature down to brutes.
I'm a philozoologist, and like to see
All lively things,
Whether with legs or wings,
Treated with kindness and humanity.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream:"
Methought I went to Drury, where of old
Shakspeare's immortal scenes had been the theme;
And there did I behold
Instead of Romeo, or the jealous Moor,
Revengeful Jew, or melancholy Dane,
Or those bright things of female portraiture,
The murdering lady with the clotted stain,
The gentle Juliet, and Venetian fair,
Which once were there—
I saw strange shapes go to and fro,
Whose forms I did not know.
I asked the meaning of so odd a scene
Of one whom once I knew
As an old member of that beast-loving crew,
The Zoological Society;
And he
Informed me that there late had been
A second *Martin* sent among the brutes,
To aid them in their pleasures and pursuits;
The first had taught us not to hurt 'em,
But he, good man, was striving to convert 'em.
He preached from Shakspeare, whence they were to find
The plaudits of mankind;
And taught that pleasure was the only good
For flesh and blood.

Great, he said, and strange
Had been the change
Which he upon their stubborn hearts had made.
By his conversions,
And his exertions,
He threw the missionaries in the shade;
For in a little time they were so tame,
As to seem human in all things but name.
They had their lectures and their college,
And their "Society for Useful Knowledge,"
Read little treatises upon astronomy,
And on political economy.
And, stranger still,
They had their House of Commons and their Bill;
For some there were that kept the loaves and fishes
From other people's dishes.
But good king Leo had begun his reign,
And, like our own, was monarch of the *mane;*
And he determined, come what would,
Even if he lost his kingdom in the storm,
As it was solely for his people's good,
There should be a reform.
"But what," said I, "has that to do
With what I view?"
"This," said he, "I know
Is merely done to shew
Us, who are called the lords of the creation,
That they are strictly a dramatic nation.
And here
They will appear,
'Warbling their native *Wood*-notes wild!'
As for their teeth,
What Mr. Bunn
Has said, he will have done—
I've heard that he intends with the Gazette,
To have them *filed.*"

I said no more,
But looked more eagerly than I had looked before,
And saw the lion acting Romeo to his love,
Roaring "as gently as a sucking dove;"
But in the dying scene he made me stare—
In fact, I thought that Romeo Coates was there.
And then, the cameleopard, I saw him go,
With trembling step, and slow,
As he whose poverty but not his will
Did Romeo kill—
(By the by,
I thought he held his head somewhat *too high*).
An orang-outang played with great success
The gallant gay Mercutio. I confess,
Although it was his first appearance, still
He shewed a promise time will soon fulfil.
Who did the gentle Juliet? 'Twas the same
Mad'moiselle D'Jeck by name,
Who, not long ago,
Acted in concert with Monsieur Ducrow.
Such loud applause her acting did create,
That I heard many say,
During the play,
Miss Fanny Kemble ne'er was half so *great.*

" A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"
Which thus to me did seem—
I saw a wolf the vile Iago act,
(It is a fact),
With look and gesture quite emphatical;
And the Othello there
(A dingy bear)
Did hug his Desdemona so dramatical,
I thought that she would faint
With the restraint.
She was the pig-faced lady; such a star
I never saw upon the boards—for she
Moved with such grace and modesty,
'Twas said she did the character by far
Superior to a Phillips, and the rest
That wear the tragic vest.

Again, when this was gone,
Another change past on.
Then came the fell hyena as the Jew,
Performing Shylock to the very life;
Howling so very fiercely for his due,
And sharpening up his knife
So very Israelitishly, I thought
" The pound of flesh" he sought,
If even of pork, would raise a question,
Whether 'twould disagree with his digestion.

Another change—another change—and lo!
Came, gliding "on the light fantastic toe,"
A pair of boas, that appeared to view
Dancing a *pas de deux:*
And then with pirouette, and leap, and sally,
A troop of monkeys formed the *corps du ballet;*
While a vast flock of parrots on the wing
Did the full *chorus* sing.
Methought that all at once I heard
The voice of beast and bird,
Roaring and screaming horridly around,
With most discordant sound.
And then, as up the curtain drew,
Upon the frightened fiddlers on they flew,
Who soon a quicker movement made
Than they had ever played.
Then on the shrieking pit they fell
Pell-mell;
And made, soon scaring off the men and wenches,
A beggarly account of empty benches.
I tried escaping, sorely pressed;
But, oh! the horror!—First I heard a howl,
And next a growl,
And then a tiger——You may guess the rest.
I gave a scream,
That seemed to shake old Drury's firmest beam,
And spoiled—my dream.

R. F. W.

BREVITIES.

Fortune is painted blind, that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.

Fine ladies who use excess of perfumes must think men like seals—most assailable at the nose.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.

People who affect a shortness of sight must think it the height of good fortune to be born blind.

He who loses, in the search of fame, that dignity which should adorn human nature, is like the victim opera-singer who has exchanged manhood for sound.

Lounging, unemployed people may be called of the tribe of Joshua; for with them the sun stands still.

Fanatics think men like bulls—they must be baited to madness ere they are in a fit condition to die.

There is an ancient saying—"Truth lies in a well." May not the modern adage run—"The most certain charity is at a pump?"

Some connoisseurs would give a hundred pounds for the painted head of a beggar, who would threaten the living mendicant with the stocks.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to gnats the fangs of vipers.

The heart of the great man, surrounded by poverty and tramelled by dependence, is like an egg in a nest built among briars. It must either curdle into bitterness, or, if it take life and mount, struggle through thorns for the ascent.

Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer, were she to hold a handful of dust?

Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does detraction strive to grasp excellence.

The friendship of some men is quite Briarean. They have a hundred hands.

The easy and temperate man is not he who is most valued by the world; the virtue of his abstemiousness makes him an object of indifference. One of the gravest charges against the ass, is—he can live on thistles.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels.

Were we determined resolutely to avoid vices, the world would foist them on us—as thieves put off their plunder on the guiltless.

When we look at the hide of a tiger in a furrier's shop, exposed to the gaze of every malapert, and then think of the ferocity of the living beast in its native jungle, we see a beadle before a magistrate—a magistrate before a minister: there is the *skin* of office—the sleekness without its claws.

With some people political vacillation heightens a man's celebrity—just as the galleries applaud when an actor enters in a new dress.

If we judge from history, of what is the book of glory composed? Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps, the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears and broken hearts. J.

WHO WROTE GIL BLAS?

———————Lux altissima fati
Occultum nihil esse sinit, latebras que per omnes
Intrat et obstrusas explorat fama recessus.
CLAUDIAN.

WHO has not read Gil Blas? Who has not dwelt with feelings of exquisite delight on this masterly delineation of human nature, garbed in the graceful mantle of romantic Spain? Possessing qualities of a high moral and literary value, independent of the capricious tastes and ephemeral fashions that prevail temporarily from age to age, this novel is one of the few works of its kind that have survived the general wreck of the libraries of romance published in Europe during the last century; and may now fairly be considered as forming part of the standard and classical literature of the modern world.

Gil Blas—which paints with such extraordinary truth and fidelity of colouring the manners, opinions, and vices of every gradation of Spanish life, from the monarch to the bandit; and which, moreover, may be considered the moral and political history of the Spanish monarchy, from the reign of Philip the Second till the year 1646—was published by Le Sage, in three distinct portions at different periods; the first two volumes in 1715, the third in 1720, and the fourth and last 1735. The first two volumes contained only six books; but Le Sage, struck with the extraordinary success of the work, and observing that it had been successively translated into the English, Dutch, German, and Italian languages, conceived the idea of adding a third volume to the novel; and, if we may judge from the Latin distich which terminates the volume—

"Inveni portum; sors et fortuna valete
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios"—

it would appear that he had no intention of adding anything more to the work; but, fifteen years afterwards, he added a fourth and last volume.

In the year 1738, he also published the novel entitled "The Bachelor of Salamanca," confessing that it was taken from an unpublished Spanish manuscript, *which was not, however, in the form in which it was written by the original author.* The reader is requested to bear this circumstance in mind, as it will be shewn that "The Bachelor of Salamanca" forms the ground-work of Gil Blas.

Scarcely had Gil Blas appeared in France, than strong doubts were raised, by the literary contemporaries of Le Sage, as to the justice of his claims to the original authorship of the work. Voltaire, whose well-organized habits of plagiarism would easily enable him to detect it in others, has, in a theory of his own, boldy denounced it as a plagiarism from the literature of Spain. La Martiniere, De Chaudon, and other compilers of a French historical dictionary published in Paris in 1771, mention the work with "Guzman de Alfarache," "Le Diable Boiteux," and "The Bachelor of Salamanca," among the author's translations or imitations from the Spanish. Although it would be extremely unfair to adduce these facts as general principles of argument against the author-

ship of Le Sage, still they prove, in no ordinary degree, that such a report was circulated in the literary circles of France. But no formal disquisition, we believe, had been published on the subject until the appearance of the Spanish translation by the Padre Isla—a Jesuit, and, as he styles himself in the title-page, "*Hum Espanol Zeloso qui no soffre que se burlen de su nacion.*" This translation was preceded by a preliminary discourse, in which the reverend disciple of Loyola denounces Le Sage in the most unmeasured terms as a literary pirate.

It must, however, be candidly confessed that the dissertation of the reverend padre contains assertion without proof, and, in some instances, violent strictures, without either temper or moderation. His chief objection to the claim of Le Sage rests on the authority of the French "Dictionnaire Historique," which is quoted by him in triumphant illustration, but which, in fact, amounts to nothing; for it is perfectly evident that the compilers had treated the subject loosely, possessed no precise information upon it, and had, moreover, no intention of discussing it as a questionable point. Isla's system may, therefore, be considered as utterly baseless, and in no way substantiating the claims of his country to the authorship of the novel in question. The Jesuit was also inadequate to the task he had undertaken, and, in the course of his dissertation, displays a lamentable ignorance not only of the history and topography of his country, but of many peculiarities in its manners and customs. The outlines of his theory as to the manner in which Le Sage became possessed of the Spanish manuscript, are as follows:—He mentions a report that he had been for some years attached to the French embassy at Madrid, and that, during that time, he formed an acquaintance with an Andalusian lawyer, who confided to him this and several other manuscripts, which were too free in their political observations for the despotic atmosphere of Spain. The first of these facts, if true, would rather serve to refute than to establish upon a solid basis the system of Padre Isla; since a long residence in Spain, under such circumstances, would furnish the most plausible indications of the manner in which a foreign writer might have obtained the rich mass of Spanish materials employed in this novel. But the story of the Andalusian advogado and his manuscripts is too vague to merit attention. So far from Le Sage having been an attaché to the French embassy at Madrid, it will be presently proved that he was never, at any period of his life, in Spain.

The sensation produced by Padre Isla's work was transient. The public mind, both in France and Spain, was too deeply engrossed by collisions of a sterner nature, to examine critically the pretensions of the Jesuit. The dispute languished till the year 1818, when Count Francois de Neufchateau, minister of the interior under the republic, read to the French Academy a memoir entitled, "An Investigation of the Question, whether Le Sage was the original Author of Gil Blas, or whether he borrowed it from the Spanish?" In this paper, which was printed in the following year, the count warmly sustains the claims of France; and, in the year 1820, he published in Paris a new edition of Gil Blas, with copious notes, in which he defends his original position. Don Juan Antonio Llorente, the ex-secretary of the inquisition, was at that time residing in Paris, and deeply engaged in his history of that formidable tribunal, and other literary labours of a grave and important character. The patriotism of the Spaniard was aroused by the attack on the literary fame of his country; and, abandoning for a time his more serious compositions, he produced his "Observations

Critiques sur le Roman de Gil Blas," which he submitted, in 1820, to the Academie Française, and, shortly afterwards, published in a more voluminous form. Neufchateau replied in a subsequent memoir, presented to the academy in January, 1822, and entitled, "An Examination of the New System in regard to the Authorship of Gil Blas, in answer to the Critical Observations of Llorente." Here the controversy terminated: both authors, having made out their case to their own satisfaction, left the decision to the public.

There is a French chaleur and impetuosity of style in the memoir of Neufchateau, which singularly contrasts with the solemn gravity of tone, and equanimity of temper, displayed throughout the controversy by his Spanish opponent. Deeply versed in the history and literature of his native country, rendered by profound meditation completely master of the subject, Llorente takes the field with an overwhelming mass of arguments and powerful illustrations—handles the former with admirable skill—holds the latter in hand till the favourable moment for deploying had arrived, and then, bursting like a mountain-torrent on his adversary, he carries in succession all his positions, and remains master of a field which he had previously studied with the eye of a consummate tactician.

The existence of an original Spanish manuscript is demonstrated on the following grounds:—1st. From the variety of Spanish words and phrases scattered throughout the novel;—2ndly. From the *French words and phrases,* which do not correspond with Le Sage's usual elegance of style, and which preserve all the traces of a *literal translation* from the Spanish;—3dly. From the immense number of Spanish proper names—persons, families, and districts of no historical importance—of which it was impossible for Le Sage to have had any knowledge but from a Spanish manuscript;—4thly. From the accurate knowledge displayed by the author, of the moral, civil, political, heraldical, and genealogical history of the Spanish peninsula;—5thly. From the errors in writing the names of persons and places, which so frequently occur in the course of the novel, and which could only have arisen from an error of transcription;—6thly. From the vast multitude of chronological errors which we also discover, proceeding from the same cause, or from the circumstance of the various episodes introduced in the novel belonging to chronological eras different to that of the leading narrative;—7thly. That the sources from which many of the materials of the novel are derived, are known to be Spanish;—and, lastly, from the strong, deep, and exquisitely vivid Spanish colouring which pervades every part of the work down to the most minute details. Indeed it is a solecism to suppose that a foreigner, who had never resided in Spain, could, from the mere perusal of Spanish works, have so completely identified his intellectual nature with the different state of society existing in that country, as to have written Gil Blas. It is easy for the poet or the novelist to lay the scene of his fictions in a foreign land, and to shed around the leading features an air of truth and probability; but the case changes when the familiarity with foreign objects and manners supposed by the style and fable, goes beyond a certain limit, and when the substance, as well as the form and colouring, display, in the remarkable manner they do in Gil Blas, the peculiar characteristics of some remote age or distant country. If Gallaud had published "The Arabian Nights," or Sir William Jones his translation of the Indian drama of

"Sacontalá" as his own, the public would have easily detected the fraud; and, in all such cases, the presumption of a foreign original would be much heightened if a writer had brought out other works of a similar kind as avowed translations or close imitations of foreign models. If two or three volumes of "The Arabian Nights" had appeared as acknowledged translations from the Arabic, and the rest had been palmed off on the public as his own composition by the French editor, it is hardly possible that any competent judge would have been so far deceived by this literary manœuvre, as not to see that they were all parts of the same collection. Now, in this respect, the present case is precisely similar. Alain Renaut Le Sage published, in the course of his life, a considerable number of works, which he acknowledged as translations or imitations from the Spanish; and, afterwards, he brought out the novel of Gil Blas as his own composition. The materials of all these works, and the sources from which they were derived, are so similar, that they afford the strongest presumption of being all of them the fruits of the same common stock.

We shall now note a few of the most forcible illustrations adduced by Llorente in proof of the Spanish origin of the work; and, by placing in juxta-position the opposite arguments of Neufchateau, enable the reader to draw his own conclusions on this interesting subject.

1st. Spanish words which are found in the French novel of Gil Blas, and which suppose the existence of a Spanish manuscript.

In speaking of the subterraneous cavern at Cacabelos, and of the woman who officiated as cook to the robbers, Gil Blas says, "'Tenez, dame Leonarde,' said one of the outlaws to this angel of darkness, 'here is a young man we have brought you;'"—and, a little further, he adds, "It was *La Senora Leonarda* who had the honor of presenting the nectar to these infernal gods." The term *dame Leonarde* applied to a woman of the lowest class of society, servant to a band of outlaws, supposes a Spanish manuscript, in which was written *La Senora Leonarde;* for an original French writer would have simply expressed it—"*Tenez, Leonarde,*" or, if he had wished to have used a more polite address, "*Tenez, Madame Leonarde.*"

Gil Blas, speaking of his intended father-in-law, the goldsmith Gabriel Salero, describes him thus: "C'était un bon bourgeois qui était, comme nous disons poli, *hasta porfiar,* il me presenta *La Senora Eugenia* sa femme, et la jeune *Gabriella* sa fille." Here are three Hispanicisms in as many lines. The words *hasta porfiar* are surely not so elegant or so idiomatical as the corresponding French terms—*jusqu'à être ennuyeux:* while the proper name *Gabriella,* had Le Sage been the original author, would have been frenchified into a *Gabrielle*—a very common name in France.

Again: the barber Diego de la Fuente, in giving an account of his learning the guitar, remarks that he had for a master, "un vieux *Senor Escudero* à que je faisais la barbe." The immediate motive for leaving this phrase in the original Spanish was the impossibility of rendering correctly the term *escudero* in the sense here intended, which is that of a sort of upper servant personally attending on a lady of quality. There is no corresponding term in French, or in any other modern language, because that class of servants was never known but in the Spanish dominions. It is long since gone out of use in Spain; and the frequent

allusion to it in Gil Blas is another strong proof of the early composition of the work.

Lastly, Gil Blas, when confined in the tower of Segovia, hears his fellow-prisoner, Don Gaston de Cogollos, singing to a guitar-accompaniment the following simple and beautiful Spanish verses:—

> "Ay de me! un año felice
> Parece un soplo ligero
> Pero sin dicha un instante
> Es un siglo de tormento."

It appears almost impossible that these verses could have been written by a foreigner; for the use of the poetical licence of *felice*, instead of *feliz*, supposes well-trained habits of Spanish versification, which a Frenchman could scarcely have possessed.

2ndly. Of the Spanish phrases and idioms which abound in the work.

Here, again, we have abundant proofs of the existence of an original Spanish manuscript.

One of the Hispanicisms of which Le Sage makes the most frequent use, is "Seigneur," in addressing persons by their Christian names. "Seigneur" is a French word of a very limited extent. Under the old French regime, "Seigneur" was the style of address used to feudal proprietors who held of the crown; and this system of tenures being now quite abolished, the word is hardly ever used. The corresponding term of address, "Monseigneur," was appropriated to princes of the blood and other high dignitaries. To have spoken of a Seigneur cloth-merchant, a Seigneur innkeeper, a Seigneur Gil Blas, or a Seigneur Scipio, his lacquey, would have been viewed as an intentional burlesque. In Spanish, on the contrary, the word "Señor" corresponds with the French "Monsieur," and is even more extensively used, being employed as a term of address between persons of all ranks, from the monarch to the servant. It is in this way that the French word "Seigneur" is used in Gil Blas. Thus, in his first sally out from Oviedo, he encounters on the road a beggar, who levels his firelock at him, soliciting at the same time his charity with the polite address of "Seigneur, passant." The natural French term would have been "*Monsieur le voyageur.*" At Penaflor, in relating his adventure with the parasite, he describes him thus: "Ce cavalier portait une longue epée et pouvait bien avoir trente ans. Il s'approcha de moi d'un air empressé—'*Seigneur écolier,*' me dit-il, 'je viens d'apprendre que vous etes *le Seigneur* Gil Blas de Santillane.' 'Je lui dis *Seigneur cavalier,*'" &c. Now the term "Seigneur écolier," applied to a poor little student, was too gross even for the besotted vanity of Gil Blas to have digested. The word "cavalier" also in French means horseman, and is never used in the Spanish sense; *caballero*, a distinguished manner of saluting a person of some consideration.

Pedrillo, an old servant of Don Annibal Chinchilla's, says to his master, "You have only to inform me of the matter in hand, and I promise you "de faire tirer *pied ou aile* du premier ministre." In French this is an inelegant expression; whereas in Spanish it is one of proverbial expression, and in common use on occasions cited in the text—"*Yo prometto sacar del primer ministro pata 'o alan.*"

It must be recollected that Le Sage flourished during the Augustan period of French literature—that he wrote for a people who possess an almost Athenian delicacy of ear—a people with whom, in literary compositions, style is every thing. We can only reconcile the examples we

have given of the Spanish idiomatic phraseology and style with the theory of a Spanish manuscript, the spirit of which Le Sage found it impossible to entirely divest his translation.

3dly. Of the names of persons and places.

Upwards of three hundred places in Spain, and four in Portugal, are mentioned in the course of the novel—some few of which are scarcely known to exist but by native Spaniards. The heraldic knowledge displayed by the author is likewise very extensive. Thirteen dukes and eleven marquisses are introduced into the novel by their real titles, all of whom lived under the reigns of Philip the Third and Philip the Fourth. Among the dukes, we find De Frias, constable of Castile; and De Medina de Rio Seco, admiral of Castile. It is worthy of remark, that, at the period of the publication of the novel by Le Sage, these two offices no longer existed. They had been abolished by Philip the Fourth, in consequence of the noblemen who were invested with those dignities, at the period of the war of succession, having embraced the faction of the house of Austria. The names also of a great number of persons of eminence who flourished at Madrid under the two reigns, are mentioned—the characters of many of them described with a fidelity of colouring which supposed opportunity of often repeated observation. Such are, Padre Louis Aliaga, confessor to Philip the Fourth, archimandrite of Sicily, and grand inquisitor; Don Rodriquez Calderon, secretary to the king; Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, the author of "Don Quixotte;" Luiz Velez de Guevara, the author of "Le Diable Boiteaux;" Doña Anna de Guevara, nurse to Philip the Fourth, and who had a great influence over him; Doña Maria de Gusman, only daughter of the Conde Duque d'Olivares; Don Henri Philip de Gusman, his adopted son; and several others of equal note, of whom Le Sage could have no knowledge. The portraits of the Count Duke of Lerma and the Count Duke d'Olivares, successively prime ministers and confidential favourites of Philip the Third and Fourth, are drawn with a spirited truth and discrimination which supposes the author to have moved in the immediate circle of the court. The extensive knowledge of proper names displayed by Le Sage, not only of the aristocracy, but also of the inferior ranks of society, could never have been obtained by a foreign writer who knew Spain but through the medium of romances and dramatic works. But what demonstrates with stronger evidence a Spanish manuscript in the French text of Le Sage, is the existence of between thirty and forty names allegorical of the characters and avocations of the persons to whom he has applied them. Such are—"Sangrado," in allusion to the favourite doctrine of the doctor of that name; "Don Cherubini Tonto" (imbecile), in allusion to his cast of mind; the silversmith "Salero" (salt-seller), from his selling such articles; Don Vicente de "Buena-garra" (gripe-hard), and Don Mathias del "Cordel" (cord), are the names of the two leaders of the band of swindlers established at Toledo, and are significant of their profession; "Mondragon," the bully, who frightened Gil Blas out of Valladolid; Vicente "Forrero," the innkeeper of Madrid, because the *forreros* (strangers) lodged at his house. These, and several others, would have puzzled the most skilful translator to have rendered into French without violating their allegorical signification; while a French writer would have scarcely sought in a foreign language for names significant of the characters and avocations of the persons introduced in his work, which must have been perfectly unintelligible to the major part of his readers.

4th. Of the profound knowledge of the manners and customs, the political, topographical, and chronological history of the Spanish peninsula, displayed by the author.

The proofs we are about to offer under these several heads will equally demonstrate the original position of the Spanish origin of the novel: the picture of the social condition of the Spanish people is drawn to the life.

The adventures of Philip the Fourth and Lucretia, daughter of the Marquis of Marialva, are well known to be historical. The fruit of this intrigue was the Prince Don John of Austria, the second of that name, and not the celebrated champion of Christendom who arrested the progress of the Turkish arms at the sea-fight of Lepanto, and who was the natural son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The mother is represented in the novel seized with compunctions of conscience, on account of her illicit connection with the king, and as retiring from the world, and taking the veil in the convent of the Incarnation. This religious house was founded at Madrid by Philip the Third, in fulfilment of the last will of his deceased queen, Margaret; and no persons were admitted into it who were not in some way connected with the royal family. The account of the domestic occurrences in the family of Olivares—of his son, Don Julian Valcarel, afterwards legitimatized under the name of Don Henry Philip de Gusman, and married to the daughter of the Duke de Frias, is also conformable to facts; nor was it so easy, in the time of Le Sage, to become acquainted with private incidents of this description occurring in a distant country, as it now is, when the press presents almost daily to the scrutinizing gaze of public curiosity the most trifling details of the private life of the great.

Gil Blas, in walking the streets of Valencia, observes a crowd of persons collected round a house, where, upon approaching nearer, to read the inscription in gold letters upon a tablet, "*La posada de los representantes.*" The nature of the inscription explains the circumstance that, in the time of Philip the Third and Fourth, the comedians were usually lodged in the theatre itself. This usage never existed in France, and had ceased to exist long anterior to the time of Le Sage. Again: the femme de chambra of Doña Anna de Guevara, nurse to Philip the Fourth, obtains from the king, through the interest of her mistress, the archdeaconry of Grenada for Don Ignacio d'Ipina—"which benefice," says the author, "*being situated in a country acquired by conquest*, was in the gift of the king." This passage displays a profound knowledge of the ecclesiastical constitution of the Spanish monarchy; for the king, anterior to the concordat of 1753, conferred no church dignities whatever, excepting those of which the disposal belonged, by some specific title, to the crown. Of this kind were the benefices which lay within the territory acquired by conquest from the Moors.

The political feelings of the province of Arragon are also remarkably displayed in the words which the minister Olivares addresses to Don Antonio de Leyva, on his appointment to the viceroyalty of that province: "This dignity," he remarks, "is not above your birth; and the nobility of Arragon cannot murmur at the choice of the court." This is evidently an allusion to the dissensions which had subsisted in that province since the later end of the reign of Charles the Fifth. Philip the Second appointed a Castilian to the viceroyalty; upon which the Arragonese remonstrated, alleging that, by the constitution of the kingdom, the king should reside there in person, or, in his absence, a prince of the

blood, or at least a distinguished member of the Arragonese noblesse. The quarrel subsisted yet in 1592, when they assassinated the Castilian viceroy, Don Inigo de Mendoza, and appointed in his room an Arragonese nobleman, Don Michel Martinez de Luna. Le Sage, who possessed but a superficial knowledge of Spanish history, was unable to comprehend the force of the historical allusion conveyed by the words of the minister Olivares.

The description of the tower of Segovia, its little court-yard, narrow staircase, the window of the tower overlooking the river Erema, are all given with a minuteness of detail which supposes the writer to have been an eye-witness of the scene he describes. The minor details of this picture of social life are equally conformable to the truth. It is remarkably displayed in the description of the inkhorn, which Gil Blas and his companions purchased when they were preparing to enact the part of inquisitors at the expence of the Jew, Samuel Simon. "It consisted of two pieces of horn attached to each other by a cord—one to hold the ink, and the other to contain the pens." This is correct description of the inkhorns used to this day in Spain by the notaries, and which they always carry about with them.

There is another example which demands particular attention—it is the description of La Dame Jacintha, the housekeeper of the Licentiate Sedillo.—"She wore a long woollen robe of the coarsest material, with a wide leather girdle, from one side of which hung a large bunch of keys, and from the other a chaplet of large beads." This is a faithful portrait of the class of women in Spain, known under the name of *beatas* (devotees). The manners of all courts have a certain degree of resemblance; but a foreign writer, who had never been in Spain, we repeat, could scarcely have been acquainted with certain customs, the names of streets and churches, not existing in large and populous towns, but in insignificant villages. There are several remarkable examples of this kind in the course of the work. Thus Scipio, in relating what happened to him at Toledo, speaks of the church De los Reyes. Now there exists to this day a little church at Toledo, named San Juan de los Reyes —a fact of which Le Sage must have been ignorant, and which again supports the theory of the Spanish origin of the work.

We have already observed that the novel of Gil Blas may be considered the moral and political history of the Spanish monarchy, from the end of the reign of Philip the Second till the year 1646. All the episodes introduced in the course of the narrative have their own peculiar chronology; and, between them and the adventures of the hero of the story, we find several remarkable anachronisms, which could scarcely have crept in had Le Sage been the original writer of the work.

Gil Blas relates that when he made his escape from the cavern of the robbers, between Astorga and Cacabellos, he was between four and five-and-twenty years of age. This event took place in 1606, which would have brought the year of his birth to "1581." Portugal, at that period, was under the dominion of the Spanish crown, and continued so until the revolt of the Duke of Braganza in "1640." Yet Doña Mencia, in relating her history to Gil Blas, states that her father, Don Martin, was killed in Portugal at the head of his regiment. Now supposing, with Gil Blas, Doña Mencia to have been five-and-twenty, her father must have been killed in 1580—at which period no war existed between the two states. She again relates that her husband was killed in Africa, in the battle in which Don Sebastian lost his life and crown—another impos-

sibility; for, since the birth of Doña Mencia, no such war had ever existed. The truth is, that the History of Doña Mencia is a Spanish novel altogether independent of Gil Blas, and which Le Sage inserted because he did not perceive that it belonged to the time of Don Sebastian. The same thing occurs with the story of the "Marriage de Vengeance," which Doña Elvira de Silva relates to Doña Aurore de Gusman. All this history belongs to the time of the celebrated Sicilian Vespers, three centuries anterior to the events related in the novel—an anachronism, which proves at the same time Le Sage's ignorance of history. There are also several instances in which the dates of events have been positively anticipated; and, although the facts are historically correct, it is certain that they had not transpired at the period in which in the romance they are related as passed. Thus, in the year 1607, Gil Blas was in the service of Don Bernardo de Castilblanco; and he says that the obscure and mysterious life which his master led had given rise to suspicions of his being a spy of the king of Portugal's. Now, there was no king of Portugal till the year 1640. There are numerous other examples of this nature. In fact, Llorente cites no less than twenty-two chronological errors in the course of the work—some resulting from the episodes introduced by Le Sage, foreign to the leading narrative—some from errors of transcription—and others from a poetical licence made use of by the original author in anticipating dates and events; none of which have either been remarked or corrected by Le Sage, who has left by that an infallible proof that he is not the creator of the romance, but that he has compiled it, if we may use the expression, from foreign materials.

5th. Of the topographical errors, which indicate a Spanish MS. badly copied.

The nicest observations of the critics have discovered in Gil Blas a vast number of errors, more or less obvious, principally in the manner of writing the names of places and persons; to which may be added one or two topographical errors of so glaring a nature that, at first sight, it is difficult to reconcile them with anything in respect to the author. But these rather tend to confirm the supposition that the work is a translation from the Spanish; for they may be naturally accounted for by considering them the errors of a person but superficially acquainted with the language and geography of the Spanish peninsula. In detailing his journey from Madrid to Oviedo, Gil Blas mentions that he slept the first night at *Alcalá de Henares,* and the second at Segovia. These two places, situated at opposite points of the compass, are among the most noted cities in Spain. The former is celebrated for its university; the latter was distinguished in its better days as a great manufacturing town, and is now remarkable for its Moorish alcázar, its Roman aqueduct, and gothic cathedral. The first of these edifices acquires additional celebrity from being the scene of Gil Blas' imprisonment. Alcalá is about ten English leagues east of Madrid, and Segovia about thirty west. The commentators are sadly at a loss how to reconcile the fact of Gil Blas being made to pass through the former place in his way to the latter. An author, whether native or foreign, would scarcely have committed a geographical error of such magnitude. Isla dogmatically asserts that Le Sage committed the blunder on purpose, with the view of concealing the plagiarism. Neufchateau makes no attempt to account for this circumstance. Llorente considers it as an error of the transcribers: he

supposes that in the original manuscript, *Galapagar* was written instead of Alcalá, which would have been topographically correct. Again, in proceeding from Oviedo to Lirias, he says, "We took the road to Leon, and, afterwards, that of Palencia; and, continuing our journey by easy stages, we arrived on the evening of the tenth day at *Segorbe*, from whence, on the following morning, we proceeded to Lirias, which is only three leagues distant." Here are two other topographical errors: the first, to suppose that, in a caleshe drawn by two mules, they could have gone in ten days by easy stages to Liria; the second, that Segorbe is only three leagues from Liria. Now, these places are distant five leagues from each other; while to go from Oviedo to Liria, by easy stages, would occupy at least twenty days. This is evidently an error in the transcription. In speaking of Liria (written in the novel *Lirias*), Le Sage says, that it was "un hameau de cinq ou six feux;" and, on another occasion, "*qu'il n'y eut neuf ou dix familles.*" This is another proof of the early composition of the work. Liria was given to Gil Blas by Don Cæsar de Leiva and his son Alphonso. The family of *Chiva* possessed, during the regime of the Austrian dynasty, the fief of Chiva, of which the hamlet of Liria constituted a part. Philip the Fifth of Bourbon confiscated the fiefs of those who followed the Austrian faction; among others, those of Chiva, Liria, and Gercia; and, after the victory of Almanza, gained by the celebrated Marshal Duke of Berwick in 1707, he invested him with the confiscated fiefs of the De Chiva family, and, on the 10th of October of the same year, he created him Duke de Liria, and a grandee of the first class. If Le Sage had been the original author of the novel, he would scarcely have spoken of Liria in 1707 as a mere hamlet. He has likewise changed the family name of De Chiva into *Leiva*—a name which never existed in Valencia. Le Sage must have possessed a Spanish MS. which was incorrectly copied—a circumstance of daily occurrence among the French, who are remarkable for their blunders in writing the names of foreign places. In the present case, the ignorance of Le Sage of the history and topography of Spain did not allow him to rectify the errors of the transcriber.

Of the manner in which he became possessed of the original MS., Llorente has a theory, which, in our opinion, rests upon a broad basis of probability, and of which the outlines are as follows:—

In the year 1656, Hugues, Marquis de Lyonne, went to Madrid as ambassador extraordinary of Louis the Fourteenth. The object of his mission was to negotiate a peace between the two courts, and the marriage of the French monarch with the Spanish Infanta, Maria-Theresa of Austria, daughter of Philip the Fourth.

The marquis was a nobleman of high literary taste and accomplishments, passionately fond of the romantic literature of Spain. He collected at considerable expence, during his residence at Madrid, an extensive Spanish library, including a large collection of unpublished manuscripts. This library, on the death of the marquis, came into the possession of his third son, the Abbé Jules de Lyonne, aumonier du roi, &c. &c. The abbé entertained the warmest friendship for Le Sage, allowed him a yearly pension of 600 livres, taught him the Spanish language, and, at his death in 1721, he bequeathed to him the aforesaid collection of manuscripts. This collection now forms part of the royal library at Paris. It is from this connection with the Lyonne family, that the notion of Le Sage's having been an attaché to the French embassy of Madrid has arisen. The marquis was accredited to the

Spanish court in 1656, twelve years before Le Sage was born; and it appears, from the dates of his literary productions—which succeeded each other, with short intermissions, from 1695 till his death—that it is impossible that he could have been, at any period of his life, absent for any length of time from France.

These facts serve to shew how Le Sage may have obtained access to the rich store of Spanish materials of which his other works furnish such abundant proof. Llorente maintains that the "Bachelor of Salamanca," in its primitive form, was the original of Gil Blas; that it contained, in the first instance, the substance of both these novels; and that, for the formation of the first six books, he dismembered the MS. of the "Bachelor" of all that relates to the personal adventures of Gil Blas, and availed himself of the vast number of novels and tales which he found in the abbé's collection to compose the episodes. Thus, in the first book, the history of Doña Mencia is taken from an old Spanish novel. In the second book, the history of the Barber Diego de la Fuenta, from the life of the Escudero Marcos d'Obregon. In the third, the history of Don Pompeyo de Castro, and the story of Don Bernardo de Costelblanco, from two Spanish tales. In the fourth book, the history of Doña Aurora de Gusman, from the old Spanish comedy entitled, "*Todo es enredos Amor, y el Diablo son los Mugeres*"—"There is no Love without Intrigue, and Women are the Devil." The "Marriage de Vengeance" in the same book, and the histories of Don Raphael and of his mother Lucinda in the fifth book, are likewise taken from Spanish novels. In the sixth book, again, the story of the robbery of the Jew, Samuel Simon, is derived from some narrations of autos-de-fé; for it appears that a great number of criminals, under the reigns of Philip the Third and Fourth, suffered the extreme punishment of the law for offences of this nature. In the formation of the third and fourth volumes, the MS. of the "Bachelor" again underwent a dismemberment. He despoiled it of all that relates to the secretaryship of the Archbishop of Grenada, and to the similar office which Gil Blas held under the successive prime-ministers, the Duke de Lerma and the Conde d'Olivares, drawing again on the well-stocked collection of his friend, the Abbé de Lyonne, for his episodes. Having thus skilfully wrought up his materials into four volumes, that appeared under the title of Gil Blas, as his own composition, he finally published the remaining portion as an avowed translation. By this manœuvre, he expected to secure the credit of the authorship of the work, and lull the suspicions of those who were aware that he possessed a manuscript of this kind. The identity of the "Bachelor of Salamanca" and Gil Blas is established on the following grounds.—The general plan and time of action of the two novels is precisely the same. They both consist of a series of adventures occurring to a hero taken from the lower walks of life, interspersed with episodes. In each, the hero, from a rather humble condition, rises to that of confidential secretary to the prime-minister. Gil Blas fills the station during the ministry of the Duke of Lerma, is enveloped in his disgrace, and recovers his former post under the ministry of Olivares. The "Bachelor," on the other hand, figures at court precisely in the same manner during the short ministry of the Duke Useda, son and successor of the Duke of Lerma, which intervened between those of his father and Olivares. The style of the two works is likewise very similar, and many of the adventures of their respective heroes have a striking resemblance even in the language. Thus—to give a single instance of

the analogy between them—Gil Blas is maintained, when a boy, by a rich and avaricious uncle, a canon of Oviedo: the "Bachelor," in like manner, is supported by a rich and parsimonious relation, a doctor of the university of Salamanca. At precisely the same periods in the lives of their protegées, both these worthies become fatigued with the trouble and expence of educating them, send them out into the world to seek their fortunes, addressing them on the occasion in language substantially and almost literally the same; and if the reader would take the trouble of perusing the parallel established by Llorente between the books, they will afford something like a decisive proof in favour of his theory.

We have at length brought to a close the arguments in favour of the Spanish original of this celebrated novel. We shall now group within as narrow a space as the limits of this paper permit, a few of the leading arguments adduced by the learned academician, the Count de Neufchateau, in support of the claims of his countryman, Le Sage, to the authorship of the work.

He maintains that, 1st, the novel of Gil Blas is a satire on the court of France, and on the personages who flourished from 1701 until the death of Louis the Fourteenth, and in the first years of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. So apparent is this, that although Le Sage endeavoured to veil it by laying the scene of the novel in Spain, almost every body in Paris was able to point out, without the assistance of a key, the French originals designated under Spanish names. The Compte de Tressau told M. de Neufchateau that Le Sage, in 1746, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, had named to him the originals of several of the characters, and thus confirmed the opinions of the public.

2d. The description of Doctor Sangrado is a faithful picture of a Dr. Hecquet, a physician of Paris, of great celebrity in the time of Le Sage. Hecquet prescribed a moderate diet, abstinence from wine, and copious draughts of water: he published two volumes in support of his doctrine.

The story of Valerio de Luna is said to be founded on the adventures of the unfortunate Chevalier de Villiers, who committed suicide in Paris in 1671 for the love of his grandmother, the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos. The anecdote of the two physicians, Andros and Oquetos, evidently alludes to a dispute which occurred between two French doctors, Andry and Hecquet, whose names are thus slightly disguised. Again, Lucinda the actress relates that her lover, the Duke de Medina Celi, publicly insulted her, in order to avenge the honour of his duchess, whom her insolence had outraged. This scene actually took place in Paris, where a nobleman of high rank once said to an actress celebrated for her beauty, under similar circumstances, "*Aimable vice, respectez la vertu.*" In the History of Don Roger de Rada, it is related that his son, the Chevalier d'Antiguera, killed Don Huberto de Hordales, at the instance of his mother. This adventure, which is eminently dramatic, also occurred in France in an illustrious family. A lady of quality, whose husband had been killed by a brutal prince, brought up her two male children with the design of avenging him. For this purpose, they were taught the use of arms by the most skilful masters; and when they had attained the age of maturity, she presented to them the bloody shirt of their murdered father. The next morning the prince fell beneath their avenging daggers, and the king pardoned them. "This fact," adds Neufchateau, "is well known; and Le Sage could not have derived it from a Spanish source."

Again: Doctor Sangrado speaks to Gil Blas of the virtues of antimony —"*Curris triumphalis antimonii.*" This is an evident allusion to the work of a physician named Basile Valentine, published under this title in the year 1677—a work that could not have been known to a Spanish writer in "1655." In the course of another conversation, the same doctor speaks of the *kermis*—a mineral, which, according to Neufchateau, was not known before the time of Louis the Fifteenth, and which was introduced by a French apothecary, who obtained the prescription from a German chemist. "Of this circumstance likewise," he adds, "a Spanish writer must have been also ignorant in the year 1655."

Numerous other examples, of a nature equally striking, have been triumphantly adduced by Neufchateau in support of the claims of Le Sage. Llorente combats these arguments with considerable ingenuity and critical acumen; he proves that events similar to those in the novel actually occurred in Spain. But even were this not the case, they ought in our opinion to weigh but little against the overwhelming mass of direct evidence in favour of a Spanish original; for their introduction may be easily reconciled with such a theory. An elegant writer, in dressing up a foreign work which he intended to palm off on the public as his own composition, would naturally modify, in some degree, the form of it by a judicious introduction of original matter—would seek to pique the curiosity of the public by skilful allusions to some recent popular events of the day. Such a course would powerfully tend to strengthen the reality of the illusion by removing all suspicions of the fraud. Under this point of view only, can Le Sage be considered as the author of Gil Blas—his only original conception that of forming two novels from the substance of one, by the addition of a number of Spanish tales and romances. With foreign materials he has raised up a beautiful superstructure that commands the admiration of the world, constructed with such admirable skill that, like Don Ignacio Ypigna in the novel, he may exclaim—

"Furto lætemur in ipso."

But while we allow him this glory—one, too, of which he might justly be proud—the merit of the original invention of the fable, and the conception of the character of the hero, the truth and fidelity of the details of the picture, we feel, must be awarded to a Spanish master.

Who this Spanish master was, Llorente also undertakes to determine. After enumerating thirty-eight persons who lived at Madrid about the middle of the seventeenth century, and after weighing the probabilities in favour of each, he finally fixes on Don Antonio Solis de Ribadenaria, a writer of very considerable eminence, and known to the public by his "History of the Conquest of Mexico." There are several circumstances in the character of Antonio Solis, which are likely to have occurred in the author of Gil Blas, and which could hardly be expected to meet in two persons living at the same period. Solis was a dramatic writer of great repute, and some of his productions have, by good judges, been ranked with the best of those of Calderon and Lopez de Vega. He was also the author of some historical inquiries written in a style of classical purity and elegance. In the latter part of his life, he embraced the ecclesiastical profession, and abandoning his profane compositions, he wrote some "Mysteries"—a species of drama still represented in Spain during Lent. The events of his own life are similar to those which form the ground-work of the latter part of Gil Blas. He was

secretary to the Conde de Oropeza in his successive viceroyalties of Navarre and Valencia, and was afterwards appointed one of the under secretaries of state in the ministry of Don Luis de Haro, successor to Olivares. If we, therefore, suppose—what is pretty clear from external evidence—that the last volumes offer a sketch of the personal adventures of the author, it must follow that he must have occupied, at the same time when Solis was in the department of the state, some post of a similar description. It is, therefore, easy to imagine why Solis—if he were, in fact, the author—should not wish to publish at Madrid a novel which describes, in so free a manner, the secret intrigues of the court for thirty years immediately preceding, while Philip the Fourth, and several other persons of high rank, whose characters are drawn with the pencil of a satirist, were still alive. To Philip the Fourth, Solis was under great obligations; and he could not, without incurring the tax of the basest ingratitude, have put his name to a work which published to the world his intrigues with the actress Maria Calderon. The residence of the Marquis de Lyonne at Madrid, his taste for this species of literature, his intimacy with Don Luis Mendez de Haro, Marquis del Carpio, in whose department Solis was secretary, and from whom it is reasonable to suppose that he may have obtained the MS., and if to this we add, that the author makes not the slightest allusion to the ministry of his patron, the Marquis del Carpio;—all these facts will present a remarkable chain of presumptive evidence, in favour of the theory which ascribes to Don Antonio de Solis the authorship of this second Don Quixote.

But, fruitless (deprived as we are of all direct evidence) as may justly be deemed, at this distant period of time, every attempt to discover the real author of the novel of Gil Blas, all difficulties immediately vanish when the country of his birth becomes the object of our researches. To those acquainted with the language and manners of the people of the Iberian peninsula, neither subtlety of argument or laboured dissertation is necessary, to establish the Spanish origin of the work. But even to those who are not so fortunately circumstanced in this particular, the powerful mass of evidence which, in the course of this paper, we have adduced in favour of the claims of Spain, we flatter ourselves is of a nature to convey to the mind of the most prejudiced, the conviction that this exquisitely finished picture, which pourtrays with such wonderful truth and fidelity all the lights and shadows of Spanish life, could not have been traced by any other hand than that of a Spanish master—and by one, too, who for grandeur of conception, and beauty and variety of detail, must be ranked only second to that great name which, amid the desolation of his country, still excites in the bosom of the Spaniard feelings of pride, enthusiasm, and delight—Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra! But while three of the most celebrated cities in Spain lay claim to the honour of being the birth-place of the author of Don Quixote, and while Europe may with justice envy their pretensions, a veil of impenetrable mystery enshrouds the name of the author of Gil Blas; or, we should rather say, the authorship of the work has hitherto been erroneously attributed to a Frenchman. And so impenetrable is the halo which time sheds round even the existence of error, that, in all human probability, the mass of mankind—those who skim lightly over the surface of things—will, to the remotest posterity, continue to allow to Renaut Le Sage the authorship, and to the literature of France the undisputed right to the property, of one of the brightest jewels in the magic circlet of romance—the novel of Gil Blas de Santillana.

THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well. But here, there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. *She Stoops to Conquer.*

I wonder whether this will be legible to the printer! I marvel whether this dull prose will appear as such, or glitter in the pages of the *Monthly* "in the gewgaw of verse!" No matter; for the sake of a thousand in my own situation I will risk all: besides, I have begun to reform! Portentous word—what does it mean? But phsa! I must keep that for a political article.

Among Lord Chesterfield's dogmata on minor morals, is an imperative injunction to write a clear and legible hand. This was very easy for his lordship to recommend, but I should like to know whether he practised what he preached. Let that, however, be as it may, this I know, that for the whole of my life I have been trying to realise his direction, without being able to arrive at its consummation. But though I cannot improve my hand-writing, I can improve Chesterfield; and when I publish an edition of his works, so far from its being a minor moral, I shall give it a brevet of majority, as its importance deserves, and as the few remarks which I have here thrown together will satisfactorily prove. Whether I shall convince the world, I know not; but, at all events, I preach with an honest conscience, in token whereof I am at this moment paying six guineas a quarter to a writing master, to teach me a new mode of executing pot-hooks and hangers—*ecce signum!* This is my first specimen: I hope it will not lead the printer far a-field—that he will be able to intypify the lesson I would convey, so that it may not remain like every other written communication I have ever made—a labyrinth of black strokes upon white paper—as full of meaning, and as impossible to be understood, as an original copy of Confucius. I have often wondered why, considering that my case is no uncommon one, it has not become customary, in this improving age, to establish private printing-presses, for the embodying and expression of all epistolary correspondence whatever. We have a glimmering of the propriety of this plan in the printed formula of invitations. We do not entrust them to the misconceptive hazards of the autographic art; then why far dearer things—our love-letters—the sacred communications between man and wife? When I consider the events of only my own life, I am lost in wonder to imagine the blindness that leads us to consign these vital concerns to mere ordinary penmanship. The only way in which I can account for it is, that bad writers, with that self-esteem which is one of the innate qualities of our nature, pretend to make easy work of reading their own scratches for the sake of coming to the conclusion—not that their scrawl, but the perverse reading of their correspondents, is to blame. My eyes, however, are opened. May these confessions of a modern hieroglyphicer bring other people to their senses.

The foregoing observations may be looked upon in the light of a general admission. I will now come to particulars. I was almost about to say that I was born with a natural incapacity for forming those outward and visible signs of our inward thoughts, by which so much of the action of our life's drama is carried on; but, though I have read of him who "lisped in numbers," I never heard of any infant that was precocious enough to write either *billet-doux* or *lettre peremptorie* in his

cradle. But, alas! I cannot get over even this first stage with so consolatory a reflection; for boys can and do write, at an age when I was still labouring at the acquirement, or, rather, the non-acquirement, of the penmanlike employment of "these pickers and stealers." My misfortunes, consequently, began early. My exercises were always incorrect—not *per se*, but because the master therein read any thing but that which was actually written down:—my letters home never said what I intended to say:—many treats were prepared for me, a week before I was able to partake of them:—I received a brilliant new pair of skaits, "at my own particular request," as it was said on Midsummer day; and a severe reprimand for my gormandizing propensity, in asking for "peaches in March," when, as Heaven is my witness, what I wrote was, that my "teaching was on the march."

Things grew worse as I grew older. I was suspected of numberless "white lies," for observations which really deserved the "albo lapide notata" of Ovid for their truth; nay, I was even suspected of profounder falsehoods, at the very time that I was priding myself on my immaculate veracity. I received the character of being addicted to the vulgar propensity of inflicting hoaxes on my friends, while in reality I never was guilty of a mystification during the whole course of my life. Once I put a whole family—father, mother, three sons, five daughters, and two maiden aunts, into deep mourning, by what I intended to be a most joyous announcement of a wedding: nor was this the worst part of the business; they went to a race-ball in crape, and met the defunct as a bride, bedecked with white satin, and the rosiest of smiles; the consequence of which was, that one of the five daughters, a dark beauty, and my especial favourite, never forgave me for having thus interrupted a prosperous flirtation, up to that time existing between her and a marrying baronet; he danced the whole evening with a girl dressed in *couleur de rose*—a blushing evidence that the odious black was the cause of his defalcation.

This was but one out of many disasters. A grandmother, through my ingenious hieroglyphics, received intimation that her grandson intended to cut her, because he had heard that she was going to marry again. An octogenarian uncle vituperated me for asking for a legacy, when the outside of my demand was, to be allowed to pay my respects. A maiden aunt was furious, on my congratulating her on the birth of twins, overlooking a whole line about her pretty lap-dog, Flora, which I had flattered myself I had made particularly legible; and my father, in a fit of the gout, hurried up to town, on reading that his house was burned down, when all that I had done was, to tell him a comical story about an old prude, who had fainted away because the cat spit at her, and who could not be recovered till burnt feathers had been put under her nose. But, in all these instances, the most cruel part of the affair was, that the whole of the blame was thrust upon me, as poor Malvolio had his greatness thrust upon him; when, if my correspondents would but have dealt candidly, they ought at least to have consented to share the blunder, owing to their want of skill in decyphering what I am sure *I* was able to read pleasantly enough. At first I used to be very eager to establish their mistakes, to decypher the letters myself, and to prove by the written word that I was innocent; but I never got any thing by it, but a renewal of grumbling, and an insinuation that I possessed the disreputable art of making black look white.

So much for my youthful days; but matters got worse as I advanced

towards manhood. A college friend of mine wrote a volume of poems: in my burst of enthusiastic admiration of his talents, I addressed him as follows:—"Dear Charles, your volume has afforded me no despicable pleasure. It would be insulting to compare it to the trash of the day, whose only merit consists in making us feel the more grateful for your valuable or, may I say, value-less, effusions, by their contrast with such ineffable nonsense."—By return of post I received the following answer:—"Dear Jack, I lose not a moment in assuring you, that your opinion of my poor poems shall in no way militate against our friendship. Be assured, I am very far from imagining that you insult me, though it seems I do you, by offering you a volume which you find despicable from its ineffable nonsense."—Charles was never cordial with me after this, and at last dropped my acquaintance entirely, on my entreating him to permit me to point out his mistake: "that's rather too much," said he; "I won't stand upon my writing—but d—n it, I *can* read!"

The next dilemma to which my hieroglyphics reduced me, was to lose a girl—and such a girl!—to whose mother I wrote, offering hand—heart—life—fortune—adoration—all I had to give—in her daughter's behalf. The respectable matron replied, by forbidding me her house, and ordering her daughter to cut me. As I am not a *detrimental,* this proceeding surprised me. Soon after, the fair one married, and we became better acquainted, when I learned that my offer of marriage to her own sweet self, had been interpreted by her mother into an insolent attack upon her own immaculate and five-and-forty-year-old virtue.

On the instant I made a vow. I swore that I might write invitations and circulars, but I would print all my more tender communications, and that my next proposal should be obvious, to a very tyro, in the alphabet. My oath was registered—my printing-press was ordered—and a first-rate compositor engaged, to give me a two-hours' lesson in the noble art of printing every morning. But the types, and the press, and the rest of the apparatus, could not be got ready in less than a week, so that, for that interval at least, it was necessary to find some occupation to divert my chagrin. What was it to be?—Well bethought!—There could be no mistake upon this subject for an epistle; so I sat down to indite a short note to ——— ahem!—a very amiable young lady—short, decidedly short—somewhat stubby, too, like a dwarf oak—and though I now think her unquestionably pretty, at that time I had not made the discovery. I wrote simply to ask her whether she thought her father would permit me to shoot on his preserves, during a three days' visit that I was going to make in his neighbourhood. I received, in reply, a hurried, quicksilver billet, from the young lady;—there seemed mischief in it, the moment I took it in my hand;—I could almost imagine it made of the Chinese sensitive leaf—it actually appeared to vibrate as I broke the seal. Well matched, thought I, as I glanced at the contents; for the only words I could decypher, down a long page of round-about, zig-zag, up-and-down, indescribable pen-marks, were "love" and "happiness." Well matched, indeed; for this two-worded epistle was accompanied by a most legible one from her father, accepting my proposal "for his daughter's hand with both pride and pleasure." The old fellow seemed at once so delighted and so flattered, and "love" and "happiness" were such a pretty present from a lady to a gentle

man, that, hang it! I had not the cruelty or the courage to undeceive him. It would have been too ridiculous to have laid the mistake on a handwriting, which Providence, for inscrutable purposes, always chose to make say one thing, when I meant another. I therefore submitted with a good grace, married my fair correspondent, and limited my remonstrance to a modest request, made a few days after our wedding, to be allowed to see the precious manuscript which had brought us together. It was burned. "I would have preserved the dear relic in cotton and roses," said my bride; "but it was such a scrawl, that I could not read one word of it."—"May I then ask," cried I, "how you knew that it was a proposal of marriage?"—"Heavens, John! how can you ask that? What else could it be, dear?"

After all, I never had reason to regret this chance-medley. My wife is a sensible, agreeable, good-tempered woman—and our sole matrimonial disaster is that we cannot read each other's letters. I confess it, to my shame, that when I became a married man I grew utterly regardless of my graphic improvement, and my printing-press was never bought. I fancied that there would be small necessity for written communications between my wife and me; and, besides, scrawl as he will, I imagined that a woman had some natural instinct bestowed on her for the purpose of making out her husband's writing. I do not know which of us wrote the most illegibly:—mine is a sort of straggling hiatus-looking scrawl, right up and down, with a flourish at intervals by way of emphasis:—My wife skims over the paper, for the most part, in a meandering zig-zag, which disdains stops and paragraphs, with the additional advantage of a word being now and then dashed under—and that, of course, the most really unreadable word of the whole sentence.

What is it that I have said?—A woman can always make out her husband's writing! Fond delusion! fatal mistake! I have a hundred examples to the contrary; but two or three, I doubt not, will suffice as scarecrows. I presented her with a copy of verses on the anniversary of our marriage; and if I may be allowed to say as much, in my own behalf, there were some peculiarly interesting lines amongst them: but just as I fancied her fond look was melting over their tenderness, she threw them with the air of a tragedy-queen into the fire, and burst into a Belvidera-ish flood of tears:—I never could learn why. I was only told that "I was a barbarous wretch," and that "I wanted to sacrifice her—a victim to my cold-blooded philosophy:" and this, too, though I did all in my power to induce her to believe in the authenticity of a copy I possessed, written in a neat round-text hand (the spelling, to be sure, a little incorrect) by my valet. I once wrote from the shooting-lodge of Lord B —— for a fresh supply of gunpowder, and by the next coach received half a dozen tooth-brushes, a pound of prepared charcoal, and six wash-balls. On another occasion, she was away on a visit, and having overstayed her appointed time, I wrote her a letter full of tender remonstrance; by a customary fatuity she contrived, in her reading of it, to heighten the remonstrance and sink the tenderness, so that her answer, which was unusually hieroglyphical, flashed indignation and reproach from one end of the crowded paper to the other; at least to the best of my conscience and belief it did:—but there was a postscript, and as I have often heard, and even believed, that a lady's P. S. is the gist of her correspondence, I dedicated four hours and a half consecutively to the most serious study of it; after which I rose from my

chair fully convinced that the only terms of renewal of peace that she had to offer were that, as she was prolonging her visit on account of the hunt that was about to commence, my calumet must be tendered to her in the shape of "a habit;" after which were a multitude of mantua-making directions from which I gleaned that the said habit was to be "blue," and "rather long;" and that above all, to be in time, it must be at —— by the 29th.

With this postscript I had every reason to be pleased—first, on account of my own indefatigable ingenuity that had enabled me to decypher it so correctly, and secondly, because I was able to trace in it a kindly feeling on the part of my wife, though she had chosen to read my letter wrong, and then fly in a passion with her own interpretation of it: the dear creature knew how anxious I was that she should become an accomplished horsewoman, and how it pained me to see her so timid when in the saddle, and had determined with her wonted affection to do all in her power to meet my wishes. These reflections gave me fresh vigour; and incredible were the pains I took to procure the desired habiliments, and to have them ready in time, though the tailor protested that he had never made a habit before at such short notice. "*Omnia vincit amor,*" cried I, and actually stood over him for a day and a half counting his stitches. At last it was finished; and determined to complete what I had so meritoriously begun, I actually took a post-chaise for the purpose of myself being the bearer of the welcome present: as ill luck would have it, however, one of the horses in the last stage fell dead lame—could not be made to move an inch for love or money—and there was I with the superb habit eight miles from ——. What was to be done? There was no post-house, or chance of a horse between; and the inn that we had last quitted was seven miles in the rear. "*Omnia vincit amor,*" again cried I; and with the box, in which the habit was carefully packed, slung at my back, I trudged manfully forward, and positively accomplished the eight miles in an hour and forty-one minutes, which, considering I carried weight, was what any of the Melton Mowbrays would call a pretty rattling pace, especially as there was a sharp hill to be drawn about midway: when at last I reached my wife's abode, a little before ten at night, I found that she had been waiting, as women do wait for such things, in grumbling and in terror:—but what boded her appearance? Her pretty, pretty feet were shod in white satin—a wreath of roses in her hair—her favourite necklace of pearl and emerald clasped round her neck—and yet all these brilliancies checked by her dressing-gown being still undoffed. "My dearest!" cried I. "The dress!" cried she. "'Tis here—'tis here," I exclaimed; and cutting the cord impatiently asunder, I held up to view the dearly-earned habit! Good heavens! a piercing shriek burst from my wife. But the reader, no doubt, has anticipated me—it was no habit she wrote for, but a ball-dress of "blue" and silver, with strict cautions that it was not to be "over long."

Could anything exceed this? Could hieroglyphic mischiefs be carried further?—Yes, yes, yes! And yet I thought I had learned caution.

Being one day unexpectedly detained at Lord's to make one in a cricket-match, I would not trust a letter, but sent a special messenger to tell her that I should not be back till eight. At that hour I reached home, as hungry as a Cossack after a skirmish in Kamschatka, and fully expecting to find her waiting dinner for me. But no! there was no

Maria; and I waited, and waited, in gloomy doubt till half-past nine, when a three-cornered billet with her well-known superscription was brought to me. One glance at the contents paralysed me;—I jumped up from my seat like a madman—I ordered four post-horses—and in less than a quarter of an hour was on my way to Dover, in pursuit of my faithless spouse and her seducer, filling up the time, between counting the mile-stones, with thinking how I would look *her* into a petrefaction, and riddle *him* into a honeycomb. At Rochester, while I was waiting for a relay of horses, I bethought me that I would add fresh fuel (for such is the perversity of man that he hugs that which will destroy him) to my rage, by again reading the dreadful missive: when, lo, a mist seemed dispelled:—as if by magic art the characters shifted and re-arranged themselves, and instead of a flight with a seducer to Dover on her way to France, the letter seemed to say that she had been "seduced" by her cousin to stay dinner in "Dover-street," on the promise of being introduced to a most amiable lady just arrived from "France." There was but one thing under these circumstances to be done—the postboy was ordered to turn his horses' heads towards London; and as he urged them to the height of their gallop, I read and re-read the dear, fatal, misleading epistle again and again by the light of the moon, that was high in the heavens in all the splendour of her fulness. As we were galloping through Dartford I observed another chaise approaching—we neared—we met!—gracious heaven, it was my wife! She saw me—I saw her: but we were both going at so prodigious a pace that to hope to be able to stop was out of the question: it seemed as if we were destined to be a kind of pair of wandering Jews, never more to be allowed to be in the same place at the same time! A scream was our only recognition, and in another moment we should again have been separated; when our good genius, alive to our miserable situation, dashed the two chaises against each other:—crash went the wheels—splash went the panels—smash went the springs—and in one and the same moment we enjoyed the exquisite sensation of being upset into each other's arms.

It is impossible to narrate all that was said by us on this momentous occasion: but the resolution to which we came deserves to be recorded for the benefit of all practisers of modern hieroglyphics. "Let us forget the past, my Maria," I exclaimed; "the future is ours:—this very day will I engage the most eminent writing-master that London possesses; while for you I will purchase a dozen large-text copy-books; and together we will learn to write."

TO MARY—IN ITALY.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here:
For, being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure too,
How can I joy? How should I do?

EARL OF SURREY'S POEMS.

I WAIT for thy coming
  In the sweet-scented eves,
When the birds are humming
  In the gloom of the leaves,
And the fountain danceth
  Its path along,
Like a creature that loveth
  To speak in song.
The bird and the fountain
  Rejoice in their lot;
But my spirit is sad,
  For I see thee not.

I wait for thee, love:
  On the emerald deep
The sun, like a warrior,
  Is sinking to sleep.
I see the leaves shining
  Around the dove's nest;
Why doth she sit pining
  Alone in her rest?
Her companion returneth
  From the cool orange-tree;
But thy feet return not—
  Return not, to me!

I am weary of listening
  To the voice of the breeze,
And the white bird glistening
  Among the almond-trees;
It leapeth on the boughs,
  While its silver wings glow
With the light through the leaves,
  As it darts to and fro.
I turn away in tears
  From the fountain and tree;
I care not for bird or flower,
  If thou comest not to me.

.W.

SPANISH HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS.—N°. V.*

I PASSED two days pleasantly with my friend the Marquess of Roca Verde, at St. Sebastian, on my return to Madrid, and arrived at the capital just in time to witness a grand bull-fight. Having already given a full description of one of these national exhibitions in my paper on Seville, I can now only observe, that the costliness of this spectacle was deemed worthy of the metropolis of Spain. The *sport* was declared to be excellent — several *banderillos* being disabled, one *picador* mortally wounded, and twelve bulls, with as many horses, left dead in the arena.

By the way, during the progress of my journey from London, a singular discovery was made near Bordeaux, of eighty human bodies in a singular state of preservation, having, it was supposed, been buried for many ages. I was dining at the Table d'Hote at Bordeaux, when I heard of the circumstances, and was prompted by curiosity to inspect them. I was conducted to a tower near the church of St. Michael, whither they had been removed, and descending a flight of stone steps, entered one of the dungeons belonging to the place, and beheld the bodies arranged in an erect position around the walls. They presented the appearance of embalmed corpses; for the place of their sepulture had proved of so antiseptic a nature, that they, for a time, had escaped the lot of mortality. Their skin resembled hard leather; but their features were still distinct, and the hair on their heads and beards was perfect. The violent nature of the death of one was sufficiently evident. The forehead had been perforated by a ball.

The morning after my arrival at Madrid, the sentence of the law was carried into effect on an unfortunate shoemaker, who had been found guilty of treasonable practices against the constitutional government. The mode of execution was rather novel, at least to a foreigner. A platform about sixteen feet square, was erected, at the height of eighty feet from the ground, in the Plaza de Cevada. In the centre of the platform stood an upright post, to which was affixed an iron collar, and a seat for the criminal. About half an hour previous to the time appointed for the culprit to suffer, the executioner ascended the stage, and adjusted the apparatus of death—after which, the prisoner appeared, accompanied by his confessor and two priests. The unhappy man betrayed no symptoms of fear; but immediately addressed the multitude. In as firm and audible a voice he confessed the crime of which he had been adjudged guilty, and declared his intention to have been the overthrow of the constitution. He expressed no contrition; but on the contrary, deeply regretted that he had not succeeded in proving his blind devotion to his sovereign. At that part of his harangue he was desired by the executioner to desist, and more properly employ his few remaining moments in preparing for death. The iron collar was then affixed to his neck, his legs having been previously bound to the post during the time he had harangued the people. The confessor placed in his hands the picture of the Virgin, and engaged with him for some minutes in prayer; at the conclusion of which, he desired him to repeat the apostles' creed. This he did in a loud and firm voice, until hec ame to the words, "*Creo in Jesu Christo,*" which being the fatal signal, the executioner by means of an instrument attached to the collar, tightened it in such a degree, as

* Extracted from the Note-Book of Sir Paul Baghott.

to produce instant strangulation. There was no struggle, and the hands even in death, still retained their hold of the picture of the virgin. A white handkerchief was thrown over the face, and the body remained till the afternoon, exposed to the public gaze. I never before saw a man in whom the awfulness of such a situation produced less concern. The fear of death appeared entirely absorbed in the greatness and glory of his crime. He had played a desperate game, and was content with the award; if he had a single thought of bitterness it seemed to be that the object for which he had staked his life was snatched for ever from his grasp. I took the opportunity of my stay in Madrid to visit the royal manufactory at Britigua, sixteen leagues from the capital. The country through which I travelled was beautiful and well cultivated, passing through the towns of Guadalaxara and Torico. The town of Britigua is situated at the foot of a mountain, and contains about 3000 inhabitants. It is but little frequented by strangers; and the reason may be pretty evident to whosoever may unluckily find himself an inmate of its solitary Posada, the "Cross of Malta." Never was the insignia of that noble order emblazoned for a more unworthy purpose than in lending its dignity to the vilest of Posadas. Nothing could I obtain to eat, no bed to lie upon: the only accommodation the place afforded was a little straw, not the cleanest, on which I slept in my clothes.

The royal manufactory is built on the side of the mountain along which canals are dug, to supply the reservoirs and furnaces with water. The establishment consists of a governor's house and a chapel, extensive rooms in which are erected looms for the weaving of cloth, shear-shops, picking-loft, press-shops, dye-houses, and immense store-rooms, where every thing is kept necessary for a manufactory on so grand a scale. No expense has been spared to render it complete: it is supposed to have cost upwards of one hundred thousand pounds. This manufactory was confined to coarse woollens, and at one period its productions were highly estimated. The inhabitants of this part of Spain are by no means prepossessing in their appearance, neither is the immediate neighbourhood of the town interesting. There appeared to me an unpleasant expression of countenance, almost approaching to ferocity, peculiar to the people, which in addition to the inhospitable fare at the "Cross of Malta," rendered my stay as short as the most expeditious tourist could desire. On my return to Guadalaxara, I had the satisfaction of learning from my friends there, that the place I had just quitted was singularly notorious for robberies and murders, and that my escape was almost a miracle. A lady, with whose family I was on terms of intimacy at Guadalaxara, took me to the convent of Santa Claro, to introduce me to her sister, who was a nun of that sisterhood, and had expressed a desire to see me. Her father was a native of Birley, in Gloucestershire, in which parish I held considerable property, and was lord of the manor; and it was there that the nun had passed her childhood. We were shewn into an anti-room, adjoining the parlour, and she presently appeared on the other side of a grating, which separated us from it. She wore the habit of her order, which was of grey cloth, and a large crucifix was suspended from her neck. I was struck with her beauty; but more so with its placid, though melancholy, expression. She asked me a great many questions concerning her home, as she called it, and of the different branches of her father's family, in which she appeared to take great interest. An excellent breakfast was prepared for us of chocolate, prune-

cakes, and wine. I asked her particularly concerning the duties of her conventual life, with a view to elicit the real state of her feelings.—In reply, she declared herself devotedly attached to her order; but when I arose to take my leave it was not without a feeling of pain that I beheld her eyes glisten with tears, and heard her say in the low soft accent of emotion—"If ever you should return hither again, bring with you some memorial of the dear place of my youth; if it is but a little pebble from the heath, you don't know how dear it will be to me!" The effect of these few words was heightened by the manner in which they were spoken. I bitterly lamented the cruel policy that had deprived the world of so beautiful and amiable a being.

I was accompanied by my son in this trip to the royal manufactory, and having our guns, we determined to make our way back from Guadalaxara to Madrid on foot, and take what chance of sport the road might afford us. The distance is forty miles; but as the weather was fine, we allowed ourselves two days for our journey. Our first day's sport was but indifferent. We slept that night at Alcala, which is half way, and in the morning resumed our sport by the road-side. We met with some good partridge-shooting, and in a vineyard close to the river Henares, my son despatched a brace of foxes. We now entered an excellent cover, and found an immense number of rabbits, and our bags were filling quickly, when our attention was drawn from the sport before us, by the sudden appearance of a gang of fellows, whose ruffian-like visages left us no doubt of the nature of their occupation. They were all armed; and, surrounding us, they motioned to us, in an imperative manner, to move with them. We marched along for some time in silence, and at length arrived at a sombre-looking house in the depth of the wood, which appeared to me a fitting retreat for the lawless gang which it seemed to be our ill-fortune to have fallen in with. Our arms were taken from us, and we were secured in a dismal apartment, the windows of which were grated. Our feelings, as may be supposed, were not of the most enviable nature, during an hour and a half's imprisonment, which the uncertainty of our fate rendered sufficiently distressing. Our forebodings were checked, however, by the appearance of a man abruptly entering our apartment. He wore a brown Spanish cloak, the state of his dress betokening a recent arrival. The expression of his countenance was morose and forbidding. After surveying us for some short time in contemplative silence, during which I made ready with my watch and purse, he inquired who we were, and made himself acquainted with our country, and situation in life. Particulars regarding my means, I kept down as much as possible, fearing the robber's demand for our ransom might be exorbitant; when I was not a little surprised to hear him say, that for this time he would excuse us, bidding us, however, beware how we offended again. I begged to know the nature of our offence, that we might be the better enabled to avoid a repetition; when I found we had offended against the *game laws*, and incurred the gentleman's wrath by shooting on his preserve! To find a code of game laws, and in such strict force, reminded me of the delights of home, and, I must confess, was a gratifying instance of the progress of liberty and civilization—particularly when I found that we were indebted solely to our rank in life for the extreme courtesy with which we had been treated. The awe, however, impressed on me by the appearance of a captain of banditti, dwindled mightily before a lord of the

manor, though I could not help thinking, if there be any truth in physiognomy, that his attendants had mistaken their calling, when they adopted that of gamekeepers. Pursuing our route, we passed a number of bird-catchers, who supply Madrid with larks, and other small birds. They make use of a curious trap, formed of the rib-bone of an ass or mule, which falls on the bird as it touches a spring to take the bait, and kills it. These traps are placed at various distances by the fowler, who walks backwards and forwards to pick up the dead birds. In the evening he fills the panniers of his ass with his traps and game, and returns to Madrid to make his market.

I passed my Christmas with Senor Don Gamboa, at his country seat. The snow was nearly a foot deep on the ground, so that our shooting was but indifferent; but the hospitable treatment experienced within, more than reconciled me to the loss of sport. I met with a dish at my friend's table. rather novel to an Englishman. It consisted of lambs not more than a day old, fricasseed and served up whole. The cause of this apparently extravagant dish is, that the milk of the mother is more valuable than the lamb, no other milk than that of ewes and goats being used at Madrid.

I witnessed an extraordinary exhibition at the Plaza de los Toros at this season, with which the Spaniards occasionally divert themselves, when the regular bull fights have ceased. The bulls seldom fight well in winter; therefore this game is patronized, for want of better sport. After the usual ceremony, of the individuals engaged in the spectacle presenting themselves to the public authorities, the exhibition commenced, by four men, mounted back to back on two horses, entering the arena, each being armed with a lance. At the sound of a trumpet a bull was let loose, which, rushing at the nearest horse, overthrew him with his riders, and then made after the other, which shared the same fate, to the infinite gratification of the spectators. The animal was then secured in his den. The next combat was of a most extraordinary nature. There was a man in Madrid born without arms, but having hands, as it were, proceeding directly from his body, of which he could make a very dexterous use. He was placed within a large wicker basket, with an aperture in it sufficiently large to admit the man to creep in. He held a lance in each hand, and to the basket was affixed a monkey, to engage the attention of the bull, and to vary the sport. The basket was placed upright in the centre of the arena, the man standing within, his head and shoulders only being visible. The moment the trumpet sounded the door opened, and out rushed the bull. He immediately commenced a desperate attack on his strange enemy, who, for a time, resisted him successfully; but at length being overpowered, he withdrew into his wicker defence, and was rolled about the arena by his ferocious antagonist, who vainly endeavoured to pierce his strong hold. During this time the monkey was not idle, but clung to the bull's horns, squalling in a hideous manner, adding thereby to the rage of the animal, and wonderfully increasing the delight of the spectators. This act being finished, and the bull secured, another aspirant to fame appeared, in the likeness of a bear, who placed himself under the branches of a tree set firmly in the ground, opposite the entrance gate of the animal. A lance was affixed to the tree, as a protection to the bear. The moment the bull received his liberty, he rushed blindly at Bruin, and not perceiving the lance, he buried the weapon in his body. The courage of the noble

animal did not appear in the least daunted by this terrific shock; he pursued the bear, and turned him over and over on the arena, until the unhappy adventurer was rescued by the adroitness of the *bandilleros.* Still the poor animal plunged about the arena, bearing in his wounded body the broken lance, and defying the approach of an antagonist, until a man appeared with an instrument of steel, in the shape of a half moon, very sharp, within the curve; with this he divided the tendons of the poor beast's legs, while another man despatched him by a blow on the spine. Two bulls were then fought in the usual way; one shewed good sport, by killing a few horses and maiming several men, while the other shewed still better, by leaping the wall of the arena, seven feet high, and clearing the theatre in a twinkling. After order had been restored, which this *contretemps* had for a time disturbed, six *novellios* were turned into the arena. These are young bulls, not yet arrived at gladiatorial honours, but were allowed to receive a foretaste of their happy condition, by being baited by the populace. The arena was shortly thronged with people eager to display their prowess; and presently, by the assistance of the bulls, many were seen cutting summersets in the air, while others, not so high-minded, were content with sprawling on the earth. The horns of the animals were tipped, to prevent them doing serious mischief. It is curious to observe the dexterity which the people exert in escaping their dangerous assailants, and the hardihood with which they brave their anger. Two boys particularly engaged my attention. I beheld them carried for a distance on the horns of the bulls, and thrown, but apparently without the slightest injury, for they immediately resumed their sport. When the bulls had shewn sufficient entertainment, some tame oxen were introduced, to induce the excited animals to make an orderly retreat. If any should prove refractory, two of the trained oxen immediately take charge of him, and conduct him to his stall. These animals are trained to this purpose, and to bring up the wild bulls from the plains to taste the blessings of a civilized life.

I attended the funeral of Don Gamboa, father of the friend with whom I passed a few days at Christmas. At the church door I observed the following inscription:—"*Hoy se saca animas.*" "To day we take souls out of purgatory." It is a pleasant reflection to a sinner, in a Catholic country, that he has rich friends, and charitable withal.

Up to this period, the constitutional government had maintained its position, and established a knowledge of its ultimate advantage on the minds of the most sensible portion of the nation. But much remained to be done, ere the greater part of the population of Spain could be rescued from the tyranny of a superstitious and ignorant priesthood, by the slow, though sure, progress of education and intelligence. The intentions of the government, in this respect, were, unhappily for mankind, checked by foreign interference; force, united with ignorance, prevailed, and Spain was again condemned to a hopeless though hereditary bondage. Foreign foes, and domestic traitors, will eventually overturn the wisest policy. One morning, Madrid was thrown into an inconceivable state of agitation and alarm, by the news arriving that Bessieres, who had raised a band of marauders in the provinces, had suddenly made an irruption into the country bordering on Madrid, and having taken Guadalaxara, defeating the militia and some regular troops, threatened the capital itself. General O'Doyley was likewise forced to

retire before this numerous horde of brigands, and the city became completely panic-stricken. Such was the confusion which these events created, that no real intelligence could be gathered; every trifling circumstance became so magnified, that I went to the gate of Alcala, expecting to witness a novel sight, in the triumphal entry of freebooters into the capital of Spain. It was lamentable to see the wounded arrive, some huddled together in carts, and others on mules and horses. Fugitives, likewise, poured in from the same direction, without shoes and stockings, or arms and accoutrements of any description, these gallant fellows having wisely disencumbered themselves of all such useless commodities, the better to assist their speed. Not the slightest information could be obtained from these Bobadils, their fears having acted as rudely by their wits as Bessirus had with their valiant persons. Such was the state of general alarm, that the shops were closed; and at Lady A'Court's (Lady Heytesbury) tertulia, only two Spanish ladies were present. General Abisbal, however, relieved their anxiety, by marching against the rebels, and speedily dispersing them. The fears of the inhabitants were but for a short time tranquillized, for fresh disturbances were continually breaking out, supported by the French, with an army of sixty thousand men, on the frontiers. It was now that the constitutional government tottered. Angry diplomatic notes passed between the ambassadors resident in Madrid and the executive, which ended, as is well known, by these functionaries demanding their passports. The English ambassador remained. These precious specimens of diplomatic correspondence were read aloud, at a meeting of the Cortes, by Señor Galiano, and it was amusing to hear the different degrees of assumption with which the ambassador couched the sentiments of their respective masters, all, however, tending to one end—the extinction of liberty throughout Europe. The crafty policy of Metternich could be traced in the communication of Austria; the considerate care of the Bourbons was manifested in their desire for peace, further proved by their army marching to *establish it;* but the note of Russia surpassed them all in its arrogant presumption. It was read, as it deserved to be, amidst the groans and execrations of the assemblage. The answer of Spain to this insulting and unjustifiable interference of strangers, was worthy of the ancient days of her chivalry. But alas! her proud spirit was all that remained to her; long ages of misrule had sapped the foundations of her power, and she now lay, like a gallant ship, at the mercy of the breakers. The Cortes did their utmost to prepare against the invasion, and, as a measure of just precaution, the royal family removed to Seville. The royal treasury was, at that time, at so low an ebb, that the necessary funds for his Majesty's journey were supplied from private sources.

At this critical period, my affairs obliged me to return to England; and as the direct road from the capital was completely under the jurisdiction of brigands and the military, I thought it would be more agreeable, as well as safer, to quit Spain by way of Valencia. I arrived at that city four days after my departure from Madrid, allowing myself but a short time for rest at night, and without daring to take off my clothes. The country presented but little interest, until we reached the province of Valencia, the greater part being an extensive plain, without shrub or tree, excepting at the entrance of villages, where some few elms had been planted by the inhabitants. The soil seemed generally

light and unproductive. The towns on the road are not more worthy of notice than the country through which we passed, until we arrived at the "*Venta del Rey,*" which is an excellent and commodious house, built expressly for the accommodation of travellers. We passed the river Jucar in boats, and entered an extensive valley, abounding in corn and fruit, vineyards and gardens. The river meanders gracefully along, and supplies numerous canals for irrigating the soil. The climate now became sensibly milder. The pomegranate, orange, and citron-trees were every where in abundance, and the most careful cultivation, assisting the natural fertility of the soil, made the whole country like a vast garden.

The city of Valencia lies low, and being surrounded by lofty trees, we entered the city without being aware of it. I found the town in a state of great excitement. The military were under arms, and crowds of people were assembled within the gates. The moment I alighted from the coach, a gentleman inquired from me whether I was an Englishman, and on learning that such was the case, advised me to make the best of my way out of Valencia, as they were in hourly expectation of a visit from the rebels, who having that morning defeated a body of constitutional troops, had been joined by a numerous body of the infatuated peasantry, and were enabled to make successful head against the authorities. This was rather unpleasant news for me, and I lost no time in presenting my letters of introduction to the police; but I found that business was entirely suspended, and the office deserted. Affairs were not, however, in so desperate a condition as I at first feared, and I had leisure to inspect the town. The next day being the anniversary of Spanish freedom, "*Te Deum*" was chaunted at the cathedral, and the treasures of the church were displayed to the reverential gaze of the believers. There was a statue of St. Michael set with diamonds; a superb chalice of rare agate, of most beautiful workmanship; a tabernacle, eight feet in height, of silver gilt, and enriched with diamonds; and the altar was of silver, representing the passion of our Saviour; but I was given to understand that the treasure which they valued most, was a miraculous toe-nail of the virgin, which had gained for the church a reputation of extraordinary sanctity. A canon of the cathedral, observing that I was a stranger, very kindly conducted me over it. There are some fine old paintings, by Leonardo de Vinci, and other masters of repute, and the church is altogether rich in decoration and valuables, from the donations of the faithful. The building has witnessed strange changes; it has been twice converted into a mosque, by the Moors, and as often re-consecrated for the Christian worship. On the summit of the tower I beheld a magnificent prospect, including the Mediterranean, the beautiful lake of Albufera, a highly cultivated plain studded with towns and villages, and a chain of mountains, almost encircling the whole. From this elevation I had an excellent view of the extent and situation of the city. It is enclosed by high walls, watered by the river Guadalaviar, and situated in the centre of a fertile and luxuriant plain. I observed workmen every where busily repairing the ramparts, and banking them up with bags of sand. The citadel was likewise being placed in a state of defence. Several promenades add to the beauty of the city. They are planted with orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees, and ornamented with rare exotics from South America, which seem to thrive as well as in their native climate. The temperature is extremely mild; the trees

retain their leaves till the end of November, and the winter is considered over by the 15th of January. The sky is continually serene.

The province of Valencia has not its equal in Spain for temperature, beauty, and fertility; it is here we see forests of palm-trees without crossing the desert, and plantations of the sugar-cane without slavery. The aloe, carole, and the palm, are indigenous to the soil. The latter is not to be found in any other part of Europe; its branches are sent to Italy previous to Palm-Sunday, and forms a productive portion of the revenue. The fruit of the palm is often seen in the markets at Madrid, and other places. The necessaries of life are in the greatest abundance, and remarkably cheap in this city.—I only paid four and twopence a day for excellent board and lodging at my hotel, including dessert and wine. The ladies of Valencia are generally handsome, and are attired much in the French style: the peasantry retaining more of the Moorish costume than in any other part of Spain. General Houlman, who commanded the rebels, did not follow up his success, therefore the people of Valencia had time to make better preparation for defence: in the belief that he would not attempt an advance, confidence was restored, and the gates of the city were thrown open. I now got my passport regulated for Barcelona, and agreed with the captain of a felucca, to take me there for eight dollars.

The first object that strikes the eye, on arriving at Barcelona, is Monserrat, celebrated for its Madonna. It is usually called "*los dedos*, the fingers," from its summit presenting the appearance of the four fingers and thumb. It serves as a land-mark; and is well known to navigators in the Mediterranean sea. The inhabitants of Barcelona were making every preparation against the coming contest—even the women seemed animated with the patriotic feeling, and declared their resolution to assist in the defence. Business of every kind was suspended; deeds of arms were the universal theme; so having no ambition to gain a name that way, I thought a speedy retreat was the most advisable. Commerce with France of course ceased; therefore I was obliged to proceed in a covered waggon, called a *Tartuna*, to Gerona. We passed Pineda, Mataro, and many smaller towns, where we found the bustle of preparation for hostilities everywhere conspicuous, troops were bivouacing by their large fires in the streets; artillery and ammunition moving towards the different points of defence—the thoughts of war entirely superseding the operation of peace. The lofty snow-capped summit of the Pyrenees soon became visible, and Gerona, beautifully situated on the slope of a mountain, with its high walls and numerous towers, and its magnificent cathedral rising from the centre, opened to our view. On my arrival I found letters of introduction of no use, men's minds being entirely absorbed in the critical situation of their country. The regiment of Arragon was then marching into the city—a fine body of men; they escorted a train of artillery. Gerona is an interesting city, and is celebrated for its gallant defence during the last war. The garrison were reduced to starvation; animals of every description were killed for food; and at the close of the siege hardly a living thing besides its defenders was found within the city: twenty-seven thousand men perished in the contest. Although anxious to pursue my journey, I could not forbear visiting the cathedral. It is a magnificent structure, and has the most superb painted window I ever beheld. The treasury is exceedingly rich in gold, silver, and jewels. The person who conducted me over the edifice appeared to

delight in the marvellous, and amongst other extraordinary facts, to most of which he had been an eye-witness, he related the following—"When the French entered Spain, at the commencement of the last war," said my vivacious friend, "they wished it to be particularly understood, that they came as friends, and expected to be treated as such, but having become in a measure domiciliated, they began to take liberties which not even the utmost stretch of friendship could tolerate. They averred, that for the inconvenience and expenses they had incurred for our sake, they ought to be recompensed; and forthwith began to levy contributions. These not succeeding so well as they could wish, the patrimony of the church was coveted; and the little moveables, such as plate and jewels, began sensibly to disappear. Now as our property of this description was by far of too sacred a description to be applied to the irreverent uses of heretics, we employed two labourers to construct a vault under the altar, in which they were concealed. One of these sinners, stimulated by the hope of gain, offered to betray our hiding-place, to the French commandant, for a certain sum, which was agreed to; but lo! on crossing the threshold of our church, he suddenly became blind and palsied!"—"And the sinners who tempted the poor man," said I—"what mark of divine vengeance did they experience?" "Why it could hardly be expected they should receive any," returned my informant;—"such people are out of the pale of providence altogether!"

I passed Figueros, which is considered, next to Gibraltar, one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, and crossed the Eastern Pyrenees into France. On the same day the French army entered Spain.

"LIBERAL NOTIONS."

From the earliest of my recollection, I have always entertained liberal notions of men and things. I have such a thorough and hearty contempt for meanness of spirit, and for people of narrow ideas, that I can scarcely regard them with common patience. My father and mother, and my old scamp of a schoolmaster, endeavoured to chain down my aspiring spirit, and to degrade my soul, by instilling into my youthful mind narrow and confined ideas; but I was incapable of receiving them, and I spurned them as a duck, when she shakes her feathers, scatters the water from her back. I do really think that common arithmetic has a tendency to fill the mind with mean and pettifogging notions. There is something so ridiculously contemptible in that silly accuracy of adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, even to the niceness of a single farthing. I never in my life could make a sum in arithmetic precisely right, and what in the name of common sense can a trifling half dozen or so, one way or other, signify? That exceeding accuracy of calculation shews a narrow mind. My old fool of a schoolmaster told me, that if I did not do my sums right, I should never be able to keep a set of books. Contemptible fellow! Did he imagine that I was ever going to let myself down to the meanness and sordidness of book-keeping? Look at those fellows who keep books! What a mean, dull, clodpated race of mortals they are,—no wit, no fire, no imagination, no

spirit, no humour among them. Look at them lumbering up to the city by coach-loads every morning from Islington, Pentonville, Somers' Town, Paddington, Chelsea, Highgate, Hampstead, Camberwell, Peckham, and from ten thousand other places; and then lumbering back again in the evening, so stupified with book-keeping, that they can hardly tell the difference between beef and pudding. They spend their whole lives among figures, and so they never make a figure in life. But if I was disgusted with common arithmetic, how much greater was my contempt of fractions—bits, pieces, odds and ends, cheese-parings, hair-splittings! People may well call them *vulgar* fractions. Why, if I was too liberal to care for ten or a dozen, one way or other, was I likely to care two straws for fractions,—for halves, quarters, eighths, and sixteenths?—Nonsense! I told the man so to his face. "Sir," said I, "give me leave to tell you, that I shall not chain myself down to your trumpery fractions; I have had plague enough to learn your common rules, and I will not stoop my aspiring spirit to calculate sums less than a farthing. Give me the generosity and nobleness of spirit that is above the meanness of calculation."

I believe the man was struck for a moment at the grandeur and sublimity of my ideas, for he looked upon me with emotion and astonishment, while a smile of admiration was playing upon his features; but presently, summoning up the whole schoolmaster within him, he replied: "All this is pretty talk—very pretty talk, indeed; but how am I to shew my face to your father, if I neglect to teach you what you are sent here to learn. I am absolutely robbing your father."

"Well, Sir," said I, "rob my father if you like, I am not so narrow-minded as to concern myself about that."

"The boy is mad," said the fellow. Ah, that is the way I have always found it through life. Whenever any individual at all superior to the common run of mortals dares to act and speak from the generous impulses of a noble nature, forthwith all the low-minded sordid sons of calculation exclaim "He is mad!" Poor narrow-souled wretches! They have no notion of any thing that is free and generous; they are made to draw in harness—to follow a leader—never to act from the impulses of a towering spirit!

A few months after I had left school, my father said to me, "Bob," and I said "Yes, Sir." "It does not appear to me, Bob," said my father, "that you are much the better for school." "No, Sir," replied I, "nor to me neither. I think it a great mercy that I am none the worse. That mean-spirited fellow was always endeavouring to instil into me his own narrow notions, and making such a ridiculous fuss if a sum was not right to a farthing! Oh, Sir, I could not bear such beggarly notions. What is a farthing, more or less, to a gentleman, and a man of liberal ideas?"

My father shook his head, and said, "Now, my dear Bob, let me talk seriously to you." Then I shook my head in return, and said "Now, my dear father, pray don't."

"But my dear Bob," said my father, "how do you expect to get through the world, without a little prudence and consideration?" "Why, as to the matter of that, Sir," replied I, "I may get through the world sooner without prudence than with." "But," said my father, "it becomes a matter of importance that you should now choose a profession." "On that point," I said, "I am perfectly indifferent; but whatever

profession I adopt, I hope and trust I shall carry into it the liberal ideas of a man of high spirit." "What think you of the church?" "The church! Why, there are some men of liberal notions in it, but yet they are under some kind of restraint, and it would not suit my liberal notions to undergo an examination by a bishop's chaplain: those fellows are sometimes apt to ask a variety of impertinent questions, which no man of liberal notions would care to answer. Then the style of dress —very bad—always black,—no, Sir, that would never do. Besides, Sir, there are many pleasant amusements which a clergyman is debarred from, which no man of liberal notions would choose to surrender. No, Sir, the church will not do." "The law?" "As far as my observation has gone, I have fancied that the law contracts the mind; besides, Sir, law depends so much upon precedents and antiquated notions, and ridiculous out-of-the-way old fashioned acts of parliament, that ought to be buried out of sight and forgotten. Then, you know, there is no getting on at the bar without a great deal of labour and study, and poring over disgusting and wearisome books, which by no means meet the views of a man of liberal notions. Really, Sir, with all due respect to you and my grandfather, I must take the liberty to say, that I have no such very high opinions of the wisdom of my ancestors. Old people, Sir, are much addicted to entertain narrow views of things; and law has so much to do with antiquity and by-gone notions, that I must decline it as a profession." "Well, Bob, as you please; but you must do something,—what think you of physic?" "Don't like it, Sir,—can't bear the smell of drugs. Then to have a gilt Galen's head, or pestle and mortar, over one's door, a transparency in the shop-window, advice gratis to the poor,—to be called out of one's bed, or away from one's dinner,—especially if I was dining out, as men of liberal notions are very apt to do,—or to be called out of church, and suddenly woke in the midst of a sermon. To be accountable for all the crotchets and caprices of jalap—bah. No, Sir, physic will never do for a man of liberal notions." "But, Bob, you positively must do something." "Must I, Sir, I am sorry for it; that word *must* is very annoying to a man of liberal notions." "What do you think of keeping a shop?" Can't think of it at all, Sir;—bowing behind the counter to whimsical customers, when I am longing to kick—What's the next article?—Oh, no, no! shopkeeping will never do for a man of liberal notions."

So I could never make choice of a profession from that day to this. What a pity it is that the state does not make provision for gentlemen of liberal notions! so that they need not be under the galling and degrading necessity of stooping to some trumpery profession or peddling employment to avoid starvation. I am really quite disgusted when I look round upon my old school-fellows, and see some of them riding in carriages, and others established in lucrative professions, who were once not half so well off as myself. They are rich, to be sure, but they are not to be envied, for they have exceedingly contracted notions of things. Once they were hearty, generous, high-spirited fellows, singing loud songs, and drinking deep cups; but now they are as grave as judges, as sordid as Jews, and as starched as old maids. They turn their backs on their old friends, and all their souls are absorbed in making money. Sometimes, indeed, when I find my coat out at elbows, and my finances scarcely equal to a dinner at an "ordinary," I am tempted to wish that I had adopted some profession, and had given a little attention to the meanness

of money-getting. But, however, I must not complain; I do now and then feel a little inconvenience for want of a dinner, and a little mortification for want of a clean shirt and a whole coat.—Still I have retained my independence and my liberal notions of men and things. And what is life without liberality of sentiment? Oh, I despise the vulgar, every-day, common-place people that pass you by shoals in the public streets, elbowing their way along, and looking so greedily and avariciously, as if they were born merely to gather together sordid pelf and filthy lucre. They despise my threadbare coat and greasy hat, they look contemptibly on my old brown black trousers, and think foul scorn of my gaping shoes; but they do not see my mind—they know nothing of the towering genius that dwells within. They do not know that the man whom they despise is a man who despises them. I have often thought of illuminating the world on the subject of things in general, and of giving them new views of religion, politics, and society; but those mean and sordid booksellers, one and all, set their faces against every thing that is liberal. They talk about the march of intellect, but they do not care a fig for intellect. They merely print and publish just for what they can get. They have no sympathy with the towering aspirations of mind. I had a most excellent design for a work, that should convince all mankind that they were a pack of fools, and that should produce such a glorious change in the constitution of society, that talent and liberality should reign triumphant; I communicated my design to a publisher, and what was his answer? Blush, Britain, blush for the meanness of thy intellectual tradesmen! "I don't think it will sell," said the fellow. "Why then," said I, "give it away." The man stared at me, and said, "What shall I get by that?" There, gentle reader, there is a specimen of the sordidness of booksellers. "What shall I get?" When I see such narrowness of soul, and such degradation of mind, my heart bleeds for humanity, and I almost blush to call such wretches my fellow-creatures. I must confess that this interview had such an effect upon my nerves—I do not know what my nerves are, but I know that they were shocked;—it had such an effect, I say, that for a long while I could not apply to another publisher; but at length I did, and to another, and another. They were all in the same story, just as if they had conspired together to thwart my views for the welfare of the human race. I will not mention names, for I do not wish to hold them up to the contempt and derision of mankind. I am sorry to say that their meanness has compelled me to have recourse to a mode of instructing the public which I should not have adopted by choice, but to which I am driven by necessity—I allude to inscriptions on walls and stable-doors, by means of a simple instrument called a piece of chalk. But the worst of this mode of public instruction is, that there is not room enough for an elaborate argument, or even a well-turned period. One is compelled to confine oneself to a certain sententious brevity, which convinces none but those who were convinced before. When I write on a stable-door, "D—n the Bisshups," nobody d—ns them a bit the more for my recommendation. By the way, I cannot help remarking here on the illiberality of a torified stable-boy, who reading one of my inscriptions found fault with the spelling. Fool! I have forgot more spelling than he ever learnt. How exceedingly captious and illiberal is it, when no other fault is to be found with a literary production to find fault with the spelling. Besides, what

man that loves his country would not for its salvation tolerate a little bad spelling. It would be a rare thing for the country, if the books which are swarming every day from the press contained nothing more objectionable than a little bad spelling.

Now it is very mortifying to a man who is capable of governing an empire, not to have sixpence in his pocket, and to have no opportunity of convincing the world how much he is their superior. I have conversed with men of all sentiments, but I have found in them all a certain narrowness of mind, and limitation of idea.—There have been few, very few, that have come quite up to my notion of liberality.—Some people are liberal in one thing, and some in another, but none, except myself, have I yet met with perfectly liberal in every point of view, and upon every topic of human interest. I have endeavoured, and I think successfully, to keep my mind free from all narrow prejudices, and it is often a consolation to me, when my breeches want mending, that I have no prejudices. No, I scorn them—I don't mean breeches, but prejudices. The man that is prejudiced is blind to beauty and deaf to truth. I am guided only and always by pure reason. There is not, I will venture to say, one person in a thousand, who is in all his actions and sentiments guided by pure reason. People are slaves to prejudices, confined and limited in their views. Indeed, how can people take liberal views who do not take comprehensive views of things. Men of business are confined to their shops or counting-houses, men in the law are like horses in a mill, moving in a dull round of precedents, medical men see none but the sick and the sad, the hypocondriac and the diseased, and what should they know of the world? As for parsons, all the world knows that they must be fools and idiots by virtue of their office, they absolutely know nothing, ten times less than nothing; they walk through the streets blindfold, they go to Cambridge and Oxford expressly for the purpose of learning ignorance; all that they know is which side their bread is buttered on, and all that they desire is to have it buttered on both sides. As for statesmen, ministers, members of parliament, commons, and lords, they all have their prejudices, they are confined to narrow views of things—they do not know the world, they do not see it, they have no time to look at it, they have no time to attend to it. They must take things merely by report and at second hand. There is in a word no man who can thoroughly understand human life and human nature so well as a man of liberal notions, altogether without prejudices, who has nothing else to do than to walk about the streets from morning to night.

H. N.

BRITISH POISONS—BEER AND SPIRIT MONOPOLIES.

WERE we to attempt to discuss one half of what has been said *for* and *against* the use of fermented liquors, we suspect that in this our cold, damp, and foggy atmosphere, few of our readers, especially at this particular season of the year, would listen to arguments in favour of total abstinence, whilst many of them would, on the contrary, practically declare against us, by indulging in another modicum of some favourite beverage:—in fact, since old father Noah "planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine and was drunken," down to modern times, when John Bull grumbles over his pipe and his pot,—the Dutchman over his *schnaps*,—the Frenchman over his sour wine:—when the North American Indian is praising his *fire water*, which he affirms to be made of tongues and hearts, "for when I have drank it," says he, "I fear nothing, and talk like an angel,"—and the negro is singing "blessings on a rum tuff,"—all nations and people have declared more or less in favour of exhilirating liquids.

The more northern nations, from whom we claim to be descended, have, from the earliest periods, practically declared that the use of fermented liquors is conducive to the health and vigour of the human frame; and as our countrymen, if we may judge from official documents, seem determined, in so far as *quantity* is concerned, to maintain the character of their ancestors, we do not see any utility in joining with temperance societies in defence of a different system. Our best course appears to be to deprecate every thing approaching to habitual excess—the *abuse* instead of the *use* of fermented liquors; and, by giving some account of the deleterious mixtures which, through the instrumentality of the great monopolists, *John Bull* is forced to swallow; to endeavour to impress upon his mind the necessity of paying particular attention to the *quality* of that which he consumes, especially if he wishes to transmit to his posterity the vigorous constitution which he has derived from his hardy ancestors.

Recent examinations of witnesses before Committees of the House of Commons during the time that the trade in beer, and the propriety of introducing sugar and molasses into the breweries and distilleries of this country, were under discussion, have disclosed some very curious information in regard to the composition and quality of British fermented liquors; and without entering particularly into the political part of the question, we are desirous of making some extracts and observations for the benefit and edification of our readers, to prove to them the kind of liquor they do consume, and the obstacles which stand in the way of their enjoying a sound and wholesome beverage.

By the evidence of Mr. Barclay, and of Mr. Fowell Buxton (when examined upon the beer bill), it appears that out of about 6,500,000 barrels of strong and ordinary beer, and 1,500,000 of small beer, the small brewers only brewed 62,000 barrels, a proof that under the past and present system, *with the present materials*, the small brewers cannot compete with the large monopolists; and that eleven great London porter brewers have the whole power of raising or depressing the price of beer. This is expressly affirmed by Mr. Buxton, who on having this question put to him, viz. "as far as the public is concerned, they are entirely at the mercy of the eleven great porter brewers of the metropolis?" answered "yes!" The number of licensed public houses in London

prior to the *beer* trade being thrown open was about 4,500. About one half of these belong to the great brewers, who have also, in one way or other, acquired such dominion over the remainder, that very few of them have it in their power to serve their customers with any other beer than that which their masters, the great monopolists, choose to furnish to them. This monopoly, as we shall see, has led to an extensive system of the most pernicious adulteration; and has no doubt given the hint to many of those wretches who, by mixing an unusual quantity of opium in beer, are in the habit of committing extensive robberies, and even murder!

Mr. Golding Bird, an intelligent revenue officer, who, in the short space of three weeks visited about five hundred public houses and made fifty-three detections, states in evidence, that it is usual to draw off twenty gallons from a butt of one hundred and eight gallons of porter, and substitute the twenty gallons with water mixed up with colouring prepared from burnt sugar, treacle, salt, sugar, copperas, and liquorice. He had reason to believe from appearances that *all* the five hundred houses he visited adulterated their beer. Nearly the whole fifty-three convictions were at houses owned by the brewers; he never detected those practices at what are called free houses! The latter, at that period, sold their beer at five-pence, while many of the former sold at four-pence. They affirmed that the burdens imposed upon them, in one way or other, by the great brewers were so heavy, that they could not obtain a livelihood without adulterating their beer; and Mr. Bird considers them as the mere servants of the great brewers. On the premises of one person, a composition called *multum*, composed of *opium*, liquorice, and some other matter of a very strong flavour, was found. It was made up in balls, one piece as large as a small egg being a sufficient dose for a barrel. This composition may be laid up in so small a space that all may use it without being detected.

By sundry convictions, it appears, that beside this *multum*, the following materials are used in adulterating beer—viz. copperas, used almost universally, to give it a fine *head;* (but which, according to the evidence of Dr. Ure, a celebrated chemist, is not very pernicious;) opium, tobacco, quassia, powered gentian, coculus indicus, grains of paradise, prepared chalk, vegetable bitters, liquorice, corriander, ground orange-peel, treacle, honey, sugar, &c.; and that it is impossible to detect the adulteration by the *taste* of the beer, and in fact, "a gentleman at the excise office, made the experiment, and proved that the public taste could not detect much of the adulteration, that may be practised by the brewers;" and that "the excise directed two kinds of beer to be brewed, the one pure, and the other full of impurities —the commissioners preferred the adulterated beer! an intelligent man, accustomed to brew beer, made the same mistake." This observation is also applicable, though in a less degree, to ale. *Mr. Marrian*, brewer and ale-conner of Birmingham, states it on his experience, that detection is very difficult: "sometimes there are many things, that will make ale of different tastes, and it would not be right to condemn ale for that only, when we know that there are many things that will give it a different flavour; such as cleaning it too soon, putting the yeast to it too soon, or cleansing it at an improper time;" in short, detection by the taste or colour, is totally impossible. On this subject, Dr. Ure, who made experiments, and was examined by

the Molasses Committee, on the 12th of July last, states, that though it is impossible to detect *coculus indicus* in beer, by any chemical test, yet that opium may be detected, "and if I do not deceive myself very much," says the doctor, "I discovered opium in small quantity, in genuine London porter. A man had been poisoned in a steam-boat, on the Clyde, by the criminal administration of laudanum in porter, and I was employed by the magistrates of Glasgow, to examine the contents of the stomach of the deceased." The doctor, however, acquits the *great* London brewers, from any charge of that nature. Being asked, "If you take into your consideration the price of opium, should you think it is an ingredient, that it would generally be for the interests of the brewer to use?" answered, "Yes; so much so, that for one farthing, you may double the strength of a dozen and a half of porter, by opium; I mean, you can double the intoxicating power; you can purshase for one farthing, nine grains of opium, its price being about one shilling for an ounce, that is 437½ grains for 12*d.* or 48 farthings, and allowing half a grain to a bottle, it will very nearly double the intoxicating power of a dozen and half."—We should like to know, how many persons, of the many thousands, who, in this great metropolis, have been found dead in their beds in the morning, had indulged to excess, in porter, during the preceding evening? "Nothing can be more easy," says the doctor, "than to introduce a minute portion of opium into dry malt; if a man wished to be a knave, he could diffuse it in any way; throw it out of his hand in a moment, into dry malt, or into the wort; he might take it like snuff, and throw it in; opium may be pulverised in particular modes, mixed up and disguised and thrown in;" and it appears, that subsequent maceration and fermentation, would not alter deleterious qualities. Porter drinkers have therefore, no security against these poisonous compositions!—and, although Dr. Ure expressly acquits the great monopolists of using opium or other drugs, a little copperas (sulphate of iron) perhaps excepted; yet there is one very objectionable practice, of which most of them are by no means guiltless—namely: that of mixing up, and re-issuing with their fresh beer, the stale or sour beer, bottoms, and other abominable trash, sent back to them by their publicans, under the name of *returns;* now, without any invidious meaning, we would ask, whether, in the event of improper ingredients being actually used, this custom might not form a cloak for illegal practices at the brewery? At all events, where beer adulterated with *multum* or opium, is returned to the brewer, he cannot detect such adulteration; and therefore, this vitiated beer, together with the filthy dregs of the pewter pots, drippings from the counters, and all manner of abominations, must of course be re-issued, and will, with additional adulteration, go down the throats of the porter drinkers. Indeed, many of the publicans are said to boast, that they increase the quantity of "returns" as much as possible, by sending back all sorts of filthy liquor collected in their tap-rooms.

One of the most respectable and extensive of the licensed victuallers, formerly examined, complained that the beer was not so good now as it used to be in former times; that adulteration is more frequent now, and that, in consequence of this combination of the large brewers, persons who buy for ready money are no better off than the smaller dealers—all competition being destroyed; in short, it appears, that unless government encourage the smaller brewers, by putting it in

their option to use any wholesome ingredients, which they may think proper, such as sugar and molasses, in the manufacture of beer, the only other alternative for people, who wish to have a strong and wholesome fermented liquor, at half the usual price, appears to be, to become their own brewers—a matter of easy accomplishment, and one, in the recommendation of which, the benevolent have it in their power to essentially benefit their poorer neighbours, especially by assisting and pointing out to them the simplicity of the process.

Before we proceed to shew how easily this may be accomplished, we may be permitted to notice another of the British poisons: namely, the coarse grain spirit, which is manufactured here, but more especially in Scotland, to be afterwards converted into English gin. This stuff, be it observed, is not so carefully manufactured, nor made with the same proportion of real malt, as that which is used in Scotland and Ireland, under the name of whiskey. It is, in fact, produced not from malt, but from inferior barley, oats, and other coarse raw grains; and the object of the distiller being to obtain as great a *quantity* of spirit as possible, *quality* is less an object; because any bad flavour, denoting an excess of deleterious ingredients, is afterwards "doctored" or disguised, in transmuting the spirit into gin. Dr. Ure, in the course of a very particular and close examination, by the Molasses Committee, in regard to the comparative values of grain, and sugar or molasses, when used in the distillery and breweries, and of the respective wholesomeness of their products, was asked, "What are the noxious properties developed, during the fermentation of *grain?*" he replied, "There is a peculiar essential oil, separated, during the fermentation of grain, especially if the grain is unsound, and which in cold weather assumes a concrete form, like tallow." "Is that the fatty substance first noticed by the chemist Scheele?" "I do not remember, but I have collected it myself in large quantities in raw grain distilleries; it has puzzled me somewhat to explain its production, but I believe it is partly generated in the process of fermentation, and partly resides in the grain. This oil comes over in such quantities at times as to float upon the low wines. * * * In moderate quantities it gives spirits a milky hue, or at least the milkiness is developed on dilution with water. I consider that principle *remarkably unwholesome;* it is evidently nauseous to the smell. I believe that the purer saccharine matter of sugar and molasses would produce none of that crude essential oil."

"When you state that you conceive this tallowy oil in grain spirit to be noxious, what effects, as far as you are able to judge, do you conceive are produced by the presence of too much of that oil?" "I have known persons who have taken spirit highly impregnated with that, to be instantly affected as by the presence of a narcotic poison. *I have known a person killed by it:* the person had taken a quantity of very bad spirit, which had precisely the odour of this detestable oil."—This person be it observed, had taken "no great quantity."

Dr. Ure further states, that he had not been able to detect this noxious oil in genuine rum; and that *malt* whiskey, an article which seldom comes from Scotland to the London market, where it is sold at seventeen to twenty shillings the gallon, is superior to the raw grain spirit, in being freer from that oil. It seems to abound most in imperfect or bad grain, and is found in rectified spirits, as well as in low wines. To conceal this poison, the Doctor says he has known respectable distillers

"talented people" disguise its presence in spirits offered for sale. "They disguise this opalescent quality, or tendency to become milky in the spirit containing the essential oil, by what is called the *doctor;* I shall tell you what that is made of; the *doctor* consists of a combination of oil of vitriol and oil of almonds" (the latter containing prussic acid of course) "triturated together, and added in small quantities to the said opalescent spirit, after which addition it will, unless it be very bad, stand dilution with water without becoming milky." Such is another of the commodities produced by the other great monoplists, with whom the smaller distillers cannot compete—and of which twenty-one to twenty-three millions of imperial gallons are now annually consumed in the British empire—whilst, by an odious distinctive duty, rum, equally a British production, and a much more wholesome spirit, is, to please a few leading distillers, who are servilely backed by a prejudiced and unreasonable party of the landed interest, kept almost entirely out of the British market; the total quantity consumed in one year in the whole united kingdom being little more than three hundred thousand gallons —not an eighth part of the whole whiskey, rum, and other spirits consumed.

It is quite evident that so long as there is not in the cabinet a single master-mind capable of fully understanding these questions, and of detecting and controlling such of the interests of the contending parties as may be at variance with the public benefit—the people of England must continue to suffer both in their bodily health, and by having their general comforts, and collective prosperity diminished by these monopolies.

The point for which, as appears by the documents before us, the West Indians contended, was simply this;—that they should, in fairness, and in common justice, be placed upon an equal footing with foreigners in the English market; but that this was not the case so long as the foreign grower of barley could send his grain to England for consumption in the breweries and distilleries, whilst the West Indian was prevented from doing so, by heavy duties, and positive prohibitions.—They contended that the brewers and distillers should have the option of using molasses instead of foreign grain, whenever, by a bad season or otherwise, the average price of English barley should exceed thirty-four shillings the quarter (equal to thirty-seven or thirty-eight shillings for the best malting barley)—and they argued that in common prudence, and sound policy, we are bound to encourage our own, instead of foreign production, and to afford as much relief as possible to a suffering portion of the British community, especially if by doing so we should give a better and cheaper beverage to the people—render ourselves, to a certain degree, more independent of foreigners—and keep at home some part of the money which we are now obliged to send to Bohemia, and other countries, for barley, whenever, by bad seasons or otherwise, our own crop happens to be damaged, or deficient in quantity.

To shew that this substitution of molasses and sugar would not be injurious to our own agricultural interests—evidence was adduced, explaining that the utmost quantity of molasses that could, in any one year, be imported—even supposing that this additional encouragement should be held out—was not more than about 500 cwts., a part of which would, as at present, be applied to other purposes, and all that could be used in substitution for foreign barley would not be equivalent to more than about a hundred or a hundred and fifty quarters of that grain.

Now the quantity of foreign barley imported during the last ten years amounts to about a hundred and fifty-five thousand quarters—but as the demand for malting barley is greatly increased since the reduction of the duty on beer, we may in future reckon upon being obliged to buy from foreigners probably ten times that quantity. In fact, from the evidence of Mr. John, and several others, it clearly appears that the British agriculturists have more to fear from encouragement to the growth of foreign barley, than from the importation of this small quantity of molasses, because the repeal of the beer duty, and the consequent increased demand for malting barley, has already attracted the attention of the foreign grower, and he is now not only throwing many thousand acres of land, not before dedicated to agriculture, into barley cultivation, but is actually using every endeavour to raise the quality of that grain so as to rival or supersede English malting barley in the British market:—for instance Bohemian barley from its greater weight, is found equal to, and may, by attention, be made superior to English barley for malting purposes; and so soon as the average price in this country shall attain such a height as to remunerate the foreign grower, barley will be imported into England in such quantities, as may overwhelm, or permanently discourage the English farmer!—It has on the other hand been urged, that by giving the British brewer and distiller the power of using molasses and sugar as a substitute for foreign barley whenever a scarcity of British grain shall render that measure necessary—such an option would effectually discourage foreign competition, because the foreigner, if this power of having recourse to sugar or molasses existed, could no longer safely calculate upon a failing crop of this delicate grain in England; and would, consequently, find it unsafe to risk his capital upon a speculation so hazardous.

Although we have mentioned sugar in conjunction with molasses, yet it seems to be molasses only that the West Indians were desirous might be introduced at the present moment; and even the great porter brewers admit that this measure would have given great facilities to the small brewers, and produced a cheap and wholesome beverage to the public.

Mr. Calvert, M.P. very fairly says, "I think no manufacturer ought to complain of being permitted to use molasses, especially when it is left to his own discretion whether to use it or not. My belief is, that if molasses were allowed in the brewery, it would be used in instances where the grain was very much damaged in harvesting." "I know there is much fear in the trade that molasses would be used as a medium for the conveyance of other ingredients, and thereby enable the fraudulent brewer to undersell the fair trader; I know, also, there are persons who have such fears, that they cannot listen to the recommendation of molasses being used at all. I possess none of these fears; I think, in a very short time, the brewers would use molasses in colouring, instead of burnt malt, which makes no return whatever; molasses, if used, would make a return; and inasmuch as it would lessen the expense of colouring, I think the brewers would find it their interest to use it instead of burnt malt. I should use molasses in the cases I have mentioned, where barley was very much injured, by being badly harvested, and consequently unfit for malting; but, in that case, not in large proportions, on account of its not possessing any flavour of malt, and no mucelage whatever." And again—"there cannot be a doubt but sugar or molasses would make a very much better colouring for

porter than the charred malt now used; and coloured it must be, as long as the public are prejudiced in favour of colour; *I think the charred malt injures the flavour of the beer;* in my opinion, it is not so well flavoured now, as it was when the colouring was made of burnt sugar; I think, if molasses were used instead of burnt malt, the flavour would be better, and the expense less; what we now use is a *caput mortuum*; there is no return in the present colouring; from molasses there would be."—Mr. *Martineau*, of the house of Whitbread and Co., objects to the use of molasses, as being likely to be prejudicial to the great brewers, because "the beer that was brewed from molasses, would clearly, in the general way, be brewed cheaper than from malt, and that, in consequence of the cheapness of it, it would be taken off, or sold in our public-houses, and mingled with that description of beer which we, of course, send out." "There are descriptions of beer, that would be brewed from nothing but molasses. I will take an instance: I should say the table beer, not only through the metropolis, but through the whole kingdom, would be brewed with molasses, and with molasses only." And why not? Is the interest of the public to be sacrificed to that of the great porter brewers?

Being questioned as to the quantity of molasses necessary to make 500,000 barrels of table beer, Mr. Martineau answered—"Not being a table beer brewer myself, I cannot accurately answer that question; but be it more, or be it less, it would be so much more to the advantage of the table beer brewer to make use of molasses, rather than malt, that *it would be from one end of the kingdom to the other universally adopted.* I speak confidently of that." "Upon the whole, are the committee to understand, that you think it would be a very hazardous experiment to the brewery, to admit the introduction of molasses?"—Mr. Martineau: "I would say, certainly, that *it would, in my opinion, be the means of lessening our consumption very much; it would be almost a death-blow to us!*" We think we need scarcely proceed further, to shew cause why the interest of the great brewers is directly opposed to that of the public in this matter. The introduction of molasses would, in fact, enable the small brewers to oppose the twelve great monopolists, by giving them an article which could be readily made into excellent ale, in premises that would not cost the tenth part of the large "plant" or buildings presently necessary for carrying on an extensive trade. In fact, the small brewer would, upon his limited premises, be able to do ten times the business, using sugar, molasses, and hops, or molasses and malt, than at present, when he is confined to malt alone; and, consequently, he would be able to send out a better and cheaper liquor, than that now generally used. The great brewer, on the other hand, alarmed equally for his monopoly, and the value of his immense buildings, will, as is very natural, oppose this matter, however advantageous it may be to the public; and the leading distillers, similarly situated, join him in this self-interested opposition.

With regard to the *quality* of the beer produced from sugar and molasses, or combined with malt, two eminent chemists, Dr. Ure, and Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, speak most decisively in favour of the pure saccharine matter of sugar and molasses. Dr. Thomson, in reply to a question respecting the quality of sugar and molasses, as an ingredient to be used in the making of beer, says—"I have no experience in molasses,

but sugar is a very safe ingredient; I have drank beer made with sugar, and it is very good too."

"Should you think beer made from sugar is more apt to become acid, than beer made from malt?"—"I see no reason why it should."

"Do you know any thing of the keeping quality of beer made from sugar?"—"I believe it keeps just as well as the beer from the other."

Mr. Green, of Bury St. Edmonds, who learned the trade of a brewer in Whitbread's house, tried several experiments with sugar and molasses, in the making of beer. He says, that the flavour of that which was made from molasses was quite as good as that made from malt. "I think," says he, "it could not be distinguished after fermentation had taken place." Mr. Heathorn, of Hammersmith, speaks still more decisively on this subject, both as to quality and capability of being kept. He produced pale ale, made from sugar and molasses, for his own private use, and stated, that he had kept some of it four years; and in reply to a question from the committee, in regard to the quantity of hops requisite, he states—"The quantity depends entirely on how long you intend to keep the beer; if for a twelvemonth, a greater quantity is used than when it is for immediate drink—nearly double." "There is a preservative quality in the hop, that no other ingredient possesses." Mr. McLeod, another experienced brewer, who had many years ago used sugar and molasses, both separately and in conjunction with malt, stated, in reply to a question whether the drinkers of beer approve of the beer brewed from sugar as well as the beer brewed from malt, replied, "there were no complaints whatever," and that beer from sugar *fined* equally well with beer from malt. In short, the evidence, particularly of the two eminent chemists, and all the ale brewers, are decidedly in favour of using sugar and molasses, especially whenever malt is at a high price, or when, from a bad harvest, the quality is inferior; and they say, that they would be most happy to use sugar and molasses, and have no doubt their business would, in that event, be more than doubled.

Another remarkable discovery has been stated in the course of this investigation, namely, that by using dried raw grain, and a little sugar, or molasses, an *excellent* strong beer may be made in private families, equal in strength to London porter—at a fourth part of the price of the latter. Dr. Thomson states that in the course of some experiments, in which he was assisted by three brewers, it struck him "to try whether we could not make beer from raw grain; I made each of those brewers in succession try it; they were extremely unwilling to do it; they said it was absurd and ridiculous; but, however, they tried it, and found to their great astonishment that they not only made beer, but better beer from raw grain than had been made from malt; and after we had done, they set up as brewers, brewed from raw grain, and got all the business of Edinburgh; the consequence was, that the licensed brewers, who brewed from malt, lodged a complaint; an Exchequer trial took place, and the Barons of Exchequer prohibited it, though there was no law." He afterwards states that this beer did not keep so well as beer made from sugar. Mr. Bentley M'Leod being asked "could you brew beer from a mixture of raw grain, and sugar, and molasses?"—"Yes, that would be the cheapest, I think, of any thing." "Do you think that would be a palatable beer?"—"It would." Mr. M'Leod seems, however, to fear that the mash would not drain. These

difficulties have, nevertheless, been obviated; and we know from recent experiment, that this cheap method of making excellent beer is perfectly practicable. It being the direct interest of the great brewers to conceal that, and as we think it of importance that farmers and others who have many home servants and labourers should, in these times of depression, *have* a cheap and nourishing beer, which they evidently cannot obtain from the great monopolists, we give an approved recipe—observing that either larger or smaller quantities may be brewed, only following the same proportions.* Many persons are, however, prejudiced in favour of malt:—If, therefore, *malt*, with sugar or molasses, is preferred, the second recipe will be found to make good ale.† Beer from molasses alone, stronger than London porter, may, it is said, be made for less than four shillings for a quantity of nine gallons.

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* Put 1 peck of barley or of oats into an oven just after baking, or into a frying pan, just to steam off the moisture, and dry it well, but on no account to burn the grain; then grind or bruise it roughly. Boil 2½ gallons of water, and when it has stood ten minutes (say at a heat of 175 degrees, or so hot as to pain the finger sharply), put in the grain; mash it well, and let it stand three hours; then drain it off. Boil 2 gallons more water, which pour on the grains (rather hotter than before, but not boiling, say 196 degrees), and mash them well, let it stand two hours and draw it off; mash the grains again well with 2 gallons of cold water, and in one hour and a half draw it off. The three worts will be about 5 gallons. Then mix 7 lbs. of treacle, or 5 lbs. of the *darkest* sugar, in 5 gallons of water, and boil the whole 10 gallons with 4 oz. of hops, for one hour and a half, taking care to stir it so long as the hops float on the top; let it cool, and when about milk-warm take a good teacupful of yeast, and stir it well together, beginning with about a gallon of the wort at a time; let it ferment for eighteen hours in a tub covered with a sack; put it into a nine-gallon cask, and keep it well filled; bung it up in three days, and in fourteen days it will be good sound fine beer, equal in strength to London porter. The nine gallons of beer thus brewed will cost as follows:—

1 peck of barley	1*s.*	3*d.*
7 lbs. of treacle	1	9
4 oz. of hops	0	3
	3	3: or 1*d.* per pot.

† Boil 8 gallons of water, and when it has stood ten minutes (say 176 degrees), or so hot as to pain the finger sharply, put into it 1 bushel of ground malt; mash it well; let it stand for three hours, and draw it off; pour upon the grains 8 gallons more of boiled water rather hotter than before, but not boiling (say 196), mash it, and let it stand two hours, and draw off; then mash the grains with 8 gallons more water, let it stand one hour and a half, and draw it off; mix 28 lbs. of treacle, or 20 lbs. of the darkest sugar, in 20 gallons of water, and boil the whole together with 2 lbs. of hops for two hours, stirring it so long as the hops float; let it cool, and when about milk-warm mix half a pint of yeast by about 2 gallons at a time, and stir it well; let it ferment for twenty-four hours with a sack over it; then put it into a barrel, keep it well filled up; bung it down in three days; and in three months you will have 36 gallons of good ale at the following price:—

1 bushel of malt	9*s.*	0*d.*
28 lbs. of treacle	7	0
2 lbs. of hops	2	0
	18	0: or 1½*d.* per quart.

Note.—The only risk is, from using the water *too hot*, which will prevent the draining off of the liquor, by *setting* the grain. The dried raw grain will drain better by mixing with it *about a handful of oat-chaff* before the first water; *it will prevent it from setting.* The hops will yield better if they are pretty well damped before they are mixed with the worts. Observe, that you in no case use *boiling* water to the grains.

When we consider the immense sums that are annually spent by the working classes in the purchase of beer, the great benefit which would be conferred, by letting them have a cheap and wholesome beverage, must be quite obvious. The present state of the law prevents the great monopolists, and even the common brewers or victuallers, from supplying this beverage at a low price, although it does not prevent families, however numerous, brewing for their own use with any material they may find most advantageous:—we are therefore strongly impressed with the immense advantages that may be derived from resorting to the good old plan of every family becoming their own brewers, in preference to individually wasting their time and money at beer houses, where they are nine times in ten supplied with a bad or indifferent article, at a comparatively enormous price; and we repeat, that the benevolent will essentially benefit their poorer neighbours by teaching them to adopt the plans pointed out.

With regard to the distilleries, we had formerly occasion to notice* the complete monopoly of their own, and the greater part of the English market, acquired by the Dunlops, and other great Scotch distillers;—who, by some means or other, have hitherto contrived to supply about one half of the corn spirit annually consumed on this side of the Tweed. This circumstance, and their manner of managing *the malt draw-back*, has, we believe, attracted the attention of government, and it is expected, that in future the English and *Irish* distiller will have *something like fair play.* This will not, however, benefit the British West Indian distiller, so long as, by a most unjust and impolitic distinctive duty, he is prohibited almost entirely from vending his rum in the Scotch and Irish markets. The consequence of this most oppressive *extra* duty of six shillings the gallon of rum, is, that while about 15,000,000 gallons of British spirits are consumed in these markets, the total quantity of rum used is only about 170,000 gallons! or about one-ninetieth part of the whole, although it is a more wholesome liquor; and now, when the West Indians ask for the trifling boon, that their molasses may be used in the breweries and distilleries whenever that can be done to advantage and without injuring the British barley grower, the Scotch distillers (for they are the most active,) backed by a few interested landlords, raise the usual outcry, that "the landed interest is in danger, and if you admit the use of molasses in the breweries and distilleries, you are ruined,"—although it is shewn that the utmost quantity will not be more than equal to some 100,000 or 120,000 quarters of foreign barley, or not more than a tenth part of the average annual importation of *foreign* grain during the last ten years! It is not, however, to benefit the landed interest, or the people either, that these *spirituals* are seen poking their noses into every corner and cranny of the two houses of parliament, neither do we blame them for their exertions to maintain their own monopoly—no, it is the landed interest and the legislature which are blameable, for listening to these individuals, instead of studying, and firmly pursuing, that line of policy which is for the *general* benefit.

Mr. George Dunlop, one of the large Scotch distillers, being asked to state whether he objects to such an arrangement of the duty as would practically admit of the introduction of molasses into the distillery, replies—"Most decidedly. Beside our distillery, we have large farms,

* *Vide* the *Monthly Magazine* for June, 1830, (Vol. IX. No. 54.)

and feed a great deal of cattle, both at the farms and the distillery; and if molasses were to be substituted for corn, it would be ruinous to *us* as farmers. We could not feed cattle, and, therefore, we could not get dung for our farms." So!—in order that one or two Scotch distillers may have dung for their farms, the people of England are to be poisoned by a coarse spirit, made sometimes, as Mr. Dunlop confesses, from coarse "foreign grain, oats, pease, beans, and buck wheat!" But the real objection comes afterwards:—"if they (molasses) were introduced, there might be an advantage given to one over another, and I have a distillery fitted up for corn at a great expence, which would be obliged to be altered; and if another man is to come on, merely setting up a washing tub to dissolve sugar in, and so on, *a great part of the capital there sunk in my distillery would be rendered useless,*"—and so it is with the whole of them: the small distiller, who might, with the aid of a new material, make a better and cheaper spirit, must be discouraged, in order that the large distillers may enjoy a benefit prejudicial to the public.

Mr. Archibald Dunlop grounds his objections to molasses on nearly the same grounds, viz.—"insecurity to the revenue, (!) the *diminution in the value of my premises,* proportioned to the limitation of their use, and my own local situation," "*the waste of my premises,*" &c. He states that the quality of spirits made from molasses in 1800 was "exceedingly bad, and universally disliked." Now we happen to know, that though at the first introduction of molasses spirits in Scotland, there was a prejudice against that kind of liquor, yet that when once known, it was universally admitted to be a much "cleaner" or purer spirit than grain whiskey, and that the public became so much attached to it, that it was difficult, in the return to a grain distillation, to bring grain spirits again into common use: and some of the gentlemen who heard Mr. Dunlop give his evidence, could in that respect have flatly contradicted him! Dr. Ure, who has paid particular attention to the subject, expressly states, in reference to the result of recent experiments with grain and molasses, "that molasses would be far less productive of the nauseous butyraceous oil (the poison already mentioned,) than grain whiskey; for in the experiment I made with Mr. Atlee's wash (grain,) I was very much troubled with that oil, but in the present case (molasses) I have observed *none of it.*"

All this seems, however, to be considered as nothing. The health, comfort, and prosperity, of the middling and lower classes must not be put in competition with the interests of a few great monopolists, and the political support of a few ignorant and interested members of the landed interest, who are influenced by them! John Bull may grumble, and make faces; but unless he has sufficient spirit to "brew for himself," he must continue to swallow any poisonous stuff they choose to give him; for being at all times rather hydrophobious, and horribly afraid, at the present moment, of cholera morbus,—he must, at whatever risk, have something better than water to drink.

The leading brewers and distillers are endeavouring, by the most ingenious tergiversation, to frighten ministers and the landed interest into the belief, that by admitting a small quantity of molasses into the breweries, to displace an equal quantity of foreign barley, not only the agriculturists, but the revenue will be endangered. We should like to know, how much some of the Scotch distillers, whom we could name,

have profited by defrauding the revenue; and how, after they have, by a compromise, escaped public exposure?

With regard to any concern the distressed and ill-used West Indians may have in the discussion of this question,—we fear their interests will, as usual, be treated as mere dust in the balance. A committee has, indeed, been appointed to examine into the causes of the distress, with a view to a remedy; but, as already stated, we fear that as long as there is no master *mind* in the cabinet, capable of understanding and adjusting these important matters, so as to have justice done to all parties,—the West Indians must continue to regard a total separation from the mother country as the only means of preserving their lives, and the residue of their once extensive and valuable property. A reprieve is of no use after execution has taken place; and if these colonies once escape our grasp, it will be too late to recover them or to repair the injustice with which they are now treated: their loss to the mother country will be irreparable!

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

If there is one thing in the world that I love more than another it is quiet. My father, never once thinking of consulting my disposition, put me at thirteen years old into the Honourable East India Company's service as a *middy*. The very first night that I spent on board I nearly died of the noise; and though I afterwards "followed the sea," as the saying is, for more than twenty years, I never was able to reconcile myself to the intolerable clatter that seemed to me to be the eternal destiny of a seaman's life. After I had duly waded through all the various subaltern ranks, I at length arrived at that of captain; but even that scarcely afforded any better refuge from noise and flurry. It was true that I could keep the men at a distance from my cabin, and that under one excuse or another I could pretty well avoid giving audiences to the officers; but still there was the general turmoil of the ship for ever howling in my ears:—the rude dashing of the waves against the side of the vessel, and the loud sulky whistling of the wind, with its orchestral accompaniment of creaking timbers, whizzing cordage, and quivering sails, were endless to my unfortunate aural nervousness, and as intolerable as endless.

Just as I was about to commence my second voyage as captain, my father died, and as I was his only son, I found myself placed by that circumstance in a situation of considerable affluence. My resolution was soon taken: I sent in my resignation to the Company, and determined that nothing should ever again inflict on me the unbearable hubbub of a life upon the sea. The only portion of this transaction that gave me any pain was the taking leave of my officers and crew: I believe I may say, without vanity, that I had always been a prodigious favourite with all, whether as their messmate or their superior; and for such a quiet man as myself, it required no little struggle to muster sufficient resolution to bid them an eternal farewell. But if this was my feeling in general, it was still more strongly particularized in the instance of my old shipmate, Jack Howden. Jack and I had begun our seafaring life together, within half-a-dozen days of each other, and though I had reached the rank of captain while he was only second mate, I sincerely felt that it was no

superior merit on my part that had so elevated me above him, but merely a more than usual share of that worldly influence which my father, from his long connection with the Company, possessed. Jack and I, therefore, though our march of rank had gone on, *haud passibus æquis*, had always been sworn friends. Gallant, bustling, and jolly, he was in his outward bearing a strange contrast to my subdued manner; but still there was something congenial in the condition of our minds which always kept us together, though I had now and then to complain that he was somewhat too noisy for my taste. The sincerity of our sorrow at parting was honest and real, such as a sailor's ought to be; and I could not tear myself away from him till I had made him promise, over and over again, to pay me a visit at my country-house—one which, conjointly with a pretty estate, my father had some years before purchased in the immediate neighbourhood of the little borough of Eye, in Suffolk.

At length, then, I was quit of the noisiness of a sailor's life, and at liberty to direct my steps which way I would. For a while I tried London, being chiefly tempted thereto by the persuasions of my only sister, who had been left a widow with two daughters very shortly after her marriage, and who had made it a point, even against the solicitations of her father, to continue in the metropolis for the purpose of furthering the education of her girls.

At first, glad to escape the watery tumult that had beset me all my life, I almost persuaded myself that London was a quiet place; and with the idea of settling in it I enlisted myself in a club,—got myself made a fellow of the Royal Society,—and bought a renter's share of Drury-lane, for the purpose of securing a free admission to the theatre. But I very soon began to make the discovery that after all London was only quiet as compared with the uproar of an Indiaman, and that *per se* there fell to its lot a pretty considerable quantity of disturbance. As soon as I had fully made up my mind to this conclusion, I determined to try my country seat at Eye; and then again there was another leave-taking to go through, and, as may well be supposed, a much more noisy one than the first, as in this case I had to deal with my sister and two nieces, instead of a set of heroes, who had been too much tossed and tumbled about the world to allow their eyes to twinkle, however much their hearts might quiver. At length, however, after two or three floods of tears, I was allowed to tear myself away, and to proceed on my solitary journey to Eye, with a promise that as soon as the summer came round I should be joined there by my weeping relations. That promise, alas, was never performed in full. My poor sister, a month or two after I quitted London, died suddenly, and bequeathed her two daughters to my care. The girls, who felt their mother's death most severely, were glad enough to get away from the metropolis, and take refuge in my quiet country seat, where after a while they became so domesticated, that it seemed as if London was equally forgotten by us all, and as if I had grafted upon their feminine spirits that same love of peace and tranquillity, with which I myself was so deeply imbued.

Thus for a year or two we lived in that happy serenity which constitutes the great charm of a country life, and thus might we for ever have continued but for a little incident, which, though I hope it has blown over without any detriment, threatened at one time to disturb my peace and repose in the most unceremonious manner, and which, as a lover of my species, I think it right to relate, that I may, if possible,

warn others of the rock a-head, on which my little vessel of quiet was very nearly lost.

In all respectable peaceable country dwellings (and I state this for the benefit of my town readers), and especially in those where a superior love of good order prevails, the inhabitants make it a rule of being in bed by ten o'clock. After this, I need not add that the established law of our domicile at Eye is in favour of the same hour for retiring to rest. Thus much premised, I may go on with my story.

It was about twelve o'clock one night, after having retired to bed at my usual hour, that I was roused from my first slumber, by a pretty smart knocking at the door. Sailor-like, my sleep was never much sounder than a cat's, but still though I heard the first appeal to the knocker, I could hardly believe my senses, that anybody should be beating at the gate at such an hour, and I therefore laid still in my bed, awaiting a confirmation of the circumstance; it soon came—double-distilled, as they say of lavender water—and I then, with some hurried thoughts about fire, thieves, and I knew not what, started up with the intention of reaching the window, to ascertain what it was all about; but even before I could go so far on my voyage of discovery, the third summons resounded in my ears, and I responded thereto, by giving a fillip to my alarum-bell, which laid at hand, and which presently made the whole household as wakeful as myself.

"For Heaven's sake, Susy," cried I to the maid, as I heard her clattering along the stairs, "what is the matter? Is there any danger?"

"Danger, Sir!" quoth the wench, "it is quite certain!—he's come, and says that he must see you immediately."

"Who is come?"

"That is just what he will not tell. I asked him to send up his name, but all he would say in answer, was—'Go, and tell Captain Burton, that I am here; and he'll know who you mean.'"

Now this was prodigiously puzzling to a man who had not been expecting a living soul at the hall for many a-day; and I was no more able to guess who this well-known person could be, than the reason that had induced him, in violation of all the rules of quiet and tranquillity, to make his appearance at so unconscionable an hour. However, with some curiosity to prompt me, and with still more discontent at the ill-omened commencement of the adventure, I proceeded down stairs to ascertain who the unceremonious visitor might be; while Susy, in her zeal for her master, marched behind me with a rushlight in one hand, and a sword in the other, pretty nearly as long as a serjeant's pike-staff.

When I arrived in the library, I found a man standing near the table, muffled up in a dark cloak of awful dimensions, while one solitary kitchen candle gave a sort of darkness visible to his extensive figure, still more extended by the huge mantle that fell over his shoulders and enveloped his person. There was really something quite Abruzzi-ish in the whole affair, and I think I never made any one so grave a bow, as that with which I marked his presence, on my entering the room.

"Whom may I have the honour of addressing?" quoth I, a little stiffly.

No immediate answer was afforded; but the new-comer prepared himself for one, by striding up to the spot where I was standing, while Susy, who began to think in right-earnest, that a battle was on the eve

of commencing, stole up on the other side, and gave my morning gown, which I had hastily thrown on, a vigorous tug, either as a notice to be on my guard, or as a warning to retreat in time. Before, however, I had an opportunity for either the one or the other, he whom I had questioned, placed his mouth close to my ear, and whispered in a well-remembered voice—"Jack Howden!—send young sauce-box away—and mum!"

Half the mystery was thus in a moment explained, though as to the other half, I could not for the life of me conceive what had brought my old ship-mate to the hall at so uncouth an hour. However, after thrusting my hand into the hard paw extended by my friend, and giving it a hearty though silent shake, I obeyed his instructions, and dismissed Susy, as much for my own sake as his, for I was not a little anxious to have the matter elucidated.

"My dear Jack," cried I, as soon as she was gone,—"welcome, welcome, ten thousand times. I suppose you knew the pleasure this visit would give me, and determined to heighten it by taking me by surprise; if so, you have succeeded to a miracle."

"Captain Tom Burton," cried my friend, "I can see by your manner, that I have been a little out of order; and egad, now I think of it, order and quiet are every thing with you! But let this satisfy you, Tom: I knew, that come what hour I might, I should be welcome!"

Another hearty and reciprocal shake of the hand between us proved that though we had been separated for two or three years, the cordiality of our friendship had lost nothing by absence.

But though the mystery of Jack's arrival at past twelve o'clock was at the time beyond my calculation, it admitted of an easy, though not very agreeable solution. From his account it appeared, that just before he had started on his last voyage for China, he had been pressed by an old acquaintance of his, to be a guarantee for him to a considerable amount to another person, who was a sort of mutual friend, and who, as he then believed, would never press him to an inconvenience, even though the guarantee should be unable to meet the demand against him. Jack, however, had reckoned without his host, and scarcely had he returned, when he was informed by his creditor, that the guaranteed had disappeared, shortly after his departure for the east, without leaving any assets, and that the guarantee was consequently counted on. Jack made not a few wry faces at this announcement, but after venting his choler, he actually paid the sum of £1500 on his bond of indemnity, congratulating himself, that although it was almost a larger sum than he could well muster with all the earnings of his long sea-faring life, it was a comfortable thing after all to be free from debts, and that it might so happen, that his friend would some day or other return and repay the amount. But Jack was again without his host; no sooner had he paid the £1500 on the bond of indemnity, than his creditor acquainted him, that there was likewise an I. O. U. which he held of his, for £1000 additional, and on which it was his intention to proceed, if not immediately settled. It was in vain, that Jack reminded Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, that that I. O. U. had only been given on a contingency that had not yet happened, and that the very fact of its being merely an I. O. U., instead of a strict legal document, proved the doubtful grounds on which it had been given. Gorgle was inexorable, and gave my friend notice,

that if the amount was not paid within three days, he must put the business into his lawyer's hands. Jack, though he hated the name of a lawyer worse than six-years-old junk, made up his mind not to pay the demand, for two reasons: first, because it was not justly due under any pretence; and secondly, because he had not the means wherewith to pay it. The word "lawyer," however, had shaken his nerves, which against a cannon-ball would have been immoveable; and not knowing what might be the consequence, if he should be arrested, he determined to run for it, and play at hide and seek, till his ship should again be ready to sail. But where was he to conceal himself? He had left himself well nigh pennyless by paying £1500, of the value of which he had never received one farthing; and by his creditor having previously been to a certain extent an associate of his, he was unfortunately acquainted with most of Jack's haunts, so as to know where to look for him, when the alarm of his retreat should be given. Under these circumstances, Jack remembered the invitation that I had given him to pay a visit to the hall, at Eye; and though he could not absolutely promise himself, that Mr. Nathaniel Gorgle, the inexorable, should not trace him thither, still it appeared to be the best chance of escape that presented itself to his observation.

"Besides," cried he, after having narrated all these circumstances, "I have another scheme for misleading him; and that, to tell you the truth, was why I would not trust your servant with my name. I have been thinking that you can pass me off here by some fictitious cognomen, and put me into another line of life into the bargain; so that, should inquiry be made in this quarter, it may be blunted by hearing that you have neither a Howden nor a sailor with you."

"Admirably thought of," cried I, "and the name, at all events, may be managed easily enough. Suppose we christen you after our old shipmate, Holland: I am sure that if he were here, he would lend you his name, and much more, with all his soul. But how about your new vocation?"

"Why, that is rather a puzzle. In the first place, it must not be any thing mechanical, for I don't know Scotch granite from Bath stone—a turning lathe from a steam engine—or a loom from a shuttle; so that if any one asked me a question on one of these subjects, I should be posed in a twinkling."

"But do you fancy you would be any better off with one of the learned professions at your back?"

"Worse, Tom, worse," cried the newly-christened Mr. Holland; "if any one was to call me a lawyer, I should be ready to knock him down; and as to a physician, I don't even know where the pulse lies."

"What do you say to being a doctor of divinity?"

"Lord bless you," cried Jack, "a 'damme'e' would slip out in the first half hour, and ruin the whole. The only thing that I can think of is, that you should pass me off as a man of letters."

"A what!" cried I astounded; "why I don't think that you ever read three books in your life."

"There is some truth in that; but then it opens a wider field for originality. Besides, you cannot forget, that I always had the reputation of keeping the best log in the whole ship. Let me tell you, that can't be done without some knowledge of letters. I like the man of

letters, too, because it is more general than any thing else. Do you stand up stoutly for my reputation, and then, if I should prove ignorant here or there, it will only be thought that my vein has not yet been discovered, and that I am like a mine that has not yet been successfully worked."

Though I could not help laughing mightily at my friend's notion of passing himself off as a literary man, I promised to give him my best support; and, that point settled, Susy was again summoned to get ready the spare bed-room, which being prepared, we bade each other farewell for the night.

As I again laid myself down on my pillow, I could not help sighing at the recollection of the unceremonious manner in which my peace had that night been disturbed. Jack Howden was a good fellow—an admirable fellow—a kind-hearted fellow; but, alas, he was also a noisy fellow. His burly sailor voice was still ringing in my ears, and I went to sleep with sad foreboding that the knell of the tranquillity of the hall had been sounded in that ominous rap, that at past twelve o'clock had aroused me from my repose.

The melancholy foretelling of my spirit was but too true. The next day the hall wore quite a different aspect. Half an hour served to introduce the frank-hearted sailor to my nieces, Fanny and Kate. Young girls have light hearts; and in another half hour there was more giggling, laughing, smiling, and romping, than the old hall had witnessed during the whole of the previous time that I had occupied it. Still I contrived to bear up against my misfortune pretty well. Jack was an old friend, and I was willing to suffer a little for his sake. But when he got to his practical jests, my patience was put to a severe trial: —a pound's-worth of crockery was nothing in his eyes compared to a hearty laugh; and the fracture of one of my best mahogany chairs seemed with him to be justified, if it was but accompanied with the cracking of one of his superlative jokes.

But "bad begins, and worse remains behind." If there is any point on which I am peculiarly sensitive, it is that of keeping up a right understanding with my neighbours. This is sufficiently necessary in London; but in the country, where every body knows every body, it is absolutely indispensable; and the thing, of all others, that has always most flattered me, when it reached my ears, was, "Well, I must say, Captain Burton, of the hall, is a man that every body must like."

How it got about I can't imagine; but, nevertheless, there is no denying that, before Jack had been with me a week, every one in Eye was aware that there was a most eminent man of letters sojourning at the hall. I did all in my power to keep the lion to myself, and for a while I succeeded; but at last the fatal moment of trial came, for to resist such a note as this was impossible, especially as it was from a lady, who, by dint of wealth, scandal, and bluishness, had contrived to be sovereign queen of Eye for the last twenty years.

"Mrs. Bluebusk presents her compliments to Captain Burton, and "requests the favour of his and his nieces' company to a *soirée*, on Wed-"nesday evening. Mrs. Bluebusk, being told that a gentleman very "high in the literary world is on a visit at the hall, hopes that the "captain will so far overlook ceremony, as to bring him with him, as

"the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with a man of letters is the "richest pleasure that Mrs. Bluebusk knows."

From this there was no retreat. The girls were delighted at the thought of hearing their literary friend extinguish Mrs. Bluebusk, who in her time had extinguished so many smaller wits, and thus collecting for himself honours everlasting, on the principle on which Harry Monmouth, according to Shakspeare, proposed to appropriate to himself the accumulated laurels of Hotspur; and though the literary gentleman himself did not much relish the invitation, I could devise no mode of escape, unless he was willing altogether to resign his Eye retreat.

"Well, Tom," said he, "if it must be, it must; but, for Heaven's sake, stand by me in the attack, for I never was superlatively given to reading."

"Don't trust to your reading," cried I.

"I don't intend," said he.

"Psha! I mean—instead of trusting to your reading, draw liberally on your invention; and keep up your brow, as if you meant something."

"Well, we shall see," quoth Jack, in a somewhat melancholy tone; "but I should not wonder if the old lady sank me."

Wednesday night came, and we proceeded in a body to the abode of Mrs. Bluebusk. There we found assembled some score of the *elite* of the place and neighbourhood, for our hostess had gone beyond herself in inviting all she knew, that they might be witnesses of her "half an hour's conversation with a man of letters, which was the richest pleasure that Mrs. Bluebusk knew."

Scarcely was the first introduction over, ere the lady commenced her attack upon poor Jack—or, as I had been obliged to introduce him—upon Mr. Holland, the man of letters. I trembled every moment for my friend, and yet was delighted to see that he acquitted himself with much greater readiness than I had dared to hope. But still his peril seemed as if it never would end. Mrs. Bluebusk appeared to be a lineal descendant of Antæus of old; every time she was rebuffed, she returned with fresh vigour to the charge; and my poor friend looked round him in vain for an opportunity of escaping.

"Really," quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, "your sentiments as to Chaucer are very extraordinary, and I should like to have another opportunity of talking the matter over with you."

"That is just my feeling, Ma'am," cried Jack; "I think we had better leave the subject alone for the present."

"Well, then, let us choose another topic."

"With all my soul, ma'am."

"What say you to the Milton tribe?" asked the lady.

"Lord love you," cried Jack, quite briskly, "they are not to be compared to the natives."

"Jack!" whispered I, in a tone of remonstrance, wondering where the deuce he had got to. But I had no time.

"Natives!" cried our hostess—"was not Milton a native?"

"Ma'am," exclaimed Jack, suspicious of a blunder, "I thought native oysters came from Colchester, and that the Miltons were a distinct breed. But, probably, you know more than I do about oyster-beds."

"Sir!" quoth Mrs. Bluebusk, with a sort of petrifying accent, "I was speaking of the poet."

"Oh—ah—the poet!—and a very poor poet, too, ma'am, in my opinion."

"Jack!" again whispered my warning voice—but in vain.

"Milton a poor poet, sir!" exclaimed the Blue; "he is the 'god of my idolatry.' Pray what part of him do you object to?"

"What part of him?" muttered Jack to himself—"why, now she must be gone back to the oysters again;" and, having thus reassured himself, he exclaimed—"The beard, ma'am."

"My dear sir," quoth his hostess, "what has that to do with Milton's poetry? though, perhaps, you may be thinking of Samson Agonistes, and object to the lines—

> 'Then turned me out, ridiculous, despoiled,
> *Shaven*, and disarmed among my enemies.'"

"Very true, ma'am," cried Jack, catching at every straw; "it is his ridiculous poetry to which I object. Perhaps Milton borrowed his idea from

> 'This is the priest, all shaven and shorn.'

I think the passage is to be found in 'The House that Jack built.'"

"You are building a pretty house, Master Jack," whispered I, in a thousand trepidations. But this time luck was on our side.

"I am afraid, Mr. Holland," cried *la* Bluebusk, "you are willing to raise a laugh against my enthusiasm in behalf of Milton. Perhaps some day you will run through his poems with me, and point out his failings. But, pray, if you set your face against Milton, what poet do you recommend for sublimity?"

"Shakspeare, Jack," whispered I; but I was too late.

"Why, Falconer, to be sure, ma'am," cried he in a moment;—"did you never read his 'Shipwreck?'"

"Certainly, Mr. Holland."

"Hip—hip—hurrah!" roared Jack, with a smile on his face for the first time:—"so have I; and now we *can* talk together a bit. Do you remember his whistling wind, and creaking cordage—his mast overboard, and his haul on the jib? Damme'e, ma'am, that's something like poetry!"

"Really, Captain Burton," said Mrs. Bluebusk, "your friend has a most extraordinary taste; I am afraid that you must have bitten him with your sea-knowledge. I always understood that Falconer ranked as a fifth-rate writer."

"Fifth rate!" quoth Jack, indignantly—"no such thing; he is a right-down first-rate man-of-war, stem and stern, with sails full set, and three tiers of guns in his broadside."

"Well, on your recommendation, I will read him again," cried Mrs. Bluebusk, half persuaded. "In the mean time, let us pass on to Shakspeare."

"Scuttled again!" murmured Jack; while I did this time find an opportunity of whispering in his ear, "You must praise Shakspeare, blow high, blow low." Jack gave me a nod and a wink, in friendly intimation of having heard and appreciated my advice.

"Well, Mr. Holland, what do you say to Shakspeare?" demanded our pertinacious hostess.

"Say, ma'am!—why I say, as you said of the native Miltons: he's the god of my—of my—he's the god of my high-holiday."

"Good Heavens! Mr. Holland, you surely can't defend his absurdities!"

Jack gave me a piteous look, as much as to say, "What ship a-hoy!" and then, with a desperate plunge, he exclaimed—"Yes, damme'e, ma'am, absurdities and all. I don't know but what his absurdities are the best part of him."

"What, sir, his witches?"

"Who calls witches absurdities?" quoth my friend, a little warmly. "To be sure they aren't flesh and blood; but they are very honest folks in their way, and God forbid that I should say a word against them!"

"Lord, Mr. Holland," cried our hostess's toady, "do you believe in witches?"

"What do you mean by 'believe?'" replied Jack: "I mean to say I've seen 'em—sometimes in the main shrouds—sometimes between the upper sheets."

"Witches in shrouds are certainly in character," remarked Mrs. Bluebusk; "but how they get between the sheets is a little incomprehensible."

"Well, then, damme'e, ma'am," cried Jack, somewhat nettled at her want of faith, "it is still more incomprehensible how you are to get at the upper sheets without the shrouds."

"Why, I protest, Mr. Holland, you are quite a Johnsonian," answered the lady; "you not only believe in witches, but use all his hard-worded incongruities to puzzle your adversaries. Pray, are you ready to go the length of his sesquipedalian lucubrations?"

"Whew!" whistled the astounded Jack: "I'll go the length of my own tether, ma'am, with anybody; but as to Sess's-queer-puddling, I leave that to my betters."

Mrs. Bluebusk stared; but nothing could make her resign. "At all events," cried she, "you can have no objection to defend your favourite Shakspeare by explaining one of his witch scenes, which, to my poor ability, I must confess is absolute nonsense.—Miss Stibbs, my dear, have the kindness to fetch Macbeth."

Away toddled toady; while Jack employed the interval in wiping the thick-set perspiration from his forehead, and muttering to himself something, the only words of which that I could hear, were "she-shark! —Shakspeare—Macbeth!—who the devil are they?"

"Now let us take this scene, Mr. Holland," cried his persecutrix, armed with the sixth volume of Shakspeare. "Here, sir, this.—Pray don't turn away!—The third scene of the first act.—If you will but explain the first ten lines, I shall be satisfied."

Jack, who had well nigh made up his mind to have a run for it when Shakspeare was produced, thought that, for the sake of his reputation, ten lines might be ventured on; and he, therefore, took the book from her.

"Where am I to begin, ma'am?"

"There, if you please, sir—'Enter the three Witches.'"

"Yes, ma'am: but, upon my word, you seem to read as well as I do.

If you don't understand it now, I really doubt whether you will a bit the more, though I should read all night."

"Ah! Mr. Holland, that is your modesty!—Now, pray begin."

Jack gave me a horrible look, as if he was just entering into the last agonies; and then in a sepulchral tone proceeded.—"'1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?'—Come, that is pretty clear, however. Now you see, ma'am, supposing I was an old woman, and was to say to you,—'where hast thou been, sister?'—do you mean to say you would not understand me?"

Mrs. Bluebusk, who was at that doubtful age which the owner calls young, and the rest of the world calls old, bridled up at the illustration, as she exclaimed, "Oh! I understand that, sir, of course."

"To be sure—I knew you must," cried Jack, triumphantly.—"'2 *Witch.* Killing swine.'"

"Ah, what does that mean?" interrupted the hostess.

"Why, this is clearer than t'other. It comes from the Chinese. When I was at Canton, there was a grand dispute about the way in which pigs ought to be killed. Some were for sticking—others for hanging—and a third party for the knock-me-down bullock fashion. Now I take it, this witch is a disputaceous lady—these thundering old women often are—and she starts the subject 'killing swine,' for the purpose of chopping a bit of logic with her sisters."

"Well, I protest that never struck me before," exclaimed Mrs. Bluebusk.—"What comes next?"

"'3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?'—Now, you see, this third witch is a quiet, peaceable soul; and, instead of accepting the challenge, she tries to turn the conversation another way. Suppose we do the same, ma'am."

"No, really," cried the lady; "I cannot consent; your observations are so truly original!—What comes next?"

'"1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap.'"

"Why 'chestnuts,' Mr. Holland?"

"Clear again, ma'am. The author's object is to take us back to primitive society. Acorns first, and then chestnuts! You observe how ingeniously he has managed it.—I admit, however, that it would have been more natural, if he had added in a note, 'Let me advise my readers never to eat the husks.'

> 'A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
> And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.'

Now that is full of nature again. He means to signify that the good wife had lost her teeth; and how expressive is 'mouncht' of the way in which old, toothless dames get through their victuals! Perhaps you will ring the bell, ma'am, and let us see you eat a crust. Of all things in the world, I like practical illustrations."

"That you do, Jack," cried I, with a sigh; while a fleeting vision of crockery and broken furniture swam before my eyes.

"'Give me, quoth I,'" continued Jack, reading.—"No one, I presume, will dispute the nature of that.—'Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.'"

"Ah! now, that is what I want to know. What is the meaning of 'aroint?'"

"Lord, ma'am, can you doubt that for a moment," answered Jack;

"just look back to the line before—'and mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht.' There, you see: she does not mounch once, or twice, but three times. Why, then, of course, she must have her mouth pretty tolerably full; and being in a hurry to answer the applicant, how beautifully expressive of an indistinct palate pronunciation is the word 'Aroint.' We really must have the slice of bread up to illustrate all this: and see how the picture is carried on—'the rump-fed ronyon cries.' That shews her good living, and accounts for her being always mounching: she had just dined off rump-steak pudding, and was making her dessert on chestnuts. 'Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the Tyger,'—Now, this you see ——"

"Oh, come, Mr. Holland, I fancy that I need not trouble you to explain that. Here is my nephew, who has been two years midshipman in a king's ship, and I presume he must know a little more about sea matters than you."

Jack, with high indignation in his look, surveyed the young whipper-snapper, who had been thus unceremoniously put over his old seafaring head, and vehemently exclaimed "Phoo! phoo!" which was about as much contempt as he thought it became him to condescend to express; and having thus vented his spleen, he continued—

"'But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.'

'And like a rat without a tail,'—that line's fine, ma'am, very fine."

"Yes, Sir, but what may it mean?"

"Mean!" echoed Jack: "now that is as cruel a question as I ever heard. I point out to you a fine line, and then you ask me what it means; just as if you can expect a thing to be fine, and have meaning too!"

"And what say you to the last line you have read?"

"'I'll do, I'll do, I'll do!' why, ma'am, I say this,—upon my soul I can't do any more," and without further ceremony he bounced out of the room, whispering me as he passed, "I'll tell you what, Captain Tom, the old lady has run me regularly dry, so I'm off to the Bee, to get a double allowance of grog."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked after him as he sailed along, and then turning to me, cried, "Upon my word, your friend is a very extraordinary gentleman; but it is easy to perceive that his genius is of the first-rate order, and that entitles him, of course, to be eccentric."

I signified my assent to the proposition by a silent bow, at the same time inwardly congratulating myself that matters had passed off so well. After this, the conversation gradually extended into general subjects, when it was suddenly interrupted by a loud bustle on the stairs, which attracted every body's attention; and a minute after, two brawny, top-booted fellows strode into the apartment.

"What may you be pleased to want here?" demanded Mrs. Bluebusk at the top of her voice.

"Oh, Ma'am, no offence to you," replied one of the fellows, "but there is a gentleman here whom we want. We are London bailiffs, backed with the Suffolk sheriff's writ to arrest one Mr. John Howden, *alias* Holland (as we hear he is called in these parts,) for £1000, at the suit of Nicholas Gorgle."

Mrs. Bluebusk looked at me, with a thousand thunders in her eye. As for me, I was all trepidation. Farewell all peace—farewell all tranquillity, after Mrs. Bluebusk's *sanctum* had been violated by bailiffs in search of a person whom I had introduced.

At length the storm burst forth—"Captain Burton," exclaimed she, "I am astonished at your placing me in such a situation. I have every respect for literary men, and as such feel towards Mr. Howden."

"Lord love you, ma'am," cried the London bailiff, "what do you mean by a literary man? Mr. Howden is none of that sort, and I ought to know, for I have had most of the literary men in England in my custody, at one time or another. This here defendant is an old East Indian sailor, and, I'll be sworn, never read a book in his life, unless, perhaps, it was his own log, or Falconer's Shipwreck."

"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed the Toady.

"Falconer's Shipwreck!" screamed Mrs. Bluebusk:—"that accounts for it, then! Captain Burton, how dare you tell me that your friend was a man of letters?"

At that moment the servant entered, and put a note into my hand. I saw in an instant that it was written by Jack. I opened it—glanced at its contents—while Mrs. Bluebusk exclaimed "Don't read that imposter's scrawl; but tell me, Sir, how you dared to pass him off to me as a man of letters?"

"A man of letters, ma'am," cried I, "listen to this note, and then tell me if he is not a man of letters."

"To A. T. B., Esq., F. R. S., &c.

"Bee, Eye, Sept. 2,—10, p. m., A. D. 1831.

"Dear T.—Tell Mrs. B., though I've drunk her tea, and our thoughts "so gee, I cannot come back p. p. c., because D. I. O. with the scent "of a bailiff at my heels. This is a word in the Q. E. D. That rascal "N. G., who holds my I. O. U., has traced me to Eye with a *ca. sa.*

"Your's most literally, J. W. H."

"P. S.—Remember me to F. and K., and beg them not to put an "R. after my name, though for the present I am Q in the corner."

The bailiffs, when they heard it, were off like a shot. Mrs. Bluebusk, when she heard it, thought that a better case had been made out than could have been expected; upon which, Miss Tibbs thought so too. My nieces, Fanny and Kate, when they heard it, shed a tear a-piece for honest Jack's misfortune; and, lest my readers should do the same, let me add, that I have just received news that the friend whom he guaranteed has just returned *nummi plenus*, and released from all his pecuniary difficulties this newly-dubbed "man of letters."

G.

THE SYCOPHANT.

Bearfoot Hall, January 18—.

My dear Brother.—You were certainly very considerate in offering to provide for one of my boys in your *own line;* you meant it kindly, I know, and I thank you. And yet I think I should hardly have intruded my second son, Winterton, on your protection, were it not that he has already manifested in so many various ways the disposition of a courtier, that, faith, I suspect he can never be an honest man.

You see, brother, I am unchanged; the worthy representative of those (with one exception) unbaroneted Bears, who, ever since the days of the fifth Henry, have been ready and willing to shew and use their tusks. My other son is a chip of the old block; but Winterton resembles *you* in person as well as in mind: and I never witness the graceful bow which he makes when Lord C. pays us a visit, without thinking of the congeé with which you never failed to salute the provost at Cambridge; while your artless elder brother paid his respects so awkwardly, that he excited the ridicule, and he used to fancy, the contempt of professors and students. Well! in this old weather-beaten hall, I will venture to assert that I have been as happy as you, with the smiles of your king (God bless him) beaming on you, and the applause of a parcel of sycophants ringing in your ears.

When Winterton has been with you a few months, perhaps you will be able to write and tell me if he is likely to make a figure in your world. If he *is* to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones; and I should like my boy to make the best of it, at all events. Perhaps you may be able to come down to us sometime during the shooting season; you will hardly know the girls, they are so much improved.

My dear Basil,

To the Right Hon. Your affectionate brother,
Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot. Harold Bearfoot.

The baronet to whom this note was addressed, received it about two o'clock on the afternoon of a winter's day, in his library—a small and silent room, where no light was admitted except through a painted oriel window, opening into St. James's park. A servant in a rich livery presented it to him, upon a chased gold salver, and then stood back, evidently waiting to deliver a message. Sir Basil, after casting his eye over the letter, looked up.

"The young gentleman who brought that letter, sir?"—

"Let him be shewn an apartment; he is my nephew."

"And the messenger from Whitehall, sir?"—

"Must wait."

"Mr. Granville is below, sir."

"Let him call to-morrow, at twelve."

"There is a person from the city—a clerk of ——"

"I know; let him also call to-morrow, and tell every one that I am particularly engaged. I shall not want the carriage till four o'clock." The servant bowed and withdrew.

Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot was a slight and worn-looking man, of it might be forty or even fifty, for care had suffered no traces but its own to remain on his aristocratic features; his mouth when in repose was

firm and severe, but when he smiled, there was something so ineffably sweet in its character, that you forgot the statesman, and looked only upon a kind and benevolent friend. His forehead was high and expansive, and the eyes which sheltered beneath his very shaggy and rugged brows, were quick and even restless in action and expression. He read over his brother's letter without betraying any emotion, at least, none that would have excited the attention of an ordinary observer. Again he cast his eye upon the opening paragraph, and commented thus upon the epistle, leaning back in the chaise-longue, and placing his feet on a small ottoman that stood directly before the fire:—

"Second son, Winterton." The eldest, I suppose, is to be initiated like Dandie Dinmont's terriers, "wi rottens, wi stots, wi tods, and brocks, until he fears nothing that ever wore a hairy skin," and that for the purpose of keeping the animal with just the proportion of intellect that belonged to his ancestors!

"Unbaronetted bears." I do believe my worthy brother thinks my accepting a baronetcy as disgraceful as if I had been knighted on Lord Mayor's day.

"Manifested in many various ways the disposition of a courtier,"—ergo—"he can never be an honest man." Harold, Harold! An elder brother never forgives a younger one his prosperity; and to cut at my advancement you resort to the old adage of "rogues at court."

"Use their tusks." Aye, to gore their friends.

"Graceful bow." You were, indeed, a bear, and consequently despised the ease and grace which churlish nature had denied you from your birth; how easy it is to despise what we cannot possess. Happy, happy," repeated the minister. "After all, we may balance accounts, perhaps, and place nothing to either debtor or creditor! Happiness!" he again ejaculated; and pressing his hand on his brow, repeated the wise observation of a wise man,—"Alas! we are apt to call things by wrong names:—we will have prosperity to be happiness, and adversity to be misery, though that is truly the school of wisdom."

"If he is to go to the devil, it is easier travelling a road embedded with golden sand, than one covered with paving stones!" An expression of bitterness and scorn passed over the baronet's face as he laid down the letter, after repeating the paragraph. "And this," he said, "is the moral philosophy of an English country gentleman, in the year of our Lord 18—! No attempt to withdraw his son from what he affects to consider the road to destruction; the youth has taken it into his head, I suppose, to fall down and worship the idol of the straining eyes and the beating heart—even ambition! and his father says 'you'll be certainly damned for idolatry; but if you get well paid for it, why, you must e'en support the gilded curse as best you can!' What clods we are at best," he continued, after a moment's pause, "marry! this brother of mine cannot see the difference between a courtier and a sycophant—between a man who, inspired by the glorious rays of God's own luminary, soars upwards, and upwards, and upwards, until with steady eye and well-poised wing he looks on earth's greatest as the mere instruments of his AMBITION:—he cannot see the difference between such a being as this, and the moping, mowing owl that feeds on mice, worships the moon, and pays homage to all that have better eyes than itself; both are rapacious, and so, according to his theory, both must be the same. I must see the youth, however, and shall soon see through him, I sus-

pect, or, despite his likeness to his uncle, he is no son of my good brother of Bearfoot Hall."

Winterton Bearfoot bowed in so obsequious a manner on entering his uncle's presence, and inclined his body, which was long and lean, so completely after the fashion of a falling tower, that he had established himself for some moments on the corner of a high-backed chair, before Sir Basil could regard or observe the expression of his sharp, keen features. It was, in truth, one of those faces which, even in age, it is painful enough to look upon, because it tells of suspicion and mistrust: but in youth—when we love the open brow, the clear calm eye, that reflects the purity of heaven, and brightens with the beams of truth—it is sad, I say, to see the features in the spring of life, worn, and contracted, and gangreened with that loathsome suspicion which narrows the eye, furrows the cheek, and teaches the mouth to smile in such a sort, that you would rather it never smiled at all. Winterton Bearfoot was not yet twenty, but he had set his heart (without consulting his head) upon being a Metternich at the very least; and, as a preparation for the diplomatic situation he hoped to fill, commenced by practising the art of deception upon every biped and quadruped at the Hall. He was hardly thirteen, when his father's game-keeper detected him snaring hares, and bagging young partridges; and it was the universal opinion that he entertained no liking for any living creature except himself. As he grew older, he practised the art of betraying upon the other sex, and that with so much success, that all the old dames in the parish made bonfires in honour of his departure; nor was this much to be wondered at:—his father gave him "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," to form his manners, and of himself he adopted "Rochfocault's Maxims" to form his mind. These precious monitors, acting upon a crafty and ill-directed brain, aided his spurious ambition, and bid fair to make Winterton Bearfoot—not a second Metternich, but a smooth, creeping scoundrel.

It requires much more talent than people are in general aware of, to form a respectable rascal.

It is true that the aspirant's smile was insidious, but not sufficiently so to deceive the initiated; and his eagerness to appear what he was not, led those versed in the world's ways to believe that he was even more weak than wicked. "We take cunning," says Bacon, in his admirable Essays—"we take cunning for a *sinister* and *crooked* wisdom," and certainly there is a great difference between a *cunning* man, and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. True, and that was precisely the difference which existed between the minds of the uncle and nephew; and though the cunning may sometimes pass for the wise, a little time reads the difference clearly.

"I like our cousin so much," said the baronet's youngest daughter (he unfortunately had no sons), climbing on his knee, after Winterton had been domesticated about six weeks in the family; "he is so attentive to Emma, and has presented her such a sweet ring with a heart's-ease upon it, and a pretty motto." "Indeed," was papa's answer. And Sir Basil, whose observations had presented him no inclination to bestow his eldest daughter upon his second nephew, without farther comment, sat down, and wrote to a brother minister, requesting that he would provide for Winterton in the Colonial Office; quaintly adding, that he had no particular desire to settle him in "*the home department*," but

would oblige his friend in return, when he had a relative to dispose of:—thus was his first promotion marred by his want of honest wisdom.

Cunning said, "flirt with and secure the daughter—the *eldest* daughter, while you flatter the father and mother."—"Do not flirt," quoth Wisdom, "steady your eye and nerve your hand to one great purpose, and suffer nothing to interfere with that."—"But if I marry the daughter," replied Cunning—"You will starve," said Wisdom. But Cunning laughed—not outwardly, but inwardly—and the tender token was bestowed; and the baronet, taking Wisdom for *his* monitor, got rid of his nephew in the course of the following week, considerately placing him in a boarding-house, to be near the situation he had procured. The head of the department where he was now drafted, was of a different character and bearing from Sir Basil; a man who from the mere fact of being of low birth, looked coldly, though with a specious diffidence, upon well-born and highly distinguished persons; one, who like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was aye "booing, booing, booing," yet while he bowed, he sneered, and from a habit of suspecting all, had learned to think that he was himself suspected. In the mere act of bowing he was likely to be out-done by Winterton, whom he immediately regarded with jealousy, because in the first place he was of an old family, and secondly, because it was in compliance with a request, which from the quarter it came, might almost be considered a command, that he was now under his protection; and his mean small mind imagined that there must be some peculiar reason for Sir Basil's request. "Why not provide for him in his own department?" said he to his wife, "there *must* be a *motive* for it; doubtless he wishes to gain more intimate information as to my proceedings."

"Very likely," replied the lady; "or, perhaps, Lady Monkton Bearfoot, thinks by this means to make herself acquainted with my principles of economy."

"Psha!" retorted the husband, "your ideas revolve round one subject, and one only!" forgetting that his own were precisely of the same nature. How often in domestic life does the husband reproach the wife for the very errors which he implanted, without reflecting what the fruits would be.

Winterton Bearfoot, had he possessed a little more wisdom, might have overcome much prejudice, but as it was, he appeared (at least so his superior thought) intent on foiling him with his own weapons. Did a great man enter the office, Winterton out-Heroded Herod in his attentions. Who was ever half so obsequious? Who ever listened to the worse than nothings which fell from titled lips, with so inclined a body—so intent an ear—so homage-like a carriage? Who laughed and continually applauded the stale jests and antiquated "Joes," of an expectant governor, with a tenth of the zeal and earnestness of Winterton Bearfoot!

"The fellow leaves me nothing to do in the way of compliment," said his uncle's *friend* (I suppose I may use the cant term for the occasion) to his listening mate, one night after the departure of a dinner party, in which the young official was of necessity included; "did you not notice the compliment he paid Lord Eatemup? who is not only a *gourmé*, but a *gourmand*: he was helped twice—yes, *twice* to soup, and the *second* time that he called for turbot, asked particularly for the fins. Winterton was so extraordinarily attentive to his wants, that at last his lordship said, 'Sir, you make no dinner.'—'Your pardon, my lord,'

returned the popinjay, 'I leave that for my superiors—but too happy to be enabled to wait on those whose rank and talent command so much respect.' "

"And how did it take?" inquied his lady.

"Faith, not at all—Eatemup's a fool—yet the bait was too large for even him to swallow—he never, during the whole dinner, asked him to take wine!"

"He made himself quite ridiculous by his sweet attentions to the ladies Lycett," proceeded his wife; "he praised the beauty of Lady Jane's mahogany complexion, and eulogized Lady Emily's figure, which every body knows is padded."

"I wish the devil had him," exclaimed the husband.

"The creature is perfectly harmless;" opined the son, who had a greater portion of sense than either parent, however strongly it might be enveloped in the bandages of affectation, which so closely entwine our modern youths. "Perfectly harmless—upon my honour!" and he yawned, naturally too, as drawing his fingers through his fair and perfumed curls, he leaned his elbow on the chimney-piece—to the let, hindrance, and molestation, of the thousand and one knick-nackeries which crowded its polished surface.

"I do not think so," responded his father, in that decided tone which papas resort too, when children presume to differ from them in a favourite opinion. "I do not think so—but upon what do you ground your assertion?"

"He is too mean, too anxious to produce an effect, without knowing how to set about it—in short he is nothing but a *sycophant.*"

"Humph! he must go elsewhere for all that," persisted the father; "a little situation in the colonies."

"Which I do not think his uncle would object to—upon my honour," drawled forth the son, closing the drawing-room door and his observation at one and the same moment.

And "the little situation in the colonies" was procured; and the youth shipped off, to the secret gratification of both parties concerned in his departure. His uncle addressed the following epistle to his brother, when Winterton went down previous to his departure, to take leave of his family.

"My dear Brother,—Winterton has now been not only with me, but in the Colonial Office, as you are aware, some months, and it is with regret I assure you, he is unfit for *our* courtier-like existence—will you believe it, brother Harold—*he bows too much!* However, the situation to which he is appointed is in every way advantageous, and as he will of course explain all matters connected with it to you, I will say no more on the subject. He is likely to make more gold in India than in England—and as *that* was one of the principal, if I remember rightly, of your desires for him, I am glad there is a prospect of its fulfilment. "Your's, my dear brother, as ever,

"To Harold Bearfoot, Esq., "B. M. B."
"Bearfoot Hall."

"Bows too much," repeated Harold Bearfoot, of Bearfoot Hall, ten times at the very least, and with every intonation of voice that it is possible to imagine. "How the devil can that be—these courtiers grow more incomprehensible than ever. India! I should like him to return governor-general at the very least—if it were only to spite his

uncle. The case is clear—clear at noon-day—he was jealous of the boy —that is the simple fact—Oh! it is clear—quite. Well—an open field and fair play, and my life on't he'll be a ———" but before the old gentleman could exactly determine what he should be—he was sound asleep (it was after dinner) in his comfortably cushioned chair.

There are many persons, and many occurrences, in the world which tempt us to put much faith in Lord Bolingbroke's assertion, that "as proud as we are of human reason, nothing can be more absurd than the general system of human life and human knowledge." This is certainly true, and the theories of various speculators or *philosophers*, as I believe it is the fashion to call any set of men who start a particularly new or peculiar doctrine, are no less singular than amusing, and more extraordinary than the absurdity Lord Bolingbroke complains of. Mahomet, for instance, who understood human nature as well if not better than any uninspired person, gravely declared that *women* had no souls. And Monboddo, who *says* he knew the world, contends that men are only monkies who have rubbed away their tails!! A grave Spanish writer I have heard of, makes this theory more probable, by actually proving that the Jews had once tails! There is no assertion, however absurd, that will not be believed by some simple-hearted, unsophisticated people, who think their system as they speak their language, and dislike the trouble of translating either the one or the other. It was precisely so at all events with Harold Bearfoot, who having taken it into his head that his brother was afraid of his nephew—slept upon the idea, and could have sworn with a clear conscience to its truth when he awoke.

Winterton's sisters were soon busied in the clipping and cutting of linen, calico, muslin, and the necessary equipments for India; his kind, good-natured mother, the very personification of Lady Bountiful, stowed chests of conserves, and hordes of tongues, hams, and pickles, away for his use, enough to stock an Indiaman; while his father rang a succession of changes on Sir Basil's jealousy, the governor-generalship of India, and the respectability (for that was his favourite phrase) of the Bearfoots.

"God bless you, my dear boy! do not forget to wear your flannels on board ship," sobbed the tender and kind mother. The sisters wept also; not that Winterton was beloved by any of them, for sycophants, *at home*, are always selfish, making up for their out-of-door suavity, by in-door austerity. But the idea of parting, even with the dog that worries, excites, for the moment, something approaching to regret. Besides, it was right to be sorrowful, and their tears were mixed with certain tender memoranda, as they pressed cheek to cheek in the great hall. "Winterton, you will not surely forget the cornelian." "Winterton, the carved fan." "Oh, brother! you surely will remember the ivory work-box." "Winterton," sobbed forth Julia, the youngest, and consequently the most natural of the family, as she climbed up his knees, and circled her little arms round his neck—"dear Winterton, come back soon, and bring me my parrot." His father had made his adieus in what was called—certainly without any reason—the library; but as his instructions were perfectly disregarded by his son, and not likely to be of much use to any one, there is no necessity, that I know of, for repeating them here. One thing is certain—that when Mrs. Bearfoot entered the room, more than an hour after her son's departure, she saw

that her husband's forehead still leaned against the window, and that his eye was fixed upon the long, unbroken line of avenue, which the shadows of evening were rendering every instant more indistinct. "What does it signify, after all, Bess?" he murmured, drawing his hand with no gentle motion across his eyes; "there is no doubt of his returning governor-general, at the very least!"

Years passed on; Sir Basil Monkton Bearfoot had paid the debt of nature, after suffering (like most public men, who deserve well of their country) much unmerited calumny and reproach: and his brother, also, slept the everlasting sleep in the tomb of his fathers; the elder girls were either married, or old maids; and if Julia had not received her parrot, she made up the loss, by becoming, like most other women, a parrot herself. The eldest son of the Bearfoots bade fair to perpetuate the lack-wit of his father, and was, to speak in homely phrase, a dosing, smoking, club-going, English 'squire, with less money, and more necessities, than had ever fallen to the share of his progenitors.

It was on a fine and cheerful day, that a group of military-looking men were assembled under the piazzas of the United Service Club, discussing the most current topics of conversation, and passing jests and remarks on the pedestrians who sauntered up and down Pall-Mall, or loitered to gaze on the engraved glories which grace the windows of "Moon, Boys, and Graves." "Surely I know that face," said Major Matton to his friend, Colonel Guildford; "I cannot be deceived; and yet, if so, he is strangely altered." The gentleman who elicited this observation, seeing that he had caught the eye of two of the party, stopped, looked up with a smile, any thing but pleasing, and bowed twice, in so lowly a manner, that even in these days of nods and abruptness his salutation attracted the attention of several of the ordinary passengers; the greeting was acknowledged with so marked a coldness, that the person went on his way, not, however, without repeating the bow, as if it had met with the warmest reception.

"If a masked and draped figure were to rise out of the waves, and salute me after that fashion, I could swear to it."

"And so could I," replied his friend; "nothing can change that man. One would have thought that his Indian experience would have gone some way towards breaking the neck of his lies and flatteries; they were too gross even for the East."

"Pardon me," replied the other, "poor Bearfoot had never tact enough to discover that; it was not given him to see more than one side of any question. You were at Madras, I believe, when he arrived?"

"I was, and he was a standing jest among us for some time, though we discovered at last, that he was malignant and treacherous as a tiger. We had a good deal of leisure, and some five or six used to enter into a combination, to make the creature contradict himself twenty times a day. Lord Goydon, poor fellow! would meet him with—'Good morrow, Bearfoot; I think we shall have rain to-day.'—'Your lordship is always correct; and, with all due deference, I had just formed the same opinion. I hope your lordship will avoid cold.' At the next turn the colonel would exclaim—'Ah, Bearfoot! another of our scorching days; we shall be cinders soon.'—'Calcined, colonel, calcined; I never

saw such indications of heat; my dear sir, you ought not to venture out without an umbrella.'

"'Bearfoot!' Collingwood would exclaim, with a grave countenance, 'I fear we shall have a change of administration—they are not content in Old England with the way affairs are managed, nor, to tell you the truth, am I over well satisfied.'

"'Who has so much penetration as you, my dear Sir?—(for Collingwood was high in office)—I only wish that there were *such* men—(with emphasis)—as I *could* name, near the throne, and then, indeed, we should be once more a great nation.'

"'Ah, Winterton, is that you?' Sir Thomas Greville would say, slapping him on the shoulder, with a vigour which would throw the generality of men into undisguised passion at such a familiarity, 'have you heard the news, my boy—our friends in the administration over the water, are firm—firm in their seats; besides all rumour of change has passed, and I am sure you are delighted at it.'

"'Undoubtedly, my dear Sir Thomas—I am delighted—perfectly so. Ah! you always said how it would be—from first to last! What would I not give for your powers of discernment!'

"We had often," continued Colonel Guildford, "jested, as I have said, on the mean, sycophantish habits of this youth; but on the night of the day when the above conversations took place, Bearfoot joined our party, we were, as gentlemen generally are after dinner, more merry than wise—and at supper managed to recapitulate our morning dialogues.

"'Come,' said Collingwood, laughing, 'you and I, Bearfoot, will take a glass of this fine claret together, to the change we talked of this morning.'

"Winterton bit his lip, and coloured; but anxious to avoid the subject, filled a bumper immediately.

"'What change is that?' inquired Sir Thomas, who of course was in the secret, 'change of love—has Winterton been again fickle?'

"'No, no, no!' vociferated Collingwood,—'it is the change, the happy change, that either is to, or has taken place in our English administration.'

"'Winterton Bearfoot will never lift glass in such a cause,' replied the other; 'he is a good man and true—true lipped and true hearted. Why, it was only this morning that he assured me he was perfectly delighted at the stability of our affairs, and congratulated me on my powers of discernment.'

"'I'll not believe it,' retorted Collingwood, 'it was *my* penetration he complimented, and who can compliment so well.'

"The jest was carried on good-humouredly and gloriously, as we called it, and the sycophant was, even in our estimation, sufficiently mortified. The next morning his smiles, to our astonishment, were as bland as ever; but in the course of a month or so, Collingwood was very coolly received at the government house. For this there was no apparent way of accounting, and we attributed it to the caprices of the great, the intermitting fever of inconsistency. The same change, however, was perceptible towards Sir Thomas Grenville, and all of our party, on that evening, with the exception of Bearfoot, who had certainly bowed himself into the good graces of the governor's lady, at last. Many other circumstances roused our suspicions, and at last we received information

that the villain had absolutely forged some letters, written others (anonymously, of course), and moved heaven and earth, to be revenged for our jest. He had blackened us in a most horrid degree, and when it was all discovered his excellency's coldness was fully explained. Bearfoot's scheme was more characterised by cunning than wisdom; but as we were talking of our meditated punishment for his transgressions, and of their probable result, the news burst upon us, like a thundercloud, that Winterton, the lying, sycophantish Winterton Bearfoot, had absolutely stolen a march upon the governor, and clandestinely married the youngest and most lovely of his daughters; we pitied the girl, and we sympathised most truly with her parents, and well we might, for it nearly broke the old man's heart. He saw the perfect and utter unworthiness of the man she was united to, as an officer and a gentleman he could not acknowledge a branded liar, and his feelings as a father had been most deeply outraged by the duplicity she had been induced to practise. They were obliged to leave the country without money and without pardon; but we heard that the governor procured him some small situation in the West India Islands. I have known nothing of him since; but his salutation tells me he is unreformed."

I must now pass over a few additional months, and then introduce my readers to a very miserable room, in the neighbourhood of Kennington—a little attic of one of those new paper-like houses, where the wind displaces the cement intended to unite the mixture of coarse clay denominated, in builder's terms, "close burnt brick." A man in soiled and worn-out garments was arranging the remains of what had been fine and abundant hair, at a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, which rested against the creaking window-frame, his features were ghastly and attenuated, and a low, wheezing cough, interrupted in a most painful manner the dialogue he was carrying on, with a slight and elegantly formed woman, whose beauty had been evidently destroyed both by want and sorrow; but little fire crouched amid the three rusty bars which served as a grate, yet a girl of about thirteen was endeavouring to heat an iron over its embers, with the evident intention of ironing a yellowish shirt-collar, and still more yellow neckcloth, on one end of a napless blanket, which had been half drawn off the wretched bed for the purpose; a boy, of, perhaps five, with the restlessness of childhood, was endeavouring to catch those cold, blue-looking flies, that buzz so incessantly in deserted windows, robbing even the ambushed spiders of their prey.

"How can I get it out, love?" said the woman, in a gentle, expostulating tone; "it was my last resource, God knows, to pledge it, and I would not have taken it but to procure them food."

"It must be had, for all that—it is the only thing I can wear—it hides all defects; and, indeed, I have every reason to believe that I shall be able to obtain this situation at last."

The woman shook her head.

"Between both our connections—they do not know the absolute state of starvation we are in—but I must have the cloak."

"Winterton," replied she, solemnly, "even my ring—my wedding ring, is gone—of all my jewels not a stone, not a pearl remains. We have hardly wherewith to cover our worn limbs—and the chain—"

"Ay, woman-like, mourn over your baubles," he replied unfeel-

ingly. "Then why not leave *us* to starve, and go at once home to your lady mother."

The patient wife looked at her daughter, whose tears were fast cooling the iron she had heated, and snatching her boy to her bosom, replied only with a burst of tears to her husband's brutal taunt.

Somewhat softened, he continued: "Forgive me, Anna—but there is your father's picture—the miniature—I am sure neither of us have any reason to cherish *that*. You could pledge it, and redeem my cloak. Something tells me that my appeal of to-day will be successful."

After a moment's pause she arose, and unfastening an old red leather case, placed the little picture in her husband's hand.

"You surely do not expect *me* to go to a pawnbroker's?" he exclaimed, his habitual selfishness returning immediately.

"Winterton, I *cannot* take this *there*."

"Then *she* can," he said.

"What! send my child to such a place?"

"You are much more careful of her than of me," was the sneering reply.

She again took up the miniature, and with the manner of one who has nothing more dear to part with, descended the creaking stairs.

Winterton Bearfoot is already recognized, and it only remains to accompany him, enveloped in his cloak, to the dwelling of the great man, from whom he expected, perhaps, because of his importunity, as much as any thing else, some situation.

After many hours waiting he was more bitterly disappointed than ever, and his hurried step and hectic cheek evinced the contending feelings of his mean, but yet human bosom. His family had long cast him off as unworthy to bear his name—friends!—*the sycophant, the slanderer, had none*—even she, who, "in evil report and good report," had followed—and watched—and waited—she, the high-born and the beautiful, who in the fulness of her unworldly feelings had bestowed her pure, her young affections, on one so unworthy the treasure—*she*, he felt—he knew it—*she*, could not but scorn him; his children—his own flesh and blood—they loathed—despised *him*—their father! They clung to their mother with even more than the sweet confidence of childhood, for they knew that if she would abandon them, *her* mother would receive her to her bosom, and she would be rich—beloved as ever.

Some—many, perhaps, of the good feelings which are always inherent with the bad in every bosom, however their cultivation may be neglected, struggled within him, and he leant for a moment against a tree in St. James's Park, perhaps from a wish to arrange his ideas. As he pressed his forehead against the rugged bark, two persons passing, stopped, and exclaimed, at the same moment, "Winterton Bearfoot!" These persons were Collingwood and Colonel Guildford.

He looked at them, and the expression and brightness of his eyes, blazing like torches in a charnel-house, rivetted both gentlemen to the spot. At first he attempted to salute them, but the effort was made in vain.

"Ah!—you witnessed my disgrace, and the devil sent you here to see my misery. Disappointed—loathed—starving—wife—children—all starving. Well—let it be so." A horrid change passed over his countenance, and as his hand, which was before extended towards them, fell

helplessly towards the earth, he added, in a low and faltering voice, "and as you called me the *sycophant*, why, you may call that the *sycophant's grave.*"

They were his last words—he would have fallen on the earth, but Collingwood caught him in his arms—a quantity of blood rushed from his mouth — his face for a moment was crimson as the gore itself, and then it faded almost as quickly, into the cold and pallid hue of death. H.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

The winter season has begun, a season of great joy to the vicinity of Covent Garden, Drury-lane, the Coburg, the Surrey, and a hundred others of the chosen temples of Melpomene, Thalia, or whatever nymph or goddess presides over tumblers, harlequins, monkeys, and melo-drames.

Covent Garden has begun, under the fortunate and extraordinary omen of finishing a Chancery suit. This celebrated litigation, which has cost more time, money, and law, than the luckiest decision can ever repay; whose briefs would cover the two Houses of Parliament with parchment, and whose confusion would to this hour perplex the brains of Lord Eldon himself, has closed; and relieving Charles Kemble of the third of an incumbrance to the amount of a hundred-and-fifty thousand pounds, and Mr. Harris of the anxieties of being in Chancery for the term of his natural life, sets the theatre afloat again, to steer through the whirlpools and shallows of the season, *arte sua.*

Young has appeared, for the last season, as he threatens; but he is too valuable an actor to be suffered to sink into his arm-chair yet, and has too practical a sense of the wisdom of attending to the public wishes, to transgress in this style. He may retire, and no one can help it. But he will regret the step, every hour that he is able to take one from his fireside, and the fact is that tragedy cannot do without him. We must see this accomplished actor and well conducted man, leading the tragic troop of kings and sages, for a season or two more, at least. When we can find a hero and a lover for our Melpomene, like Charles Kemble; or a monarch and a sage to assist at her majesty of Helicon's councils, like Young, we shall be disposed to give them both leave to retire, but not till then. A long list of new performances is announced as in the manager's hands, and we need only say, that novelty is the great charm with the public, and that the opulence of the manager's portfolio cannot too soon be made public property.

Drury Lane has begun with the most vigorous resolution to melodramatize mankind, to witch the world by noble lionship, and to win golden opinions by more gold and silver scenery, more shewy prodigality of procession, more lion-fighting, love-making, and tiger-cat-hunting than ever was seen on human stage before.

The drama is entitled *The Lions of Mysore. Hyder Ali* is the royal tyrant, and, under Mr. H. Wallack's auspices, he looks the very fiercest specimen of rage and royalty. M. Martin, the lion's friend—as M. Martin, of Connemara, was the donkey's—acts the victim of his royal rage, as *Sadhusing*, an Indian, who is robbed of every thing, and driven to bivouac among the lords of the forest.

Hyder Ali pursues *Sadhusing*, the hero, with all the fury of an Oriental despot; he borrows his tongue, and then pursues his wife and

daughter. *Sadhusing*, thus hunted, forms a league, offensive and defensive, with the beasts. He sleeps with a lion, and has two to serve as body-guards. It is in a high degree interesting, to see a couple of these animals, as much under his command, and as zealous in his defence as two dogs. In the arena, which is altogether a capital scene, he fights the lion with a javelin, and the beast seems really conquered. It understands so well, however, when the fight is over, that it seems playfully to bite the weapon before the scene closes. The spectacle excited universal astonishment, and in the last scene, which, for splendour, surpasses every thing we have seen, a lion lay at Martin's feet as passive as though it were dead. There was no resisting the mass of splendour, and the assemblage of extraordinary objects which this scene presented —among which were two elephants, and every thing that we have been accustomed to associate with ideas of Eastern magnificence. Since the first night, the piece has undergone considerable alterations, particularly as to length, and is now received with great favour. Martin *is* a wonder! he seems to regard a lion or tiger as he would a rabbit; and, we understand that, to any one but himself, these identical brutes are as ferocious as the rest of their species. The various combats and processions in this drama surpass any previous effort, and the last scene may certainly be stamped as the *ne plus ultra* of scenic art.

But—

> "Envy does merit, as its shade, pursue,
> And, like the shadow, proves the substance true."

The exploits of the lions, and the rumour that Drury-lane has made £3000 by them already, have stirred up the genius of parody; and the Adelphi has produced a burlesque, bearing the same name as the Drury-lane spectacle, Reeve the *Lion* of the drama; Wilkinson enacting the *Tiger*; the *Ghost* of the *Kangaroo* assumed by Buckstone; and Mrs. Fitzwilliam personates the *Wild Cat*, in which she will do honour to the *comic mews*. *Sad(h)using* is borne by the patient Yates; and S. Smith is (what the magpie was to the misfortune of the maid) the *Hyder*. This burlesque, besides the advantage of being acted with great drollery, has the rarer merit of being very humorously written.

Having dispatched the lions, settled the Chancery suit of Covent Garden, and launched the Adelphi on its way to fame, we now turn to the lighter matters of the world of theatres.

Sinclair, one of the sweetest of our English singers, and whose absence from our stage, temporary as it is, every lover of song must regret, has, in the theatrical phrase, made a "hit,"—a perfect hit among the Yankees. He made his first appearance on the 24th ult., at the Park theatre, in the *Cabinet*, was greeted with the most enthusiastic reception, and encored in every song.

The American managers certainly have discovered some peculiar act of seduction, for they carry off our stage corps *ad libitum*. Among their other exportations, they have exported Barrymore and his wife—two of our *very best* contrivers of melodrame. What will Mr. Wallack do without his bandit's bride? They are now busy in their vocation, getting up *Massaniello* for the singing of Sinclair, the astonishment of America, and the triumph of gold leaf, insurrection, and themselves, along the whole range of the Alleghanies.

The story is again revived that Joe Munden, the inimitable and un-

rivalled comedian, having entirely subdued his dire enemy, the gout, will perform a few nights at Covent Garden theatre during the present season, and then take leave of the stage for ever. The story is not merely untrue, but, as Voltaire says of the King of Prussia's marriage, has *rien de vraisemblable.* The most celebrated *wit* at the last levee, on being told it, said, "that it was nothing but a new edition of the king's speech, the same story every season these ten years."

Wordsworth says somewhere, that "the child's the father of the man." It would be lucky for old Kean, if he could realize the line. Young Kean, when he returns from America, will have realized money enough to secure him comfort during his life. The habits of this youth are said to be remarkable for their correctness and amiability. He is a great favourite in the United States.

Rodwell, the composer, is busy. He has already prepared two petite operas, in which Liston is to play the lover, and exhibit new powers in *bravura.* The great comedian has, we understand, been taking lessons in sottoing from Pasta, and the *pas de deux* from Taglioni. He is spoken of as having made extraordinary proficiency, and we have no doubt will astonish the world. The truth is, the public want some substitute for Sinclair, who is gone, and for Braham, who seems a long time coming. Taglioni's sprained tendons have thrown the King's Theatre into despair, and we must look to the universality that always belongs to genius, to repair the deficiency. Liston is the national hope in this disastrous dilemma.

To talk more of our "Miscellanea." "When Charles Kemble appeared for the first time, after the late important decision, he was most enthusiastically received by the audience. The pit rose in a body, and gave three cheers for the Lord Chancellor!" This is fame. What will the historian now say of popular gratitude? We doubt whether Chancellor was ever huzzaed in a pit before. But, then we must recollect the novelty of a Chancellor's finishing a Chancery suit, before that *suit* was turned into a *shroud* for both parties.

One of the papers rather sulkily insinuates, that Miss Lydia Kelly was at first thought to be the celebrated Miss Kelly, and went the round of America before the mistake was discovered, when she had amassed sufficient money to enable her to retire. To the critical *nous* of the Yankees, the name was, we presume, every thing, and Miss L. Kelly would have been the first of singers or tragedians, if she could have had the ingenuity to think of calling herself Catalani and Mrs. Siddons at the same time. The Yankees, by this reserve, were defrauded of their legitimate pleasure.

This reminds us of an anecdote, *not* in Joe Miller; Kelly (for the name is prosperous), an Irish barrister, was promoted to the bench. The rumour then began to spread, that he was no lawyer. "Egad!" said the old gentleman, "it may be true; but I, for one, am very glad they did not found it out *before.*"

A semi-theatrical anecdote is running the round of the polite world.—"The Lover's Presents Reclaimed:—A curious correspondence has been opened, between a gentleman who formerly cut no small figure in the fashionable world, and a nobleman, who has lately married a favourite actress. The gentleman alluded to, was at one time the lover of the lady, and hoped to be blessed with her fair hand. He changed his mind—she brought her action—he married another lady, and she be-

came a countess. He now writes to the nobleman, setting forth his claim in equity to the jewels which he presented to the lady, when he expected she would become his wife. He states them to have cost 7,000*l.* The husband of the lady has no disposition to give any such sum for them, but has intimated that he would not refuse to pay what they were valued at by a celebrated auctioneer—1,000*l.*"—The parties are *nameless*, but the affair is piquant; and we understand that half a hundred of our first-rate dramatists are already turning it into all shapes of comedy, farce, and pantomime.

Anderson, the singer, who made his *début* at Drury-lane or Covent Garden, last year, by singing Sinclair's parts, his *début* behind the scenes by belligerency with Madame Vestris, and his *début* at Bow-street, by a general war with all that lady's friends, has exported himself to New York, and has, as rumour says, placed himself in a general state of belligerency there too. A journal, after contradicting the story of his marrying Mademoiselle Victorine, or Josephine, a matter of no great interest to the Americans, who love a speculatrix as they do a speculation, details some of the incidents of the passage in a style which, we think, must have been due to the pen of a regular Yankee. Nothing can be more graphically told:—"One day, being pretty particularly merry, Josh. would take the helm, which the mate resisted, and down went Yankee No. 1. The captain thought it tarnation hard to see his first officer floored, so he planted a Mississipi muzzler upon Anderson's ivories, which Josh. returned with interest, and down went Yankee No. 2. 'This will never do, I guess,' said the steward, a regular back-wood nigger man of the Virginian breed, 'I calculate this Englisher means to mallet us all.' So blackey turned to; and although the best of the Yankee trio, he very soon made number *three*. The result of this will, we fear, prove disadvantageous to Anderson, who, besides being prevented by his bruises from appearing on his first arrival, has also to encounter the ire of Jonathan, provoked by the conquered Yankees, who have reported that Anderson abused the Americans most considerably all the way out." Jonathan is an awkward fellow to deal with, on the best of terms, and though many a man has been beaten into bounty, and the delight of knocking down three Yankees must be inexpressible, yet we question whether a hero and singer can thus pugilize himself into popularity; as to his beating the whole crew of the packet, of course, we have no possible objection to that.

Lacy, the author of *Cinderella*, is the writer of the opera now in rehearsal at Covent Garden theatre, in which Braham is to make his first appearance. The music is by Aubert, the popular French composer. From the success which has attended many of Rophino's productions, the theatre may reasonably hope for something that, in the language of the stage, "will bring 'em home."

The Strand is still in a state of unhappiness. Bricks and mortar, hod-men and dust-carriers, are carrying on open hostilities with hackney coaches, cabriolets, and clean clothes. The winter rains will, we hope, drown the combatants. In the meantime, the only improvement to which we, as lovers of the drama, look, is nipped in the bud. The building of Arnold's new theatre, on the site of the old Lyceum, is a little retarded by negotiations now pending between the worthy proprietor and the Marquess of Exeter, relating to the extent of ground and

the rent for it. We can only hope that these negotiations will terminate amicably, and *soon* also.

Our theatrical *coup d'œil* must close smilingly. There is strong expectation that the Duke of Devonshire, being Lord Chamberlain, will pay some attention to his office, and patronize the theatres, instead of drawing away their fashionable audiences, to the most stupid and useless of all amusements—his Thursday night routs. The five hundred pounds that each of those fooleries costs him, would do great things in reviving the stage. Let him make the experiment for once, or resign. The stage wants not his money, but his influence Another piece of good news is, that the combatants in the Chancery suit are now likely to draw together. Henry Harris, the principal proprietor of Covent Garden theatre, still remains at his château, at Samure, situated between Boulogne and Calais. His representative, however, has, we understand, most laudably agreed to lend a helping hand to steer the state vessel of Covent Garden safely into port. We shall be glad to see both parties yet come off with flying colours.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

The committee have at length made their report on the Nash palace, and a pleasant affair it turns out to be. First, let us look at the difference between the original estimate and the actual cost—no, the cost up to this time, when the palace is still little more than a shell, and when there is not a room fit to put a bed in, nor a bed to put in it.—"A concise view of what 'the alterations and additions' were to cost—have cost—and will cost, must be worth something as a curiosity. It appears, then, that these were estimated at 252,690*l.* in 1826; that in May, 1829, the estimate had been increased to 496,169*l.*, being nearly double the original amount; but that it has since been ascertained that the expense will not be less than 613,266*l.*, to which 31,177*l.* is to be added for gilding and ornamental painting, as contemplated by Mr. Nash; and, in addition to all this, a further outlay will be necessary, before it can be used for purposes of state." This was a gallant architectural rise; from a quarter of a million to nearly three times the amount, and the building still utterly uninhabitable. So much for the estimate.

But then another point comes out in the report. Mr. Nash seems to have been not simply the architect, but the dealer; not merely the personage who pointed out what the workmen were to do with the materials, but where they were to get them.—"It appears in evidence, that different tradesmen employed at Buckingham palace purchased of Mr. Nash certain quantities of materials, for which they paid (for reasons by them assigned) in some instances a higher price to Mr. Nash than to other persons from whom they obtained like quantities of similar materials. The Surveyor-General, in his letter to the Treasury, of the 26th of January, 1826, says—'There is another circumstance connected with this business, which, in my opinion, is highly objectionable—namely, that of the architect himself supplying the tradesmen with materials used in these buildings: upon the impropriety and bad tendency of this, there will, I am certain, upon inquiry, be found but one sentiment.'"

The productiveness of this mode of dealing, of course, gives a good idea of the architect's talent for business. But, independently of his

being architect and dealer, he distinguishes himself by his arrangements with other dealers:—"The committee declare that they are not of opinion that Mr. Nash acquitted himself of the charge of making improvident contracts with tradesmen, and especially with Mr. Crawshay for iron work. It appears in evidence that Messrs. Crawshay and Co., early in July, 1825, contracted to furnish the iron girders for Buckingham house at 17*l.* a ton, and the pillars at 18*l.* a ton; and that at the same period Messrs. Crawshay agreed with the sub-contractors and founders of iron in Staffordshire, to provide the same at 12*l.* 10*s.* for the girders, and 14*l.* for the columns. For that which cost Messrs. Crawshay and Co. 12*l.* 10*s.* the public pay 17*l.*—for what cost 14*l.* they pay 18*l.*"

So far a Committee of the House of Commons have sifted the business, and the result will be easily imagined to Mr. Nash. But common sense will conceive that the question cannot stop there. The architect is a man of business, of the world, and of the government world especially. Is it possible to suppose that he encountered the hazard of such a report without looking to protectors; that he incurred the formidable responsibility solely on his own impulse; or that he *could* have gone on in making the charges which the committee expose, without the cognizance of some of those persons, let their rank be what it may, whose duty it was to check public expenditure, and who must have been perfectly well acquainted with the nature of the charges. We, at least, cannot affect such simplicity. We have no doubt that this rich architectural harvest was never intended to be gathered into the sole garners of the individual before the committee. We shall see.

These are pleasant times. The reasoners who argue with the pike in hand, who give their opinions on public men by smashing their windows, and reform the corruptions of parliament by setting houses on fire, destroying farm-yards, and murdering their owners, are everywhere producing such "conviction of the goodness of their cause," that the country gentlemen are everywhere fortifying their houses, purchasing arms for self-defence, and preparing to stand a siege against the men of purity, freedom, peace, and British privileges.

The Yeomanry in Derbyshire are already on the alert, to obstruct the progress of Reform into drawing rooms and escrutoirs, in the shape of thieves and incendiaries:—"From an apprehended attack upon Drakelow, the seat of Sir R. Gresley, the Litchfield troop of Yeomanry Cavalry was called out on Tuesday morning, but went no further than the latter place, and returned the same evening. They remain under orders to hold themselves in readiness for service."

The Duke of Newcastle has had a tolerable specimen of the vigour of Reform, in the burning of his house at Nottingham, and he now keeps guard upon his family seat, with a little army, as the newspapers represent it, not less than two hundred of his tenants being in readiness to repel an attack upon a nobleman, whom the radicals represent as a tyrant and so forth, but who is actually one of the best of landlords, as he is one of the most manly, high-minded, and honest of British senators. The instances are gathering fast, and in the mean while London itself exhibits signs, by no means equivocal, of the march of stone-throwing and mob-violence. The Marquis of Londonderry has quietly abandoned his mansion in Park-lane, which had become a regular object of attack, whenever any half-dozen ragamuffins thought

proper to give their attention to politics. He has removed his pictures, statues, and principal furniture, and is gone to the country, where he will have a better protection about him, than the white-gloved gentlemen of the lounging police. The Duke of Newcastle's house in Portman-square, is boarded up, to prevent the further visits of the "most thinking" rabble; and the Duke of Wellington has very wisely followed the same course for the same reasons. His grace has taken the matter with his usual coolness, and has even dropped a witticism on the occasion, if we are to rely on report,—"Before the duke boarded up all his windows, on its being suggested that he should place his house under the care of a police officer, he jocularly replied, that 'he could only depend on Mr. *Plank*.'"

In the mean time all these removals must act very agreeably on the revenues of the tradesmen in the neighbourhood of those noblemen. But what is beggary or bankruptcy to a cheesemonger, "if he has his rights," or gets the ten thousandth part of the glory of carrying Mr. Joseph Hume into the House of Commons as member for Marylebone?

We have often fought the Reverend Edward Irving's battles. Others gave him up, said that his invention was flagging, that he was become dull, dry-brained, hum-drum, and all the rest, as the dramatists say. We, on the contrary, always insisted on it, that he was not merely at the head of all notoriety, from the first minute of his Hatton Garden début, but that he would so continue; that he had more talents for keeping up the ball than Liston, more odd novelty than Kean, and more studied and practical grimace than Grimaldi. The world of London abounds with the evidence of our fact. We pass over his whiskers, his fall of hair, his monstrosities of dress, deportment, and doctrine—those were cleverly conceived and shewed the master, but they were subordinate affairs. But we appeal to the dexterity with which he made the world repeat his name, when it was already expiring; in the instance of his plucking out his watch and seals and throwing them upon the receivers' plate, with an appropriate harangue, at the meeting of the Bible Society. Then came his quarrel with the Scotch Church, a capital flapper to his dying notoriety, and which brought all the tongues of all the Scotch from the equator to the poles upon him at once; made him ludicrous, absurd, and anathematized, 'tis true—but still made him talked of.

This too had its day, and down he went again. Again his new chance was lucky; his field-preaching vanquished Punch after a long struggle, and drove him from the field, or fields, of St. Pancras; and though the victor himself was finally put to the rout by Miss Rebecca Chainstitch, the celebrated Indian tailor's daughter from America, who is under a vow to preach in every field of the British empire, convert all the kings of Christendom, knit stockings until the general conflagration, and marry the great Cham of Tartary the day after (vide her proposals); this rencontre produced a very tolerable harvest of notoriety.

But what can last for ever! The preacher's fame went down again. People thought more of M. Martin the lion-fighter, and his lions, than of the most whiskered orator on this side of the Antipodes; and another week would have seen him fairly forgotten; when, lo, came another stroke of prosperity. The papers shall tell it in their own words:—

"*The Rev. E. Irving.*—This gentleman's attraction seems to fail,

and some strange mountebank proceedings are now reported to have taken place in his chapel. A pretended prophetess exhibited, on Sunday last, who claimed the gift of tongues, and howled terrifically, to the great edification of the congregation."

The history is, half a dozen hypochondriacs in some remote corner of Scotland, having discovered that they talked nonsense whenever they opened their mouths, persuaded themselves that the nonsense was inspiration, and that the gift of tongues was again come upon the earth. It would of course be idle, if not directly profane, to compare their brutish gabble to any work of miracle; yet on they go, gabbling a parcel of brute sounds, which bear no resemblance to any language under the sun, which the fools who gabble it cannot even conjecture to be any human language, and which no living ear can comprehend. When the Apostles spoke, they spoke the recognised languages of their day; they spoke in the midst of assemblages of natives of the countries where those languages were spoken; and they spoke words with a definite meaning. But these poor creatures, whether actual fools, or worse, chatter and gibber away like so many guinea-fowl; and only when the flood of gibberish is run dry, attempt to interpret their own nonsense—an attempt which settles the opinion of the hearer at once. Yet, these people are now flourishing in the Rev. Edward Irving's chapel, where crowds flock to listen to their fooleries. We leave the conclusion to the reader.

We are not likely to fall in love with Mr. O'Connell's politics, nor to be much charmed with his proceedings, yet it must be acknowledged that he has played his cards with either prodigious dexterity, or prodigious good fortune—we think the latter; for we remember no charlatan of our time, who has got into more scrapes, or more unnecessary ones. But the time has "worked well" for him, and he lives to set his opponents at defiance, to hold his betters in utter scorn, to trample upon every shape of resistance in government, and to accomplish every *darker* object that he can set his heart upon.

After fighting under the banners of English reform, for a reform of a very different kind, he has returned to Ireland to lord it over the viceroy, and has already received the homage of his subjects, in a general deputation from the "Trades," as the congregated cobblers and tinkers of the Irish metropolis denominate themselves. Those trades presented an address, carried up by knights of the O'Connell order of the Garter, the liberators!—and all was haranguing and happiness. Mr. O'Connell *kissed* this beloved testimony of his people's affection, and pronounced his political creed in a form which he is too much a man of honour to suppress, and which the government too deeply confide in the patriot to punish as it deserves. We give one specimen, not from our objecting to his flogging his quondam friend, Hunt, through every village of the empire, with either tongue or horsewhip; but for the sake of the "sentiment."

"*O'Connell* v. *Hunt*.—Mr. O'Connell, on his arrival in Dublin, harangued a large body of his friends, and took care, in the course of his speech, to denounce his quondam friend, Henry Hunt:—'At my trade, I always go to work by degrees. I first looked for Catholic emancipation. I did not then mind parliamentary reform: I kept it in my sleeve. Now, I want parliamentary reform; will you help me to pro-

cure it? And when that is completed, if my country still requires sacrifices and exertions, and if they are not made, stamp traitor upon my grave. But I will not play the part of the paltry Hunt, and of the Tories."

But one part of his speech this fragment does not give. A fellow in the mob called out, "Won't you repeal the Union, Dan?" Dan replied directly, "My friend, you put the cart before the horse. Let them give me reform first, and then do you trust me, I will get you a repeal of the *Union*." The mob perfectly understood the reasoning, and nothing could be more popular. He told them, moreover, that it was to the repeal of the laws against popery that the whole of the disturbances of England and of Europe, at this moment were due; that the French mob were excited to the attempt of overthrowing their king by the victory of popery obtained over the English parliament, and that the parliament were now only beginning the ordeal through which they must pass, in consequence of the convulsions of France. We will not trust ourselves with this man's deeper conclusions. But his speech is full of meanings that must not be lost upon authority.

The Irish papers, of course, triumph in all possible ways, and announce that all kinds of professional distinctions only wait his acceptance. One of them tells us:—"Mr. O'Connell is to have a patent of precedency, giving him professional rank next to that of the law officers of the crown and the serjeants. The intimation has, we understand, been made in the handsomest manner, it having been conveyed to Mr. O'Connell that the Irish government have resolved to confer the intended dignity, not as a favour, but an admitted and unquestionable right. We believe Mr. O'Connell might have had a higher precedency, if he had not expressly rejected it."

Another:—"It is said that Mr. O'Connell has refused the Mastership of the Rolls; that the Irish Attorney-Generalship had been pressed upon him, but that he was disposed to reject that also. It is rumoured that Baron Smith resigns, and that the Right Hon. F. Blackburn succeeds him."

In other words, that the present attorney-general is to be put among the puisne judges to make way for the demagogue, and this we are to believe is but the beginning of his trophies.

In France every thing is impulse. Kings are overthrown, and sent on their pilgrimage by impulse. Subjects are flung on the vacant throne by impulse. Loyalty, republicanism, religion and revolution—a lounge in the Palais Royal, or a game at the Salon—falling in love, or blowing out one's brains for the sake of Mademoiselle Estefanie, Angelique, *prémiere danseuse* of the Academie, are all equally by impulse. But we had not dreamt of the abolition of the guillotine by impulse—the favourite pastime of the nation abolished! the daily delight of the ladies tricoteuses, who took their places from daybreak, with their knitting-needles and *chauf pieds*, and singing their chansons and discussing the politics of the day, contrived to pass away the six hours, with national gaiety, until the grand exhibition commenced, and in the midst of sentimental sighs and smiles the head of the victim poured out a torrent of blood.

Yet, if we are to believe common fame, the ladies of the Greve have abolished the source of so much public satisfaction.—"Since the last

French revolution, there have been no capital punishments in Paris. On Saturday last, however, government determined on sacrificing a wretched culprit to the laws. He had been convicted of an atrocious assassination committed near Paris, and had lain under sentence of death during many months. The horrible implement and paraphernalia of death were withdrawn on Saturday morning from the store, in which they had lain during sixteen or eighteen months, and the usual preparations were made at the Place de Greve for an execution; but it soon became evident that the inhabitants of that quarter were determined that the execution should not take place without a struggle, in which more blood would be spilt than that of the condemned. The execution was therefore postponed."

If this be true, we are rejoiced at it, for better reasons than French impulse. The guillotine was the child, almost the emblem, of the revolutionary era. It was invented for the express purpose of massacre. The old methods of execution would have been too tardy for the mob appetite for blood. Reform in Paris was thirsty, and a criminal every half hour would have starved its passion for gore. The guillotine answered the purpose incomparably. It was next in rapidity to the grape-shot and the drownings, and it was more picturesque. It was theatrical, bloody, and brief, to the exact degree of republican taste. The list of those whose heads fell beneath it, within little more than two years, was eighteen thousand, and those the principal persons of France, including the unhappy king and queen. We shall rejoice, if this horrid source of horrid recollections has been abolished, for ever.

If the modern principle of change were to be limited by utility alone, it might have a fine field in the abuses of law. Time, which renders the state of things as different in one century from their state in another, as if man had changed his nature, naturally generates legal abuses; and nothing can be wiser employment for a legislature, than the revision of the national laws. It will be recollected, that a few months since a bill was thrown out, which had for its object the erection of local courts, or places of cheap law, in the various counties. It was strongly opposed, on various grounds; but one proposal of the commission of law inquiry, for the prevention of fraud, by individuals withdrawing themselves from their creditors and spending their incomes abroad, was visited with peculiar derision by Lord Plunkett. The evil, nevertheless, subsists, and to an extraordinary degree. In the debate, a few nights since, Lord Hardwicke asked the Chancellor, "whether it was his intention to improve the laws respecting creditors who avoided the payment of their just debts by leaving the country, and residing abroad. He knew a person who resided at Boulogne for this purpose, though he regularly received an income of 800*l.* a quarter, from his property in this kingdom." Yet this is but one case. The evil is universally acknowledged.

In reply, the Chancellor said, "a more shameful state of law could not exist, than that of which persons could avail themselves by going abroad and avoiding the payment of their just debts. He himself knew a man of 8,000*l.* a-year, who lived in the rules to avoid his creditors. The expenses of law proceedings, those of the Insolvent Court, the discharge of prisoners, the expenses of debtors while in gaol, and those of collecting debts, amounted to 600,000*l.* a-year, and all this was abstracted from the funds of the creditors. In addition, the sum of 116,000*l.*

a-year was spent in justifying bail. If the report of the commission of law inquiry was attended to, the sum of between 700,000 and 800,000*l.* a-year would be swept away from such an useless direction, and added to the fund for the payment of creditors."

Every man's experience must corroborate all that can be said of the frauds of debtors, flying away daily to live in luxury in foreign countries on the property which belongs to others. If this abominable abuse can be checked, every honest man will wish well to the law commission, and the law maker.

One suggestion, however, of this commission, strikes us as altogether inadmissible.—" The following important recommendation appears in the Third Report of the English Law Commissioners, which has just been printed. It refers to civil causes :—' Jury not to be kept in deliberation longer than twelve hours, unless at the end of that period they unanimously apply for further time—at the end of that time, the concurrence of *nine* to be a verdict. At the end of that time, and *nine* not concurring, the cause to be a *remanet.*' "

Trial by jury is so essentially combined in the public feeling with all public rights, that nothing could justify an innovation in it, but the most extreme necessity. It is true, the proposal here relates only to civil cases. But how soon may it not be applied to cases of life and death. The chief dependence of an Englishman, hitherto, against arbitrary power or false accusation, was, that *twelve* of his countrymen must be *unanimous* in finding him guilty. Now he is to have the protection only of nine. But if this refers merely to civil cases, how often is a man's utter ruin dependent on the decision of a civil case. The opinion of a jury of nine may turn him out of doors, and make himself and his family paupers for life ; it may banish him from his country ; it may plunge him into a gaol ; it may place him in a situation of misery, for which death would be a most happy alternative.

But where are the practical evils of the old number? There may be an obstinate blockhead on a jury, and he may defeat the course of justice in a single instance, but still it is but one instance out of a thousand. The law, too, provides a remedy, even for this delay of justice, for it is no more. As for the suggestion of shortening the sitting of the jury to twelve hours, it seems rational enough. The old system of starving the jury into agreement, was the result of ruder times. But let us retain the original number. The day may not be far off, when Englishmen will require every protection that the old constitutional laws can give.

The miserable man who desecrates the name of Reverend, Taylor, the late haranguer at the Rotunda, and now the denizen of Horsemonger jail, has lately had his complaints brought once more before parliament. The petition came from " certain frequenters of the *Rotunda,*" and was transmitted through the hands of Sir Francis Burdett. That this new body of legislators should have found an advocate within the walls of any legislature, is a curious instance of what is called the *liberality* of the times. But that Taylor's personal complaints were altogether groundless, was distinctly stated by every man who had an opportunity of witnessing the facts :—" Mr. Denison was glad of that opportunity of explaining to the house the unfoundedness of the complaints respecting the treatment of the Rev. R. Taylor. He stated him to have been treated

with every reasonable indulgence. He could not help wishing that every honest and industrious labourer in England could partake of the dinner which he himself saw on its way to Mr. Taylor a few days ago; for it consisted of prime roast beef, peas-pudding, and potatoes, with abundance of porter. Wine and spirits only were prohibited, as contrary to the regulations of the prison. Then as to books, there was no restriction even to the works of Volney and Gibbon, only so far as the dissemination of the infidel doctrines for which he was imprisoned was concerned, and all works of that description were strictly forbidden; otherwise his conviction and punishment would be a mischievous mockery. Having made this statement," concluded the honourable member, "in justice to the body (Surrey magistrates,) of which I am a member, I will add, that attached as I am to the doctrines and usages of the church of England, I very much doubt the expediency of prosecuting the impugners of those doctrines and usages."

Mr. Denison is a *liberal,* and his last assertion is contradicted by common sense, and the practice of all rational legislation. In the first place, christianity is by law part and parcel of the British constitution; and to insult it, is a palpable and most injurious insult to the law. In the next, irreligious opinions, to the extent to which this Taylor and his associates laboured to urge them, are directly connected with the *overthrow* of the state. In the third, there can be no greater nonsense than to say, that the best way of suppressing mischievous publications is to let them take their way, and do all the mischief they can. We should like to know how Mr. Denison himself would be disposed to act, if he found a succession of pamphlets published daily, holding himself up as a pest to society, and recommending the immediate burning of his barns, and the pulling down of his house, with a promise to the pullers-down of a general distribution of his rental. Now, the recommendatien and the promise are precisely the same in this instance, as those of the new school in the instance of christianity. "If there were no religion," is the cry "there would be no church; and if no church, no priesthood; and if neither the one nor the other, the church lands, houses, and rents, would naturally be divided among the gallant patriots of the new school." We are strongly of opinion, that Mr. Denison would not suffer himself and his chattels to be placarded with patience, but that he would set about tearing down the placards, and prosecuting the placarders with magisterial assiduity; he would not leave "things to take their natural course," to the hazard of a fleece of his sheep, or a button of his coat; and therein we think he would do wisely. But, for the same reasons, we think that insults to things which all honest men revere, and by which the whole policy of the state, and the whole virtue and security of private life are sustained, should not be left to the malignity or the follies of the orators of the Rotunda, however free and philosophical their scorn of a God or a king may be. The true policy in the case of a malignant libeller is, to punish him for his libel, and if he repeat the offence, punish him again, and so on. Experience shews, that the law is more long-lived than the most heroic spirit of libel; and, in consequence, every libeller within memory has been successively lessoned into the virtue of silence. The generation is prolific, 'tis true; but the law is long handed, and as an instance of the salutary nature of the process, how many of our boldest libellers are now sunk into utter ob-

scurity, struggling upon the basest outskirts of literature, exiles in foreign lands, or begging their bread in their own.

The populace everywhere are furious against the bishops. Lord Plunket's old almanac is not so obsolete after all. The same outcry began that brilliant epoch of our history, which finished its first act in 1648. The Bishop of Cork is thus belaboured in the Irish papers:—"So, his Right Reverence the Lord Bishop of Cork—he who made so many professions of sincere attachment to the Reforming Government—he who, when soliciting the vacant mitre, was so constant in dancing attendance at the chamber of Sir Wm. Gossett and Baron Tuyle—who entered with those gentlemen into such long-winded explanations of his conduct, when his Excellency was leaving this country, in 1829, and who assured the Lord Lieutenant himself that he approved of the measures of the Reforming Government, and would be their steady supporter—so, this gentleman having, as we always thought, most foolishly been made a bishop of—turns round, on the very first occasion that offers, and votes plumply against the ministry who made him."

If the bishop vowed all those things, let the Irish papers smite him as they will. No man can serve two masters; and if he professed "Reform" before putting on his mitre, and turned his back upon it afterwards, why, let justice take its course. We have nothing to do between him and his tormentors. It is for him to deny the statement, which, it is perfectly probable, contains not a syllable of verity.

A burlesque circumstance, however, occurred in Bath. The popish priest who calls himself Bishop of Cork, in defiance, be it observed, of the grand, saving, single "security," of the Wellington healing measure, was mistaken, in his transit through the city of Bladud, for the Protestant dignitary, was dragged from the coach, and, by report, nearly extinguished in the mire. Two chairmen rescued him, and the Bath journals were very epigrammatic upon his giving his preservers only *sixpence* between them. Here was "the portly dignitary, the vast pluralist, the purple son of mother church," &c., while it turned out that the subject of this remorseless pleasantry was their "friend and brother, their *protegée*, their companion in the struggle for liberty," &c. after all.

But an affair equally gross has but just occurred among ourselves:—"The Bishop of London was to have preached at St. Anne's, Westminster. The churchwardens put forth the following announcement:—'The parishioners are respectfully informed, that the Rev. Dr. Macleod, the rector, has received a letter from the Lord Bishop of London, stating, that his lordship is unavoidably prevented from preaching in this church in the morning of Sunday next.'

"Eleven hundred parishioners had agreed to mark their sense of the reverend prelate's opinions, by leaving the church in a body, the moment he entered the pulpit. The bishop, it is presumed, heard of what was intended, and thought it," the papers say, "prudent to retreat."

We say, thought it proper to preserve the church from so scandalous a scene, the Liturgy from so vile an insult, and the parishioners who meditated such conduct, from the sorrow and shame which they must have felt, on a moment's reflection.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

THE BRAVO, a VENETIAN STORY, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PILOT, WATER-WITCH, &c., 3 vols 12mo.

Mr. COOPER writes like a man—that is, with a direct and intelligible object. His fictions spring from facts, and mingle with realities. All his scenes are essentially historical—the spirit of them is truth, while the details are imaginary. He makes that use of the past for which alone it is worth reverting to—teaching the world to eschew crimes by shewing their odious consequences. Venice was a republic in name, and, detestable as the principles on which it was administered were, Mr. Cooper is anxious none of the detestation which attaches to its history shall be thrown upon his own America, because she too is a republic. Never were two things, indeed, under the same name, so utterly unlike. Concealment and mystery were the characteristics of the Venetian councils. Systematically professing to be guided by justice—their ostentatious motto—recourse was had, habitually, to the most wily and infamous expedients to execute what they dared not avow, and loudly decried. The most worthless agents were employed—espionage penetrated into every quarter—spies upon spies—double and treble dupe; and no scruples were made of sacrificing any of them whenever the policy of the government required the sacrifice. Mr. Cooper's immediate object is to exhibit the operation of this system in some familiar scenes; and he appeals for a justification of the likeness to M. Daru's well-known History of Venice.

The "Bravo" is one of the agents of this horrible system; but though long bearing the imputation of assassin, he is in reality none; but one who consents to be thus regarded for the secret purposes of the government. Assassinations which they committed by other agents were covered by being indirectly ascribed to him. He had been forced into this collusion by the arts and oppressions of the government, and appears, in the scenes of the piece, to be entangled in their net, past all extrication.

A Neapolitan nobleman succeeds to the estates of a Venetian senator, and claims the rank and rights of his ancestor; but the policy of the Venetian is adverse to foreign connections, and all sorts of obstacles are thrown in his way. He is too important a person to be got rid of by the stiletto. In the meanwhile he rescues from drowning the young heiress of a wealthy senator, and falls of course in love with her. She, as all heiresses were, was under the especial protection of the government, for the very purpose of precluding foreign matches—and thus the young Neapolitan and the government were doubly in opposition. He was resolved to carry her, and they were equally bent on preventing him, at the period he fell in with the Bravo. Universally shunned and detested, the man's burden had become greater than he could bear—he was in despair, and on point of suicide. He excites an interest in the bosom of the Neapolitan, and attaches himself to his fortunes. By his peculiar sources of information, he is enabled to baffle the council, and the Neapolitan and the lady succeed in escaping its clutches; but the Bravo himself before he is able to complete his arrangements for his own departure, is entrapped, and finally sacrificed to the interests of the state—under cover of atoning for crimes, which had been committed at their command by other hands. The developement of the Bravo's character is very skilfully managed—the interest rises to the last.

Mr. Cooper is as much at home on the lagunes and canals of Venice, as in the harbour of New York, and the scenes furnish him with abundant opportunity of describing matters connected with his *native* element. A boat-race of his, rivals Virgil's, without broken oars, broken heads, or even a ducking. Mr. Cooper's only want is a little gaiety—something to cheer the sombre, and lighten the general *weight* of his execution.

Dialogues on the Catholic and Protestant Rules of Faith, &c., by James Smith, Edinburgh.

These dialogues originated in a public discussion at Edinburgh, between the author, a Catholic priest apparently, and a member of the British Society for Promoting the Principles of the Reformation. The point debated, as usual between Catholics and Protestants, is, in the language of controversialists, the Rule of Faith. The Catholic appeals to the sense of the Church; the Protestant to the Scriptures. The Catholic excludes all private interpretation, while the Protestant will listen to no other. In the case before us, it is the Catholic who writes—it is he who selects the Protestant's arguments, as well as his own—of course the result is obvious. He is not such a fool as to set up what he cannot knock down. And here is the grand absurdity of all controversial dialogues thus written by *one* of the parties. A man must care a fig for the sentiments of neither to give fair play to both; and such a man can scarcely be expected to do justice to either. With all the professions of fairness and candour, the Protestant is made to look exceedingly small—it cannot be otherwise if the Catholic be sincere. He makes up his mind that he is right upon a most momentous question; and it is not in the nature of man, that he should not think contemptuously of those who differ *toto cœlo* from him. Slight shades of difference may be accounted for, and borne with, but an absolute contradiction—a direct and full opposition of sentiment, it is not in mortals to submit quietly to. The most remarkable omission on the Protestant side of the argument is, that of all inquiry of a close kind, as to *where* the sense of the Church, whose interpretation the Catholic regards as absolute, is to be found. It is not in the Pope, nor in the Councils, nor in the Fathers, for they, one and all, at one time or other, have contradicted each other. The reader will find all that can be adduced in support of the Catholics, but he must look elsewhere for the Protestant's sentiments.

The Poetical Works of C. B. Ash, of Adbaston. 2 vols. 8vo.

Defend us! As if Mr. C. B. Ash had ever been heard of before out of the smoke of the Wrekin! We remember some few years ago meeting with the "Works, Prosaical and Poetical, of W. Dyason, eight volumes, 1804." Inquiring of the publisher who this voluminous personage might be, we learnt that he was at the time an apothecary's apprentice of Canterbury, who had thus spent all his little patrimony upon paper-makers and printers. Not a line of the whole mass, probably, was readable; but they consisted of a hodge-podge of all sorts of things, and imitations, as the writer *called* them, of all sorts of authors—good, bad, and indifferent. They have doubtless long since been consigned to the waste-paper shops, which, by the way, we hear are so much overstocked, that the price has fallen 100 per cent. in an incredibly short period. Mr. C. B. Ash talks a good deal of lang syne, and so is not, it may be supposed, a youth; but he does not require being told there are old fools as well as young ones, though he will not put himself in the category. The poem at the head of this mighty collection is entitled Adbaston, which proves to be the name of Mr. Ash's Cunabula—in the neighbourhood of the Wrekin. The said poem takes the tone of Goldsmith, many of his lines, and more of his sentiments—of all which Mr. Ash was not in the least aware till some good-natured friend told him of it. *Pol! me occidistis!* would have been the exclamation of any body else; but no, Mr. Ash contents himself with *accounting* for the fact, which he does very satisfactorily, by telling us, that at the time of writing the poem, he had recently been reading Goldsmith's productions, and was so delighted, and so imbued with them, as not to be able to distinguish them from his own.

> While laurel'd bards attune the sounding strings,
> And tell of battles, and the courts of kings;
> On other themes the pensive muse would pore,
> And cast a thought on days that are no more.
> Ye who, in revels at the midnight hour,
> Ne'er feel a rapture but from pride or power;

Who seek for pleasure in the city's din,
And shun retirement as a pest or sin;
Charmed with more humble, and congenial flights,
For you the Muse no lofty verse indites;
But ye who love the shady woods—the dales,
The brooks that straddle through your native vales—
To you with joy the *simple reed* I raise
To gain your smiles, &c.

What does he mean by *raising a reed?*—and one, too, that, since the first line, he has metamorphosed from *sounding strings*. But it is nonsense to be criticising what, neither in language nor sentiment, proceeds from the soul of a writer—whom it must be difficult to believe has one at all.

Another poem, in octaves, called Zoenlinda—a poetical romance—connected with the battle of Blore-heath, in 1459, is as obvious an imitation as the first; but that the author has not discovered, or rather, that has not been pointed out to him.—

The rage of battle now no more
Was heard along the heath of Blore:
The echoing woods at length were still;
And from the heights of Salisbury hill,
No more the warrior's bright array
Fills the sad mother with dismay;
No more from Muxon's lofty tower
Anjou marks the carnage pour;
Prostrate in death brave Audley lies,
His gallant spirit seeks the skies;
For surely they who nobly fall
Shall rise to him who governs all.
O'er heaps of stout Lancastrian dead,
Victorious York *uprears his head*,
Pursues afar the foe that flies,
Reckless of him who lives or dies.

Nothing is too hot or too heavy for Mr. Ash. In a layman's epistle he lectures Lord Byron, dead at the time some years, on the subject of morals, for which, he says, some bishop commended him, &c. A long didactic Essay on the Art of Acting breaks down in the middle—but there are still thirty mortal pages of it—handled, as a cow handles a musket.

Le Traducteur, or Selections from French Writers for Learners, by P. F. Merlet, Professor in the University of London.

In these selections, M. Merlet's aims have been to keep his book free from thoughts or expressions of an immoral or religious tendency—to study variety—to exemplify and illustrate his own grammar—and couple all with instruction and entertainment. These purposes M. Merlet seems to have accomplished very happily, and has thus supplied a very useful book for learners and teachers. The selections, both as to subject and style of composition, are made for the service of *youthful* pupils. He reserves for a second volume, which is soon to appear, extracts relative to the "higher parts of literature," and from the "elegant writings of the present day." Unusual pains, we observe, are taken with the *idioms*, to supply the corresponding English phrases.

Remarks on the Condition of Hunters, the choice of Horses and their Management, by Nimrod, 1831.

This volume of 500 goodly pages, consists of a series of letters, originally published in the Sporting Magazine between the years 1822 and 1828, containing the fruits of the writer's large experience—himself a Nimrod of some celebrity. The volume will have irresistible attractions for all the Tallyhos of the country; and is indeed calculated to work a considerable change in the system of management. The common course has been, at the end of the season, to give

horses what is called a summer's grass, take them up again in August, and hunt them in October or November. To think of getting a horse into prime condition—that is, for hunting—in eight or ten weeks, seems to the writer, in the face of the maker, absurd. As many months are required for racers, and what difference is there now-a-days between hunters and racers? As much speed is required in the one as the other. Change has been as active in fox-hunting of late years as in politics. Harriers now go the pace that fox-hounds did forty years back, and fox-hounds that of grey-hounds. Horses must keep up with them, and must be trained accordingly. Nimrod's book, as a piece of literature, fixed our attention—it is written in a familiar, but still forcible style, by a perfect enthusiast, who puts his whole soul into the subject. It is full of anecdote, deeply interesting to amateurs, though to laymen, it must be allowed, they will appear *dry* facts, sufficiently astounding, but utterly destitute of point—calculated only for a late dinner after a hard-day's run.

Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, by W. V. Rose, Esq. 8 vols.

Mr. Rose has at last completed his eternal Ariosto—occupying no less than eight volumes of *mortal* versification; and now it is completed, who will, or can, read it? Ariosto is stript of half his best and most agreeable associations, by being torn from his native language. Mr. Rose has done all that could be done for him in English, but *all* is not enough to make him attractive. The execution, in itself, is correct, perhaps always—sometimes spirited, often felicitous, but much, much too generally, dull, prosy, lingering, misty, rugged—for all which, however, Ariosto is as much responsible as Mr. Rose. Take *Avarice* as a specimen:—

O execrable avarice! O vile thirst
Of sordid gold! it doth not me astound
So easily thou seizest soul, immersed
In baseness, or with other taint unsound;
But that thy chain should bind, amidst the worst,
And that thy talon should strike down and wound
One that for loftiness of mind would be
Worthy all praise, if he avoided thee.

Some earth and sea and heaven above us square,
Know Nature's causes, works, and properties;
What her beginnings, what her endings are;
And soar till Heaven is open to their eyes:
Yet have no steadier aim, no better care,
Stung by thy venom, than, in sordid wise,
To gather treasure: such their single scope,
Their every comfort, and their every hope.

Armies by him are broken in his pride,
And gates of warlike towns in triumph past;
The foremost he to breast the furious tide
Of fearful battle; to retire the last;
Yet cannot save himself from being stied
Till death, in thy dark dungeon prisoned fast.
Of others that would shine thou dimm'st the praise;
Whom other studies, other arts would raise.

The County of Leicester — The First of a Series of the Counties of England and Wales — by the Rev. I. Curtis, of Ashby de la Zouch.

This is incomparably the best county topography hitherto produced for general purposes. It is at once brief and full. Not a line is lost in parading—nor a space for a line in the printing. The writer's purpose has been to condense the greatest mass of information in the smallest compass, compatible with the demands of a County Topography. The whole is comprised in less than 250

pages. Of the different modes in which a county topography might be executed, Mr. Curtis adopted that which gives, he says, the "principal features of the subdivisions of the county, as to its present state; and as brief and condensed a view of the ancient records, as would render these documents intelligible, and be generally useful to satisfy the casual reader, and yet so much as might excite the curiosity of those more particularly interested, whilst the sources were at the same time pointed from whence further information might be drawn, if requisite." The contents of this valuable volume are thrown into an alphabetical form, while the more general matters, such as the history, the divisions, ecclesiastical and civil, rivers, canals and railways, geology, botany, agriculture, manufactures, &c. are thrown into a preface of some 40 or 50 pages.

No pains have been spared to get at precise information—proof sheets were sent to almost every parish and hamlet, to those who were deemed competent to correct them. The descriptions of Belvoir Castle, Bradgate, Castle Donnington, Cole Orton, Gopsal and Stanton Harold—the chief places in the county—have gone through the hands of their several proprietors. We have ourselves some local knowledge of Leicestershire, and can bear testimony to its extraordinary correctness even in small matters, in several districts. In the ecclesiastical statistics, so much has been done, that we regret the names of the incumbents are not given as well as the patrons. *They* are, to be sure, constantly changing; but still the names, at the period of publication, would have gratified many, and could have added nothing to the compiler's labours—which have been well directed, and efficiently exercised.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, by I. S. Memes, LL.D. — Constable's Miscellany. Vol. LXXII.

Mr. Memes has set up an idol, and calls upon the world to worship the work of his own hands. Josephine is, in his hands, a piece of female perfection—all beauty, grace, and benignity—the ornament of womanhood—a fascination—an enchantment—with the voice of a syren, the seduction of a Calypso, and the purity of a Diana. This kind of extravagance is the common folly of such as describe persons of whom they know nothing but from reports. It is little more than mere accident how the character is painted. All depends on the bias of the writer. If the turn of the dice be favourable, all is angelic—if the contrary, all is demon-like. The materials for Josephine's Memoirs abound; but the more they abound, the worse is the result with such compilers as Mr. Memes—he has just so much the more means of executing with effect his own purpose. The more he details, the less, it is naturally supposed, is left untold. He gets the credit of reporting all, while, in fact, his is a system of suppressing whatever does not contribute to his purpose.

The death of Robespierre luckily rescued her from the fate of Beauharnois. From that period till her marriage with Bonaparte—nearly two years—she figured in Madame Tallien's brilliant saloon, without any *visible* means of subsistence, with Barras, the public purse at his command, a man of notorious gallantry, for her constant attendant. This cannot be denied, nor scarcely the inference. As the wife of Bonaparte, her conduct, in a certain sense, was probably irreproachable; but the eternal eulogy is but ill deserved. She set no bounds to her expence, and scarcely to her follies. Kind-hearted doubtless she was, but only on sudden impulses producing effect. She was liberal, profuse, prodigal—she liked to have smiling faces about her—scattered favours at random—with unbounded resources, and regardless of the cost. It was easy to be what people call *good* in such a position—that is, to be amiable, and win golden opinions at golden prices. Her conduct with respect to Napoleon's family, however, every one of whom hated her, proves that she had some genuine good in her. She never attempted revenge, but appears to have been uniformly disposed to soothe and conciliate the very persons to whom she doubtless at last owed her divorce. It was his own family, who were perpetually urging him on—from jealousy of Eugene.

THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF THE MUTINY OF H. M. S. BOUNTY—FORMING THE 25TH VOLUME OF MURRAY'S FAMILY LIBRARY,

The story of Bligh and the Bounty is of the last age; but its interest has been revived of late years by the discovery of the last of the mutineers, in Pitcairn's Island. The whole series of causes and consequences, from the discovery of Otaheite, and Bligh's expedition to the island, down to the latest intelligence relative to the Colony of Pitcairn's Island, is here collected, by Barrow, in a very nice little volume, which will interest young and old.

The bread-fruit tree, found in the South Seas, was thought likely to be useful in the West Indies, and a vessel, the Bounty, was, in 1787, fitted out by the government, for the purpose of conveying plants to the slave islands, and the command given to Bligh, who had been one of Cook's lieutenants. To Bligh's tyranny, which Mr. Barrow does not deny, though he will let nobody find fault with him but himself, is fairly assignable, though it does not justify, the resolve of Christian, an acting lieutenant, to seize the ship, and send Bligh adrift. The execution was effected with little difficulty, and less combination, from the general unpopularity of Bligh on board. With eighteen of the crew he was forced into a boat, with a very scanty supply of provision. They were near Tofoa, and landed; but on discovering their forlorn condition, they were attacked by the "amiable" natives, and with difficulty escaped to their boat—one was killed. The resolution was then taken to make for Timor, a distance of 1,200 leagues; and the men consented to be put on short—the shortest possible allowance, to eke out the miserable stock of food. The details of this fearful voyage—the firmness of Bligh—the suffering, and the general submission of the crew, are told by Bligh. Contrary to all probability, they reached Timor, though in the most exhausted state, and Bligh at length got home.

Such was the general feeling in favour of Bligh, from sympathy with his sufferings, and his intrepidity, that he was forthwith promoted; and a vessel, the Pandora, despatched in search of the mutineers, wherever they could be found. Christian and his party had at first sailed to Taboai, and within a few months had landed sixteen of the crew at Otaheite—from which place he had gone with the ship, and the remainder of the crew, nobody knew whither. The sixteen who had been thus put ashore at Otaheite, with the exception of two, who had perished in some way, the Pandora took on board, and put them in irons. Most of them had come on board voluntarily. The Captain, one Edwards, a brutal fellow, treated them all, without discrimination, as criminals of the deepest dye. During the voyage the Pandora took fire; and in this perilous condition, and the ship sinking, the Captain refused to unfetter the prisoners. It was only desperation that enabled them to escape destruction. Among them was a midshipman of the name of Heywood—a mere boy at the time of the mutiny, but a clever and intelligent one, who may be truly said rather to have been left on board with Christian, than to have joined him. He was the only *officer;* with the rest, on their arrival in England, he was brought to trial, and with five others was sentenced to be shot—the rest were acquitted. Heywood, however, found friends—was pardoned—again entered the service, and died, full of honour, one of the oldest captains in the navy, only last year. The details of his trial, and the efforts of his friends to save him, are given at great and merciless length; but Mr. Barrow had been furnished with letters and papers by the family, and they were found, or supposed to be, useful in giving effect to the tale.

These men could of course give no account of Christian and the remaining eight of the crew; but in 1814, Captain Staines, of the Briton, fell in with Pitcairn's Island, and from the shore, to his surprise, was hailed in very good English. Here was found the last of the mutineers, Adams, whose story is too familiar to the public, through the Quarterly Review, to render repetition necessary. Since Captain Staines thus lighted on the colony, they have been visited by Captain Beechey, and, still more recently, by Captain Waldegrave. Adams himself died two years ago. The happy Eden—the Arcadian state of the colony—consisting of the children of the mutineers by Otaheitan women—had been

broken in upon of late by the accession of two or three Englishmen, one of whom set up for preacher and schoolmaster—and despot; and they have now, it appears, from very recent intelligence, been all in a body removed to Otaheite by the missionaries—to the speedy destruction of all their simplicity.

Of Christian, Adams gave different accounts—that he killed himself, and was killed by others. In 1808 and 9, a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland, that Christian was in that part of the country, and visited his relatives there. Heywood himself always felt convinced that he had seen him at Plymouth. He quickened his steps to overtake the man whom he took for Christian—the man turned—the face was exactly Christian's—he seemed to recognize Heywood—took to his heels, and was seen no more.

Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuala and New Grenada, &c. 3 vols. 12mo.

Of all matters of fact writers should give their names and qualities, and not seduce the world into the belief that printing is evidence of reality—not that we entertain any doubt of the general truth or accuracy of the Campaigns and Cruises before us, though the writer *is* a dealer in fiction. Of him we know nothing, but from his own volumes. He represents himself as having entered the Colombian service in 1817—leaving it, after some time, for that of Chili, and returning to England, on leave of absence, in 1830. No time was lost, on his return, in working up his volumes for the press; and they were completed before he had any notion of the immense collection of Personal Narratives, Journals, Tours, Wanderings, Residences, &c. which had come forth in his absence, and forestalled the market, which he seems to have regarded as all his own. Nevertheless, he was not willing, as nobody is, to throw away his labour; and as the books were written, they must be printed, or the world would be never the wiser. Nor would we by any means have had them lost—they are the productions of a man of good sense, and of large experience, though more distinctness and sequency on the narrative of military events would have added considerably to its value—relieved the toil of recollection, and assisted the imagination. As it is, things are put together with too little regard to order, though, after all, the descriptions, sprinkled over the whole, relative to the habits of the natives, and of animals, whose peculiarities are little known, form the best and most interesting portions of the performance.

With more facts in his possession than the writer was able to work up in the narrative of his Campaigns and Cruises, he has attempted to give some of them a local habitation, by introducing them into the frame-work of a couple of tales. The second and third volumes, accordingly, bear the title of Tales of Venezuela—the scenes of which are judiciously laid, though the details occasionally savour too much of the minutiæ of a soldier's journal. The first is called The Earthquake of Caraccas; but that event occurred in 1812, and, of course, did not fall within the writer's observation. On that fearful day, the first anniversary of the federation of the Venezuelan States, and of course a fête day, a young Catholic lady was to take the veil. She was the daughter of a miserly old wretch—a pretended patriot, and a real traitor—and was sacrificed by him to save his money. A relative, a young soldier of fortune, was warmly attached to her, but had never told his love. On the eve of the day that was to cut her off for ever from the world, the father gave a splendid entertainment, as was usual on such occasions, at which the young lady presided, and saw all her friends for the last time. In the midst of the festivities he was arrested for treason, and thrown into prison. Nevertheless, the young lady's profession proceeded next day; and just before her final acceptance of the vows, occurred the terrible event that shook Caraccas to ruins. The youth was at hand, and rescued the prostrate girl. The same commotion threw down the prison walls, and the old man escaped, in company with his daughter, to some distant port, got on board a trading vessel, and found refuge in one of the West India isles.

After sundry hopes and fears, of course, the young people seal each other's happiness.

But the tale which occupies the last volume, called The Savannas of Varinas, is a far more agreeable scene, and more novel withal. These Savannas lie between the rivers Oronoco and Apuri, and are called by the natives Los Llanos, as they themselves are Los Llaneros. This was the scene of Paez's early efforts; and which was invaded, in 1818, by Murillo, who laid waste a considerable portion of the parts occupied by the industrious and peaceful inhabitants. The hero of the tale is a native of these plains, and attached to a lovely cousin of the same regions. He had been summoned to Old Spain by a rich relative, and had been induced to enter the royal service. Greatly to his discomfiture, he was shortly after dispatched with Murillo's troops to South America; and in the course of the campaign compelled to invade his native plains. On his approach his fair cousin had an interview with him—he deserted the royal cause, and joined the rebels—prompted it must be understood, not by the seductions of the young lady, but by the haughty and insulting treatment he had received from Murillo—who affected to suspect the fidelity of all who were not Spaniards of Spanish birth. Paez succeeded in repelling Murillo's forces, and the young hero had his revenge of the tyrant—preserved his own honour some how or other, and finally married his charming cousin.

Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vol. XXIII.

This volume, embracing the period from the Convention to the first restoration of the Bourbons, completes Mr. Crowe's brief survey of the History of France. The glance has, of necessity, been a rapid one, but it has also been a distinct and penetrating one. The horrors of the French revolution he fairly attributes to foreign interference. The invasion of the French territory produced the 10th of August, and that led, by almost an inevitable consequence, to the September massacres, and, finally, the reign of Terror. The ascendancy of Robespierre is thus accounted for by Mr. Crowe;—we had selected the piece as a specimen of his manner, which, though a little ambitious, is not unsound in the matter, but our space obliges us to omit it.

A History of the Roman and English Hierarchies, with an Examination of the Assumptions, Abuses, and Intolerance of Episcopacy, &c., by James Abbott, A. B.

Mr. Abbott, it appears on his own statement, about ten years ago, came into possession of the old conventual chapel of Davington, in Kent, which, though independent of all ecclesiastical control, had been occasionally used, from the days of the Reformation, for the performance of divine worship. Just before this occurred, Mr. A. had published certain opinions of his on the state and corruptions of the church, and he seized upon this inheritance or purchase of Davington chapel as a fair means of enforcing his own sentiments on these matters more effectively. He accordingly fitted up the chapel, and preached with great vigour, and some virulence, for a twelvemonth, to "large and repectable audiences." This it seems gave offence to the neighbouring clergy, and excited the "jealousy" of the archbishop. Mr. Abbott was not episcopally ordained, and to this little defect, together with his popularity, and to some display of zeal on the queen's trial—and not at all to the printed declaration of his hostility to episcopal government, he ascribes the jealousy, and the subsequent conduct of the archbishop. Wishing therefore, for the better carrying into effect his resolve of correcting the perversions of the church, to obtain episcopal ordination, Mr. Abbott abandoned his chapel, proceeded to Cambridge, studied *secundum artem,* took his degree, and then applied to the bishop of Norwich for ordination—why to *him* does not appear, except perhaps that the old gentleman was thought to be less *particular* than some others. To his amazement, he was refused. The bishop informed him, he had received a caveat against ordaining him some years before, from the archbishop. Sutton was

dead, but the archbishop, like the king, never dies. Mr. Abbott applies to Howley for information, and he replies in the most courteous terms—"I have no wish to interfere against you, Mr. A., I must attend to my official duties. If a bishop apply to me, I must inform him that there appears in the books of my predecessor a caution not to ordain you *without reference to him*. I can say no more." But he is dead, and cannot well be referred to. "I can make no other reply, Mr. Abbott." All this Mr. Abbott regards as perfectly intolerable—it is the conduct of a despot—of the dark and tyrannical ages—of the ancient decemviri—it is like the Roman emperors breathing revenge for what in his conscience Mr. A. considers as a duty. His first grace issued, says Mr. A., an edict calculated to blast my character and reputation, which the second with the mildness and complacency of a Nerva, has renewed.

To be *frank*, however, is not thought to be among the duties of archbishops or bishops—it is obviously, from a thousand evidences, considered as derogatory to their dignities. In Mr. Abbott's case, the course which common sense and common propriety prompted was clear—he had set the discipline of the church at defiance, and had, moreover, published his belief of its corruption. Why should he wish to join her communion? Or what views could he have, but such as must, in the eyes of all churchmen, seem *insidious* ones? These were grounds enough for refusal—if bishops are to exercise any discretion at all—and might and should have been frankly given as such.

But what has all this to do with the book which Mr. Abbott professes to be a History of the Roman and English Hierarchies, and their corruptions? Simply this—that Mr. Abbott's purpose is *revenge*, and of course no fair inquiry or discussion can be expected from such a source, and with such an object. Its merits are not worth scanning. There can be no doubt the bishops of the present day are not the bishops of the early ages of the church; but as long as there are ample revenues, there will be possessors of them—there will be, occasionally at least, a bad use of them; and generally every thing will, as a matter of course, be conducted on an exclusive principle. The public, in a personal view, have little to do with the matter. Nobody is bound to continue in communion with the state-church; and episcopal power over laymen is, happily, all but a nullity. Their authority is exercised over their "brethren," as they style them, and it is not to be denied that they wield that authority, like autocrats; and still less can it be denied, that those who submit to such treatment, are only treated as they deserve.

Family and Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. W. Shepherd, of Cheddington, Bucks.

If we did not know the constant demand that exists for publications of this kind among the clergy themselves, and generally, we should naturally ask of what possible use they could be—who *could* desire to have them? Sermons, of this kind, in general, are but an eternal repetition—a mere rechauffé, a thousand times rechauffé-ed—no novelty—no eloquence—no vigour of conception—no force of sentiment or of illustration—nothing to induce any person of intelligence or taste to read one rather than another, or any of them at all. There is so much dwelling upon trifles, at least upon *unessential* matters—such an emphasis given to insignificance—such efforts made to revive or retain fading associations—so much taken for granted which no mortal can concede—so much of common, and yet crude, truism, that reading is all but impossible, for there is nothing to *arrest*. We see in this series, a sermon on Lent, in which, of course, an inexperienced person would expect to find some reasons given for enforcing *periodical* repentance; but not a word is there which does not make the duty of as much importance at one moment as at another, the whole year round.

"We must turn to him also with fasting," says Mr. Shepherd—"our Saviour fasted forty days, till he was an hungered, and then came various temptations, all *of* which he resisted, and triumphed so gloriously over his tempter, that angels came and ministered unto him. The devout Christian, *in like manner*, is

ready to give up every thing to God's service, and think it all gain when called upon to suffer for Christ's sake; because, in so doing, he is made more like his crucified master, who was made perfect through sufferings. He is ready to submit to any privations, or undergo any difficulties for the sake of his heavenly calling; but he does not esteem bodily mortifications or sensual abstinence of any account, unless accompanied by the lowliness and humility of the inward man."

What does this mean? Why, if any thing, that fasting is not fasting. Christ fasted, was tempted, and triumphed. Are we then, his disciples, to fast forty days? No, we are to be ready—not to fast, but to renounce every thing, if there be occasion. The analogy fails absolutely. It would puzzle an Œdipus to *connect* the doctrine with the fact. The argument, if it is one at all, is rather one for the *neglect* of periodical sacrifices. Besides, the fasting itself is of no use, unless it be productive of humility; and therefore if the humility exists, the fasting is, *ipso facto,* dispensed with. This is enforcing the observance of Lent with a witness.

The Van Dieman's Land Almanack for 1831.

The book is got up wholly in the colony. Besides the common matters which usually fill up almanacks, and the Red-book, the volume contains almost every thing that can be desired to furnish a complete account of the colony, and its statistics. In particular, will be found the state of agriculture, and of gardening—a history of the colony—a geographical description of the island, and a general itinerary—and the whole series of colonial regulations to the latest date. Among these latter are the proclamations of the governor relative to the native population, about whom we at home have long been very much in the dark. In the year 1828 it seems, about one-half of the island was placed, with respect to them, under "martial law;" and so late as October of last year (1830) we find the *whole* island was so placed, because, it is expressly stated, it was very difficult to distinguish friend from foe—and *therefore* they were all directed to be treated alike. Injunctions are given to the military and colonists, not to fire at the miserable wretches, *if* they can be captured without; but captured, they must be, at all events. What is to be done with them when captured, is not stated; but apparently the adults are to be despatched to neighbouring islands, while the children are to be drilled to the discipline of colonial civilization! The measure is horrible in itself; but the safety of the colony demands their extirpation, and it is obvious the colonists will stick at nothing to accomplish their object. The governor can only do as he is bid. The natives are said not now to exceed 2000—but of course such a statement can scarcely be trusted—if they were 20,000 no scruples would deter those who are past getting the complete mastery. Of this 2000, the males are said to be to the women six to one. What is become of the women?

Insect Miscellanies—a Volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

Another volume from Mr. Rennie, equally important, and more interesting in the details than the former. The subject of insects is inexhaustible. The number of species is endless—all have their peculiarities, and the difficulties of tracing them, if not insurmountable, require reiterated efforts, and the aid of numbers to surmount. It is but now and then that any thing in the shape of satisfactory discovery, and indisputable fact, can be caught. Guesses are eternally substituted—controversies spring up, and the original object almost forgotten in the fervours of self-defence. But it is only thus, after all, that truth is to be got at—there is no sharpening men's wits but by collision, and friction. Bees and ants—the insects perhaps which have been most studied—are still in their economy but imperfectly understood; and many of Mr. R.'s pages are occupied with them; but the main points of consideration in the present volume,

regard the senses of insects—their means and modes of eating—and their social and domestic habits. The chief value of Mr. R.'s book consists in the bare presentation of facts, and the exposure of blunders—he but rarely indulges in guesses.

The purpose for which the glow-worm lights up its lamp is still as much in obscurity as ever. Dumeril calls it, as others, naturalists as well as poets, the lamp of love. It is the female who supplies the light. She has no wings; whilst the male has them. The female then is supposed to light up her lamp, like Hero for her Leander. Mr. Knapp, in his Journal of a Naturalist, discovers evidence of this purpose in the very conformation of the male. He—the male, not Mr. Knapp—can see *below* him only, from the position of his eyes, and with good reason, for he has nothing to do but to look out for the lamp of his mistress. But unluckily for this inference, the eyes of the female, though but half the size, are precisely the same as to structure and position, as those of the male; and *she* never rises from the ground. Besides the glow-worm shines in its infant, and in its larva state, in neither of which is a love-meeting, at least love-making, desirable or practicable. The male too, after all, shines as well as the female, though not so brilliantly. But what is still more destructive of this theory—shewing how ready naturalists are to run before their facts—is, that the males are scarcely ever, or if ever, by mere accident, found among the females, when their lamps are thus lighted up. The blaze does not, after all, answer the purpose assigned. The males do not come. Mr. Rennie even put a lot of females in full glow in a box on the sea-bank, near Havre-de-Grace, where the insect abounds; but not a male approached the concentrated blaze (perhaps they were dazzled and alarmed) no, not though its position was changed several times, and continued till after midnight, when, according to Shakspeare, and White of Selborne, he, or she, or both, "'gin to pale their ineffectual fires." Mr. R. as we said, does not himself deal in guesses, but he delights in demolishing those of others—Mr. John Murray's especially. This latter gentleman conjectures that the glow-worm lights up either to find her own food, or obligingly to enable the nightingale to find herself, for a tit-bit;—but here too, the fact is still to be ascertained whether the nightingale feeds at all on the glow-worm. It is pretty plain these naturalists, as well as the chemists and others, will at last leave the poets nothing to feed on.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

THE ANNUALS.

The Amulet, Edited by S. C. Hall.—The Amulet is this year distinguished from itself, as well as from all others, by a new and beautiful binding that unites the durable and the decorative to an admirable degree of perfection. Some of the annuals are evidently not meant to be read, and scarcely to be touched; but Mr. Hall has very rightly foreseen that the Amulet will be fondly and frequently referred to, and he has consequently provided it with a covering that will resist the attacks of its admirers. One of the distinguishing features of this beautiful volume, as regards its embellishments, is a set of splendid engravings from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and what considerably enhances the value of these is, that they are female portraits. Two of them flash upon us the instant we open the book; one, The Portrait, a most fascinating and finely-executed print; the other, a portrait of Lady Cawdor, contending for the prize of our admiration, and fairly dividing it with its companion. Turning over a leaf or two we come to another—Lady Londonderry and her son (every body recollects the picture—it is dazzling us yet); and proceeding still further we light on one—shall we say it is more beautiful?—it is more tender, feminine, and delicate than any of them. This is a portrait of "Sophie," the daughter of the illustrious Cuvier. We now turn to more general subjects; the Death of the First Born is an effective engraving; and Haydon's Eucles an admirable one. Corinne,

from a picture by the celebrated Girard; and the Greek Girl, by Pickersgill, are interesting alike in subject and in style; while the Rising of the Nile, and Venice, will lose no lustre in a comparison with the loveliest of the landscapes that are scattered through the numerous annuals around us. A little moon-light view of Boxall's terminates a series of embellishments, that equals, to say the least of it, any single collection that we have yet seen annualized. We now come to the literature, respecting which we quote the editor, who tells us that he "has endeavoured to fill the present volume with a larger proportion of articles of permanent interest and value than heretofore; so as to avoid, as far as possible, a very general complaint against the annual works—that they are merely butterflies of a season, and lose their attraction when that season is past." We concur with him, and with the manner in which he has carried his design into effect. The character of the Amulet's prose and poetry will not be lessened by anything that appears in this volume. It comprises several sterling articles, as well as some of a lighter and livelier description. Of this class we may point to Miss Mitford's amusing Day of Distress, and to the Chapter on Flowers, by the author of "Atherton." Mrs. Hall's tale of the Mosspits is beautifully written; the story well told, the characters admirably sketched, and the moral perfect. The Betrothed, brief as it is, is a convincing evidence that L. E. L.'s pen is not limited to verse, but that it can pour out its treasures in prose with undiminished grace. Dr. Walsh's Visit to Nicœa is interesting to the last letter; several others deserve almost an equal amount of praise. Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Norton, Barry Cornwall, Mr. Willmott, and others of a list rather rich than numerous, have contributed poems, of various degrees of merit; some of them, for our own sake as well as for the reader's, we should extract, but that there are nearly a dozen of the Amulet's rivals already demanding our attention, and pleading with all the charm of beauty to be heard. Upon the whole, the Amulet unquestionably deserves the place we have here given it—at the head of the list.

The Friendship's Offering opens like the Amulet, with a portrait from Lawrence; it is less successful, though a pleasant and elegant composition. The Fairy of the Lake, by Richter and E. Finden, is not fanciful, but fantastic. Milton asleep is prettily engraved, but it wants feeling. The Embarkation is one of the loveliest in the volume. Stothard's Dismal Tale has its pretensions to character, though wanting force; and Wood's Myrrhina and Myrto, though the ladies are a little of the tallest, has as much beauty and poetry as any of its companions. The other plates are little behind these either in interest of subject or in execution; but we pass to the literary department, where we meet Miss Mitford telling a story of an Incendiary, and describing in her own way her consternation at the machine-breaking in Berkshire. The Substitute, and particularly The Church-yard Watch, are in Mr. Banim's *intense* way and not entirely to our taste. Mrs. Norton's Orphan is a touching tale of humble life. Mr. St. John's Athenian tale of the Golden Basket Bearer is unquestionably one of the most beautiful in the volume, which contains, besides several other excellent prose contributions, its full share of good poetry. The Editor's Dream of Fairyland is certainly in far too many "fyttes;" but it has its touches of grace and fancy that redeem it. The Poet's Dream introduces a portion of Mr. Bulwer's fine poem of "Milton," a distinction which it well deserves. Barry Cornwall's contributions are distinguished, in several instances, by exceeding sweetness and beauty; and Montgomery (James, of course) adds a few things to the poetical treasures of the Offering. We regret that we cannot describe, or even enumerate, all the pieces that we have been pleased with. There is a great variety, "bearing many names;" and thus, to sum up our brief notice, we are of opinion, that whether in prose, poetry, or pictures, the Editor has reason to be satisfied with the Offering for 1832.

We last month introduced the annuals for 1832, by paying proper tribute to the embellishments of the *Winter's Wreath.* We have now to glance at its literature. The German Jew, by Mr. Howitt, is a potent sketch. The Jew had barely escaped being buried alive—his family and friends fled from him, believing

his body, according to their national superstitions, to be possessed by the devil. He is driven to despair, and to crime, and finally joins a band of robbers, when the desperation and torture of his feelings prompt him to deeds of more than mortal prowess, and a death of horror. "An incident at Gibraltar," told by Inglis, is perhaps equally terrific to the imagination. The poetry is of the usual average, and by the usual contributors, who have admitted to their coterie, we observe, a *second* Archdeacon Butler, of Shrewsbury, who is complimenting Mrs. Hemans like a youth of twenty; while the "Venerable" Wrangham, with still younger feelings, turns Bayly's song, "O 'tis the melody," after his fashion, into Latin lyrics, and a sonnet of old Sir Egerton Brydges, into iambics. The same "Venerable" tries his hand at an English translation from Leopardi; but really if he attempts English again, he must tag his rhymes a little better. *Brow* might have jingled very well with *bow-wow*, but will not couple with *woe;* nor will *gaze* with *trace*, nor *cause* with *close*, &c. Mrs. Hemans' Song of the Syren entitles her to all the compliments of the archdeacon we have alluded to. Mrs. Shelley has a spirited mythological drama, called Proserpine; and some of Mr. Chorley's contributions deserve the space they occupy—but they are somewhat numerous. We could find a stanza or two by other contributors, which we should be tempted to quote, but that space forbids it.

The Forget-Me-Not, parent of annualism, comes forth with renewed youth, externally at least, as if it saw no reason why it should not be as young as its children. Its binding is now as crimson as the brightest of its compeers; but we fear there is no decided improvement in its internal features. We do not vastly admire the Triumph of Mordecai, with which it opens, though we should probably hold it to be magnificent if Martin had never done any thing else. If we are not in raptures with this, still less can we be expected to be so with a weak un-Lord-Byronish sort of Don Juan, clasping a worse Haidee, that succeeds it. Richter's Uncle Toby is good in every thing but character; but we can take no exception to Purser's view of Toka, by Carter; and as little to Kidd's Stage-struck Hero, by Engleheart, which are excellent. Wood's Thunder-storm is treated in his usual felicitous way. Mayence, by Prout, also ranks among the beauties. The Disappointment is very properly named, so far as we are concerned; and a note or two more praise only can be awarded to La Pensée—which, or something very like it, we have seen before.—We will take the poetry first; which begins finely with some illustrative stanzas to the Triumph of Mordecai; and others quite as good, but in another strain, to the Don Juan. Delta's Harebell will pass among the other flowers. L. E. L., Haynes Bayly, and the Ettrick Shepherd, wind up the poetical charm. And now for the prose. The White Lynx of the Long Knives is sufficiently Indian, characteristic, and amusing. Every line in the features of Old Master Green, renders the name of Miss Mitford a superfluous heading to the sketch. The Beauty lessoned into Love is long, but its excellence renders its length a virtue. The Ordeal of Toka is one of the interesting points of the volume, and we also like very much Mr. Inglis's Serjeant Hawkins. Mrs. Hofland has given a sweet little sketch, accompanying the Disappointment, and is followed by others of whom we have not space to make the particular mention they deserve.

The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.—There are books that delight us so much that we scorn to consider whether they are cheap or dear. Yet cheapness *is* a virtue in a book, and we may as well at once therefore say, that among many other things that we admire in this "tender Juvenile," we particularly admire its price. So much could not have been expected—we do not mean from Mrs. Hall—but for the money, if we had not remembered her last year's production. The present is every way equal to it—perhaps superior. The first plate, The Provence Rose, well deserves its name; it is a very pretty engraving from a sweet little picture, by Miss Fanny Corbeaux—a young artist whom we hope to have many similar opportunities of praising. The other plates are worthy, or almost worthy of this; among them must be mentioned, by way of contrast, The Dead Robin and the Young Sportsman, for their particular juvenile attractions. But there are other charms of embellishments in

some excellent wood-cuts, illustrating a paper by the editor, called "Anecdotes of Birds"—an article that will not only amuse and edify the young, but will have an equal interest for older readers. We have already regretted our limited space, but we regret it still more now, as it prevents us from quoting half a dozen of these captivating "anecdotes." Mrs. Hall has also an amusing little paper, The "Not" Family. Every boyish reader of the "Juvenile" will be obliged to Miss Isabel Hill for her Boyish Threats, which will be relished, both for their liveliness and their moral; and every girlish one, to L. E. L. for her very pleasant account of Mabel Dacre's First Lessons. We have also an interesting American tale, Frank Finlay; and a short and pretty sketch by Miss Jewsbury. The poetry, principally by L. E. L., Barry Cornwall, and Allan Cunningham, is quite worthy of the prose, the prose of the embellishments, and all of the editor, and her (we hope) numberless readers and admirers.

The Humourist, a Companion to the Christmas Fireside, by W. H. Harrison.—We think it a bad, or at least a bold plan for any one to attempt an annual, alone and unaided. We have few giants in these days; and it really would require something like a gigantic humour to supply eighty "ideas" for eighty engravings, together with a like number of articles, prose and verse, to illustrate them—particularly if the author were to furnish as Mr. Harrison does, some of his superfluous thoughts to other annuals. We hardly know the writer who could do this well, and at all events we cannot say *ecce homo* of Mr. Harrison. Yet his volume is this year, as it was last, decidedly clever; and contains so much evidence of capability that we regret to see the writer throwing away his strength, and doing nothing, with what, if well employed, would acquire him a better species of reputation than any thing in these annuals are likely to obtain for him. The cuts are almost all failures as far as fun is concerned; there are a few, such as "Tant Mieux," a Regiment of the Line, &c. that may be endured, but there is nothing of the illustrative kind in the volume that will ever set any table on a roar. Mr. Harrison's papers, prose and verse, are as we have said exceedingly clever—the prose in general the best. The opening chaunt, about Christmas and its departed genius, is a fair sample of the point and pleasantry of the volume.

The Comic Offering, or Ladies' Melange of Musical Mirth, Edited by Miss L. H. Sheridan.—Mirth does not appear to have been so busy among the annuals this year as last, so that Miss Sheridan has fewer rivals to contend with. This she must almost regard as a misfortune, for she is infinitely better able to meet them than upon her first appearance in an editorial character. Perhaps this is partly attributable to her declining the single combat upon which she formerly ventured, and to her calling in the aid of certain very potent assistants. At all events her volume is a good one; it has a few weak points we will acknowledge, but it has more than a few brilliant ones. We shall mention some of them—dipping, hap-hazard, among the comicalities that crowd her pages. Let any body look at Scraping an Acquaintance, Dr. Spurtzheim, Pouring over a Book, Sketch of Irish Character, A Bird in the hand, Slight Acquaintance, An old Cat, Full Blow, A bit of Scandal, Family-jars, and others, and say whether he will not quite concur with us that the "thoughts" are as happy as the style in which they are executed. In this last particular Miss Sheridan has been particularly fortunate; and as most decided instances of success, we shall refer to the first and last items of the volume;—the Frontispiece, Writers and Readers, executed by Smith from a design by Meadows, more fanciful and facetious than any thing we have seen for a long time; and the concluding cut, Short and Sweet—by the same artists we presume, for it is in the same, or a still more successful spirit. If we are to speak our mind we would rather have this wood-cut alone, than one half of the illustrations of the annuals. It remains for us to say *only* a few words upon the literary pretensions of the Comic Offering, not because they do not deserve many, but because the cuts happened to attract us first. Miss Sheridan has herself contributed, very successfully, to the volume; indeed so largely that we despair of particularizing half that she has amused us in. We may be permitted to say simply, that of the two we have been more

delighted with her prose than her verse. Of her contributors we prefer the contribution of Miss Mitford and Haynes Bayly to the others—with the exception of two pieces, one verse, the other prose, by Miss Isabel Hill—full of pith, puns, pleasantry, (there is no end to alliteration when one does begin) playfulness and point. We now commit the *Comic Offering* to the favourable acceptance which it cannot fail to meet with.

The Literary Souvenir, Edited by A. A. Watts, Esq.—Of the embellishments of the Souvenir for 1832, we have spoken in another page; in this place we shall comment upon its literature only. It opens with a prose sketch of considerable interest, The Signal, by the author of "The Romance of French History." A Scotch Jubilee, just amusing and no more, follows; an Egyptian tale, called The Bride of the Nile, beautifully written in parts, and pleasing throughout—The Highlands of Ouaquahenegow, the story rather, and the name considerably, too long for an annual—and a beautiful sketch by Mr. Macfarlane, Benedetto Mangone, or the Brigand of Choli—form the most striking features of the prose department. Of the poetry of which there are numerous specimens, many of them not remarkable for their merit, we shall particularize only one or two contributions by Mrs. A. Watts, which we like particularly; and the principal poetic feature of the volume, The Converzatione, by the Editor himself. Mr. Watts has in these fifty pages of satire burst out into a fit of fine phrenzy, that, in an annual, is most unlooked for and alarming. He travels round the circle of literature—makes the grand tour of letters—and attacks right and left whatever happens to fall in his way. Of course he has some personal feelings to gratify—but with these the readers of the "Souvenir" can have very little to do; and we cannot help thinking therefore that he should have reserved his anger for a newspaper, to the "poets's corner" of which it would have been a valuable acquisition. We certainly agree with some of the hits—but in his fury he has wounded persons who, if we had time and space, we should be chivalrous enough to stand up in the defence of. Luckily, however, the parties are very well able to protect themselves, and to them and to their revenge we leave Mr. Watts. There will evidently be an annual war.

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir, Edited by Mrs. A. Watts.—This is a very pretty little volume, containing a set of embellishments of a superior order, and an appropriate collection of lessons and amusements for the young. Little Red Riding Hood forms a tempting frontispiece; it is sweetly engraved by Engleheart, after no less a master than Lawrence himself. The Sleeping Child, The Orphans, The Grandfather's Nap, The Roman Family, The Sailor's Widow, and Antwerp, form as pleasing a set of little gems as we could wish to see. With the literary part of the volume Mrs. Watts appears to have taken great pains. We have not space to point out where it particularly excels, but it comprises contributions from several able writers, and will we are sure be welcomed by a very numerous class of young and anxious admirers.

Ackermann's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1832.—This is the last of the juveniles that we have to notice—but we will not call it the least, for "comparisons, &c." It contains many attractions, less, however, in point of embellishment, than in its literature. The commencement is auspicious—a Lion by the Landseers, Edwin and Thomas. It is a beautiful and touching design, admirably engraved. The vignette is nnworthy of it, and the Boudoir still more so. Returning from Market, and The Ballad, may be classed among the most attractive of the illustrations—but no doubt every little lover of art will have his own favourite. Of the literature we can speak very favourably: the list is a very rich one, as will be seen when we enumerate the names of Mrs. Hofland, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Jewsbury, Mr. Hood and Mr. Harrison.

The Continental Annual, uniform with the Landscape Annual.—The proprietors of this new and splendid work are influenced by a motive which will ensure, we should think, universal patronage to their undertaking. They are desirous of ministering to the prevailing appetite for beauty "at a much less expence

than its gratification has hitherto cost." If this be not an inducement to purchase, we confess we shall despair of any eloquence of our own being able to carry persuasion with it. Yet eloquent we might well be upon this exquisite set of gems—a collection which will rival any thing of the kind that may be produced, whether under the head of "Landscape," "Picturesque," or other appellation. The whole of these thirteen engravings are from drawings by Prout, who, if we are to allow him his full share in the merit of this set of designs, never did any thing lovelier. We wish our space would permit us to do justice to them separately: we could devote a page to pointing out the beauties of such plates as the Church of St. Pierre, by Carter; Rouen Cathedral, by Wallis; the City and Bridge of Prague, Le Keux; the Porte Nigra, Roberts; the exquisite title page, by Fisher; and others, the finish and feeling of which will recommend them to every lover of engravings. Mr. W. Kennedy is announced as the editor of this beautiful addition to the Annuals.

Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir.—If not equal to any previous set, these illustrations are by no means destitute of beauty. In the frontispiece, Allegra, Ensom has given a complete fac-simile effect to the drawing of Chalon. It is a charming piece of affectation. The Supper by the Fountain, Engleheart, is not equal to the Stothard of last year; nor is the Marchioness of Salisbury, Ensom, comparable to one or two of the Lawrences to be found in the present year's Annuals. Overwesel on the Rhine, Roberts and Goodall, is among the most attractive of the set; though even this is surpassed by the Tower of London, which Turner has robed with poetry. Northcote's Lady Jane Grey we do not altogether admire; and the Tarantella should have been excluded. Vespers presents a sweet bit of moonlight effect, by Boxall; and the Deveria Family forms a fascinating group. Two subjects, by Johannot, are also skilfully treated.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

By James Boyle, Surgeon, R.N.: The Fevers and other Diseases prevalent on the Western Coast of Africa, together with the Medical Topography of that Coast.

By Capt. P. Leslie Fenwick: A History of Ceylon under the Government of Lieut.-General Sir Edw. Barnes.

By the same Author: Notes of a Voyage from Ceylon to England.

Wild Sports of the West.

Cavendish, or the Patrician at Sea. A Novel.

By the Author of Sydenham: Alice Paulet, a Sequel to Sydenham.

By James Hope, M.D.: A Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels.

By the Rev. Arthur Johnson: A Manual of the History of Philosophy from the German of Teneman, and A New Argument for the Truth of the Christian Religion, by the same Author.

By the Rev. Mr. Stebbing: A New Edition of the Lives of the Italian Poets, comprising several additional Lives, including that of Ugo Foscolo, with Extracts from his Private Letters, &c.

The Jew. A Novel.

The False Step. A Novel. In 3 vols.

By the Author of Gertrude: The Affianced One. A Novel. In 3 vols.

Cameron. A Novel. In 3 vols.

A Translation of the Memoirs of the Duchess of Arbantes will contain curious particulars respecting her husband General Junot, &c.

By Mr. Taylor: Useful Geometry practically exemplified in a Series of Diagrams, with Notes and a Vocabulary, explaining in familiar words, the technical meaning of upwards of six hundred scientific terms.

Time's Telescope for 1832.

The Shakspearian Dictionary; a complete Collection of the Expressions of Shakspeare, in Prose and Verse.

By the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue: Sketches of the Principal Events connected with the History of Modern Europe.

Selections from Southey's Poems, in one volume.

From the German of A. H. L. Heeren: Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce of the Principal Nations of Antiquity.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

Works on Cholera.

Rechêrches Historiques et Critiques sur la Nature, les Causes, et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus. Par F. E. Foderé, D.M. Paris.

Mémoire sur un nouveau Traitement du Cholera Morbus. Par H. F. Rangue. Paris.

Instructions sur les Moyens propres à se preserver du Cholera Morbus. Par Constant Saucerotte. Paris.

Observations on Cholera as it appeared at Port Glasgow during the Months of July and August, 1831. By John Marshall, M.D.

Neale's Researches on the Cholera. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The History of the Contagious Cholera, with Facts explanatory of its Origin and Laws, and of a Rational Method of Cure. By James Kennedy. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Cholera, its Nature, Cause, Treatment, and Prevention Explained. By Charles Searle, Esq.

A Systematic and Practical Description of the Spasmodia Cholera. By Alex. Smith, M.D.

On the Nature Symptons and Treatment of Cholera. By Medicus.

Cholera Morbus, By James Rymer.

Advice to the Public for the Prevention and Cure of the Asiatic Cholera. From the German of Dr. J. R. Lichtenstardt.

Observations sur la Nature et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus d'Europe et d'Asie. Par J. T. Millenger, D M. Paris.

CLASSICAL.

Third Greek Delectus, or Analecta Græca Majora. Prose and Verse. In 1 large vol. 8vo. Containing the substance of Dalzel's 3 vols. with English Notes, &c. By the Rev. F. Valpy. 14s. 6d.

Four Dialogues of Plato, with English Notes, &c. Edited by G. Burges. Valpy's School and College Classics. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Plutarch's Lives, illustrated with Engravings. Vol. I. 4s. 6d. being No. 23, of Valpy's Classical Library.

Livy, First Five Books, with English Notes. Edited by Dr. Hickie for Valpy's School and College Classics. 5s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Passengers, comprising a Dialogue between three Gentlemen on a Tour in North Wales. By the Rev. John Parker. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Frost's Geography and Astronomy. 12mo. 8s.

Memoirs of Miss Elizabeth Spreckley. 18mo. 2s.

Cleghorn's System of Agriculture, extracted from the Encyclopœdia Britannica. 4to. 9s.

Lectures on Population, Marriage, &c. By Dr. Ryan. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London, for 1830-1831. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Description of the Contents, Objects, and Uses of the Public Records. 8vo. 5s.

Raikes on Education. 12mo. 5s.

Selections from the Edinburgh Review; comprising the best Articles in that Journal, from its commencement to the present time; with a Preliminary Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Maurice Cross, Secretary of the Belfast Historic Society. 4 vols.

Insect Miscellanies. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

The History of Little Jack: adapted for Teaching and Learning the German Language, by means of a Verbal Translation, on the Principles of the Hamiltonian System, and an Elementary Grammar. By Philip Orkney Skene. 12mo. 5s.

Memoir of the late War. By the Earl of Munster, Captain Cook, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

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Ivimey's Memoir of W. Fox, Esq. 2s.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By J. S. Memes. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

The Columbia River, comprising Scenes and Adventures during a Residence of Six Years on the Western side of the Rokey Mountains. By Ross Cox, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

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Brown's Illustrations of American Ornithology. Part I. folio, 12s. coloured 21s.

Browne's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds. 12mo. 10s.

Balaam. By the Author of Modern Fanaticism Unveiled. 12mo. 5s.

RELIGION AND MORALS.

History of the Roman Hierarchies. By J. Abbott. 8vo. 9s.

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Andrew Fuller's Works. Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.

Divines of the Church of England. No. XVIII. 7s. 6d. commencing Bishop Hall's Contemplations.

The Sacred History of the World, from the Creation to the Deluge, attempted to be philosophically considered, in a Series of Letters to a Son. By Sharon Turner. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The Key, which opens the Secret Cabinet of the Vatican, and discovers various Frauds and Forgeries that have been foisted into the New Testament, and upon which the Rock of Rome has been supported for nearly Fifteen Hundred Years. By Zachariah Jackson. 8vo. Part I. 6s.

The Amathyst, or Christian Annual for 1832. Edited by R. Huie, M.D. and R. K. Greville.

MEDICAL.

Observations and Experiments on a New Mode of Treating Fractures of the Leg and Fore-Arm; especially Compound Fractures. By William Beaumont. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

The Elements of Chemistry Familiarly Explained and Practically Illustrated. Part the First, with 100 cuts. 12mo. 6s.

Otto's Compendium of Anatomy. By South. 8vo. 14s.

Snell's Guide to Operators on the Teeth. 8vo. 8s.

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Maingault's Illustrations of the different Amputations performed on the Human Body, represented by Plates designed after Nature; with Alterations and Practical Observations. By William Sands Cox. Folio 15s.

A Synopsis of the Bones, Ligaments, Muscles, Blood-Vessels, and Nerves, of the Human Body. By William Sands Cox, Surgeon to the Dispensary in Birmingham. 12mo. 9s.

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NOVELS AND TALES.

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POETRY.

Irish Minstrelsey, or the Bardic Remains of Ireland, with English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited, with Illustrations, by James Hardman. 2 vols. 8vo. 26s.

Epistles to a Friend in Power, and other Poems. By Chandos Leigh, Esq. 12mo.

The Poetical Works of C. B. Ash, of Abdaston. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JAMES MONROE, ESQ.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, two of three Presidents of the United States, deceased; both died on the 4th of July, 1826, the 50th anniversary of American independence;* and it certainly must be regarded as a still more remarkable coincidence, that a *third* should have died on the same day, of the same month, in the present year.

James Monroe was descended from a repectable Scotch family. His ancestor, who went to the new world in 1652, held the rank of Captain in the army under King Charles I. His father was Spencer Monroe, a farmer, in Monroe's Creek, Westmoreland county, Virginia; his mother, a sister of Judge Jones, of Virginia.

The subject of this notice was born on his father's estate in the year 1758. His family were not in affluent circumstances; but he received a good education at the college of Williamsburgh, in his native province, under the patronage of Mr. Jefferson, who had entertained a strong regard for him from his birth.

Mr. Monroe was chosen one of the earliest members of Congress; but he soon resigned his seat to enter into the army, then fighting for the independence of his country. He accompanied General Washington in his retreat through New Jersey, and joined in the attack on the Hessians at Tremton. He was at that period a Lieutenant in the company

* For Memoirs of these gentlemen, *vide* MONTHLY MAGAZINE, Vol. II. p. 331.

of Captain Washington: and, on the fall of his superior, he was called upon to assume the command. He was wounded in the engagement, while charging two pieces of the enemy's artillery. Afterwards, he was attached to the staff of General Lord Stirling, with the rank of Major; and he fought by the side of Lafayette when that officer was wounded at the battle of Brandywine. He was subsequently promoted to the rank of Colonel; but, before his regiment was completed, the war had ceased.

Peace having thus terminated his military career, he returned to his original profession at the bar; but he was almost immediately again delegated to Congress; and his election to that body was annually repeated, nearly without an interval, during ten years. In 1785, while Congress was sitting at New York, he formed a matrimonial connection with a young lady, the graces of whose person and conversation were, years afterwards, the theme of admiration of both Paris and London.

In 1794, Mr. Monroe was appointed ambassador of the United States to the French Republic; and, on the 15th of August, he was introduced, in that character, to the National Convention. He arrived in France during a season of great difficulty and delicacy; and, after two years' residence in Paris, he was accused, by the Washington administration, of being too complaisant to the overbearing temper of the French Directory, and he was recalled under strong marks of censure. Mr. Monroe reached America in 1797, and demanded from the secretary of state a declaration in writing of the motives which induced his recal. Great political clamour at this time prevailed. Washington had placed himself at the head of the federal or tory party; Monroe was an inflexible republican; and he determined to avail himself of the opportunity to expose the conduct of his opponents, and to endeavour to turn the tide of popularity from a set of men, and a system of opinions, which he and his friends believed to be dangerous to the republican institutions of their country. He accordingly published a statement of his own conduct, with that of the government, and the whole of his correspondence during his embassy. His defence appeared to give general satisfaction, especially in his own province; to the government of which he was, in 1803, elected by a very great majority.

About the time that his term of service, as Governor of Virginia expired, the dispute with Spain concerning the navigation of the Mississippi began to agitate the minds of the Americans; and Mr. Monroe was, in consequence, appointed to join Mr. Livingston, in Paris, to negotiate, with France and Spain, the cession of Louisiana to the United States; a mission which was most successfully terminated.

Mr. Monroe was afterwards sent to London, to endeavour, in concert with Mr. Pinckney, to settle the differences between the court of St. James's and the United States. After some time employed in negotiation, he concluded a provisional treaty, which, however, proved little advantageous on either side.

In 1811, Mr. Monroe was appointed secretary of state; and, in 1814, after the capture of Washington by the English, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American army. Afterwards he held the war department till the return of peace.

At that period, he resumed the department of foreign affairs, which he filled till the 3d of March, 1817, when he was elected President of the United States, in the room of Mr. Maddison. Shortly afterwards he undertook an extensive journey, to inspect the mountain districts of America, and proceeded to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, &c. On the 3d of December, in the same year (1817), he presented to Congress a statement of the internal and external situation of the country, which at no time had ever been found more satisfactory. He concluded this official *exposé* by congratulating the nation on its having reached the fiftieth year of its political existence, and having found that experience had consecrated a free constitution, and consolidated a government, whose sole ambition was to form the extension of knowledge, to cultivate universal peace, and to promote the happiness of mankind.

After his retirement from the high station of President, Mr. Monroe filled the humble office of Justice of the Peace in the county of London; was associated with Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Maddison in the founding of the University of Virginia; and was subsequently chosen a member of the Convention for amending the constitution of his native state, by which body he was elected to preside over their deliberations.

This was the last office that Mr. Monroe held.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from September 22d, to October 21st, 1831, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Alfred Green, Brewer-street, Pimlico, Middlesex, tailor.
Thomas Jones, late of the Grapes Inn, Llangollen, Denbighshire, innkeeper.
Francis Rix, George James Gorham, and William Inkersole, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, bankers—as far as relates to Francis Rix.
William Smith, Turnham-green, Middlesex, tailor and draper.
Richard Alderson, Crawford-street, linen-draper.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Soutter, James, and William Reid. Edinburgh, builders.
M'Glashan, James, Edinburgh, wine-merchant.
Anderson, John, Stranraer and Glasgow, ironmonger.
Bankier, James, Kilsyth, merchant and carrier.
Hale, Thomas, and Robert Cumming, Edinburgh, tailors and clothiers.
Mill, William, Edinburgh, cabinet-maker.
Watson, William, Hawkhill of Dundee, manufacturer.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 105.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Apeling, S., sen., silk-manufacturer, Spital-square, London. (James, Bucklersbury.
Burr, R. and C., upholsterers, Bentick-street, Manchester-square, London. (Parker, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
Barker, J., Layton, Essex, brewer. (Smith, Basinghall-street.
Brown, H., Liverpool, silk-mercer. (Turner, Basing-lane, Cheapside.
Barnett, E., Liverpool, victualler. (Toulmin, Liverpool.
Bower, G., Chipping Barnet, Herts, linen-draper. (Mayhew, Johnston, and Mayhew, Cary-street, Lincoln's-inn.
Bush, T., London-street, Fenchurch-street, London, H. Fergusson, Euston square, and D. M'Naught Liddell, London-street, late of Calcutta, merchants. (Oliverson, Denby, and Lane, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
Booth, W., Salford, Lancashire, grocer. (Johnson and Wetherall, Temple; Booth and Harrison, Manchester.
Bawden, J., Chard, Somersetshire, merchant and scrivener. (Kingdon, jun., Exeter.
Burstall, S., and F. Burstall, Hull, merchants. (Dryden, Hull.
Crofts, Rev. J. D., of Wells next the Sea, Norfolk, ship-owner. (Garwood, Wells.
Cattle, C., Whixley, Yorkshire, cattle-dealer. (Jaques and Battye, Colman-street; Wood and Newton, York.
Casstine, R., of Devereux-court, Strand, Middlesex, tailor. (Dobie, 16, Buckingham-street, Strand.
Cannon, T., Edward-street, Portman-square, Middlesex, tailor. (Sturmy, St. Saviour's Church yard, Southwark.
Cox, S., Bath, boarding-house-keeper. (Fisher. Castle-street, Holborn.
Clark, J., Storer-street, Mile-End Old Town, Stepney, Middlesex, builder and licensed victualler. (Horseley, Berner-street, Commercial-road East.
Crownshaw, T., late of Sheffield, and Masbrough, Rotherham, Yorkshire, victualler and ironmaster. (Rodgers and Smith, Sheffield.
Coates, W., St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, woollen-draper. (Cross, Surrey-street, Strand.
Dawson, J., of the Lownds Arms, Pimlico, victualler. (Ellson and Bloxam, Lincoln's-inn-field.
Davenport, T., late of Quorndon, Derbyshire, but now of Derby, dealer. (Sol. Jessop, Derby.
Dean, W., Abbey Mill, Durham, worsted-spinner, (Ward and Story, Durham.
Daws, J., W. Daws, and M. Daws, Lenton, Nottinghamshire, bleachers. (Bradshaw, Nottingham.
Donne, H., Cardiff, Glamorganshire, scrivener and accountant. (Williams, Cardiff.
Dunnell, R., dealer in corn, John-street, Smithfield, London. (Combe and Wright, Token-house-yard, Lothbury.
Dawson, R. V., veterinary surgeon, Chiswell-street, Finsbury. (Sidney, Fenchurch-street.
Elder, J., Oxford-street, iMddlesex, horse-dealer. (Norton, Jewin-street.
Ely, C., and B. Treacher, of Swansea, Glamorgan, merchants. (T. R. Jones, Swansea.
Emery, T., Newport, Monmouthshire, corn-merchant. (Cary and Cross, Bristol.
Forrest, J., Bradford, Yorkshire, innkeeper. (Sagar, Kirkstall Brfdge.
Fox, J., Gravesend, cheesemonger. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street, Aldgate.
Firth, J., cotton-spinner, Manchester. (Johnson and Weatherall, Temple, London.
Gibson, J., Manchester, commission-agent. (J. Hampson, Manchester.
Hutchison, S., Queen-street, Golden-square, St. James's, Westminster, engraver. (Sylvester and Walker, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
Hume, W., Manchester, timber-merchant. (Miller and Peel, Liverpool.
Harper, T., Dudbridge-wharf, Stroud, Gloucestershire. (King and Son, Sergeant's-inn; Chadborn, Newnham.
Hall, S., Duke-street, West Smithfield, London, brazier and tinman. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.
Horner, B., Bilton with Harrogate, Yorkshire, joiner and cabinet-maker. (Stubbs, Knaresborough.
Hoskin, R., Holsworthy, Devon, innkeeper. (Perkins, Bristol.
Hall, W., T. S. Hall, and W. J. Hall, Crosby-square and Lower Thames-street, London, packers. (Brown and Marten, Mincing-lane.
Hill. R., Rotherham, Yorkshire, common-brewer. (Frost, Hull.
Hope, D. and C., silk-manufacturers, Manchester. (Hadfield and Graves, Manchester.
Harris, J., painter, Plymouth. (Pridham, Plymouth.
Jones, J., New-road, Whitechapel, stationer. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square.
Jackson, R. P., sailmaker, Liverpool. (Clare, Liverpool; Taylor and Roscoe, Temple, London.
Johnson, T., and J. J. J., carpenters, Lant-street, Southwark. (Cruckshank, King's Arms yard, Colman-street.
Kebby, S., Bath, umbrella-maker and toyman. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.
King, W., Beech-street, Barbican, Londo, victualler. (Butler, Surrey-grove, Kent-roan
Leathes, N. L. S., and T. Bradshaw, Mid.ing-lane, London, wine-merchants. (Bartlencand Beddome, Nicholas-lane.

Luddington, W., Stoke Newington-road, Hornsey, and Adam's-street, Broad-street, coal-merchant. (Evans, Gray's-inn-square.
Lever, T., King-street, London, Manchester warehouseman. (Neild, King-street, Cheapside.
Lewis, L., Piccadilly, glass-dealer. (Abrahams, Clifford's-inn.
Lewis, P. R., victualler, Kent-terrace, Regent's Park. (Burt, Essex-street, Strand.
Lomas, J. T., and F. Cooke, Tudor-street, Piccadilly, Middlesex, tailors. (Gale, Basinghall-street.
Lees, J., Alton, Staffordshire, innkeeper. (Tomlinson, Ashborne.
Maskery, F., Birmingham, linen-draper. (Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard.
Malden, I., and J. Malden, late of Clipstone-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex. but now of Caroline-place, Wellington-street, Blackfriar's-road, Surrey, bakers. (Tanner, Newman's-row, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
Morriss, P., and S. Smith, Friday-street, London warehousemen. (Davison, Bread-street, Cheapside.
Mandelson, H., Manchester, jeweller. (Barker, Manchester.
Mercer, R., C. Ely, and B. Treacher, Swansea, Glamorgan, coal-owners. (Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
North, J., Southampton, grocer and oilman. (Coombs, Sarum.
Newman, R., Old Cavendish-street, victualler. (Glynes, America-square.
Owen, W., St. Asaph, Flintshire, grocer. (Humphreys, St. Asaph.
Oliveira, J. A. G., and F. G., merchants, Old Jewry. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
Parker, J., late of Birmingham, pearl-button-maker. (Stubbs, Birmingham.
Parnall, T., and J. Frank, Clark's-place, High-street, Islington, linen-draper. (Hardwick and, Guest, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside.
Peers, W., Cornwall-road, Lambeth, Surrey, cooper. (Spiller, South-square, Gray's-inn.
Prentice, W., ironmonger, High-street, Southwark. (Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street.
Quarton, F., and S. Radford, of Middleton-place, Lenton, Nottingham, lace-machine-makers. (Swann and Brown, Church-gate, Nottingham.
Roberts, C., Liverpool, miller. (Gandy, Liverpool; Chester, Staple inn.
Rawling, J., Kelton Mill, Cumberland, miller. (Falcon, Elm-court, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven.
Richards, G. H., wine-merchant, Cowley-road, Brixton. (Young, Mark-lane.
Sheppard, J., baker, Lechlade, Gloucestershire. (Howland, Banbury, Wilts.
Singleton, J., of Rugeley, Stafford, chemist. (Smith, Rugeley.
Scott, T., Manchester, commission-agent. (Bent, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple.
Strong, R., Thomas-street, St. George's in the East, baker. (Reynolds, University-street, Fitzroy-square.
Shaw, W., Huddersfield, victualler. (Lever, Grey's-inn-square; Barker, Huddersfield.
Shaw, J., Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. (Battye and Hesp, Huddersfield.
Skilbeck, G. J., and Slater, J., King-street, Cheapside, Manchester warehousemen. (Whitelock, Aldermanbury.
Snell, W., East Stonehouse, Devon, coal-merchant. (Gilbard, Devonport.
Smith, W., and M. Lewis, Tunstall, Stafford, earthenware-manufacturers. (Smith, Charterhouse square.
Spier, J., Berkeley, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant. (Duberly, Dursley.
Steward, J., late of Great Haywood, Colwich, Staffordshire, but now of Stafford, surgeon. (Barnett, Walsell.
Sansom, E., Oxford-street, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Bull, Ely-place, Holborn.
Salmon, T., of Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, merchant and maltster. (R. Micklefield, Stoke Ferry.
Snow, T., New-street, Covent-garden, grocer. (Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside.
Taylor, J. F., Cecil-street, Strand, Middlesex, wine-merchant. (Hodgson and Burton, Salisbury-street, Strand.
Thomas, R. G., Lantrissent, Glamorganshire, cattle-dealer. (Jenkins, Brigend, Glamorganshire; Beverley, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.
Tebbut, S., Islington, Middlesex, wine-merchant and victualler. (Browning, Hatton-garden, Threadneedle-street.
Tidmarsh. G., late of Bow-street, Govent-garden, Middlesex, coffee-house-keeper. (Roberts, Milman-street, Bedford-row.
Tanner, J., Little Russell-street, Covent-garden, cordwainer. (Platt, Church-court, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street.
Taylor, G. B., Liverpool, linen and woollen-draper. (Moss, Liverpool.
Underwood, W. R., Coaley Mills, Coaley, Gloucestershire, edge-tool-manufacturer. (Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.
Webster, T. H., Forebridge, Staffordshire, builder. (Webb and Hiern, Stafford; Clowes and Co., Inner Temple.
Wood, J., Liverpool, livery-stable-keeper. (J. Cort, Williamson-square, Liverpool.
Watkinson, T., of Marsh-gate, Lambeth, and Earl-street, Seven Dials, Middlesex, publican. (Tilson, Son, and Squance, Colman-street.
White, G., of North-wharf-road, Paddington, Middlesex, victualler. (Glynes, America-square.
Wilkinson, B., late of Crown-court, Broad-street, London, and now of Hasketon, Suffolk, wine-merchant. (Gadsden, Furnival's-inn, Holborn.
Weaver, S., and B. Hickman, Ludlow, Salop, mercers and drapers. (Lloyds, Ludlow.
Williams, J., Liverpool, joiner and builder. (Morecroft, Liverpool.
West, J. G., late of Forncett St. Peter, Norfolk, shopkeeper. (Unthank, Foster, and Unthank, Norwich.
Welsh, J., Whitehaven, Cumberland, tallow-chandler. (Hodgson, Whitehaven.
Ward, J., Coventry, grocer. (Young and Valings, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry.
Williams, J., Pontypool, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. (Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.
Wright, D., Birmingham, lamp-manufacturer. (Bower, Birmingham.
Zachariah, L., and G. Novra, High Holborn, Middlesex, dealers in German and French toys. (Yates, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

With all its alternations of moisture and drought, the danger and many accidents from fearful thunder-storms, in frequency beyond any late-year experience, its sudden and continuous parching heats, urging on premature and simultaneous ripeness in the corn, to its obvious imminent risk, unless preserved by the instant exertion of all the labour that could be raised, the late harvest season has proved, and is generally acknowledged, as one of the most fortunate. So much, however, cannot be safely averred in favour of the crops, as to the far greater proportion, and this drawback unfortunately refers to the most productive corn districts.

Little novelty has occurred on this point since our last Report. The prime article, wheat, on a general average, is judged, by some perhaps hastily, to be near one-third *minus*. In the great corn county, Suffolk, too many of the lands have returned barely three sacks per acre, much of the crop mildewed, or the grain thin and shrivelled from its too speedy maturity. There are, however, exceptions to this ill fortune in most or all districts, some lands escaping, the produce of which is said to be of fine quality, the kernels plump and heavy; but in very few parts is the acreable quantity much boasted. Barley, not equal to last year's crop, on the whole, is not perhaps deficient in quantity and weight of sample, but the quality is so generally inferior, that the maltsters will not find samples very profitable for their purpose in great plenty. Barley, however, will be much in demand where beans and pease have not been productive. Oats have partaken of the uncertainty of the season, failing in some parts, but generally they are little, if any, below an average, but, like other grain, defective in height and bulk of straw. In the great barley county, Norfolk, that crop is said to be one quarter short of an average, the quality still further deficient. The constant rains of the last and beginning of the present month, with the subsequent high temperature, have forced an immense vegetation of the grasses, and have had a similar beneficial effect upon the root crops. All these equal or exceed in bulk that of any year within memory. There are very few failures in turnips, for the Swedes, which have escaped the mildew, appear likely to be highly productive. Potatoes are a vast crop over the whole island, and in Ireland, and the breadth planted in England was probably greater than in any former year. This root, improved and improving in quality, its salubrity and indispensable use (honour to the memory of its introducer, Raleigh,) are acknowledged by all but the infallible Cobbett! Price in Berks 2*s.* 6*d.* a sack, in Wales 1*s.* a cwt. Mangold or cattle beet, where the plants did not fail in the first instance, is a fine, productive crop. Somerset seems to stand a single exception in South Britain as to an abundance of graminous product. The complaint from thence, early in the month, was, that their strong grass soils, insufficiently covered, were filled with cracks and fissures, on which the slight occasional showers had little or no effect, and that the deficiency of grass has been severely felt in the low and backward condition of the grazing beasts. The effect has been similar on their arable lands, rendering them so clodded and stubborn, as almost to defy the power of pulverization in the heaviest stone rollers.

Hop-picking was finished towards the end of the last, and about the first week of the present month, and very considerable quantities being left upon the poles, as deemed not of sufficient quality to bring a price adequate to duty and expences, seem to indicate that the crop is not deficient in quantity. The sample, like other products of the year, will be variable, the mould having prevailed in some plantations to a great extent. There is, nevertheless, in most hop counties, a considerable quantity of great strength and fine flavour. The Farnham hop, as of old, retains its full superiority of quality and price. At Weyhill fair, Farnham pockets 11*l.* to 12*l.*—Kent 6*l.* to 7*l.* 7*s.*—duty estimated at 165,000*l.* Apples, in the nearer parts of the S.W., sell at 10*s.* per bushel. In the western and cider counties, that beverage, surely more sanctioned by custom than its fitness to support the strength of the labourer, seems to be gradually seceding in public estimation, and nourishing and invigorating malt-liquor getting uppermost. The general cry of the total repeal of the malt duty, an impracticable demand, we fear, has probably operated in favour of this change of sentiment. Cider is selling slowly at 50*s.* per hhd. The produce of honey has been far greater than during several past seasons; indeed the culture has been long in a state of neglect among both farmers and labourers. Present price in the country, 7*d.* to 9*d.* per lb. In 1787 we purchased it from the labourers in Essex at 2*d.* and 3*d.*

The cattle fairs and markets have, as usual, in our fortunate and plentiful country, exhibited a supply fully equal to the demand, notwithstanding the acknowledged depression of agriculture, and our greatly increased and increasing population. Fat stock has rendered profitable prices to the feeder; and the favourable circumstance of so vast a crop of latter grass and roots, has greatly enhanced the demand and price of stores. Store sheep (warranted) are every where in demand, at a very large advance on last year's price; and indeed none would leave a market unsold, but for the want of money said to prevail so much among farmers. In some parts the high price of three-pence per head per week has been offered by farmers, to eat down their grass and fold their wheat land; in the north young sheep are taken to feed on turnips, at the low price of two-pence each per week. Large store pigs are in demand in the bacon counties, where the

opinion prevails that fat hogs will advance in price. At the great horse fairs, cart colts of superior breed and size were worth between 30*l.* and 40*l.* The Principality still upholds its ancient character of a cheap country, good beef and mutton being there to be purchased at four or five-pence per lb. On wool there is little or no variation in demand or price, but much in opinion: the sellers speculating on a rise, from the low stocks in the country, which the buyers, depending on import, do not much apprehend.

Wheat sowing has been equally early and expeditious as the harvest. The usual months for this process are September and October, and the old opinion still prevails, that, for poor and weak soils, the first fortnight of either of those months is to be preferred, the latter for the strong and fertile. The facilities offered by the present season have encouraged the sowing a very extensive breadth of wheat, which indeed seems annually increasing; and the moist and warm weather has drawn above ground the earliest sown so quickly, on rich lands, that it is supposed much of it will be too forward in the grass, or *winter proud.* All the fallows, and even the clover and bean stubbles, said to be generally in good condition, are, or will be, covered with wheat; whilst in less favourable seasons much land, intended for wheat, is of necessity left in winter fallow for spring crops. Some, but not material, impediments to sowing, from either drought or too much moisture, have here and there occurred. The old question which has been in agitation during a century, surely long enough for men to make up their minds, on the subject of sowing, or drilling, or broadcasting, of seed corn, is now fresh and in dispute among the farmers of various counties. The drill seems slowly and gradually prevalent in the best cultured districts. It is, however, the *improved* drill of which we (not speculatively) have seen no cause to entertain a very high opinion. The intervals or rows are too narrow to admit of a thorough cleaning the land, and we not only ever grudged the land to weeds, but were seriously of opinion that, as a farm is of infinitely more importance than a garden, the former surely demands equal attention in being preserved free from exhaustion by weed vegetation. The extra labour required by a periodical and effective cleaning the land would give additional employment to our superabundance of hands, and every crop would repay the extra expense. There is no argument in the inability of poor farmers to incur an extra expense, since they who possess the means are equally averse to the experiment, one, in the meantime, which, properly conducted, has left no example of failure since the days of old Jethro Zull, its parent. We have before spoken of the surplus of agricultural labourers, treating it as improbable to submit to any measure short of a regular and permanent scheme of emigration under the sanction of government. An operose calculation on the expense of this plan may be found in Ruffy's Farmer's Journal of the 17th instant, a periodical of the most extensive circulation and the highest repute on country affairs. The base, cowardly, and treacherous crime of *incendiarism,* unhappily and disgracefully no novelty in this country, still breaks out in various instances, and the apprehension of probable victims during the coming winter, when want of employ will render pauperism still more desperate, is really horrible. Great numbers of hands are expected to be shortly destitute of employment. Horse stealing has lately prevailed in the West. During the last three years upwards of one hundred thousand emigrants, from this island, have reached Canada, yet there is still a great demand for labour at very ample wages. We have scarcely ever before known threshing wheat for market so extensive and universal: this appears to have two motives, the one, and the chief, a provision of the needful for the payment of rent, no doubt with many in arrear; the other among monied farmers, and there must be some or many such, a good opinion of present prices. So assiduously have the flail and threshing machine been kept in operation, that it was said, some time since, one quarter of the year's crop of wheat would be sold in flour before old Michaelmas. That exclusive and degrading imp of feudality, the old Game Laws, is at length repealed, to the universal satisfaction of men who have any correct idea of human rights. "No less than one-seventh of the whole criminal convictions in England and Wales, for three years, to the end of 1830 inclusive, were for offences against the Game Laws."

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Veal, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Best Dairy 5s. 0d.—Rough fat, 2s. 7d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 80s.—Barley, 25s. to 44s.—Oats, 20s. to 31s.—London loaf, 4lb. 10½d.—Hay, 55s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 65s. to 120s.—Straw, 24s. to 36s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, 18s. 9d. to 35s. 0d. per chaldron, addition of about 10s. per chaldron for cartage.

Middlesex, October 21st.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

Rev. D. A. Williams, to the Vicarage of Llangaddock-cum-Lanthoisant Chapelry.—Rev. J. Badeley, to the Vicarage of Halesworth-cum-Chediston, Suffolk.—Rev. W. G. Cantley, to the Rectory of Earsham, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Jones, Rector of St. George, Denbighshire, to be Domestic Chaplain to Lord Dinorben.—Rev. S. Paynter, to the Rectory of Stoke-juxta-Guilford, Surrey.—Rev. W. Sharpe, to the Donative and Perpetual Curacy of Pattiswick, Essex.—Rev. D. Morton, to the Rectory of Harleston, Northamptonshire.—Rev. W. Gee, to the Rectory of West Buckland, Devon.—Rev. H. T. Streeten, to be Minister of the New Church, Richmond, Surrey.—Rev. R. G. Jeston, to the Rectory of Marston Sicca, Gloucestershire.—Rev. J. C. Wynter, to the Rectory of Donnington-on-Baine, Lincoln.—Rev. G. Dugard, to be Minister of the New Church at Ancoats, St. Andrew, near Manchester.—Rev. T. Halsted, to the Rectory of Little Bradley, Suffolk.—Rev. J. S. Cobbold, to the Rectory of Woolpit, Suffolk.—Rev. S. H. Alderson, to the Vicarage of Buckden, Hants.—Rev. G. Bland, to bo Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Chichester.—Rev. J. Tyson, to the Vicarage of Merrington, Durham.—Rev. P. George, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Margaret's, Durham.—Hon. and Rev. E. Knox, to be the Bishop of Killaloe.—Rev. F. Ford, to the Rectory of Church Lawton, Cheshire.—Rev. H. Williams, to the Vicarage of Stanarth, Monmouthshire.—Rev. E. Corry, to a Minor Canonry in Peterborough Cathedral.—Rev. W. R. Colbeck, to be Afternoon Lecturer of All Saints and St. John, Hertford.—Rev. J. Warne, to be Custos of the Vicars Choral of Exeter Cathedral.—Hon. and Rev. H. F. Tollemache, to the Rectory of Harrington, Northamptonshire.—Rev. T. Gaisford, D.D. is appointed Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.—Rev. S. Smith, D.D., to be one of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral of Durham.—Rev. J. W. Hughes, to the Rectory of St. Clement's, Oxford.—Rev. E. Maltbey, D.D., to the see of Chichester.—Rev. E. J. Howman, to the Rectory of Bexwell, Norfolk.—Rev C. Collins, to the Rectories of Trinsted and Milstead, Kent.—Rev. J. W. Drew, to the Ministry of the New Church of St. James, Halifax.—Rev. W. Horrocks, to the Ministry of the New Church at Stanley, Yorkshire.—Rev. M. J. Lloyd, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Templemore.—Rev. J. W. Tomlinson, to the Rectory of Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire.—Dr. Robt. James Carr, Lord Bishop of Chichester, to the See of Worcester.—Rev. S. Rickards, to the Rectory of Chelsworth, Suffolk.—Rev. E. Patison, to the Rectory of Gedding.—Rev, J. H. Fisher, to the Vicarage of Kirkby Lonsdale.—Rev. G. Pickering, to the Vicarage of Arksey, near Doncaster.—Rev. E. Stanley, to be Domestic Chaplain to Lord Dover.—Rev. L. Davies, to the Rectory of Pontfaen.—Rev. J. H. Sparke, to the Rectory of Gunthorpe with Bale, Norfolk.—Rev. F. Calvert, to the Rectory of Chelsworth, Suffolk.

MARRIAGES.

Viscount Encombe, grandson of the Earl of Eldon, to the Hon. Louisa Duncombe, second daughter of Lord Feversham.—At the Marquis of Northampton's, Castle Ashby, the Baron de Normann, Secretary of Legation to his Prussian Majesty at Hamburg, to Wilhelmina, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-General Maclean, Clephane of Carslogic and Torloisk.—At Greenwich, Matthew Fortescue, Esq., to Margaret Eleanor, second daughter of Philip Carteret Le Geyt, Esq., of Greenwich Hospital.—J. W. Buller, Esq., M.P., to Charlotte Juliana Jane, third daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece of the Duke of Norfolk.

DEATHS.

At Cheltenham, the Hon. Robert Moore, brother to the late and uncle to the present Marquis of Drogheda.—J. H. North, Esq. M.P. for Drogheda.—At Bury, Charles Bloomfield, Esq., father to the Lord Bishop of London.—At High Wycombe, Robert Nash, Esq., 75.—At Trincomallee, in the island of Ceylon, Lieut. Edward Tindal, of the Royal Artillery.—At Brighton, the Hon. C. W. Lambton, eldest son and heir apparent to Lord Durham, and grandson to Earl Grey.—At his house, Upper Wimpole-street, Lieut.-General Malcolm Grant. Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, Bart., of Hawstead, Suffolk, 90.—At Wandsworth-common, William Borradaile, Esq.—Willoughby Lacey, Esq., formerly patentee of Drury-Lane Theatre.—At Blackheath, George Ellis, Esq., of Abingdon-street, Westminster.—Ralph Riddell, Esq., of Cheeseburn Grange, Northumberland.—The Right Hon. Thomas Stapleton, Lord Le Despenser, 65.—

THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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ENGLAND AT THE CLOSE OF 1831.

It is an important advantage of works like ours, that they allow time for the public passions to cool, and the public judgment to decide. Journals which appear from hour to hour must go with the tide; they must be the mere organs of the immediate impulse, and nothing but the clearest understanding, or the most mature knowledge, can prevent their opinions from bearing every extravagant impression of the hour—from being casual and heated, rash and temporary.

But *we* can lie on our oars, or fairly come to an anchor, while the tide runs up—wait until the natural course of things returns, and then take that which sober consideration demands. We shall now say nothing of the Reform Bill, for this reason, that nothing can yet be *known* of it. The Bill of the last Session is a non-existence, the Bill of the coming Session is a non-existence too. We may fairly leave more stirring imaginations to discuss the merits of both, and apply ourselves to ascertain the exact state of England at the present time, and the causes which have changed its aspect, so lately and so extensively. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the people of England have any desire to see a revolution. We cannot conceive that any honest man would desire to see a revolution for its own sake. The hideous catalogue of evils which are included in the name, render it impossible to think that any man capable of feeling the horrors of that last and bitterest of public misfortunes, would desire to inflict them on this country. No doubt, there are desperate characters among us, whose beggary, habits of crime, or sullen hatred of every man more fortunate or honourable than themselves, may predispose them to public violence. But this number must be infinitely small, compared with the mass of English feeling. In England there exists at this hour more personal and public virtue, more knowledge of the principles by which states are prosperously guided, more religious sincerity, and more domestic and native attachment to the country, as a country, than in any other portion of the world. These are powerful influences, and not to be shaken by the changes of things so temporary as parties. These, too, are noble foundations of public strength; almost inaccessible by the accidents of the hour, imbedded in the soil to a depth which not even the most trying and continued circumstances of public revolution have been able to disturb; and we trust, from old experience, long to last, as the basis of that

prosperity and strength of character, which have raised England to undisputed supremacy.

The unquestionable fact is, that no man of common means or common understanding in the country, can desire any thing revolutionary. But it is equally unquestionable, that a spirit of extraordinary discontent is striding through the land. This is obvious in a hundred different ways. In the burning and destruction of farm-stock and utensils, in the riotous conduct of the peasantry, in the "turns out" of the manufacturers, in the assaults of the populace upon the King's troops, in the public harangues of some of the men who proclaim themselves the friends of the people, in the Political Unions, in the popular Journals, &c.

That those discontents do not proceed from any desire of general overthrow, we fully believe; that they were excited by foreign agents has been asserted, and that those foreign agents are now flowing into the country by tens of thousands, has also been asserted, but neither do we believe; and that they have been stirred up to further the purposes of party, we as little believe. They are too broad, too palpable, and too mischievous, to be within the competence of any single instrument. The cause is undoubtedly deeper; and we must look much below the surface, into a source of public impulses immeasurably deeper than the frothy harangues of mob-orators, or the contrivances of party, for the general disturbance that now penetrates through every part of the English mind. Nothing can be more capable of proof than that England, in her three great branches of industry, her tillage, commerce, and manufactures, has for some years been subject to a most extraordinary progress of depression. To account for this we probably need have recourse but to the one intelligible principle, that as wealth is only the superflux of expenditure, so every man and every nation must be poor, which spends more money than it makes. The difference of wealth between nations or individuals, is not the quantity of money received, but the quantity kept. National evil may even be connected with the larger receipt of money; as greater anxiety, labour, or misery, may be the purchase. A nation may make a hundred millions a year more than its neighbours, by compelling its population to more harassing exertion, by locking up one-tenth of them in manufactories for sixteen hours a day, by burying another tenth in mines, by condemning another to spend life in a variety of sickly, sedentary, wretched occupations, lucrative, but depriving man of every genuine object for which life was given; and so on. It is equally obvious, that if money-making be the sole object, a nation might make money by trading in slaves, by selling its own poorer population; or if this seemed too formidable an experiment for Europe, though it has succeeded for so many ages in Africa, at least by hiring out its convicts and criminals to any power that would pay for them.

By those means vast sums of money might doubtless be made. Yet if the national expenditure still rose with the income, the national wealth would not be increased in the slightest degree, the same pecuniary pressure would continue, and the only difference would be our giving more labour, and undergoing more misery, struggle, and mortality, than our neighbours. And this is the state of England at the present hour.

It may be heresy to pronounce this. The Englishman's prejud ce for toiling like a beast of burthen until he dies, may be up in armsiat the mention of a syllable against manufactures, and yet the truth must

be told; that in all Europe there is no man who, with half the labour of the English mechanic or peasant, does not live twice as happy a life. There must be varieties of ranks in the world. There must be poverty as well as princedoms. But from Calais to Moscow, the peasant and the artizan have decidedly more enjoyment of life for their labour, than the English manufacturer, or the English tiller of the ground. This is a fact beyond all question, verified by every traveller's common observation, by all public documents, by the acknowledgment contained in the memorable and melancholy emigration of multitudes from the British isles. The present year's return of emigration to Canada alone—to Canada with its ungenial, marshy, and untamed soil; with its tremendous six months' unbroken winter; with its distance across a sea of three thousand miles, and its long and inhospitable land journey—was 67,000.

Yet what would be the enumeration if it were to reach the multitudes who emigrate to the settlements of the Cape and New South Wales, or the United States, or the Continent? Out of England a perpetual stream of anxious and miserable life is flowing hourly, to the extremities of the earth. Any thing is better than home, with all its liberty, its beauty, its recollections, its friendships, its fame; it gives way to the attractions of North America, a wilderness in Africa, or a sand in the Pacific. The Englishman, of all men the most domestic in his nature, the least fevered by the spirit of roving, the most natural, simple, and faithful to common sense—becomes suddenly the rambling refugee of all lands, the habitual adventurer, the exile to a returnless distance from his country. How can this be? Money flows by tides into England. She is the banker of the world. Every mine in South America pours its gold into her purse. Yet a twelfth part of the population are at this moment living upon actual charity: and there is no country where it is so difficult to live.

The truth is that the whole manufacturing system has been pushed too far. The immense fortunes made by the sudden monopoly of European trade in the commencement of the late war, stimulated the national avarice. The country was instantly crowded with manufactories. The peasantry were bribed by the inordinate wages to leave their natural and simple pursuits, for the unhealthy confinement of trade; with the sudden increase of their wages, appetites for new and hazardous indulgences grew upon them. There is more drunkenness, low gaming, and promiscuous vice in the vicinity of a single manufactory, than was once spread over a whole county. There is more disease, hard labour, real poverty, and rapid mortality in the neighbourhood of, and arising from a single manufactory, than was once the inheritance of a province. The cause was avarice, and we are now feeling the consequence in emigration, poor rates, and an outcry for political change.

It is remarkable that a sudden influx of money into any one country, has always had a calamitous effect on that peculiar country. The notorious result to Spain of the discovery of the South American mines is but a single instance. To go to ancient times. The plunder of Egypt and Babylon overthrew the rough and hardy valour of the Persian monarchy. The sudden accumulation of money vitiated the whole administration of the conquering power; until in a few years, it became the object of insult to even the barbarian tribes on its borders. The possession of the Thracian gold mines overset the supremacy of Athens, and turned her into a beggarly nest of democracy, with one half of her leading men living on pensions from foreign powers, and the other half

intriguing to get them banished, that they might succeed to the pensions. The sudden influx of money into Rome on the conquest of the Asiatic provinces, overset Rome, turned the proud republic into a despotism, the people into a nation of riotous paupers, and even the noble possessors of this luckless wealth into miserable dependants on the court, to protect their money; harassed victims of the avarice of the court, which cut off their heads to seize their money; or desperate criminals and debauchées, in the determination to have at least the wasting of it, in their own way.

It is scarcely a century, since England felt the mischief of the sudden Indian fortunes—in the rise of rents, in extraordinary parliamentary corruption, and in the impoverishment of a large class of her most valuable subjects, the squires and the lower nobility. Men who had gone out to India with half-a-crown in their pockets, returned with half a million. How it was gathered, was seldom the question; the only thing asked by the owners was, how it was to be laid out—by the squiredom, how it was to be rivalled—and by every body else, how it was to be shared. The coming of one of those English nabobs into a neighbourhood instantly raised the price of land, the price of provisions, the scorn of the peasantry and populace for the revenues of their old masters—and the envy of those old masters, for the splendid entertainments, equipages, and attendance of the nabobs.

From that hour, the ancient country life of England had received a shock. Character, long residence, ancient inheritance, and hereditary protection, had been the acknowledged claims of the gentry to the respect of their tenants. But a new god of their idolatry was now set up, and the purse superseded every thing. The man who could pay most handsomely was the first man; and money, of all stimulants the basest, was the grand incentive to the popular homage. In some instances the country gentlemen attempted to encounter the nabob in his own strong-hold, and many an acre was shorn of its oaks and elms to purchase the service of plate, or the shewy stud that was to make battle against the glittering plunderer of a Nabob of Oude, or a Rajah of Tanjore. But the rivalry generally ended in the King's Bench, or a flight to the continent; while the estate, old as William the Norman, was put out to nurse.

A deeper evil came in the train of this money. Some of those sons of fortune were sons of rapine too; their purses had been made up by the robbery of the Indians, and even the ten thousand miles of ocean between England and the Ganges, were not broad enough to prevent the cries of the robbed from following the robber. To defend their plunder, or make defenders for it, it was necessary to influence parliament; and the result was, that same purchase of seats, which has so long hung upon the reputation of the senate, and which now forms the chief argument for a total change in the representation.

Yet what was the consequence of the whole influx? The Indian fortunes fled: in a few years their possessors were either bankrupt, or banished, or dead. Their money had spread over the general revenues, and was scarcely felt in the great scale of the nation. But the evil remained. The increase in the style of living, in the price of land, in the price of provisions, the general habits of extravagance, and the general parliamentary traffic remained. Neither the farmer nor the landed proprietor was the better for the influx, but the worse; for the farmer was forced to pay an additional rent in proportion to the price of his pro-

duce. The man of estate expended that additional rent, and more, in the general rise of all commodities, and in his own increase of living; and nothing resulted to either party but more labour and more incumbrance.

The sudden influx of wealth by manufactures within the last forty years has still more changed the aspect of England, the English character, and the English government. Immense fortunes were, undoubtedly, made by manufactures. Though we may be at a loss to know the *national* good derived from any one of those spinning-jenny accumulations, if we except the rather delicious one of giving £20,000 a-year to Sir Robert Peel—that they spread vast sums of money through England is equally undoubted; that, while the war lasted, the German smuggler was able to sell cottons and cambrics to the noblesse of his country at two-pence a yard lower than the lowest of the native *fabricants*; and that the American dealer imported socks and stockings into New York at a price which astonished the New Yorkers, is equally true. But this was only while the war lasted; even then, high wages were not high profits—the workman was often in want, and every fluctuation of the war, or even every change of popular taste, was like a stroke of death to their trade. The mere change from buckles to shoe-strings threw tens of thousands out of bread. The next change, from metal buttons to silk, cast out its ten thousands, too. Thus, upon every trivial occasion, the welfare of vast multitudes of human beings has been put in peril.

But a still heavier national evil consists in the quantity of severe labour required to make manufactures profitable any longer. Even during the war, competition in England itself compelled the manufacturers to urge their workmen to efforts beyond the health, or even the life, of the ordinary human frame. The sickly hue of the artificer is proverbial, and what but distortion can be expected from the infant, which, instead of playing about the fields, or enjoying itself rather than employing itself in the simple occupations of the cottage, is fixed to a machine at five years old; and gets all its perceptions of air, exercise, and understanding, from the atmosphere of dye-tubs and steam-boilers, from being tied to a spinning-jenny for life, and from twisting cotton-thread for fourteen hours a day.

We may talk of the Negro broiling in the cane-plantations of Jamaica, or the Indian shivering in the American mines; but infancy is not there put to the torture, nor disease inflicted on a creature almost before he has words to pronounce his complaints. Let any man look over the report on the employment of the artificers in the cotton factories, and, if he have a human feeling, he will exempt the idolators of old from being the solitary worshippers of Moloch. The difference is, that *we* contrive to worship Moloch and Mammon at the same time.

But here comes the aggravation. The system of severe labour and distortion to infancy, of slavish and unwholesome toil to the mature, and of cheerless and unceasing effort to the decaying and the aged, is now *necessary*—it cannot be remitted, if we would retain the market of Europe; it must even be made severer still if we should expect to live by manufactures—for all Europe is making head against us, our workmen, and our produce. British machinery is British no longer. The steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, and the thousand other wonderful efforts of our native ingenuity—and we give them credit for being little short of miracles in their simplicity, and their power, and their performance—are now gone through all nations. They drudge in the

French factory, in the German mine, or in the Swiss workshop, as readily as within the limits of our land; and thus divested of our exclusive ally, we have to encounter an enemy unencumbered with the weight of taxes which presses down even the colossal frame of England.

The question is, *can* labour be pressed further? Can the workman subsist on less — can he make more diligent exertion? We think not; and that if he could, he ought not to be suffered to make it. No man should be suffered to commit this suicide. But, what if the world is already glutted with our manufactures? And this seems to be the case. The Continent, the New World, the British Colonies, and Settlements in the East, are already overwhelmed with the labour of our looms; and not a year passes in which they will not be advancing in the experiment of providing for themselves. What then must be the fate of the immense capital invested in manufactures, if the multitude of leading merchants who live by their transit through the world; of (still more important consideration) the three millions of human beings, who are actually engaged in the handicraft of these products? The prospect is momentous. We only hope that the consequence is not inevitable; that some of those signal interpositions, which from time to time baffle all conjecture, and shew man that there are secrets in heaven and earth beyond his philosophy, may start up between us and the evil, which seems to be hourly distending and advancing upon our eyes. The only remedy adequate to this gigantic menace, is one which the passions and short-sightedness of men will forbid to be adopted. England will *not* give up her fatal determination to be the workshop of the world. She will not submit to the national disgrace of ceasing to sell cheaper muslins, buttons, and pen-knives than any dealer on the globe; or to the public crime of turning out of smoky dungeons, confined cellars, and the eternal hazards of all foul and fatal effluvia, some millions of young men and women to make their bread in the labours of the field; to abandon steam-engines for "arable and tilth;" pestiferous hovels for hay-making and autumn crops; distortion, vice, and death, for beauty, innocence, freshness, and animation. Yet this *must* be done; or England throughout its whole frame threatens some tremendous change.

The necessities of the French Revolution were shadows to the reality of evil, born of the actual right of millions to have bread, which we have not to give. France was thrown into fury because the nobles were an exclusive class, and the church and military preferments were chiefly distributed among them. This was three-fourths hurt vanity. But in the worst times of France she could feed all her people, and the French cottager was a happier man, and in all true worth, a wealthier man than the English artizan. We have already reached the *maximum* of labour. We have already nearly reached the lowest point of price. If we could lower it still, we have reached nearly the *maximum* of the pole; for every corner of the world is piled with our goods. The popular remedies applied already, are the breaking of machines, and the burning of every thing that abridges labour. But we all know how desperately those habits must aggravate the evil, and how naturally they lead to robbery and assassination. The loom-burner will never be a workman, nor capable of being trusted again.

The oratorical remedy is decrease of taxation. But every man of common sense knows that taxation is at this hour reduced almost to the lowest point of the scale. All kinds of administrations have been tried on this head. But whether Whig or Tory, the declaration has finally been the same: "Taxation is reduced to its lowest point." It is true

that we might reduce taxation, by destroying our national establishments. But would the remedy be better than the disease? and would the remedy take away the disease, without inflicting another on us a thousand times more formidable? It is incontestable, that if we were to cut off the pension list and the sinecures to-morrow, to the last sixpence, the whole relief would not amount to a farthing a piece in the population of the empire. But let them be cut away, say we, and let every thing not absolutely vital to the country be abolished. This we say as sincerely as the most violent of reformers. Yet the relief would be totally unfelt. 'Tis true we might save eight millions by extinguishing the British Army; and leaving our properties open to the hand of rioters, our colonies open to insurrection, and our country open to invasion. We might save eight millions more, by burning the British Navy, and thus extinguishing the influence of England abroad, and her safety on her own shore, exposing our commerce to every depredator, and abandoning the seas. We might save a million sterling by abolishing the Civil List, leaving the Law Courts without Judges, and St. James's without King or Councillor. Three millions more might be saved by confiscating the whole property of the Church. And even thirty millions might be kept in the public pocket by spunging out the National Debt, declaring England bankrupt, and besides driving into instant and utter beggary a million and a half of people, widows, orphans, old men, and infants.

Then, when we were without government, religion, defence of home, power abroad, commerce or credit, we should certainly have no taxes to pay; and it would be well for us that we had not, for we should have no money to pay them with. The money which we might have laid by since the times of taxation, for the emergencies of the times of no taxation, would be at the mercy of the first banditti, mob, or miscreancy, which would think it worth its while to demand our last shilling; and England would thenceforth have all the security of the beggar, who has nothing to lose; and all the happiness of the culprit, who laughs at the rope because it can make him no worse off than he was.

Yet, even if all the establishments of the state were abolished, the grand question would be as far from being settled as ever. What is to be done with the three millions of men, who must make cloth and cotton-twist, or perish; or take up arms, and tear their subsistence from the other classes? We defy political expediency to discover a cure for their hunger. The utter upbreak of society would certainly not serve their trade, for in such times all trade dies. The partial remission of taxes would not secure their prosperity, for they have an antagonist in the advancing industry of Europe, which disregards such remission as we can make, and which, hour by hour, makes silent but fatal battle against the English loom.

Emigration has been proposed: but it is not the weaver, but the farmer, and the mere handicraftsman, who emigrates. The farmer takes his knowledge and his spade with him. The blacksmith embarks his hammer. But how shall the weaver convey with him those immense machines, which are necessary to his produce on the only scale that can now be effectual; his hundred-horse-power steam-engine, or his long, curious, and castle-establishment of machines; of which he himself is almost a subordinate part, and to which he is not more necessary than they are to him? It is in the labour, the poverty, and the dubiousness of manufactures that we are to look for the growing discontents of the people. Those discontents may have been hurried on, or heightened

by the arts of demagogues. But we cannot believe in the power of a newspaper, a pamphlet, or an orator, to turn the blood of a whole people into gall; to rouse honest and industrious men into furious violence against their employers, their neighbours, and their country; or to inflame the spirit of the manufacturing class into a sudden political frenzy against institutions, simply as the institutions of their forefathers, which they are not in a situation to canvass, and which their education has never enabled them to comprehend.

It is to this point then, that the attention of any ministry which aspires to the merit of keeping the country in peace, must be turned. Whatever may be the passion for improving the system of representation, we must look deeper for the sullen and unmitigated shape of dissatisfaction, which is gradually mastering the popular mind. The want of bread is the true motto of the rebellion. Hopelessness alienates the native loyalty of the English heart; and the angry determination of the miserable, if they must fall, not to fall alone, is the true source of the venom which hangs on every tongue of the multitude. The only remedy is to retrace our steps, to connect the idea of national greatness no more with that of being the most extensive manufacturers in the world; or, in other words, of being the diggers and delvers, the drudges and the tools, of every nation of the earth—the dust-covered and sweating slaves of all mankind. The wholesome pursuits of our forefathers must be reverted to. England, in their days, was proverbially "merry England." She has never been so since agriculture ceased to be the great occupation of the people; since manufacturers absorbed the strength, and wasted the lives of her children, and since money-making usurped the whole mind of the community.

An outcry has been raised against machinery. It is an absurdity, because it is an injustice. The inventor has a right to bring the produce of his genius into the market, as much as the farmer the produce of his plough. 'Tis true, that in agriculture, a landlord of common humanity will be cautious of the evil which he may commit, by displacing any large mass of human labour without due warning. If the "merciful man" is applauded, as "being merciful to his beast," how much more distinct a duty is that of rendering good—and consideration and compassion are good—to his fellow men. But the use of machinery in manufactures is contested only by the low violence of the frame-breakers; and the use, even the most complete and universal use of machinery, would be so far from being an evil, that we may yet hail it as the direct means of relieving the human race from all sickly and cruel drudgery. The time will probably arrive, when, by the perfection of machinery, all human labour in the manufactories, mines, and other trying and deleterious trades, will be rendered superfluous; and neither children will be turned into idiots, nor adults into cripples, nor promiscuous intercourse corrupt the population, nor reverses of public taste take the bread from the lips of thousands, nor the feeling of bad times and the fear of worse set the multitude dreaming of public overthrow—lending its ear to every characterless declaimer, and blotting out from its recollections every memory of the old and natural British love of the honour and the institutions of the country.

But this superseding of labour by machinery will be gradual, and ought to be an object of the most constant care of Government, in providing other employment for the discharged workmen. Canals, roads, embankments of rivers and of the sea, harbours, all the works of national utility, would be the safe and natural occupation of the mass of

discharged labour; and for this the nation would gladly see the Exchequer make its disbursements on no restricted scale. The opening of new markets for our manufactures has been the boast of successive administrations; but nothing could have been a feebler policy. It tended only to swell the number of the artizans at home. If, while it forced the existing artizans only to more perpetual labour—if the process had gone on, until the demand of foreign markets had turned every man in England into a cloth-weaver—would the nation have been the happier for it? or rather, in what would it have differed from a collection of culprits in the dungeon? And this tread-mill prosperity would have as rapidly extinguished the public spirit, as it would the personal comfort of the English people. The true policy then must be to restore the people to that health of body and health of mind, which belong to simple and natural occupation; to give up the feeble and narrow policy of urging the manufacturing career of England; to think it better to have, as of old, a nation of hardy yeomen, than a nation of weavers; to make agriculture the leading pursuit of the people; and leave machinery to work its way, and relieve human beings of the miserable drudgery which perverts alike the mind and the frame of man.

In agriculture there is room for all the population which machinery can set free. There are a million of acres in England which might be located with the happiest effect. In Ireland upwards of one third of the whole surface, has been given over to utter neglect; though every square foot of that surface could provide for human life. Two thirds of Scotland are uncultivated. The system of large farms, and the enclosure of commons, is now beginning to be justly reprobated; the spade husbandry is done justice to, the allotment of gardens to cottages, and the revival of the whole cottage system, are signs of a return to the sound views of our ancestors; and the time which sees England once more what it was—the land of rural life—will alone see it the land of peace, patriotism, and loyalty.

Parliament meets on the 6th, the ministry are pledged to bring in a Reform Bill, and to the same extent as the last one; but with some modifications required by their experience of the national feeling. The future we must leave to settle itself; and until the Bill actually makes its appearance, it must be idle to offer remarks on it. But the popular violence on the subject must render all grave deliberation tenfold more difficult than before.

It is not our purpose now to more than advert to the Bristol conflagrations. Their atrocity has roused the fears of all rational men for the results of any opinions, which, whether well-intentioned or ill, suffer the people at large to erect themselves into either a legislative or an executive. To Parliament alone the nation must look for council, and to the King alone for putting that council into act. Deliberation is beyond the physical means of a mob, if it were not beyond their legislative capacity. Even where the multitude come together, with the best intentions, they will be infected by the presence of ruffians, who care no more for political objects than for personal honesty, and who can contemplate nothing in such meetings but their opportunities of rapine. The Bristol reformers throw the whole guilt of the late melancholy and criminal transactions upon the common thieves, who haunt every city. Some inquiry must take place; and it will then be seen how far politics mingled with the rage for plunder, burning, and bloodshed.

The foreign affairs of England still linger on. Belgium is still un-

settled; plots and counterplots still distract the pillow of King Leopold the lazy; his army is still learning its exercise, his generals are still Frenchmen, and he is still threatened with another safeguard in the menacing shape of a French wife. The King of Holland is still talking of war, still proud of the triumphs of a week's campaign against the peasants and shopkeepers of Belgium, and still giving medals and orders, *à la Napoleon,* for the burning of a few Belgian farm-houses. By one of the absurdities which sometimes make diplomacy ridiculous, this king, whom the fifty-five protocols exclude from all authority in Belgium, is yet sanctioned in his retaining the title of King of the Netherlands; on the same wise principle in which Napoleon, when stripped of his throne, and sent to Elba, was suffered to call himself Emperor—a sufferance which he soon exalted into a claim, and a claim which cost a hundred thousand lives, and a hundred millions of money. We may not suspect the icy blood of the Dutchman of this impetuosity, but what are we to say for the brains of the diplomatists who encourage an ambition so senseless, for an object so recently acquired as the Netherland's sovereignty? so foolishly mismanaged, and so ridiculously thrown away.

Poland is vibrating between the chances of being nominally and really a Russian province. The Czar's first decree alludes to it as a "kingdom," but the few and meagre accounts which are suffered to reach the European ear, describe Poland as a serf, more than ever reduced to vassalage; the nobles flying in all directions through the world, Siberia the destination or the fear of every man who had taken a part in the late struggles, and the Russian army not merely the lords of the soil, but almost the only inhabitants of Cracow and Warsaw.

France, having abolished the hereditary peerage, has proceeded to make a whole crowd of new peers. The German states are undisturbed, but by apprehensions of what France may do in the first effervescence of her volatile spirit. Italy still murmurs, but it is too idle, too monkish, and too *operatic,* for any serious effort. The old definition of the Roman popular mind, *Nec totam servitutem pati possunt, nec totam libertatem,* is true of the modern Italians, to the letter. *They* must always have the picture of freedom before them, to amuse their eyes, and persuade them against all conviction that they are capable of public virtue. But then—while the hero is buckling on his sword, the actor rehearsing his speech, and the poet concluding his first stanza on the glories of the young Republic—the bill of the night's opera, laid upon his table, puts posterity and its pomps to flight; he throws by all sublunary things, to hear three hours of fiddling, cavatinas and choruses, for the fiftieth time in the season; is an Italian to all intents and purposes for that night, and will be, for every night to come—until the doctor or the dungeon tells him that the world has closed upon him, and that he has seen his last opera.

Portugal still flourishes, defying King Pedro and all his works, keeping Spain as a rear-guard, holding France in half-pay, and England at arm's length. We have no love for Don Miguel, but we are just as little enamoured of Don Pedro. The marriage of the little Donna Maria de Dolores with *her own uncle,* is not so much to our English taste, as to make us regret that she is deprived of the match; and whether Teneriffe or Terceira constitute her empire, the only question which concerns us is, whether this mighty war will raise or diminish the price of white wine!

RHYMES OF THE TIMES—No. I.

BY AN ANTI-REFORMER.

[These "Rhymes" are by the Laureate—and the Gem That follows, by Lord Russell.—*Ed. M. M.*]

RAGGEDNESS, reform, and riot;
  Anarchy and atheism;
Looms demolished, commerce quiet;
  Treason and incendiarism;
Debts and dungeons, cares and crimes—
These are Topics of the Times.

Patriots and policemen waging
  Battle in unnumbered shoals;
Winter coming—cholera raging—
  (What's the current price of coals?)
Lawless passions, awful workings,
Bonfires, Boards of Health, and burkings.

Furious feuds, like Lord George Gordon's;
  Meetings, massacres, alarms;
Parish champions, fat churchwardens,
  Special constables in arms.
Ministers quite mad—or sleeping;
Mobs triumphant, monarchs weeping.

Unions formed for revolution,
  Sworn to plunder every peer,
And to slay a constitution
  Slain a dozen times a year.
Vile petitions, proclamations,
Liberty, and lamentations.

Lords their broken windows boarding,
  Generous but afflicted race,
Pigmy Pitts! the times affording
  Not a glimpse of pay or place—
Doomed to live, 'mid stones and rockets,
Upon pensions from our pockets.

Noble noodles flying from us
  To their cannon-planted parks;
Clothes dug up by Mr. Thomas,
  First of culprit-catching sharks;
English brutes, Italian boys,
Folly, phrenzy, nonsense, noise.

Children's mourned and missing bones
  Recognized by each dissector;
Gold sent off in foreign loans,
  Plans for making Hunt protector;
Schemes for breaking all machines—
And the hearts of kings and queens.

Church o'erturned by steeple-chases,
  Led by riot-raising writers,
Furious pamphlets, gloomy faces,
  Fogs, philosophers, and fighters.
Taxes, troubles, fright and fray,
Quarrels, quacks, and quarter-day.

Cobbetts, gorgons, Wakleys, dragons,
  Hydras, Hunts—unfit for rhymes—
Hungry orators in waggons—
  These are Symbols of the Times.
Fiercer grows each fresh endeavour;
England's sun is set for ever!

RHYMES OF THE TIMES—No. II.

BY A REFORMER.

Patriot kings, and clubs united,
  Plans to cleanse the earth from crimes,
Famine's prayer no longer slighted,
  Form the Topics of the Times.
Wise electors free from vices,
Parliaments like paradises.

All that's tragic changed to comic,
  Thorns fast budding into flowers;
Luxury turned economic,
  Draughts of sweets distilled from sours;
El Dorados, lands of pleasure,
Tread-mills gone, and hoards of treasure.

"Standing-armies" onward marching
  In the general rush of mind;
Fairy rainbows overarching
  Mitred men that once were blind;
Prelates yielding up their sees,
Peasants digging at their ease.

New creations, peers by dozens,
  Chosen—though but lords for life—
From the Commons and their cousins,
  As extinguishers to strife;
Hundreds rushing into ermine—
If the king should so determine.

Nightly calls at both the houses
  To repeat "God save the King;"
Every party that carouses
  Sings it too—or tries to sing.
Every molehill, ere December
Comes again, shall have its member.

Simultaneous social meetings,
  Sages speaking from balloons;
Every one received with greetings,
  And with Conquering-Hero tunes:
Climate changing with reform—
Summer cool, and winter warm,

Slave-trade over—not a martyr,
  Black or white, confined by bars;
And the Leadenhall-street charter
  Torn, to light untaxed cigars:
All our tea and sugar sources
Freed, by negro Wilberforces.

Fundholders exclaiming "satis"
  To a shilling in the pound;
Paganini playing gratis;
  Opera, the whole year round:
Clerks careering there on ponys,
Charmed by taste, and Taglionis.

Peace-and-temperance concoctors;
  Lions on and off the stage;
Railroads, reason, and no doctors—
  These are Emblems of the Age.
See—as wide the vapours sever—
England's sun more bright than ever!

MY FIRST DUEL.

"Snug lying here in the Abbey."
The Rivals.

There are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, of war, or ambition, are to the last hour of existence as forcibly impressed on the tablet of memory, as at the moment when they were first inscribed there by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has been a thousand times remarked—all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analysing, we shall find are but the consciousness of our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman, in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit, and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces, could wing a musquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and inexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humour, can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of the war between the two countries. Time has now, in some degree, softened down this hostile feeling; but, in 1818, it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron, at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira, though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards, when the United States corvette Ontario, and the British frigate Hyperion, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima, to so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen, that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days; and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the noon-tide heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a Café, in one of the Brazilian outports, to meet, by appointment, a friend, from whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the Café, I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking Minheiros, who were drinking and listening to a love-lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar

accompaniment, by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers, who were going home, invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of Salvator so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people violent abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled, in that drawling, nasal tone that so particularly distinguishes our transatlantic brethren. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the Don Quixote, and to run a tilt against all those who should choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a segar, and listened attentively to the beautiful modinha sung by the mulatto; there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that told the pangs of unrequited love—

> "Despois que Martillo partio,
> Partio comelle o prazer—
> Amor que pode, naõ quer valer
> Na ha remedio senaõ morer,"

that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom; when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been levelled at Old England in general, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honourable alternative. "When a man openly insults you," says my Lord Chesterfield, "knock him down." If I did not on this occasion follow his lordship's advice *à la lettre*, I did something which, among *honourable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for immediate satisfaction on the following morning, on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day.—"Gentlemen," said I, "willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws against duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of."

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangarée, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politenes of manner:—"I cannot conceal from myself," were his words, "that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret, from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if, as you say, you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will myself most willingly do you that office: for I can conceive no situation so forlorn, so desolate, as that

of a man, in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land, without a friend to stand by him in an honourable quarrel."

The hearty pressure of my outstretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We separated. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendour of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful—not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin bell, or the rustling of the silk mantilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trowsers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad-brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never forget: it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome me, and fixed his large black eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the very beau idéal of a duellist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped up in his own meditations, when, on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had prevailed, by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in a negative. "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger, but on a hare or partridge; remember, therefore, to follow implicitly the instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this segar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their segars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces."—"As the challenged party, we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say, therefore, twelve paces instead of sixteen, *and the firing down.*"—"Twelve paces," I repeated to myself; "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm,

which he marked by a knot, brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then," he said, on putting the pistol into my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both fired at as nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled, and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, Sir," said he; "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said, with a look of reproach to my companion—"B——n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that, at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by chance fire over you, that, unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol—the result," he added, with a smile, "has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too," he added, "allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might" (this was said very coolly) "have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay."

On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver, in fact—my wounded adversary, and his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them, save a few short lines sent me by a vessel they spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected since on the high-toned, generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country or friendship. That my friend was a duellist, his conduct on the ground warrants me in supposing. I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R——.

THE SPIRIT-SEEKER.

After I had left school, I recollect being much attracted by certain representations of English troops plundering some Asiatic soldiers of their costly ornaments. This print, which then adorned all the dead walls of the metropolis, I have gazed at for hours; and at night I could dream of nothing but pagodas and rupees, cashmeres, hookahs, and Damascus blades! The East Indies appeared to me to be an El Dorado, where the gifts of fortune were showered upon all who sought them. It presented the same temptations to me as the golden shores of the Pacific offered to the Spaniards and Portuguese, after Columbus had given his glowing descriptions of their wealth and fertility. I was a tall youth, above the height required for recruits; so finding my desires grow stronger every day, and a soldier's life appearing to my young fancy the gayest under the sun, I took the king's bounty, and enlisted in a regiment which was on the point of proceeding to Calcutta.

It was not long before I found out how much I had been deceived, but as I saw there was little use in repentance, I resolved to make the best of my situation. My attention to my duties rose me from the ranks, and by volunteering in every situation of danger, I gained continual promotion. I saw a great deal of hard service, for I lost no opportunity of distinguishing myself, and by embarking all my gains in mercantile speculations, I found, in the course of fifteen years, that I had realized a very handsome independence for life. My yearnings after home then became very powerful, and as there was no occasion for my staying longer in India, I sold out, for the purpose of returning to England, to learn how many of my friends were dead, and to find out those who remained above ground.

I took my passage in a fine ship, well rigged and manned, and powerfully armed; it was the time of war, which made the masters of our merchant vessels careful in providing for emergencies. She carried but few passengers, none of them particularly deserving of remark save one. He was evidently a person of some consequence, from the attentions paid him by the captain. He was a tall and well-formed man, of dark features, whose expression I did not always admire. No one knew him —no one held companionship with him, for his fellow passengers seemed to shrink from him with a feeling of dread. He would walk for hours upon the deck with an abstracted air, as if unconscious of all around; and would frequently start in the middle of his walk, as if alarmed,—would mutter some unconnected words, and then continue his solitary promenade.

I felt a desire to know something about so strange a being, and endeavoured to get some intelligence from the captain—a brave, blunt fellow, with whom I was frequently in the habit of conversing.

"Why, Sir," said he, putting his finger on his broad forehead, "he's a little bit *heady*, or so."

It struck me that I had observed a wild restlessness about his gaze, which gave me some doubts of his sanity, but I did not like to rest upon mere suspicion; I resolved, therefore, to pay great attention to his conduct, as I thought his strange behaviour might be the result of eccentricity. I wished to learn something of his history, but gained nothing by my inquiries.

We proceeded on our voyage without any remarkable incident, till one morning the man at the mast-head cried out "a sail!" and in an instant all the telescopes in the ship were in requisition. I discovered, after a long search, a speck in the distant horizon, which gradually enlarged till it bore the figure of a ship. It was soon discovered to be a Frenchman, of superior force, bearing down upon us with all her canvass set.

The captain caught up a speaking trumpet, and shouted forth to the crew a quick succession of orders, which were as promptly executed. The officers bestirred themselves in every direction; all was bustle and activity. In what appeared to me an incredible short space of time, the decks were cleared, the port-holes opened, and the sails furled for action.

I offered my services to the captain, who shook me by the hand with all the frankness of a sailor, and led me to his cabin. There he thanked me, and declared he expected to need the help of all who were ready to fight for their lives, for the enemy had much the superiority in point of force, and shewed a determination of attacking. It was his intention, he said, of defending the ship to the last, as she contained a valuable cargo; then pointing to the arms, which lay in all directions, he asked me to choose for myself. I was soon equipped with pistols and cutlass, and determined to use them with as much effect as I possibly could.

I ascended again on deck, to see how things were going on. I found the men half stripped, and strongly armed. Some in groups, eyeing the approach of the enemy; others attending to the guns, or busied in the rigging. Loblolly-boys were running about with powder for the gunners, gliding from the gun-room to the deck, like so many imps of darkness. The boatswain sat on the breach of a gun, for which he seemed to feel a particular affection, and was holding forth to a group of attentive listeners—occasionally stopping in his discourse to pay attention to a capacious can of grog, that was placed within his reach. I viewed the scene with much interest, for although I had seen a good share of service on land, this was the first sea-fight I had ever had an opportunity of witnessing. It was new to me, and, I must say, I felt in a strong degree the general excitement.

The privateer, for such she proved to be, was a beautiful ship, and cut through the water like a swan. Her decks appeared to be covered with men, and she carried many more guns than we did. Our sailors viewed her with evident interest. They praised her sailing, and watched her with the eyes of experienced judges, while she was manœuvring to get the wind of us. When she was within shot, she tacked, took down most of her canvass, and fired two guns. The shot came hopping along the water, but passed us without doing any damage.

"A roll o' pig-tail to a can o' grog," exclaimed the boatswain to his grinning auditors, "them 'ere Frenchmen as fired them shot, got out o' their hammocks this morning the wrong end uppermost."

"Brown!" shouted the captain, from the quarter-deck, "bring your gun to bear!"

In an instant the boatswain obeyed orders, adjusted the gun with the precision of a finished marksman, and fired. Splinters were seen flying about the deck of the enemy's vessel, and the gunner exclaimed, with an appearance of much satisfaction, "Aye! aye! I arn't been at sea man and boy for nothing!" Orders were given to continue firing, which

was done with good effect, while the guns of the privateer seemed to be badly served, for their shot passed over us, or only divided a few ropes of very trifling importance. The enemy were getting the worst of it, which probably they themselves thought, for they bore down upon us with a design of coming to closer quarters.

"Now, my boys," exclaimed the captain to his men, "stand to your guns, and give it 'em, for the honour of Old England!" He was answered by three cheers, as universal as ever came from a British vessel preparing for action. Their shot came flying thick, but ours were reserved for a more favourable opportunity. As soon as the ships' sides were parallel, we poured in broadside after broadside, with the most murderous effect, sweeping off her men from the deck by dozens. An obstinate engagement ensued, but we avoided most of the danger arising from her superiority of guns, by a series of skilful evolutions. Our men, except those actively employed, lay down on the decks, and the fire of the enemy did comparatively little mischief among them. The fight was kept up with great bravery on both sides; at last the privateer closed in upon us; her great object was now in boarding, her strength of men giving her still an advantage. The ships were lashed together, under a heavy fire of musketry, and the boarders came on sword in hand, where they were met by our own brave men, and a desperate struggle ensued. They fought hand to hand, and foot to foot, without either giving an inch of ground. The hurrahs and shouts of the combatants, mingling with the continual discharge of fire-arms, were truly deafening. The enemy at last gave way before our determined resistance, and the galling fire which was kept upon their decks by our top-men. This was an important crisis, and our men rushed on to the charge with renewed vigour. Then I saw the strange being, whom I have before noticed as my fellow-passenger, mingling in the thickest of the fight, and hewing down like blades of grass all who opposed him. I followed in his wake, and soon found myself on the deck of the privateer, where the conflict was raging in its greatest fury. There our captain, though wounded, was fighting like a lion, and urging his men, both by voice and action, to follow his example. The stranger and I fought side by side. Their resistance seemed to grow fainter, except in one spot, where a group of brave fellows were fighting round their commander, a man of gigantic size and immense strength. We were soon among them, and I saw the sword of my companion cleave the Frenchman's skull, and the strong man sunk dead at his feet. After his death, the resistance ceased. She struck, and became our prize.

Our captain, after the engagement had terminated, came up and thanked us for the assistance we had rendered him. The stranger seemed to avoid all conversation, and what he said was spoken hurriedly, as if anxious to conclude the subject.

The prize we found of little service. A number of shot had taken her between wind and water, her sails were reduced to shreds, and her masts were most of them shattered to splinters. The carnage on board was dreadful; of nearly two hundred men, scarcely fifty remained alive, and most of them were wounded. We therefore secured the men and valuables, and deserted the ship. As for ourselves, we paid dearly for our victory, for many were the brave but unfortunate men, I saw lashed to the grating and consigned to the bowels of the deep.

Little took place during the remainder of the voyage worth noticing.

There seemed to be some deep mystery in my fellow-passenger, which, at any risk, I was determined to fathom. I endeavoured to get into his confidence. For that purpose, I did him many little offices of kindness. They were at first rather unfavourably received, but as I persevered, his unsociableness wore off, and he seemed at last to take a pleasure in my society. When we arrived in England, I visited him frequently. One day, after some preliminary conversation, in which I endeavoured to make him talk of his own affairs, he said to me, "You have been kind, and I will confide in you. Listen, and you shall hear a tale which nothing you have ever heard, or read of, seemed half so strange." I listened attentively, and he continued:—

"From a boy upwards, I have longed for an intercourse with the unembodied shadows of the departed, whose existence I had often heard well authenticated in the nursery and in the hall. I had strange desires from my birth. I loved to be alone. I was fond of darkness. I would sit up in the depths of midnight, in 'hopes of high talk with the departed dead.' I yearned for the things that dwell not in the earth, and yet are on it. Church-yards and cemeteries were to me as familiar as my father's hearth. I loved the most savage spots, and the most unfrequented places of the wild and mountainous country in which I was born; and when I heard from the superstitious peasantry that such a ruin, or such a dell, or such a wood, was the haunt of supernatural visitors, there would I make my dwelling; and, night and day, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I loved the sound of the thunder when it seemed to shake the heaven on which I gazed, and the earth on which I stood. I courted the gaze of the vivid lightning, and my eagle eye shrunk not at its burning glance. I stood by the sands of the sea-shore, and drank in with delighted ears the music of the storm. I climbed to the tops of mountains; I descended into the depths of vaults and caves; I crossed the fathomless ocean, and penetrated into the parched deserts of the torrid zone. I heard the famished hyena howling for her food among unburied skeletons; and I saw the lion crunching the bones of many a luckless victim, as he roared exultingly in his wrath. I stood in the night surrounded by the ghastly fragments of those who had endeavoured to penetrate its inhospitable regions; the moon shone upon their bleached skeletons with a sickly light; the hot breath of the simoom gave a sense of suffocation, which had made many a weary traveller lay down and die; and there was no sound stirring in the desert, save the scream of the jackal. In the stillness of the deep night, I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I went on a pilgrimage to the idol Juggernaut, whose thirst is quenched with blood, and whose hunger is appeased with human flesh. I saw thousands rush under his massive chariot wheels, to obtain the glory of being crushed to death; a martyrdom which was accounted the very highest honour. The streets were paved with carcases, and the gutters streamed with blood. I passed on to the field of skulls, where the vultures and the dogs were disputing over a living banquet of quivering flesh. I stood in the middle of the festering carcases of the worshippers of the deity, when there was not a star visible in the heavens, and the moon had veiled her glory from the earth; and I called with a loud voice upon the Spirits of the Dead—but they came not!

"I heard the plague was raging afar off. I journeyed over mountains, I crossed streams, I swam cataracts, and I forded rivers, with a feverish impatience that hurried me on like lightning to arrive at the place where I knew death was busy. I came. The air stunk in my nostrils with the putrid steam which came from the dead, who lay around me mouldering and festering in heaps. The dead-carts passed by—but those who had loaded them had become part of the load. The graves lay open—those who had dug them became the first occupiers of a dwelling they expected others to tenant. The poor loaded themselves with riches, and died before they could make use of their plunder. The rich flew from their dwellings, but perished before they had arrived beyond the influence of the pestilence. Thousands and thousands sickened daily, and all shunned each other. The lover left his mistress, and the mother deserted her children, and the friend of many years stood afar off from the brother of his heart. They died—falling like autumn-leaves, when a strong wind shakes the trees of the forest. Days passed—weeks passed—months passed—and still they died. At last I stood the only living thing in a vast and once-populous city. All was still as the grave. Not a leaf stirred—not a stream flowed—not a wind whispered: for all the trees were leafless trunks, and all the waters were stagnant pools. There was not a breath stirring in the air, and the red sun glared in the sky with an evil look, as if to curse the gazer with the quenchless fire of his moveless eye. Solitary I stood in the high-places, as if the world had been hushed into an everlasting sleep. Then I raised my voice, and called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—the echoes died sullenly away. Again I called—but they came not!

"I fled from the place in fear and loathing, and afterwards entered a fortified town while it was being besieged by the enemy. Famine raged within its walls, gnawing the gaunt frames of its brave defenders; but their bony hands still held the sword, and their almost fleshless limbs still defended their impregnable city. I saw a rich man offer all his wealth to a beggar, for a piece of putrid meat which he was devouring voraciously—the beggar looked at the gold, and cast it from him with scorn. A miser saved a loaf, though the rest had given up theirs for the common good: he sold it in pieces for double their weight in silver, and soon afterwards died of starvation. Soon there was nothing left. Many died raving mad, screaming for water to cool their burning tongues, and in a short time there remained not enough to man the wall. Then the remnant of the brave bands came to a resolution to perish by each other's hands. I saw them expose their naked breasts to the sword, and they died breathing defiance on their enemies. I stood upon the prostrate bodies of the slain, and the fleshless skeletons of thousands lay around me. I called upon the Spirits of the Dead with a voice that might have awoke them from their sleep—but they came not!

"I have been on the field of battle after a bloody carnage, when friend and foe were heaped together in the slaughter; and I have entered conquered cities after a massacre, where the old and young, the guilty and the innocent, the poor and the rich, the deformed and the beautiful, were all butchered indiscriminately. I have been in all places where I thought the Spirits of the Dead were most numerous, and at all times and all seasons when I thought it most probable they would appear to human ken; and I have lifted up my voice in solitary places, calling upon them to appear—but they came not!

"Then I applied to those who were said to have communion with them, and I journeyed to far off lands in hopes of knowing their secrets. I saw withered sybils and hoary magicians, I knew studious monks and learned Jews, and I became familiar with the most famous scholars of all nations, and the wisest priests of all religions; I asked them to impart their knowledge to one who would use it well. I offered them gold and much treasure; they accepted my gifts, and I became their pupil. But I soon found, after a short sojourn with them all, that their knowledge was that of a fool, and their learning that of a child. They were liars, imposters, and cheats, who lived upon the credulity of the human race; and I cursed them in the bitterness of my heart, as I shook off the dust from my feet in leaving the secret places in which they dwell.—Now, said I, do I know of a verity, that all men are fools —a superstitious race, who for two thousand years and more have lived in a vain fear and a foolish belief.

"Do we not die and are buried, or rot on the face of the earth, while the wind dries and the sun bleaches our bones till they are calcined into dust, and we mingle again with the earth from which we came? Are we not born more helpless than the worm we crush beneath our feet; and those who are so unfortunate as to last to an old age—do they not live more miserable than the vilest thing on earth? continually complaining with unnatural peevishness, and yet not possessing sufficient resolution to rid themselves of a burthen they have not the courage to bear resignedly. Do we not perish like the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air? and in a few short years our names are obliterated from the earth, that none may know of what fashion we were born.—Such is our being and existence, and such our dissolution.

"When we die, we die utterly and everlastingly. The fire passes from the clay which it warmed, and the mass crumbles away into utter nothingness; and yet for many generations, there have been knaves to assert, and fools to believe, that the senseless dust possesses a revivifying power which shall start again into being at some indefinite period—that the spark which animated the living frame, continues to reside in the ashes, which is the residue of the crucible of existence; and that this spirit, in an untangible and incorporeal form, wanders about the earth, occasionally visible to the fear-struck gaze of the living, or may be commanded to appear by those who are sufficiently fearless to invoke them in solitary places—

> '————where graves give up their dead,
> And churchyards yawn.'

"Oh! degenerate race! so credulous and easily deceived—of what use is that reason of which you vaunt; where is that intellect of which you are so proud! The beasts that toil in the field expect not an Eden of rest when the butcher has led them to the shambles, and the savage ones of the forest dream not of a Paradise beyond their green savannahs and the liquid clearness of their refreshing streams. Wherefore shouldst thou, O man! puff thyself up with a vain-glory, and hug to thy breast a cloud for an imperishable hope? Wherefore shouldst thou carve for thyself immortality, and sentence all nature to be cast in the unfathomable ocean of oblivion? O, man—man! obdurate and proud of heart, there shall come a time when thou shalt awake from thy sleep,

and see through the darkness which hath enveloped thy soul in its misty folds for so many generations.

"I left their dwelling, after discovering how vain was the search in which I had been employed, and took ship with a determination to return to my own country. We left port with a fair wind, and the ship rode proudly on the bosom of the ocean. I felt a strange delight when I found myself proceeding towards my native land, after so long an absence, and in fancy I often thought I could discern its snowy cliffs peering through the fog, although we were many thousand miles from its nearest coast. The vessel in which I sailed was a pirate, the crew a set of lawless villains of all nations; but I loved their society from the spirit of freedom which seemed to animate them all. They were daring as young lions, and crafty as serpents; yet each seemed to possess a high feeling of honour which scorned all meanness. I found myself at home among them, for they respected my humours, and allowed me to conduct myself as I pleased. They declared war against all governments, and set up the black flag in opposition even to free states. The captain was a man of considerable muscular strength, and great bravery—one as much feared as loved by those whom he commanded. Although he never failed to distinguish any of his men who had made themselves conspicuous by acts of daring or good seamanship, yet his anger was fatal, and few among such a reckless set would have chosen to risk it.

"I loved to pace the deck after the sun had gone down, and watch the stars come forth by twos and threes in all their beauty from their hiding places. Night after night have I gazed as they shot from their spheres into darkness, till I became as familiar with the heavens as with an open book, and the stars became unto me as the faces I had known in infancy.

"One night as I was taking my usual walk on the deck, the watch was set, and I was wrapt up in meditations of the bright things above me. All was hushed as a maiden's sleep; and we lay becalmed upon the silent waters. I was startled from my reverie by a loud cry of fire, and in an instant the ship was in one immense blaze. There was either no time to get out the boats, or all were rendered stupified by the extent of the danger. They leapt from their hammocks, and fled about the vessel as if bewildered. Some ran to the spirit-room, and soon rendered themselves incapable of providing for their own safety;—others, in their frenzy, leapt overboard, and the waters overwhelmed them;—a few, with more presence of mind, got out the long-boat. As soon as it was lowered they jumped in—numbers followed, till it was unable to hold its burthen;—they were endeavouring to put off when she sunk, and all went to the bottom.

"In a short time, the captain and myself were the only persons left on board. I attempted to persuade him to jump into the sea, and save himself by clinging to some of the planks which were floating about. But he silenced me by saying, that he and the ship should perish together. I committed myself to the waves, and soon swam beyond the reach of the burning fragments of timber that were continually thrown around me by explosions of gunpowder. As fast as the flame reached the guns, they were discharged, and scattered the messengers of death in all directions.

"I lashed myself to a large plank, and then turned to take a last look at the ship. For an instant I saw the form of the intrepid captain red

in the surrounding flames—the fire reached the powder magazine—one shriek, and all was over.

"The flames ceased, and I was left in impenetrable darkness, in a strange sea I knew not how far from land. Yet even then the thirst that lay at my heart for communion with the shadows of the past, did not desert me. In that hour of peril and solitude, the longing that had filled my breast so long came upon me with all its original force, and I felt a strange sensation that roused every sense within me to exertion. In that scene of horror I lifted up my voice, though the tones seemed to fall with a cold weight upon my heart, and I called aloud upon the Spirits of the Dead—I heard a voice answer, '*Here!*'—then a million of feeble voices caught up the sound, and the faint echoes fell upon my ear, and chilled my brow with the cold dew of death.—Just then the expiring ship sent up one bright flame of vivid light, and I saw——"

Here he looked upon me, with an expression I shall never forget. A shadow of deep agony shrouded his features—his eyes were starting from their sockets, gleaming with unnatural light—his strong frame shook with fear—he seemed labouring under an effect of terror of the most dreadful nature.

"I saw," he continued, as he caught hold of me by the arm, "a sight that made my blood run cold with fear—that curdled the marrow in my bones—that made my flesh quiver convulsively, and that filled my heart with a feeling of incurable pain, and my brain with a quenchless, burning, corroding flame, that tortures my senses into madness.

"I see it now!" he cried, in a voice of thrilling agony, pointing with extended arm to places where I could see nothing. "There!—there!—see how they stare upon me with their sightless orbs—how they point at me with their fleshless hands! Hear you not a laugh like the bubbling of blood—the red light of the burning ship dwells upon their skulls—I press my hand over my brows and over my ears, but though both eyes and ears are closed, still I hear and still I see.—Avaunt! avaunt! ye horrible fiends!—avaunt, and mock me not! Oh! look not upon me with the blue light of those empty sockets. It sinks into my soul, it burns my heart to ashes. Away! away!—to the fathomless ocean from whence ye came! Down, into the depths of the dark sea, away!—Oh, God!—Oh, God!"

He sunk upon the floor, senseless. I rendered him immediate assistance, but it was long before he became perfectly sensible. At last he recovered. He looked round the room, with a wild, unsettled gaze, and said, "Where am I?—methought I was upon the deep ocean, and darkness was around me, and"—a strong convulsive shudder passed over his whole body—"but," he continued, "it was all a dream."

I endeavoured to compose his mind, by leading it to other topics, and it was some time before I allowed him to conclude his extraordinary narrative.

"I know not," said he, "what passed for many hours after the ship had been engulphed by the waves. The sight had frozen up the current of life, and I lay on the bosom of the dark waters without sense or motion. When I recovered I found myself lying on a bed, enclosed by curtains of a light and elegant fabric. I drew them aside, and was surprised at the splendour of the room in which I lay. I observed a black female, in an oriental dress, who as soon as she noticed me, left the room. I had not been long engaged in making observations on the

costly luxuries with which I was surrounded, when I perceived her return, and with her a lady of most graceful shape. I softly laid myself down, and closed my eyes. I heard some one advance on tip-toe, and draw aside the curtains with a gentle hand. I looked, and I beheld a youthful face, of a most bewitching beauty, gazing upon me with an expression of intense interest. Her features were dark, approaching to a brown; but the hue of the rose lay glowing on her cheek, and threw over it a warmth and richness I had never before seen equalled. Her eyes were of the blackest hue, and of a sparkling brightness that outshone the sunbeam. A few folds of fine muslin enveloped her head, from which two or three glossy curls, as dark as the raven's plume, were allowed to stray. Her dress was light and graceful, ornamented with curious designs, and her slim waist was bound with a belt studded with jewels, on which was traced figures of an Indian character.

"She blushed slightly, as I gazed on her, inquired in the most winning accents after my health, and hoped that I was better, as her father would be so happy to hear of my recovery. I began asking her numerous questions as to where I was, and how I came there; but she commanded silence; for, she said that talking would be injurious to my health, and that in a few days her father was expected, who would tell me all. She then wished me better, and left me to my own reflections.

"I afterwards learnt that I had been picked up by a ship belonging to her father, which had discovered the burning vessel at a distance, and had crouded all sail in hopes of picking up some of the sufferers. None had been found but myself, whom at first they thought dead; for I remained in a state of torpitude for several days, during which I was carried into port, and taken to the merchant's country-house, where I then lay. They found by some papers about me who I was, and I was treated with the greatest kindness by the old gentleman as soon as he heard of my situation.

"He was an East Indian merchant, and had married the daughter of a native prince. She died a few years after they had been united, leaving a helpless infant to his care and protection. In that child he had centred all his hopes of happiness. As she grew up his affection increased, and every gratification that riches could procure were purchased for her enjoyment. All those accomplishments which render a female more fascinating and extend the circle of her influence, had been taught her by the best masters that could be found. When I saw her she had almost completed her fifteenth year, yet appeared in the full bloom of womanhood.

"I could have loved her, with more than earthly love, but a shadow dwelt upon my heart, which shut out with a veil of darkness all that was fair and bright; and I was as desolate as the first murderer. I improved, and recovered; but though I possessed haleness of body, I have never since been blessed with health of mind. In the society of my kind friends, I might have enjoyed every earthly happiness, but though they did all that friendship could do, still I was miserable, I felt a secret consciousness of some impending evil, hanging over me like an everlasting shadow, and throwing a gloom over all around me. In my hours of gaiety, it did not leave me, and I became abstracted and thoughtful on all occasions. I have seen and heard sights and sounds,

which I dare not tell of, things which would congeal the blood to ice, and turn the heart to stone. They were always near me, go where I would. If I plunged into dissipation, they were still before me in all their hideousness. In the banquet I have sat down, surrounded by noisy revellers, but I could hear a fearful whispering above the shouts of the rioters; the faces of those around, turned to demon forms, and the wine-cup seemed to change its contents from the sparkling juice of the grape, to the dark and awful hue of human blood. I could not endure this eternal horror, it made me mad. I often attempted to destroy myself, but some unknown power held my hand, and the weapon dropt harmlessly from my grasp.

"I determined to return to the home of my fathers, and I informed my friends of my resolution. They attempted to dissuade me, but without success. Every temptation was thrown in my way, to make me give up my object, but I adhered to my determination. They then made every arrangement for my convenience, and I parted with them. I took with me their good wishes, and entered immediately upon my voyage.

"I paid little attention to what was going forward in the ship; I was wrapt up in my own reveries. The same torture I suffered on board, as I had endured on land. It seemed as if a demon had possessed me; for the same sights blasted my gaze, and the same voices tortured my ear. I have rushed to plunge myself in the wave that was roaring beneath me, but an invisible hand held me back, and I had not the power to move. When I heard we were going to be attacked, and when I saw the preparations we were making for defence, I was in great joy; for now said I, I shall surely die. I went and prepared myself for the conflict with a light heart; for I expected soon to throw off the torture that had so long been gnawing at my brain. I listened to the roar of the guns, and the clashing of weapons, and the groans of the wounded, and shouts of the combatants, as to the sweetest music; but above the roar, and the clash, and the groan, and the shout, was the whispering of unearthly voices. It tortured me to madness, and I could endure it no longer. I caught up the steel, and rushed into the thickest of the fight. I struck down all that opposed me; their blows fell upon me like the pattering of summer rain on the tall grass; and the bullets whistled by my ears, but I minded them not more than the hail in a thunder-storm. Wherever I came, they fled; I singled out the bravest of those who remained, and cleft him down with a stroke of my sword. Soon all was over. I retired from the fray unhurt, and I now live!—live to endure an agony no medicine can alleviate, a pain no art can cure. My brain burns with a scorching heat, that all the tears the saints have shed, for the sins of the wicked, could not cool. My heart is as a withered tree—the lightning has scorched it to the core. Night and day, the dark and horrible shadows are around me, and a chorus of feeble voices are eternally babbling in my ear unutterable things, that make my soul sick at the sound. Among crowds, I am in a solitude. I see not, hear not, think not of what is passing around me—I dare not think; for a curse is on my brain, and a blight is on my heart, which makes me see things that others see not, and hear things that others may not hear; and never till the grave separates this restless spirit from its corporeal frame, and the dark shadows of obli-

vion blot out the light from my throbbing eye-balls, may I hope to find that peace—

> 'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
> And the weary are at rest.' "

Such was his story. I had occasion to leave him for a few days, and when I returned, I heard—but, as the reader may imagine, without surprise—that he had shown such strong evidence of insanity, as to make it a matter of necessity to place him in confinement. *W.

BREVITIES.

THE surest way to acquire the worship of mean spirits, is to begin by worshipping yourself.

Our reasons for excluding the Jews from political privileges tend to make them good Jews; but our proper business is to make them good citizens.

The press is the right-arm of reason; though, like the arm of a madman, it is sometimes used to wound its owner.

The gentry should cherish the peasantry for the same reason (if they were incapable of a higher feeling) that they preserve the sturdy old groves that protect their family mansions from the cutting winds. When the bodily vigour of the working-classes is destroyed by hard fare and ill-usage, the scions of the aristocracy will soon degenerate into slaves and prostitutes either to a despotic court or a hardier nation.

A man's intimates, however free from jealousy or envy, are not in general the best judges of the value of his literary or other intellectual efforts; they are equally liable to overrate what is indifferent, and to underrate, or at least not sufficiently to admire, what is really excellent. If they are led, by the author's general conversation and manners, to expect excellence, it can of course excite no sensation when it comes; and if his public efforts far transcend what might have been expected from him, his friends can scarcely, in the moment of surprise, avoid suspecting that there is some mystery, some legerdemain, in the matter; and judging the candidate for fame rather by what they hear, than by what they read or see. Talent, however, is not the less real because it is variously developed; and those who possess it in one form should always be ready to hail its manifestation in another.

The vessel of the state is in danger of foundering from being overladen, and some of our self-called practical reformers would consent to throw over a band-box to lighten her:—or she is running on a rock, and they wish to hang out a sheet of tissue-paper by way of defender.

If a man's genius do not influence his conduct and language, it is little better to him than a machine that he has the power of putting in motion; and he will not be much more loved or respected on account of it, in private life, than he would for being the possessor of an elaborate steam-engine. O.

TOO EARLY!

People talk about this fallacy, and that fallacy; but of all the fallacies in the world, there is not one that equals that prodigious prejudice that has for some hundreds of years been running in favour of getting up early. I could shew by a thousand reasons, that, instead of such a practice being praiseworthy, it rather gives token of a want of that syllogistical clear headedness which enables a man to look thoroughly, and at once, to the bottom of a subject.—"And mind you get up early, my dear," cries Mrs. Tomkins to her eldest born, just as he is on the point of quitting his native village for the great world—"mind you get up early; for it is so unwholesome to lie in bed of a morning."—Foolish matron! never was so great a mistake pronounced with so grave a countenance!

"But why, sir—why?" exclaims Mrs. Tomkins, or some one of my readers for her. Now, for my own part, I am very considerably the friend of a system, that is daily gaining strength in this admirable world, of making assertion not only stand in the place of, but actually take precedence of all argument; and I would therefore protest with Shakspeare's fat knight against giving any reason "on compulsion;" but that, in this case, the other side happens to have the start of me on the ground of assertion; and I must, therefore, content myself with having the whole of the argument on mine.

So now for the "Why, sir,—why?"

The "why" consists in these five reasons.—It is unwholesome. It is unsafe. It is uncomfortable. It is impolitic. It is unwise.

1st. It is unwholesome.—I once had a great-grandfather—the last of our family that was ever so foolish as to indulge in what he used to call the luxury of early rising—and what was the consequence?—That nature one day summoned him to pay for the luxury, by bestowing on him such an admixture of cold and catarrh as carried him in half a week to his grave. And how could it be otherwise? If, from your comfortable bed-room window you chance to observe some unfortunate wretch whose cruel destiny compels him to quit his wholesome couch for the crude morning air and its draggle-tailed dew, you first see him striving, as it were, to shrink within himself in the hopes of avoiding the raw atmosphere that salutes him on every side, and then—all escape, in spite of his ingenuity, proving fruitless—you next perceive him suddenly struck with a sort of ague-fit that dances him along, groaning and grumbling, at the rate of seven miles an hour, while his teeth chatter and jar against each other at a still more rapid pace. And after all, what is his remedy? He has none, till the day has marched on, and the sun has nearly approached his highest elevation: then he feels himself a little relieved from the swamp in which he has been buried; and he begins to find out that his clothes hang about him damp and dreary, like a lady's handkerchief that has undergone the ordeal-by-water through a five-act tragedy in the dog-days: he lifts up his leg, and resting it against a stile, surveys with rueful countenance the streamy drops that trickle from it, till a deep and dangerous puddle is formed beneath; while thus he gazes, he calls to mind how he has seen a washerwoman handle a sheet, and he longs to try and wring his leg, that he may have one limb dry at least: or "with curious busy eye" he carries his reflections yet further, and quitting the survey of his leg for that of his general condi-

tion, he sorrowfully petitions Heaven to send some Brobdignadian housemaid that way, that she may take him up in her brawny arms, and twirl the moisture from him as an English wench twirleth her mop.—And this is what my poor great-grandfather used to call the luxury of early rising!—Well, well, he paid a dear penalty for his mistake; so let us hope that he is by this time in another and a better world, and never gets up till half-past nine.

2d. It is unsafe—And here, again, let me refer to the example-giving career of my great-grandfather. Three times within the last two years of his early rising, the consequence of his being abroad at such unseasonable hours, was his being atttacked by highwaymen:—the first time, he was sauntering along Hornsey-lane long before any decent person (except himself) was stirring, when he suddenly perceived the muzzle of a horse-pistol immediately under his nose, while as suddenly he heard "Stand, and deliver!" growled in his ear by as rugged a descendant of Blackbeard as Hockley-in-the-Hole ever produced;—my great-grandfather, satisfied with one glance, ran for it, and, when he got home, had the satisfaction of finding that the bullet, which had been sent whizzing after him, had only carried off an inch and a half of his pigtail, and about a quarter of the collar of his coat:—the second occasion of his being attacked was in the neighbourhood of Hounslow-heath, and from that clerk of St. Nicholas he had the good luck to escape by plunging into a ditch, one part water and three parts mud, and vigorously kicking his way through slime and duck-weed to the opposite bank:—his third adventure of this description was on the banks of the Lea river; but by this time my great-grandfather had learned prudence; and, therefore, instead of running, or swimming, or being shot, he peaceably resigned his valuables, "on demand," to the amount of three shillings and twopence-halfpenny of the current coin of the realm, an old tobacco-stopper, a silver tooth-pick, and a penknife with only half a blade to it. Let, then, the *rising* generation take warning by these mishaps that followed my great-grandfather's early hours, and particularly remember that of all highwaymen those that are in practice about five in the morning are the most dangerous,—and for this simple reason—that they have had bad luck through the night, and are beginning to get sulky.

3d. It is uncomfortable.—Are you a bachelor, my excellent reader? If you are, I grant you a pause * * * * * * just so much, to bring back to your recollection the mistake that you probably once in your life have made—not oftener, I can well believe you—of coming down to your snug apartment before your usual time. Oh! the powers of patience, what a reception there awaited you! Chairs in threefold confusion—the sad remains of a foregone supper—the ashes of defunct cigars overlaying sofa, table, and floor—and the smoke of the aforesaid defunct still hanging like a heavy vapour in the atmosphere of the apartment!—Or, is the honest gentleman that is now honouring this paper with his perusal, happy enough to be married? If so, I trust for his own sake, as well as that of his amiable lady, that he keeps good hours, both by morning as well as by night.—I trust, said I?—Nay, I am sure!—and, therefore, the observation that I am now going to make is hypothetical—not practical—something thrown out for the abstract consideration of my married reader—not for his censure. Let us, for the sake of argument, suppose a wedded gentleman so in love with

wrong-headedness as to forestal the household economy by quitting his bed when none but chimney-sweepers, milkmen, and house-maids have honest licence to be stirring. What does he take by his motion, as a lawyer would say? He tries one apartment, from which he is driven by the cloud of dust that the busy broom is raising; he seeks another, where he is greeted by the fire-iron-rattle of the scullery-maid, who hates to work—even at lighting a fire—without some sort of music as an accompaniment; he attempts a third, which appears to offer a mock-repose, if that can be called even so much as mock-repose, where all the windows are set open to a mizzy north-easter, where all in the neighbourhood of the fire-grate is vacuity and dreariness, and where the ear-drum is well nigh cracked at intervals—anything but "few and far between"—with shrill or blustering vociferations of that sundry assortment which classes under the general appellation of "London Cries."

4th. It is impolitic.—This assertion is nearly self-evident, and hardly requires a word to be said in its support; for all mankind, through all ages, have agreed that the really prudent man is he who steers the middle course, neither diverging too much to the right-hand nor to the left, or, in this instance, neither going to bed too late, nor getting up too early. This is the judicious lie-a-bed's doctrine;—nor only his doctrine, but his practice too; and, like Green's "jolly church-parson," he will ever be found priding himself on holding that equable balance which bringeth the wise man's conclusion—

> "If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither—
> The first is in error, the last a deceiver:
> That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
> And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis.*"

I never was more convinced of the truth of this principle than on hearing a ludicrous anecdote that some years ago happened to a friend of my own. Dick Lambert had but one hobby in the world—and that was angling:—winter, spring, summer, autumn,—hail, rain, blow, snow,—if Dick could but spare the time (and often, indeed, when he could not spare it), away he would trudge, with a walking-stick rod in his hand, and a large basket slung over his shoulder, in pursuit of his favourite pastime. At the time of which I am speaking, he had been obliged, on account of Mrs. Lambert's state of health, to take a cottage for her at the pretty village of Carshalton; and, shortly after, he was fortunate enough so to arrange his own affairs in town, that he was able to promise himself a six weeks' residence at his new country abode. Every one who knows Carshalton knows that there is a delightful little trout-stream running through it as clear as crystal, and as richly stored with Dick's speckled prey as the heart of angler could desire; and it therefore need be no matter of wonder when I tell that every morning regularly, at four o'clock, Dick was stirring before the sun, and might be seen through the first break of the morning wending his way to the brook. Now if ever there was a simple-hearted fellow in this world, it was Dick Lambert; and, as the prejudice goes, if ever there was a simple sport in this world, it is angling. Yet, with all this simplicity on his side, Dick's bad (early) hours brought him into suspicion. Fortune so willed it that next door to Dick's cottage lived the very Paul Pry of the place. For the first week or two, when no one but sick Mrs. Lambert and her maid were the inmates of the newly-occupied cottage, Mr. Paul thought it

rather odd that, with all his watchfulness, he could scarcely ever see any one come in or go out of the cottage; and, just as his curiosity began to be whetted by this circumstance, Dick's daily morning egress met his observant eye. Mr. Paul thought it very odd that, every morning before day-break, he should hear the cottage-door bang to; and when that circumstance primed him to quit his comfortable bed, and peep through the casement, he thought it still more odd that he should always see one solitary man stealing through the scarcely-dissipated gloom of the night. Mr. Paul, among his other amiable qualities, had those of invention and of tale-bearing; so that no sooner was a mystery at work in his brain, than he supplied all the links that were wanting, and then ran about the place whispering to all that would listen to him the prodigious results of his discoveries. Of course poor Dick did not escape; for, the very next morning after Mr. Paul had fully made up his mind as to what it all meant, Dick's gentle opening of the cottage-door was the signal for two constables and three excise-officers to rush in.

"Pray, gentlemen," cried Dick, somewhat aghast, "what may this mean?"

"Come, come, my covey," said the leading exciseman—"no gammon!—'Twon't do, I tell e'e. You may as well shew us the still, and gi' up the wash."

Dick, more aghast than ever at this elegant address, only opened his mouth, and said nothing.

"Vot, you von't then, my rum 'un?" said the exciseman; "then I'll tell e'e wot, as 'ow,—we must 'elp oursels."

"Nonsense!" cried my friend, somewhat roused at seeing the whole posse preparing to make their way towards the *sanctum sanctorum* of his wife:—"there is no private still here, and into that room you shall not go."

"Oh, my eye, von't ve tho'," said the exciseman.—"Bill, tip 'im your stave, if he's rusty.—Vy, 'ark'ye, mister, we 'as it from the first authority that your chimney is smoking all night."

"So it is," cried Dick; "but that is absolutely necessary, as my wife requires embrocations and warm drinks every two hours."

"Hum!" sulkily muttered the exciseman, as if puzzled at so ready an answer.—"But then, I say, mister, we hears as 'ow that only yesterday you had a large sack brought here, chock-full!—Varen't that 'ere malt for the still, now?"

"If you can make malt out of that," said Dick, pointing to a heap of bran that was lying in an open cupboard with the empty sack near it—"if you can make malt out of that, you must be a tolerably clever fellow.—Did you never hear of bran used for ground-bait?"

"Hum!" quoth the exciseman again, still more sulkily than before.—"But, if you please, sir, they says as 'ow you are to be seen every morning walking off before day-light with a basket over your shoulder, and there is a talk about a keg being inside the basket!"

"Then, perhaps," replied my friend, "you can find the keg in the basket now—for here it is:"—and he opened his wicker companion, and displayed it well filled with reels, lines, flies, ground-bait, and gentles.

"Sir," cried the disappointed excise-officer, "I 'umbly ax your pardon, and hope you'll not take offence at a poor fellow for being over-anxious to discharge his duty. Sheer off, you gawks, don't you see that you've no business here? And blow me tight, if I can but catch

hold of Mr. Paul at the Greyhound to-night, my name's not Snookley if I don't physic his ale."

From that day down to the present, honest Dick Lambert never goes fishing till the afternoon; and if you should ever meet him at Amwell Hill, or Carshalton Brook, or Dagenham Breach, it will go hard if he does not convince you that the fish bite much better in the evening than the morning.

5th. It is unwise. And in support of this assertion, it might be sufficient to refer to what has already been said under the first four heads, but that I have one little anecdote which will well enough illustrate the point without being at the pains to borrow from its neighbours. A somewhat economical friend of mine was on a visit at Canterbury some time ago, from which place he was suddenly recalled by urgent business demanding his presence in London; the hour at which he was required to be in town was four o'clock, and having a nicely-calculating head when it was a few shillings that were to be saved, he discovered that if he rose at six o'clock, he might safely walk as far as Sittingbourne—the first sixteen miles of the journey—and there avail himself of the earliest coach that should overtake him: he did this; but by being "too early" at Sittingbourne, it was his ill-luck to engage a seat on the top of a Faversham coach, which was the first that made its appearance; and the consequence was, that before he got to town he had the annoyance of seeing himself passed by three or four others that would have conveyed him to town half an hour earlier, if he had been half an hour later; the coach which he patronised being one of those which, aware of their own awful solemnity of motion, endeavours to make up for the passengers, which their slowness deprives them of, by being the first on the road to pick up the stragglers and the unwary.

These, then, are five arguments in support of five assertions on the impropriety of rising too early. But the mischief is not confined alone to the act of rising; for I have known men who seemed to be inflicted by their evil genius with a too-early-mania in whatever they did—whether by night or by day. Such a one was Master Henry Purvis.

Purvis, who had been born and bred in some uncivilized place in the north of England, had so often had drilled into him the merit of "being in time," that when he came to town for a week's visit, and with a letter of introduction from his father to Lord Spanker, on the strength of two or three mortgages which he held on his lordship's estates, he resolved that if early hours could insure sight-seeing, he would be the first to seize time by the forelock. Full of the pungency of this resolution he took possession of the bed that he had secured for himself in the classic hotel of the Swan-with-two-necks, Lad Lane, with the determination of being up with the lark. So he was sure enough! and infinitely to the annoyance of a choleric West Indian, per the Bristol coach, who was ready to fall into an epileptic fit at the thought of rising before twelve, and who about four was favoured by Purvis with an admirable opportunity of counting his stump—stump—stumps, as he stalked about over his head in the act of dressing. His toilette completed, and little dreaming of the anathemas that had been launched against him by his peppery fellow-lodger below, Master Henry Purvis bustled down stairs, delighted at the thought of taking a ramble all by himself "through Lunnon;" but just as he was preparing to make his exit, he was stopped by the Boots, who had heard him come tramping down stairs, and was

standing at the bottom of the flight in wonderment as to whom it might be.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the Boots, somewhat suspiciously inclined; "are you going by any of the morning coaches?"

"Not I," quoth Purvis; "I have just come by a night coach, and have had travelling enough for one while."

"Oh," cried Boots, with a prolongation to the interjection, as if to make it last while he was making up his mind as to what he had better do next.

O—h—h—h—h—h—h—h!

Now Master Henry Purvis was a thickset, brawny, lusty-looking Yorkshireman; and though it could not be said of him as of Falstaff, that his waist was "two yards and more" about, yet had it a most respectable substantiality; and as Mr. Boots eyed it with a growing suspicion, he muttered—"There was a gentleman here last week in a mighty hurry in the morning, so I let him out; and presently after that down runs Sally, squalling that the sheets were gone from the gemman's bed. Now, sir, I don't mean any offence."

"So I should guess," quoth Purvis, somewhat drily; "but as I admire plain-dealing, I am quite ready to wait here till you have been up to my room, No. 46, and satisfy yourself that your valuable sheets are quite safe."

"Thank'ye, sir," quoth Boots, mistaking his sarcasm for civility; and away he hopped, two steps at a time, to survey the premises, No. 46.

But if he went up two at a time, down he came three, with a mouthful of apologies, superinduced by having perceived that No. 46 was the owner of one hair trunk and one large portmanteau. He wound up his apologetical oration, to which Purvis listened very good humouredly, with the remark—"And, after all, sir, what can gentlemen expect if they will be too early?"

Upon this conclusion our hero walked away, somewhat startled at the new theory that had thus been opened on him; for three minutes he attempted to take it into consideration, and then with a "Phoo, it only comes from Mr. Boots," he dismissed it from his attention.

My record of the adventures of Mr. Henry Purvis does not inform me where he breakfasted that morning; and indeed I lose all sight of him till nine o'clock, at which hour he was in Portman-square, inquiring his way to Lord Spanker's. The abode of one so eminent as my lord, was, of course, easily discovered; and at five minutes past nine Mr. Purvis knocked at the door.

A footman, in that easy undress which sits so gracefully on the genteel lacqueys of the present day, opened the door; and after a superbly conclusive survey of the stranger, condescended—"Ha!—Oh!—What may you want?—Ha!"

"Pray, is this Lord Spanker's?" demanded Purvis.

"Ha!—Oh!—You may say that. But, ah, my lord's steward never pays nobody till the last of the month. Ha!"

"I did not ask for my lord's steward," quoth Purvis, "it is my lord I want to see."

"My lord—ha!" ejaculated the footman, with both his eyes very much open. "Phoo! phoo!"

"Hark'ye, sir," cried our hero, a little nettled, "you will please to go

to my lord directly, and tell him that Mr. Henry Purvis, of Beverley, would be glad to see him."

The lacquey, who had often heard the name of Mr. Purvis mentioned both by Lord Spanker and his steward as a gentleman deserving all possible respect, changed his cue in a twinkling—"Beg ten thousand pardons, sir," he cried, half whimpering; "but, ah!—really had no idea—ah!—my lord, however, never rises till eleven; and—ah!—perhaps you would not wish that he should be wakened on purpose for your name?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied Purvis; "I will take another opportunity of calling." And, so saying, he descended the steps of the mansion, while the footman pursued him with a thousand apologies, though he could not help muttering when he thought that Master Henry Purvis was out of hearing—"After all, what can gentlemen expect if they will be too early?"

Either our hero had very sharp ears, or else Lord Spanker's lacquey had miscalculated his distance, for the remark reached the gentleman from Yorkshire, and he felt half inclined on the impulse of the moment to turn round and see whether it was not Mr. Boots who had followed him from the City to repeat his admonition. "Well," quoth he to himself, "I may have misjudged the time; but, thank Heaven, the day now is wearing apace, so that for the next twelve hours there is no risk of my being too early;" and he wandered on up one street and down another, staring at the shops, and blushing at the damsels, till his appetite, accustomed in Yorkshire to a meal at noon, warned him that it was time to cater for a dinner. "Pray, sir," asked he of a passenger, "how far may it be to Lad-lane?"—"About three miles and a half" was the reply—a much too distant prospect for a person whose appetite was fully primed; so he resolved to venture on the first inn or tavern he might see for the purpose of supplying his wants. But a gentleman from Yorkshire, on his first visit to a large town, cannot be supposed to have attained any very nice powers of discrimination; and it therefore naturally enough happened to Mr. Purvis that he was quite beyond the distinctive grades of an eating-house, a chop-house, a tavern, and hotel; and that, on seeing invitingly written up on a door-post, "Joints always ready," he came to the conclusion that "always ready" was the very thing to suit the immediateness of his appetite. Armed with this opinion, he soon found himself in the interior of this *semper paratus,* and no sooner had he duly deposited himself in one of the boxes, all of which presented a general vacancy to his hasty glance, than the waiter presented himself.

"What joints have you got ready?" quoth Purvis.

"Cold boiled beef—cold roast beef (very good cut)—cold roast pork—cold mutton—cold veal and ham—half a cold duck—*and* a cold pig's head!"

"All cold, I declare!—Have you got nothing hot?" asked he, with the appetite.

The waiter shook his head, as he replied in the same rapid, unvarying tone as before—"Cold boiled beef—cold roast beef (very good cut)—cold roast pork—cold mutton—cold veal and ham—half a cold duck—*and* a cold pig's head!"

Our Yorkshire friend, finding that all hopes of hot meat were vain, resolved to content himself with some cold mutton, which was accord-

ingly brought him in the most approved eating-house style. But the first mouthful was quite sufficient to enable him to make up his mind as to the merits of the place; and as chloruret of lime had not at that time come into fashion, he had no remedy for it but to leave the provender that had been set before him, in spite of the keenness of his appetite.

When he called the waiter to know what he had to pay, the latter gravely remarked,—"I am afraid, sir, that you have not enjoyed your dinner."

"No," replied Purvis, "that I certainly have not; it requires a pretty strong stomach to enjoy meat that is tainted."

"Ah, sir," returned the waiter, "there is no getting meat to keep this hot weather longer than one day. But, after all, what can gentlemen expect if they will come too early for the hot joints?"

Poor Purvis thought that Monsieur Tonson was come again, and not choosing, after three rebukes of the same nature in the same day, to attempt to retaliate, he moved off, as soon as he had discharged his reckoning, without uttering a syllable, and took refuge in a pastrycook's-shop, for the purpose of allaying his hunger, wisely assuming that, as he saw all the tarts, and buns, and jellies ready displayed in the window, he should not be too early, this time at least, in venturing to make an attack upon them.

On his again reaching his Lad-lane inn, he found that Lord Spanker had done the civil thing by sending him a note, lamenting that he should not have been up when honoured by his call in the morning, and requesting the favour of his company to a *tête-à-tête* dinner that day, as an *amende*. The note ended with an apology for fixing so early an hour as five for dinner, but attributed it to the circumstance that a division was expected that evening in the Lords, at which it was absolutely necessary for his lordship to be present, as the ministerial tactics rested on so nice a point that a prepared proxy would not do.

Purvis, who thought that he was beginning to grow wise on the point of being too early, had some misgivings as to the proper minute for him to again present himself at his lordship's house. Of all things in the world, he was least desirous of being too early, after the lesson that he had received there that morning; but then, on the other hand, he felt how cruel it would be for him to detain his lordship a moment by being too late, when the affairs of the nation actually required his presence in Parliament. After duly weighing the pro and con with the best judgment that he was able to give to the subject, he resolved to reach Portman-square precisely at a quarter to five, by which he thought that he should be adopting that judicious medium which would be most acceptable to his noble friend, and which would best redound to his own character for discrimination.

At a quarter to five, therefore, he punctually executed his rap with the knocker; and whatever sensations the footman (who happened to be the same as in the morning) might have had on seeing him present himself, ready for dinner, at that hour, he took especial care to conceal them during the time that he was ushering the guest into his lordship's library.

The room was vacant. "My lord," quoth the valet, "has not come home yet, sir; but we expect him every minute; and I will acquaint him with your arrival."

"Not come home!" repeated Purvis to himself. "Egad, I am afraid

that this is another of my too early adventures; but—live and learn—live and learn!"—and in this pious resolution he sat himself down, and endeavoured to console himself with the racing-calendar till his lordship should arrive.

At about half-past five that happy event took place.—"God bless me!" exclaimed my Lord Spanker,—"you are punctual indeed! Who would have thought of your being here so very early!"—and then, before he had time to go through the usual compliments and ceremonies, a servant entered, and presented his master with a note.

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed Lord Spanker, after having read it,—"how unfortunate! This billet is from the ministerial whipper-in, and he says that I am wanted at the House without a moment's delay, as the division is expected to come on directly.—How very unfortunate!"

"Pray don't stand on any ceremony with me," quoth Purvis.

"How very good you are!" said my lord—"just like your respected father!—But, at all events, I can do something for you. My carriage is at the door; can I set you down any where?"

"No where, thank your lordship; I have—ahem!—I have several friends in this neighbourhood; so I will not detain your lordship another moment."

And then, after a thousand flowery excuses, his lordship allowed his guest to withdraw—dinnerless—and more and more convinced of the evil of being "too early."

But, still, there was the evening to be got rid of. What should he do with it? Ha!—a lucky thought! He would go to the theatre—whither, indeed, he had predestined himself when his lordship's invitation was found by him at the Swan-with-Two-Necks.

As he trudged down Oxford-street, he stopped at his old ally—a pastry-cook's; and while they were putting half-a-dozen bath-buns into paper for him, he took an opportunity of reading the play-bills—"Doors open at half-past six—performance to begin at seven."

"Very well," cried he to himself; "now in this there can be no mistake—for I have often read of the house being crowded with the first rush, and of people waiting for hours before the doors opened: so, egad, I will hurry there with my best speed, that I may secure a good place."

By dint of a smart, Yorkshire, rattling pace, he contrived to arrive at Drury Lane by six o'clock; and, as he had heard that it was to the pit that all the critics and good judges went, he resolved to go there too, in the hope of picking up some valuable remarks to go hand in hand with the play. But when he arrived at the pit-door, there was scarcely a soul to be seen that appeared to be waiting for admission.—There was something very odd in this! He had expected to see hundreds, and there was not a score. What could it all mean? It was certainly the pit-door, for he saw the words written up; it was certainly Drury Lane, for he had made his acquaintance with it in the morning, as a prelude to his visit in the evening. Then what could the present desertion portend? The play of "Pizarro," and the afterpiece of the "Miller and his Men," ought in his opinion to have attracted half London: they must be popular, for he had heard of both of them nearly as long as he could remember. What, then, could it all mean? He looked about for some congenial face that might win him into addressing a stranger, for the purpose of obtaining an explanation; but he saw none that looked

sufficiently promising: there was no one there on the lines of whose countenance seemed to be written, "I can pity and feel for the ignorance of a Yokshireman." While he was in this state of hesitation, a beauishly-dressed young gentleman of amazingly insinuating address approached him.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the new comer—"you seem to be a stranger; perhaps you have lost your party."

"No, sir," quoth Purvis, "I have no party to lose: but, perhaps, you will be so good as to inform me——"

His further utterance was interrupted by the stranger jolting suddenly against him in such a manner as to bring the sharp point of his elbow full into the pit of the Yorkshireman's stomach, the natural result of which was so sudden a dismission of the vital air from his interior, that his speech of inquiry came to a conclusion perforce; and he stood, gasping like a fish when, in lieu of water, it has nothing but the thin atmosphere to draw in; while his new acquaintance hastily pronounced, "Ten thousand pardons, sir; this infernal piece of orange-peel nearly threw me off my legs.—Ah! egad, there goes Will!—Will Smith! Will Smith!—Pray excuse me—a particular friend. I must follow him!"—and away shot Mr. Purvis's new acquaintance with a rapidity that was really delectable to behold.

While this quiet little scene had been passing between these two, the pit-lobby had been gradually filling; and, a moment after the disappearance of Will Smith's friend, Purvis heard a gruff voice at no great distance from him exclaim, "Take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen!"

"Good Heavens!—Pockets!—My watch!" quoth the Yorkshire gentleman; and, as he spoke, he pressed his hand on his fob. Alas! it was all "*flat* and unprofitable." Will Smith's particular friend had ejected the timepiece at the same moment that he had ejected the breath from Master Henry Purvis's body.

But there might yet be time to save it; and, at the thought, Mr. Purvis rushed forth, to the infinite detriment of an old lady and gentleman who were just entering the door; and as he ran along, hardly knowing which way he went, he bellowed "Stop thief!" at the loudest height of his stentorian lungs.

The cry of "stop thief" once raised in London, and no man shall tell where it may end. A thousand echoes seemed to rise in answer to Mr. Purvis's shout. Drury-lane, Russell-street, Vinegar-yard, Bridges-street, Covent-garden-market, Bow-street, and Broad-court, all rang in unison, and nothing was heard but "Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!" —while scores, guilty and guiltless, were to be seen running in every direction. As to our hero, he followed the direction of his genius at the height of his speed; and, just as he turned into Hart-street, he began to think that he caught a glimpse of the gentleman who had absconded with his watch. Desirable thought!—and at its coming again, he roared most lustily, "Stop thief!"—Yes, it certainly was the runaway whom he had in sight:—he presses on him—he nearly reaches him: the pursued turns abruptly into a narrow court: Mr. Purvis turns after him, confident that at length he has caught him;—when, lo! he finds himself caught full in a policeman's arms.

After puffing half a minute for breath enough to speak—"There he goes!" quoth Mr. Purvis.

"Never mind him, my lively," said the policeman; "I have caught you, and that is something: so just please to walk yourself along with me to the station-house."

"But I haven't got the watch," puffed Mr. Purvis.

"That remains to be seen," replied the man in blue, with 131 on his collar: "so just come along, will you?"

"What, without the thief?"

"Come, come, master," quoth the officer, "this won't do. I don't think any one that looks in your face will say that we are without the thief."

Mr. Purvis, finding that all remonstrance was vain, accompanied his *custos* to the station-house, where he was treated with a detail of his own loss before he was allowed to say a word for himself. At length, when there seemed to be a slight cessation in the plot, he managed to be heard thus far—"But it is I, gentlemen, that have lost the watch, after all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the inspector—"that's pretty well, however. I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, if the tribe of pickpockets should ever elect a king, and impudence should be the qualification, you'll carry the day against the field—I'll pound it."

"Say what you will," exclaimed our hero, "it is I that have lost the watch; but as I see what sort of justice I am to have here, I beg to wish you good night."

"Not so fast—not so fast, my worthy," cried the inspector; "you've got to be searched yet; and, when that's over, we've a delightfully comfortable black-hole for you, where you may pass the night free, gratis, for nothing."

Master Henry Purvis was pretty nearly at the height of despair at this announcement, when his good star seemed for once to predominate. The constable, whose warning voice in the pit-lobby had reminded him to see whether his property was safe, just at this moment entered the station-house, and confirmed his statement that he was the *robbee*—not the *robber;*—upon which Master Henry Purvis was graciously permitted to take his departure. He did not, however, go without vowing ten thousand vengeances for the scurrilous manner in which he had been treated.

"I wonder you should complain," said the constable who stood his friend.

"What!" cried Purvis, "have I not been taken up as the thief?"

"That shews our vigilance."

"Have I not been threatened with the black-hole?"

"That shews our determination."

"Was I not told that I looked like a thief?"

"That shews our penetration."

"And have I not been robbed of my watch?"

"Oh, sir, as to that," quoth the constable,—"what can gentlemen expect if they will come too early to the theatre!"

This last reply quite silenced Master Henry Purvis. He had been a day in town, and, quite satisfied with the experiment, he resolved to return to Yorkshire by the next morning's coach. Dinner-less, Lord-Spanker-less, watch-less, Drury-lane-less, the events of that single day gave occupation to his thoughts for many, many months; and, indeed, to the very end of his life it was one of his most constant resolutions—that nothing in the whole world should ever again tempt him to be "too early." G.

REFLECTIONS ON A RAMBLE IN GERMANY:—No. II.

"Stosst aw!—Rheindland lebe!—Hurrah hoch!!"

How rich in historical and poetical associations is Mayence! How lovely, how martial, the aspect of this queen of the Rhine! From the days of Drusus to the hour when the gigantic host of Napoleon poured through her gates to find a grave amid the snows of Russia, her fate has been invariably the same:—a frontier-fortress, beneath whose walls a thousand battles have been fought, and fought in vain; for, when the peal of war shall again awaken from its peaceful slumber the European world, on Mayence will the iron tempest pour its fiery wrath; from her lofty battlements again will her blue-eyed maidens hear the wild hurrah of the Tartar host, or behold the red bivouac-fires of the chivalry of France. My first pilgrimage was to the residence of Faüst: it is a mean-looking little house, now converted into a tavern. Was there no hand to save it from such profanation? The fields of blood and slaughter are marked by trophied monuments; while the walls, within which the mind of man conceived the most powerful engine the world has yet beheld—the moral *point d'appui* of Archimedes—the art of printing (an art, the operation of which upon the future destinies of the human race eludes the grasp of philosophical conjecture)—are now defiled by the mean and sordid avocations of trade.—"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"—I was present at the morning parade of a regiment of Hungarian grenadiers; they were tall and well set up, steady as walls, and had a martial and veteran look. The effect of the white uniform on a line of troops is fine. Their band was magnificent, composed, I was told by an officer, of upwards of one hundred performers. They executed with great precision some beautiful passages from the "Oberon" and "Freischütz;" and as the troops moved off the ground, their Turkish music struck up a wild, oriental air. Mayence belongs now to the German Confederation, and has both an Austrian and a Prussian garrison. The deadly feuds which formerly led to so much bloodshed, have now given place to feelings of a more amicable nature. I observed in the evening the officers of both nations, lounging together on the most friendly terms, in the beautiful promenade which skirts the Rhine—the tall, swarthy, white-clad Austrian, singularly contrasting with the dark, martial uniform and fair complexion of the Prussian. The sun was then gilding with his setting rays the mingling waters of the Maine and Rhine, and casting his long shadows o'er the vine-clad heights of Hochheimer; the bugles of the garrison, sounding the "retraite," came sweetly over the surface of the waters. How often, on this same spot, have the young centurions of the Roman garrison marked the decline of day, while their thoughts were, perhaps, far away in the Circus, amid the gorgeous festivities of imperial Rome! Mayence, the ancient Moguntiacum, was the Quebec of the Roman world.

As I stood on the deck of the steam-boat that was swiftly cutting the blue waters of the Maine, and gazing on the receding spire of the deep-red münster of Mayence, I was awakened from a pleasing reverie by the

line which I have chosen as a rubric to the present paper, sang in joyous chorus by a party of German students from the university of Bonn or Heidelberg, who in the cabin were quaffing deep potations of laubenheimer, and vowing the political regeneration of Germany.

What a singular race of beings are these same German students! There is to my mind something about them, with their high, though often mistaken sense of honour, their lofty aspirations after patriotism and freedom, and their fantastic notions of their own importance and high vocation—their long-flowing hair, moustachoed lips, bare necks, long pipes, their rakish air, and singularly wild and picturesque costume—that appeals powerfully to the imagination. Nothing can possibly be more irregularly wild and stormy, or more opposite to studious academic tranquillity, than the life of a German student during the three years he passes at the university. A slave to the *esprit de corps* of the *Landmannschaften* and its fantastic Comments, he evinces on every occasion a spirit of opposition to all regular discipline; and, looking upon himself as one of the future regenerators of Europe, and the true representative of the free, high-minded youth of Germany, he owns no rank superior to his own. The morning's dawn generally sees him engaged either as principal or second in a duel; for the point of honour and fighting is the soul of the Landmannschaften and its Comments—a code which arranges in what manner a quarrel shall be conducted. With the most pedantic minuteness and affectation, it fixes a graduated scale of offensive epithets, and the style and degree of satisfaction to be demanded for each. The honour of the student is measured by the number of duels he has fought. Utterly indifferent to the cause in which he unsheaths his rapier, he fights not so much to resent insult, as he insults to have a pretext for fighting and acquiring renown. From the ground he passes to the lecture-room, tames down for a time his wild and haughty nature, and drinks deep at the fountain of knowledge—his habits of laborious investigation and profound study forming a pleasing and singular contrast with the wild irregularity of his general life. The afternoon is passed in the *salle d'armes*, or in renowning in the street, which consists in making themselves remarkable by some mad freak, which none but a student would imagine, much less execute. The night again is passed in smoking and carousing in their commerz-houses, where the foundation of more duels for the following day is generally laid, or in pouring deep libations to freedom, or celebrating in song some mystical chivalrous ceremony—an allusion even to which is not understood beyond the precincts of the university. Did these youths carry back with them into the world the same irregular habits and heated ideas that distinguish their career at college, there would certainly exist strong grounds for the fears entertained by the different governments of Germany, and the jealous eye with which they watched the rapid spread of the Landmannschaften. But, on leaving the university, the German burchen awakens as from a dream: his mind appears to undergo a complete revolution. Calmer views, juster notions of man and society, succeed to and replace the heated visions of college life. The world, he sees, is no longer to be shaken from its solid basis by the force of individual will, or old-established systems overthrown by a burst of enthusiasm. He discovers that, while he considers himself as most free, he is chained down by a thousand petty and almost invisible necessities—fettered in his very

thoughts by the influence of prejudice and habit; so, enthusiasm dies within him; fiery energy and determination appear a useless struggle against fate. Tranquillity becomes the result of this conviction; and he who, but a few months before, deemed himself one of the political levers of the world, sinks down, without a struggle, into that place in society marked out for him by nature at his birth; even as do many of the wild young gownsmen of our own island, who, after running a career of fashionable dissipation at Oxford or Cambridge, sink into the narrowest of all human orbits—a country curacy. So true is it, that the human mind, however it may be exalted by temporary enthusiasm, will return by degrees to its proper level, and will resume those passions which appear to be best adapted to its present condition.

As the traveller approaches Frankfort—the ancient place of inauguration of the emperors, the present residence of the diet, the emporium of commerce, and stock exchange of Germany—he is struck with the absence of the most marked attributes of commercial cities—the forest of tapering masts and bustling quays. A fleet of insignificant barks is all that meets his eye; while the quays are silent, but vast and beautiful, and crowned with stately mansions—the fit abode of the race of merchant-princes who, in the middle ages, first raised the standard of civil liberty, and broke the spear of feudal tyranny. It was with some difficulty that I succeeded in procuring quarters at the Römischer Kaiser; for my arrival took place during the great fair, and the city was, in consequence, crowded to excess. Indeed nothing can exceed the animated aspect presented by this city at this period. Every street and square is covered with booths, groaning beneath the rich and varied productions of nature and art. The ear is every where delighted with the sounds of music, and the eye amused with feats of legerdemain and antics of jugglers and buffoons. The tables d'hôte, the cassino, the places of public amusement, and the beautiful gardens which surround the city, are crowded with foreigners in every variety of costume, and speaking every language, "from Indus to the pole."

In spite of its disgusting filth, one of the most interesting features of Frankfort is the Jewish quarter, with its dark, narrow streets, lofty houses, sombre casements, and gable fronts. While these remind the traveller of the Gothic splendour of the middle ages, the flowing beards of the men, and the black eye, and olive complexions of the women—the very smells even of the quarters are oriental, and lead back the mind to Cairo and Damascus. There was at this period at Frankfort a financial congress—the four Rothschilds, and some of the most wealthy bankers of Germany, were assembled for the purpose of making some operation in the Austrian funds. In the very city where, but a few years ago, the people of their nation were obliged, as a mark of degradation, to walk like beasts of burden in the middle of the streets, the Rothschilds now, in the style of their equipage and the gorgeous splendour of their living, eclipsed the representatives of the great powers to the German diet. The days of Atilla and Alberoni are passed away. The fate of nations now-a-days no longer depends on the acute combinations of the diplomatist, or the more daring conceptions of the hardy soldier. Not many years have elapsed since the calculations and loans of these same Jew bankers crushed in the bud the spirit of liberty, which had bloomed on the soil of the two fairest portions of the globe—Spain and Italy.

The cassino of Frankfort is a noble establishment, containing every thing that can administer to studious retirement, or elegant recreation. During the winter, balls and concerts are given twice a-week, which are attended by the *élite* of the society of the city and its environs.

For more than six weeks I had seen nothing in the shape of a newspaper, but the "Austrian Observer" and the "Allegmeine Zeitung"—certainly, with the exception of the "Gaceta de Madrid," or the "Diario de Lisboa," the two most dull and uninteresting public prints in Europe. On the table of the reading-room my eye lighted with delight on the "Times" and "Courier," and several numbers of our best periodical works—(I must avail myself of a parenthesis to say that the "Monthly" was among them).—To an Englishman in a foreign land, what a fund of pleasurable emotion do a file of English newspapers present. To this day I recollect, when in the wilds of South America, with what delight I pored over even the advertisements. What a train of pleasing associations were excited by the occurrence of the name of an intimate friend and associate in a military gazette—a friend from whom I was separated by nearly half the globe's diameter!

Hesse-Darmstadt is celebrated for its opera: I could not, therefore, resist the temptation of riding over to be present at Rossini's "Moise in Egitto." Two leagues from the city you enter a fine forest of fir-trees, a noble avenue of which leads to the gates of this beautiful little capital. We have nothing in England that can be compared to one of these little German capitals. The aristocratic tranquillity, the regal splendour, the military pomp, the fascinating polish of exterior that pervades every thing, render a comparison with any thing in our island impossible.

The opera-house is a splendid structure, and neither care nor expense has been spared to render it one of the most efficient in Germany. The late grand-duke was an enthusiast in music, and united to an exquisite taste a profound knowledge of the art. At the repetitions he used to lead the orchestra in person. It is related of him that, when his subjects clamoured for free institutions, he readily yielded to their demands, stipulating only that his despotic sway over the department of the opera should be left untouched. The reign of despotism such as this can never be regretted, at least by the lover of music.

On the evening in question, the house was crowded to excess, graced by the glittering splendour of the court, and presented a brilliant *coup-d'œil.* The grand-duke sat in the front of his box, and appeared to follow the performance with critical attention. The decorations were magnificent, and the costumes splendid and classically correct throughout.

I shall not easily forget the masterly manner in which the introduction to this beautiful opera was executed by the orchestra, or the profound attention of the audience. The efficiency of the choruses was wonderful. Between the acts the company lounged about in a beautiful garden, laid out in the English taste, adjoining the theatre—the ladies sipping their ices; while the gentlemen, many of them, were cultivating the aromatic perfume of the meerchaum.

On my return to Frankfort I found that the Grand-Duke Constantine had arrived, and had taken up his quarters at the same hotel with myself. I felt most curious to behold this extraordinary man, whose career on the political theatre of events has been so singular. I encoun-

tered him on the following morning on the staircase. The appearance of Constantine was striking, and one that will for ever live in the memory. He had the face of a demon, with the figure of a god. All the worst and most turbulent passions of our nature were broadly marked on his flat Tartar countenance; while his figure was the *beau-idéal* of manly beauty and martial elegance. His amiable consort, the Princess Lowietz, was hanging on his arm—that consort for whom he had sacrificed empire, and whose gentleness could, in its fiercest moments, subdue his haughty nature. There was, in the appearance of Madame de Lowietz, a mild dignity and feminine softness; on her countenance a mixture of sweetness and melancholy, that went immediately to the heart. Over the abdication of Constantine there hangs a veil of mystery which, in a future age, will excite as much curiosity and conjecture as the history of the celebrated "Masque de Fer." To obtain a clear view of contemporary history is always difficult: thus, though the vices of this prince may have been exaggerated by the pen of factious malignity, his greatest enemies must allow him the meed of a brave and gallant soldier.

In travelling on the continent, he who would avoid a constant collision with objects long familiar to his organs of vision, must beware of taking any of what are called the fashionable tours; for, at stated periods of the year he will inevitably meet, sporting their moustachios on the Prater at Vienna—affecting the *dilletanti* at the theatre of La Scala—playing the Pygmalion before the Venus at Florence—Byronizing by moonlight amid the ruins of the Coliseum, or scrambling up Vesuvius, merely to say "they have been there"—shoals of the same beings, whose eccentricities or fooleries daily amused or disgusted us during the preceding season in town. On leaving Frankfort, I resolved to trace my steps back to the banks of the Lahnn to Wetzlar, from whence I intended making a pedestrian tour into Westphalia, in company with a German professor of that town, and his son, a student at the university of Jëna. Turning out of the direct road to Mayence, at the small town of Hockst, remarkable for the splendid palace of the Italian snuff-maker, Bolingaro (I recommend the reader to try a pinch of the "Bolingaro"—he will get it good at Gliddon's Divan, in King-street), I ascended the range of the Taunus mountains. The prospect that suddenly burst on the enraptured vision was truly magnificent. Far as the eye could reach, it embraced one luxuriant plain, watered by the Rhine, the Maine, and the Neckar, and studded with beautiful towns and villages. I halted two days at Wetzlar, to make the necessary arrangements for our trip, and, on the third morning, started in light marching order with my two companions. The season was already far advanced, the trees were fast losing their foliage, the bare branches creaked responsive to the blast of winter, while the crisped, dried leaves crackled beneath our feet. The sun's blood-red disk sunk beneath the frosty haze of twilight, and imparted an air of desolation to the scenery. As we advanced into Westphalia, the face both of nature and man underwent a change. The country assumed more of the forest, and with its elevated beech-clad ridges and deep morasses, recalled to the memory the ancient description of the country of the Chorusci. The peasantry are a tall, athletic race, with a stolid expression of countenance. They still retain their old German costume —their long, light hair escaping from beneath their flat-crowned hats. My friend, the student, called my attention to this feature, as a proof of

their being the descendants of the hardy followers of Arminius. The women, without being handsome, had an open, honest, and a frank expression of countenance.

During a ramble of several days, I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the character and condition of the peasantry, which travelling *en poste* could never have afforded me; and the result of my observations certainly improved my opinion of my fellow-man.

Evening was fast closing around us; the moon was struggling up through the dense frosty vapours that enshrouded the landscape. As we approached the small town of Horn, near the city of Padeborn—"We are treading on classic ground," said the professor, first breaking the silence which had long prevailed, and given place to the more animated converse of the morning. "Behold," he continued, "the grave of imperial Rome—the immortal twin-sister of Cannæ—the glorious field of Wenfelt! I know not if it be a natural feeling, or an illusion of the imagination founded on habit, that we are more powerfully affected by the sight of those places which have been the scene of splendid actions than when we read their details in the page of history; but as I stood, by the pale light of the moon, on the grove of Vaus and his legions, my imagination was powerfully excited. Memory resorted to the fine description of Tacitus, the details of the fight, the solemn feeling that pervaded the army of Germanicus on beholding the whitened bones of their countrymen on the fatal plain; while the frantic exclamation of Augustus—'*Quintilius Varus reddite mihi Legiones*'—appeared to float on the evening breeze."

The student stooped down, and devoutly kissed the earth; and then broke forth in a stanza from the Hermann's Schlacht:—

> "O Vaterland! O Vaterland!
> Du warst him, mehr, als mutter, und Veib, und Brunt,
> Mehr als ein blühender sohn
> Mit seiner ersten Waffen."

On the following morning I bid adieu to my two travelling companions. There was an originality of cast of thought and expression about both father and son that rendered, on my part, our separation one of deep regret—a feeling that was still uppermost in my mind, when my passport being demanded by a tall grenadier in a scarlet uniform at the gate of Hanover, reminded me that I was once more in the dominions of England.

APPARITION-ADVENTURES.

The sanguinary events which had taken place in "La Isla de Achaquas," more especially the death of the unfortunate Risdale, created a sensation of horror that became generally prevalent among the officers and soldiers of the British Legion; yet such was the terror which the recent acts of arbitrary power had inspired, that none dared give audible vent to the indignation which each secretly cherished. The warm current of social sympathy had been partially frozen by the influence of an icy despotism, and few dared even confidentially communicate their thoughts to one another, from the dread of having such confidence abused: in fact, doubt and apprehension exercised unlimited sway over the British portion of the garrison.

Such was the state of affairs when mysterious reports began to circulate of supernatural appearances having taken place, and it was rumoured that the troubled spirit of poor Risdale hovered in the vicinity of his usual haunts. Several of his more intimate companions had been roused from their sleep by strange cries; a sentry on duty at midnight, near Paez's house, declared that he had challenged a figure bearing the semblance of the late lieutenant, and habited in the flannel cap and waistcoat he had worn at his execution, which past near him, and apparently vanished through some palings in front of his post. A little boy, of nine years old, who had been left by his mother a few minutes alone in her house, where Risdale had once lodged, informed her on her return, that "el teniente"* had called, and was then in the back room. The woman's consternation may be readily conceived, when on entering it she found no person there. It must be premised that there was no second egress, the inner apartment not having even a window, and that the child was totally ignorant of Risdale's death. These, and other occurrences of a similar nature, gave rise to considerable diversity of opinion; many gave credence to the truth of such awful visitations, whilst others more sceptical affected to treat them as the mere results of a diseased imagination. Notwithstanding the avowed scepticism of these latter persons, however, an impression of superstitious feeling became very general. Those who had, or fancied they had, seen or heard any thing unusual, felt disposed to rely on the evidence of their own senses, and tenaciously defended any impeachment of their veracity. It was whispered, also, that one or two of those officers who had been the principal instigators of the tragedy so lately enacted were more especially haunted by visions of no very pleasing nature. Trayner had changed his lodgings several times in the course of the week; and, as if to afford further food for conjecture, Blosset had asked for, and obtained, a month's leave of absence, on the plea of requiring change of air. The colonel's departure seemed to have removed a weight from the spirits of the officers and men, social intercourse was re-established, and acquired fresh force from its temporary restraint. The reported apparition was now the constant and universal theme of conversation, and furnished matter, by turns, for contemplation and ridicule. I have myself been ever a sceptic, so far as related to supernatural agency; but the dreadful scene of slaughter which I had so recently witnessed, and the solemn asseverations of individuals, whose courage and good faith I had no reason to

* The lieutenant.

doubt, staggered in some measure my disbelief, and generated sensations I was wholly unable to define. My scruples (the result of early education) opposed but a feeble barrier to the general contagion, and I determined to seek a confirmation which others so dreaded and avoided. Accordingly one night, about the hour of twelve, I rose silently from my hammock, into which I had thrown myself ready dressed, and taking my sword in my hand (not as a precautionary measure, but merely as a usual appendage), I sallied forth into the street. The garrison and inhabitants were buried in profound repose. As I traversed the different streets, not a sound met my ear but the monotonous tread of my own footsteps, except the occasional "qui viva" of the sentinels as I approached their respective posts. At length I reached the Grand Plaza. As I gazed tremulously round me, I felt an inward consciousness that something unearthly was about to meet my view; and though my mind could not fully embody this creation of my fancy, the outline presented such spectral horror that my blood curdled in my veins. The night was unusually sultry: it was with the utmost difficulty that I respired. At length my glances fell upon the low wall which divided the square from the cemetery—it was exactly at that spot which had been the scene of the late execution. At this instant, as if to form a climax to my sufferings, the semblance of a human head projected itself above the wall in my front. Its large full eyes glared frightfully—mine nearly started from their sockets—the involuntary strain superinduced by the vision that attracted them was excruciating. No part of the body was visible, yet the fatal head, with all the withering influence attributed to the Gorgon's, still continued stationary. It wore a sort of cap, the lappets of which falling on each cheek, unconfined by a chin-stay, gave to the contour of the face an appearance altogether cadaverous. My spirit, after the first shock, did not shrink from the view; on the contrary, it recovered its pristine energies. I was about to solve an enigma which had puzzled the crude theories of ancient and modern philosophy, and incited by the vain glory which this idea inspired, I rushed forward to the achievement of my purpose; but at that moment the phantom-head disappeared. I paused for a moment, irresolute, and then slowly advanced, until the stone barrier impeded my further progress. I looked over it, and there I beheld—nothing but the curate's large white milch-goat browsing quietly on the green shrubs that grew in the cemetery. I returned to my quarters resolved to keep my own counsel, and not an individual in the garrison ever suspected my midnight excursion.

Blosset, after five weeks' absence, returned to Achaquas; he did not appear, however, to have derived much benefit from the change of scene: a visible mutation had certainly taken place in the outward man, but it was far from being an advantageous one; he had become sullen and morose, he shunned the society of his officers, and scarcely recognized their salutations when he casually met them. It was observed that even Trayner was rarely admitted to his presence, and these visits, unfrequent as they were, rather appeared to increase than diminish his melancholy.

Three nights after the colonel's arrival an occurrence took place which paralysed conjecture, and produced a catastrophe as unexpected as impressive. I must here make my reader acquainted with some circumstances which are necessary for the better elucidation of my tale.

An officer of the name of Power had lately arrived at Paez's head-quarters with the rank of general, with which he had been invested (as he supposed under the authority of Bolivar*) by Devereux; his commission had been forwarded to Santa Fé de Bogota for the commander-in-chief's confirmation, and he was anxiously awaiting the answer. Blosset and Power had been brother-officers in the same British regiment (the 28th foot), and served together in Egypt—on that burning soil they had shared the same hardships, and confronted the same dangers, and destiny had now re-united them on the plains of Venezuela, not however with the view of cementing their ancient companionship. No. Ambition had usurped the place of friendship. Blosset in his old comrade saw only his rival. If Power's rank was confirmed, it was possible he might assume the command of the legion, and his own hopes of promotion would be annihilated. The bare idea of such an event was wormwood to him: its consummation would have been madness or death. Pending Bolivar's decision, an extreme coolness (on Blosset's side, amounting to antipathy) existed betwixt the two officers; they seldom came in contact with each other, and then the stiff and formal bow (the result of natural politeness) afforded no token of former acquaintanceship. Blosset's house stood in a street which ran parallel with the square, the back part of it opening into a veranda overlooking the rear of the men's barracks; these last were merely roofed, being otherwise open on all sides, and thus affording an uninterrupted view of the interior from the colonel's quarters. On the night to which I would now bring back my reader's attention, Blosset had retired early to his couch. Power, on the contrary, who resided in the Plaza, was enjoying himself with a party of officers, when all at once a melancholy cry, accompanied by a sound like the sudden rush of footsteps, startled them in the midst of their conviviality. On opening the door not a being was visible; the night was clear and bright. It could not have been imagination, all present had heard it. Whatever the cause, the effect was instantaneous; it had thrown a damp over the spirits of the society, most of whom retired, whilst two or three only resumed their seats—where we will leave them to discuss the singularity of the incident, and return to Blosset, at whose residence a scene was enacted that occasioned still greater surprise. Between the hours of eleven and twelve, the men who were sleeping in the neighbouring barracks were roused from their rest by piercing cries, which apparently issued from the colonel's apartments, and the next instant the folding-door communicating with the veranda was burst open, and a man in his shirt rushed forth, uttering wild shrieks for mercy, and threw himself on his knees, with his hands clasped, in the attitude of deprecation. Several of the soldiers hastened to his assistance, and were astonished at recognizing their commander in the individual who had thus disturbed them. He was speedily re-conveyed to his bed, the cold perspiration falling in large drops from his brow. The event was by himself attributed to incubus, though some of the by-standers, by a shake of the head, seemed to intimate that it sprang from a more mysterious origin. Whatever cause it arose from,

* Bolivar subsequently refused (by a letter which the author translated) to confirm this appointment, stating that Congress had alone the power of conferring any grade superior to that of lieutenant-colonel, which rank he offered Major Power; and it would probably have been accepted by him, had not his duel with Blosset occasioned his departure from the country.

it is plain that Blosset experienced greater agitation than he was willing to confess—sleep refused to revisit his eyelids—he rose and dressed himself. It appeared as though his evil genius had compelled him to seek the fulfilment of his destiny; half an hour had scarcely elapsed since the scene I have described, when he was observed traversing the Grand Plaza; his clothes were in disorder, and he had the air of one inebriated. Power and his visitors were on the point of separating for the night, when the door opened, and Blosset made his unexpected entrance. With regard to what then ensued I have to plead ignorance; the result was a hostile meeting between Power and Blosset on the following morning, in which the latter was wounded. The second day the wound evinced dangerous symptoms, which increased during the night, and ere the dawn of the third morning, gangrene having become manifest, the surgeons (three of whom were in attendance) pronounced it mortal. The patient continued at intervals restless and uneasy, with occasional fits of lethargy, until an hour previous to his death, when he raised himself in his bed, and inquired for Trayner; a messenger was dispatched to seek him, but as he did not make his appearance for some time, Blosset betrayed considerable anxiety. At length he arrived, and in compliance with the sign made him, approached the bed-side of his dying patron, who conversed a few minutes with him, in so low a tone as to be wholly inaudible to any but himself. The subject-matter of the conference remained therefore a secret, though Trayner's countenance, which more than once assumed a pallid hue, denoted it to have been of no pleasing nature. The tide of life was now at the last ebb, the unhappy man appeared struggling with some inward feeling to which he essayed to give utterance; his eyes, gleaming faintly, were directed towards Trayner, of whom he at length, by an extraordinary effort of nature, gathered strength to inquire "in what position the three last criminals had submitted to their sentence?"* On receiving the reply to this question, his glances became stedfastly fixed on a corner of the apartment; he continued for some moments in a state of mute observance, and then feebly exclaimed, "Great God! I behold them now!" In another minute he was dead.

The death of Blosset, or that of any other officer (an event, however, to be regretted in itself), would have occasioned no extraordinary sensation of wonder, had it not been preceded, and attended by circumstances of a nature peculiarly singular. The mysterious occurrences which took place nearly at the same moment at two different quarters of the town, yet so apparently connected in their fatal results, as likewise the strange coincidence, that Blosset's wound and demise should have exactly tallied with the hour of Risdale's execution, gave rise throughout the garrison to much speculative reasoning. For my part I have contented myself with relating facts, leaving the reader to form his own conclusion. G. B. H.

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* The two private soldiers had their faces towards the wall; Risdale, with his eyes unbandaged, knelt fronting the death-dealing platoon.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF FREDERICK WELLBURG.

Frederick Wellburg was seated at his easel in a small room which looked upon one of the most deserted streets of Florence. He was just about putting the last touches to a painting upon which he had been for some months occupied; and, as he gazed upon the almost-finished work, his mind was insensibly drawn away from the little attic, with its scanty furniture, to a brighter and a happier home in the kingdom of fancy. Frederick was young, and comparatively poor; but the glow of health upon his cheek, and the proud consciousness of genius which beamed forth in every glance of his dark eye, told plainly the nature of the food on which he lived—Hope, the best and purest emotion of which the heart is capable, but, alas! the most short-lived.

He drew aside the little casement, and sat down to gaze upon the bright blue sky, and—to dream. The sun was throwing his last splendour upon the distant hills; and a few clouds, which hung round the horizon, were tinged with a mild glory, which deepened slowly into the soft livery of approaching twilight. The stillness of the scene, when contrasted with the turmoil of the city which lay immediately beneath, awoke in the mind of the young painter an unconscious sadness. He looked round his little chamber, and upon the dingy walls of the mud-coloured buildings beneath—the narrow streets, dark and devious, with here and there the remains of some noble edifice, which served only, by its air of desolation and meanness, to point out the silent victory of decay over the labours and the fortune of man; and then, by some transition, which was to himself unaccountable, he thought of his own native Rhine and of his mother's dwelling. The happy memories of youth rushed like a soft stream across his heart, and the pride of anticipated fame, with the pain of present toil and poverty, were alike forgotten.

Wellburg had come to Italy with little to rely upon besides his own enthusiastic nature, and the hope of eminence in his profession. The new religion which, about this time, spread itself through every part of Germany, whilst it was embraced with transport by a great proportion of the people, was received with equal dissatisfaction by others, whose hearts still clung with a kind of reverence to the splendid rites of Catholicism, and to the associations of Romance, with which that creed has ever dazzled the imagination, and excited the sympathies of its followers. To a mind imbued, as Wellburg's was, with the prejudices of this latter class, heightened by the enthusiasm of an ardent nature, the shrines and palaces of Italy possessed a charmed name. He viewed them not only as the seat of his religion, but also as the home of all that was noble in genius and art, and more especially in that to which he had devoted the best energies of his youth. The noble paintings by which they were adorned, and the liberal patronage which the church was ever ready to afford to genius exerted in her cause, were the realities which furnished the motive of his sojourn in Italy beyond the period of his years of study; whilst the romance of life and adventure, which had diversified the history of her poets and her men of art, was the dream which contributed to feed the enthusiasm of his youthful imagination. A distinguished painter was, in his estimation, greater than the kings of the earth; and, as he witnessed the homage bestowed upon the works of

some of his predecessors, and the almost reverence attached to the names of those who had risen to the summit of their profession, a glow of emulation would rise up in his heart, and the proud thought would burst forth, "Why may not I become as one of these?"

His efforts had not hitherto been altogether unsuccessful. He had already found more than one to patronize him; and possessed of undoubted talents, aided by perseverance and industry, he had succeeded in raising himself above that state of immediate dependence, the consciousness of which has worn down the energies and depressed the hearts of so many of his profession. His present work had been undertaken at the request of the Count di Venuto, whose gallery it was intended to augment; and if its intrinsic merits, as a work of art, were insufficient to secure it some portion of notice amongst the creations of an inspired age, the beauty which it represented could scarcely fail to preserve it from utter neglect. It was the portrait of a female, glowing with the full radiance of youth and the beauty of her own sunny clime. The form was slight—almost sylph-like; yet an air of majesty, inextricably mingled with its grace, redeemed it from the imputation of girlishness. The face was that of a high-born maiden of Italy, in which the beauty of mould was almost overlooked in the beauty of expression. The chastened fire of the dark eye beamed with a mild lustre from beneath the high, pale brow; whilst the smile which radiated every feature seemed as if it strove vainly to soften the haughty expression of the lip on which it played. To the casual observer this would have conveyed little save the consciousness of triumphant beauty; but one to whom the meanings of the human countenance were familiar, would have been able to trace there the indices of other and of deeper feelings. He would have marked the wild enthusiasm of woman's nature, suppressed only by a stern effort of the will; and, in that one expression which mingled with her smile, he would have recognized the upward flashing of a slumbering passion, which seemed—like the sudden gleam which breaks at times through the calm of a torrid sky—to warn him of the frail tenure of its repose.

Such was the painting upon which Wellburg was now engaged. He had bestowed upon it the full power of an imagination excited almost to passion by the continual presence of the fair being whose beauty it was intended to perpetuate. He had wrought and felt, during its progress, as one breathing a charmed air; and, as it advanced nearer to perfection, on each succeeding day its completion became an object of more absorbing interest to his mind, until at length—like the sculptor of old—he became almost enamoured of the creation of his own hand. At times—in his solitary hours—his breast would thrill with the delightful consciousness of triumphant art; and it was only when he gazed upon the living form—when he listened to the rich melody of her tongue, and watched the thousand flitting graces which human skill—even the enthusiasm of genius—could never hope to pourtray—that his mind was insensibly sobered down to a calmer and more humble feeling. He felt then that Adeline di Venuto was the ethereal presence, of which his own work was but a dumb and lifeless shadow.

Wellburg was roused from the reverie into which he had unconsciously fallen by a light tread in the passage leading to his chamber. The intruder was habited in a short cloak, the common walking-dress of a

female of the lower class, the hood being drawn around her face so as effectually to conceal its features; and as she entered with a hurried step, and advanced towards the open window, the painter rose from his seat half-alarmed. She threw herself upon the vacant chair, and proceeded to unloose the coarse garment in which she was attired.—" How now, Sir painter!" she exclaimed, when she had shaded the dark tresses from her eyes—" methinks there is small occasion for your weapon here, unless you wish to practise attitude for your morning's study.—Ay—there now—that is well; a smooth brow and a smile are sweeter for a lady's welcome than those tragedy-looks.—Heigho!"

" Pardon me, gentle lady; I was not prepared for this unexpected pleasure."

" Doubtless, fair sir," interrupted the lady; " and, therefore, Adeline di Venuto will do well to announce her coming by the bell of the cathedral, in case she should again have occasion to intrude upon the leisure of the most renowned painter, Frederick Wellburg!"

" The daughter of his patron needs scarcely use so much ceremony with the illustrious painter you mention."

" Santa-Maria! you grow complimentary, Mr. Wellburg," replied the lady, hastily. " Is it your pleasure to finish the colouring you spoke of? For, in that case, methinks you will require a somewhat brighter light than this dusky atmosphere can supply."

" If you have visited my poor dwelling for that purpose, I shall certainly——"

" *If!* Sir painter!—methinks Adeline di Venuto would scarcely have visited you for any other purpose—except, indeed, it were to furnish an hour's scolding for her trusty duenna, whose tongue, you are aware, needs no such provocative." Wellburg was about to comply with her request, when she checked him; and a smile of mingled playfulness and feeling beamed upon her face as she gazed upon the changing features of the confused painter.—" Softly, softly!" she added, in an insinuating tone; " suppose that, after all, I did *not* come hither to be scanned by thy beauty-seeking eyes, and have every feature jotted down by thine immortalizing pencil?"

" In that case," replied the painter, whilst a glow of mingled pride and enthusiasm passed his brow—" in that case, lady——"

" You would do—what? Worship me, I dare say, and stammer a little, and conclude by being ' very proud!'—an old tale, Mr. Wellburg!"

The painter bowed with an expression of proud humility, as he replied to her half-sarcastic speech, " I might be proud that the Lady Adeline should visit me, whatever were her purpose; but presumption has never been reckoned amongst the number of my failings."

" Heyday! what a romantic monster have we here!—But I have offended you, and I came not hither for so wicked a purpose. Yet wherefore *did* I come?" She seemed to startle at her own question, which burst from her lips with an energy unequal to the outward import of the words. Wellburg caught the glance of her eye at that moment; and his heart revelled with a sudden emotion which himself scarcely dared to understand. It was not hope—for the love of one so far above his sphere was a dream too wild even for *his* enthusiastic nature; and yet, as she had sat before him oftentimes during the progress of his

nearly-finished work—whilst he scanned every line and every character of that speaking face; and in his solitude—when the living form was gone, and only the splendid portraiture of his own art was left to furnish matter for his never-tiring fancies—had he not often so dreamed, even when he knew that such a dream was worse than vain? It was *not* hope—it was scarcely love—he would have called it only admiration; yet it lent a crimson to his cheek, and a fire to his eye, and a delicious frenzy to his heart.

"Methinks," she resumed, "you are gathering inspiration for your morning's task; and wisely, fair sir; for I much question if your opportunities of study extend much further than this night.—Nay, start not, lest your eyes be too dim to catch the last sight of her whom you would immortalize.—Ay, the *last*, Wellburg.—Can it pain *you?*"

The beginning of her speech was uttered in a playful tone; but the expression of the last few words was soothing and almost sorrowful. Her voice acquired a tremulous earnestness, and there was a sudden wildness in the glance of her dark eyes, and the changeful expression of her pale features, which excited wonder—nay, even fear—along with the admiration due to their beauty. Every sound in the streets beneath—the stir of the frail casement, as it shook with the faint wind—the deepening shadows of the sky, or the flutter of a bird across the light, seemed to strike her with a sudden apprehension; and, at times, she listened anxiously as some voice came upon her ear, and then died away along the dark streets of the city. She rose at length from her seat, and stood before the painting, upon which the last rays of the dimly-lighted sky were now shed. Her slight frame trembled violently, and a tear started from her pale eyelid as she gazed.—"Ay, for this," she murmured, in a voice almost choked with emotion—"for this vanity hath the daughter of a noble race bowed down her soul to poverty—to love—to madness!" She took a purse from the bosom of her robe, and threw it at the feet of the painter.—"Thou art poor, Wellburg; there is gold—nay, pardon me—the world's price for my father's picture—for his daughter's misery!—And now——" She caught a knife from the table, tore the unfinished work from its frame, and trampled it passionately beneath her feet. The painter sprung towards her, to arrest the work of destruction. "You are mad, lady," he exclaimed, as he stooped to recover the precious object upon which the best efforts of his art had been expended.—"Ay, mad!" she answered—"mad; thou hast it. For that accursed thing, Adeline di Venuto has stained her noble birth—has stooped to love!" She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and approaching her lips to his ear, she whispered, "to love *thee*, Wellburg!"—and, with a groan of agony and shame, she sunk down at his feet, and burst into tears.

The painter raised her from the ground, and would have folded her in his arms; but she repulsed him.

"Off—off! I am not thine; though fallen, I am not yet thine. I have loved thee—true; I have gazed upon thee—dreamed—worshipped; but it is madness! I have come now to tell thee that thou seest me no more. To-morrow——"

She sunk into his arms, and hid her face in his bosom. A few days afterwards, it was told that the only daughter of the Count di Venuto had taken the vows in the house of St. Agatha of Florence.

* * * * *

Months passed away; but that one hour had cast a shadow over the heart of Frederick Wellburg which time could never efface. A tone of sadness was mingled with his enthusiastic thoughts; and the bright hope of fame, which had formed the master-chord of all his many impulses, was now a dead, or at the least a slumbering feeling. He wrought only by starts, and apparently with no purpose save the embodiment of some passing thought; yet even these few and comparatively humble productions served effectually to preserve their author from complete neglect. They had caught an inspiration from the mood of which they were born; and, like the casual mission of some pent-up flame, they reflected the brightness and the beauty which only slumbered for a brief season.

Months passed away; and to all but him the name of Adeline di Venuto was but a half-remembered dream. One day it was whispered to him that the nun was ill; and the painter half-smiled as they told him of her approaching death. Could she have been happy?—No. His heart told him—no; and imagination pictured the many weary days and sleepless nights haunted by the one memory which even the gloom of a convent had failed to obliterate. She had not forgotten him. She had renounced the world—her high hopes and the advantages of her noble name; *him only, whom she had scorned,* she could not renounce!

Another day, and another passed; and then his dream was realized. A few brief lines, bearing her own signature, were laid upon his table by an unknown hand; and, except the orphan youth who had lately dwelt with him, more as a companion than a pupil, none knew of their delivery or their import. They told him that her hour was at length come, and that "she had not forgotten him." Wellburg read the trembling scroll; and then only the mist which had obscured his better feelings was withdrawn. He shuddered at the consciousness that he had founded even a moment's gratification upon the misery of—his victim. Yes, his victim; for was she not *his?* Had she not stooped from the elevation of her lofty station?—had she not struggled—fearfully struggled?—and had she not even preferred death—for to her a convent was but a step to the grave—death for his love, rather than the world, without the one living object for which alone life was to her aught else than misery? Yes—and she had loved him; with the consciousness before her of all which she had lost—youth—beauty—wealth; of all which she had suffered; with the grave before her, dark, but not darker than that future to which the grave is but a path: with the consciousness of all this, she had yet loved—with the deep love which dwells only in the heart of woman—and with her dying lips had blessed even *him,* the cause of her desolate existence! Wellburg cursed his cruel satisfaction. His guilt was but in thought; yet he loathed it—he loathed himself. His imagination brought up to his mind the fair being as she had first crossed his path, arrayed in the bright smile of youthful gaiety; and then the scene was changed. The clayey features of death seemed to glare upon him with an upward gaze; and a voice whispered to him that he had trampled upon the grave of her whom he had destroyed. The thought haunted him—day and night it haunted him; until his cheek became haggard, and his sunken eye reflected the very midnight darkness of his soul.

It was a fine clear evening in spring; and Wellburg sat by his open casement, and looked out upon the fading clouds and the deepening sky. The air was sunk in a delicious calm; and the few faint sounds which came upon the passing breeze, served only to heighten the effect of the succeeding silence. He had sunk into a reverie; and, as dream after dream flitted across his sight,—thought, and voices, and feelings, which rose up as if from a hidden world of darkness—and then, as the light smote them, shrunk, waned, and passed away into the abyss from whence they sprung—a strain of music floated softly on his ear—so softly, that he scarcely knew whether it was indeed an earthly sound, or the sweet promptings of a bewildered fancy. Yet what memories did that strain awake!—thoughts long buried and forgotten, but which seemed to rise again in all the vividness of their first birth. He listened again; and the strain, rich and sweet, swept like a gush of feeling through his heart. He had heard it *once:* and as the memory of her who had first breathed it rose up before him, and his mind insensibly wandered through the long vista of past sorrow to that bright spot in the distance, a burst of tears—the first which he had shed for years—relieved the swollen current of his feelings. He wept—he knew not how long he had wept; but when he ceased, the voice had died away.

He rose, and approached the door of an inner apartment from whence the sound had proceeded. The boy of whom we have spoken was seated at a table, upon which were spread a few unfinished sketches, pencils, and other implements of his profession. A taper, almost burnt away, was placed before him; and, whilst the fingers of one hand unconsciously beat the oaken table, his head was rested upon the other in an attitude of deep abstraction. He had just been singing, and his voice continued to repeat the closing notes of the strain in a faint and almost inaudible tone, whilst a few tears glistened from beneath his dark eyelash, as if he had lately wept.

The boy was of a slight and graceful form; his complexion, dark and almost swarthy, gave a singular effect to the rich crimson of his lip, and the whiteness of his teeth within. His features were small; and their extreme regularity was only broken at times by the wild glancing of his full dark eye. When excited by any passion—by the presence of Wellburg, upon whom he looked as at once a father and a friend; or by any less agreeable emotion—they seemed to reflect every change and every shade of feeling with a peculiar vividness; whilst, in his calmer moments, they generally wore an expression of settled sadness, which betrayed the consciousness of his dependent state. We have said that he was an orphan; and when we have added that he had been received into the protection of the painter with no other introduction than his own story of his evil fortunes, we have said all concerning him which can be of interest to the reader.

He rose up from his seat, and, having trimmed the expiring taper, he unfolded a roll of canvas which had been cut out from its frame, and spread it on the table before him. It was the portrait of a young and beautiful female; and as the youth gazed upon the glowing features and the graceful form, an observer might have noticed the strong emotion which was depicted in every line of his expressive countenance. His lips became pale, and were compressed by a violent effort; his glance, as it occasionally wandered round the apartment, and again reverted to

the object before him, had an expression of singular wildness; whilst the tumultuous heaving of his breast, contrasted with his slight and boyish frame, gave an appearance of fearful intensity to the passion by which he was agitated. A sigh burst from his lips.—" And this was Adeline di Venuto!" he muttered; " these features, glowing with the pride of conscious nobility, can they be also those of the pale nun—of ' *Sister* Adeline?' " He uttered the last words in a tone of deep mockery.—" Yet how beautiful she was!" he added; and a smile of gratification—almost of pride—beamed through his dark features—" how beautiful!"

Wellburg was standing by his side, and unconsciously repeated his ejaculation. The boy started back, and gazed with a pleading and almost guilty look upon his face. He seemed to cower beneath his eye; and at length, with a faint sob, he clasped his hands upon his forehead, and burst into tears. Wellburg started in surprise at this unaccountable emotion. He attempted to soothe him; but the boy shrunk from his notice. He raised his eye but once; and as he encountered that of the painter, fixed upon him in a gaze of mingled pity and surprise, a faint smile broke through the tears which hung upon his dark features. He clasped the offered hand with a trembling eagerness, and again released it, as if ashamed of his momentary boldness. Wellburg felt the thrill of some inexplicable thought in every pulse of his agitated frame. He knew not wherefore, but that smile seemed to cover some mysterious meaning, which he vainly strove to discover. It could not be—the feeling which had shot like an inspiration through his mind. It could not be! " Yet that beauty!" he muttered—" his confusion, and the song too—those bewitching tones—the same which *she* once breathed!—But they told me she was dead—dead! and for me too!"—and his mind reverted to those bitter fancies which had haunted him like an evil shadow. Yet the thought *would* present itself—" Have I not heard her voice? Was it not *her* smile? It could not be; yet at that moment he was beautiful—most beautiful! The poor—poor boy! He too, perhaps, has loved her; for did he not weep? I saw him weep, and in his tears—oh, he was beautiful—most beautiful!" He raised his eyes, and they fell upon the portrait of Adeline.—" That smile again!" A strange feeling of mingled doubt and hope rose up again within his mind. " I have seen her," he exclaimed—" it was *her* voice—it was *her* smile!" He glanced hastily round the apartment; but it was deserted.

Frederick Wellburg was seen that night wandering alone through the streets of Florence. All night he rested not; and the next day he quitted the city for ever. The boy Marina was seen no more—he too had disappeared!

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In the dusk of a dull evening in November, a muffled figure was seen to emerge from the confessional of a convent of the Dominican order in Rome. The agitation of his manner, as he hurried from the open squares into narrow and unfrequented streets—now seeming almost to crawl, as if held back by some strong impulse, and again starting forward with fresh energy—might have excited surprise, had not the place from whence he came, and the power exercised by a still dominant though humbled church over the passions and imagination of its follow-

ers, furnished at once a clue to his excited feeling. After traversing a great portion of the city, he entered a dark and narrow street which stood upon the banks of the Tiber, and at length stopped before the door of a small house, the only one which wore any apparent traces of habitation. He hesitated as his hand approached the latch; and for a while he paced the grass-grown pavement with a hurried and deeply-agitated step. Again he approached the door. He listened—but there was no sound. A faint light glimmered through a chink in the closed casement, and, with a stealing tread, he placed himself opposite the aperture, and gazed into the apartment.

A female form was placed by a small table in its centre, her head resting upon her open hand, in an attitude of deep and mournful thought. Her dark hair flowed down her shoulders unconfined, and almost completely hid the expression of her features; whilst the plain, coarse dress in which she was attired gave a deeper charm to the exquisite symmetry of her form. The stranger gazed, and a burst of uncontrollable emotion convulsed every feature of his countenance. He knelt down upon the pavement, and, with an appealing look to Heaven, he prayed in his agony, "Holy Mother of God! look down upon us, and pardon *her*—at least pardon her—the beautiful!—Yet," he muttered, "she has sinned, fearfully!"—and a shudder ran through every muscle of his frame.—"But, oh! have we not suffered?" he resumed, with a pleading earnestness. "Have we not wept—prayed, without hope?—ay, without hope!" His voice sunk, and he bowed his head upon his clasped hands, whilst his bosom seemed ready to burst with its struggles. The low wail of an infant was heard from within. Again it ceased; and a sweet voice stole upon his ear, breathing in wild cadence the strain which soothed it to slumber. The stranger rose, and, again approaching the aperture, he gazed upon the inmates of the apartment—a mother and her child. He saw her pale features as she gazed upwards; whilst the wan, yet beautiful lips still trembled with the last thrill of song; and, when the notes were hushed, looked down again with a protecting smile upon her sleeping child, and bent forward to impress a mother's kiss upon his unconscious brow. He saw her then; and he heard a name—*his* name—breathed with a blessing from her lips; and then he turned away his face, and burst into tears. He raised the latch with a trembling hand; and the mother and her child lay sobbing in his arms.

They sat down by the small wood-fire which shed a feeble light over the apartment; whilst the awakened child knelt upon his mother's knee, playing with the long tresses which hung down upon her shoulders. She had again become thoughtful, and gazed with an anxious silence upon the grief-worn features of her husband. She remarked his increased paleness, his contracted brow, and the dejected and, at times, wild expression of his sunken eye; a presentiment of some impending evil shot painfully through her mind. "You are ill, Wellburg," she exclaimed—"are you not ill?" The painter attempted to smile; but the ghastly expression of his features served only to confirm her fears. She saw the feeling which was rankling in his mind. "Nay, nay," she continued, with an assumed playfulness, "you must not—indeed you must not—despair. Have we not something left even yet? Our child, Wellburg—look on him. Oh! he is beautiful! Is he not

beautiful?"—and she held out the child, and laid him upon his father's breast. Wellburg clasped him in a passionate embrace—"My poor, poor boy! would that he were in his grave!"—"What saidst thou, Wellburg?—in his grave! Oh, God!—the innocent—our own—mine, mine—and in his grave!" She sprung towards him, and, as she held him to her breast, she gazed upon the painter with a reproachful glance, and burst into tears. "Cruel, cruel!" she exclaimed, bitterly; "but I have deserved it—all! ay, even this. Yet I thought once that *he*, at least, might have spared me!" The painter tried to soothe her; and as he clasped her in his embrace, she looked up again, and a faint smile beamed through her tears.—"You will love us still, Wellburg; I know you will love us."

There was a pause for some moments.—"We are poor," she continued, at length, with a calmed voice, "and we have sinned, deeply; but there is yet hope—there must be hope." Wellburg turned aside his face, and groaned. "Thou art young," she continued, and her eye kindled as she spoke—"thou art still Wellburg the painter, for whom Adeline di Venuto has spurned wealth, rank, every thing but life; and wilt thou despair? Is not the world ours—its beauty and its power? the bright sun and the blessed stars—are not they freely ours?—and cannot genius draw from all these a crown, to encircle his brow with the living light which men gaze upon and worship? Look around thee, Wellburg—not to these dim walls, but to the bright world within thee—the world of dreams and shadows, through which the gifted walks, like a present deity, summoning the sleepers in their dull graves to cast off the garments of corruption, and appear in the fresh glory of the immortal light. Look around that beaming world; and as the shadows breathe upon thy face, and give inspiration to thine eye, then answer me—wilt thou still despair?"

Wellburg's features assumed a momentary brightness. He gazed with a look of admiration upon the fair being who stood before him, her eyes beaming with the inspiration of a lofty spirit, and her slight frame trembling with the earnestness of impassioned feeling; and, for awhile, he also dared to hope.—"May it not be ever thus?" he exclaimed, mentally; "am I not still the same?" An anxious expression settled upon his brow, and he seemed to struggle with some conviction which forced itself irresistibly upon his mind.—"It will not pass away!" he resumed; "this vampire, which draws the life-blood from my heart—which sits scowling amid my dreams—this shadow, which steps between my fainting spirit and the face of the God of mercy—it will not pass away! Guilt—the confessor told me it was guilt—unrepented—unatoned; and he urged me to confess—nay, he threatened—the wretch! he dared to threaten." He paced the apartment with an absorbed and thoughtful mien; and his countenance assumed a mournful expression as he gazed upon the two timid beings who looked to him for support and comfort. "No, no!" he muttered, with the tone of one whose mind had been suddenly relieved from the oppression of some intolerable burthen—"it was a fiendish thought! I am changed; I have lost power—youth—genius—all these; yet, oh God! I cannot—will not—give her up to misery!—And our child too——" He took the unconscious infant to his arms; and as the mother gazed up in his face, his features had assumed the expression of settled despair.

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He rushed from the door of the confessional. "Damnable tempter!" he muttered; "I will seek him no more," and he paced the dark front of the building with a hurried and deeply-agitated step. "Yet he told me that the mark of crime was upon my brow; that men gazed upon me—shunned—cursed me," and again the thought haunted him. "Has it not withered every feeling? Am I not without power—without hope? Yet, to give up *her*—oh, God, I could not! to regain peace—to win Heaven, I could not." He approached the open porch; and as the sound of the full choir swept upon his ear, he passed on and stood within the aisle. They had commenced the service for the dead; and as he listened to the deep rich voices of the singers, now rising in a burst of passionate supplication, which swelled along the arched roof, and through the long cloisters, until it died away with a wailing sound in the distance, Wellburg's heart beat with a calmer feeling; and the words of that solemn and affecting service fell like a healing balm upon his spirit.

He felt a hand placed softly on his shoulder, and he turned round. The stranger stood behind a pillar, which shrouded her from the light; and as she raised her slight form to his, she placed a finger upon her pale lip, and beckoned him to listen. "There is hope, Wellburg," she at length whispered—"there is hope—doth it not say?—for the dead." The painter started, and grasped the hand of the speaker. "Let us kneel," she continued; "we will pray together for the dead, and for the *dying*." Her voice assumed a tremulous tone as she uttered the last word; and she gazed upon him with a faint smile whilst they knelt down upon the carved floor. Wellburg shuddered at the expression which he then read for the first time upon her wasted features. Could it indeed be? His Adeline—dying! and how came she there? He gazed upon her; and, by the light which fell upon her pale face, examined every feature, and watched every flitting grace—for she was still beautiful; and as the dazzling whiteness of her brow beamed from beneath her dark hair, whilst the soft tinge upon her cheek spake of life, and health, and hope, his heart beat again; and the cloud passed away from his features. Yet her eye—how bright it was! and her hand, which lay within its own, so thin and wasted; and her white, wan lips, from which the warm life-blood seemed to have receded for ever. She looked up again, and smiled upon him with a mournful expression; and *then* he prayed with her. They prayed together for the dead—and for the dying!

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She was seated by the fire, and the sick child lay within her arms. His lips were now livid and parched with the fever, whilst his cheeks, except one burning spot, were of a death-like paleness. At times he uttered a low moaning cry; and again, as he sunk into an uneasy slumber, the sound of his short and painful breathing was all that broke the deep stillness of the apartment.

Wellburg had resumed his task. It was the painting of a Madonna and Child, and already bore traces of that deep beauty which had once beamed from every production of his pencil. Yet it was no ideal portrait. The mother, attired in the exquisite softness of matronly beauty, looked down upon the babe, which lay upon her bosom, with a smile

which seemed to mingle the fondness of a mother's heart with the hallowed feeling of a heavenly triumph; and the child—oh, *he* was exquisitely beautiful! The painter seemed to have caught an inspiration from some blissful revelation; and he wrought as if he feared that the light which had shone down upon his spirit would pass away, and leave him to the darkness of an earthly nature. And the light *was* passing. Day by day he saw it waning; and now he only feared that, even before he had imparted its spirit to his work, the last spark would die away; for he felt that upon its presence was alone depending the impulse which had raised him from the abjectness of mere sensation to the consciousness of his invaluable possession—a soul instinct with the creative power of genius. That light was the beauty which had shed its hallowing influence around his habitation; and of which the presence of its destroyer, Death, had first told him the inestimable value—Adeline. He gazed upon her haggard features; and her frame worn down by weariness, and watching, and sorrow; and the beauty, which still lingered round the ruined shrine, was transferred to the glowing canvas, with a feeling which said—"This—this, at least, shall not die!" Yes—she was his Madonna; and her child—its livid, wasted features, and the death-moan, which sounded shrill and harsh upon his ear, seemed to warn him of his passing power; and he caught a deeper, purer feeling of their beauty, as he knew that it must soon be his no more.

She had laid her child upon his bed, and she now stood by Wellburg's side and watched the progress of his work. A smile beamed upon her features; and as she laid her thin arm upon his shoulder, and gazed with a look of proud emotion upon the painting, and then upon his face, the expression which beamed from her rich dark eyes was exquisitely touching. "Said I not there was hope?" she asked, in a low sweet voice—"said I not so, Wellburg?" The painter clasped her slight frame with a fond pressure to his breast; but he answered not, for he felt that to them hope had come too late.

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He stood and gazed with a mournful pride upon his finished work. He felt that the last triumph of his art was accomplished, and that her light, which had shone down upon his spirit, was now but a feeble glimmer. One beloved image had passed away from his dwelling; and the other—he knew too well that she also was about to depart. A thin damp hand was placed within his own, and drew him gently towards a bed in the corner of the apartment. She lifted up the white coverlet, and, as she held the taper in her trembling grasp, they gazed together—he and the dying mother—they gazed upon the pale and placid features of their dead child.—"Does he not sleep sweetly, Wellburg—oh, does he not? And, now—look upon *me*—we shall sleep together!"

G. J.

SPIRITS.

A flock of wingless birds!
That float but do not fly
On the dewy air of a summer night,
Beneath a star-lit sky.

Phantoms of earthly forms!
On their path the moonlight gleams,
When fear cometh over a mortal's heart,
And he lives in the land of dreams.

They wave before his eyes,
Like tall dark forest-trees,
Keeping time with their long green boughs
To the song of the midnight-breeze.

They are dancing now on the land—
They are passing to and fro;
And no man knoweth whence they come,
Or whither they will go.

But ever as on they move
With their dim and fleshless frames,
A low voice breaks on the mortal's ear,
And it whispereth o'er their names.

Look—look—look
At the shadowy face of thy mother,
As she passeth by with thy sister's shade,
And the form of thy parted brother!

Look—look—look
On thy lover's hollow cheek!
And see how the bright eye sparkleth now,
When the blushes may not speak!

A shudder!—a gaze!—a bound!—
He is after his earthly ties;
But they only flitted there—like clouds—
They have passed away like sighs.

A light gleams over his brow—
A wild and mystic light;
And the moon has gone to her resting-place,
And the Spirits have taken flight.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH KARAMZIN.

It was in the winter of 1819, says M. Bulgarin* (the writer to whom we are indebted for the following sketch of one of the most distinguished literary characters Russia has hitherto produced), that I was invited to a *soirée*, where I was assured I should meet one or two individuals of considerable eminence in the republic of letters.

Having just before returned from a very long tour through various parts of Europe, I was not acquainted personally with any of our *littérateurs*, and therefore looked forward with some impatience to the appointed evening. I happened to be one of the earliest of the company, and as often as a fresh visitor entered the saloon, did not fail to inquire his name. To my astonishment, however, although I heard many titles that rank high in the *Address Calendar*, I heard, as yet, not a single name to which any literary importance could be attached. Not a little chagrined at this disappointment, I seated myself in a corner, abandoning myself to my own splenetic reflections.

And so, thought I, my host has deceived either himself or me most egregiously, for it appears that he has far more acquaintance among the fashionable, than among the literary world. The reputation of an author is appreciated very differently in the former, from what it is in the latter of these; those who have produced a few printed pages, or some rhymes—which, it is not unlikely, were previously corrected by a friend; loquacious and arrogant pretenders to wit; and critics, who impose by their authoritative tone, while they retail at second hand the opinions of others, and make a dazzling display of the encyclopædical knowledge they have picked up from abridgments and journals, figure in what is termed good company, as wits and men of letters; but their pretensions are justly derided by those who really merit the titles they so undeservedly assume. The fashionable world may be compared to a citadel, in which etiquette acts the part of *commandant;* nor will it suffer any to enter who do not belong to the garrison. Nevertheless, it will capitulate, or surrender up the whole fortress, to the first who, supported by a troop of slavish idolizers, shall be hardy enough to attack it by storm. Among that privileged class, literary success is not difficult of attainment, since it depends chiefly on a man's situation in society. Birth, connections, patronage, will secure applause; yet it generally happens that such applause is echoed by mortifying hisses from the better informed part of the public.

While I was giving way to these somewhat cynical cogitations, the reading of one of Molière's comedies had commenced; and, shortly afterwards, the door was gently opened, and a tall man, past the meridian of life, but of extremely prepossessing exterior, entered the apartment. Stepping across the room as softly as possible, that he might not interrupt the reader, he seated himself upon a chair, at the extremity of the semicircle formed by the company. I was the more struck by this unassuming demeanour on his part, as the star of the order he wore, which was rendered more conspicuous by the dark colour of his dress, convinced me that this humility did not arise from the consciousness of insignificance. Another man would, on such an occasion, have

* Some account of Bulgarin and his literary productions, especially his two last novels, has recently appeared in No. XV. of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

endeavoured to shew his importance by the noise he would have made, and instead of being contented with the first seat that was vacant, would have sought one in that situation to which he might consider himself entitled. I could not help looking at the stranger with more than ordinary curiosity and interest; neither could I help thinking that his features were not quite new to me, although I could not then recollect when or where I had seen him before. His face was rather long, with a high forehead, and a Roman nose. There was something particularly agreeable in the expression of the mouth and lips, which, if I may so express myself, appeared to breathe forth benignity; while the eyes, notwithstanding that they were small, and a little closed, beamed with intelligence and liveliness. His hair, in which there was a mixture of gray, was combed up from the sides to the crown of the head. His face was strongly marked by two deep wrinkles, extending from the lower part of the cheeks beyond the mouth; yet his whole physiognomy plainly indicated no ordinary degree of benevolence, accompanied by equal penetration of mind.

His attention was immediately given to the subject of the piece, and his animated countenance visibly reflected all the varying impressions it made upon his mind. Not a single point, ingenious thought, or happy trait of character, appeared to escape his attention; on the other hand, his dissatisfaction was equally marked, whenever the reader arrived at any of those insipid or trivial expressions which, in compliance with the taste of his contemporaries, Molière introduced into his comedies.

At length the turn came to my article, which was read by M. Saint Maure, who had also corrected the style, as I do not pique myself upon an intimate acquaintance with all the niceties of French idiom. It had been composed by me shortly after my controversy with the French as to the merits of German tragedy, and consisted of a short examination of Schiller's dramas. On former occasions of this kind, I had submitted my literary essays without any anxiety as to the sentence they might receive, being well aware that I had not to encounter any very formidable critics; but now I felt some trepidation, as I could not but know that, in the stranger of whom I have been speaking, I should meet with an experienced judge. Whilst, therefore, Saint Maure was reading my production, I anxiously watched the countenance of the Unknown, that I might ascertain my sentence; and, to my great joy, I could perceive that he was not dissatisfied.

As soon as the reading was concluded, and the company had began to disperse themselves about the room, I took an opportunity of inquiring of my host, what was the name of the stranger who had so much interested me. "It is Karamzin," replied he, at the same time going up to him to thank him for the honour of his visit.

"Karamzin!" exclaimed I, in so loud a tone, that he turned his head and looked at me. The name vibrated through my whole system; and at the very sound of it, all the recollections of my youth were instantly awakened. Is there a single individual throughout the whole of Russia, at all capable of reading, who is unacquainted with the name of Karamzin? It is equally familiar in the palace and the cottage—in Kamtschatka and on the banks of the Vistula. Nay, is there even among foreigners a man of letters who does not associate with this name the idea of our intellectual progress? Having seen an engraving of

him, I now fancied that I recognized features long ago familiar to me—those of an author of whom I had more than once perused every line that he had printed. From my earliest youth I had been a witness of his triumphs and renown in the career of authorship; for I belonged to that generation during which his writings established a new era in our literature. It was he who, by his "Moscow Journal" and "European Herald," first created among us a taste for periodicals in our national idiom; it was he who, by his "Aonides" and "Aglaia," introduced into our country the fashion of literary almanacks; while, by his "Letters of a Russian Traveller," he taught us how to treat similar subjects in a pleasing and animated style. His inimitable "Tales" first turned the attention of our people of *ton*, and the fair sex, to their mother tongue. To him also belongs the merit of having formed a light and familiar prose style; and of having been the first to impart grammatical accuracy and regularity to our language, in which he has given us models of every species of composition. Lastly, he has rendered their national history familiar to Russians of all ranks, and purified it from the dust of mouldering chronicles. Such are the obligations he has conferred on his countrymen.

I now asked St. Maure to introduce me to the illustrious writer, a request that was immediately complied with. "I quite agree with you," said Karamzin to me, after the first salutations had been exchanged between us, "as to what you say on the subject of tragedy. The classic party insist upon a too vigorous observance of the three unities; the Romanticists, on the other hand, reject with disdain all artificial principles and rules; and you, therefore, have very justly observed, that we ought to choose the medium between these two extremes. If strictly adhered to, the unities must necessarily contract the action into very narrow limits; while the bringing together remote intervals of time distracts the attention, and weakens the importance of the piece as a whole. Let another Racine appear in France, and he will produce a revolution in popular opinion, for the public are to be convinced as to what constitutes excellence, by actual examples, not by mere theories." Here he smiled, and added, in a tone of pleasantry, "I am not speaking against *your* theory; although politeness ought not to prevent any one from uttering the truth." He then put some questions to me relative to my travels abroad; yet as neither the time nor the place allowed us to enter into a long conversation, I was, to my great regret, compelled to make room for others, who now addressed themselves to this interesting visitor. I therefore contented myself with begging permission to visit him; on which he shook me cordially by the hand, and said, "Ten o'clock of an evening is the hour when I take tea with my family. That is my time of relaxation. Do me the favour to come, as I shall always be happy to see you; and do not stand upon any ceremony whatever."

I did not fail to avail myself of this permission, but, a few days afterwards, proceeded to Karamzin's. He then resided in the Tontanka, not far from the Anitchkor bridge, in the house of Madame Muravier, where he occupied an upper floor. In the first room which I entered, I found the whole family around the tea-table, and Karamzin himself, seated at some little distance from it, among a circle of visitors. He advanced to meet me, and, after saluting me in a very friendly manner, introduced me to his family and to the company present. To a perfect knowledge

of the forms of good breeding, his demeanour united much of the sincerity and simplicity of the patriarchal times: every word, every gesture, addressed itself to the heart. In short, his manner made me feel completely at home. The company consisted of persons of various ranks and professions; among whom were many individuals holding distinguished offices under government; literary characters, and foreigners. But, however much his visitors might differ as to their respective pretensions or avocations, they were all happily amalgamated into one harmonious society by the intellectual fascinations of their host. His cordial politeness admitted no distinctions: he addressed himself to every one with the same affability, and listened in turn to each with the same attention. He was the centre that preserved the whole equipoise: his presence appeared to diffuse a feeling of perfect equality among all; while his influence imperceptibly swayed them.

Before I say anything of Karamzin's conversational talents, it may not be altogether superfluous to premise a few general remarks on what ought to be understood by that term. Not only among ourselves, but even in France, which has long been considered as the very focus of social intercourse, it is complained that the art of conversation is on the decline, and that the secret will ere long be quite lost. Who, now-a-days, goes into company for the sake of conversation? Who, too, are those who constitute what is denominated the best society. People of rank and fortune invite their acquaintance to a dinner, or an evening-party, where the guests fare luxuriously, play at cards, and dance; but conversation does not constitute any part of the entertainment. Neither the master of the house nor his visitors are called upon for any mental exertion: on the contrary, silence appears to be considered rather as a recommendation than otherwise. While grand dinner-parties resemble a formal public ceremony, the ball-room has become a place for stage effect and theatrical display; and we find both the former and the latter dull and uninteresting. In France and England intellect and talent still continue to be deemed recommendations, and obtain for their possessors admittance into every society; but there, political discussions altogether banish agreeable conversation; so that what should be a relaxation becomes a task, and that by no means a light one. It is true that here, in Russia, literary persons and men of learning are admitted into the higher classes of society; but the compliment is paid more to the official situations they hold, or to their private connections, than to their intellectual value: consequently, the degree of attention shewn them is not so much in proportion to the latter as to the former. It seldom happens, too, that they are invited to the tables of our great men, except when their services are required in some business connected with the pen: like physicians, they are then called in, in a case of urgency. Will a man of real talents—one who entertains a proper feeling for his own character—conceive such an honour worth striving for, as that of being permitted to occupy a place at a splendidly-covered table, to play at whist in gilded drawing-rooms, and to remain a silent spectator of the parade of fashion? Assuredly not. People of rank, on the other hand, do not care to seek, in the conversation of literary men, for information on such subjects as they either know but imperfectly, or are altogether ignorant of; or should they affect to patronize the followers of learning, they treat them as mere dependants and hangers-on. These, and other circumstances which I shall not here mention, have erected a kind of

Chinese wall between the great and the learned world. Literary men lose little by this; or, rather, they are gainers by it, since they thereby save that time which is so valuable to them: but the others are decidedly losers, since, after spending their fortunes in balls and entertainments, and sacrificing half of their existence in order to acquire notoriety, they generally fail of success, in consequence of neglecting the fame that literature only can confer. How many high-sounding names will be utterly forgotten by the next generation, together with the Address Calendar of the year ——; while those of Shuvalov, Stroganov, and Rumianzov will be venerated by posterity, solely because they loved to entertain men of learning at their tables, and patronized literature and the arts. Without Horace, we should hardly have known that Mecænas existed.

At the period of which I am speaking as that when I became acquainted with Karamzin, there were but very few houses in St. Petersburgh which were open to literary men, or where the reception the guests experienced depended on their personal merits. But I will now return to Karamzin: in society this distinguished writer was the most agreeable and delightful of men; for no one understood the art of conversation better than himself. This talent must not be confounded with that of being able to talk fluently; an eloquent talker may be entertaining enough when we are disposed to be mere listeners; but he who knows how to keep up conversation, and render it interesting, is always welcome, because he is as ready to listen to others as to speak himself.

Karamzin invariably gave the preference to his native language, never employing any other in conversation except it was with foreigners. He expressed himself elegantly, but without either studied *tournure* of phrases or quotations from books, which are generally tiresome; his language, however, possessed a certain fulness and roundness in the periods, nor were his sentences at any time abrupt. Generally quiet and placid in his manner of speaking, he would, nevertheless, display a considerable degree of warmth and energy whenever the conversation turned upon Russia, on history, or on any of his old friends. At such times his countenance would beam, and his looks would kindle with particular expression. On no occasion did his politeness induce him to acquiesce in opinions contrary to his own conviction; yet neither did this conviction render him disputatious; but he would at such times throw so much suavity and condescension into his manner of expressing his own sentiments, as invariably to disarm his adversary, who, if he was not convinced, was at least prevented from replying. Karamzin, however, never sought to triumph over an opponent in argument, but, if he observed that the latter was ready to yield, he would, with great delicacy and address, and apparently by accident, give a different turn to the conversation, leading those with whom he was speaking to that subject on which they were qualified to shine.

In the course of the evening, the comparative condition of the lower orders in Russia and France happened to come under discussion; on which I observed, that France might be compared to a piece of bijouterie composed of delicate filagree work and enamel, while Russia might be likened to an ingot of gold; the former has the advantage in point of appearance, the latter in weight. "It is true," replied Karamzin, smiling, "Russia has some weight in the political scale, and that the solidity of her substance will long secure her from being either broken or trodden to pieces. Yet, excuse me," added he, "you have forgotten

to describe, in your comparison, the form of the ingot."—"Every form," answered I, "is agreeable, provided a certain harmony be observable in it."—"Certainly; there I quite agree with you." One of the company now launched out in praise of the gaiety and natural cleverness of the natives of France. "You are right," said Karamzin; "but the same qualities are at least equally innate in those of Russia. Beneath the bright skies of France, under the shade of chestnut-trees, in the midst of vineyards, and in the neighbourhood of large cities, it is not difficult to be cheerful; but, deprived of all these excitements, the Russian peasant is equally gay; surrounded by forests, shut up in his smoky cabin, or toiling during his short summer, he is always joyous, always singing or joking. Without schools, the inhabitants of our villages instruct themselves in reading, and the number of poets and romancers to be found among this class of our population is hardly inferior to that of our professed literati. Can we, in fact, reckon so many among the latter whose productions, will live as long as the songs and traditionary tales of the former? It is admitted, as a general rule, that happiness consists in being satisfied with little; and there is certainly no one who has fewer artificial wants than the Russian peasant, or who submits to labour so contentedly and cheerfully." The conversation now turning upon our popular Russian songs and tales, Karamzin pointed out some of their characteristic peculiarities and merits, adding, "It has for a long time been my intention to publish a collection of some of the best poems of this class; to arrange them, as far as possible, in chronological order; and to illustrate them by historical notes and critical remarks. Other occupations have hitherto prevented me from prosecuting this design; still I do not even yet abandon it entirely. I am not satisfied with any collection of the kind that has yet appeared, for there is not one that exhibits either choice in the selection of the pieces, or systematic order in their arrangement."

It is unnecessary to say that we all expressed our wishes that he would seriously engage in such an undertaking. Were any one of our really eminent writers now to put into execution this idea of Karamzin's, he would thereby perform a most meritorious service for our national literature. It would also be desirable to possess a similar collection of our popular tales, both of such as have already been printed, and of those which, although they remain unedited, circulate tradition-wise among our peasantry. In preparing such a work, however, care should be taken to expunge certain indelicacies, but, in other respects, to adhere to the language of the originals.* It would form an interesting monument of our traditional literature; but it is an undertaking that would require an enterprizing publisher, and an editor who should be intimately conversant with Russia, both locally and historically.

My visit lasted about two hours, during the whole of which time the

* All the Russian tales and narratives of this class that we are acquainted with, combine, more or less, the colouring of western romance with that of oriental fiction. Like the productions of the latter, they abound in necromancy and enchantments; yet, although they do not yield to them in extravagance, they do not exhibit equal ingenuity in their construction, nor do we meet in them with those traits of actual manners which are there interwoven amid the chimæras of imagination. Many of the Russian tales are, in fact, mere nursery stories, and interesting only when considered as evidences of national taste, or to those who are engaged in researches into this species of composition. There are a few, however, which are really very clever, and may be perused with satisfaction both for their originality and for the naïveté they occasionally display. Some of these might furnish materials for similar legends in the hands of a skilful adapter, but few would bear to be translated entire, or in their original form.—*Tr.*

conversation was so intelligent, animated, and agreeable,—fraught with so much to instruct the mind and to engage the feelings, that I could hardly tear myself away. According to the present etiquette, I was about to depart without taking leave of any one, when Karamzin perceiving my intention, rose from his seat, and shaking me by the hand (after the English fashion), requested me to repeat my visit. In the course of my travels I have seen nearly all the most eminent literati in every part of the continent of Europe, and I must confess that very few among them made such an impression upon me at first sight as Karamzin did; in the first place, because few possess so much simplicity of manner and *bonhommie;* next, because to the information of the scholar and the philosopher he added the conversational powers of the man of the world; and, lastly, because there was cordiality and sincerity impressed on every word. That was the all-attractive magnet!

A few days afterwards I met Karamzin about eight o'clock in the morning, proceeding on foot through an unfrequented street. The weather was exceedingly severe, and a heavy fall of snow was driving full in his face. Nothing, in fact, but very urgent business could have induced any one to stir from home at such a time; I therefore expressed my surprise at finding him abroad. "It is my daily custom," replied he, "to take a walk every morning till ten o'clock, at which hour I return home to breakfast. Bad weather, as you see, does not prevent me, for so far from doing me any harm, it only renders me more sensible to the comfort of my own snug cabinet."—"Still I must observe," returned I, "that you do not select the most agreeable part of the town for your promenades."—"I will not make any mystery of it to you," said he: "you must therefore know that my object in coming here is to find out a poor fellow, who has often solicited my charity for his famished children. I took his address, and am going to see what I can do for him." Upon this, I proposed to accompany him, and we at length discovered where the poor man lodged. He was from home, but the miserable condition of the family sufficiently attested the truth of his statement as to their distress; and after putting some inquiries to the mother, Karamzin gave her some money. On quitting the house, however, we met the man himself, but in a condition that too clearly explained the cause of his family's misery. Still Karamzin did not utter a word of reproach, but merely shook his head at him. "I am sorry," observed he to me, with a smile, "that my money has fallen into such bad hands. The fault, however, is all my own: I ought to have made myself acquainted with his character. Now I shall act more discreetly, and instead of giving any thing to him, shall in future bestow it on his family."

Generous man!—it was in acts of beneficence like this that you used to indulge during your morning walks, preparatory to the labours of the day. Can we wonder after this that every line you wrote, breathed humanity, virtue, and generosity! Buffon was right when he made the remark you so often repeated, that the character of the man is reflected in the style of the writer. The correctness, the delicacy, the simplicity, and the charm of Karamzin's style emanated from his mind. It was these qualities which obtained for him the admiration and regard of his contemporaries, even of those who dissented from some of his opinions; while, judging from the same, posterity will say—Karamzin was a great writer, and a generous-minded, virtuous man. Fortunate is it for the world, when the two characters are united in the same individual!

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.—No. VI.*

Conclusion.

I BELIEVE I have spoken before of the inconvenience and unpleasantness of a detention at Irune, the Spanish frontier town. It was not, therefore, without mortification that I found, on my arrival there, that every conveyance was engaged by the French, who were attached to the invading force of their nation already in Spain. A party of French officers, who had been my companions in the diligence which brought me to Irune, now kindly invited me to proceed with them to St. Sebastian, whither they were about to join their regiments. I gladly accepted their offer rather than remain at Irune, though their route was considerably at variance with my own. The roar of the cannon from the ramparts of the besieged city, was the first intimation we had of its proximity; and on our nearer approach, we found that the Spaniards had made a sally under the cover of their guns. My friends, the officers, left me to join their respective corps; and, by their influence, I was admitted to the cover of a strong bastion above St. Martin's, which commands the town and its environs, where, from an embrasure, I could clearly distinguish all that was going on, with little danger to myself. I did not see any works erected on the sand-hills, from which the English troops attacked the first curtain when their artillery had effected a breach.

The French now occupied the plain between St. Martin's and the descent to Hernani, with a force consisting of three regiments of the line and a small park of artillery, making altogether about five thousand men. Their guns were not sufficiently heavy to effect a breach; but as the harbour was blockaded by a strong naval force, it was the determination of the French general to invest the town, and oblige the garrison to capitulate, by cutting off all supplies. The city was defended by O'Donnel, a resolute and intrepid commander; and the garrison consisted of two of the best regiments in the service—the Imperial Regt. of Alexander, and the Regt. of Spain. It was but a few months since that I dined with the officers of the former regiment, at Vittoria; they had served in Russia during the late war, and from this circumstance they derived their title.

The cannonading continued about an hour, the French only returning the fire with musquetry. The Spaniards were eventually obliged to retire, with the loss of a few men killed and taken: the latter were immediately bound, and sent to Hernani. The French likewise lost a few men; and seeing a sergeant's head fly off close to the spot where I was stationed, I effected a speedy retreat through the French camp to Hernani. Here I found a French medical gentleman and his wife waiting for a conveyance, which we at last procured, and, on the following morning, proceeded to Vittoria.

We overtook many gens-d'armes escorting mules laden with corn, and herds of bullocks, for the supply of the French troops. The roads were entirely free from brigands, these gentry finding their occupation unprofitable when customers have more lead in their pouches than gold. I met Mr. Ward, the private-secretary of Sir William A'Court (Lord Heytesbury), travelling with despatches for London. He informed me that the king had left Seville for Cadiz.

We had scarcely arrived at Vittoria when the doctor's lady presented her husband with a son—a circumstance that obliged me to seek another

* Extracted from the Note-Book of Sir Paul Baghott.

conveyance to Madrid, although she sent me word that in a week she should be quite well enough to proceed. This was the anniversary of that memorable day when the French were driven out of Vittoria, with the loss of all their guns and stores; yet, such are the up-and-down habits of human affairs, they are now marching in triumph over the same ground. The customary rejoicings were of course suspended, as men seldom like to beard their masters; though I was informed that the conduct of the French troops was exemplary, and they were rapidly gaining the esteem of the inhabitants. If the account were true, a few years must have altered them strangely.

I left Vittoria for Burgos, in a covered cart called a *galero*—one of the most wretched vehicles I have ever travelled in. It was nearly filled with merchandize, with merely a hole left in front for passengers to creep in and out; and in this charming little place were we jolted together, till, at the end of our journey, we had scarcely a sound place on our bodies. I was delighted to regain my old quarters at Burgos, the "Palomas," after this specimen of *galero*-travelling. The city was in a state of confusion; and a friend on whom I called expressed much surprise to see me, as he said most of my friends were either in prison or had fled; that the jails were filled with most of the respectable inhabitants, on account of their political opinions; and advised me to depart without delay. For this purpose I went to the Town-hall, to have my passport regulated for Madrid, and found the place of the alcalde and the municipal officers occupied by priests. Contrary to my expectation, I was received with great civility, and had no difficulty in arranging my business. I was now at liberty to leave, and the next day found a muleteer returning to Madrid, with whom I made an agreement for the journey. I found this mode of travelling by far the most pleasant; for I was well acquainted with the road, and, of course, with the best posadas. The mule on which I was mounted falling lame, I accomplished the remainder of my journey on an ass, and was never carried more pleasantly in my life. Those who have no other idea of this description of animal than that which is afforded them by the miserable specimens they see in the streets of London, would be astonished at the appearance of a Spanish *borico*. They have none of the sluggishness peculiar to those of our own country, and, for travelling, are greatly superior to horses, both as regards the easiness of their pace, and their capability of enduring fatigue. The animal which I rode carried me upwards of forty miles in one day, without appearing at all distressed. Indeed they are held in such estimation in Spain, that I have known many of them sell for twenty pounds each. I passed a string of beautiful white asses laden with corn for Madrid. They were each from twelve to thirteen hands high, and were covered with bells and silken trappings. Pink ribbons decorated their ears, which were bored for the purpose; and their coats having been lately shorn, gave them a beautifully white glossy appearance. It is customary in Spain to shear horses, mules, and asses—a set of men gaining their livelihood by this business only. This operation renders that of grooming less laborious, and gives the animals even in winter a sleek appearance. We frequently overtook gens-d'armes escorting military stores and droves of bullocks, which rendered the roads more secure than they had been for many years. The season was cold, and the country through which I passed was not further advanced for the sickle than our early counties in England. I reached Madrid on

the evening of the fifth day of my departure from Burgos, having, during that time, traversed a space of between forty and fifty leagues.

I found the Duke del Infantado, whom I mentioned in a former paper, at the head of the regency appointed in the absence of the king, who was still with his "faithful commons" in Cadiz. The city was perfectly tranquil, and to all appearance enjoying a calm repose after the late struggle for power: indeed it could scarcely be otherwise, while blessed with the friendly protection of fourteen thousand French bayonets, commanded by that puissant prince, the Duke d'Angouleme. Some evil-minded persons, however, had not that respect for the sacred person of his royal highness, with which the motives of his visit to Spain ought to have inspired them; for the large convent of El Espiritu Santo was discovered to be in flames at the very moment when his royal highness and suite were at their devotions. The duke was never in greater danger; and though, as might naturally be expected, his feelings were worked up into a state of hysterical alarm, by an act of such atrocious treason, planned by the very people to whom he came as a deliverer, the magnanimity of the warrior prevailed over the feelings of the man, by ordering the unqualified liberation of all those apprehended on suspicion —it having been previously ascertained that not the slightest shadow of guilt could be found against them.

During my stay in Madrid it was my fortune to witness an exhibition of a chivalrous and novel nature; and although I have heretofore described at length the ceremony of a bull-fight, I am tempted to record this exploit.

It was on the anniversary of Santiago, or St. James, the patron saint of Spain, and as usual Madrid was a scene of festivity. The troops were reviewed by the Duke d'Angouleme, and the Prado was enlivened by all the gaiety and fashion of the city. To add to the excitement of the period, and to diversify the grand routine of amusement, an old and experienced bull-fighter, well known in the arena, volunteered to encounter a bull single-handed on horseback, armed only with his sword and lance. Upwards of 12,000 spectators assembled to witness this display of prowess, and great fear was entertained for the safety of their adventurous favourite.

Two or three bulls were killed in the usual way, as a prelude to the entertainment, when, on the arena being cleared, a cavalier, mounted on a handsome charger, galloped into the space. He was seated in a Moorish saddle, and wore the ancient Spanish costume, with a short cloak hanging over his shoulder, a ruff round his neck, and on his head was a sort of Scotch bonnet surmounted by a handsome plume of ostrich feathers. He held a lance in rest, about fourteen feet in length.

At the first blast of the trumpet the cavalier prepared for the encounter, and at the second the gates were thrown open, and an immense Andalusian bull rushed into the arena. For an instant he rolled his eyes around, and espying his adversary, darted like lightning against him; while the cavalier, on the other hand, dashed the spurs into his steed, and encountered the furious animal in full career. The superior weight of the bull, added to the violence of his charge, told against his adversary. The head of the lance was buried in the body of the animal; but the tough ash shaft snapped asunder like a reed, and the cavalier only saved himself by a sleight of horsemanship. He galloped round the arena, and snatching another lance from the hands of an attendant, again

prepared for the renewal. But short space was allowed him; for the bull rushed furiously onward with the same success as before. The lance was again shivered, and it seemed only by a miracle that the horseman saved himself from destruction. In a moment the gallant fellow was armed afresh, and with increased energy dashed forward to meet his ferocious assailant, who, maddened, and yelling with rage and pain, rushed headlong at him, armed with a savage determination that laughed at all opposition. The veteran fared ill this time. His lance flew into the air in a thousand splinters; he was borne backward in his saddle; and ere he could recover himself the bull was upon him. In an instant both horse and man rolled together on the arena. The poor horse uttered a cry of agony as the horns of the bull tore him from one extremity to the other; and the infuriated beast, as though not contented with the blood of his victim, plunged his head into the reeking entrails, and trampled them madly about the arena. It was fortunate for the horseman that the bull thus employed himself, as it gave time for the bandilleros to approach; and while some engaged the attention of the bull, others were enabled to rescue him from his perilous situation. The bull having sufficiently vented his rage, panting with exertion, and bleeding from every pore, now sunk with fatigue on the floor of the arena.

A few minutes were allowed to intervene, the spectators being ignorant of what was to succeed, when to their great astonishment, at the sound of the trumpet, their old champion, whom every body supposed to be *hors de combat*, gallantly mounted, again galloped into the arena. The multitude welcomed their old friend with loud and reiterated cheers. He was armed with a long rapier, and advanced more cautiously against his opponent, who now shewed no disposition to renew the combat. The old man then challenged him by taking off his cap and throwing it on the ground between them. This movement seemed to rekindle his fury. He arose from his position, and his appearance was sufficient to have appalled the stoutest heart. His head was literally dyed in blood, and large streams were pouring from the deep gashes in his body. His nostrils were covered with foam, and his eyes glared like balls of fire; low and indistinct bellowing, and the convulsed heaving of his huge frame, bespoke the compressed agony he endured. He pawed the ground and lashed his sides, as though to arouse his energies which were already fast failing. The first object which excited him was the cap. He tore it into pieces and threw the fragments into the air; then standing and pawing the ground, he eyed his adversary without caring to advance, while the old man excited him by voice and gesture to renew the combat. During this moment of suspense the anxiety of the spectators was intense. Every one held his breath with fear—not a word was uttered by any one of that vast multitude—a pin might have been heard to drop, so appalling was the interest which seemed to enchain every other feeling than that which was centred in the scene before them. It was not of long duration. The animal prepared boldly for a last effort, and tearing up the sand of the arena, he rushed desperately at his adversary. He was received by the gallant old champion with his usual intrepidity, and as the bull lowered his gory horns to tear the body of the horse, he received the sword of his adversary in his own. The thrust was dealt with such unerring precision that the animal, without a struggle, fell dead on the arena. The

acclamations which ensued were long and deafening, and the gallant veteran was rewarded with a shower of gold and silver, and innumerable other tokens of favour hastily disengaged, in the moment of enthusiasm, from the persons of many a fair admirer.

On the following day, the hearts of the loyal people of Madrid were overflowing with joy, intelligence having arrived of the liberation of their beloved monarch. These very people who but a short time since were chanting "Te Deum," for the success of the constitution, were now engaged in celebrating the triumph of its enemies. The houses were hung with tapestry. Men were seen embracing each other; and priests and friars were thronging the streets, congratulating themselves on their restoration to the full enjoyment of ancient privileges. Women were seen carrying sprigs of lavender and singing hymns of joy; and the French soldiers were hailed as their deliverers! One loyal gentleman, more refined than his fellows, I observed carrying a bird-cage with the door open. By way of evincing devotion to their sovereign they plundered the houses of the friends to the constitution; and it required all the persuasion which their French friends could muster at the point of their bayonets, to prevent them from committing other acts of outrageous loyalty. I thought it was a pity that so much good feeling should be thrown away; for the next day we found the news was premature.

The city of Toledo is not more than fifty miles from Madrid, which I took an opportunity of visiting. Toledo was formerly the capital city of the Castilian kings, and has been possessed alternately by Goths Moors, and Christians. It is nearly surrounded by the Tagus, which forces its way through lofty rocks and becomes a rapid stream. The town stands on very elevated ground; the beauty of its situation has been often extolled by poets and romancers. The cathedral is a fine Gothic building; it was founded in the year 630, and has been alternately the scene of Mahometan and Christian worship, according to the fortune of its Christian founders. It is filled with the riches of the priesthood, and in the sacristy are the tombs of several kings and queens of Castile. On the exterior of the church of St. Juan de los Reyes, are still preserved the chain worn by Christian slaves at Grenada, and the instruments by which they were tortured when in bondage to the Moor. The ancient palace, or aleazar, is an immense building situated on the highest ground, and commands a beautiful view over a most picturesque country; on the front are seen two ancient statues of Gothic kings, who reigned in the sixth century; on the pedestal is inscribed in the Castilian language, "I arose from the dead to defend the purity of the Virgin." The celebrated manufactory of sword-blades has lost its ancient reputation.

Toledo is the residence of the Primate of Spain, whose income exceeds that of our own wealthiest ecclesiastics—of course the town swarms with priests and friars, and the energies of the people are proportionately subdued. The only advantage accruing to the town from the residence of the Archbishop, has been the creation of a handsome and good Posada at his own expense; the absence of which, in other parts, doubtless his Grace has sufficiently felt the inconvenience in travelling. There is a saying in Spain which signifies that "Madrid subsists by its court, Guadalaxara by its cloth, and Toledo by its clergy." And a very

lean subsistence it must be, if we may judge by the physiognomy of its inhabitants.

On my return to Madrid, I found the citizens illuminating, partly in honour of the Holy Virgin, whose feast it happened to be on that day, but more particularly to celebrate the event of the French troops obtaining an advantage over their countrymen, by storming and taking the *Trocadero* at Cadiz. The Duke of Reggio reviewed eleven thousand French troops, and a corps of two thousand Spaniards, under the command of general Quesada. The gallant general looked much more like a clown than a commander, and the appearance of the troops was quite in keeping with their leader. I have had several opportunities of seeing these Royalist corps. Once, at Segovia, I witnessed a gathering of two thousand of these gentlemen, commanded by a priest named Marino. All the respectable inhabitants of the town were sent to jail, charged with entertaining liberal opinions; and in their dungeons were obliged to answer the contributions levied by this professor of Christianity to keep his ragamuffins from plundering the town. I think I never but once in my life beheld a more ill-looking set of fellows, and that was when, in an evil moment, my curiosity tempted me to visit the camp of the Baron d'Eroles, at Perpignan. It seemed to me as though Spain had been ransacked for ruffians, and that the Baron d'Eroles commanded the *élite*. The fellows looked beyond description savage and hungry, as though a well-fed passenger would have been a *bonne bouche* to them. I thought myself lucky in escaping with my life.

Madrid was rather dull at this period, and I accepted an invitation from a friend at Guadalaxara, whence I determined on an excursion to Sarragossa, by a route which few travellers had explored. I was stimulated to this adventure, as I understood my old servant Manuel was then on duty in the neighbouring mountains as a mountain guard, and I was well aware that he was acquainted with every by-road in that part of the country. I sent for him, and a most grotesque figure he was. His cap was made of a wolf's skin; his jacket and trowsers were of the hides of other animals. He wore sandals on his feet; and a cloak, a firelock, and a huge dog, completed his equipment. He was delighted with my proposal, and I gave him money to enable him to change his costume.

The next day Manuel was a very different sort of person;—he was drest in a good blue jacket and trowsers, and a round hat ornamented with a red cockade. His chin, which on the preceding day had been graced by an enormous beard, was as smooth as a dancing-master's; and nothing remained of his former *costume* but his cloak, his dog, and his gun. My horse was laden with all the little stores which I knew we could not procure on the road which we were about to traverse, and thus equipped we started on our journey.

We reached Torica, three leagues distant, on the same afternoon; crossing a delightful country, abounding in corn and olives. Formerly, it must have been a place of consequence. On a hill stand the ruins of a castle, which in days of yore commanded the grand pass from Madrid to Arragon and Catalonia. Almost every village in Spain has its castle and mouldering monuments of better days,—of many, the history is known and preserved; but of more, every record has perished, except the gray walls, and the ivy which covers them. The solitary posada was entirely occupied by muleteers, and we were obliged to sleep under

a shed, wrapped in our cloaks. This was but a specimen of what we had occasionally to experience in our route, and to which I had been accustomed, as I have before related, on my journey to the Rio Tinto copper-mines of Estremadura.

The country through which we travelled was beautiful; frequently affording the most picturesque views,—no tourist could have desired a journey more replete with interest, if the accommodation had been but decent. I was tempted to leave our by-road, on one occasion, for the purpose of treating myself to a night's lodging at Siguenza—passing several small villages, and leaving on the right extensive plains covered with brush-wood, affording good security to the wolf, the boar, and other wild animals. The cathedral at Siguenza is very rich, from the gifts of many noble families; and the vestments of the priests, and the church plate, extremely costly. The bishop's palace must have been formerly a castle of great strength. The principal inhabitants of the town are priests, friars, and students. I remained at Siguenza three days, and started with a good stock of provisions. To make up for this *detour* Manuel turned from the main road into a small track, which we followed through mountain passes and lonely defiles, till we came to the village of Las Tintas. Here we refreshed ourselves, and pursued our route through the small village of Arcos, and over an almost trackless common, affording pasturage to numerous herds of cattle. On the summit of the mountain which succeeded this plain, is one of the most cheerless prospects I ever beheld. An immense plain, with scarcely any signs of vegetation, lay before us; on the north we could only discover the snow-capt Pyrenees, and nothing but the horizon in the south. We travelled a great distance without meeting with a human being; and at nightfall were thankful to arrive at the convent of Bernadines.

I believe, for the first time in my life, I was glad to see the face of a monk. This is a noble convent, situated in a park, covered with trees of a luxuriant growth, watered by a clear stream, meandering through meadows, vineyards, and gardens, and encompassed by a high stone wall. The brotherhood have never been backward in appropriating the fattest pastures to their pious uses.

The small town of Alama, at some distance from the convent, is a very singular spot. Its approach is through a long narrow ravine, between two high mountains; and at the extremity, the town, with its church and convent, and a rich extent of country, watered by the river Jalon, bursts upon the view. Alama has been famed since the time of the Moors, for its baths, which are supposed to afford relief in obstinate cases of rheumatism. I was induced to try them, but they made me ill. The water is warm, about the temperature of the Queen's bath, at Bath. I cannot, however, continue my account of this journey from want of space—I shall merely give a hasty sketch of Sarragossa, and reserve the rest of this paper for events of interest at Madrid; particularly as the Editor has hinted to me, that the Highways and Byways are getting rather stale with the readers of the "Monthly," thus giving me to understand, though in the politest manner imaginable, that he has more consideration for them than, I fear, I have had. Therefore, "gentle reader," bear with me patiently—as this, be it understood, is my last paper.

The small town of La Muela is a wretched place. It is within a short distance of Sarragossa, and is situated on a sterile mountain, with-

out tree or shrub to be seen near it for many miles. The Posada was pretty well filled with travellers, and I met there a party of Migniones. This is a corps of a thousand chosen men, who are posted along the northern provinces of Spain, to prevent smuggling. They were attired in a short scarlet jacket and cap, with breeches of a darker colour, and sandals on their feet. They wore the *capa* slung across the shoulder, and carried a cutlass and a brace of horse pistols. They were proceeding to Sarragossa, and I joined company with them for safety as the road was dangerous. At the extremity of the mountain is an excellent view of Sarragossa, in the plain below, with the snow-capped Pyrenees in the distance. We crossed the grand canal, which was commenced in 1520, and was to have joined the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean Sea; but only one hundred and twenty miles of this magnificent work is completed. The next object of interest is an old castle, which was formerly a Moorish palace; it afterwards served the kings of Arragon, and then became the Inquisition. It is now used as barracks for soldiers. Near the castle flows the river Ebro which we followed till we reached the gates of the city.

The ancient and distinguished city of Sarragossa derives its principal importance from the heroic defence made by its inhabitants against 56,000 of the chosen troops of France, commanded by the first generals of the age. The defence was conducted by Palafox, who has immortalized his name and that of his city. With only 9,000 regular troops, in an unfortified town, and in addition to the horrors of a bombardment, struggling against famine and pestilence, did he maintain his post against Marshal Moncey with his victorious legions, and Mortier with his grenadiers, who hardly knew what it was to have a check. Colonel Napier gives a good account of the siege, though he hardly does justice to the Spaniards.

On my return to Madrid I called on General Ballasteros, who informed me the French had taken Cadiz, and the constitution was no more. As the king was at liberty, the regency at Madrid had ceased. This intelligence created great excitement in the city; but as the news was not official, the lieges were slow in lighting up; rejoicing, on rumour only, they found, on a former occasion, to be an expensive and unprofitable business. The next day, however, when the glorious event of the French troops having marched as conquerors through the kingdom was announced by salvos of their artillery, the usual display of tapestry bedizened the windows of the citizens, the usual number of candles displayed their loyalty, and a proportionate quantity of wine was drunk to make their royal enthusiasm more respectably clamorous. It would be well, if, in an account of that period, there was nothing of a darker nature to record—unfortunately there are many; and the blackest of the catalogue is the death of General Riego.

Previous to the fall of Cadiz, Riego marched with his division to Malaga, to effect a junction with Ballasteros, intending to make head with their united corps against the common enemy. But Ballasteros had been tampered with by the French, and Riego was betrayed. He made his escape from Malaga, accompanied only by his two aides-de-camp, Captain Mathews and an Italian officer, and took the road towards Cordova. Having arrived at a small *venta*, they perceived that before they could resume their flight, it would be necessary to have their horses shod. A boy was therefore found, and despatched to a neigh-

bouring town for a blacksmith, and as an incentive to diligence on his errand, one of the party injudiciously shewed him some gold. The boy, on reaching the village, related the circumstance, which soon reached the ear of the alcalde, who, suspecting the flight of some persons of rank, assembled the armed peasantry, and surrounded the venta. Riego and his campanions finding, when too late, that they were betrayed, and seeing escape hopeless, surrendered at discretion. The general was secured with his aides-de-camp, bound, and hurried off in a coach to Madrid, a distance of three hundred miles.

After the lapse of a day and a night, the guards released them from their fetters; and on one occasion, when they were carousing at a wine-house, an opportunity was offered the prisoners for escape. It was eagerly seized upon by Mathews, who suggested it to the general. But Riego's heart was broken. He had lived to see the cause betrayed on which he had staked everything. His associates in the great work were traitors, and had deserted him. The very people for whom he had dared so much had delivered him up to death! It is no wonder that the slight prospect of life had but little temptation for him; he rather anticipated his approaching sacrifice, as a noble consummation to a career of honour and patriotism.

From the moment of Riego's capture to his death, a feeling of unmanly revenge took possession of his enemies. He was treated with every indignity, and made to suffer every privation. All intercourse with his friends was prohibited, to the moment of his death; and on the day of his execution, he was dressed in a dirty smock frock, drawn by an ass, on a hurdle, to the Plaza Cevada, and hanged on a gallows! But the name of Riego will be honoured and respected by posterity, while those of his executioners will be remembered only for their crimes.

The next day the king and queen made a sort of triumphal entry into Madrid. French bayonets and French gold had succeeded in extinguishing every vestige of liberty throughout Spain. Of the best and bravest of her sons—many have perished by the bullet and the cord, and the rest are in poverty and exile.

CHOLERA SPECULATIONS.

We are sick of the Cholera. Not that it has been imparted to us in a letter from "our own Sunderland Correspondent;" nor in our coals, nor in our share of the controversy between unfortunate Dr. Daun and every body else; nor in the "Orders of the Board of Health," absurd as they are. But we are sick of the subject. It meets us in all shapes of twaddledum. It "mounts the stage-coach and it boards the barge," it figures fatally in aldermanic speeches, and it poisons the pleasantry of the court news from Brighton. One set of personages, however, have been the better for it, to a most undesirable, and we will say, most scandalous degree. "The druggists have tasted the sweets of the cholera. We hear fortunes have already been made on the sale of their drugs, which have enormously increased in value since the alarm became general; and the consumption has been great beyond precedent. The undertakers are now all alive, expecting their turn will

come next, and the shroud-makers begin to talk of a strike, while the grave-diggers exult in the belief that *spades* will soon be *trumps.*"

Every oil, essence, or root, which could be conceived to be of any use in the disease, has been instantly raised fifty, a hundred, two hundred, per cent., and this not from any kind of new difficulty in getting them from abroad, but on the stocks in hand, and merely in consequence of the supposed necessity of having them. Trade will, we know, pronounce this all fair, and in the way of trade. Yet this is the direct reverse of honesty. The man who would have been satisfied to sell his laudanum or his cajeput a month ago at a shilling an ounce, should be satisfied to sell it at a shilling an ounce still. But public necessity is ready to give ten shillings, rather than not have it; and the large holder of the commodity, taking advantage of the public necessity, will not suffer an ounce to leave his hands under the fullest price which he can *extort*, for extort is the true word, from public necessity. Say what trade will of this, the principle is rank dishonesty. The true principle of fair trade is to be content with a fair profit. But the profit that was fair a month ago, must be fair still. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the man who demands an exorbitant profit, in any instance, a swindler and an extortioner; and especially in a case of life and death. If the cholera should actually come among us in the fatal shape in which it has appeared on the continent, and if those oils and extracts should be actually necessary for the preservation of life, how many of the humbler orders must be prevented from availing themselves of those remedies, by the scandalous avarice of the dealers. If cajeput, for instance, be raised from ten pence to twenty shillings an ounce, merely because all the cajeput in the country happens to be in the hands of one dealer, and he thus has the means of demanding what he pleases, is not such an use of his commodity, a scandalous abuse of his power, and is not such a man guilty of every death that occurs from his withholding the remedy, for the sake of making an enormous profit? Or would not such a man be equally justified in raising the price of a loaf to fifty pounds, and seeing half the population perish at his feet for want, provided he could secure the monopoly of flour, and leave the people no alternative between giving him his full demand and famine? All reason decries monopoly, because monopoly puts it in the power of a bad and avaricious mind to be unjust. We are persuaded that the common principle of trade, that of taking advantage of all occasions to secure the highest possible profit, is among the first causes, not of the prosperity, but of the decline of trade. We are equally persuaded that if any man, engaged in traffic, even of the humblest order, were to lay down for himself the determination of requiring no more than his original established profit, let the change of circumstances be however favourable to extortion, he would eventually be a much more successful gainer than the extortioner. True, he might see others making fifty per cent. for the time, while he was making but ten, but the time does not continue long for such extravagant profits, and when the time was past, the mere character of the honest trader would be a fortune to him. The man would never want custom who was found firm to his feelings of honest dealing, and by the time the dashing monopolist was in the gazette, the victim of some other speculation—for the whole history of these things is the history of a gamester—the honest dealer would be at the head of his trade, honoured too and esteemed,

and those are as good fruits as fifty per cent.; secure in his income and quiet in his conscience. In the mean time we must protest against the rise of the anti-cholera remedies. We have heard something of this exorbitancy in the public institutions for supplying the community with medicine. We must hope that the reports are untrue.

But among the speculations which we most discountenance, is the speculation for making every man a cigar-smoker. The story is fabricated for the London market. We are told that "in Russia and Prussia the Cholera has spared all persons employed in the manufactories of tobacco (or snuff), the tanyards, and medical laboratories. The smoke of tobacco seems to neutralise most animal miasmata, and it is generally considered as a preservative against the Cholera. Accordingly the Prussian, Austrian and Russian magistrates have given permission to smoke in the streets."

Our readers may be assured that the Prussian, Russian and Austrian magistrates have not given any such permission, nor found any necessity for giving it, the permission having been taken many a year before the name of Cholera was heard of. The fact is that the Continent is poisoned with tobacco smoke from one end of the land to the other, and every hour of the twenty-four. That tobacco may kill insects on shrubs, and that one stench may overpower another, is all possible enough; but that thousands and tens of thousands die of diseases of the lungs, and generally brought on by tobacco smoking, is a fact as well known as any in the whole history of disease. How is it possible to be otherwise? Tobacco is a poison. A man will die of an infusion of tobacco as soon as of a shot through the head. Can inhaling this powerful narcotic, in however small portions, be good for man? Its operation in those small portions is to produce a sensation of giddiness and drowsiness—is it good to be within the next step to perpetual drunkenness? It inflames the mouth, and requires a perpetual flow of the saliva, a fluid known to be among the most important to the whole economy of digestion; it irritates the eyes, corrupts the breath, and excites the throat to perpetual thirst. No doubt the human frame may grow so far accustomed to this drain, that the smoker may go on from year to year making himself a nuisance to society, yet there can be no doubt whatever that the custom is as deleterious in general as it is filthy and un-English. A great portion of it has arisen among us, from the puppyish affectation of our shopkeepers' boys and city dandies, for being thought foreign field-marshals. Every handler of tapes and ribbons turns a hussar the moment he sallies forth from behind the counter; the easily applied moustache, the fur cloak, and the cigar, furnish the hero; and England rejoices in her Count Calico, and her General Gingham. The cigar speculation must be overthrown.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

His Belgian Majesty having obtained a respite for a week or two from his neighbour of Holland, is now subsiding into the tranquillity for which he was made, and is soberly thinking of fate and his finances. But France keeps its keen eye upon him, and the German's allegiance will be well watched, if it can be done, by posting generals and aides-de-camp, young princes and old diplomatists, in the court of this easy-souled sovereign. With a French field-marshal to superintend his public movements, a whole corps of French officers to drill his troops, a succession of French dukes, counts, and princes royal, to dine and *déjeûner* with him three days out of the seven; and the promise and prospect of a French princess to take care of his household—the poor German bids fair to be very handsomely *Frenchified.* But this is not all the provision that is made for his allegiance to the Orleans dynasty. A *nucleus* for a foreign army is already constructing in his majesty's dominions, under a Frenchman; and we shall soon see it swelling from the *nucleus,* into the proper magnitude. "This legion," to use the language of one evidently well acquainted with its purpose, "is very *select* in point of officers, you will imagine, when I tell you that the son of the famous Marshal *Junot* is gone to Paris to ask permission to join *as a private,* in which capacity we have already an Italian count. The legion is commanded by *Prince Murat,* son of the King of Naples, and he would be willing to receive particularly English, Irish, and Scotch. Three pounds would be sufficient to defray each man's travelling expenses to Ath from London, but they, of course, must bring passports. We have the distinguished honour of wearing a button with the letter L, and a crown above it, which no other regiment enjoys. As the legion is only forming, we have but 150 men at present. We are in daily expectation of 200 Swiss guards to join us. I tell you this as I am sure there are hundreds of poor fellows who would be glad to come, particularly as the legion will be permanently kept up, and will, when completed, consist of between 3,000 and 4,000 men. Officers would be required to produce their commissions, with a statement of their services and rank in the *regular army,* as no *militia officers will be admitted.* They must come not to Brussels, but from Ostend or Calais direct to head-quarters at Ath. If an officer could bring or send, a few men with him, it would be his *best recommendation.*"

The slur on the militia officers is not altogether kind; except that we must allow that the undoubted heroism of the *braves Belges,* has a right to make them peculiarly delicate in associating with any who have not alike distinguished themselves in the actual field.

Liverpool has so much distinguished itself by its virtuous enthusiasm for purity of election, that all good men and true must congratulate it upon the example which, in Mr. Ewart's memorable election, it gave to the dubious piety of the empire. It is unfortunate for the historian of patriotism, that the mysteries of that pre-eminent effort of clean hands and incorruptible hearts, had not the advantage of being unfolded a little more amply before the proper tribunal. However, it now enjoys a representation; though, we grieve to say it, a scandalous mediocrity of principle is implied in the scandalous mediocrity of outlay.

It is actually said that, "though economy was the 'order of the day' at this election, on *both sides*, it is imagined that the friends of the candidates have incurred expenses to the amount of only 5,000*l.*! It was very generally remarked, that nearly all the flags and banners borne by Lord Sandon's party were the same which were used by Mr. Denison's friends in the memorable 'November election,' last year. We are informed that his lordship hired the whole set for the *moderate* sum of 100*l.* They would have been sold 'out and out' for 300*l.* The original cost of them was between 800*l.* and 1,000*l.*"

A Liverpool election, and cost only five thousand pounds! What is become of public spirit in that town of orators!

"In all our wanderings through this world of care," we have longed for the era when we might travel in a perfect steam-coach, fearless of being boiled alive, blown up, or crushed into the dust of our own chariot wheels. But the experiment lingers deplorably. The railway is, we acknowledge, incomparable. It has attained power, speed, steadiness and safety, to a degree that conjecture could scarcely have ventured to dream, or science to contemplate. But the steam-carriage, to be of the universal use which seems to belong to the capacities of steam, must *not* be the railway carriage, but be able to take any road, rough or smooth, hill or valley, moist or dry, alike. We are sorry to see it stated that Gurney's steam-carriage has been given up, however temporary the failure may be. This steam-carriage has ceased to run between Cheltenham and Gloucester. The stoppage is attributed to the road having been newly Macadamized, and to the difficulty of overcoming the additional obstruction thus occasioned. This reason is not sufficient; and the true reason is probably to be found in the heavy expense of the undertaking altogether. Of Mr. Gurney we know nothing, further than as a most enterprising and dexterous artist, who has applied his ability to the most important use of the finest invention ever placed in the power of man. But why should not the prosecution of such experiments form a part of the public interests? Why should a man of acknowledged ability be abandoned to the perpetual struggle of narrow means, when the result of that struggle will probably be, that the man of genius will be overwhelmed, and in his loss the discovery will be lost? We, of course, say this less with reference to the present topic, than others—for the principles of the steam-carriage are now too much in the public possession, to be lost; but it has probably been the case in a thousand instances of the most important use to mankind. The whole history of science is full of instances of powerful minds, approaching to the very verge of discoveries, from which they were repelled merely by want of the leisure, and the pecuniary resources, essential to the full activity of invention. Or if government can do nothing in these things, where is our Royal Society? Why does it not offer premiums and encouragements for the progress of an invention of such immeasurable value?

The public are sometimes at a loss to answer the question, what is the use of the Royal Society? and the answer is not altogether satisfactory, which describes it as an assemblage of gentlemen, who meet once a week to hear some papers read, of which not one in fifty of the members has the slightest comprehension at the time, nor ever will

have; which will be buried in a yearly bundle of the most trifling or the dullest essays that ever encumbered the dustiest shelves of a library; and which, in nine instances out of ten, are mere *rechauffes* of some obsolete essay in the same volumes, or the unacknowledged plunder of some foreign miscellany. The truth is, that the Royal Society, at least, wants a reform, and it could not give a better symptom of its new energies, than by giving up its squabbles, and assisting the discoveries of industry and genius wherever it found them.

What extravagance of imagination can be surpassed by the reality that meets us in the common course of life? If there be an instinctive feeling in man, it is the shrinking from the sight of death, and especially of death with pain, and most of all, of death inflicted by cruel, violent, and treacherous means. Yet what wild fancy of the poet, or what sullen frenzy of the mind, loving to invent abhorrent conceptions, could equal the following statement:—"We perceive in a Paris paper, an account of the execution of a French woman at Bremen, who was guillotined on the 3d ult., for administering arsenic to thirty-two persons, fifteen of whom died. At her trial, when called upon for her defence, she stated that her principal motive in sending so many human beings to their 'great account,' arose from 'the *pleasure* she experienced in beholding the operation of *poison*.'"

The *Burking* system, which is unhappily placed beyond doubt in this country, renders it impossible to doubt of any atrocity that can be suggested by the love of gain. But horrible as it is, it must yield to the hideous confirmation of mind, which could delight in wholesale murder for the murder's sake. The growth of crime, has been, in all nations, a warning of national decay; but when crimes that startle nature, and make us ask whether they are the work of man or of fiends, thus burst upon the public eye, we are forced to fear for the sudden overthrow of the land; they look too like evidences that the moral frame is on the very eve of dissolution; they are the spots which indicate that final corruption has already begun.

The "Northern Whig," a dashing paper of the north of Ireland, which is "not particular to a shade," and makes the most of every thing that comes in its way, has published the following notices from one of the clergy. If authentic, they are certainly odd documents enough.

"The Rev. Dr. Hincks, of Killileagh, has posted (in Killileagh) a notice that on a certain day there will be attendance at the glebe-house, to receive tithe. Appended to this is what the Rev. Dr. styles a

'PARTICULAR NOTICE.

'As this is, not improbably, the last year that Dr. Hincks will have to receive tithe, and as the indulgence he has formerly granted has been much abused, he hereby gives notice, that, in case the tithe shall not be paid on one of the above days, proceedings, both UNPLEASANT and EXPENSIVE, will be taken to enforce payment.'"

Does the Dr. mean by this farewell menace, that he is to give up his living, give up his country, or fairly give up the ghost? The Northern Whig remarks upon it—

"We have much gratification in publishing the letter. It is a good omen to see the tithe-eaters taking the alarm, and it is not less so to see the

despairing and desperate efforts they make to get the last farthing of their revenue. Mr. Hincks, be it recollected, is a great Bible-man, a great Tory, and a great converter of Catholics. He seems, also, to be a very excellent tithe-man."

Why will our novelists be eternally running after impossibilities of time, place, and character, when facts are every day before them that would outstrip all their romance? Let the following notice be laid upon their tables, digested upon their pillows, shaped in their escrutoirs, and published within the next three months in three volumes, hotpressed, and dedicated to the Sunday conversationist, the old Marchioness of Salisbury, or Lady Jersey, or any of the ladies patronesses, of established notoriety.

"*Expected Marriage of the Marquis of Abercorn.*—A projected marriage, we understand, is upon the tapis between the youthful Marquis of Abercorn and one of the accomplished daughters of the Earl of Harewood. On the 11th of January the noble marquis will come of age, when, independent of an immense personal fortune, which has been accumulating ever since the decease of the late marquis, he will become possessed of an income of 94,000l. per annum, arising from large estates, situated in the three kingdoms. In addition to this fortune, the noble marquis will succeed to an English and an Irish peerage, each of which entitles the marquis to a seat in the House of Peers, and is the only instance in the British peerage of three titles being united in one person. In politics the noble marquis is a staunch Tory; and there is no doubt if the new Reform Bill should not pass before his taking his seat, but that the noble marquis will oppose it."

Here are ample materials for the genius of the modern novelist. The first volume would, according to all rule, detail the Marquis's Etonian frolics, would find delighted and superabundant materials in a *coup-dœil* of his ancestors, with anecdotes of red-heeled shoes, toupees, diamond snuff-boxes, and lap-dogs of King Charles's breed. The third volume might return to the living world again, and develope, in the detail that all the world loves—the dexterity of the angling for the young Crœsus; the baits laid out for the settlement of charming daughters, accomplished sisters, and nieces overflowing with perfection; the whole mystery of the art matrimonial, the harp and guitar-playing, the supper-giving, the summer invitations, the pheasant-shootings, the rides *tête-à-tête*, the green-lane sentimentality, the sudden ardour of retirement, and the outrageous determination for single blessedness, except in the peculiar case made and provided. Then the half-entanglement, the half-escape, the mother's reserve, the father's frown, the sister's wrath, and the brother's pistol. Out of those materials Lackbrain himself might construct a history of "moving accidents," and we feel ourselves doing a general service to the republic of letters in proposing the subject to authorship in general.

The propensity to be gulled belongs so much to human nature, that we can no more wonder at the growth of swindlers, than we can at the growth of caterpillars. They both feed on the labour of the industrious, and where they are suffered to feed, they will increase. But the most unaccountable instances of the kind are royal pretenders. Every nation has had its Perkin Warbeck; but it is curious, in a time so modern as our own, and in a country so much alive to the detection of royalist imposture as France, a succession of "Pretenders." The Cor-

rectional Tribunal of Pontarlier has just sentenced to four months' imprisonment, as a vagabond, a rival of Henry V., who appeared in the character of Louis XVII., having assumed that high rank after passing in succession through the grades of dragoon, mason, and waiter at the Bicêtre.

Yet this fellow is but the fourth or fifth who have within these few years attempted to pass themselves to the throne as the unfortunate Dauphin. Those knaves have been uniformly detected, and punished in all unroyal ways; yet the deception still goes on, and even the *Monsieur de la Bicêtre*, this turnkey, whose person must have been perfectly known to all the police, contrived to find dupes, and doubtless made a pleasant livelihood of his royalty, while it lasted. His crown has now been rather rudely taken off. But he will find successors as long as France will find credulity.

The accounts from the South Sea colonies are all of a nature to cheer the friends of emigration. They are all prospering, and some with great rapidity. Even the most tardy have reached the point of supporting life, which is, after all, the great object. They may complain of not being able to make fortunes, of not possessing an extensive trade; in short, of not being able to do as men of solid capital and established commerce in England have been able to do; but it is to be remembered that they have emigrated not for trade, but for existence; not to make fortunes by employing their capital on new speculations, but because they had no capital whatever; and the only alternative was the English workhouse, and the remote colony. If in that remote colony they are enabled to exist, they have undoubtedly attained an object which they were hopeless of accomplishing at home; and if they are enabled to subsist in plenty, they have gained more than the object which they could have fairly contemplated. If trade comes, and fortunes are to be made, so much the better; but still those things are pieces of good luck, beyond any fair calculation of the settlers, and merely superadded to the gain of existence in a fine climate, in a productive soil, and with the prospect of being able to rear families. To those colonies too, we should look as one of the most fortunate, and even providential resources for supplying the population of England with an outlet for their numbers.

In a recent letter from one of the oldest and most respectable of stockholders of New South Wales, to a friend in England, he says, "Would that we had among us 20,000 of your redundant farming servants! We cannot obtain sufficient assistance to attend even the grazing of our flocks; and many hundred sheep have and will be lost this year for want of due care."

This statement is true, and it is echoed from every one of our colonies in the Pacific. Send us labourers, and we will turn them into farmers; send us artizans, and we shall turn them into manufacturers. There is room in New South Wales for the settlement of millions. The colonies demand women; and even as a matter of speculation, the voyage which would transplant a portion of that female population which now encumbers the streets and workhouses, would be highly productive—for English wives are the only real want in the colonies. But why do not the parishes contribute to pay the expenses of such voyages? They are undone with poor-rates. Why not relieve themselves by the mode-

rate contract, which would convey four or five hundred of their paupers yearly to the Pacific? The benefit to themselves would be immense; the benefit to the colonies of not less value; and by a higher consideration still, the benefit to the unfortunate victims of poverty and vice at home would be incalculable. No fact in the history of manners is more singular and more gratifying than the change wrought upon even the convicts and profligates of both sexes, whom our laws send to New South Wales. The men become industrious, and possessors of property; the women become decent, and mothers of families. The poverty and idleness being removed, which almost drove those wretched people into vice, the vice gives way to the fortunate change in their situation; character becomes of importance to them. The sense of affection grows up, in hearts made hard only by rejection from society; husbands and wives feel a new tie to life, and the proprieties of life, by having something to lose, and something to gain, by their conduct to their neighbours. The sense of property produces a sense of its preservation; and by the most memorable example on record of good being brought out of evil, the refuse of the English streets, workhouses, and jails, is rapidly growing into an active and industrious, a principled and well-ordered community. Why should not this evidence be followed up? Why should not a better population succeed, where a worse has thriven? Why should not the willing, but unemployed, labourer, and the superfluous female peasantry, be allowed at least the choice of reaching those settlements, and there laying the foundations of personal and public prosperity? We are persuaded that the enterprize might be easily accomplished, and that it requires only to be begun.

As it is among our duties to take care of our friends, we caution them against a foreign importation from that land from which we have of late had so much news, so many envoys, and such furious stock-jobbing. We of course allude to Holland. Our Dutch neighbours know the value of keeping up a "fluctuation," as well as any knave in the Stock Exchange, and the vibrations of their worthy cabinet are making fortunes for *Mynheer*. But as an active trader cannot have too many trades at once, the Dutch are quickening the operation by an import of gold, against which we are called upon to set John Bull on his guard:—

"An extensive importation of five guilder pieces has taken place within the last ten days, and the sons and daughters of Israel have been most actively employed in giving celerity to their circulation, and substituting them for half sovereigns, which they strongly resemble in size; the head of William Koning, of the Netherlands, not being so decidedly dissimilar as to be immediately distinguishable from that of George IV. The substituted coin (the five guilder piece) is only worth 8*s*. 4*d*. English money, so that in all cases (which have been very numerous) where the venders have been successful in passing them, they have realised a profit of 1*s*. 8*d*."

Confound those Jews! How does it happen that they are the agents in every abomination? from the dirtiest traffic to the boldest swindling, those wretched creatures are the ready instruments. Money may be a good, and it clearly gives power and luxury, but can we have a more striking example of the intrinsic baseness of avarice than its effect on this miserable people? The rage of money, the eternal money-dabbling, the daily and nightly struggle to amass money, has absorbed this unfortunate class of mankind for the last two thousand years, and its result

has been that character has never sunk so low among so many millions of men—that they have added nothing to the labours of mankind in any one of the nobler efforts of intellect, genius, or public utility. What are their illustrious names? Where is their hero—their poet—their painter—their philosopher? That there are among them individuals of private liberality and personal honour, is not denied; but taking them on the general scale, what are they but the ragmen of mankind? We know no higher moral for the history of Mammon.

After all, the taking of eight and fourpence Dutch, for ten shillings English, and the head of Konig Wilhelm for William the Fourth, does not say much for the march of mind.

The public have been lately much distressed and startled by the burking discoveries, and the murder of the wretched Italian boy is probably only one among many. But why should the public disgust be limited to the miserable culprits, whom poverty and the habits of a disgusting and abominable traffic naturally harden to all human feeling? Why are the surgeons, who are the tempters to this horrid wickedness, to escape? We cannot conceive how these persons, to whom we naturally have recourse to ascertain the circumstances of disease and dissolution—whom we employ to discover, in both public and private instances, the causes of sudden death, can be ignorant of the state in which *subjects* are brought to their dissecting-rooms. Must not Surgeon A, B, or C, when he sees a body still almost palpitating before him, know that that body has not lain in the grave; when he finds marks of violence upon it, at least conjecture that violence has been used, and with the evidence of murder thus before him, think it his duty, as an honest man, to bring the transaction to light? To our conception, the surgeon is the true criminal; and if midnight murders are done, those murders are to be laid exclusively at his door. It may figure in an advertisement for pupils, that such a surgeon gives dissections regularly three times a week, and we know that such advertisements may attract pupilage. But Government will have a serious responsibility to answer for, unless it keeps a watchful eye upon those dashing dissectors, and takes care that their fees shall not owe any thing to impunity. The detection of the murder of the Italian boy occurred from the simple circumstance of the body's being brought to the professor of King's College, who was probably a man of humanity, and who, whether or not, must have been aware of the importance of peculiar care in his situation. We give him, however, full credit for the better motive. He saw that a murder had been done, and he was resolved to wash his hands of any share in the crime. We must hope that his example will be followed, and that we shall have no more stories, when it is too late, of atrocities which shock human nature, and which, in the first place, never would have been committed—except in the idea that the committers would escape without further inquiry, than whether they asked ten guineas or fifteen for the body of a murdered fellow-creature. We have all possible respect for science, all possible faith in the honour of the English medical man, all possible conviction that these horrors are *not* patronized among the higher ranks of the profession. Yet the evil exists, and it becomes those higher ranks to keep a vigilant eye upon the lower, to discountenance the quackeries and cruelties which public investigation discovers in instances of the late kind, and to place in the respect and

estimation of mankind, a profession capable of being conducted with the highest honour to its professors, and the highest utility to mankind.

As to the hideous life of the body-stealers, (whom by a very offensive and profane use of the word, it is the habit to call resurrectionists,) no description can deepen its vileness,—every sense of decency, every common feeling of the common proprieties of human nature, seems to be banished by their desperate trade.

"*The Wife of Father and Son.*—If any proof were wanting to shew what an execrable crew of miscreants are nourished by the present mode of supplying Dissecting Establishments, it would be furnished by the disclosures recently made. Among other things it transpired that the wife of one of those wretches had previously been his father's wife, and his own mother-in-law. Had she been his own mother it would probably have been all the same to him."

England has long enjoyed the fame of being among the most dupeable lands under the moon; Scotland is famed for second sight, and Ireland for fairies,—yet we defy any one of the three to produce a rival to the extraordinary personage who is now astonishing our philosophers. A Master M'Kean has started a new set of faculties, which throw the entire old system into the shade. First, he has the faculty in which Tilburina—heroic and high-born as she was—was deficient, and can see things that are not to be seen. Thus he can, with his eyes blindfolded, and his back turned to the experimenter, tell the colour and all external properties of any designated object whatever. A piece or pieces of money, keys, or trinkets of any description, may be produced by any of the company, and he will instantly tell how many there are —whether composed of gold, silver, brass, or copper! the date and value of the coins, and describe every other article very minutely, even should there appear a spot upon them. He will also describe the dress of any person, and in what position they sit or stand.

His next feat is, hearing things which are not to be heard! Master M'Kean will ask the favour of any lady or gentleman in the company to speak softly within themselves, so that they may not be heard by those who sit on the right or left, and he will instantly repeat them, although at one hundred yards' distance. Should there be one hundred watches produced, and each differently set, he will tell the hours and minutes indicated by each.

His third feat is the not less surprising gift of understanding what is not known to him, answering what is not spoken, and hearing through the ears of another. On those points, the reporter is perfectly confident:—"What really takes place is to the following effect, and is surprising enough to be independent of fiction or exaggeration. The boy, dressed in Highland garb, is effectually blindfolded. *To the father*, then, is shewn whatever object is to be described by the boy—*to the father* are the whispers addressed, and before *his* eyes is any writing displayed. In fact, nothing is proposed to the boy to which the father is not made privy. However, the moment the question regarding each subject is put to the boy, it is answered by him with the utmost correctness. He describes, without a second's hesitation, the object held up behind his back. He tells what is whispered to his father's ear, though

no one else in the room knows any thing of it. That the boy opens his mouth, and that the sounds at each answer seem to come from his moving lips, we can testify."

In this world of politics and politicians, it is a very delicate thing to speak of rats; but we, treating the subject as a mere matter of natural history, may escape giving offence to any gentleman of upwards of two thousand a year pension, and under the dignity of a privy counciller. It is not our purpose here to enlarge on the physical distinctions between the rat natural and the rat political—the rat of the cellar and the rat of the cabinet—the grubber in the joists of our houses, the gnawer of the pillars of the state. We shall simply proceed in our narrative, premising that if the rats in question had been political, they would not have given so much trouble to catch; for nothing is a more decided volunteer in the art of being caught than the regular St. Stephen's breed. The engineer on the present occasion, too, was *not* a first lord of the treasury, but a Sussex farmer. He procured a sugar-hogshead, poured about five inches of water into it, and in the centre placed a brick. He then covered the top with a piece of parchment, on which he placed enticing food for the rats. Here they feasted themselves for a few days, when he made several openings in the parchment, sufficiently large for a rat to drop through. The baits being again laid, no sooner did one rat get on the parchmeut then he fell into the water. He of course swam to the brick, where he moaned most piteously.

So many men have been ruined by parchment, that we are not surprised at its proving deadly to rats; but we own that the use of the brick puzzled us at first: however, it had its use,—it acted as a rostrum, a post of public appeal to the sympathies of the race; and with pretty nearly the regular result of those displays, it brought all the answerers of the appeal into a scrape. The whole community of rats were alarmed, and their curiosity led them in great numbers to the spot. They got on the parchment head, where they had often before been, and in they dropped in quick succession. Now came the sport. There being only one brick in the hogshead, a war ensued for its possession. They fought most desperately, and the longer the battle continued the greater became the number of forces, for all the rats about the premises ran to see what was the matter, and sharing the fate of those who preceded them, dropped into the hogshead. The war lasted some hours, and was not quite silenced even by the morning.

In other words, the debate lasted long—the possession of the chair was vigorously contested, the whole assembly expressed their opinions in succession, and in the most unequivocal manner, and the division did not take place until a late hour in the morning. The Sussex farmer recommends the invention to all mankind.

The pamphleteers are all on the alert. The three grand subjects—the Cholera, the Burkings, and the Church, share the brilliancy of the modern pen; and unless we have a war, an earthquake, or two Lord Mayor's days in the year, we shall go on, trusting to the same subjects to the end of the chapter. But there is a division of labour in those things, and the wits have taken the church for their especial province. What can be more refined, yet more forcible, than the following pleasantry, in a pamphlet just issued, and entitled "The Church, the whole Church, and nothing but the Church?"

"*Curates* fag for either *Rectors* or *Vicars*, and are sometimes the journeymen of other Curates; but a Priest may be all three at once. He may even be a multiplicity in himself. For instance, he may be Rector of *Blackmoor* cum *Whitemoor*, Vicar of *Stock*, perpetual Curate of *St. Jeremy's*, officiating Curate of *St. Howl's*, Canon or Prebendary, at the same time, in the cathedral of *Singaway*, Chaplain to the Duke of Humbug (at half-a-guinea a week), and head of a college at Oxford or Cambridge, &c."

If the College do not break up, and the Bishops break down, after this, they must have more than human courage.

What can be older, what truer, or what more curious, than the saying that one half of the world knows nothing of the other half—that a man may be dragging on his humanity through half a century, without being known beyond the end of his own street, and that the materials of a bustling biography may be found in a lane, a cellar, or a ship-cabin? We give, for the benefit of illustration, a sketch of a life, which, if it fell into the hands of a Fielding, would be a pendant to Tom Jones; which Sir Walter would have made a second luminary of Alsatia; and Godwin would have metallized and crystallized into a Bethlem Gabor. A week ago,—we give it in the feeling familiarity of his panegyrist.

"Poor Bill Tucker, as he was styled, breathed his last. He was for many years waiter at the Harp, in Russell-street, Drury-lane, a house long celebrated as the resort of theatrical persons, where Mr. Sims still carries on a theatrical agency. Poor Bill, notwithstanding his cognomen, saved money enough to take the Craven's Head, in Drury-lane, formerly Oxberry's celebrated theatrical chop-house; previous to which, however, he snatched a moment to marry the sister of the landlord of the Harp, Miss Morgan, by whom he had two children."

Thus far the brief biography has gone on with the grace of perfect ease. But it now becomes more formal, and in so much loses a portion of its nature.

"William Tucker was much respected by the members of the theatrical profession; and many an affluent actor can, without cudgelling his brains, remember the hour when poor Bill welcomed him after a country tour, at the Harp, supplied him with refreshments, and, in a low whisper, respectfully inquired as to the state of his exchequer. Some died in his debt—others paid him handsomely—a few behaved ungratefully; but Bill used invariably to say, 'I know that in all professions there are difficulties in the outset; I must say actors are warm-hearted fellows; and if I meet a bad lot or two amongst them, I must set it against those who have befriended me.'"

This winding up is in better style; and we recommend the subject to the investigators in sorrows and sentiments that "lie too deep for tears."

Last year Mr. Warburton's Bill was, in some way or other, dropped; and the public feelings on a subject of equal pain, interest, and delicacy were left to be mangled as it may please the surgeons' apprentices. The plundering of the church-yards continues; and the law idly shrinks from interfering with an outrage against the public, which no individual with a human heart would suffer to be committed, in the instance of any one for whom he ever had a regard. The resurrection-men are at work; there can be no doubt that their traffic is going on at this moment as thickly

as ever. More caution, perhaps, may be exerted in keeping the facts from the public eye; still they escape from time to time, and they are always repulsive and distressing. An instance lately occurred in Dublin. The remains of a respectable old gentleman, an inhabitant of that city, were interred in St. Kevin's church-yard. A nephew, who attended the obsequies, was told by the sexton that, unless he procured persons to watch, he could not be accountable for the body three hours after sunset. The young gentleman expressed some impatience at the suggestion, and seemed to think it a device of the sexton to extort money. He is a medical student, and attends one of the anatomical schools. On entering the dissecting-room, the first object that met his astonished view was the body of his uncle stretched on one of the dissecting-tables. The body was, of course, claimed, restored, and re-interred.

We may philosophize as we will on the necessity of promoting science at this cost. But the expedient is *against nature,* and therefore *must be unwise.* We may be perfectly assured that the respect for the dead, which is an universal feeling, and has been so from the beginning of the world, was not implanted without some special reason in the human heart; and that any attempt to render that respect nugatory, or any general violation of the sacredness of the grave, would be attended with effects of no slight evil to the living.

In the first place it is obvious that contempt of the dead easily brings on a brutal disregard of the sacredness of human life; and we have had evidence, in the hideous case of Burke, how simply the robber of the dead becomes the murderer of the living. The men concerned in this traffic, limited as it may be, are proverbially savage, wild, and ready for any atrocity. But the practice is lucrative; and, unless the legislature shall interfere at once with some provision for the actual wants of science—and they are not great—and some strong restrictions against the ravages of ruffians who for hire supply the demands of every puffing anatomical lecturer, human decency and national humanity will continue to be outraged more and more. We should rejoice to see the whole matter inquired into by some intelligent member of the legislature.

If the time shall ever come when every man may roll in his own carriage, we may despise hackney coaches, but until then we must look with an anxious eye on the progress of legislation as it regards our tours through the streets. The New Hackney-coach Act has come forth, and a great performance it is.

"This act will come into operation on the 5th of January next. It provides that all coach licenses shall be granted by the Commissioners of Stamps. All hackney-coaches to have four plates, viz., on the back, each side, and inside, and contain the name and address of the proprietor. Defines a hackney-coach to be every carriage, with two or more wheels, plying for hire within five miles of the General Post-office, whatever may be its structure. To pay 5l. for a license to the 5th of January, 1833, previous to which the number to be limited to 1,200; after that date no limitation, and no charge for license; to pay a duty of 10s. a week during the continuance of each license. Hackney-coaches compelled to go five miles from the General Post-office, or from the place hired, exempt from post-horse duty within ten miles of the Post-office. Fares to be taken:—Two horses, not exceeding a mile, 1s.; 6d. for every half-mile extra. Carriages for time, 1s. for the first half-

hour, and 6d. for every quarter of an hour after. One-horse carriage, two-thirds of the above. Back fare to be paid for carriages driven into the country four miles or more; if discharged between eight in the evening, and five in the morning, at the full rate of fare, to the nearest coach-stand or limits of the metropolis; if discharged by day, at the rate of 6d. a mile to such place. The limits of the metropolis to be three miles from the General Post-office."

We have now given our readers the whole substance of this effort of legislation. We confess that all we can see in it is the finance. Why hackney-coaches should have four plates when one would serve the purpose; or, why five pounds should be paid for a license, except that every thing in this world must be taxed; or why ten shillings a week should be paid after 1833, except for the reason that taxation is always privileged to increase, and that England is going on so prosperously, trade swelling so rapidly, and every man's pocket filling so fast, that five and twenty pounds a year will then be as easily paid as five now, are questions which we must leave to the philosophers to answer. Or why the hackney-coaches will be made more a matter of public convenience by being limited to 1,200, when, on the ordinary principle in those matters, monopoly makes the monopolists impudent, the commodity bad, and the price dear, we presume not to say—but this we say, that from London to Lima there is not a more scandalous exhibition of public vehicles than those which figure before the public eye of the metropolis; and that plated and licensed as they may be, we only wish that the makers of the law were confined for an hour a day in the most accomplished of them.

The British theatre has done nothing since the last month, except bringing out two of Auber's operas, which shew that Massaniello is not likely to disappear behind the future fame of Auber. The "Love Charm," and the "Fra Diavolo," are both clever, though there is a desperate affectation of German difficulties in the composition of both, and an equally desperate dearth of melodies, which we conceive to form in all cases the excellence of opera. Auber is *all* chorus, and as all chorus is all clamour, and we can have clamour enough in the streets for nothing, Auber is chorused to empty benches. A tragedy "translated," and "from the French," of course—alas! that we should go to the French for tragedy! while nature intended them to supply us with nothing but perriwigs—was announced, rehearsed, fixed for the night, and then vanished. Charles Kemble's illness was the cause in the bills. But those bills have so little to do with bills of mortality, that we should not be surprised to hear of his rapid recovery. As certainly we wish that nothing, not even "Catherine of Cleves" herself, should keep almost our only good actor from the stage.

But in the mean time we have news across the Atlantic. Mr. Anderson, it seems, has not yet found the art of conciliating the Yankees, and the friends of national amity in New York appear to dread that the events of his reception may be put into the preliminaries of a new war. "On the night on which Mr. Anderson was to make his first appearance (as *Bertram*, in *Guy Mannering*), at the Park Theatre, New York, the house was filled by a crowded audience, who evidently went there for the express purpose of hooting him off. The moment he made his entrance he was greeted with groans, hisses, missiles, and cries of indig-

nation, which continued, without intermission, during the whole of the performance. No apology would be listened to."

This was hard enough. But mulattoes are not to be beaten with impunity, even under the tempting emblem of the national *stripes*.

"On the following day Mr. Anderson published in the newspapers a statement of the facts from which the misunderstanding about him had arisen, declaring that he was one of the last men capable of the conduct imputed to him."

However Jonathan, like others of a guilty conscience, had no forgiveness in his soul, and having deserved to undergo Mr. Anderson's science in the noble art of self-defence on sea, determined gallantly to display his retaliatory powers on his own ground. Argument and apology having been repelled, Jonathan now came into the field with munitions of a warfare which must speedily settle the question.

"On Saturday, the 15th October, he was again to appear, but an immense crowd had collected both inside and out of the theatre, armed with rotten eggs and apples, and some with black bottles, all which were evidently destined to come in violent contact with the person of the obnoxious actor. As the whole city seemed to be in commotion, Mr. Anderson was advised not to appear, and he refrained from doing so."

This was prudent enough. But the free people felt themselves only the more insulted; and not having Mr. Anderson to pound into dust with black bottles and bushels of missiles of all kinds, began a general display of republican justice against his unlucky brethren. "The mob proceeded to the house where they supposed Mr. Anderson had taken up his abode, and were about to pull it about the ears of its inmates, when it was ascertained that he did not live there. Under these circumstances, it was supposed that Mr. Anderson would give up his engagement with Mr. Price, and quit New York immediately."

This was one of the most striking exemplifications of "a clear stage and no favour;" for the stage was turned into a desert in an instant; and the Yankee actors were as handsomely pelted as the English singer was abused. On the whole, we hope that a handsome correspondence will follow between our diplomatists, and that we shall have protocols, but *no* war!

While Europe is awaiting revolution in all its kingdoms, it is singular that the other quarters of the globe are assuming an unexampled tranquillity. There is not a murmur against sword or sceptre, knout or bastinado, from the Red Sea to the Yellow. But a still more interesting contrast—to us at least—is to be found in the situation of the new British Colonies. The settlers in Canada, Nova Scotia, New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and the Cape, are all going on smoothly, safely, and swimmingly; rearing bullocks, taming buffaloes, training vines, planting potatoes, and shearing sheep. Australia is certainly prospering, and perhaps prospering the most: yet the *proprietory* of this great colony is of an order which perhaps never tried the skill of human government before. The history of both sexes of the chief population is too familiar to the Old Bailey to be worth repeating here; and yet, out of this species of stigmatized population, an useful, industrious, and intelligent race are rapidly spreading over the new continent; and the wonder is increased by the nature of the influx which is constantly swelling that population—of all the intractable sub-

jects of civilization, the most intractable—perpetual gangs of English desperadoes. A letter from Rio Janeiro gives the following sketch of a live cargo of this time. It states the *Argyll* convict-ship to have put in there in consequence of a plan having been formed by the convicts to take the ships, and murder the captain and crew. The plot was discovered by one of the conspirators. The captain and the doctor were to have been the first thrown overboard; the females were to have been separated from the males, and, when they obtained sight of land, they were also to have been thrown overboard, and they might save themselves if they could. The boatswain and carpenter were to have been lashed back to back, and thus thrown overboard. The cooks were to have been "boiled in their own coppers, and then had their hearts cut out!"

The letter seems to have been written in what a Yankee would "guess to be a pretty considerable fright;" but, excepting the varieties of getting rid of the obnoxious officers and crew, which we conceive would have been much simplified in the execution, the nature of the cargo justifies any height of description. There would be more safety in a cargo of tigers. Yet, in a dozen years, one half of these fellows will be thriving farmers; the "ladies," transported beyond seas for every offence that ladies can commit, will be decent wives, productive mothers, and industrious members of the community; the next generation will know nothing of the paternal and maternal adventurers—will flourish in the pomp and pride of such opulence as trade and farming can bring—and, before that generation has closed, we shall hear of applications for a parliament and a peerage!

Luckily it is no business of ours to keep the world of fashion in order, for we might have a troublesome task. Yet, now and then, things occur which make us think that a master of the ceremonies in matters of high life would be an officer much required. Thus it might be desirable to know what exact degree of yearly income puts scandal out of the question; or what exact rank makes it totally unnecessary to keep up appearances; for nothing can be more certain than that there is a rent-roll and a rank, in possession of which a man may do with impunity, or rather without anybody in the world being surprised at it, a crowd of the oddest affairs imaginable. For instance, what are we to think of the following pleasant example:—

"The fair relict of a distinguished naval commander, and her daughter, whose beauty and accomplishments were, it is said, the universal theme of conversation at the fashionable parties of last season, have departed for Florence, where they purpose to spend the winter. A noble marquis, the guardian of the young lady, has also set out, with his large suite, for the same destination. Prior to his lordship's departure he entertained a very large party of Tory nobility at his seat in Suffolk, where his lovely ward and her mother were also guests. During the last visit of Lady S—— to Naples, it was currently reported that a member of the Sicilian Royal Family made her daughter an offer of his hand, which she peremptorily, but delicately, declined. It has been since rumoured in the higher circles that a nobleman who is heir-*presumptive* to one of the wealthiest and most ancient dukedoms in the kingdom, 'woos her for his bride.'"

As to the offer of the Sicilian prince's hand, the matter is perfectly possible, for those fellows are men of the world, and look to the dower much more than to the donna. But the English offer—like the news of the American papers, it will be more credible when the fact has taken place.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

TOUR IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND FRANCE, IN THE YEARS 1828 AND 1829, &c., BY A GERMAN PRINCE. 2 Vols.

These volumes come forth professedly as the work of a German Prince, under the auspices of a laudatory critique by the veteran Goëthe. Puckler Muskaw, a Prussian prince, made a similar tour, it seems, about the same time, and to him is assigned the credit of the production, and a very lively and clever production it is—the work, be it whose it may, of an intelligent person, with a free and excursive mind, and a strong sense of the ludicrous; but coupled with an affectation of philosophy, and a certain fastidiousness, which is thought to be characteristic of the aristocrat, but which has very much here the air of one who assumes to be what he is not. Were it not indeed for the attestation of Goëthe—and, by the way, we have no means at hand of ascertaining the critique which prefaces the book to be his—we should, in spite of all the phrases of all sorts of languages sprinkled over the pages, be disposed to regard the work as one of home manufacture. The familiarity it betrays with English ideas and associations is quite *extraordinary* for a foreigner—there is, especially, a sort of uniformity and consistency about the whole, rarely, or rather never, to be gathered by a foreigner, whom long residence has not naturalized, and such, in short, as could hardly come from any one but an Englishman with a strong party bias. The allusions to public affairs, and the sentiments relative to political individuals, are those invariably of the liberal papers—especially every thing relative to Ireland, the best portion of the Tour; and as to the high-bred, fashionable scandal—the familiar acquaintance and intercourse with lords and ladies, why, the "Court Journal" takes the very same tone. But the easy and frequent allusion to English literature is occasionally startling—Pope, Byron, &c. are at his fingers' ends.

Visiting Trinity College, Dublin, he speaks of the portraits of Swift and Burke in terms which bespeak anything but the foreigner. "Both physiognomies express the known qualities of the men. The one has an expression as acute and sarcastic as it is native and original; the other, full of intellect and power, somewhat blunt, but yet benevolent and honest, announces the thundering orator, who contended sincerely, and without reserve, for his opinion, but never glossed over his own interest with affected enthusiasm for others." The portraits tell no such thing, but the sentiments are discriminative, and shew the writer to be familiar with the works of both, or at least with the sentiments now generally entertained of them, but the spirit of which it is not so easy for a foreigner to seize.

Is this explanation of the word "gentleman"—acute and true as it is—likely to have proceeded from a man, whose acquaintance with English society extended to a few months, and almost exclusively to the higher circles?—

"'A gentleman' is neither a man of noble birth, nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*—neither a nobleman nor a noble man); but, in strictness, a man of independent means, and perfect knowledge of the usages of good society. He who serves or works for the public in any way (the higher functionaries of the state, and here and there a poet or artist of the first category only excepted), is no 'gentleman,' or at best only a half a one. I was greatly astonished at hearing a certain well-known personage, with whom all lovers of horses, native and foreign, are well acquainted; who is rich, who is on a footing of intimacy with many Dukes and Lords, and enjoys great consideration, but who presides at a weekly auction of horses (thereby doing useful service to the public)—say of himself, 'I can't imagine how the Duke of B—— could commission me to carry a challenge to Count M——; he ought to have employed a gentleman—those things are not in my way.'

"A really poor man, who is not in a situation to contract debts, can on no terms be a 'gentleman.' On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a

good education, so long as he preserves his 'character' (reputation) dexterously, passes for a 'perfect gentleman.' In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer 'nuances.' A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and 'nonchalant' manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was 'no gentleman:' but should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast, which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight—he may be a prince and a 'millionnaire,' but he is 'no gentleman.'"

Or this?—"The manners here are so old-fashioned, that the master of the house every day drinks to my health; and we have no napkins at table, for which pocket handkerchiefs, or the corners of the table-cloth, are obliged to serve as deputies."

Or this—when some scare-crow of an Irish lad shewed the Prince the way to some sight?—"To see this figure scramble over the rocks like a squirrel, singing all the while bits of 'Tommy' Moore and Walter Scott, was certainly characteristic. As he led me to the cave, at a point where the passage was rather slippery, he cried, 'Oh, you can come on very well; I brought Sir Walter Scott here, and he climbed over the worst places, though he had a lame foot.' He could talk of nothing else; and recited rapidly four lines which Scott or Moore, I forget which, had composed in the cavern," &c. This is little like a *foreigner's* mistake, but very like one of the "Row."

Does this, again, speak the foreigner?—"The common people in England care little about rank—about foreign rank nothing. It is only the middle classes that are servile; they are delighted to talk to a foreign nobleman, because they cannot get at their own haughty aristocracy. The English nobleman, even the least of the lords, in the bottom of his heart, thinks himself a greater man than the King of France." This is true to the letter—but scarcely discoverable by the passing foreigner.

"One of the oddest customs (at church) is, that every body during the short prayer at coming and going turns himself to the wall, or into a corner, as if he were doing something not fit to be seen."—Very like an English jibe.

Poor Lady Morgan, with all her good nature, gets shewn up—every whipster thinks her fair game. She was projecting a tour through Germany, and "Sir Charles," the Prince says, "begged him (the Prince) to get his philosophical work translated, that he might not figure in Germany only as his wife's aide-de-camp, but fly on his own wings." While in Ireland, he visited O'Connell, at Derrinane Abbey, and gives an animated sketch of the then grand Agitator—tells extraordinary tales of the Earl of K. and sundry others, many of them gathered from Barrington's Memoirs.

After describing at some length the misery, &c. of Ireland, he concludes thus:—

"Such is Ireland! Neglected or oppressed by the government, debased by the stupid intolerance of the English priesthood, and marked by poverty and the poison of whisky, for the abode of naked beggars!—I have already mentioned that even among the educated classes of this province, the ignorance appears, with our notions of education, perfectly unequalled: I will only give you one or two examples. To-day something was said about magnetism, and no one present had ever heard the slightest mention of it. Nay, in B——m, in a company of twenty persons, nobody knew that such places as Carlsbad and Prague existed. The information that they were situated in Bohemia did not mend the matter:—Bohemia was not less unknown; and, in short, everything out of Great Britain and Paris was a country in the moon. 'And where do you come from?' asked one.—'From Brobdignag,' said I in jest.—'O! is that on the sea? Have they whisky there?" asked another. The son of my host, whom I have repeatedly mentioned, asked me one day very seriously as we met some asses, whether there were any such animals in my country?—'Ah! but too many,' replied I."

Come from what quarter it may—and possibly it may still be genuine—the book is one of the most lively and amusing we have seen for some time.

Constable's Miscellany, Vol. LXXIII.

This is one of the most interesting and valuable books of the whole series. It forms the first of two volumes of a History of the Civil Wars of Ireland, by W. C. Taylor, Esq., A.B.; a work that has been long wanted, and which, if the concluding pages equal the opening of the history, will prove an addition to our literature of no every-day nature. Mr. Taylor sets about his undertaking with a proper spirit, and lays bare his facts to an extent of elucidation, which, considering the slight and hasty glance at the obscurities and intricacies of the subject to which his space confined him, we should have conceived to have been impracticable. His work, in its commencement, manifests considerable industry and research, and (what is of at least equal importance) a very small portion of prejudice. Entire impartiality is a thing hardly to be looked for in a history of the nature and causes of such matters as the civil wars of Ireland; yet it would be difficult to shew to which side Mr. Taylor's leaning inclines, and still more so to prove that he has anywhere miscoloured or misconceived a crime or a character that he has had to deal with. "The History of Ireland," he remarks in his preface, "from the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion, presents a series of anomalies not to be paralleled in the annals of any European country"—a fact not likely to be contradicted, and one that proves the difficulty of the subjects Mr. Taylor has here so advantageously treated. We must observe that he has confined himself to the relation of facts; he is no believer of Irish fables, and puts as much faith in the authenticity of the early history of his country, as in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. He shelters himself under the sanction of Niebuhr. "It would be an insult to the understanding of an Englishman," he observes, "if a writer should now seriously refute the tale of Brute the Trojan." His facts commence with the English invasion of Ireland, under the renowned Strongbow; and breaks off at the Revolution: leaving a wide and interesting field for his labours in the second volume. We cannot enter into detail at sufficient length to give the reader a more than general idea of the ground Mr. Taylor has trodden, of the views he has advanced or confirmed, and of the facts and information he has elicited—facts drawn, not from the conflicting assertions of histories, but from original and accredited documents. We can only express our hope that the other volume of the history will complete well, what is so well begun.

Bishop Hall's Contemplations, forming the 18th Volume of the Divines of the Church of England, Edited by T. S. Hughes, B.D.

Hall is one among the most memorable of the old divines, and classes with Taylor and Barrow for fertility and fancy, and often for vivacity and force, with touches of pathos quite irresistible, even in the midst of what as irresistibly excites a smile. His "Contemplations" are, however, often too *naïve* and simple for the taste of the present day—such as those on Dinah and the Shechemites, and Judah and Tamar are little calculated now-a-days to excite the kind of feelings the good man intended. The tyranny of association is not to be controlled. Nor can rhetoric of *this* sort be any longer relished—"Manna had no fault, but that it was too good and too frequent; the pulse of Egypt had been fitter for these coarse mouths. This heavenly bread was unspeakably delicious; it tasted like wafers of honey, and yet even this angel's food is contemned! He that is full, despiseth a honey-comb. How sweet and delicate is the gospel! Not only the fathers of the Old Testament, but the angels desired to look into the glorious mysteries of it; and yet we are cloyed. This supernatural food is too light; the bread-corn of our human reason and profound discourse would better content us." In the bishop's heated imagination, fancies go for facts, and declamation rings like devotion; but the modern reader will think of little but the *strange taste* of our forefathers.

Hall was born in 1674, the son of a land agent of Lord Huntingdon, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. His mother was of a puritan family, and early infused into her son feelings and fancies from which he never wholly escaped. It was

with difficulty he got through the expense of an academical education at Emanuel, then recently founded by Sir William Mildmay, himself a puritan, as were, of course, all the members during his life. The college has long got rid of the reproach. Hall was a fellow of Emanuel, but in a few years obtained, from private patronage, the living of Halsted, in Suffolk. Accident threw him in the way of young Prince Henry, before whom he preached at Richmond; and this, apparently, after the prince's death, secured him the favour of James. James employed him on some foreign mission in company with Lord Dorchester, made him Dean of Worcester, and dispatched him as his especial agent to the far-famed Synod of Dort. By Charles he was, early in his reign, made Bishop of Exeter, where he seems to have played bishop with all the dignity and authority of a pope. He was removed to Norwich only a few months before Archbishop Williams's protest, which Hall signed, and which led immediately to the expulsion of the bishops from the lords. He shared the general fate of the episcopacy, and died, if not in absolute poverty, in very straitened circumstances, in the year 1656.

Poland under the Dominion of Russia, by Harro Harrung.

We know nothing of Harro Harrung, but what he tells us himself; but he gives his name like a man, and so far guarantees the truth of his story. He is, it seems, a Frieslander, and not unknown in the annals of German literature, as the author of "The Student of Salamanca," of "The Mainottes," "The Psariot," &c. The present work, he says, is his twenty-third performance. He speaks of himself as compelled from some indiscretion, committed to serve a friend, to quit his native land; and with the wide world before him, he resolved to join the Polish troops, which, he was informed, were marching into Turkey. The information proved incorrect—the Poles were not employed in the Russian war, and he found on his arrival at Warsaw, that nothing but the Russian service was open to him. He was permitted neither to enter the Polish service, nor to stay as a private individual, nor to take his leave of Warsaw. The Grand Duke Constantine would have no foreigners in any service but his own. Harro Harrung accordingly *volunteered* as a cadet in the Russian Lancers —fell ill after a few months, and finally obtained his discharge at the coronation of Nicholas as King of Poland. In the interval—the two years immediately preceding the recent luckless revolution—he had ample opportunities of witnessing the conduct of Constantine; and to convey some notion of the royal Calmuc is his avowed purpose. The style and tone of the writer is not such as to command a full reliance on the soundness of his judgment; but there seems to be no reason for questioning the accuracy of the facts which he describes as falling within his own knowledge, and for the most part he confines himself to details of that class.

Nothing can exceed the brutality of Constantine; and the marvel is, that any body of human beings, soldiers or citizens, could tolerate the rule of such a wretch for a week. Every thing at Warsaw was placed on a military footing, and the discipline enforced of the severest, savagest kind. Constantine had his own eye upon every thing, and, like the Stoic of old, visited all offences, great and small, with the same severity. Officers—except in the mere matter of flogging—met with as little mercy or indulgence as the private; and the citizen had no manner of security. His caprice was law—his humour, and he was for ever in *ill*-humour, could be soothed by nothing but punishment, which he delighted in inflicting. An absolute and unreasoning obedience to orders and regulations was the *sine qua non.* He required neither intelligence nor skill—simple compliance was the sole virtue prized by him. A Prussian officer wished to enter the Polish service, and by way of recommendation, he was described as an able writer on military tactics. "What," exclaimed Constantine, "is he a writer—an author? Then I will have nothing to do with him. I want men like my Standtmann" — his Hussar-general was present, and made a low bow in return for the *flattering* compliment. A general once ventured to solicit the pardon of a "brave officer," who had been guilty of some offence against regu-

lation. "What," exclaimed Constantine, on the public parade, "he is a brave man say you? I want no bravery. All I want is obedience; and I order *you* under arrest."

The horse of an officer of the guards was restive on parade. Constantine commanded a halt, erected a pyramid of a dozen muskets with fixed bayonets, and forced him to leap over. The leap was successfully taken; and disappointed in his barbarous purpose, apparently, of staking both man and horse, he ordered him to repeat the leap, till in the fourth effort, though he cleared the bayonets, the horse fell and broke both his fore legs. The officer, escaping unhurt, threw up his commission, was arrested, and *disappeared.*—A country noble, with his wife, driving through Warsaw, passed Constantine without the usual observances. The coachman did not know his person. The noble and his wife were ordered to alight—they were placed under arrest—the coachman had 500 lashes, and he, and his master and *mistress* also, were alike condemned to drive wheel-barrows at Lazienka, where some public buildings were going on.—A deserter took refuge in the establishment of an extensive brewer at Warsaw. The man was discovered; and the brewer, a man of respectability, and of considerable property, was sentenced to drive a wheel-barrow round and round the square for hours during parade time.—A soldier had entered a public-house —Constantine saw the man, and forthwith declared the landlord's licence forfeited. Not content with this, he made his servants go into the house, and bring out all the bottles, glasses, &c. he could find. The general in attendance assisted. The whole was piled up before the door, and the Grand Duke smashed them with his sword till he was tired, when he commanded the coachman to drive over the rest. The horses swerved; but the Duke was not to be defeated —he resumed his own efforts, and, finally, with the aid of the general, not an article was left unbroken.

Dr. Dibdin's Sunday Library. Vol. VI.

Dr. Dibdin has completed his half dozen volumes—thus furnishing specimens of the best Church of England theology to be met with in the writers of the present day, and within the last half century or thereabouts. We find them an acceptable collection, principally, in our view, because we have no doubt they are the best Dr. Dibdin could select, and because it is desirable to have brought together, in every department of scribbling, specimens of the works of those who have appealed to the admiration of their fellows. The specimens thus collected are abundantly sufficient for the purpose; and the multitudinous volumes from which they have been fished may quietly repose on their shelves;—nobody can surely after this desire to disturb them in their "drear abodes." In this final volume figures Dr. Maltby, who of course will—he is no fool—regard the distinction as one of the honours and consequences which follow on his elevation to the episcopacy. One of his sermons is headed the "Divinity of Christ;" and to this we naturally turned as to a test, because we knew there had long been insinuations afloat relative to Maltby's orthodoxy. The real question, we observe, is singularly glossed over. The new bishop professes, in the outset of his discourse, to shew that Jesus was the "Christ"—that is, as he himself adds, the Son of God, sent into the world, &c. But all terminates in establishing his "divine authority"—which is a very different thing—by an appeal to his miracles. The question, however, was not—did he perform miracles? but, was he *himself* divine? Dr. Maltby's arguments only place Christ on precisely the same level with Moses, Elijah, Peter, Paul, and others. For this argument, founded exclusively on miracles, to be of *any* force for his professed purpose, he should have disproved the validity of *all* miracles of *all* others; and not, besides, take for granted (what is the whole matter at issue) that the Deity could not commission less than a deity to be the agent of a miracle. The sermon, again, on Grace goes only to shew that grace is no grace in the received sense of the term—that nothing *extraordinary* has anything to do with it.

Sydney Smith has been lifted up lately within view of a bishopric, and he,

in consequence, though noticed before with a tact little short of prescience, has now more honours thrust upon him. By the way, so much do the ministry want the tongues as well as the votes of the bishops, that we marvel that Smith, who has a tongue, was not preferred to Maltby, who has none!

The Adventures of a Younger Son. 3 Vols.

For vigorous description of an active career we have seldom seen this surpassed. The conceptions are everywhere vivid, and conveyed to the reader in the most direct and forcible terms—with the profoundest contempt for all common hum-drum sentiments, and occasionally of almost all propriety. Every thing is as strongly defined as if the writer told nothing but what he had seen and felt; but the scenes are too much out of the common course of things to have fallen to the lot of one individual. The chief *locale* of the piece is the Indian seas, and, it may well be supposed, he has some acquaintance with the scene. We know nothing of the writer—he will soon be *deterré*. The Younger Son, born with a sound organization, and a bold and resolute spirit, is rendered dogged and wilful by harsh treatment, and dispatched, at ten years old, to sea, as a place well adapted, as most landsmen think, to keep the unruly in order. At sea he meets with the most galling tyranny from his superiors—too like what he had been subjected to at home, to soothe or soften; and he is only the more, day by day, hardened in his inflexibility, and strengthened in his resolves to work his own will. While but a boy, he has sundry violent encounters with his foes, and shews, at every turn, a desperation and a recklessness in pursuing his revenge, that place him quickly at the head of all malcontents—he is at once the defender of the weak, and the annoyer of the strong—as prompt to revenge others' wrongs as to vindicate his own rights. After a seven years' struggle, he resolves to quit a service, in which he finds his will at every turn thwarted. At Bombay he luckily meets with a person, in the guise of a merchant, whose sentiments fascinate him, and whose notice he feels to be a distinction. The attraction is mutual—he is encouraged to quit the ship—he accordingly deserts her, and takes, at the same time, ample vengeance on one of his chief tormentors. His new friend screens him from detection, and secures his gratitude. The merchant, a pirate, in fact, was himself charmed with the resolute character of the youth, took him into his confidence, and gave him, already a man in experience, though but a boy in years, the command of a vessel. The roamings and maraudings of this pirate vessel constitute the bulk of the narrative. The scene of action is wholly in the Indian seas. The Mauritius is the pirate's home—the occasional scene of indulgence and repose for himself and his friends—but the field of action ranges from Madagascar to the sea of China. Wrecks, fires, battles, storms, perils—sharks by sea and tigers by land—abound; while something of a softer interest is thrown in, by the hero's marriage with the daughter of an Arab chief—a lovely, a gentle, and devoted being, with a spirit, nevertheless, that fits her for a pirate's bride. Her death, after a time, unsettles the hero, and he is ready to abandon his profession, when his chief has occasion to visit Europe, and he accompanies him to Havre-de-Grace. There they separate, to meet again in six months—a meeting, however, which never occurs. The hero goes to England, and the narrative suspends; but a hint is given that it will be resumed in other scenes. Forsaking the trade of piracy, he rushed into *revolutionary* tumults, unable to breathe in the stifling regions of subordination, or to move, gored and cramped, in the narrow tracks of sleepy socialities.

New Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

The new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica circulates, we hope, as successfully as its abundant merits, and the Editor's indefatigable exertions, richly deserve. The articles are, very many of them, re-written, and some of them executed with great ability. In glancing upon the later portions, we dropt upon *Architecture*—it is a very able performance, the production of Mr. William Hosking, an architect of London, and shews an independence and soundness of

judgment, that justly claim for it a far more general notice than it will meet with in an Encyclopædia, which, though comparatively cheap, is yet too costly to get into the hands of all who are able to estimate its value. The historical portion is very happily executed; and the successive steps in the progress of the science through India, Egypt, Greece, and Italy, are sketched with spirit, and founded on good specific facts. Nothing pleased us better in the whole article (which is of considerable length) than the estimate which Mr. Hosking has formed of Vitruvius. The man was evidently a coxcomb, and prated of what he knew little or nothing. The nonsense about the *Orders* is very successfully exposed, with all the fictions relative to the origin of the Doric, Ionic, &c. His descriptions do not even correspond with the buildings from which he professed to establish his rules and principles. The glance Mr. Hosking takes of Pompeii—the only source of information relative to the *domestic* architecture of the olden times, except the ruins which are occasionally dug into in other places—is a very intelligent one, and well calculated to lower our notions of the magnificence of the Romans, or at least of their accommodations and luxuries. Our "Gothic" architecture Mr. Hosking styles "pointed" architecture, and derives it wholly from the Saracens. The change of style is traceable in every country of Europe to the *same* period; and can therefore only be assigned to some common source, which had struck the natives of different countries, and prompted them alike to imitate. It is due to the Crusades. The illustrative plates are beautiful.

The Seventeenth Century a Beacon to the Nineteenth.

Originally this little book was published in 1747, and dedicated to Bishop Hoadley, of Winchester. It was written by G. Coade, of Exeter, in reply to a laudatory sermon preached on what the Calendar, from ecclesiastical influence, styled, and still styles, King Charles's *Martyrdom*. It consists of a plain narrative of facts—of all the royal falsehoods, subterfuges, and tyrannical measures, in support of his own despotism—unaccompanied by any of the qualifying circumstances, which ancient fraud and modern ingenuity have supplied—and with the view of proving to the preacher how ill his magnificent eulogium was deserved. The present editor reprinted it about ten years ago, under the title of "Charles the First Pourtrayed;" and it is now again republished by the same undaunted individual, with another new heading, for the purpose of reading a lesson to the opponents of Reform, and especially to the bishops. "Happy will it be," says he, "if the fate of a Strafford or a Laud—the expulsion of bishops from the senate, and the overthrow of the political power of the House of Lords, two centuries since—prove a sufficient warning to deter the present titled withholders of a nation's demand from goading that nation to similar steps and to a similar career!" The writer does not see that if the reformers *were* the nation, they would have no difficulty whatever. The fact is, that parties just now are very nearly balanced; and one has as much, or as little, right to call itself the nation as the other.

Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XXIV.—Manufactures in Metal.

These volumes, published under Dr. Lardner's auspices, relative to the manufactures of the country, are full of interest, and among the most acceptable of the set. Nine out of ten, even among the most intelligent portion of the people, are utter strangers to the processes by which are produced the instruments which facilitate half the daily actions of their lives. The present volume embraces the manufactures of iron and steel only, and describes the present state of the more important branches of both. Bridges, cannons, anchors, chains, screws, figure in the first department—files, edge-tools, and saws, in the latter; and the history of all, forms not the least interesting portion.

Paine (Tom Paine, as he must still be called, or nobody will recognize him) has hitherto had the credit of being the first who suggested the practicability of constructing iron bridges—certainly, in 1787, he presented to the Academy of

Sciences at Paris, the model of such a bridge; and the year after superintended the construction of one, chiefly of wrought iron, at Rotherham. But a prior claim is put forth in favour of a Mr. Pritchard, of Shropshire, by which it appears he anticipated Paine by ten or twelve years. It is said to have been in accordance with his plans, that Colebrook Dale Bridge was built. The chain, or suspension bridges—of which the Hammersmith one is detailed with great accuracy—are followed by descriptions of plans for suspension rail-ways, by which it is proposed that the bodies of carriages shall go *under* their wheels, and thus be secured against over-turns.

But amidst all the wonders of art, the sacrifice at which they are obtained must not be overlooked. The effects of mines and furnaces every body hears of, and readily imagines; but others are more insidious, and scarcely known at all. In the manufacture of steel there is of necessity a great deal of dry-grinding, and the consequence is, that the workmen live in an atmosphere of dust, consisting of stone and steel particles. The effect of this is quickly felt in the lungs, and so destructive is the "grinders' asthma," that in a body of men consisting of some thousands, in Sheffield alone, very few reach the age of forty-five; and among fork and needle grinders, it is rare to meet with one of thirty-six. It was bad enough when the grinders worked in large and lofty rooms, with only six or eight stones, and, in the summer season, for only four or five hours, for want of water; but in the progress of *improvement* came the steam-engine, smaller rooms, more crowded stories, a denser atmosphere, and *no* suspension of labour. To meet the evil thus aggravated to the labourer, masks of magnets were ingeniously contrived to intercept the steel particles; and *gauze* covers for the mouth, to stop the entrance of the coarser stone particles. But such is the extreme tenuity of both steel and stone, that these remedies prove but partially effective; and besides, from the inconvenience to the wearer, they are reluctantly, and of course but little used. The mischief, though sure and obvious, is not immediate; and young men are too heedless and reckless to provide against distant dangers. Were the consequences felt at once, doubtless they would either be more guarded against, or the risk not incurred at all. The fire-guilders, who use mercury, are quickly compelled to take due precautions, or intolerable sore mouths are the speedy consequence. But deplorable as is this loss of life, competition will not be checked by the destruction of its agents. Can labour be saved—can the process be shortened? Yes, but at the cost of health and life. No matter, the article will sell cheaper, and secure a market. This satisfies all scruples.

Familiar Law Adviser. I. II. III. IV.

These are very useful compendiums—every body occasionally requires something of the kind. On the whole, they correspond very well with the professions of the compiler—that is, they communicate essential and authentic information, in language divested of the technicalities in which lawyers have locked up the laws, to keep themselves exclusively the keys. Nothing can be more difficult than for a man, who has been long drilled and worn to the jargon, to escape from it; and even the compiler with all his efforts, and efforts bent directly to the especial purpose, has not completely freed himself from the fetters. Speaking of Tenancy by the Year, he has insensibly pursued the old jargon—"All demises, where no certain term," &c. What does a *demise* convey to the mind of a man, accustomed only to common parlance? Yet it is for such, professedly, books thus said to be stript of technicalities are destined. Generally, however, the compiler is intelligible, and his books, in proportion, useful. The four portions before us apply—the first, to Landlords and Tenants—the second, to Masters and Servants—the third, to Bills of Exchange—and the fourth, to Friendly Societies and Savings Banks. Pains have been taken to ascertain the latest decisions of the courts.

The Law of Husband and Wife, by a Solicitor.

The volume contains, in a summary form, the whole law relative to Husband and Wife, as well with regard to persons as property. To this subject, itself embracing numerous points of importance and interest, is added a similar survey of the law respecting Breach of Promise of Marriage, Seduction and Abduction. The particulars are given of numerous recent cases in illustration; and among them are detailed those of Mrs. Honeysett, Lord Hawke, Lady Ellenborough, Miss Foote, Miss Turner, &c. The whole is exceedingly well got up, and forms an admirable book of reference for the subject—amply sufficient for laymen, if not for lawyers, though the latter will find all they can require in the *common* course of practice.

Valpy's Classical Library. Vol. XXIII.

Mr. Valpy follows up his purpose with the punctuality of the Calendar. The twenty-third volume of the Classical Library commences the Langhornes' Translation of Plutarch's Lives. The book is, we presume, familiar to most persons, for it has been repeatedly reprinted, and may be found in most private libraries of any extent. It could not well, however, be omitted in such a collection. It is, we believe, respectably executed; for, as to Plutarch's meaning, no translator, with any decent qualification for the task, could well mistake it; and the Langhornes were both men of considerable acquirement.

A General and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerages of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Extinct, Dormant, and in Abeyance, by John Burke, Esq. Vol. I.—Containing England.

Mr. Burke is the author of the best Peerage and Baronetage of the day, now in the hand of every one who desires (and who, from one motive or other, does not?) to know something of those who govern not only the tastes, habits, and sentiments of society, but exercise an hereditary authority which *annihilates* that of all other classes in the state. The present volume contains the extinct peerages of England, together with such as are dormant and in abeyance—an immense list, embracing all the historical names of the country from the Conquest. In any natural order, the extinct should have preceded the existing peerages, especially as the latter, for the most part, are descended from the former, or in some degree allied. But these matters depend more upon the trader than the writer, and to him it was obvious enough, that the extinct could only be towed on by the existing peerage—and needs must, when the publisher drives. The work must have been one of immense toil, and is executed, apparently, with great fidelity. It becomes an indispensable companion for English history. We observe the Devereuxs, Earls of Essex, are omitted—but omissions are inevitable—they can only be supplied by degrees.

The Family Topographer, by Samuel Tymms. Vol. I.

This first portion of a compendious account of the history and antiquities of the English counties, embraces the five which constitute the judicial division, called the Home Circuit. The plan includes descriptions of the situation and extent—the ancient state and remains—the present state and appearance—eminent natives—with a miscellaneous class of odds and ends. The whole is exceedingly brief, as may be readily supposed, from the five counties not occupying more than 220 small pages. In the miscellaneous department are gathered together some curious, but also many insignificant, occurrences. In the county of Essex, the compiler registers thus—At Birdbroke was buried, 1681, Martha Blewitt, who was the wife of nine husbands successively. The text of her funeral sermon was—"last of all, the woman died also"—though the ninth survived her.

At Blackmore is a spot called Jericho, once a retreat of Henry VIII., whence arose the cant phrase of—gone to Jericho.

Among the tolls of Bow-Bridge is the charge of eightpence for any cart carrying a *dead Jew.*

At Dedham and Finchingfield lived, or died, Matthew Newcomen and Stephen Marshall, two of the persons whose initials help to make up the formidable term of Smectymnuns.

Great Tey was subject to the Marcheta Mulieris—but Mr. Samuel Tymms opines the phrase might mean no more than an innocent fine payable to the lord on the marriage of his vassals.

At Chingford and at Combes, in Rochford, are noticed some of those very ridiculous tenures on which copyholds are still held; in commemoration, it must be supposed, of the "wisdom of our ancestors."

At Great Bradfield was buried the *celebrated* Wm. Bendlowes, sole serjeant-at-law for 73 days in the reign of Elizabeth. Verily, little serves for distinction sometimes!

The London Manual of Medical Chemistry, &c., by Wm. Maugham, Surgeon, &c.

Mr. Maugham's translation of the London Pharmacopœia has been for some years in the hands of medical students. In the hope of contributing to its further utility, Mr. Maugham has now printed the translation interlinearly, in the Hamiltonian fashion, and considerably extended the notes, which, though excellent in themselves, have been generally complained of—not a common complaint—as being much too concise. Additions have also been made to the botanical, chemical, and medical history of the various articles of the Materia Medica; and in the new introduction will be found a complete epitome of that portion of chemistry immediately applicable to the purposes of medical men. Mr. Maugham also, like a bold man, has ventured to incorporate several new medicines which have of late years been introduced into practice, but which the London College have not of course yet comprised in their lists. All corporate institutions are sure to keep in the rear. The whole volume, in short, besides being very considerably enlarged, is very considerably improved, and cannot fail of proving generally acceptable. When, by the way, do the College propose to get rid of their Latin, and put forth their Pharmacopœia in a language intelligible to *all* who have occasion to consult it? Has any physician had common sense or spirit enough to set the example of *prescribing* in the vulgar tongue?

Fables, and other Pieces, in Verse, by Mary Maria Colling, with some Account of the Author by Mrs. Bray.

Mrs. Bray—a lady too well known herself as the author of numerous clever romances, to be further described—has been in correspondence with Mr. Southey relative to a poet of her own—Mary Maria Colling, a Devonshire serving-maid—who makes a capital pendant to Mr. Southey's recent "*uneducated poet.*" Mary is now twenty-six, and has been "in service" ever since she was fourteen. From her childhood she was remarked as shy and gentle—fond of reading, and indisposed to gadding about. But verses she seems to have made none till about six years ago, when Mr. Bray himself, by repeating in the pulpit Addison's Hymn—The Spacious Firmament, &c. prompted the excited girl to attempt a similar Hymn on Creation. While busying herself in the flower-garden, the whole care of which was consigned to her, she used *to fancy the flowers talked to her* (Mrs. Bray must mean—*to one another*). Thus a peony growing near her laurel tree, she fancied the one reproaching the other for not being so fine as itself, and so composed her little fable of the "Peony and the Laurel." "These kind of thoughts used to come in her head in a moment," she said, "and then she turned them into verses and fables"—and all this before she ever heard of fable, except two or three in prose in some child's "sixpenny" book. These little fables constitute the matériel of the volume which Mrs. Bray has got up for her; though there are one or two other pieces indicative of some passion and vivacity. The "Birth of Envy," which we quote,

was prompted by the petty malice to which the poor girl found herself occasionally exposed from those of her own class. The image was suggested by a picture of Envy, which she remembered to have seen in her childhood. Mrs. Bray was very anxious to have the opinion of the "King's poet," as Mary terms Mr. Southey, on this impersonation. Subsequent inquiry discovered to Mrs. Bray quite a little romance in Mary's story—in the third or fourth generation. Her maternal grandmother *may*, it seems, have been a gentlewoman—and thus is traceable the finer blood which makes Mary's eloquent. The whole story, in all its details, is told by Mrs. Bray to Mr. Southey, and they are evidently congratulating each other on a grand discovery. But the time is gone by for marvels of this kind to make a lasting impression. Mary Colling is an interesting, and pure-minded girl, and we must not forget to add also, that she is a handsome one. We hope her peace may not be broken by the consequences of injudicious praise, and that her patronesses will be satisfied with leaving her in her present position.

"THE BIRTH OF ENVY.

"'Twas midnight—and the whirlwind's yell
Had started horror from her cell;
The beasts, appall'd, 'mid nature moan'd,
The ocean raved, the forest groan'd.

"The heavens put on their blackest frown;
Each star a direful ray shot down;
When Etna, with a thundering yell,
Foamed out on Earth the hag of hell.

"As through the world she swiftly glided,
The winds her snaky locks divided;
Ten thousand hisses rent the air;
Her eagle talons wrought despair.

"Fair flowers were blasted by her breath,
And she was armed with more than death;
For youth and age, and virtue's self,
Fall victims to the green-eyed elf.

"In sulph'rous glooms she rode along;
Flames play'd around her forky tongue;
Her cankered breast hove with despair—
Hell's blackest curse held empire there.

"Envy the scourge of earth did prove,
For Hate usurped the place of Love;
Dissensions rose, and dead was fame,
And Friendship dwindled to a name."

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON PROLAPSUS OF THE RECTUM, BY FRED. SALMON, F.R.C.S. &c.

Mr. Salmon is known as a surgeon of considerable experience in the treatment of organic disease. His publications are remarkable for their popular character—as thoroughly calculated to convey to the unlearned a clear conception of diseases, in their origin and symptoms. And these are the important points for the patient—he must, finally, go to the surgeon; but it is of the first importance for him to know when, and for what he should apply for assistance. Too generally these things are not understood; and the consequence is, that the time, when relief might be had with comparatively little hazard, is suffered to pass by. The prolapsus of the rectum has hitherto been styled erroneously, which alone shews how superficially this matter has been studied. Mr. Salmon's aim is to abolish the practice of applying ligatures in the case of prolapsus—a practice which he pronounces to be both hazardous and ineffectual. Excision is his remedy.

The Cabal, a Tale in the Reign of William the Fourth, 2 Vols.

A political novel of the day—concocted with the especial purpose of shewing up the "conservative" portion of the English oligarchy. It is rather a hasty sketch, and confined chiefly to the manœuvres of a ducal family, for securing a county to one of its own members—mixed up with a few domestic scenes and schemes to please the ladies. The prominent personage is a younger son of a Tory duke, whose borough influence has long commanded all sorts of good things for his family and dependants. Lord William had had an Indian government, from which he had been recalled in obedience to popular clamour, and was waiting in sure and certain hope of a speedy indemnification. Some provision was imperatively demanded: he had exhausted his resources in gaming and fashionable follies, and was actually living on the receipts of a popular actress, whom he had privately married in Scotland. The Whigs come into office with professions of retrenchment and reform. Lord William solicits in vain. Though famous for forgetting their friends, and wasting their resources to conciliate opponents, he can get nothing from them. He throws himself in despair into the arms of the "conservative" party, and, under their auspices and those of his father's, takes the field as candidate for his native county. The manœuvres of the canvassing parties occupy a large space—in which the ladies are exceedingly busy; and one Machiavelian sister plays a conspicuous part. By her promptings, Lord William at the outset neutralizes an influential lawyer, by flirting with his daughter (a lady of immense expectations), and finally secures him, and with him the election, by an offer of marriage. He is at the head of the dissenters, who blindly suffer themselves to be befooled by an old rogue, who looks to nothing but his present interests. The lawyer is, of course, finally baffled, as well as Lord William, who, in spite of the basest scheming with respect to his wife, is unable to shake her off: the knot had been too firmly tied, though by a clumsy Scotch operator.

At a moment of excitement like the present, the tale will take; and more will be made of it than the writer ever imagined; though, doubtless, he has all along had particular individuals in view—thereby disguising his thoughts, by throwing upon one the facts which, in reality, are connected with another. There is some cleverness, both in the characters and details, though few scenes are worked up with much effect. The writer encumbers himself with too many characters—thus producing confusion, while he was in chase of variety.

FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The Geographical Annual.—The ornamental has borne sway long enough among the tribe of annuals; the useful now puts in its claim to be considered. The Geographical may, in point of appearance, take its place beside the handsomest of its fellows; as the preface remarks, "on account of its enduring interest, it may justly lay claim to the title of a perennial rather than an annual;" and for this reason the binding has been made appropriately durable. The work consists of the complete series of plates which we have so repeatedly praised under the designation of The Family Cabinet Atlas. We need not, therefore, say another word in commendation.

The English School.—Outlines, executed with the usual delicacy and precision from Fuseli's Ugolino, Barry's Elysium, Northcote's Bolingbroke, &c. &c. complete the second volume of this unique and interesting series.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Parts 18 and 19.—The artists have here been fortunate in their selection of subjects. Craigevar Castle, Cattermole; Goldingham, Prout; Frith of Forth, Stanfield; Liverpool, 1664, Austin; and St. Cuthbert's, Roberts; may be classed with the happiest subjects of the series. This work alone would establish Mr. E. Finden's reputation—it will be completed in another number.

Views in the East. Part 12.—More specimens of Indian splendour. The

part contains, Front View of the Bismah Kurm, Cattermole and Taylor; Interior of the Bismah Kurm, Cattermole and Winkles; and Skeleton Group in the Rameswur, Cattermole and Kelsall. They are exceedingly curious, and beautifully executed.

Richmond and its Surrounding Scenery, engraved by W. B. Cooke.—"Richmond," says the prospectus, "and its vicinity have never yet appeared as an illustrated work, although universally acknowledged to possess superior claims to picturesque beauty and historical records." We are glad to see that what has been long desired has been at length attempted—and attempted in a style that leads us to hope for a happy result. The first part contains twelve engravings executed by Cooke, principally from designs by Harding. The tint of the paper is not to our taste—it gives the landscapes a yellow-feverish look. But the views have been selected with an eye well acquainted with the beautiful localities of Richmond, and are, for the most part, portraitures which few will fail to recognize. Another part, similar to the present, will complete the work. Having taken our glance at the pictorial part, it remains for us to notice the pleasant and perfectly *con amore* style in which Mrs. Hofland, who has undertaken the literary department, has executed her historical and descriptive sketch of this prettiest of metropolitan neighbourhoods. To read her account of it by the fireside is almost as good as sauntering through its green walks and windings, on a July morning: and having said so much, we are sure there are few who will omit to avail themselves of an opportunity of reading Mrs. Hofland's apostrophe to Richmond.

The Dream of Eugene Aram, by Thomas Hood, with Designs on Wood by William Harvey.—Mr. Hood's "Eugene Aram" is already popular; but if it were not, these designs of Harvey's would make it so. They do ample justice to the fearful and melancholy imagery of the poem. Eugene is of course the principal feature of each design, and the circumstances under which he is represented excite, by turns, pity and horror. No poet can hope to have his verses more poetically illustrated, nor can any artist expect to have his designs more admirably engraved than these by Messrs. Branston and Wright. We can hardly select one for preference—from the touching frontispiece, where Eugene is questioning the child, who is reading the "Death of Abel," to the closing scene, in which the murderer is walking manacled through "the cold and heavy mist." It is not easy to look at any of them unmoved.

The National Portrait Gallery is rapidly exhausting the list of the Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century. Several of them are comprised in the two parts before us. Prince George of Cumberland is a well-executed engraving, by Dean; though we cannot quite concur with the biographer in his estimation of the importance of his subject. Prince George is a prince of course—but princes are not prodigies. Our recollection of Lawrence's portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen prevents us from admiring the specimen of solemn insignificance here presented. Lord Eldon's is a well-engraved portrait from Lawrence, by Robinson. There is a good-nature and earnestness about the head, if nothing more. Of the rest, the portrait of Mr. Moore is the most conspicuous, though rather hardly engraved. The face has, we suppose, a sort of Irish meaning; but nature, which has done every thing else in the world for the poet, according to his admirers, cannot be said to have given him the look of a genius.

History and Topography of the United States, illustrated with a Series of Views.—To the value and excellence of this work we have frequently borne testimony. Twenty-five numbers of it have already appeared. The last five of these contain engravings, from drawings taken on the spot, of Harper's Ferry; State House, Boston; Shannondale Springs, Virginia; View from Mount Washington; Arcade, Providence; Capital of the United States, Washington; and several other illustrations of the architecture and scenery of America; together with neatly engraved maps, &c. At the literary claims of Mr. Hilton's history we have already glanced; and we purpose renewing our notice of it when we have it in a complete form before us.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

A Second Series of Miss Mitford's Selection of American Stories for Children.

By W. C. Dendy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons: A small Volume on the Phenomena of Dreams, and other Transient Illusions.

The Modern School Examined.

By the Rev. C. W. Le Bas: The Life of Wyckliff; being the first Number of the Theological Library.

By the Rev. Dr. Burton, Regius Professor of Divinity: Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.

By the Rev. George Stanley Faber: The Testimony of History to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, containing 36 highly finished Plates, after Drawings, &c., by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Prout, Stanfield, Copley Fielding, &c., with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.

"The Hive," a Collection of the best Modern Poems, chiefly by living Authors, for the use of young persons.

"Stories from Natural History."

By the Rev. Thomas Flynn, A.M., Author of "A Greek Grammar:" A Latin Grammar.

By George Downes, A.M.: Letters from France, Savoy, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Holland, and the Netherlands.

By the Rev. B. W. Matthias: A Compendious History of the Council of Trent, with its Decrees and Canons, and Remarks thereon.

The Domestic Chemist, comprising Instructions for the Detection of Adulterations and Poisons.

The Perfumer's Oracle, or Art of Preparing Perfumes and Cosmatics.

By Charles Swain: "The Mind," a Poem in two parts—with other Poems.

Nicotiana; or the Smoker and Snuff-Taker's Companion.

By Robert Hannay, Esq.: History of the Representation of England, drawn from Records; and of the Reform of its Abuses by the House of Commons itself, without the aid of Statute Law.

Luther's Table-Talk: consisting of Select Passages from the Familiar Conversations of that Godly, Learned Man, and Famous Champion of Divine Truth, Dr. Martin Luther.

By Henry Belfrage, D.D.: Select Essays on Various Topics, Religious and Moral.

By Mr. Berry: A Genealogical Peerage of England, Scotland, and Ireland, illustrated with Engravings of the Arms, Crest, and Supporters of each Peer.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Dr. Nares' Life of Lord Burghley. Vol. 3. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Memoirs of Female Sovereigns. By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 21s.

Memoires de la Duchesse D'Abrantes. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

British Dominions in North America, including an Account of the present State of Upper and Lower Canada. By Col. Bonchette. 2 vols. 8vo.

Poland under the Dominion of Russia. By Harro Harring. 12mo. 9s.

A Dictionary of Biography, comprising the most Eminent Characters of all Ages, Nations, and Professions. By R. A. Davanport. 12mo. 12s.

The Civil Wars of Ireland. Vol. 1. By W. C. Taylor, Esq. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

A Dictionary of the Extinct and Dormant Peerages of the three United Kingdoms. By John Burke. England. 8vo. 28s.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade, of the Ancient Nations of Africa. By A. H. L. Heeren. 2 vols. 8vo.

Baines' History of Lancashire. Vol. I. Second Division. Demy 4to. 15s. Royal 4to. proofs, 25s. India proofs, 30s.

MEDICAL.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels. By J. Hope, M.D. 8vo. 21s.

Medical Case-Book of Record for Students and General Practitioners: with Ledger for use in Private Practice. By W. R. R. Wilton, Surgeon, &c. Oblong 8vo. Price 6s.

A Treatise on the Rearing and Management of Children. By Wm. Moss, Surgeon. 2s. 6d.

Gooch's Compendium of Midwifery. 12mo. 7s.

Amerbury's Practical Remarks on Fractures. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Dr. Marshall Hall on Circulation. 8vo. 9s.

Essay on Cholera Morbus, as now prevailing in St. Petersburgh, and other Towns of the Russian Empire. By George William Lefevre, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

Pharmacopœia Medico-Chirurgica in Usum Medicinam Facientium. A Ro-

berto G. Holland, Chirurgo, Concinnata. 8vo. 5s.

The London Manual of Medical Chemistry. By Wm. Maugham, Surgeon. 10s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Husband and Wife. 8vo. 8s.

Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds. Royal 18mo. 10s.

Cameos from the Antique, or the Cabinet of Mythology. By Mrs. Lawrence. 18mo. 2s. 6d. By the same, Pictures, Scriptural and Historical, or the Cabinet of History. 18mo. 4s.

Continental Annual. By Wm. Kennedy, Esq. 18mo. 14s.

Letters of a German Prince, being a Journal of a Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in 1828 and 1829, translated from the German. 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.

A Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed. By George Johnston, M.D. Vol. 2. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.

Narrative of a Visit to the South Seas in the United States Ship Vincennes, in 1829 and 1830. By the Rev. Mr. Stewart. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh Water Shells hitherto discovered in Great Britain. W. Turton. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

The Town and Country Brewery-Book. 18mo. 4s.

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Thucydides from the Text of Bekker. 8vo. 14s.

Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. J. Leach. 8vo. 12s.

The Prospects of Britain. By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. 8vo. 2s.

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Debtor and Creditor. By John H. Brady. 12mo. 5s.

Sermons on some of the most important Subjects of the Christian Religion. By the Rev. C. P. Price. 8vo. 12s.

Villanueva Ibernia Phœnicea. 8vo. 10s.

The Geographical Annual for 1832. 12mo. 18s. Coloured, 21s.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Cavendish; or the Patrician at Sea. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Affianced One. By the Author of Gertrude. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Usurer's Daughter, a Novel. 3 vols. 1l. 8s. 6d.

Alice Paulet, a Sequal to Sydenham. By the same Author. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Algerines, or the Twins of Naples. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

The False Step. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Family Shakspeare; in which nothing is added to the Original Text, but those Words and Expressions are omitted which cannot with propriety be read aloud in a Family. By Thomas Bowdler, Esq. In 1 vol. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

The Song of Albion. By Henry Sewell Stokes. 8vo. 9s.

Pictures of the Past, and other Poems. By Thos. Brydson. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey, Esq. 12mo. 5s.

Fables, and other Pieces, in Verse. By Mary Maria Colling, a native of Devon (who, for twelve years has been a faithful servant in the same family); with some Account of the Author, in Letters addressed to Robert Southey, Esq. By Mrs. Bray. Portrait. 7s.

Village Rhymes. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

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The Cadeau, a Musical Annual. 12s.

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Bishop Maltby's Sermons. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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The Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, not Disproved by the recent Efforts of the Unitarians. By the Rev. Richard Beadon Bradley, A.B. 8vo. 3s.

A Letter to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, on his Grace's "Bill to restrain Pluralities." By the Rev. Edward Hull, M.A. 8vo. 1s.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

How delightful is the association of genius and worth, of philanthrophy and talent! Of this great man—this philosopher, poet, and historian—it has been happily observed, that "such was the charm of his manner—of his unaffected cheerfulness—of his conciliating disposition—of his playful humour—of his natural eloquence—his open and candid dealing—of his evident and unceasing kindness of heart, and universal benevolence—such his domestic virtues, and such his various and brilliant talents,

that he was every where, at home and abroad, loved and admired; and he died, as he lived, without an enemy."

Few men have been less indebted to the advantages of early education, than Mr. Roscoe—few, by the native energies of their own mind, surmounting obstacles, and annihilating difficulties, have attained so proud an eminence in the noblest range of literature. Of humble parentage, he was shut out from the common opportunities of acquiring knowledge; besides which, it is said that, with a strange perverseness of temper, he obstinately refused to attend at the day-school, where his father wished him to be taught writing and arithmetic. Yet the boy was not idle; he read much, and he thought more; and, at the early age of sixteen, he wrote a descriptive poem—"Mount Pleasant"—which might have done credit to one whose talents had been fostered under the most favourable circumstances. About the same period, he was found sufficiently qualified to be admitted as an articled clerk in the office of Mr. Eyres, a solicitor of Liverpool, his native town. Soon afterwards, he was stimulated to undertake the study of the Latin language, by one of his companions, who boasted that he had read Cicero *de Amicitia*, and spoke in high terms of the eloquence of the style, and nobleness of the sentiments of that celebrated composition. Young Roscoe immediately commenced the work; and, smothering his difficulties by perpetual reference to his grammar as well as to his dictionary, he laboured through the task which the spirit of emulation had excited him to undertake.

The success experienced in his first attempt, prompted him to proceed; he stopped not in his career till he had read the most distinguished of the Roman classics;—a pursuit in which he was encouraged by the friendly intercourse of Mr. Francis Holden, an eccentric but excellent scholar. Having thus made considerable progress in the Latin language, he—still without the assistance of a master—proceeds to the study of the French and Italian; the best authors in each of those tongues soon became familiar to him; and it is believed that few of his countrymen even acquired so general, so extensive, and so recondite a knowledge of Italian literature, as did Mr. Roscoe.

All this, it should be observed, was accomplished without the slightest neglect of his professional avocations, to which he invariably paid the closest attention, to the entire satisfaction of his principal.

After the expiration of his clerkship, he was taken into partnership with Mr. Aspinwall, an attorney of Liverpool; and the management of an affair, extensive in practice, and high in reputation, devolved solely upon him. About the same time, he commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Enfield and Dr. Aikin; both of whom were then resident at Warrington; the former as tutor in the *belles lettres*, in the academy there; the latter, as a surgeon. When Dr. Enfield published the second volume of "The Speaker," Mr. Roscoe furnished him with an Elegy to Pity, and an Ode to Education.

His abilities now began to attract the notice, and to receive the deserved applause of the public. On the 17th of December, 1773, he recited before the society formed in Liverpool, for the encouragement of designing, drawing, poetry, &c., an ode, which was afterwards published with his poem of "Mount Pleasant." Of the society here referred to, Mr. Roscoe was a very active member; and having acquired a correct taste in the art of painting and sculpture, he occasionally delivered public lectures on subjects connected with the fine arts.

When the projected abolition of the slave trade became an object of interest, Mr. Roscoe warmly united his efforts with those of Mr. Clarkson in its favour. A Spanish jesuit, of the name of Harris, having published a tract entitled "*Scriptural Researches into the Licitness of the Slave Trade*," he answered it with great spirit and acuteness, by *A Scriptural Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris*." Afterwards, in 1787 and 1788, he published the first and second parts of his principal poem, "The Wrongs of Africa."

With an ardent imagination, and an innate love of liberty, Mr. Roscoe naturally sympathised with the first outburst of the French revolution; and, invoking his muse upon the occasion, he sang the praises of freedom in a translation of one of Petrarch's odes, which was inserted in the *Mercurio Italico*. His two songs, "O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," and "Millions be free!" are amongst the memorable effusions of the period.

Soon, however, his attention was devoted to wiser things. About the year 1790, he commenced his celebrated work, "The History of Lorenzo de Medicis, called the Magnificent." For this, which was published in 1795, he is said to have received from his booksellers, Cadell and Davies, the sum of

£1500 — a handsome remuneration in those days.

Such was the extraordinary success of this work, that Mr. Roscoe was induced, in 1797, to relinquish the profession of an attorney, and to enter himself as a student of Gray's Inn, with a view to the bar. His leisure now enabled him to enter upon the study of the Greek language, in which he made considerable progress. At this period, also, he published a poem, from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo; and he wrote "The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.," in four volumes, in the providing of documents for which he is said to have been liberally assisted by the Lords Holland and Bristol.

Mr. Roscoe's Leo X. appeared in 1808; and in the same year—having, it is presumed, abandoned his intention of becoming a barrister — he joined the firm of Clark and Sons, bankers, of Liverpool. He was honoured also with a strong testimonial of public favour, in being elected one of the representatives in parliament of that town. During his brief political career, he distinguished himself by his warm advocacy of the cause of Slave Emancipation. After the dissolution of parliament, in 1807, distrusting the power of his whig friends to secure his re-election, he declined entering upon a new contest; and, from that period, he engaged but slightly in political affairs.

In his commercial pursuit, Mr. Roscoe proved unsuccessful; the firm failed, and his property was a wreck. The creditors would liberally have allowed him to retain his valuable library; but his sense of right would not permit him to avail himself of their kindness.

Mr. Roscoe was the great mover and supporter of several public works in Liverpool. The Botanic Garden was, we believe, projected by him; and to the Athenæum he gave much effective aid. Latterly, he was much occupied in a consideration of the grand question of Criminal Jurisprudence; and it is said that his correspondence upon this subject with various individuals of the United States, was productive of improvements in the prisons of New York and Philadelphia.

Besides works of moment, also mentioned, Mr. Roscoe was the author of several political pamphlets, of temporary interest.

After a short illness, partaking of the nature of cholera, this amiable and gifted man died at Toxteth Park, on the 30th of June, at the age of 80. His funeral was solemn and affecting in its character. The committee of the Royal Institution, and the members of the Philosophical Society, and of the Athenæum, with several clergymen, were present. The procession was distinguished by numerous carriages, and by nearly 200 gentleman on foot, following, two by two.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from October 21st, to November 22d, 1831, *in the London Gazette.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Alexander Symons, Falmouth, Cornwall, wine-merchant.
William Shaw, Aston, Staffordshire, china-manufacturer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Ballantine, James, and James Brown, Tradestown of Glasgow, distillers.
Anderson, James, Glasgow, merchant.
Allan, Hugh, and John Sherwood, Edinburgh, coach-builders.
Pollock, George, Chapelhall, near Airdrie, grocer, innkeeper, &c.
Bellis, Edward, and Co., Edinburgh, wholesale and retail merchants, and dealers in clothes, jewellery, &c.
M'Farlane, James, Kinross, nurseryman, grocer, and spirit-dealer.
Black, David, Dundee, merchant and general agent.
Spreuil, Samuel, Glasgow, merchant and manufacturer.
Rae, John, the younger, Uddingstone, farmer, grazier, and general dealer.
Adam, Robert, Edinburgh, ironmonger, milliner and dress-maker.
Burns, David, Birnam and Perth, distiller and writer.
M'Callum, Peter, Glasgow, clothier.
Steel, Thomas, Glasgow, grain-merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 166.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.

Andrew, T., Harpenden, Hertfordshire, baker. (Hopwood and Foster, Chancery-lane.
Atkinson, G. E., Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, painter. (Kelly, Farrar's-buildings, Temple.
Alsop, G., Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, surgeon. (Bedson and Rushton, Uttoxeter.
Archibald, A., Thayer street, Manchester-square, Middlesex, coal-merchant. (Hartley, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
Aspinall, J., Giltspur-street, London, shoe-maker. (Brutton and Clipperton, New Broad-street.
Allinson, T., Manchester, commission-agent. (Owen, Manchester.
Brown, J., St. Mary at Hill, London, wine-merchant. (Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street.
Brettell, J., Bristol, cheese-factor. (Gregory and Smith, Bristol.

Beauchamp, R., Holborn-bars, London, pawnbroker. (Burgoyne and Thrupp, Oxford-street.
Baily, E. H., Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, sculptor. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Bower, R., Liverpool, dealer in smalt. (Heyes and Pemberton, Prescot.
Burn, J. Newport-market, Middlesex, china and glass dealer. (Taylor, King-street, Cheapside.
Balaam, F., late of Nottingham-terrace, New-road, Middlesex, lodging-house-keeper, but now of Bedford-row, Holborn. (Ullithorne and Co., Red Lion-square.
Banner, H. and F. G. Banner, Cripplegate-buildings, London, plumbers. (Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street.
Bott, T., Hart-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, farrier and horse-dealer. (Shuter, Millbank-street, Westminster.
Bevan, E. and M. Gates, Bristol, merchants. (Osborne and Ward, Bristol.
Billows, G. B. Poole, ironmonger. (Adamson, Ely-place.
Baker, G. F., Batheaston, Somersetshire, silk-manufacturer. (Maule, Bath.
Blaxland, W. W. R. and T. Kay, Leeds, cloth-merchants. (Gaunt, Leeds.
Bone, B., Greenwich, Kent, cabinet-maker. (Mitchell, New London-street, Crutched-friars.
Burford, C. R., Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, paper-hanger. (Sylvester and Walker, Furnival's-inn.
Barston, J. and T., Grantham, Lincolnshire, ironmongers. (Ostler and Son, Grantham.
Boast, R., Hunslet, Leeds, Yorkshire, innkeeper. (Sagar, Leeds.
Bright, T. R., Devonport, ironmonger. (Leach, Little, and Woollcome, Devonport.
Brown, W. J., Great Winchester-street, London, silkman. (James, Bucklersbury.
Church, W., Mark-lane, London, wine-merchant. (Charsley and Barker, Mark-lane.
Crowe, W., Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, cutler. (Cambridge, Bury St. Edmunds.
Clugston, A. and C. P. Chapman, Paul's Wharf, Thames-street, London, merchants and brokers. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square, Bishopsgate-street.
Cross, W., Old Swan-wharf, London-bridge, coal-merchant. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street.
Clarkson, B., Selby, Yorkshire, banker. (Parker, Selby.
Christie, J., South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street, London, and Tonbridge, Kent, coal and lime-merchant. (Karslake and Crealock, Regent-street, Westminster.
Careless, J., Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, London, victualler. (Whiting, London-bridge-foot.
Cannings, J., the younger, Bath, cabinet-maker. (Graves, Bath.
Capper, T. and B., Beaufort-buildings, Strand, Middlesex. (Jordeson, Fenchurch-street.
Coulthard, B. Bolton, Lancashire, bleacher. (Kershaw, Manchester.
Cross, J., Bristol, provision-merchant. (Perkins, Bristol.
Cannings, W., Bath, cabinet-maker. (Mackey, Bath.
Dunnett, W., Manchester, silk-warehouseman. (Owen, Manchester.
Ducker, J., Barnham, Lincolnshire, cattle-jobber. (Cartwright, Bawtry.
Eastwood, W., Waterloo-road, Surrey, linen-draper. (Jones, Princes-street, Bank.
Edwards, E., Holborn, china-dealer. (Lewis, Bernard-street, Russell-square.
Elliott, J. Birmingham, fruiterer, hosier, and hatter. (Lloyd, Birmingham.
Evans, M., Penmaen Colliery, Monythusloyne, and Pillgwenlly, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. (Towgood, Cardiff.
Farr, W., Bristol, silversmith. (Savery and Clark, Bristol.
Field, D., Garford, Berks, mealman. (Graham, Abingdon.
Foard, E., Brighton, Sussex, wine-merchant. (Dods, Northumberland-street, Strand.
Fry, A. A., now or late of Great Ormond-street, Middlesex, and Bridge-street. (Smith, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Fernley, W. and T. Buckley, Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinners. (Seddon, Manchester.
Goodrick, M., late of North Frodingham, Yorkshire, grocer and draper. (Jennings and Conyers, Great Driffield.
Graham, J., Liverpool, linen-draper. (Pinkardton, Liverpool.
Gracie, W., Sunderland near the Sea, Durham, printer. (M'Cree, Bishopwearmouth.
Goodrick, E., Huntingdon, linen-draper. (Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry.
Green, C., Cheltenham, cooper and coal-merchant. (Croad, Cheltenham.
Graves, H. and W. S. Gooding, late of the Strand, Middlesex, tailors. (Haslam and Bischoff, Copthall-court.
Gates, T., White Hart-court, Lombard-street, London, and Acre-lane, Brixton, Surrey, money-scrivener and bill-broker. (Browne, Mitre-chambers, Fenchurch-street.
Golding, J., Manchester, draper. (Owen, Manchester.
Gapp, J., Seymour-mews and Hinde-mews, St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, job-master. (Friswell, Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.
Guiver, J., Enfield-highway, Middlesex, stage master. (Young, Mark-lane.
Greenough, R., Manchester, warehouseman. (Brakenbury, Manchester.
Gillham, C., Romford, Essex, wine-merchant. (Selbys, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street.
Harvey, W. and T. Grice, Holloway, Middlesex, builders. (Smith, Great Eastcheap.
Hughes, J., Birmingham, crown-glass-dealer. (Bower, Birmingham.
Harrison, J., Liverpool, merchant. (Brabner, Liverpool.
Huxstep, S., New House Farm, Thannington, Kent, dealer in pigs. (Sylvester and Walker, Canterbury.
Hirst, J., Leeds, Yorkshire, corn-factor. (Nicholson and Barr, Leeds.
Hawkins, T. B., Stafford, plumber and glazier. (Smith, Rugeley.
Hodkinson, J. and R. Dyson, late of George-street, Hanover-square, Middlesex, tailors. (Taylor, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Harrison, R., Birmingham, druggist. (Wills, Birmingham.
Hunt, J., Bath, grocer. (Hellings, Bath.
Howell, B. and W. Bennett, Baker, Charles-street, Cavendish-square, ironmongers. (Crouch, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane.
Hickman, H., Devonshire-place, Edgeware-road, Middlesex, brick-maker. (Pocock, Bartholomew-close.
Hawkins, W., formerly of Darlington-place, Southwark-bridge-road, and afterwards of Lambeth-road, Surrey, carpenter and builder. (Sylvester and Walker, Furnival's-inn.
Jackson, A., Clifton, late of Abingdon-street, St. Margaret's Westminster, but now of Darlington-place, Newington-causeway, Surrey, bill-broker. (Rice, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.
Jones, J., Bushey, Hertfordshire, silk-throwster. (Sutcliffe and Birch, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars.
Jenkins, H. C., Bridge-house-place, Southwark, coffee-house-keeper. (Townshend, Crescent, Bridge-road, Southwark.
Kempster, W. H., Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, rectifier and wine-merchant. (Baxendale, Tatham, Upton, and Johnson, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Leighton, J., North Shields, Northumberland, (Dale, North Shields.

Linsell, J., Wootten Bassett, Wilts, linen-draper, (Gregory and Smith, Bristol.
Laverack, M. and C. M. L., Hull, corn-factors (England and Shackles, Hull.
Lamb, J. A., late of Battersea, Surrey, victualler. (Long, Staple-inn, Holborn.
Lees, E., Manchester, bread-baker. (Hampson, Manchester.
Lawrence, C. and A. Hoggins, late of Philpot-lane, London, merchants. (Brooking and Surr, Lombard-street.
Lee, A., late of Regent's-quadrant, Middlesex, but now of Mitcham, Surrey, music-seller. (Abbot, Haymarket.
Lazarus, S. M., Bath, soap-maker. (Hellings, Bath.
Lawrence, C., late of Osnaburgh-street, Regent's-park, oilman. Lane, Frith-street.
Lake, J., South Moulton-street, Bond-street, Middlesex, tailor. (Arnott, Old Jewry.
Maddock, W., Portsea, Hants. coal-merchant. (Conry, Gray's-inn-place, Gray's-inn-square,
Morgan, T., the younger, Walk, Llandelofawr, Carmarthenshire, malster. (Morgan, Llandovery.
Maurice, W., Dudley, Worcestershire, printer. (Robinson and Fletcher, Dudley.
Meldrum, D., Bath, haberdasher. (Hellings, Bath.
Marsters, W., Aldenham, Elstree, Herts, corn-dealer. (Hawkins and Co., New Boswell-court, Carey-street.
Moses, M., late of Newport, Monmouthshire, coal-merchant. (Griffiths, Monmouth.
Morse, W., Farringdon-street, London, and Swan-yard, Holborn-bridge, dealer in glass. (Taylor, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
Maynard, J., Boyces-street, Brigthelmston, Sussex, draper. (Brookbank, Brighton.
Musgrove, R., Bristol, woollen-draper. (Bevan and Brittan, Bristol.
Mansfield, T. and J. Hackney, Cobridge, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturers. (Dutton, Hanley.
Newman, G., Pancras-lane. Cheapside, agent. (Harrisons, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Quinton, W., Walsall, Staffordshire, victualler. (Frehern, Cornhill.
Oldland, J., late of Wootton-under Edge, Gloucestershire, clothier. (Hulls, Gloucester.
Odell, G., Northampton, horse-dealer. (Hewitt, Northampton.
Provo, L. Y., Newton Abbot, Devon, ironmonger. (Tink, Devenport.
Parker, J. J., Manchester and Salford, cotton-spinner. (Hadfield and Grave, Manchester.
Prendergrass, J., late of Lloyd's Coffee-house, London, and Park-place, Upper Baker-street, underwriter. (Blacklow, Frith-street, Soho-square.
Perry, T. H., Worfield, Salop, tailor. (Nicholls, Catstree, near Bridgnorth.
Pope, W., Portwood, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. (Heron, Manchester.
Phillips, J., Dudley, Worcestershire, currier. (Goode, Dudley.
Pratt, T., Exeter, druggist. (Ford, Exeter.
Porter, R. W. P. and Robert Porter, Carlisle, ironfounders. (Sauls, Carlisle.
Paterson, J., Tonbridge, Kent, coal-merchant.
Potts, J. and A. Beloe, Lad-lane, London, silk-warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook.
Phillips, J., the younger, Great Newport-street, Newport-market, Middlesex, china and glass-dealer. (Lewis, Bernard-street, Russell square.
Rose, B., Sheffield, grocer. (Ryalls, Sheffield.
Ryley, J., Nantwich, Cheshire, mercer. (Fentons, Newcastle-under-Lyne.
Scott, W., Newbottle, Durham, miller. (Redhead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
Stables, J., late of Horseforth, Guiseley, and of Leeds, money-scriviner and stone-merchant. (Lee, Leeds.
Shepherd, S., Strand, silversmith. (Burt, Mitre-court, Milk-street.
Smith, D. N., Friday-street, London, warehouseman. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Stephen, J., Great St. Helen's, London, wine-merchant. (Bowles, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street.
Scholfield, J. and J. Clough, Selby and Howden, (Yorkshire, bankers. (Parker, Selby.
Swindells, J., Manchester, mercer. (Law and Coates, Manchester.
Shirley, T., New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London, wine-merchant. (Wadeson, Dingwall, and Duke, Austin-friars.
Sawers, M. E., Sloane-street, Chelsea, Middlesex, milliner. (Fawcett, Jewin-street, Cripplegate.
Skelton, S., King-street, Holborn, jeweller. (King and Whittaker, Gray's-inn-square.
Smith, J., George-place, Camden-town, Middlesex, silversmith and jeweller. (Cooke, Gray's-inn-square.
Shepard, T., late of the Wheat Sheaf, Upper Mary-le-bone-street, Middlesex, victualler. (Miller, New-inn.
Tayler, W. W., Mary-le-bone-lane, Middlesex, wine-merchant. (Smith, Basinghall-street.
Treasure, J., Monythusloyne, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper. (Platt and Hall, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn, London.
Turner, A., Luddenden Foot, Halifax, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturer. (Stansfield, Halifax.
Thornely, T., Hadfield, Glossop, Derbyshire. (Hadfield, Manchester.
Vickery, W., late of Brereton, Cheshire, innkeeper. (Vandrey, Congleton.
Vincett, H., Gloucester-place, Brigthelmston, Sussex, grocer. (Brookbank, Brighton.
Wills, E. P., Chichester, Sussex, tailor. (Haslam and Bischoff, Copthall-court.
Whitehouse, W. W., Worcester, skinner, glove-manufacturer, and leather-seller. (Holdsworth, Son, and Finch, Worcester.
Woodman, P., the elder, Piccadilly, corn-dealer. (Gilbert and Co., Mark-lane.
Whitworth, W., Manchester, and Nicholas Whitworth, Drogheda, Ireland, corn-factors. (Atkinson and Birch, Manchester.
Whayman, R., West Smithfield, London, licensed victualler. (Young, Warwick-square.
Walley, G., Tunstall, Staffordshire, victualler. (Hales, Tunstall.
Wright, G., Woodhouse, Leeds, Yorkshire, stone-mason. (Hargreaves, Leeds.
Woodruffe, T., Ramsey, Essex, dealer in cattle. (Griffith and Son, Green-street, Grosvenor-square.
Wiltshire, W. F. S., Somersetshire, innholder. (Miller, Frome.
Wragge, F. F., Preston, Lancashire, bookseller, (Easterby, Preston.
Willis, J., Vauxhall-road, Pimlico, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street.
Wragge, F., Preston, Lancashire, stationer. (Walker, Preston.
Watts, J., Corsley Heath, Corsley, Wilts, grocer and baker. (Miller, Frome.
Watson, H., Regent-street, Oxford-street, print-seller. (Springall and Thompson, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn.
Wood, H., Jermyn-street, Middlesex, upholsterer. (Dalston, Took's-court, Chancery-lane.
Winterton, T., Earl Shilton, Leicestershire, spirit-merchant and cattle-dealer. (Jarvis, Hinckley.
Woodward, M., Rugeley, Staffordshire, mercer. (Smith, Rugeley.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

At this late period of the season, there is little variety to report in the ordinary course of husbandry, the detail of which necessarily consists of mere repetition. But unfortunately at the present crisis, there is too much intelligence of a different nature, yet strictly connected with the subject and indispensable as to its promulgation, with which all the country letters are filled. Upon all light and dry soils, the process of wheat sowing has been completed with that dispatch and in that excellent order which we noticed in our last report; indeed on such, the present has been one of the most early and successful seasons within memory; but wherever there have been heavy falls of rain within the present month, the operation has been retarded in poachy and heavy clay lands; thence on such, the business will be protracted to the first, probably the second, week of December. The showery weather with warm SW. winds, forced up the early-sown wheats with such rapidity, that the young blades luxuriated above ground within six days, causing an apprehension that they would outgrow their strength; the late succession, however, of frosty nights had the beneficial effect of impeding their sudden and immature career. In the moist climate of South Wales, on their earliest sown heavy lands, the young plants have run up to a height which they had not strength to support, whence they have fallen, to the risk of their roots being washed out of the soil. There is also a complaint in most parts of the south of the slug and grub. These, however, are the common-place of every season, which must necessarily have its share of difficulties of some kind or other, and on the whole, the present has been most fortunate both with regard to the very extensive breadth of wheat sown, and the expedition with which it has been performed. In the above regards, we have fewest complaints from the north, and should the expected crop prove abundant, we shall be able to judge of what England can do for herself, under her present burden of population. The opinion which we lately gave of the extent of the present variable crop (the fourth bad crop in too many parts), seems to be generally and fully confirmed, and the foreign supply in bond, our last resource of that kind, winter being so near at hand, amounted lately to somewhat short of a million quarters of corn. The superabundant and excellent potatoe crop, will be materially instrumental in economizing the consumption of wheat. The fallows for spring crops are generally in a forward state, excepting on heavy, wet, and intractable lands, to which a short course of dry weather and aëration is indispensable. From the various qualities of the wheat and barley, prices have differed to an uncommon amount; but markets, with all their temporary and usual fluctuations, have still maintained a steady high price for good samples, the finest wheat generally commanding full four pounds per quarter. The grass, where the soil is not too wet and poachy, still continues abundant, and the cattle, particularly where sheltered, are in a healthy and thriving state. Turnips fully answer the character already given of them as to quantity, but there exists some apprehension that the inordinate quantity of moisture which has forced them up, may also have had the effect of reducing the quantity of the root. It will be a great risk to store the mildewed Swedes, and also the mangold which may have been carried in a wet state. The universal threshing of wheat and barley, as a preparation for the *festivities* of Christmas, must have diminished considerably the stocks in the country. The purchase of wheat for seed at a high price, whilst their own inferior crop has been sold to the millers at a very low one, has hung very heavy on the circumstances of too many farmers. In cutting and carrying the late crop, a vast quantity of the ripest grain was shed, being parched by the sudden intense heat of the sun, the consequence was a number of green luxuriant crops in the stubbles. We recollect an instance many years since, when several of these self-sown wheat crops were suffered to stand, producing, according to report, two and three quarters per acre. Considerable breadths of land are reserved in the north, for sowing with turnips as a late spring food. Those farmers in the best counties, who have not sufficient stock to consume their turnips, obtain from 30s. to 40s. per acre, by letting them to others.

The local variations of demand and supply must ever occasion a variety and inequality of market price, but on the whole, perhaps, with the exception of Scotland, all kinds of live stock, particularly stores, have supported a very high autumnal price, and perhaps are, even at present, on the advance. Large cattle are purchased most reasonably, but sheep, pigs, cows and calves, if of good quality, are worth almost any price that can be asked, and it is averred, make 15 per cent. above last year's prices. The late great fairs have been at no rate overstocked with sheep, and from the constant extreme moisture of the weather, a continuance

of the rot is apprehended; thence none are saleable without warranty. The demand for good horses, hacks, hunters, and coach horses, is said to be increasing in the north, and all breeding districts, with even an increasing demand of price on the part of the sellers. Good stout cast colts find a ready sale—five and six year olds, from £40. to £50. each. In Scotland the farmers go to the price of £35. to £40. each, for their draught horses. Quoting high prices of live stock, we made an exception which tells against Scotland. Certain of their fairs have been so overstocked with store cattle, that it was found impossible to obtain purchasers for them, and the few that were sold, it seems, did not then return cost price in the Western Isles. On hops, the markets afford nothing new. By the stillness of speculation, it would seem that the crop is likely to prove full as heavy as was expected. The expected advance in wool has not arrived; import has pretty well settled that question. It is no longer matter of doubt, whether or not this country can supply its own manufactures. The make in the cheese dairies during the last season was most extensive, and the demand, hitherto, has been fully equal: prices in proportion. Our Norman orchards, as usual, have made up for the deficiency in our home growth of apples. The supply of new bacon has been early and quick of sale.

As to the miscellaneous part of our report, we regret to say that it cannot be of a generally pleasing and satisfactory cast. The land proprietors, better late than never, are exerting themselves with a degree of patriotic industry; but much remains to be done sufficient to avert obviously impending calamities. The great increase of agricultural societies, and the meed of encouragement and countenance universally held forth to the agricultural labourers, cannot fail, in a certain measure, of being attended with beneficial effects. One most judicious remedy we hail in the new Game Bill, which, whatever may be its defects, is no doubt the best for which our patriotic ministry could procure a passage through both houses. It will put a period to one grand source of demoralization—poaching. Of the merits of the new act for employment of the poor, it would be premature to speak. Allotments of land are no doubt granted with the best intentions, but they are liable to various objections, and are said not to be popular in the country. The infamous truck system has been, with true policy, interdicted by the law.

As to the allotments of land, the objections of the labourers are that, should the quantity of land be sufficiently large to prove of any essential use, it would be far beyond their ability to work them; if small, the resource from them would be poor and ineffective; and beyond all, they could have little relish or muscular power for additional labour, after having laboured throughout the day for their master. That most afflictive and nationally disgraceful topic, Incendiarism, remains; but we cannot, ought not, continue silent on a calamity, with which all our letters and country reports are so anxiously filled. The manner in which these atrocities was at first received, both without doors and *within*, was most extraordinary, equally at variance with good morals as with true policy. Truly, it must have been the work of *foreigners*, for English labourers could not possibly have been guilty of such diabolical acts! Had our orators actually been, or chosen to have been, conversant in the history and character of our peasantry, they would surely have hesitated before they ventured on such absurd declarations. About thirty years since, the Gazette was tolerably well replenished with incendiarism—a century since, to a still greater degree; and such has ever been the practice of our oppressed and starved peasantry, during every period of scarcity. Redress is, no doubt, justly due to these unfortunates; but it is no part of either justice, morality, or policy, not merely to palliate, but to encourage their vicious, dastardly, and vindictive inclinations. The attempt to conciliate midnight incendiaries, robbers, and murderers, who have never been appalled or softened by the agonies of the numerous animals they have burned alive, is, indeed, a happy trait of philosophic morality and forbearance. Just and liberal usage ought to succeed, with sound. moral instruction, which might, in due time, eradicate that lurking villany which has so long disgraced our country.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Veal, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 6d.—Dairy, ditto 6s. 4d —Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 80s.—Barley, 25s. to 45s.—Oats, 20s. to 31s. 6d. —London loaf, 4lb. 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 120s.—Straw, 28s. to 36s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, 27s. 0d. to 37s. 6d. per chaldron, addition of about 10s. per chaldron for cartage.

Middlesex, November 25th.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

Rev. J. Geddes, Minister of the High Church, Paisley, to be Minister of St. Andrew's, Glasgow.—Rev. S. T. Harman, to the Curacy of St. Paul's, Cork. —Rev. J. J. Cory, to the Vicarage of Orton-on-the-Hill *cum* Twycross, Leicester.—Rev. Henry Joseph Bowden, to the Perpetual Curacies of Chilton and Edington, Somersetshire.—Rev. W. M. Dudley, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. James, Poole.—Rev. Moses Starratt, to the Curacy of Kells, near Dublin.—Rev. Charles Harbin, to the Rectory of Weathill, Gloucestershire.—Rev. Edward James Phipps, to the Rectory of St. John's, in Devizes.—Rev. John Hughes, to the Rectory of Coddington, near Ledbury, Herefordshire.—Rev. J. W. Hatherell, to the Rectory of Eastington, Gloucestershire.—Rev. Thomas Edmondes, to the Rectory of Ashley-cum-Sylverley, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. John Williams, to be Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Dinorben.—Rev. William John Philpotts, to the Vicarage of St. Ewnie Lanant, Cornwall.—Rev. Daniel George Stacy, to the Vicarage of Hornchurch, Essex.—Rev. John Hughes, to the Prebendal Stall of Nantgunllo, in the Collegiate Church of Brecon.—Rev. Mr. Thelwall, to the Vicarage of Oving, Bucks.—Rev. James Morton, to the Vicarage of Holbeche, Lincoln.—Rev. Reginald Rabett, to the Vicarage of Thornton and Bagworth, Leicestershire.—Rev. W. Bowen, Perpetual Curate of Emasharold, to the Vicarage of Hay, Brecon.—Rev. Charles Maybery, to the Rectory of Penderin, Breconshire.—Rev. John Morgan Downes, to the Chapel of Llanulid, in the Parish of Deveynock, Brecon.—Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, to be Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. —Rev. Marmaduke Thompson, to the Rectory of Brightwell, Berks.—Rev. T. Lowe, to the Ministry of the New Church of St. Paul, Warrington, Lancashire.—Rev. W. G. Bricknell, to the Vicarage of Hartley Wintney, Hants. —Rev. C. S. Stewart, Session Clerk, Perth, to the Church and Parish of Aberdolgie.—Rev. John Tomlinson Day, to the Vicarage of Risely, Bedfordshire.—Rev. Thomas William Salmon, to the Perpetual Curacy of Woodbridge, Suffolk.—Rev. Thomas George Kidd, to the Vicarage of Bedingham, Norfolk.—Rev. George Oliver, to the Vicarage of Scopwick, Lincolnshire.—Rev. Robert Vernon, Rector of Heythorpe, Oxfordshire, to the Rectory of Grafton Flyford, Worcestershire.—Rev. Archdeacon Hamilton, to the first Residentiaryship in Lichfield Cathedral.—Rev. Robert Whitehead, to the Chapelry of Hensingham, Cumberland.—Rev. E. Hill, to the Vicarage of Kirtling, Cambridgeshire.—Rev. G. Smithwick, of the Cathedral of Killaloe, to the Living of Birr, in the room of the Rev. R. Hume, who succeeds to the Vicarage of Aughaday, Diocese of Derry.—Rev. James John West, to the Rectory of Winchelsea, Sussex.—Rev. J. A. G. Colpoys, M.A., Rector of North Waltham, Hants, to the Rectory of Droxford.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, L. Bathurst, Esq., of Vale-place, Hammersmith, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Wm. Smith, Esq., of Kensington Gore.—At Loughton, Essex, General Grosvenor, to Anna, youngest daughter of the late G. Wilbraham, Esq., of Delamere-house.—At Basing church, Alfred Collet Bartley, Esq., of Mitcham Green, to Charlotte O'Hara, daughter of Richard Booth, Esq., of Basing-house, Hampshire.—At Betchworth, in Surry, Mr. Sergeant Goulburn, to the Hon. Catherine Montagu, sister of Lord Rokeby.—At Sandbach church, Cheshire, the Rev. Henry Spencer Markham, of Clifton Rectory, county of Notts, to Sophia Charlotte, daughter of the late Sir John L. Kaye, Bart., of Denby Grange, Yorkshire.—At All Souls, Mary-le-bone, Adam Askew, Esq., of Redheugh, in the county Palatine of Durham, to Elizabeth, sixth daughter of the late Sir Rd. Rycroft, Bart., of Everlands, in the county of Kent.

DEATHS.

At Bombay, Lieut. Graham James Graham, of the 6th regiment Native Infantry, youngest son of the late James Graham, Esq., of Richardby, Cumberland.—After a residence of sixteen years in India, at Sylhet, in the Presidency of Bengal, W. James Turquand, Esq., Chief Magistrate and Collector of that place, 33.—At Kidderpore, near Calcutta, the Rev. John Adam, second son of Benjamin Adam, Esq., of Homerton, 28.—At his house, Harley-street, General the Hon. Charles Fitzroy.—In Beaumont-street, Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., in his 83d year, eldest brother of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.—At her residence, the Grange, near Ellesmere, Lady Tara, relict of Lord Tara, and second daughter of the late T. J. Powys, Esq., of Berwick House.

INDEX

TO

VOL. XII.

ORIGINAL PAPERS, &c.

INDEX.

INDEX TO WORKS REVIEWED.

INDEX.

EMINENT AND REMARKABLE PERSONS,

Whose Deaths are recorded in this Volume.

Simon Bolivar.
Rt. Hon. John Calcraft, M.P.
James Monroe, Esq.
Earl of Mulgrave.
James Northcote, Esq., R.A.
Earl of Northesk.
Mrs. Siddons.
Thomas Roscoe, Esq.