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THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1835.

No. 7.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.

11, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.



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MIND IN CONNEXION WITH NATURAL THEOLOGY—  
REVELATION AND REASON.\*

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“The proper limits of knowledge are,—first, that we do not so place our felicity in knowledge as to forget our mortality: secondly, that we make application of our knowledge to give ourselves repose and contentment, not distaste and repining: thirdly, that we do not presume by the contemplation of Nature, to attain to the mysteries of God. \* \* \* And for the third point, it deserveth to be a little stood upon, and not to be lightly passed over: for if any man shall think, by view and inquiry into these sensible and material things, to attain that light whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then, indeed, is he spoiled by vain philosophy.”—BACON.

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THERE is an expression recorded by Cicero, as having been made by Simonides to Hiero, when the latter had inquired, “What is God?”—“That it was impossible to say; because the longer he considered the subject, the more obscure did it become.” This is a question which every man living has perhaps asked himself, and the answer has probably been something of the same nature as that of Simonides. The wit and wisdom of man, indeed, utterly fail him, when he endeavours to raise up a personality of Omnipotence; and in the language of Job, “We darken counsel by words without knowledge.” If we thus know nothing of what God is, beyond what Revelation has told us, we nevertheless know that there is a God, by the mysterious workings of power and goodness; the action of which is seen, turn which way we will, whether to investigate ourselves, or the external world in which we “live, move, and have

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\* “A Discourse on Natural Theology,” &c.; being Vol. I. of “Paley’s Natural Theology Illustrated.” By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.—Charles Knight, London.

our being." This belief of the existence of Deity is co-extensive with the human race, and it is a belief totally independent of reasoning or of observation.

It was remarked by an acute French writer, "that a peasant is as well acquainted with himself, with the world, and with God, as Leibnitz, and with the relations of these to each other; but he has not the secret and complete explanation of his knowledge: he feels its possession, but he knows not how to account for it." This common acquaintance, this unexplained knowledge, gave birth to philosophy, which clothed the hitherto half-formed ideas in the shape of science, and, by a course of inductive reasoning, led man from nature to "Nature's God." This is Natural Theology.

It is however singular, that in the pursuit of this noble study, the very highest branch of it has been in a great measure left untouched; and it is here that Lord Brougham has stepped in, and ranked himself beside Locke, Bacon, and Hume. "The evidences of design (to demonstrate the existence of an intelligent Creator) are not merely those which the material world affords: the intellectual system is equally fruitful in proofs of an intelligent cause, although these have occupied little of the philosopher's attention, and may indeed be said never to have found a place among the speculations of Natural Theology." Paley's work, in this respect, is utterly deficient, nor can we wonder that it is so, since his mind was absolutely unfitted for psychological inquiries. His predecessor, Derham, from whose labours Paley composed his 'Natural Theology,' merely popularising materials, and adapting facts to the improved state of science, is nearly as silent; and from what we can gather from Ray's celebrated 'Wonders of Creation,' it may be doubted whether or not he classed the human soul as a portion of the created system.

"At first sight," says his Lordship, "it may be deemed that there is an essential difference between the evidence from mental and from physical phenomena. It may be thought that mind is of a nature more removed beyond our power than matter; that over the masses of matter man can himself exercise some control; that to a certain degree he has a plastic power, that into some forms he can mould them, and can combine them into certain machinery; that he can begin and can continue motion, and can produce a mechanism by which it may be begun, and maintained, and regulated; while mind, it may be supposed, is totally beyond his reach: over it he

has no grasp : its existence alone is known to him, and the laws by which it is regulated : and thus it may be said the Great First Cause, which alone can call both matter and mind into existence, has alone the power of modulating intellectual nature. But when the subject is well considered, this difference between the two branches of science disappears with all the rest. It is admitted of course, that we can no more create matter than we can mind ; and we can influence mind in a way altogether analogous to our power of modulating matter. By means of the properties of matter, we can form instruments, machines, and figures ; so, by availing ourselves of the properties of mind, we can affect the intellectual faculties, exercising them, training them, improving them, producing, as it were, new forms of the understanding. Nor is there a greater difference between the mass of rude iron from which we make steel, and the thousands of watch-springs into which that steel is cut, or the chronometer which we form of this and other masses equally inert, than there is between the untutored, indocile faculties of a rustic, who has grown up to manhood without education, and the skill of the artist who invented that chronometer, and of the mathematician who uses it, to trace the motions of the heavenly bodies."

In thus comparing the plasticity of mind and matter, we question how far his Lordship has aided his *specific* argument ; we have quoted it here, because it would have been more logical in the noble author to have adduced it in the earlier part of his work. Reverting to page 56, it is said :—

“ The evidence for the existence of mind is to the full as complete as that upon which we infer the existence of matter : indeed, it is more certain and irrefragable. The consciousness of existence, the perpetual sense that we are thinking, and that we are performing the operation quite independently of all material objects, proves to us the existence of a being different from our bodies, with a degree of evidence higher than any we can have for the existence of those bodies themselves, or of any other part of the material world. It is certain—proved, indeed, to demonstration,—that many of the perceptions of matter which we derive through the senses are deceitful, and seem to indicate that which has no reality at all. Some inferences which we draw respecting it, are confounded with direct sensation or perception—for example, the idea of motion ; other ideas, such as hardness and solidity, are equally the result of reasoning, and often mislead. Thus we never doubt, on the tes-

timony of our senses, that the parts of matter touch, that different bodies come in contact with one another, and with our organs of sense; and yet nothing is more certain than that there still is some small distance between bodies which we think we perceive to touch. Indeed it is barely possible that all the sensations and perceptions which we have of the material world, may be only ideas in our own minds;—it is barely possible, therefore, that matter should have no existence. But that mind—that the sentient principle—that the thing or the being which we call “ I ” and “ we,” and which thinks, feels, reasons, should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms. Of the two existences, then, that of mind, as independent of matter, is more certain than that of matter apart from mind. We must keep steadily in view, therefore, the undoubted fact that mind is quite as much an integral part of the universe as matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ The mind, equally with matter, is the proper subject of observation, by means of consciousness, which enables us to arrest and examine our own thoughts: it is even the subject of experiment by the power which we have, through the effort of abstraction and attention, of turning those thoughts into courses not natural to them, not spontaneous, and watching the result. Now the phenomena of mind, at the knowledge of which we arrive by this inductive process, the only legitimate intellectual philosophy, afford as decisive proofs of design as do the phenomena of matter, and they furnish those proofs by the strict method of induction. In other words, we study the nature and operations of the mind, and gather from them evidences of design, by one and the same species of reasoning—the induction of facts.”

Here follow some able illustrations drawn from the power of reasoning, attention, curiosity, memory, habit, the feelings and passions,—all clearly evidencing the most skilful contrivance, and in the highest degree harmonious; which are closed by the following eloquent comparison:—

“ View the intellectual world as a whole, and surely it is impossible to contemplate, without amazement, the extraordinary spectacle which the mind of man displays, and the immense progress which it has been able to make in consequence of its structure, its capacity, and its propensities. If the brightness of the heavenly bodies, the prodigious velocity of their motions, their vast distances and mighty bulk, fill the imagination with awe, there is the same wonder excited



by the brilliancy of the intellectual powers, the inconceivable swiftness of thought, the boundless range which our fancy can take, and the vast objects which our reason can embrace. That we should have been able to resolve the elements into their more simple constituents, to analyze the subtle light which fills all space—to penetrate from that remote particle in the universe of which we occupy a speck, into regions infinitely remote—ascertain the weight of bodies at the surface of the most distant worlds—investigate the laws that govern their motions, or mould their forms, and calculate to a second of time the periods of their re-appearance, during the revolution of centuries—all this is in the last degree amazing, and affords much more food for admiration than any of the phenomena of the material creation. Then what shall we say of that incredible power of generalization, which has enabled some even to anticipate by ages the discovery of truths the farthest removed above ordinary apprehension, and the most savouring of improbability and fiction,—not merely of a Clairault conjecturing the existence of a seventh planet, and the position of its orbit, but a Newton learnedly and sagaciously inferring from the refraction of light, the inflammable quality of the diamond, the composition of apparently the simplest of the elements, and the opposite nature of the two ingredients, unknown for a century after, of which it is composed? Yet there is something more marvellous still in the possession of thought by which such prodigies have been performed, and in the force of the mind itself, when it acts wholly without external aid, borrowing nothing whatever from matter, and relying on its own power alone. The most abstruse investigations of the mathematician are conducted without any regard to sensible objects; and the helps he derives in his reasonings from material things at all, are absolutely insignificant, compared with the portion of his work which is altogether of an abstract kind,—the aid of figures and letters being only to facilitate and abridge his labour, and not at all essential to his progress; nay, strictly speaking, there are no truths in the whole range of the pure mathematics which might not, by possibility, have been discovered and systematized by one deprived of sight and touch, or immured in a dark chamber without the use of a single material object. The instrument of Newton's most sublime speculations—the *calculus*, which he invented, and the astonishing systems reared by its means, which have given immortality to the names of Euler, Lagrange, Laplace, are all the creatures of pure abstract thought; and all might by possibility have existed in their present magnificence, without any material help whatever,

except such as might be necessary for their recording and communication. These are surely the greatest of all wonders of nature, when justly considered, although they speak to the understanding and not to the sense. Shall we then deny that the eye could be made without skill in optics, and yet admit that the mind could be fashioned and endowed without the most exquisite of all skill, or could proceed from any but an intellect of infinite power?"

Assuredly not:—there is no portion of the works of God that impresses us so forcibly with the conviction of his wisdom and power as the mind of man; we say, as in common parlance, the wisdom and power of God, though, in making use of these terms, we are guilty of little less than profanation. Our idea of the Godhead implies the ubiquity of an Intelligent Spirit, and, consequently, that Omniscience is an essential attribute: to speak, therefore, of the wisdom and power of such a Being is surely needless; his wisdom and power must of necessity be infinite: and we question whether the search after Divine power and wisdom, through the material parts of his works, is calculated to convey to us a proper impression of Divinity. For our own part, we are ready to confess that the appeal to the mechanism of the human hand or the bird's foot, for beauty of adaptation and ingenuity of contrivance, and to deduce from these the inference that the contriver must be an all-wise God, has always appeared something widely at variance with our knowledge of the Divine attributes. How far indeed do our researches take us?—hardly beyond the reach of human ingenuity, as far as mechanical contrivance is concerned: a skilful mechanic will lay bare the different organs of our body, and will explain fully the method of their workings precisely as he would take to pieces a skilfully contrived machine. So far as adaptation is concerned, this is plain and obvious: the duck's foot is a beautiful paddle, and we find that it is so on mechanical principles. The perching of birds is another beautiful contrivance, and is equally explicable by mechanics: the entire arrangement of the organs of vegetables may be referred to mechanical laws:—but does the knowledge of all this contrivance and adaptation aid us in contemplating the peculiar characteristics of the Divine Architect himself? We think not, because we stop short here: life, or the working principle, is entirely a mystery to us; we explain it by negatives only,—and the same with regard to the entire universe. The mechanism of the heavens we speak of

and explain by certain known or supposed laws of motion, and here we end. And this mode of making Natural Theology declare the power and wisdom of God as a mechanical contriver, has led to a human conception of the Supreme, or, at all events, to comparisons with mere humanity, which we think are repugnant to a proper estimation of the Godhead. We could quote numberless passages from the writings of many eminent men of a very recent date, who, in reasoning upon data drawn from the material world, speak exactly as if they were analyzing the work of an equal. This is an error, and one of no light consequence. Lord Brougham, the nature of whose work to some extent removed him from this ground of error, has not however wholly escaped it, in the following summing up of his argument drawn from psychological phenomena :—

“ The facts relating to the velocity of mental operations—to the exercise of attention—to its connexion with memory—to the helps derived from curiosity and from habit—to the desires, feelings, and passions,—and to the adjoining provinces of reason and instinct;—are all discovered by consciousness or by observation; and we can make experiments upon the subjects, by varying the circumstances in which the mental powers are exercised by ourselves and others, and marking the result. The facts thus collected and compared together, we are enabled to generalize, and thus to show that certain effects are produced by an agency calculated to produce them. Aware that if we desired to produce them, and had the power to employ this agency, we should resort to it for accomplishing our purpose, we infer both that some being exists, capable of creating the agency, and that he employs it for this end. The process of reasoning is not like, but identical with, that by which we infer the existence of design in others, with whom we have daily intercourse. The kind of evidence is not like, but identical with, that by which we conduct all the investigations of intellectual and of natural science.

“ Such is the process of reasoning, by which we infer the existence of design in the natural and moral world. To this abstract argument, an addition of great importance remains to be made: the whole reasoning proceeds necessarily upon the assumption that there exists a being or thing separate from, and independent of, matter, and conscious of its own existence, which we call *mind*. For the argument is: ‘ had I to accomplish this purpose, I should have used some such means; ’—or, ‘ had I used these means, I should have thought I was accomplishing some such purpose.’ *Perceiving the adapta-*

*tion of the means to the end, the inference is, that some being has acted as we should ourselves act, and with the same views.* But when we so speak, and so reason, we are all the while referring to our mind, and not to our bodily frame. The agency which we infer from this reasoning is, therefore, a spiritual and immaterial agency,—the working of something like our own mind, an intelligence like our own, though incomparably more powerful and more skilful. The being of whom we thus acquire a knowledge, and whose operations, as well as existence, we thus deduce from a process of inductive reasoning, must be a spirit, and wholly immaterial; but his being such is only inferred, because we set out with assuming the separate existence of our own mind, independently of matter: *without that, we never could conclude that superior intelligence existed or acted.* The belief that mind exists is essential to the whole argument, by which we infer that Deity exists; it is the foundation of Natural Theology in all its branches; and upon the scheme of materialism no rational—indeed, no intelligible account can be given of a First Cause, or of the creation or government of the universe.

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“ All the proofs of the Deity’s *personality*,—that is, his individuality, his unity, all the evidence which we have of his works, showing throughout, not only that they proceeded from design, but that the design is one of one distinctive kind,—that they came from the hand, not only of an intelligent being, but of a being whose intellect is specifically peculiar, and always of the same character: all these proofs are in the most rigorous sense inductive.”

If his Lordship, in closely urging his argument, thus at times makes the Supreme Intelligence reason like ourselves, he can nevertheless so express himself as to convey to us a proper sense of the Deity, and to convince us that he has felt the sublimity of his subject.

We pass over his Lordship’s expositions of the reasoning of Dr. Clarke, Mr. Locke, and Dr. Cudworth, on the argument *à priori*, as also the chapter he devotes to Lord Bacon’s doctrine of Final Causes, with the section on the moral or ethical branch of Natural Theology—though full of fine argumentation, and abounding in felicitous and philosophic illustration; and come to the third section of the second part of the work—being the connexion between natural and revealed religion. The subject is one of no

slight delicacy, and we differ in many points from his Lordship:— he says,—

“The ordinary arguments against Natural Theology, with which we have to contend, are those of atheists and sceptics,—of persons who deny a First Cause, or who involve the whole question in doubt, or who consider the reasons on both sides so equally poised, that they cannot decide either way. An objection of a very different nature has sometimes proceeded unexpectedly from a very different quarter—the friends of Revelation, who have been known without due reflection to contend, that, by the light of unassisted reason, we can know absolutely nothing of God and of a future state.”

We have no hesitation in saying that this is our own opinion; not to the full, because the savage who knows nothing of Revelation, nevertheless has a God, and believes in a future state—but in so far, that, with the light of reason *only*, we should never have entertained precise or consistent notions of the Godhead. We hold this opinion, because, living with the ‘Word’ before us, we are altogether compelled to look to it as the resting-place of our inquiries; and because neither Lord Brougham, nor any other man who is aided and sustained by Revelation, can estimate what his opinions might have been, had he been unknowing of Scriptural record. It is not enough to say that the greatest advocates for Natural Theology have been sincere and zealous Christians;—they were Christians before they were Theologians; and we do no discredit to Ray, Clarke, Derham, or Paley—the greatest of modern Natural Theologists, in placing against them the names of Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, and Epicurus—men of lofty mind and wide intellectual grasp;—yet did these men, by the power of reason alone, attain any certain knowledge of the Deity? Their works, the noblest record of mind, say, No: their ideas concerning God were often sublime, but they were varying, inconsistent, and hardly *philosophised* by themselves—a fact Lord Brougham has recorded in his own pages. Nor must we ever forget, in speaking of the knowledge of man as applied to the Deity, that there can be no dispute but that He himself, in the earlier ages of the world, was the religious instructor of mankind. This is in accordance with the Mosaical account of the patriarchal eras; nor indeed can we suppose, that man, who had been fashioned but a little lower than the angels, and endowed with

an immortal soul, would be left in ignorance of the first steps of his duty.\*

The Book of Job, the oldest record of the opinions of mankind as to the nature and being of God, is at once conclusive on this point. No man, however sublime might be his conceptions, could have formed so elevated an idea of the Godhead, as is given in this magnificent work: all its details are of the most pure and spiritualised character, and the mind is carried to a pitch of grandeur by them, in contemplating the Great Supreme and His works, which the writings of the wisest and most eloquent of the Heathens entirely fail in producing; and this book constantly refers to traditions of an older date.

The idea given by the Deity himself was, however, so spiritual, that man, when removed from direct intercourse with his Maker, began to yearn for something more tangible—for some visible form or impersonification of the Creator, on which he might pour out his human sympathies. The vast and apparently illimitable circle in which he found himself placed, naturally excited profound emotions of wonder and awe. Every thing around him breathed of design, every thing was harmonious:—day and night, the sun, the moon, the stars, the diversified face of the earth, the forest, the flower, and the herbage—the living creatures that surrounded him, with their varied forms, and their diversified capabilities;—all these roused within him a sense of religion and devotion, and he sought, in his weakness, for an emblem of the power which he felt, but could not fully comprehend. Under the influence of these feelings, and still having in his remembrance some of the traditionary religion of his fathers, he consecrated the tallest tree and the loftiest mountain, and repaired thither to pay his devotions; seeing in the strength and beauty of the one, and in the immensity of the other, a dim shadowing forth of the might and power of his Maker.

As mankind, however, became scattered over the face of the earth, and removed to scenes far remote from the locality in which was first given to them a knowledge of God, the traditions became weakened, altered in character, but never lost. The spiritual Essence

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\* Vide Eusebius, in Præp. Evang. lib. i. Hyde, Hist. Relig. Vet. Persarum.

of the Divinity was in a great measure overlooked; and man, in place of elevating himself to the Deity, brought down God to the level of his own nature, and deified his passions, and even his crimes. Thus the Theologists of early Greece\* made Gods of Virtue, Honour, Liberty, Victory, Piety, Concord, Death, Fear, and Lust; and these Divinities had statues and temples in the proudest days of imperial Rome and of intellectual Greece; proving most clearly that the *philosophy of reason* had failed to discover, even remotely, God, as He has revealed Himself to us; and that men whose names have descended to modern times, as examples of virtue and wisdom, were as ignorant in this point as the untaught Indian—who

“ Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind.”

Yet had these men, so highly endowed, all the helps of Natural Theology and tradition, and searched as anxiously, and speculated as abstrusely, upon the phenomena of the material world, as the most enthusiastic Natural Theologist of modern times.

The remark upon which we have thus at length commented—namely, “ that the friends of Revelation have been known without due reflection to contend, that, by the light of unassisted reason alone, we can absolutely know nothing of God and of a future state,”—is followed by his Lordship with many ingenious arguments, to show, that without the aid of reason employed in developing the existence and attributes of God, we should be in danger of lapsing from Revelation. Reason has been given to us, undoubtedly, to be employed in the noblest of all pursuits—that of inquiring after Divine things; and therefore we would have it so exercised: but we again repeat that, in speaking of reason, we speak of it as being acquainted with Revelation; and that, consequently, all inquiries (if Revelation be true) tend to one point—namely, to strengthen and illustrate Scriptural record; and in this way the use of natural reason, when employed in the search after natural religion, is to be encouraged. The lamp of science, in the hand of a believer in Revelation, is perpetually guiding us to some new proof of the unity and wisdom of the Creator; but when Lord Brougham declares, “ that it is a

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\* Vide the Theology of the ancient Grecians, as exhibited in the Iliad and Odyssey.

vain and ignorant thing to suppose that Natural Theology is not necessary to the support of Revelation," we do not think he fully considered the force or applicability of the argument that might be drawn from it. Shortly afterwards, he remarks, "that the doctrines of the existence of a Deity, and of his attributes, which natural religion teaches, preclude the possibility of such ambiguities, and remove all those difficulties (which might attend upon Revelation alone). We thus learn that the Creator of the world is one and the same; and we come to know his attributes, not merely of power, which alone communication by miracles could convey, but of wisdom and goodness. *Built upon this foundation, Revelation becomes at once unimpeachable and invaluable.* It converts every inference of reason into certainty, and, above all, communicates the Divine Being's intentions respecting our own lot with a degree of precision, which the inferences of Natural Theology very imperfectly possess. *This is, in truth, the chief superiority of Revelation,* and this is the praise justly given to the gospel in sacred writ,—not that it teaches the being and attributes of God, but that it brings life and immortality to light." We are certain, however, that Moses did not base either his Cosmogony, or his Theology, upon natural reason: we are also equally certain that the Prophets, who have since his time been the agents for conveying the will and knowledge of the Almighty, were not natural philosophers: and we are equally certain also, that reason and natural religion neither have explained, or ever can explain, the advent of Jesus Christ;—this revelation does solely. Neither do we accede to the postulatam of his Lordship, when he says that "Revelation cannot be true, if natural religion is false,"—because it assumes that our ideas of God, as resulting from the examination of his works, are necessarily accurate,—and that our present inquiries have reached the limit of human reasoning; for the results of these inquiries have been of very diverse and even opposite characters; and from them one man becomes a sceptic, and another finds his previous faith in Revelation strengthened. We have seen that the ancient philosophers never, by the help of reason, approached a knowledge of God. Thus Timæus declares, that the Deity ought not even to be inquired after, and at other times declares the stars, the world, and the soul, to be Gods. Aristotle speaks equally vaguely. Strabo says, that nature is God, having power to increase



or diminish, but without sense or form; whilst Xenocrates makes eight Gods,—and so on. Reason, aided by the evidences afforded by the material world, convinced these men that there was in truth a God; and many noble and sublime notions had they of this God,—witness Thales, Milesius, Pythagoras, and Plato: but did reason do more than give them fragmentary ideas? or did it lead them to a pure and spiritual worship? or did it teach them the attributes of *our* God? Did they not call their Gods proud and imperious, and strive anxiously to banish that instinctive feeling, which every man has within him, of an over-ruling and ever-watchful Providence. “*Dum Deum rerum authorem facitis, imposuistis in cervicibus nostris dominum sempiternum, quem dies et noctes timuerimus. Quis enim non timeat omnia providentem, et cogitantem, et animadvertentem, et omnia ad se pertinere putantem, curiosum et plenum negotii Deum?*” Such were the feelings of some of the wisest of reasoning men, upon the attributes of the Deity.

Our difference with his Lordship therefore rests here:—we hold Natural Theology to be the handmaid of Revelation, whilst his Lordship, though fully admitting Revelation, makes its credibility rest upon Natural Theology.

We cannot at present proceed further, but no long time will elapse before we meet his Lordship upon another point. The work which has afforded the ground for these comments, though not strictly logical, either in arrangement or argumentation, is a splendid production, and has not many superiors, whether for closeness of reasoning, or strength of argumentation: it fills up an important hiatus in science, and completes the imperfect works which have hitherto constituted our Natural Theology. We regret, however, that it is put forth as a leader to Paley, and should have greatly preferred a complete work from Sir Charles Bell and his Lordship: we think it indeed hardly fair to Paley to attach a production like the present to his work, as they are widely dissimilar in more points than one.

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THE EARL OF SURREY, SIR THOMAS WYAT,  
AND SIR JOHN DAVIES;

BEING No. I. OF

CRITICAL NOTICES OF THE LESS KNOWN ENGLISH POETS.

WE do not know of any portion of our literature, which requires developement more than that appertaining to our earlier poets. Johnson's 'Lives' are *splendida vitia*; and although they are, perhaps, about the noblest monument of his genius, they are not biographical or critical notices to satisfy the poet or the scholar. He went back no farther than Cowley, and his list, even as far as it comes down, is incomplete. It is true that he cannot, perhaps, be fairly charged with the very imperfect nature of the materials forming his Lives of the Poets, as the names were furnished him by the publishers; but it is much to be regretted that the omissions have not yet been completely filled up. Johnson's Lives comprise fifty-three authors only, whilst we are satisfied that not less than two hundred writers deserve a place in a complete edition of our English poets.

Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, as the chief priests of song, have been abundantly annotated and commented upon; and yet we think that Chaucer has not yet had full justice done to him. It is wonderful to observe with what ease and sportiveness he plays with his cumbrous language, and how his native simplicity and dignity shine out through his quaint and sometimes repulsive dress. His great work, "The Canterbury Tales," have had done for them all that the wit of man can, perhaps, do; but his minor poems still want a critic. What can exceed the ease, the playfulness, the copious illustration, and graphic skill of his "Balade in the praise, or rather dispreise, of Women for their doubleness?"

" This world is full of variaunce  
In every thing who takith hede,  
That faithe and truste, and all constauce,  
Exilid bene—this is no drede;  
And save only in woman hed,  
I can yse no sikirnes:  
But for all that yet—as I rede,  
Beware alwaye of doublenes.

Also that the freshe somir floures,  
The white and red, and blewe and grene,  
Ben sodenly with winter shours  
Made fente and fade, withoutin wene;

That trust is none, as ye may sene,  
 In nothing, nor no stedfastnes,  
 Except in women, thus I mene;  
 Yet aye, beware of doublenes.

The crokid mone,—this is no tale,  
 Somewhile ishene, and bright of hewe,  
 And after that ful derke and pale  
 And every monith chaungith newe;  
 And who the veray sothè knew  
 All thinge is bilt on brotlenes,  
 Save that women alway be trewe;  
 Yet aye beware of doublenes.”

And so on, for many more verses, he carries on his cautionary compliments, in a style of gallantry, as just as it is beautiful, ending by *à l'envoyé*, with

“ O ye women! whiche ben enclined  
 By influence of your nature,  
 To ben as pure as gold yfined,  
 And in your trouth for to endure,  
 Armith yourself in strong armure,  
 Lest men assaile your sikirnes,  
 Set on your brest, yourself to 'assure,  
 A mighty shield of doublenes.”

But to our more immediate purpose. Chaucer lifted himself so high above his contemporaries, and made so long a stride forward in our language, that, for the space of a century and a half, he remained almost alone, as a national poet. Langland, Gower, Lydgate, Skelton, and other writers, showed, indeed, that the “spirit of song” was not dead; but they produced little worthy of record: nor was it till the middle of the reign of the eighth Henry that any notable advance was made in poetry amongst ourselves. Then arose the “twin stars” of love and poesy, Surrey and Wyat, realising our most exalted ideas of chivalry and romance. To the noble and gallant Surrey more especially belongs the merit of being the first classical poet in our language. It is difficult to say why he is now so little known, as he has hardly been rivalled in the pathos and simplicity of his love-verses. They are a thousand times superior to the mawkish sentimentality and puling tenderness of the major part of later amatory poets. They are full of nature and simplicity, and free from the metaphysical caste of Petrarch and other Italian poets, who are supposed to have been his models,—a caste which ruined the writings of Cowley and many of his immediate followers. Surrey offers to our contemplation one of the noblest specimens of our race, and even his heroic vanities lend a charm to the higher attributes of his character. As a scholar, a poet, a warrior, a statesman, and a lover, he stood forth the most accomplished gentleman of his age; and as his verse reflects his character, it is natural that it should be full of noble sentiments, and generous devotion to that sex, the great ornament of which, “the fair Geraldine,” was so long the idol of his

worship. Her name and her fame were borne through Europe on the point of his lance, and recorded in verses so full of grace and delicacy, that she will live as long as our language. Surrey fell a victim to the jealous despotism of a master, to whose reign he had lent one of its chief glories, only a few days before the tyrant breathed his last.

There is a very close resemblance between the writings of Surrey and his friend Sir Thomas Wyatt; witness "The Complaint of the Faithful Lovers."

#### EARL OF SURREY.

" If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain,  
 If eche man do bewaile his wo, why shew I not my payne,  
 Since that amongst them all, I dare well say is none  
 So farre from weal, so full of woe, or hath more cause to mone?  
 For all thinges having life, sometimes hath quiet rest,  
 The bearing asse, the drawing oxe, and every other beast—  
 The peasant and the post, that serves at all assayes,  
 The ship-boy and the galley-slave, have time to take their ease.  
 Save I, alas! whom care of force doth constantly constrayn  
 To wale the day—and wake the night, continually in payne;  
 From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter tears,  
 From tears to payneful plaint again, and thus my life it wears.  
 Nothyng under the sun—that I can hear and see  
 But moveth me, for to bewayle, my cruel destynny;  
 For where men do rejoyce (since that I cannot so)  
 I take no pleasure, in that place, it doubleth but my woe.  
 And when I hear the sound of song or instrument  
 Methinks eche tune there dolefull is, and helps me to lament.  
 And if I see that some, have theyre desired syghte,  
 Alas! thynke I, eche man hath weale, save I most woful  
 wyghte.  
 Then as the stricken deere withdrawes himself alone,  
 So do I seeke some secret place, where I may make my mone."

This is a portion only of the Earl's Complaint, which is distinguished, not less by its pathos, than by the purity of its language, and the smoothness of its versification. It abounds in apt similes and beautiful illustrations, which have thus the precedence of similar images, which are to be found in almost all subsequent poets. Wyatt wanted the simplicity of Surrey; he suffered himself to be led away not unfrequently, by the ingenious conceits of the metaphysical writers; yet his Complaint is finely pathetic, and full of beauty.

#### SIR THOMAS WYAT'S COMPLAINT.

" I see there is no sort  
 Of thinges that live in grieffe,  
 Which at sometimes may not resort  
 Whereto they have reliefe.

The stricken dere by kinde  
Of death that stands in awe,  
For his recure an herb can fynde  
The arrow to withdraw.

The chased dere hath soyle  
To coole him in his heate ;  
The asse after his very toyle  
In stable is up set :

The cony hath his cave ;  
The little bird his nest,  
From heat and cold themselves to save,  
At all times as they list :

The owle with feble sight  
Lyes lurking in the leaves,  
The sparrow in the frosty night  
May shroude her in the eaves.  
But wo to me, alas !  
In sunne nor yet in shade  
I cannot find a resting-place,  
My burden to unlade.  
But day by day still beares  
The burden on my backe,  
With weeping eyen and watery tears,  
To hold my hope aback.

All things I see have place  
Wherein they bowe or bende,  
Save this, alas ! my woful case,  
Which no where findeth ende."

Another quotation which we shall make from the " noble Surrey," is entitled " Complaint of a Ladye, her Husband being upon the Sea." For beauty of sentiment, for elegance of diction, for truth and simplicity, and for grace and facility of expression, these verses are equal to the very best productions of later times.

" Good ladies, ye that have your pleasures in exile,  
Step in your foote, come take a place, and morne with me awhile—  
And such as by theyre lords do set but little pryce,  
Let them sit still, it skilles them not, what channce com on the  
dice.

But ye, whom love hath bound, by order of desyre  
To love your lords, whose good deserts none other would require ;  
Come ye, yet once agayne, and set your foot by myne,  
Whose wofull plight and sorrowes great, no tong can well define.  
My love and lord, alas ! in whom consists my welth,  
Hath fortune sent to passe the seas, in hazard of his helth—  
Whom I was wont to embrace, with well-contented mynde,  
Is now amid the foming floods, at pleasure of the wynde :  
Where God will him preserve, and soone him home me send,  
Without whiche hope, my life (alas !) were shortly at an ende :

Whose absence, yet although my hope doth tell me playne,  
 With short return, he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my pain :  
 The fearfull dreames I have, oft time doe grieve me so,  
 That when I wake, I lye in doubt where they be true or no :  
 Sometimes the roaring seas, me seems doe grow so hye,  
 That my dear lord, ay me, alas ! methinks I see him dye !  
 At other times, the same doth tell me he is come,  
 And playing, where I shall him find, with his fair little sonne—  
 So forth I goe apace, to see that lefesome sight,  
 And with a kiss, methinks I say, ‘ Welcome my lord, my knight ;  
 Welcome my swete, alas ! the stay of my welfare,  
 Thy presence bringeth forth a truce atwixt me and my care : ’  
 Then lively doth he look, and kisseth me agayne,  
 And sayeth, ‘ My dear, how is it now that you have all this payne ? ’  
 Wherewith the heavy cares, that heapt are in my brest,  
 Break forth, and me dischargen clene, of all my huge unrest.  
 But when I me awake, and find it but a dreame,  
 The anguish of my former wo beginneth more extreme,  
 And me tormenteth so, that uneath may I fynde  
 Some hidden peace, wherein to slake the gnawing of my mynde.  
 Thus every way you see, wyth absence how I burne,  
 And for my wound no cure I fynde, but hoape of good returne :  
 Save, when I thinke, by sowre, how swete is felt the more,  
 It doth abate me of some paynes, that I abode before :  
 And when unto myself I say, when we agayne shall mete,  
 But little while shall seem this payne, the joy shall be so swete.  
 Ye wyndes ! I ye conjure in chiefest of your rage  
 That ye my lord doe safely send, my sorrowes to assuage !  
 And that I may not long abyde in this exesse,  
 Do your good will to cure a wyght that liveth in distress.”

The feelings of a wife, and of a mother, whose love is still in its noon-day glory, are most beautifully given, because most naturally depicted in the above complaint, whilst the leading sentiment is sustained unbroken throughout it. Its style is chaste, its measure harmonious, and its language, notwithstanding its slight quaintness, is elegant, and would do no dishonour to the taste of the most refined writer of the present day.

Wyat, although wanting in the simple dignity and easy flow of images which characterise the works of Surrey, had merits of a high but different order. Some of his “ Songes and Sonnets ” are, perhaps, equal in pathos and natural description to those of his friend; oftener, however, the style is involved, and he runs his feelings through the gauntlet of the Italian inflections. Still they are eminently beautiful, notwithstanding that his language, as well as his thoughts, wants the simplicity of his noble contemporary. He shines in easy satire, and there is an Horatian elegance and readiness of expression running through his “ Epistles to Poines and Bryan,” infinitely superior to the style and manner of Hall and Donne, both his successors, although Hall wrote finely and systematically. To Wyat also belongs the honour of being the first English poet who

wrote a pure pastoral. This is an honour generally given to others, but it is due only to Wyatt; and his "Harpalus, Philliades, and Corin," is unequalled even in Spenser, for its imagery, rural allusion, and grace of measure.

There is another author, contemporary with Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Milton, whose merits have been buried beneath the splendour of the reputation acquired by his co-mates; and who has been overlooked amidst the universal homage paid to the "Gentle Edmund," to the "Swan of Avon," and to the divinity of the "Blind Bard." This is Sir John Davies, who passed through an active and useful life in the late part of the reign of Elizabeth, and the early period of the Stuart dynasty. His "Nosce Teipsum," a poem on the Immortality of the Soul, stands alone in our language; and is alike extraordinary for the beauty of its composition, the ingenuity of its reasoning, the extent of knowledge displayed in it, and as being the first philosophical poem written by an Englishman. In our opinion, "Nosce Teipsum," and the "Faëry Queen," are the two literary boasts of the age of Elizabeth. The works have no points in common, and cannot therefore be compared: both have equal merits of their own, but Spenser's has been fully appreciated, whilst Sir John Davies is little known to the general reader: yet we know of no poem better fitted to be universally read. An excellent preface was given with an edition published by Tate, in 1697, in which appear the following remarks on the work: "But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad, it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us to meditate upon ourselves; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home—the rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions, and distinctions: the historian cannot find it among his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age or with himself: the writers of fables and romances wander from it in following the delusions of a wild fancy, chimeras, and fictions, that do not only exceed the works, but also the possibility of nature.

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"What deep philosophy is this! to discover the process of God's art in fashioning the soul of man after his own image, by remarking how one part moves with another, and how those motions are varied by several positions of each part, from the first springs and plummets, to the very hand that points out the visible and last effects. What eloquence and force of wit to convey these profound speculations, in the easiest language, expressed in words so commonly received, that they are understood by the meanest capacities; for the poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understanding of mankind: he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then to fancy, afterwards by judgment, into the principles both of natural and supernatural motives: hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides."

One of the most remarkable points about the "Immortality of the Soul" is its exquisite finish, the harmony of its rhythm, and

the simple and easy flow of its language,—which show its author to have been a perfect master of versification. Our space will not permit us to do more than give the conclusion:—

“ O ignorant poor man ! what dost thou bear,  
 Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast ?  
 What jewels and what riches hast thou there ?  
 What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest ?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,  
 Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood :  
 Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,  
 And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean  
 This worthy mind should worthy things embrace :  
 Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,  
 Nor her dishonour with thy passions base.

Kill not her quickening power with surfetings ;  
 Mar not her sense with sensuality ;  
 Cast not away her wit on idle things ;  
 Make not her free-will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,  
 Think not that death against her nature is :  
 Think it a birth ; and when thou go'st to die,  
 Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,  
 Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see :  
 Now, I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more ;  
 Now, when thou diest, thou canst not hood-winked be.

And thou, my soul, which turns with curious eye  
 To view the beams of thine own form divine,  
 Know that thou canst know nothing perfectly,  
 While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise  
 The glory of thy Maker's sacred name :  
 Use all thy powers, that blessed power to praise,  
 Which gives thee power to be, and use the same.”

This poem is not the only legacy bequeathed to us by Sir John Davies : he wrote twenty-four hymns, in acrostic verse, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. They are lavish of praise, but exceedingly ingenious, and rise immeasurably above similar conceits of his day, when such things were in repute. His “ Orchestra,” or “ A Poem on Dancing,” again amply redeems his genius and poetic powers. Under the fable of a dialogue between Penelope and one of her wooers, he gives us an account of the antiquity and excellence of dancing ; and there is an abundance of splendid imagery and classical illustration in it.



## XCVI.

“ See this is dancing’s true nobility—  
 Dancing, the child of music and of love ;  
 Dancing itself, both love and harmony,  
 Where all agree, and all in order move ;  
 Dancing, the art that all arts do approve,  
 The fair character of this world’s consent,  
 The heaven’s true figure, and the earth’s ornament.

## CII.

Yet once again Antinous did reply—  
 ‘ Great Queen, condemn not Love, the innocent :  
 For this mischievous lust, which treacherously  
 Usurps his name, and steals his ornament.  
 For that true love which dancing did invent  
 Is he that tuned the world’s whole harmony,  
 And link’d all men in sweet society.’

## CIV.

This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,  
 Which danceth galliards in your amorous eyes,  
 But to your frozen heart approacheth not :  
 Only your heart he dares not enterprise,  
 And yet through every other part he flies.  
 And every where he danceth nimbly now ;  
 That in yourself yourself perceive not how.

## CV.

For your sweet beauty daintily transfused,  
 With due proportion, throughout every part—  
 What is it, but a dance where love hath used  
 His finer cunning and more curious art ;  
 Where all the elements themselves impart,  
 And turn and wind, and mingle with such measure,  
 That he who sees it, surfeits with the pleasure.

## CVII.

And when your ivory fingers touch the strings  
 Of any silver sounding instrument,  
 Love makes them dance, to those sweet murmurings,  
 With busy skill and cunning excellent :—  
 O that your feet those tunes would represent,  
 With artificial motions to and fro,  
 That love this art in every part might show !”

These verses are taken at random ; and it would be difficult to find their parallel for felicity of diction, equality and smoothness of rhyme, and well-sustained spirit. It is greatly to be lamented that a part only of the “ Orchestra ” has been handed down to us.

There is a rich mine of poetry still to be brought to light from an examination of what are called our minor poets. Warton is, perhaps, the only critic who has gone over their productions with any thing like poetical and philosophical acumen. Our chief commentators

appear to have thought that their labours should be claimed by the illustrious and popular alone; but the minor poets are often exceedingly rich in brilliant imagination and polished elegance. We do not speak of the "mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," and who wooed the courtly muse, for an ode, a song, or a madrigal; but of noble spirits, whose vigorous intellect now and then disported itself in verse. The writings of these men are also well worthy of attention on another ground—as being the links or stepping-stones between the eras of our few great poets, whose names and whose writings have become land-marks in our literature. They also convey a very accurate impress of the progress of refinement in style, both as regards language and sentiment; and are in every way worthy of attention. Not unfrequently, indeed, we find amongst them perfect gems, snatches of true poetry, which afford abundant evidence that the fire of genius, and the enthusiasm of song, were at work in the hearts of their writers; and often we have to deplore that the reliques which have come down to us are mere fragments.

G.

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## IMPROVERS AND IMPROVEMENT.

### AN IRISH SKETCH.

**B**—**PARK** is the residence of **Sir Henry A**—, who, on coming unexpectedly into possession of this large estate in the South of Ireland, determined to quit England, and reside on his newly-acquired property, as soon as the house (which the last owner had commenced building) could be put in a fit state to receive his family. He promised himself infinite gratification from the good he should effect amongst the poor people, and hoped soon to see his tenantry distinguished for the superiority of their condition and their morals.

He had travelled much, and resided long abroad, but nowhere could he find England's equal for the industry and neatness of its people. **Sir Henry** made it his model; and, in moments of enthusiasm, his imagination painted the day, perhaps, not very distant, when, in point of cultivation and comfort, his Irish estate should look like an English oasis.

On becoming a resident, **Sir Henry** lost no time in taking down all the old cabins near his demesne, and erecting in their places very neat slated cottages: these were occupied by the gamekeeper, the ploughman, the shepherd, and the families of other out-of-door servants. But there was one cottage on which more care and expense had been bestowed than on the others; it was two stories high, having bed-rooms up-stairs, and the kitchen was fitted up with what was considered a suitable grate. These circumstances combined, made it the wonder of all the cabin-holders about.

Throughout Ireland the peasantry make their turf fires upon the hearth, and are wholly unacquainted with the use of grates. Their great wide chimnies “pay a double debt;” the ostensible purpose is to serve as an egress for the smoke, but they also admit as much light into the house as is usually obtained by means of a window; and for working or reading in an Irish cabin, a seat under the chimney is preferable to one in the middle of the room, being much lighter. Every good has its attendant evil—so has a wide chimney! for it admits rain just as readily as it does light; and to escape a wetting in a stormy night, the inmates of such abodes generally bring the fire almost to the centre of the room, and sit round it; but I recollect an ingenious man, called Mick Doolan, who, one rainy night, to keep out the “fast falling torrents,” mounted up with the help of a ladder, and put a large bee-hive on the top of his chimney. This proved an effectual remedy, and more than one of his neighbours considered it an example worthy of imitation.

But to return to our subject—one cottage was better built than the others; this was partly owing to its nearer vicinity to B—Park than the others, and partly to the extensive and agreeable prospects its situation commanded.

Fronting the cottage was a small but picturesque glen, at the bottom of which rolled a mountain rivulet: on the right, its shelving bank was adorned by orchards, which, when I saw them, were richly laden with the fruits of Autumn; and on the left were corn-fields and pasture-lands. Beyond the glen, and at about five miles distance, was seen the tapering spire, and the barracks of the neighbouring town, with the richly wooded and extensive demesnes of Moore Park and Castle Hyde, through which the Black Water (the most beautiful of all the Irish rivers) winds its romantic course.

At least a dozen grey ruins of castles, churches, and “ivy-mantled towers,” were spread over the extent of country visible from the cottage; the whole was bounded by the Kilworth Mountains, the Ballyhooley Hills, and Cairn Thierna.

It was not an easy matter to obtain a suitable tenant for this deservedly favourite spot. Many applicants were rejected, as it was not desirable that a large family of children should be brought to it; for they are all alike famous for their destructive powers. At length an elderly woman was fixed upon, who, from her decent appearance, seemed calculated to become an example of neatness and comfort to her neighbours.

She gave a ready assent to all that was required from her as a tenant, and seemed to think that her part would be by no means difficult to perform. The prospect of being constantly employed in spinning for Lady A—, and having the charge of all the poultry belonging to the “big house,” as they were both light and pleasant employments, no doubt blinded her to a multitude of troubles, which otherwise she would have perceived awaited her in her new home.

We must not forget to state, that Bidy Magrath (such was the old woman’s name) had been a widow for several years; her children were all grown up; and, according to the ideas entertained on

the subject, in that part of the kingdom, she had done her duty to bring them up *dacently* and honestly: the only family affliction she had known since the death of her husband was the marriage of her only daughter to a private of the Tenth Infantry, whom (to the great distress of her mother) she was obliged to accompany abroad, his regiment being ordered to the Mediterranean.

The family forbore to call upon Biddy till she had been rather more than a fortnight *in office*. On this their first visit, they found but few delinquencies from cleanliness and neatness, and they were, on the whole, very well satisfied with the appearance of things. The old woman complained that it gave her a world of trouble to make fires in the grate, and that she could scarcely ever get them to burn. She also said something about having had a touch of the rheumatism: but she had that morning received a letter from her daughter; a circumstance which made her so happy, that she nearly forgot all disagreeables. First she told the contents of the letter to Lady A——, dwelling upon them in a simple and affectionate manner; and at length she gave her the letter to read; and the following is a correct copy of it:—

“ My dear Mother, ’

“ I hope this will find you in good elth, as it leaves us at present, that is Mick, and me, and the child; we call her Biddy after you. We heard a report here, that you were dead, but dear, dear mother, I hope it is not true, for, if it was, I think you ’d have written to tell me. We are now at Corfu, our *Redgmt* was ordered here from Malta last December, and I should like this place best, but in regard of its being farther off old Ireland. Dear mother I send you in this letter, Mick and me arm-in-arm; it was one *Corprol* Reilly we got to draw our *picturs*, for I thought you might like to look upon me, when I am far away out of your sight; and by the same token I shall put in a small little bit of the child’s hair, she has left off caps, the weather is so warm here, and indeed her hair grows *iligantly*. The pretty *gound* you bought for me in Cork, (for Biddy had accompanied her child to the place of embarkation, and had stripped herself of her last shilling to assist in equipping her daughter for the voyage,) I have had made by one of the Sergeants’ wives, I shall take great care of it, as quite a bettermost thing, till the time comes that I see you again. Is my cousin Mary and Tim Shea married yet? Does Dick Hefferman ever ask after me? I hope my uncle Pat is not having the colic so bad this winter, as he had last. Give my love to all that enquire about me, and believe me, dear mother, till death,

“ Your truly loving daughter,

“ PEGGY RYAN.

“ P. S. In regard of the report mentioned at the top of the letter, send me word if it’s true *immadiately*, for neither Mick or me had a wink of sleep after hearing it.”

The ladies returned home much gratified, after participating the pleasure of their humble neighbour.

Some weeks after this, as Sir Henry was passing the door, on his return from a shooting excursion, he determined to call and rest himself, and inquire how his tenant was going on.

He opened the door, and, on accepting the invitation to "walk in," he found Biddy and a neighbour with her, both seated before a large fire made upon the floor. Sir Henry inquired, with amazement, "What was become of the grate?"

The old woman rose, which at first she appeared half-afraid to do, and, pointing to her seat, replied, "'Tis there it is, Sir,—I got my grandson Jack to take it down yesterday, for 'twas tired of my life I was; the best saved turf in five parishes wouldn't burn in it, bad luck to it!—not a *prat* could I boil; and where in the wide world, your Honour, would I make the fire but on the hearth, to get any good from it?—'tis an iligant sate the grate makes,—it holds two and a gossoon!"

The dismay and indignation of Sir Henry may be easily conceived, and, as soon as his choking anger would permit him, he exclaimed,—"How dare you, you old hag! pull down any of the fixtures in the house, without first obtaining my permission to do so?"

"'Tis true for you I might have done that same, but Jack stepped in so *convenient* last night, and advised me to it, for, says he, 'His Honour has the heart of a *gentleman*, and surely by no manner of means would wish you to be *kilt* for want of the *hate*.'—'Why,' says I, 'if he should please to take the house over my head next week, 'tis happier I'd be walking the world than live under the roof with that thing of a grate; the feet have been *could* with me ever since I came near it, and I've got the rheumatism in 'em, and all from having the fire so high entirely above, in place of its being on the hearth, where we can put the feet *agin* it.' Better than three nights ago, I couldn't get up all day long, and was quite dead—barring the breath,—and all from taking a *big could*."

"I give you notice," said Sir Henry, (as soon as he could find an opportunity of speaking,) "to look out for another berth for yourself, for I perceive, if I keep you here, the house will soon be in as bad a state as its predecessor—the cabin. You'll pull down the stairs to make seats, the next thing."

"And if it wasn't that it would be *bould* to say it to your Honour's honour, that same would not be a bad work: sorrow much I trouble the steps, for when I do, they do be almost breaking the legs of me, and taking the breath."

"Well, well," muttered Sir Henry, "I see I've been throwing pearls before swine."

"Is it the pig, Sir, you asks for?—Why then 'tis not well he has been at all since he came to this place: the poor *baste* is so lonesome out in that little coop by himself, and 'tis very natural that he should be grieved to the heart, and not thrive at all, but the other way, when he thinks how he used to be rubbing his nose against me *twinty* times a-day and more, and go in and out like one of the family, as sure he was, and just the pattern of a *purty* pig! and now, ullagone! 'tis shut up he must be, the cratur!"

“ I thought my Steward told you that you were welcome to drive your pig upon the road sometimes.”

“ He did, Sir ; only it isn't the road he wants, but it's what he's used to, is the face of a Christian, and all the dumb *cratures* like it. The cocks and *hins*, and let alone the turkeys, would lay twice as many eggs as they do—ay, and more, if they might be with me in a warm cabin.”

Somewhat softened and amused, in spite of himself, at the manner in which the old hen-wife gave vent to her sorrow and expatiated on the calamities which a kitchen grate and a flight of stairs had plunged her into, the generous landlord left her, and, during the remainder of his walk, he naturally enough thought over the scene he had witnessed, and endeavoured to trace effects to their causes.

He began to perceive the mistake he had fallen into, in supplying his people with things of which they had never felt the want—things which were to them a great deal of extra trouble, attendant with no adequate reward, but, on the contrary, with great discomfort, as appears from the circumstance of the grate.

We must bear in mind that these poor people, as yet, have no idea that neatness is essential to comfort.

Sir Henry, in his anxiety to make his tenant comfortable, had forgotten how much we are all controlled by the strong power of habit, and that to leave off long-practised customs and usages, and to acquire new ones, is a difficult task for middle-aged people, and must be still worse for old ones.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Yes,” said he, “ it is the young we must compel to improvement : it is no punishment ; while the bodily and mental faculties are flexible, they may be accustomed to any thing.”

He determined in all his future innovations to begin with the young, and leave the old people free to adopt improvements or not, as they chose.

In this amendment, we ourselves beg leave to support him ; and perhaps, at some future time, we may show how eminently successful his endeavours became.

H. E. D.

## SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF THE STREETS OF LONDON.

### No. II.

ADELPHI—Durham Place—Chivalry—Henry VIII.—Lady Jane Grey, &c.—SAVOY—John of Gaunt—Chaucer—Richard II. and Bolingbroke—SOMERSET HOUSE—The Protector Somerset—Catherine Parr—Henrietta Maria—Catherine of Braganza.

As we were pursuing our way along the Strand, for the purpose of glancing at Temple-bar and the Temple, and parts “that thereabouts do lie,” my college friend deflected into the Adelphi, and said—

“There are few, if any, places in London, that I could longer linger in than this; not, as you may suppose, from any thing regarding its present aspect or history, but because it recalls to my memory the gallant manners of our forefathers. Like other historic and traditional scites, woe and suffering mingle with our reminiscences of joust and banquet, of crosier and cross, of peer and pilgrim. Not a vestige remains of Durham-place—the costly erection of De Beck, patriarch of Jerusalem and Bishop of Durham—nor of that of De Hatfield, built in the reign of the first Edward—nor of the magnificent building and tilt-yard, where, in 1540, the eighth Henry gave a splendid tournament, which brought together the flower of chivalry from Spain, France, and Flanders. How different is the whole scene,—how choked up and even suffocating, when one calls to remembrance the pleasant road, lined at intervals with the mansion of our warlike nobles, which led from hence to Whitehall! The eye may, indeed, for a moment cheat itself, and gaze along the vista of brick walls, and summon up a gallant train of knights in all the pride and pomp of state; and lo! the barriers are opened, and the cry resounds ‘St. George for England.’ I know not how it is, but the era of chivalry has always had a peculiar hold on my imagination; and when I see the crowd of human beings, that, like a great stream, is pouring along the Strand, intent, apparently, on mere pelf or sordid gain, I sigh and think of past ages. I am to some extent a recluse, and people the world with beings of my own temperament; yet surely there was something most ennobling in the lives, actions, and pursuits of a ‘true knight.’ The race is, indeed, utterly extinct—

‘The knights are dust,  
Their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, I trust.’”

“Yes, it certainly requires some stretch of imagination to recall sights and sounds that were once familiar to the spot on which we are now standing. The era of chivalry, although it nursed many vices,

was the breeder of much good : it was the mark of one particular stage of civilisation, but would be as foreign to our present habits as the spruce shopmen of the day would be to the cry of ‘ Clubs, clubs!’ of a former period ; and yet it is sometimes a source of surprise, that the tournament is not revived to a limited extent amongst us. It was a noble sport for gay and gallant spirits, and the tilt-yard would surely be a finer field for manly exercise than lounging at Tattersall’s or in the Park. The motto—

‘ La guerre est ma patrie,  
 Mon harnois ma maison ;  
 Et en toute saison,  
 Combattre c’est ma vie,’

is lost amidst modern refinement, and we are glad that it is so.”

“ True— and it is perhaps well—at all events it is inevitable. How is it that ‘ bluff Harry’ is so mingled up with our recollections of almost every spot in the metropolis famous for ‘ gentle deedes?’ He it was who headed the gallant train that assembled in Durham-place, accompanied by ‘ the Flander’s mare,’ as the polite monarch called Anne of Cleves.”

“ Henry’s reign marks a transition both in our social and political history. Like other men who have been distinguished for despotic rule, he appears to have been born for accomplishing a particular purpose : this purpose in him was the final abolition of feudalism and monachism. His father had laid the train ; but what the Seventh Henry did by petty juggling or nice balancing of personal interest, his son accomplished by daring boldness. In the tyrannous and haughty Henry, the elements of good and evil were so curiously mingled, that he ruled despotically with perfect impunity. His character has been but imperfectly delineated. We permit our just hatred of his cruel and salacious disposition to lower our opinion of his talents and his wisdom. The man who set at defiance long recognised rights of property, and who made that property available to his own private purposes,—who held back, by his sceptre, the spiritual director of the most powerful and wealthy of his subjects, must have had talents of no common order—even if we call his firmness despotism, and his alienation of church-property rapacity. But pass we on ; and the next pageant held in Durham-place was one nearly displacing the crown from the heads of the immediate descendants of ‘ bluff King Hal,’ the marriage of Guildford Dudley and the young, the beautiful, and the accomplished Lady Jane Grey, victims both, and unwilling ones, to the folly and ambition of their respective parents—the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk.”

“ Most true, and a brilliant and heart-touching bridal-day that must have been ; but what an amount of personal misery was the speedy result ! What bright eyes dimmed !—What young hopes crushed !—What noble hearts quenched on the scaffold !—Dudley, Herbert, and Hastings, Jane Grey, her sister Catherine Grey, and Catherine Dudley—met together in all the glow and enthusiasm of plighted love, and a few brief days, and lo ! death was on their traces.”

Our friend turned away from the modern building, we believe,



quite unconscious of its existence ; and musing silently we wined our way till the word " Savoy " caught his eye, and again turning from the busy Strand we stood amidst the quiet of a back street in London.

" We will revisit the Adelphi," he said, " and the buildings nearly opposite, which occupy the scite of ' the new Exchange,'—the resort of the gallant but licentious courtiers of Charles : I have a story of the ' White Widow ' for you, but the Adelphi makes me melancholy, whether I think of it in my own secluded residence, or with the situation before me."

" With all my heart. Peter of Savoy, uncle of the queen of our Third Henry,—how many mutations has the place undergone, which still retains his name ! It deserves our remembrance chiefly from the splendour which the building attained during the chivalrous and warlike reign of Edward III., when it became the residence of John of France, a prisoner to the spear and shield of the Black Prince."

" Ay, and a subsequent period, the dwelling-place of John of Gaunt, the patron of Chaucer, and defender of Wickliffe—a name distinguished in our annals above almost all others. He was a noble and a generous patron ; and the poet seems to have lived on terms of social intimacy with him, honourable alike to both parties. His wife Philippa was sister to the celebrated Catherine Swynford, the Duke's mistress, but subsequently his wife. It is rare that genius is so fortunate in its alliance with greatness, as it happened with Chaucer and the noble Lancaster : his fortunes indeed varied with those of his protector, but their regard for each other appears to have remained unshaken. For one man to have nurtured the father of English poetry, and the father of our religious reformation, is a glorious epitaph ; and this epitaph should be inscribed on a mausoleum erected to the memory of John of Gaunt. It is this which makes us linger over his character as sketched by Shakspeare as " old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster." He shows him to us in extreme age, when bowed down by wrong, and filled with gloomy anticipations ; but his vigorous intellect and love of his country survive his weakened body. The language placed in his mouth by the great poet of nature, is such as makes him a worthy companion of Chaucer.

' O but they say the tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention like deep harmony.

\* \* \* \* \*

The setting sun, and music at its close  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

\* \* \* \* \*

Methinks I am a prophet new inspired—'

are fine bursts of poetry : and listen how elaborately he depicts the ' Ocean Gem '—his country :

' This royal throne of kings,—this sceptred isle—  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars—  
This other Eden, demi-paradise—  
This fortress built by Nature for herself

Against invasion or the hand of war,—  
 This happy breed of men,—this little world,—  
 This precious stone, set in a silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house  
 Against the envy of less happier lands—  
 This blessed plot—this earth—this realm—this England ! ”

“ Chancer, the noble Lancaster, and Wickliffe—what a magnificent trio for a united biography! and I wonder the task is not undertaken. What a powerful and characteristic speech is that of Richard II. to the admonition of the aged nobleman!—

‘ And *thou* a lunatic—lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague’s privilege,  
 Dar’st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood  
 With fury from his native residence.  
 Now by my seat’s right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward’s son,  
 This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.’

Richard, whose fate was so mingled with the ‘Lancaster,’ comes vividly before me, whilst standing on the ground once occupied by the mansion of John of Gaunt, whose foot has passed again and again over the very spot on which we are standing. His character is drawn with extraordinary skill, and contains some of the very finest of Shakspeare’s poetry. Here was nursed “ his thrice noble cousin Harry Bolingbroke ; ” and, spite of his weaknesses, we cannot help sympathising with the dethroned monarch. How full of beautiful sentiment is Richard’s speech on landing, when on his return from Ireland—

*Aum.* ‘ How brooks your grace the air ?  
*K. Rich.* Needs must I like it well—I weep for joy  
 To stand upon my kingdom once again.  
 Dear earth ! I do salute thee with my hand :  
 As a long parted mother with her child  
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;  
 So weeping, smiling, do I greet thee, earth ! ’

There is, perhaps, nothing more natural or more touching than these lines in the compass of our language. The passage, however, where he addresses his friends, after being told of the success of Bolingbroke, is, without exception, the most splendid production of ‘ the Bard,’—full of power, stern truth, and magnificent imagery :

‘ Nothing can we call our own but death,  
 And that small model of the barren earth,  
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
 For heaven’s sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings—  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed—  
 Some poison’d by their wives—some sleeping kill’d—

All murder'd—for within the hollow crown,  
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
 Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits  
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;  
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,  
 Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,  
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king!  
*Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
 With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
 For you have thus mistook me all this while:  
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,  
 Need friends:—subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me—I am a king?*

The climax is splendid; and the whole passage magnificently graphic, and exquisitely polished, and beautiful in style and language."

"The palace of Savoy," resumed our friend, "underwent the usual changes incident to noble mansions, when left stranded by the receding tide of fashion;—the town out-grew it—and, as a hospital, a prison, and a scene of ruins, made the hiding-place for traitors and cut-throats of all castes and conditions, its remains were at last removed, and no trace remains but its name linked with the historic memoirs, which endear it to us. And here we come to one of the best specimens of your street architecture—Somerset-house—the production of John of Padua, Inigo Jones, and Sir William Chambers."

"Ay, the 'proud Duke of Somerset,' and his young charge, Edward VI. History has hardly done justice to Somerset,

'Men's evil manners live in brass, their  
 Virtues we write in water:'

and the man whose blood was worshipped by a populace must have had qualities of no common order. Northumberland, who hounded him to death, was in his day as much execrated as his victim was beloved."

"True, and his royal nephew would alone have been sufficient to wrest his memory from evil tongues and evil times. What a strange family history is his! His brother Thomas, the lord high admiral, was, I think, one of the most thorough-paced villains that ever drew the breath of life; and much as we may deplore the punishment of one brother by another, it is impossible to withhold our approbation from the conduct of the Protector. Poor Catherine Parr, whose life had more than once been jeopardied by her savage husband Henry VIII., found a thrice-dyed villain in Seymour, and dearly rued the precipitate and indecorous step of wedding a subject, ere her late lord and master was well removed."

“Somerset House recalls the name of another queen, whom ill-judged love, or misplaced ambition, rendered miserable—Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. The Earl of St Albans, to whom she had privately given her hand, treated her with the most ruthless contempt: she descended from a throne to be the minion of his vilest pleasures, whilst her proud and indignant spirit was held in subjection by measures of stern severity. The change must have been one of the most bitter kind, as her domestic relations with Charles were happy and confidential.”

“And here, too, dwelt the queen of another Stuart—Catherine of Braganza, not a widowed wife indeed, but one deserted by a profligate and licentious husband. She bore much: whether from native indifference, or from a feeling of policy generated by a court education, it matters not; but Whitehall became at times the sty of lascivism, too gross, even for her nerves, and then she removed hither. The ‘merry monarch’ and his licentious nobles overthrew, with a vengeance, the reign of puritanism, and did more mischief to the morals of our country than any set of public vagabonds of an earlier or later date. I have somewhere seen a remark made by Bonaparte, to the effect that ‘immorality is the worst of faults in a sovereign: it introduces it as a fashion amongst his subjects, and strengthens every vice, blights every virtue, and infects all society like a pestilence.’ And in saying this, he spoke the truth.”

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## EXPERIENCES OF A SURGEON.

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### No. V.—THE STUDENT IN LONDON.

#### LODGING HUNTING—LODGING-HOUSES—AND EATING-HOUSES.

As it was likely that I should determine upon the School in Windmill Street for the prosecution of my studies, I looked out for suitable apartments in that neighbourhood. My search therefore extended through Golden Square and its vicinity; such as Pulteney Street, Warwick Street, Wardour Street, Rupert Street, &c. I found nothing there exactly to my taste. I then pursued my inquiries about Soho Square; perambulated Dean Street, Greek Street, Frith Street, King Street, Queen Street, Gerrard Street, Lisle Street; and, in short, there was hardly a street between Berkeley Square and Soho that I did not visit. I was astonished at the vast number of lodging-houses I found. In fact, in those streets which were not active business thoroughfares, almost every house of respectable exterior was ticketed as having “Apartments to let.” I was a good deal amused, too, though at last tired enough. My object was to secure clean and comfortable rooms at the least possible expense. I was a perfect stranger, and, as was likely in the course of such a search,

stumbled into all sorts of places; but generally speaking there was a great similarity amongst the different decent houses, both as to arrangement and price. In tenements of this nature there were, I found, four, five, or six various localities, each having its grade of respectability and expense, and each claiming for the owner a greater or lesser degree of respect. In the first place, the ground-floor generally consisted of two rooms, tolerably furnished, and styled the front and back parlours: to these were attached bed-rooms, somewhere towards the attic, containing a tent-bed, one chair, and a cracked looking-glass: for these the terms were one guinea per week: this included attendance, but nothing more: every thing had to be found by one's self. The parties occupying these situations were considered as respectable: on the first-floor was a drawing-room and bed-room, let together: these were often well and showily furnished; sometimes even handsomely. The payment for these varied from a guinea and a half to three guineas a week, and entitled the tenant to consider himself as the great man of the house: he had the *pas* of the other lodgers, and received a proportionate share of the bows of the landlord, the smiles of the landlady and her daughters, if she had any, and the zealous attention of the kitchen and house-maids. The next story above this was a sort of miscellaneous story: the two ground-floor gentlemen had probably their resting-places in the two back closets: while the front room was set off as another independent mansion, serving both as a bed-room and sitting-room for its occupier; for this he paid 10s. 6d. per week, and this of course placed him a great deal below his immediate neighbours in family consequence: and then, again, one of the attics was apportioned to a still inferior lodger, who, for 2s. 6d. or 3s., was content with a truckle-bed and bare walls. Where the family lived and slept I could not imagine: it must either have been in the kitchen, coal-hole, cock-loft, or some out-of-the-way place that a cursory inspection failed to discover: nor could I imagine that any thing but extreme indigence could lead parties thus to convert their homes into an inn under the most troublesome form.

My own taste would have led me either to engage a parlour or the drawing-room, but I felt that inferior accommodation would answer my purpose quite as well. Then here was a stumbling-block: I was proud,—had been used to attention; and I could see plainly enough that if I ascended to the third story, I must be content to be the third or fourth best man. When I made the first inquiry at one of these houses, being possessed of a decent and respectable appearance, I was shown with great civility, by the house-maid, the two parlours: if I asked for the drawing-room, the mistress was summoned, and in person ushered me through it: if I inquired farther, the maid again took me in leading, and accompanied my ascent,—and here her civility was changed to easy familiarity, a thing I especially hated: and if my curiosity went still higher, I was left to make the inspection alone. Now I should have preferred the third story for economy; but the certainty that I should have to yield precedence of attendance, and been kept waiting till it was convenient to wait upon me,—which would have given me the fidgets,—

prevented my securing one or two very eligible situations. Indeed, I was determined that if I did locate myself in one of these mansions, I would even pay my guinea, and endeavour to save the difference in some way. Before doing so, however, I resolved to see whether I could not find something inferior, and where my half guinea might make me a person of consequence.

Stranger as I was, and ignorant of the character of the streets or their inhabitants, and of the marks by which an individual of experience would have detected the quality of some of the places, into which I entered with the most perfect simplicity, I was of course exposed to annoyance and temptation. Wherever I saw a house having a decent exterior, with a card labelled "Apartments," suspended by a bit of ribbon, or placed on the edge of the blind, I straightway made application: many of these I soon discovered were awowedly houses of ill-fame; and others, though less openly devoted to the same purposes, were chiefly occupied by nymphs of the *parvé*. I found the classical account of the descent into hell, "*facilis descensus Averni,*" &c. well illustrated in these dens of infamy: it was indeed easy to get in, but by no means so easy to get out. The pertinacious civility and forward impudence of these "dames d'amour," from the mistress herself down to her draggled-tailed Abigails, were rather above my match. I had no experience amongst such personages, and was not disposed to commence by locating myself in the very midst of them. I had great difficulty, however, in freeing myself: I was no bully; and my natural method towards women, which was always respectful, in one or two instances was heartily laughed at, and in others misunderstood. It required, I found, some firmness and tact to evade impure blandishment, and to save my pocket;—

"Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare nisi Ajax."

I managed as well as I could, and extricated myself unharmed: I grew more cautious too as I went on, and reconnoitred the premises before I made an entry.

I should strongly recommend to parents that they should procure for their sons some information as to respectable lodging-house keepers, before turning them afloat in situations where they may so easily be led astray, and form connexions which are likely to end in their ruin. A raw country lad is sent up to town, with his pocket full of money, and is left to find a home;—what wonder is it that he is inveigled from the straight path of virtue, when he is hemmed in on all sides by decoys admirably got up to deceive him? This is great oversight, and one that parents and guardians should be on their guard against.

Driven by the considerations above-mentioned from the front streets, I now prosecuted my search in a different hemisphere,—I turned aside into by-lanes, alleys, and back streets. There was no lack of intimations that apartments were to be had; but these were couched in a different language. "Lodgings for single men," "Single men taken in here," or "A room to let," were scrawled on a dirty bit of paper, and stuck in windows, amongst old boots and

shoes, old clothes, potatoes, herrings, or eggs, oysters, beer-cans, or pipes, and other indications of the callings of the inmates. The filthy and squalid aspect of the majority of these places of rest was too disgusting and repulsive to permit of any examination beyond what the nose and eye could make from the outside: others that promised better, I inquired after: a stare, or a brief remark that the room was for a single man, was all the information I could get. After pacing backwards and forwards for some hours, I at length prevailed upon a slip-shod damsel, with a marvellously grimy dress, to show me the "Room to let," as notified by a paper in the window. It was a miserable affair, truly!—three-pair back, as she called it;—and smelt abominably. This survey satisfied me that "Lodgings for single men" would not be in my way.

I now turned into another set of streets. Avoiding the great business-thoroughfares, I explored the secondary shop streets, chiefly inhabited by little tradesmen; the ground-floor being used as a shop of some sort or other,—either a shoe, grocery, watchmaker, baker, pawnbroker, or hairdresser. The announcements of lodgings were as numerous here as in the other situations I had already visited: it seemed indeed as if the idea of a strictly private house was unknown. "Respectable lodgings," "Furnished rooms," or "Lodgings" simply, met me on every hand. Many of these were very eligible, and moderately cheap; but there were also objections to many of them: in some, the only entrance was through the shop and kitchen: in others they could not cook for me: in a third it was expected I should not even breakfast there. Now none of these met my views: I wanted a place in which I could breakfast, dine occasionally, take tea regularly, and spend my evenings. In this I at last succeeded, in a street near Golden-square. I engaged a comfortable room, containing a tent-bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, a dressing-table and glass, and a lock-up cupboard: it served as my drawing-room, parlour, and bed-room, and was on the second-floor back. I had of course to pay for eating and drinking, coals, washing, and other cleaning besides. To show how hundreds of families live in London, and how little they consult what is called domestic comfort and seclusion in the country, I will mention how the household was constructed of which I now formed a part; and I had means of learning that this was a pretty fair exemplar of a large class of housekeepers. In the first place, the ground-floor formed in front a respectable-looking shop, occupied by a boot and shoemaker: this man did not sleep on the premises: behind the shop was a kitchen and other places, in which lived the landlord of the entire building. The first-floor consisted of a drawing-room, as it was styled, communicating by folding-doors with a bed-room behind it: these were now tenanted by a *cantatrice* attached to one of the great theatres, and a female companion said to be her mother. The third story was in possession of my immediate landlady: the front room she lived in herself, with two boys—(she was the wife of the head-waiter at the Clarendon Hotel): this room was her kitchen, wash-house, coal-cellar, scullery, sitting and sleeping room: her husband she rarely saw: in the back room

I had my residence. The story above this was divided in like manner; one division occupied by two young women, and another by a journeyman bookbinder. There were thus under the same roof, seven distinct families, each unconnected with and perfectly independent of his neighbour. The stairs were of course common to all; and it was astonishing how orderly and quiet the place was. I lived here nearly eight months; and so little intercourse was there amongst the members of the colony, that I never knew the name of any one of them, and believe my own was equally unknown: nobody seemed to trouble themselves either as to the mode of life or character of those around them. With the exception of the passing along the stairs, and the sound of mirth, music, and singing, from the first-floor at times, I was as secluded and solitary as if in the midst of a number of Trappists. I never saw but once my fair neighbour, and that only for a moment: she was a fine, showy young woman, and had an air of *espèglerie* and *insouciance* belonging to her profession. My landlady was civil and attentive; and as my rent and other expenses were punctually paid every Monday morning, and as my hours were regular, we were good friends: she was honest, and kept my apartment clean, and never intruded herself.

I now commenced housekeeper on my own account—bought sugar, tea, coffee, cheese, ordered a loaf to be left every morning; while my landlady got me butter, chops, and steaks, when I did dine at home—took me a pennyworth of milk daily, and a peck of coals weekly, and found me pepper, mustard, and salt, gratis: she had my linen washed and my shoes cleaned; and, on the average, these several items made my weekly expenditure about a guinea. As to dinner, I usually made a substantial one in the evening, as this left me the middle of the day quite at liberty; now and then, however, I dined at an ordinary, of which there were a vast number, and of all grades and prices. One half the population, I verily believe, never cooked their own dinners, but supplied themselves from the eating-houses. I could get a very good dinner, including bread and a pint of stout, for one shilling; this of course consisted of one dish only. The house I principally frequented, was a French one, in a narrow street leading out of Leicester-square: it was admirably conducted, and had a great choice of dishes and soups: the bread was especially good and cheap: I don't know a pleasanter eating-house; and it was attended by very respectable people. I have often seen ladies dine there, in as much privacy as if at their own table: the *garçon*, William, was an orderly and civil waiter, and well deserved his penny fee. The coffee was superb, but very dear, fourpence a cup: the liqueurs too were excellent; and one might make a dinner for a shilling or a guinea, just as it was convenient. There was, when I was in the habit of visiting there, a smart French girl in the bar, and a most singular-looking cat without a tail, that made a regular circuit round the room, taking a turn before each of the fires, of which there were three, and then squatted herself down in the middle of the room, as if to watch the company. Many of the dishes I did not like, and some of the soups I could



not eat; but the fish and plain joints and steaks were good; so were the mock-turtle, mulligatawney, and ox-tail soups. Take it all in all, indeed, I never met with a better conducted, and more comfortable establishment, and I can safely recommend it, if still in the same hands.

Occasionally I dined at a French ordinary in Princes-street: here the proprietor sat on the landing of the stairs; and, on giving him eighteen-pence, we were entitled to a pint of table-beer, and as much as we could eat: the table was always filled, and there was plenty of food, but dressed *à la Français*. The soup *ordinaire* was liberally supplied, and was capital: this, with a roll of bread, constituted the best part of my dinner. To this succeeded joints, boiled or roasted, and some made dishes, with vegetables *ad libitum*. The guests were chiefly Frenchmen and Germans, inferior artists, hangers-on about the public offices, and teachers of language. They were most ravenous and enormous feeders, and despatched such quantities of food, that I doubted the provider had but a poor bargain with their eighteen-pences. It was a pleasant place enough for getting a cheap and substantial dinner. The company, when the first heat of their appetites was appeased, talked with wonderful volubility and great good humour. I have heard conversations carried on at the same table, in German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch: in this respect, they offered a strong and pleasing contrast with Englishmen, who meet together under similar circumstances, amongst whom, brief question and answer, or unsocial silence, is sure to reign.

Curiosity led me to visit a cheap free-and-easy eating-house, as it is called; I believe it was situated somewhere behind Carnaby-market; but of this I am not sure, as I never went there but once, and under the guidance of a friend. It was cut and come again, at boiled joints of mutton and pork, with stewed potatoes and cabbages. It was a cheap and nasty place,—the waiters impudent, the landlord noisy, and the guests a strange mixture of all sorts, amongst which, however, vulgar *canaille* had the preponderance. I was surprised to find it the chosen haunt of a great number of medical pupils. I paid sixpence to a dirty drab of a woman, who was the *gouvernante* of this delicious *salle-à-manger*.

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## TO THE PALO DI VACA,

## THE CÔW OR MOTHER TREE.

[THE Cow-Tree gives forth its milky fluid most abundantly at sunrise. Humboldt and Bonpland drank a considerable quantity of it, and found it of a pleasant smell and taste, and quite free from acrimony. It grows in parched situations, where a drop of rain never falls for six months together: it has a dry and leather-like foliage, and huge twisted roots, which seem hardly to penetrate the ground; yet when an incision is made into its bark, it yields its peculiar fluid very abundantly, and this is freely drunk by the native Indians.]

Whence is thy pure, thy milky stream ?

Where does thy life spring well ?

Is it, as untaught Indians dream,

Their mother there does dwell ?

That midst the waving of thy leaves,

Within thy trunk confined,

Their simple faith hopes and believes—

The mother's soul is shrined ?

That, as the Memnon sighs, touch'd by the sun's first ray,\*

So stirs the mother's yearning love, whilst round her children  
pray ?

O fount of love ! O generous tree !

I hail thy gushing tide ;

Joys, memories, are roused by thee,

Tears from a source long dried.

I think of all my mother's love,

I think of all her pride,

When dancing forth, a joyous child,

I prattled at her side.

I kneel before thy rugged stem ; my soul is stirr'd by prayer ;

I bless thee, for thou shadowest forth my mother's love and care.

\* Connected with the early Indian superstitions, is the belief of a general father and mother, a Yuca and a Mama, who dwelt for some time amongst them, teaching various agricultural and social arts. They at length disappeared from the earth, and became objects of worship—a fable having some remote analogy to the Isis and Osiris of the earliest Egyptian records.

KUYP VAN KAARTEN,  
OR THE GNOME VALLEY.

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“ What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;  
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,  
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question?  
Were such things here, as we do speak about ;  
Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
That takes the reason prisoner ?”

SHAKSPEARE.

THE South American traveller may possibly remember that there are a number of secluded, yet ancient villages, whose population, thin as it is, is a medley of Portuguese, Mulattoes, New Yorkists, Virginians, and a few individuals whose parents were people of England, situated on the north-western boundaries of Brazil,—with whom communication is uncertain and unfrequent, and whose manners and mode of living, owing to their removal from the influence of modern improvement, are almost as simple as the patriarchal ages. One of these, named Rio-del-Nema, is the scene of the following narrative.

The inhabitants of this village were a nondescript kind of people, somewhat superstitious, but friendly in their intercourse with one another, and hospitable to the very few strangers that wandered in their direction. Half cultivators, half huntsmen, they wanted spirit and perseverance to become, or profit as either; a few plots of maize, and the raising a few vegetables that did not demand much experience, supplied them with the principal means of subsistence: inconstant by temperament, the spade was often relinquished for the rifle, and the reaping-hook for a gin. From the surpassing grandeur of the scenery around them, one might have expected to meet an admiration of the beauties of nature, an elevated tone of thinking and feeling, or at least a not total indifference to the refinement of mind. But this was not the case;—they seemed perfectly insensible to the hundred natural beauties, to which they could not avoid being daily witness; and plodded on with an apathetic equanimity, not certainly very enviable.

Among the inhabitants of the Rio-del-Nema, of best substance, about the middle of the past century, might be reckoned a wight, termed Kuyp Van Kaarten. His grandfather had, for some political reasons, migrated from New York somewhere about the year 1679; and, after roving through the coast towns of the Brazils, had wandered westwards, and at last had settled down at Rio. Sprung from an ancient Dutch family, he inherited the thrift and industry peculiar to the nation, and, in course of years, accumulated a tolerable property; not indeed in coin, but in grain, cattle, &c. This descended to his

heirs with increase ; and in 1734, Kuyp was able to look about him with complacency, and congratulate himself on possessions, which were the envy of his neighbours, and a source of much satisfaction to himself. Never backward to relieve the deserving or undeserving, always jovial, familiar, and good-hearted, he was, as he ought to have been, extremely popular in the village : to him, as the most influential amongst them, were his neighbours accustomed to look for the administration of executive and distributive justice ; to his opinion all were accustomed to defer ; and representative and legislator of the little commonwealth, he might with justice have reckoned himself, had he been acquainted with the name, a Solon on a small scale.

His age was about forty-five ; and, though stout, he was tall, and of a goodly presence : endowed with strong capabilities of supporting fatigue, and a mind not easily terrified by danger, it was often his practice to make long and extensive excursions into the surrounding country. A South American woodman has resources in himself, calculated to surmount obstacles, and obviate what to others would appear insuperable inconveniences. When preparing for expeditions of this description, he would fit himself out in a species of Robinson Crusoe fashion ; carrying, besides rifle, couteau, and powder-horns, an axe to cut passages through brushwood, a bag containing provisions, a quilted cloak of ample volume to sleep upon, a flask of spirits, and sundry other necessaries of similar kind. Attended by a dog of superior breed, that he called Maurice, after the Dutch worthy of that cognomen, and which was apparently as well pleased with these sallies as his master, was Kuyp accustomed to range the forests and savannahs of that part of America ; traversing long tracts of woodland, under the scorching beams of a tropical sun ; swimming rivers, and crossing ridges of seemingly inaccessible mountains.

It happened that Kuyp had occasion to visit a Mynherr Bomstyck, an offset from the colony, at a distant point ; and this coming in to add to his rambling disposition, he prepared for his journey. One tempting morning, properly accoutred, he set out, and walked stoutly forwards : masses of forest trees began to close round him, until the greater part of the lower country was shut in from view. On the brow of a grassy eminence, that sloped gently downwards, which he had now attained, Kuyp turned, and for the last time caught a far glimpse of the village he had left behind him. It lay vaguely reposing in the early sunlight ; its antique church-tower peeping from the dark foliage that seemed to sheathe it in solitary peacefulness, and its few gilded roofs gracefully contrasted with the blueness of the country beyond.

Calling his dog to his side, Kuyp turned round, and strode valiantly forwards. Soon all traces of cultivation or inhabitants faded from his eye. A monotonous repetition of the same colour, green in all tints, from rich autumnal brown to the deepness of the olive, or the freshness of the emerald, seemed calculated to tire the eye. Forest succeeded forest in never-ending succession ; and no sound broke the melancholy stillness of the scene, but now and then

a strange and fitful whispering of the ocean of leaves that was spread before, and on either side of him; and, perhaps, the solitary cry of some bird of prey, rendering the silence more oppressive, by a momentary interruption of its reign.

Two days Kuyp spent in penetrating the forests that lay in the neighbourhood of his native settlement. Towards the approach of evening on the third, the country began to assume other and still more majestic aspects. He was approaching a towering ridge of mountains of unequal height and magnitude,—their bases clothed with luxuriant verdure, abounding in birds of the most brilliant plumage, and broken with picturesque confusion into masses of rock, and partial breaks of water, and copsewood.

He threw himself on a soft green bank; and, taking off his cap, abandoned himself to a feeling of delicious listlessness; either watching the clouds, as they floated one after the other over the heavens; listening to the murmuring of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive cry of the distant mountain eagle; or conjuring up shapes among the ancient trees before him, and

“Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies:”

but night gradually began to creep on, and the scene to fade from his view. Rising hurriedly, and surprised at the length of time he had spent in rumination, he called Maurice, and endeavoured to find some shelter for the night: his bag of provisions, too, ran low; and he hoped by encountering some eatable animal to be furnished with the means of replenishing it. Cautiously advancing, therefore, into a romantic glade that opened before him, and seemed to invite his footsteps,—rifle charged and primed, he peered before and about him, on the look-out for an object of attack. Fortune favoured him more than he could have hoped for: about forty paces before him a deer bounded across the sward. Casting a quick and terrified glance from his bright dark eye at the unwelcome intruder, it hastened forwards, and, after two or three ineffectual attempts to pierce the thicket of branches and leaves that formed an impenetrable barrier in many places beside it, leaped boldly upwards, flying like the wind over an almost perpendicular acclivity. Kuyp's rifle was however levelled in a moment—crack!—the shot had told. Thus supplied with fresh and wholesome provision, Kuyp, after making a hearty woodland dinner, and washing it down with a copious draught of the clearest water, duly impregnated with the contents of his flask, now turned his thoughts upon constructing a temporary night shelter. Having, by the help of his friendly axe, cut a number of stakes from the branches of the trees about him, bending almost to the ground, he fixed them in a small circle in the earth; and wrapping himself tightly in his cloak, carefully laying his weapons within instant reach, composed himself to sleep. His slumbers were undisturbed by the visit of any hairy wanderer, and he did not awake until the sun was high in the fervid heavens. Provoked at his unconscious waste of time, and anxious, now that he had got far from the abodes of mankind, to make the most of the day, he started quickly up; and,

drawing some refreshment from his wallet, ate hastily as he walked. The aspect of the country again changed: all seemed a wild and melancholy solitude. A disagreeable and overpowering feeling of utter loneliness stole over him, almost rising to something like terror: every minute, although he seemed to be the only inhabitant of the world, he caught himself looking furtively over his shoulder: but he strode boldly on, guiding himself by the sun: sometimes he was more than half tempted to think he had lost his way, as by this he had expected to see the country open towards districts more susceptible of cultivation; but traces of any thing calculated to justify the expectation were not to be discovered. Still mass after mass of foliage, covering steeps, scaling eminences, or declining into valleys, disclosed themselves one after the other. Kuyp was nearly brought to a stand-still: he first became dubious of his route, then misgiving, and at last totally bewildered. He feared to proceed, through the suspicion that he might be increasing the distance between him and symptoms of civilisation: he feared to retrace his steps, through the dread of still farther involving himself. In this state of indecision he sat himself down, and night began to close around him. To heighten his perplexity and vexation, a violent thunder-storm came on, and roused the forest solitude into one wild roar of confusion. Sheltering himself as he best might, he waited for its subsidence; and after wringing his cloak, he walked a little way forward; but the discouraging consciousness that he knew not to which point of the compass to direct himself, made him stop, and look wistfully around.

At this moment a light in the distance attracted his attention. Kuyp laboured on: he now perceived that the ground rose rapidly; the woods became more gloomy; and had Kuyp been a believer in fays and goblins, this was a spot eminently calculated to recall all the tales and traditions of the kind to the reluctant memory; but Kuyp had never troubled himself with speculations as to their existence or non-existence, and had credence in nothing but what could be brought to the test of actual experience.

From what the light proceeded it was totally impossible to discover: it emitted a reddish misty glare upon the nearest objects, but left all in obscurity beyond. Kuyp would have shouted, but somehow or other his voice seemed to stick in his throat: an indefinable feeling of awe stole over him, his knees trembled, and unconsciously he stood for a moment still. At intervals there seemed to be something like faint peals of laughter borne towards him on the breeze: laughter sounded strange in such a place; but it only confirmed his impression, namely, that there must be some human creature within hail. After much toiling, he attained the topmost edge of the ridge; but who can express his fright and astonishment at the scene that met his eyes below!

A large fire of heaped up twigs and branches was kindled in the centre of a wide amphitheatre, whose craggy walls shot upwards to an immense height; here shelving into precipices, and there branching off into narrow rocky ledges, only practicable for animals of the surest feet. Above rose pyramids of foliage; trees bending horizontally inwards, and shutting out the moon-lighted clouds:—ponderous

crag, which seemed as if a touch would hurl them on the sward below; and caverned blocks of fretted rock, fringed with intertwined festoons of ivy. A dusky glare was profusely shed on every object, crimsoning leaf, branch, and trunk, and faintly irradiating the sky. Gathered around the fire was an assemblage of strange and hideous shapes; dwarf-like in proportion, and monstrous in feature: their bodies were covered with hair, deformed, and uncouth in motion: from their shrivelled hands there extended claws of odious length: their heads, covered with lank black hair reaching down to their feet, were large and heavy-looking, with "foreheads villanous low," ape-like ears, mouths resembling those of brutes, armed with yellow fangs, and fringed with shaggy beards; and the skin of their faces was withered and wrinkled. Every now and then, loud shouts of discordant laughter burst out from their lips, making the woods re-echo for miles round. A fawn, which they were devouring, lay torn and bleeding before them. But Kuyp had scarcely leisure to observe all these particulars: his first thought, and a horrible one it was, was that he beheld an assemblage of demons, revelling with satanic glee over the body of some lost mortal.

Kuyp had the ordinary courage of man, and would have feared nothing that had come before him in a human form; but this congregation completely mastered him. He lay gazing in a sort of fascination; while party after party of fresh comers descended into the valley, till the whole space was literally covered with the strange and hideous-looking creatures. Every jutting rock and branched tree were also occupied; and the fire seemed to glow brighter and fiercer, and to shed its glaring light with increased intensity. The whole scene seemed to Kuyp's disordered faculties a type of the infernal regions, if not the infernal regions in reality. Roar and revelry, and shout and wild laughter, and still wilder antics, made the valley before him seem absolutely alive; and the cry was "Still they come!"—till so densely was the place peopled, that crowd was heaped upon crowd, and vast masses of these horrid beings were growing up like walls around the fire. Kuyp became utterly bewildered: he lay deprived of all power of locomotion, his head jutting over a ledge of the rock, the fierce light glowing in his face, and the struggling and yelling heaps of demons rising every moment higher and higher directly beneath him. Horrible were Kuyp's thoughts; and, stirred by the same feelings which make men induced to throw themselves from lofty eminences, he swayed to and fro, every second losing his self-possession more and more completely,—till at length, absolutely maddened, he toppled over the crag, dragging his dog with him; himself uttering a scream of horror, and his companion a howl of the same signification. As soon as his person was descried, whirling over the crag, a thousand arms were opened to receive him, and a yell arose that drove consciousness from the mind of our unlucky traveller,—who knew nothing farther till he awoke as from a dream, and found that the sun was almost in the meridian. Shuddering at the recollection of the horrors of the past night, he arose, and gave one fearful glance around: all was now quite noiseless and deserted, and he strode as fast as possible away. Anxious to

escape from so horrible a neighbourhood, he travelled on with astonishing speed, and at evening had the satisfaction of perceiving that the country began to open. A little time after he descried in the distance, the thrice-welcome spire of the ancient Portuguese village in which Mynherr Bomstyck resided. When he arrived at it, the wonder with which his tale was received may be easily imagined: some disbelieved it; but Mynherr Bomstyck and a considerable portion of his neighbours gave it the fullest credence, aware of the irreproachable character for truth which Kuyp had always maintained. From one thing to another, it became a popular belief, through all the districts to the north-westward of Brazil, that there was a valley inhabited by gnomes or obscene spirits: and as Kuyp was never able to decide exactly which was the precise one on which he had stumbled, a long range of valleys were placed under ban, and as sedulously avoided by the hunters and wayfarers as if certain destruction would have attended on entering the haunted district.

Not many years ago, circumstances placed me in the vicinity of Kuyp Van Kaarten's gnome-valley. The story was told me, and I was solemnly warned of the consequences which might follow a visit to the secluded spot, which for nearly a century had been untrodden by the foot of man; so universal was the tradition, and so firmly was it believed by the primitive-thinking inhabitants. Many fearful additions had doubtless been added to Kuyp's original dream,—and the glare of fires and the roar of voices were still seen and heard; whilst numbers of their herds were stolen away for the nightly orgies of the gnomes. Not having much faith in supernaturals, and placing the opinions of the secluded people to the credit of superstition, I shouldered my rifle, and proceeded to explore the haunted valleys. I was of course given up as a doomed man. Like Kuyp, I lost myself, and was benighted; but, unlike him, I saw nothing in the shape of demons: I found the valleys rich in picturesque scenery, and abounding in game: they had indeed been the receptacles for all the stray cattle of the surrounding villages, and hence were crowded with wild and half-tame animals. I had excellent sport. I returned on the evening of the second day, greatly to the surprise of the beholders. My tale was listened to, doubted, half believed,—and on the morrow a party accompanied me for the purpose of reclaiming the animals. The solitude was completely broken in upon, and the tradition of Kuyp Van Kaarten buried amongst other *reliquiæ* of past times.

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## PARISIAN SKETCHES.

## No. I.—CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE.

AMONG the thousands of English who run to see the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, not one in a hundred ever thinks of going to see that of Montmartre; which, however, is, in my humble opinion, fully as well worth seeing as its more modern rival. There is something in Montmartre itself peculiarly interesting; its heights forming so conspicuous a feature in the panoramic view around, and so effectually commanding the proud city of Paris itself, that glitters at its feet; its antique feudal-looking mills crowning its summits, its winding narrow streets, all speak of the past, and will incline the pensive loiterer to muse on ages and generations bygone: the cemetery, too, seems to belong more generally to the people, to the great mass of human beings who can be characterised by no other designation: it is with them, after all, that our human sympathies are more really linked than with the higher classes, who, whilst they claim, and seem to do so somewhat imperiously, the respect due to them individually, for their rank, talent, or power, suspend the feelings with which we involuntarily regard the sorrows of those who ask our condolence, simply because they weep. It is these humble sorrows that interest me at Montmartre. A mechanic leading his children to the grave of their mother,—a widow kneeling with her orphans at the edge of the sod that covers her husband,—a son or daughter coming to renew the garlands on the tomb of a parent, (whose love they find too late, sometimes, no other love can supply with such disinterestedness)—an artisan visiting the spot where may rest the companion of his morning life, the associate of his maturer labours,—to recall their social hours, and supply for a moment, by an ejaculation to his memory, the void his departure may have left in his bosom,—such are the sights that may be seen every day and every hour at Montmartre: and who can see them without having such sympathies awakened, as, by removing us farther from self, bring us nearer to heaven? Yes, it is among the graves of the poor that grief holds her real court, and sympathy pays her real homage! Within the gilded *grilles* that guard the marble mausoleum, we see the weeds springing, and an air of abandonment strangely at variance with the pompous emblazonment of the titles and virtues of the defunct, in whose honour it may be raised, and with the eternal regrets that are vowed to their memory; but look at the humble grave, unenclosed, save by a little border of box, or mignonette;—look at the smooth sod that covers it, the watered roses and lilies and *pensées* with which it is decked, the fresh wreaths that hang on the simple stone, or still simpler wooden cross, which has no other record to tell, but the brief, the comprehensive one of all the human race—

“ They suffered and they died ! ”

Does not all proclaim that willing feet and duteous hands visit continually the cherished spot which retains in death what was beloved in life? Alas! the grave of those he loves is the only spot of earth in the pendent globe, on which the poor man can place his foot, and say "*It is mine.*" The "narrow house," which must finally enclose the richest and the greatest, is the only one to which he can ever look forward as his own: his griefs raise him to the dignity of a *propriétaire*: and as he weeds the handful of grass which he has a right to adorn according to his fancy, he feels something of the pleasure of possession,—he feels that God is no respecter of persons; and says to himself, "one day all will be equal."

But Montmartre is not solely devoted to the poor and lowly—no; the city of the cemetery has its departments, its *quartiers distingués*, and its obscure alleys: the districts allotted to its humbler inhabitants may be easily recognised by the piles of black wooden crosses, looking at a distance like trains of ecclesiastics, congregating beneath the cypresses that shadow them; among these a few are overgrown, dark, solitary, nameless: perhaps those who moulder beneath were strangers, for whom hearts afar off may be breaking in silence.

The patrician quarters display many a lofty monument: many a proud and noble name is to be found there,—many a high and daring deed is there recorded. The Montmorenci, one of the four oldest families in Europe, is exalted on a tall column,

“ ————— pointing to the skies:”

and at its side a prince of Saxe Cobourg cries out from his grave upon the injustice of his enemies; though, by his own acknowledgment, he had, at any rate, the privilege of being tried by his peers.

“ Les princes, assis sur leurs tribunaux, m’ont jugé—  
Les méchans ! ils m’ont poursuivi, ils m’ont tué !”

It is a strange effect which is produced in the mind, by long wandering among places thus consecrated to the dead; it seems as if they, alone, were the real and rightful inhabitants of their respective districts, and that all besides are intruders, and shadowy. One becomes indeed dreamy, and uncertain: the perpetual recurrence of the "*çi-git*," the "born on such a day," "died on such," seems to make the span of existence, whatever space may in reality have filled up the interval, no longer, in imagination, than the moment it requires to read the brief summing up of the putting on and putting off "this mortal coil." So entirely does it seem the business of life to die, when we see only the memorials of death around us, that we feel as if it were an impertinence to be still living; and as we peruse the varied narrative of the perpetually recurring griefs of the survivors, for only sons, and only daughters, and the tenderest of mothers, and best of fathers, and most beloved of wives, and revered of husbands, and devoted of friends, the mere circumstance of dying, in itself, seems the least misfortune of any that "flesh is heir to,"—nay, rather, a most fortunate escape from the chance of having to

endure the same woes and sorrows and desolations as the survivors. Nor is it on leaving the Cemetery, that we can shake off the images which have impressed themselves upon the mind; they are continued to us, as we retrace the road by which we approached it; there is no occasion to ask the way: it is lined on each side with the humble residences of those who live by the dead; and at every step the eye is arrested by the emblems and materials of their employment, from the marble monument to the humble wooden cross, with the variety of yellow, white, and black flowers which the hands of youth and age are alike busy weaving into chaplets for the tombs; sometimes the form of the tribute is varied into a heart, or a cross, for those mourners who may like something *un peu recherché*,—sometimes signifying by white the youth and purity of the object to be deplored,—sometimes by black the profoundness of the offerer's grief,—but most frequently by the little yellow flower called everlasting, the perpetual nature of its duration here below, joined with the hope of that immortality where it may reasonably be supposed to cease.

No such thoughts, however, occupy the minds of those whose fingers are thus employed; they laugh and chat and sing whilst they weave their wreaths: the workmen echo their strains, whilst they are chipping and polishing the grave-stones, among which the little children play at bo-peep, scarcely out of their cradles ere they begin to familiarise themselves with forms and images of the grave.

At the entrance of the Cemetery is the *bureau*, where we are informed that *Linguet, marbrier, çidevant à Père la Chaise, entreprend la plantation des jardins et les entretient à l'année*. It may be some consolation to us as we enter the Cemetery, to think that we may have our gardens or our burial-places, *entretenus*, after the last fashion of *Père la Chaise*; but as for taking care of them by the year, we feel no way inclined, when we come out, to make any bargain of the sort, whatever we may have done on going in. Who could think of looking forward to a year certain, after all that we have been contemplating? If any way of a nervous or gloomy temperament, we shall rather wonder whether we shall have time to get home and make our wills, ere we may be called upon to fill up our niche in the society we have just left. As we get out of sight of the *fleuristes*, however, and out of hearing of the *marbriers*, and come once more within reach of the gay spectacles and lively sounds of *le beau Paris*, those lugubrious ideas begin to clear away; and ere the evening returns, with its balls, its concerts, and its *conversaciones*, we are in more danger of forgetting that we are to die, one day, to a certainty, than of imagining that that day may be to-morrow. Happy those who on so important, so awful a subject, can preserve the golden mean between presumption and despair; and who, acting upon the advice of the English worthy, resolve every morning so to conduct themselves with regard to temporal concerns, as if they were to live in this world for ever;—with regard to their eternal ones, as if they were going to leave it at night.

## THE SEVENTH DAY.

*(Paraphrase from Milton.)*


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THE sun is set beneath the western wave :  
 O'er Eden's garden soft-wing'd twilight steals ;  
 Stars one by one, in golden clusters, pave  
 The darkening sky, while the lone night-bird peals  
 Her liquid harmony, and nature feels,  
 O night ! thy soothing power, and seeks repose.  
 Man to the God of darkness now appeals,  
 And in the south night's silver queen arose,  
 And o'er the sleeping world her cool, clear beams she throws.

The night serenely pass'd—the seventh day came,  
 And rosy dawn steals o'er the eastern sky :  
 Nature awakes, and breathes through all her frame  
 One sigh of prayer and praise to God most High.  
 Pleased with His works, thus spoke Eternity :  
 “ This day be hallow'd, set apart for rest,  
 Sacred from toil—in holy memory  
 Of this new world—a world which we have bless'd.  
*The Sabbath we appoint, for man to be our guest.*”

## THE LAKES OF SCOTLAND.

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WHO has not heard of the Scottish Lakes ? We had so often heard the most glowing descriptions of their romantic and picturesque scenery, that we determined in the summer of last year to enjoy the luxury of a visit to them. High as were our expectations of pleasure from the ramble, the reality far exceeded it. Half the beauties of the Scottish Lakes have not yet been told ; nor will they ever be ; for no description, however graphic, can do any thing like justice to them.

The first lake we visited, as being nearest the Scottish metropolis, was the celebrated Loch Leven. The day on which we first beheld this vast expanse of water, with the delightful scenery which surrounds it, was the 4th of June—a day which never returns without

bringing to *our* minds many pleasing reminiscences of our boyish years; for, being the birth-day of George the Third, we used always on that day to escape from Mavor, our copperplate copy, Cocker, Euclid, Virgil, and all the other Juggernauts of the school, and engage in the more congenial task of kindling bonfires in proof of our juvenile loyalty to that monarch. It was the afternoon of this day before we reached Loch Leven. The weather was unusually fine. The sky was unclouded: there was a fine gentle breeze from the east—just as much, and no more, as was sufficient to neutralise the otherwise oppressive rays of the sun. A scene, therefore, which is beautiful in no ordinary degree at any time and under any circumstances, was pre-eminently so when it first met our vision. The lake was calm and tranquil in the distance; and even on nearing it, it was but slightly ruffled by the zephyrs which played over its surface. The surrounding scenery owes much of its beauty to the variety of objects grouped into it. On the west and north-west side of the lake, is the charming vale of Kinross, environed by hills in the distance; while the foreground is enriched by plantations, pleasure-grounds, and fields luxuriant with pasture. On the margin of the lake, on the same side, is the burgh of Kinross, with its numerous orchards and gardens. Not far distant, in an easterly direction, stands the dilapidated castle of Burleigh. The rugged western termination of the Lomond Hills overhangs the north-east extremity of the water: on the south side it is similarly overhung by the hill of Binary. Towards the east is a level piece of carse ground, at least three miles in length, and fully one in breadth. There are several islands in the lake, but only two of any extent. The most imposing one is that adjoining the shore in the neighbourhood of Kinross. The islands contribute essentially to the effect of the scene: on one of these are still to be seen the ruins of the castle in which the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned; made still more celebrated by the singular circumstances under which, assisted by the boy Douglas, she effected her escape from it. The lake is about eleven miles in circumference. We luxuriated among the beauties of its surrounding scenery until the declining sun admonished us that it was time to seek, in the adjoining town of Kinross, a place of repose for the night.

The origin of the name Loch Leven is somewhat curious. It arose from the circumstance of the number eleven occurring often in matters connected with the lake. As already mentioned, it is eleven miles in circumference: there were lands belonging to eleven lairds which embraced its margin: there are eleven rivers and streams which run into it: it contains eleven kinds of fish; and in the adjoining plantations were eleven kinds of wood. The name was, therefore, originally, Loch Eleven; but in the course of time the E was omitted as at present.

The celebrated Loch Lomond was the next of the Scottish lakes whither we directed our steps. It is appropriately called the Queen of Scottish lakes. It is entitled to the appellation whether as respects the length, and breadth, and depth of its waters, or the grandeur and magnificence of the adjoining scenery. It is thirty

miles in length, in some places eight in breadth; while its depth varies from sixty to three hundred and sixty feet. There are thirty islands, of different sizes, which rise above its surface: the larger ones are beautified with fine plantations.

Loch Lomond is completely embedded amidst extensive chains of hills. The far-famed Grampian Mountains terminate in the neighbourhood of its eastern extremity. From whatever part the lake is viewed, the scene is unspeakably grand and beautiful. The scenery, however, partakes of a very different character when viewed from different points. Our first view was from the hill of Ardeleishdoun, which looks in a southward direction. The scenery seen from this point is eminently picturesque. The varied shores of the vast expanse of water, with their numerous and diversified bays and headlands, and the rugged hills with their various passes and lonely glens, — form altogether a scene of surpassing beauty and interest.

Our next view was from Mount Misery near the southern extremity of the lake. It was not without some exertion and much fatigue that we climbed this hill, but amply did the prospect reward us for our trouble. The lake is here to be seen in its greatest breadth. The eye is also, from this point, able to take in most of the numerous islands which are scattered over its surface. On its western and eastern banks are various chains of mountains, which seemingly embrace each other towards the north, where their rugged and serrated tops pierce the sky. From the top of Mount Misery, the scenery is infinitely diversified as well as of the most enchanting kind. Here the eye is distracted with the multiplicity of objects which claim its attention. The effect of the whole, to the spectator who has a relish for the beauties of nature, is absolutely overpowering: we were so completely lost in amazement at, and admiration of, the grandeur and magnificence of the scene, as to remain for a time totally unconscious that we were animated beings. And in addition to the charming workmanship of Nature, with which the surrounding scenery abounds, it was hallowed to our minds by the recollection that within a few miles of the spot on which we then stood, were born three of the most distinguished individuals in the literary and scientific history of Scotland. Buchanan, the historian; Napier, the inventor of logarithms; and Smollett, the novelist, were severally ushered into the world within a circle of four miles of Mount Misery.

One day's survey of the magnificent and picturesque scenery of Loch Lomond, instead of satisfying, only awakened in us a desire for still further converse with its beauties. Next morning we resumed the grateful exercise of rambling among its wooded banks. We had been awe-struck and amazed on the preceding day at the colossal proportions of Ben Lomond; yet, notwithstanding our conviction of the toil and trouble of ascending that vast mountain, we determined on the enterprise, assured in our own minds that the view from thence would constitute an ample compensation. We were not disappointed. What a scene! The spectator while he beholds it forgets that he belongs to this world. He fancies himself in another sphere, and that he is conversing with objects other than

those he was accustomed to meet with. We question if there be another spot in Europe, whence a view combining in an equal degree the attributes of extensiveness, variety, sublimity, and grandeur, may be had. Beneath are the broad expanse of water, the numerous islands with which it is gemmed, and the valleys, plantations, and pasture-fields which adjoin its margin. When the weather is fine, which it happily was when we gained the summit of the mountain, the populous city of Glasgow is to be seen on the one hand, and that of Edinburgh on the other. Towards the south, the eye is distracted by the variety and extent of the prospect: it takes in at once the entire county of Lanark, the fertile vale through which the Clyde rolls its majestic waters, with the towns and villages on its banks, and even the far distant mountains of Cumberland. To the west, are seen the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, with the interesting islands of Bute and Arran; while still farther on, are the coast of Ireland, and the wide Atlantic ocean, in the immensity of which the eye loses itself. The prospect in a northerly direction partakes in an eminent degree of the sublime and awful. The spectator, while beholding the scene, feels an emotion come over him which he finds it impossible to describe: it is of a mixed kind,—partaking largely of melancholy and astonishment, not unmingled with fear. Mountain rises above mountain in all their gigantic proportions, while their infinitely diversified and rough and rugged forms impart a grandeur to the whole scene of the most striking kind.

About two hours before sunset, the sky, which was formerly unclouded, became suddenly overcast. Shortly after, a scene ensued of a most terrific kind: but few such could ever have been witnessed in Europe. We found ourselves above the region of the clouds: they floated in the atmosphere beneath, and hovered over the sides of the mountains; anon succeeded a vivid flash of lightning, which was instantly followed by a peal of thunder, louder and longer continued, perhaps, than was ever before or since heard on British ground. Again and again, in vivid forked sheets, did the electric fluid flash, and again and again did the thunder peal, till its reverberations among the mountains seemed to us as if they had been the prelude of the disorganisation of Nature herself. Our courage, we are free to confess, forsook us: we stood aghast at the appalling scene: we then felt, for the first time, the utter insignificance of man: we felt, moreover, as if we had been alone in the world. Happily, the elemental strife, after raging with such violence for about half an hour, began to subside, and we hastened to descend the mountain, seeking to calm our yet troubled spirit in the nearest inn. We returned next day to Glasgow, which is distant from Loch Lomond twenty miles.

In a few days we quitted Glasgow for the purpose of visiting Loch Katrine. It is situated in the county of Perth, and is nearly fifty miles distant from Glasgow. In extent it is not to be compared with Loch Lomond, being only ten miles in length, and from one and a half to two in breadth. But nothing can surpass the splendour and sublimity of the scenery which surrounds it: Nature seems to run riot here. Elevated mountains and lofty rocks in every

variety of form and aspect, are thrown together in "beautiful disorder;" while not only the face of the hills, but even the tops of the most haggard rocks, are beautified by shrubs and trees, all as flourishing as if rooted in the most congenial soil. The lake is completely encircled by lofty mountains. It was some hours after a heavy and long-continued rain, that we happened to visit the place; and the water still continuing in numberless streams to foam down the furrowed sides of the mountains into the lake, imparted an interest and effect to the scene which were quite overpowering.

This applies to the scenery generally; but there are several points whence the view acquires peculiar interest. The one we first selected, was that which commanded the best view of the bristled fields, or, to use the term most generally employed, the Trossachs. The scenery here inspires the spectator, not only with a feeling of admiration and amazement, but with one of profound awe. Vast fragments of rocks, as if broken into pieces from a huge mountain by the operation of some mighty volcanic agency, are scattered into the water at the eastern end, and for nearly two miles along its sides. Altogether, the scene can have but few parallels in the world for "its wild nature" and terrific grandeur.

Proceeding a little further on the road which leads along the northern shore of Loch Katrine, the tourist finds the aspect of the scene materially changed; it is both more varied and agreeable. The rugged rocks are intermingled with numerous lofty cliffs adorned with an ample covering of wood, which has the appearance, despite the seemingly unfavourable soil, of so many thriving plantations on a limited scale. On the distant hills, luxuriant with heath, may be seen many thousands of sheep, while from the adjoining valleys may be heard the lowing of cattle. On the placid bosom of the lake are often to be seen many hundreds of wild ducks, sailing sportively about, as if they too were delighted with the matchless beauties of the scene.

The third and last spot whence we took a special survey of Loch Katrine and its surrounding scenery, was Craig Innes,\* which is three miles from the east end of the lake. The scene is eminently beautiful, and we beheld it under circumstances which invested it with unusual charms. The evening was far advanced, and the yellow radiance of a declining sun tinged every object it touched. The water, which was unruffled as a mirror, faithfully reflected his countless rays, while the heath-clad mountains which adjoined, and the fertile valleys in the distance, sparkled with every variety of hue. We never before beheld a scene so soothing and grateful to the mind. A thousand homilies, we are sure, could not have half the effect in taming the fiercer passions of man's nature. We felt as if we had been standing on consecrated ground, and as if it would

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\* It is but justice to mention, that in selecting the best places for viewing this lake as well as Loch Lomond, we were assisted by a work lately published by Mr. Swan of Glasgow, entitled, "Select Views of the Lakes of Scotland."



have aggravated a hundred-fold the guilt of any criminal action, if committed there. We felt as if we could have lingered for ages amid the beauties which surrounded us,—as if, indeed, time itself could not have satiated the eye with the charms of the scene.

Not far distant are other places whence most interesting and picturesque views of Loch Katrine and its scenery are to be had. It is in one of these, that Sir Walter Scott, in his “Lady of the Lake,” supposes Fitzjames to be standing, when he makes him exclaim:—

“ What a scene were here  
 For princely pomp or churchman’s pride !  
 On this bold brow a lordly tower ;  
 In that soft vale a lady’s bower ;  
 On yonder meadow far away,  
 The turrets of a cloister grey.  
 How blithely might the bugle-horn  
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !  
 How sweet at eve, the lover’s lute  
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !  
 And when the midnight moon should lave  
 Her forehead on the silver wave,  
 How solemn on the ear would come  
 The holy matin’s distant hum !  
 While the deep peal’s commanding tone  
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
 A sainted hermit from his cell  
 To drop a bead with every bell :—  
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
 Should the bewildered stranger call  
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.”

Dr. Johnson, after describing the emotions he felt when he first set his foot on Icolmkill, very happily observes, that the man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. No poet could visit Loch Katrine without feeling the poetic spirit more active in his breast than before. If, indeed, we did not know that poetic genius is of necessity an innate quality in those who possess it, we could almost suppose the scenery of this lake must have the power of creating it. The effect it had on Sir Walter Scott’s mind, as a poet, is well known ; it is the scene of his “Lady of the Lake,”—undoubtedly the happiest effort of his Muse. Loch Katrine and he have been of mutual advantage to each other. While viewing its magnificent scenery, he poured forth the inspirations of his Muse more felicitously than he ever did before or since ; while the effect of his charming description of its beauties has been to make it a hundred-fold better known than it had previously been. Before the publication of Sir Walter’s “Lady of the Lake,” Loch Katrine was little known and still less frequented : now it is thronged by visitors from all quarters : perhaps it is visited by more persons on excursions of pleasure than all the other Scottish lakes taken together.

Not many miles distant from Loch Katrine, is Loch Achray; it is only of limited dimensions, being but a mile in length, and not more than half a mile in breadth. On this account, therefore, it is not entitled to special notice; but it is so on account of the matchless beauty of the adjoining scenery, and the place it occupies in the novels and poetry of Sir Walter Scott. The great magician, finding it impossible, notwithstanding his unequalled powers of description, to convey any correct conception of its beauties to the minds of his readers, contented himself with the application to it of the word "lovely:" nothing, indeed, could be more so. On the south, the ground which gradually rises from the margin of the lake, is in a great measure clad with heath, which in the summer season is not only pleasing to the eye, but emits a fragrant smell. The northern side of the lake has a rocky aspect; but so far from having a repulsive appearance, it is remarkably soft and pleasant, owing to the rich covering of wood which conceals its harsher features. In the distance are huge mountains, whose towering tops seem to embrace the sky: amid these mountains are numerous glens of great depth, whose silence is only disturbed by the streamlets which gurgle on their transit to the lake. It was early on the morning after we had visited Loch Katrine, that we proceeded to Loch Achray. The lake itself was silvered over by the rays of one of the brightest suns that ever shone on our world,—making the beauties of nature more beautiful still: add to this, that on the boughs of the trees which overshadow the northern margin of the lake, were perched a countless throng of feathered choristers, all expressing by their "sweet voices" how sensibly they were alive to the joy-inspiring scene,—and some idea may be formed of the ecstatic delight which we felt while we wandered along the shores of Loch Achray.

Passing over several other lakes abounding in romantic and picturesque scenery, and which are well worthy a visit from the tourist, we come to Loch Ness. This lake is situated in Inverness-shire: its eastern extremity is about six miles southwest from Inverness: it is about twenty-three miles in length, and from one to one and a half in breadth: the depth in some places is so great, that it has never yet been sounded: in many parts the depth varies from one to eight hundred fathoms. The scenery on the north side of the lake is beautiful in no ordinary degree: on the south side its magnificence quite overpowers the mind. When it first broke on our eye, it seemed as if we had been suddenly introduced into a new world. The most imaginative poet that ever lived, never, in the most unbridled moments of his fancy, conceived any thing approaching to it. We felt we were beholding a scene which immeasurably transcended any thing of which we had ever read,—even in fairy tale. Compared with it, how poor the happiest efforts of art! On either side are a number of high hills, or rather ranges of mountains, whose towering tops, as the poet expresses it, invade the heavens: the face of these mountains is, for the most part, thickly studded with trees of various kinds, including the beech, the oak, the ash, the birch, &c. On the south side is a beautiful avenue of many miles length. The road, which for excellence equals any in Europe, is on the very brink of the lake, which enables the spectator to see the imposing

scene under every possible advantage. The projecting headlands and retiring bays, which are numerous and of various shapes and sizes, with the rich covering of wood, of Nature's planting, which adorns both sides of the lake, and the woods and vales, and hills and dales in the distance, are all, without effort, taken in at one glance. In fine, the scenery adjoining Loch Ness must be one of the happiest efforts which Nature ever made at the grand and beautiful.

Loch Ness is celebrated for its historical associations as well as its magnificent scenery. Culloden, where the battle was fought which crushed the rebellion of 1746, is only a few miles distant from it; and it was in the humble cottage of a poor kilted peasant, on its margin, that Prince Charles found a place of concealment after his defeat on Culloden Moor—though the friends of Government carried on, in the immediate neighbourhood, a most rigorous search during the ten days he was there secreted. It required great moral courage as well as attachment to the Pretender, in the Highland cottager, to harbour the unfortunate Prince in the face of the consequences threatened by Government; but the most extraordinary proof of virtue and fidelity, on the part of the peasant, was the fact of his protecting the Prince though he knew that by giving him up he would entitle himself to the reward of £30,000 offered for the person of Charles. The fate of the poor Highlandman, whose name was Kennedy, was melancholy in the extreme: he was hanged a few years afterwards at Inverness for stealing a cow! He was impelled to the crime by the most urgent want; and yet he possessed so generous a soul, that notwithstanding his great poverty, not even the reward of £30,000 could induce him to betray a fellow-being who, in the hour of misfortune, had entrusted his safety to him. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not contain a more splendid example of true nobleness of mind. The north side of Loch Ness is also celebrated as the place to which General Wade, of "Highland road-making memory," is known to have been more enthusiastically attached than to any other spot in Great Britain, and as possessing one of the finest roads in Europe, made by that General in the face of physical difficulties such as, perhaps, were never before or since overcome.

If there was any qualification to the pleasure we enjoyed while luxuriating among the matchless beauties of the scenery around the Scottish lakes, it arose from the reflectio that they should be, comparatively, so little frequented. There are thousands of our countrymen who every successive summer quit their homes in quest of picturesque scenery; but the great majority of them seek for that scenery on foreign shores, though much more beautiful is to be seen in their own country. The taste, if such it can be called, which thus induces men to visit far-distant lands for the purpose of viewing their most interesting scenery, while scenery still more interesting and beautiful is to be witnessed in their own, is at once vicious and expensive.

## THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF COATS.

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“ Give me his coat.”—OLD PLAY.

THE only distinctive mark of a gentleman remaining in these modern times, is the wearing of an old coat; and herein is shown one of the most striking peculiarities of the true gentleman,—a fine taste. No man, but one of the purest taste, can wear an “ old coat ” without looking shabby, an appearance a gentleman never has: for with an “ old coat ” every other part of a man’s dress must be in the truest keeping; and here lies the distinction between taste and want of taste. Now-a-days new coats are as common as blackberries, so that a gentleman is absolutely ashamed of mingling with the herd of “ well-dress’d gentlemen,” whose wit and whose wisdom, whose pedigree and whose parentage, are solely dependent upon the tailor.

Again, not only is an “ old coat ” an irrefragable proof that the wearer is a gentleman, but it indicates, also, that he is a man of reflection, and of philosophic temperament; it shows that he is not one of the common herd. A new coat, when habitually worn, is an indubitable sign of an empty head and of a barren heart. To us, an “ old coat ” is a kind of note-book, becoming the more valuable the longer we wear it. It is the only visible link connecting us with a multitude of by-gone incidents, and hence it is an invaluable companion. Now a man whose coat smells only of the tailor’s goose has no resource of this kind: when he is alone, he is alone; and in place of having a friend and monitor at hand in the shape of an “ old coat,” it is a hundred to one if he thinks of any thing beyond the price, cut, fit, and colour of his last novelty. What a thing a man becomes who ever dwells in a new coat!

It is astonishing, by the bye, what clever fellows tailors are!—and if we are ever to have a system of physiognomy worth attention, it must come from this quarter. Lavater, Gall, Coombe, and others, must hide their heads before a tailor. The knowledge displayed of character, and the wonderful adaptation of a coat to it, has always appeared to us as the very triumph of skill. Indeed, we wonder that Camper, Blumenbach, and other noted physiologists should have taken such pains to measure out a man’s intellect and disposition by his face and his head; and this because a better criterion of both one and the other may be found in a man’s coat. This is an unerring guide. A man may mould his face, and may look as innocent as an angel, although he has the heart of a devil;—but not so his coat. Look at that of a choleric man for example;—mark what a multiplicity of corrugations are figured upon it—how angular and

fierce it looks, even whilst he is smiling like any lamb; but more especially watch it when he is in a passion—it seems instinct with life, and this character soon becomes indelibly impressed upon it. Then again, look at the coat of the humble-minded man, the henpecked husband for example—how sleek and smooth it is from skirt to collar; from shoulder to wrist, it is a perfect index of his disposition; and though there may be hypocrisy *in* his face, and he may *look* right valiantly—his coat betrays him: a smooth coat shows a man to have no more spirit than a Bologna sausage. And again, mark the coat of the meditative man, particularly if unmarried—its collar is twisted, it is buttoned awry, and the cuffs are, ten to one, turned up, whilst one of the skirts, from a habit which the man has of carrying one of his hands resting behind him, has a most curious and characteristic “*swirl*.” Then the coat of the precise man, observe the contrast—what mathematical accuracy! every button breathes of the man, order is legibly written upon it—and as he carefully raises and lays aside the skirts as he sits down, you may fancy the broad-cloth is acting in sympathy with his peculiar temperament—it seems to lay itself out so smoothly and so gingerly. Mark the contour of the careless coat—hitched up here, bagging out there, collar crumpled, and skirts looking for all the world as if they had passed through a plaiting-machine. You never need therefore to look at a man’s face: if you want to know any thing precise as to his dispositions and habits, look at his coat, that cannot lie. It matters not whether the coat be new or old—by the wonderful adaptative powers of the tailor, to which we have already alluded, he gives at once a general character, the minor details being always at once filled up by the wearer.

The physiognomy of coats is assuredly one of the most interesting of street studies. You cannot very well stare a man in the face and read his history there, but you may without offence march soberly behind him, and lo! he has his life written upon his back, and a curious volume it often is. We are, ourselves, peculiar adepts in this science, and many a singular autobiography do we pick up in our daily peregrinations. The poor and proud man—he whom the fates have thrust below his natural position, may be at once detected by his coat: this is a painful subject of contemplation: we trace the decay of his fortunes, with all its sufferings and privations, in his threadbare habiliment: his coat cannot lose its character, and what pains and study must he have gone through to have preserved it in its integrity! all its vulnerable points have, perhaps, lost caste, but still, as a whole, it is impossible to mistake either the coat or its wearer. We never come into contact with one of these subjects of reflection but we are made melancholy, and are ready to chide the man for thus markedly exhibiting his misfortunes. What right has he thus to draw upon our sympathies? what business to hang out a sign-board for pity? He ought to discard his *reliquiæ*, and were he a man of taste he would do so—but wo the while! poverty and taste are bad co-mates.

We have said that coats assume a particular character, dependent

upon their original wearer; and this character is indelible—it lives and dies with it: nothing but absolute extinction, or passing through the hands of Jew clothes-dealers can obliterate it; and this opens another fertile field of inquiry and amusement. This field is particularly susceptible of cultivation in that numerous class of men known as cads, &c., hangers-on about coach-stands, inns, and other places of promiscuous resort. Here may be seen the most ridiculous figures, both as to dress and address. Here a coat out of all proportion to its diminutive wearer, and yet carrying an elegant outline, the owner having as little relation with it as a snail in a tortoise-shell; there a burly-visaged broad-backed blackguard sporting a regular jockey cut, which gives the fellow's bust something of a gentlemanly character, altogether dependent upon his coat: strip him of it, and the man stands in his proper colours—a coarse, vulgar, brutal slang-whanger.

Sometimes coats in the progress of their descent meet with congenial spirits: this is another curious subject of inquiry. How often do we meet with a shabby tatterdemalion, wearing, notwithstanding its woful dilapidation, a gentlemanly coat! The humiliated garment has obviously passed through the entire "art of sinking," and here, upon the very verge of its existence, it finds a congenial companion. How is this to be accounted for? Man is not a block, to which a good coat can give the appearance of a gentleman, as it is altogether an error to suppose that gentlemen can be so manufactured; yet here we find a piece of humanity, placed at the foot of the ladder of life, who, if we are to trust to coat-physiognomy, ought to be some steps higher: ask him of his birth and parentage; it is the lowest of the low: examine him as to his moral and intellectual qualities; they are a mere waste, utterly uncultivated: and yet, notwithstanding these, he has the remains of a gentleman's coat on his back, which evidently claims consanguinity with him. There is a fine field here for the believers in Metempsychosis.

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## SONNETS—BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

## SONNET 504.

To wait upon another's will—how deep  
 The misery,—how frail and sick the hope !  
 There is no mercy in mankind ; no tear  
 Of sympathy, to which the sad may trust !  
 For those, who do not want our tears, we weep ;  
 To those, who safe can swim, we throw the rope ;  
 Give the night-lamp to those who have no fear ;  
 And fondly lift the risen from the dust !  
 Save in our own pure strength there is no peace ;  
 On our own mind and heart we must rely ;  
 Malice to strike the yielding will not cease,  
 And he, who shuns the fight, will soonest die !  
 Lord of himself may man in safety go,  
 And pass this battle-plain, though drench'd in woe.

## SONNET 506.

The richest fuel, when the fire is lit,  
 Throws out most smoke and vapour ;—but it soon  
 Bursts into flame, and burns with brighter blaze,  
 Till in unclouded light it darts on high :  
 So work the strongest sparks of human wit,  
 Which comes in mightiest gifts from nature's boon,—  
 First, dark and clouded wake the struggling rays,  
 Then rise in unstain'd splendor to the sky.  
 The more they blaze, the more exhaustless grow  
 The elements of their unyielding fire ;  
 The beamy splendors widen as they glow,  
 And with intenser rapidness aspire :  
 So mortal mind may turn to spirit pure,  
 And with ethereal essences endure.

## SONNET 515.

O, what superfluous cares and griefs we nurse !  
 Envy and jealousy, and false esteem  
 Of good delusive ; and vain light desires ;  
 And hopes on feeble pinions flitting far ;  
 And love's fond flattery, and resentment's curse ;  
 And idleness, which ease we falsely deem ;  
 And melancholy's gloom, and pleasure's fires ;  
 And fears presageful, that our footsteps bar !—  
 All are the visions of a morbid mind  
 And heart unsound, to vapoury airs a slave !  
 If we our courage to the conquest bind,  
 The fiercest of these fancies we may brave :  
 'Tis but to wave the sword, and still the breast ;  
 And we contented and at peace may rest !

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## SONNET 325.

No wrong ends with itself: the wounded deer  
 Is driven from the herd ;—who patient bears  
 An ill, becomes a mark :—a well-aim'd blow  
 A thousand vultures on the victim draws :  
 Where Fraud has fix'd upon her prey, appear  
 Locusts unnumber'd, whose devourment spares  
 No relic of the blood, but drains, e'en low  
 To the last drop, the life-spring.—Thus with claws  
 Of iron sharpness feeds the cormorant  
 Upon the red-gored heart.—The distant bird  
 We must behold, while hovering fierce and gaunt  
 Up in the clouded air. His wing is heard  
 Flapping with awful indistinctness round ;  
 And we should gaze and tremble at the sound.

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## THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE AND HIS PRINCESS.

CONSTANTINE was invariably dressed and visible at five in the morning; so that it was about half past four, that, uncomfortably rousing myself from a sound sleep, I dressed and accompanied Sass in his carriage to the Belvidere. It was a modern, country-gentleman's-looking villa, within half a mile of the town, and separated from the high road only by the width of its paved court, railed out with palisades and sentinelled by half a dozen soldiers of the regiment of Invalids. Every thing around looked cold, stern, and gloomy; for, though this was the usual hour of the levée, and one officer after another was arriving in order to present himself to the Duke, their demeanor was stiff and silent, and their salutations as cold as those of antagonists at an approaching duel. It was only with a silent smile that congratulations were received, and under their breath that a remark or a joke was ventured to be exchanged. Some half dozen recruits under the command of a serjeant were arranged like puppets in a corner of the anti-room ready for inspection; while, standing here and there, most prim and starched, their hair, mustachios, stocks, and regimentals arranged to the last exactitude of the regulation, were those officers of the different corps stationed in the city who were on duty for the day; and three or four generals and aides-de-camp of his Imperial Highness moved noiselessly backwards and forwards from the room beyond. At last the folding-doors of the saloon were thrown open—every sound was hushed—every murmur stilled; and the Grand Duke himself, accompanied by those of his staff who were immediately about his person, entered the anti-chamber. In person, the Imperial bear was tall and stout, very upright, with large limbs and a pair of broad shoulders, surmounted by as truculent a visage as the imagination could suggest;—a deep and overhanging brow, small swinish eyes, a short and upturned nose, through the nostrils of which you might almost look into his brain, a long upper-lip, a thick, heavy, and protruding lower one; so that when he smoked, the cigar was placed perpendicularly in his mouth; and the whole of these unprepossessing features dashed with the fierce and sullen expression of an untamed hyena, save that he showed no fangs: he might be about fifty years of age; for his hair was somewhat grizzled. His dress was the simple green uniform of a Russian general, white breeches, and the long boots of our lifeguards. He bowed slightly to the officers in attendance, passed on at once to Sass, and, glancing at me, addressed some remark to him in an under-tone, which was answered after the same fashion. He then strode over to that side of the room where I stood, and, abruptly addressing me in French, asked me with a singular rapidity of utterance, and hardly allowing me to answer the questions he put, Who I was? What were my

family? What I was? What I intended doing? Where I was going? What brought me to Warsaw? and a variety of other questions of the same bearing. I answered as quickly and shortly as I could, consistent with due respect; but he did not give me time to stand upon petty ceremonies, or even to make those statements which had been the object of my visit; for, having finished his category without affording me the slightest opening to commence an independent sentence, he strode off to examine the trowser-straps, buttons, mustachios, and general equipment of the recruits at the back of the room. This inspection concluded, and a few orders given to the officers in attendance, we were dismissed without further parley; and, as I accompanied Sass back in his carriage, I said confidently enough that I presumed there would be no further delay about my passport; but the meaning and silent smile which crossed his lips, although I did not then interpret it in its true sense, was a sinister enough augury of what I might expect. Yes—day passed after day, and weeks enlarged themselves into months before the passport I had so long and vainly expected was placed in my hands. It was only afterwards that I was made aware that every passport passed under the eyes of the Grand Duke himself, and that every foreigner who might be merely journeying through Warsaw was either required by command, or induced under some specious pretext, to present himself to his Imperial Highness; and he himself, taking the office of political inquisitor into his own hands, catechized the new comer as to his life, habits, education, and intentions; and should he be unfortunate enough to please, he was likely, *bon gré mal gré*, and almost without being aware, to find himself tricked out one fine morning in all the trappings, lacings, and paddings of a Russian uniform. Nor was this all; for once encased in this dress, adieu to home, country, and friends for the best and most active portion of his natural life. If, too, the unfortunate stranger should have been suspected of entertaining liberal opinions, (it was enough that he should be supposed to have come direct from France) he immediately became an object of the secret attentions of the Grand Duke's government: every step was dodged; every motion watched, and every word or opinion uttered by the supposed delinquent carefully registered and reported. Indeed the system of espionage in Warsaw was carried to an extent perfectly wonderful—perfectly diabolical—at the expense too of every natural and social tie: each class, each grade, each department of the State had its overseeing spies; some of whom I believe were the authorised agents of the Russian government, but by far the greater proportion, and particularly that department of the system to which I and persons in my situation became amenable, was an especial and private freak of the Grand Duke's, perfectly unauthorised by the Emperor, unwarranted by the government, and unknown to, or at least unacknowledged by, the public. In short, it was a little stretch of his prerogative, if that term could be applied to the powers of one, who, simply commander of the forces in Warsaw, had, in defiance of the constitution, the laws, and the oath of the Emperor, arrogated to himself—in fact, usurped—the whole of the executive power. The constitution which

was guarantied to Poland as an independent kingdom declared, that the viceroynalty should be ever vested in a Polish nobleman of the imperial appointment; but this, like the great majority of the clauses in that unfortunate charter, soon became a neglected theory. Since the decease of the first and last viceroy, who died in 1825, the office had been in abeyance, the duties became a nullity, the place was intentionally left unfilled, and Constantine became the Dionysius of Poland. So much for constitutions manufactured at a congress and guarantied at convenience by friendly powers. But I turn willingly from so miserable a picture of careless legislation and neglect on the one side, and broken faith on the other, which have made a brave people their victims.

By degrees, and by comparing the anecdotes which now and then flitted in whispers from mouth to mouth with the singular circumstances in which I was placed, it became sufficiently evident to me that my detention in Warsaw was owing, not to any real or supposed irregularity in my passport, but to some designing trickery or connivance on the part of Constantine; for many posts had arrived which might have brought back the expected document, and still the answer to my daily inquiries at the post-office was in the negative. At last the suspicions which I already entertained of some underhand dealing were confirmed, by my being made aware that every private letter which passed through the post-office was opened and read, and many detained or destroyed, under the especial orders, and sometimes the personal interference, of the Grand Duke; but still his repeated and marked attentions to me, the many private interviews with which he honoured me, and the kindness with which he found me a home when I stood most in need of it, (for Sass, at his request, took me into his house) tended rather to lull, when they ought, perhaps, to have awakened, any doubts I might have entertained as to his ultimate intentions towards me. It must be recollected too, that, although I was a witness of much of his bearish roughness and intemperance in private, yet no instances of the wanton, and, I may almost say, diabolical spirit with which his public character was so deeply seared, had been brought under my immediate observation; so that it is not wonderful that I forgot, or to speak more correctly, hardly dreamt, that I was little better than a prisoner on parole in Warsaw. But, in spite of his kindness, I feared as well as mistrusted him:—dreading his violence of temper and suspecting his motives, I was never at ease in his presence, and always on thorns lest some ill-considered phrase or doubtful expression should rouse the angry passions of the slumbering bear; indeed, there were times when I almost trembled before him.

Three or four times a week I received commands to attend his levée, and not unfrequently invitations to breakfast,—a meal which he commonly took about eleven o'clock in the day. On these occasions he seemed to take considerable pleasure in all I could tell him of England and its modes and customs—its army, its capital, and its domestic and commercial resources. If on some of these subjects I confessed my ignorance, he would eye me with a doubting and suspicious glance, urge me again and again on the same point, as if

he thought I was unwilling to explain, or expressly reserved that of which I regret to confess I was utterly ignorant; or he would dash up in a towering passion, break into some intemperate expression, and declare that I ought to be ashamed of myself not to be acquainted with statistics, which even foreigners knew well. In these fierce moods, in these sudden and unforeseen accesses of passion, he was with difficulty pacified—a task upon which I never dared venture—I could only look on and listen in silence; but if his elegant and amiable princess was present, as was not unfrequently the case, her graceful tenderness and endearments calmed down the storm: she petted him like a froward child, and with a doubting pause or a half-muttered growl his good humour returned. This charming and accomplished creature was his wife, by one of those left-handed marriages so common and well understood among the German princes; and it was always a matter of surprise to me by what strange freak of destiny a being so mild and gentle in manner, so graceful, so tender and amiable in all the acts and movements of her life, could have been linked to such a monster; and what seems stranger still, she loved him, and thence, perhaps, the secret of her influence. I have seen him often playing with her long ringlets, or fondling in his great paw the prettiest and whitest hand in the world, or kissing his hand to her at a window with an air that actually approached to tenderness. She, indeed, was the only person who possessed any real influence over his mind, and her gentle ways could soothe the wild beast in his angriest moods: she would follow him as he stamped about the room: she expostulated, she wheedled, she caressed, she would try with a tear in her eye to make him laugh; and it would seem that, almost in spite of himself, the smile she sought so anxiously came at her bidding: he would look into her eyes, kiss her little hand, and seat himself again without another allusion to the cause of the explosion. He seemed almost to encourage her interference, and he played with her as a child would with a doll, but she was a plaything with which he never quarrelled. He seemed proud too of her mental acquirements, and he delighted in the display of her accomplishments. Indeed, I at one time attributed it as a principal cause why I was so often an invited guest at the Belvidere, that it afforded her the opportunity of speaking English,—an accomplishment in which she excelled: she possessed considerable fluency, and that least possible smack of a foreign accent which could not be otherwise than pleasing on the lips of a pretty woman. Constantine took great pleasure in setting us talking in that language,—rubbed his hands, and listened with evident gratification as she prattled away in a tongue which he did not understand, and continued repeatedly to express his pleasure and satisfaction.

His tenderness for this mild and gentle being was at least a redeeming point in his character, and his attachment was repaid on her part by the most devoted and entire affection. Poor thing! his death broke the slight cord which attached her to life;—whether it was that her whole soul, her existence, was wrapped up in him who had raised her from comparative obscurity almost to a throne, or

whether it was that she missed the being who, however harsh and cruel to others, was always after his fashion kind to her,—whom she had been so long accustomed to cajole, to fondle, to guide, to moderate,—the link was severed—her gentle heart broke under the shock, and, after hardly two months of a painful widowhood, she sunk into the grave which had received her husband.

Meanwhile the term of my acquaintance with this remarkable person, if acquaintance it could be called between an imperial prince and an unknown foreigner, was fast drawing to a close; and a single act of mine, as I have since had reason to believe, decided Constantine to open to me at last the barriers of Warsaw. At an audience to which I had been expressly summoned, he asked me, without periphrasis, or the slightest attempt to lead the conversation to the desired point, whether I would enter the Russian service; and as I almost feared that my immediate and unhesitating refusal would have thrown him again into one of his intemperate fits, I was agreeably enough surprised that, instead of the burst of passion I had anticipated, he only repeated the question in his usual impatient manner, concluding the query with an impatient “Yes or no?” I repeated my decisive refusal, and with a dissatisfied grunt he turned from me and left the saloon—a signal of course for me to leave the Belvidere. My memory does not exactly satisfy me whether this was the last interview with which I was honoured; indeed, one other audience I must have had, though simply to take leave; but of this I am sure,—that in no way was this subject ever renewed, or even alluded to by the Grand Duke: he seemed to have dismissed it from his mind altogether; and if the object of obtaining a recruit to his service had ever been one of the causes of my detention, it appears singular enough that neither in person nor by means of those who through force and fraud were ever ready to do his bidding, should he have made another effort to attain the point which my conjecture has attributed to him.

Be that as it may, a short time only had elapsed after the occurrence I have mentioned, when, on my inquiry as usual at the post-office for letters from Vienna, the packet containing the long-expected passport was handed to me. Young S——, the son of the Prince’s favourite, had happened to accompany me on this errand; and as we discovered that the Viennese postmark differed materially in date from that of the delivery, he, evidently not in the secret, questioned the official closely on this remarkable discrepancy; and only to his reiterated questions, and ultimately a threat of complaint to the Grand Duke, was it reluctantly admitted that the packet on its arrival had been detained from me by the express command of his Imperial Highness, and had been forwarded to the Belvidere, where it had remained nearly three weeks! I leave to those, who may have had better opportunities than I of knowing Constantine’s character, the task of explaining this infamous proceeding. I leave to his admirers, if such exist, the office of finding apologies for such an unprecedented disregard of the private relations of life, for such a flagrant breach of the social rights of individuals; not that mine was a singular instance, for I have assured reasons to believe that such

was the every-day practice in the post-office of Warsaw. But I had no time then for reflection, still less for remonstrance, for I was too glad and anxious to use my recovered liberty; and I hastened to fly from the deadly influence of a government where open violence was abetted by secret treachery,—where tyranny based its throne upon fraud and espionage,—where usurpation mocked at the guarantees of the whole of Europe.

For Constantine himself, I was never able to overcome the disgust with which his character inspired me; for although, as I have said, no striking instances of his violent and wanton cruelty were obtruded upon my observation, evidences there were enough in every corner of the capital of his crushing oppression; and anecdotes were too rife and too well authenticated not to produce their impression upon my mind. It were useless to relate how he compelled an unfortunate Officer of Dragoons to leap again and again over a pyramid of bayonets until both horse and man sunk dead with the last effort; or how he shot a Saxon postilion dead on the spot, with the most Irish intention of inducing him to drive faster:—these with his diabolical treatment of a respectable female who was so unfortunate as to attract his attention, and his systematic persecution of his first wife, with a hundred others, were true tales, which, although only whispered in secret and under the breath in Warsaw, have long since been current through the rest of the Continent. His cowardice, too,—for that vice must always form an integral part of such a character as his,—was sufficiently evinced not only by the low and shameful practices by which he so long guarded his usurped dominion, but by his last exertion of authority in Warsaw. He left his favourite generals and aides-de-camp—those whose attachment to his person gave them at least some claims upon his consideration—to be cut down by an infuriated and successful mob; while he, coward-like, fled the palace through a secret passage from his bed-chamber. The lives of his brave and devoted adherents had gained him time to place his person in safety. Among the first fell Sass.—Poor Sass! though circumstances had placed him in a most unenviable position, his heart was in the right place: at least he deserved a better fate than to fling away his life for a tyrant. The master's hour was not yet come: and it was only in the effort to re-acquire by the Russian bayonet what he had lost by his own tyranny and oppression, that perhaps a violent, at least a painful and unregarded death closed a life of violence;—and the character of Constantine now belongs to the history of the Polish revolution.

We shall say of him, that though he must have possessed some good points in private, (else whence could have originated the attachment of his second wife and the undoubted devotion of his favourites?) yet these qualities were forgotten and overborne in that deadly and all-pervading stain, that wantonness of spirit, which, attaining no end of government and adding nothing to his power, can only be termed a sensual appetite for cruelty. Posterity will mark him as the Dionysius, or rather the Nero, of Modern Europe.

For the Poles themselves, an utter disregard of their civil rights and constitutional privileges, a long series of unequalled oppressions,

and a wanton trifling with the dearest feelings of human nature, forced them into a last though vain effort for freedom. Smarting with their injuries, heart-seared with a sense of their wrongs, in despite of tyranny and in hopelessness of confederacy, the Poles waged their existence against success, and rushed into revolt. "These were the reasons why the people rose." Who of us can forget how nearly that essay was successful? how boldly and how long the unequal struggle was maintained? Indeed, but for the treachery of some and the timidity of others among the nations of Europe, Poland might have now been numbered among her independent kingdoms. Alas! *Le bon jour ne reviendra jamais.*

P.

## LELIA.

BY P. GASKELL, ESQ.

[Continued from No. IV.]

## CANTO II.

ARGUMENT—The Plague in Rome—Dispersion of the Slaves of Flavius—Sufferings of Lelia—Care of the Christian Slaves—Its success—Effect upon Flavius—Influence of Christian example on Lelia—Her Conversion.

WHAT horrid scenes the crowded city shows,  
 When through its streets the plague-stream fiercely flows,  
 That, like the scorching lava, finds fresh power  
 In every victim that it may devour!  
 That on and on, its ravage spreads around,  
 And strews with human wrecks the tainted ground!  
 When love and charity are lost in fear,  
 And man may die, unwept by Pity's tear!  
 When human sympathies are driven away,—  
 When hope is lost, and man forgets to pray!  
 When Death stalks triumphing in his path,  
 No barrier finds to check his awful wrath!

The "king of terrors" has the mighty power,  
 To trample in the dust the princely tower,  
 To crush the cottage roof, to smite the throne,<sup>1</sup>  
 And prince and peasant make alike his own.

The marble halls, where dwelt in Roman state  
 Patrician Flavius, shared the common fate:  
 Through the bronzed gate, the plague-stream freely flows,  
 Though all the saving arts their strength oppose.  
 Vows, prayers, and offerings to the gods were paid,  
 And wealth was lavish'd to procure their aid.

Vows, prayers, and offerings were made in vain ;  
 Nor lavished wealth, the wish'd-for aid could gain.  
 The terror-stricken slaves forgot their awe,  
 When 'midst their ranks the pestilence they saw ;  
 Shook off restraint, and scorn'd their master's nod,  
 Which late they worshipp'd as the will of God.  
 Then burst their bonds, and, all submission lost,  
 They fled away to join the wandering host  
 Of self-freed slaves, whose wild unbridled might  
 New horrors added to the fearful night.  
 Affrighted Rome then knew the fatal power  
 Which slavery can assume in danger's hour :  
 Then felt the curse that slavery ever brings—  
 The fearful hate which from oppression springs,  
 When the crush'd heart again begins to feel,  
 And fierce revenge its blighted hopes reveal ;—  
 When hate, long smother'd, turns to withering flame,  
 And deeds are done of unrecorded shame.

Within the walls, where hundreds lately slept,  
 The few that still remain'd sad vigil kept :  
 Like a bruised flower, the gentle Lelia lies,  
 And, wild with grief, on Heaven her sister cries,  
 Whilst Flavius kneels, and sheds the bitter tear,  
 Wrung from a Father's heart by mortal fear.

His noble girl—his best, his dearest child,—  
 In whose fair features all her mother smiled,  
 Had fall'n before the plague's un pitying power—  
 Oh ! who can tell the torture of that hour—  
 The scalding tears, the agonies that speak  
 The struggle of a heart that fain would break—  
 When one, whose love has like a jewel hung  
 Within man's inmost soul, and there has flung  
 A heavenly radiance, as the day-star bright  
 That o'er life's breakers sheds its saving light,—  
 When one thus loved seems parting from the shore—  
 To bless man's sight, to cheer his heart no more !  
 Thus sorrow'd Flavius—for no hope remain'd  
 That help from gods or man would be obtain'd.

O God of Love ! to thee the Christian kneels,  
 When life's extremest woes he keenly feels ;  
 When all is dark, and not one ray of light  
 Gleams through the shadow of the fearful night.  
 He kneels to thee, when human love is dead—  
 He kneels to thee, when hope from man is fled.  
 O blessed faith ! the faith that Christ has given,  
 Which thus can lift man's thoughts from earth to heaven.

Lelia, the dying Lelia, felt its aid,  
 When near her couch the Christian maiden pray'd :  
 Though all around were sunk in silent fear,  
 Aza, the slave, knew that her God was near ;



To him she prays that Lelia may not die,  
 And hope beams brightly in her step and eye.  
 Hour after hour, her utmost skill she tasks—  
 With soothing voice of every pain she asks ;  
 When others slept—for even grief will sleep—  
 A wakeful watch alone does Aza keep.  
 No hand but hers now Lelia wishes near,  
 No voice but hers is grateful to her ear :  
 Like a fond child, whose trembling tear-drops start,  
 And tell the thousand fears which swell its heart,  
 When the loved mother, on whose long-tried breast  
 In holy calm its gentle head would rest—  
 When she is gone, no solace can be given ;  
 She is its hope, its bliss, its very heaven.  
 Thus Lelia feels if from her anxious sight  
 Aza one moment glides throughout the night ;  
 No other hand, the proffer'd aid can give,—  
 If Aza come not, Lelia cannot live ;  
 No other voice has power to charm her pain,  
 If others speak, she answers, to complain :  
 And oh ! the comfort that the Christian gives,  
 When first she dares to whisper, Lelia lives !  
 Nay, the proud Roman bless'd the humble slave,  
 Nor did he chide when Flavia kisses gave ;—  
 The rush of love, with all its softening power,  
 O'ercame his heart in that delightful hour ;  
 And when he thanked his gods, the Christian care  
 Was mingled in the heathen Stoic's prayer ;—  
 Her very faith he then forgot to blame,  
 And to his children's—join'd the Christian's name.

Day after day the gentle Lelia lies,—  
 Too weak, too languid from her couch to rise :  
 Aza the slave slept near the Roman maid,  
 And nightly at her side the Christian prayed.  
 Oft Lelia heard the murmur'd vow of love,  
 That Aza breathed to Christ in heaven above ;  
 And in her heart the noble maiden felt  
 A reverence for her faith when thus she knelt.  
 She wonders what can be the blessed power  
 That on the Christian's mind such grace can shower :  
 She sees that those who call on mighty Jove,  
 Betray no sign of pure and holy love.  
 The prayer is prayed, the vow is lightly given,—  
 No farther trace than this they show of heaven.  
 But Aza—in her life and actions shone  
 A purity, that comes from God alone.  
 She sought no shrine, no pillar'd temple's shade,—  
 Home was her altar, there her vows were paid.  
 Omens nor auguries the Christian seeks,—  
 The voice of God in other language speaks :  
 Nor charms, nor spells, she wears within her vest,—  
 The Christian's God was ever in her breast,  
 A God—by thousand acts of love endear'd,  
 Not, like the Heathen's, to be cursed or fear'd :<sup>2</sup>  
 This Lelia feels—her Stoic's prayer is stay'd  
 When at her couch the humble slave-girl pray'd.

And on the clouds that o'er her spirits hung,  
The dawn of faith—a glimmering brightness flung,  
Till one wide burst of glory fill'd her mind,  
And in her heart the living God was shrined!

<sup>1</sup> "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres." Horace.

<sup>2</sup> The utter ignorance exhibited by the wisest of the heathen philosophers as to the nature and attributes of God, are proofs what little aid reason can lend us in acquiring a correct knowledge of divine things. The Epicureans indeed taught that the gods (if there were such beings) enjoyed a life of ease and idleness, and were entirely free from all interest as to humanity; for that they neither made the world, nor did they in any way care about it. "De deorum immortalitate nemo dubitavit: quod autem æternum beatumque sit, id non habere ipsum negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri: itaque neque ira neque gratia teneri, quod, quæ talia essent, imbecilis essent omnia."—Epicurus in Cic. lib. i. de Nat. Deorum. They also taught as a corollary from the above, that the world was produced by fortuitous causes, and that the idea of providence was a mere philosophical dream. Upon these strange opinions Cicero very finely remarks: "Sed quis credit ex atomorum concursione fortuita hujus mundi pulcherrimum ornatum esse perfectum? An cum machinatione quadam aliquid moveri videmus, ut spheram—ut horas, ut alia permuta, non dubitamus quin sint opera illa rationis? Cum autem impetum cæli cum admirabili celeritate moveri, vertique videamus, constantissime conficientem vicissitudines anniversarias cum summâ salute, et conversatione rerum omnium, dubitamus quin ea non solum fiant, sed etiam excellenti quadam divinaque ratione? Quod si mundos efficere potest concursus Atomorum, cur Porticum, cur Templum, cur Domum non potest, quæ sunt minus operosa, et multo quidem facilliora."—De Natur. Deor. lib. ii. They called their gods proud and imperious, and appear especially to have wished to banish the instinctive feeling, which every man has within him, of an overruling and ever-watchful God. "Dùm Deum rerum authorem facitis, imposuistis in cervicibus nostris dominum sempiternum, quem dies et noctes timuerimus. Quis enim non timeat omnia providentem, et cogitantem et animadvertentem, et omnia ad se pertinere putantem, curiosum et plenum negotii Deum."—Velleius in Cic. lib. i. The highest efforts of heathen philosophising thus aimed at making man an irresponsible agent. How different is the doctrine of our Saviour!—a Christian's hope, and a Christian's consolation, being, that his God is ever near him, and ever attentive to his actions. The abstract ideas of the ancient Roman and Greek writers as to the Divinity were occasionally very sublime; but these had never any influence upon the popular mind, nor did they change the practice of those who conceived them. Thus it was a fine saying of one of the ancients, when asked what God was, "quia quanto diutiùs considero, tanta mihi res videtur obscurior!" and it bears a strong resemblance to a celebrated passage in St. Augustine: "Certè hoc est Deus, quod et cùm dicitur, non potest dici; cùm æstimatur, non potest æstimari; cùm comparatur, non potest comparari; cùm definitur, ipsâ definitione crescit."

## WILLIAM COBBETT.

A "STAR" of no common magnitude has departed from us, in the person of William Cobbett. With every thing to oppose him, he succeeded by dint of industry, aided by the possession of intelligence of a high order, in making himself one of the most prominent men of his day, and has left a reputation behind him which will live when that of most of his cotemporaries is buried in the profoundest depths of oblivion. As an example of what may be effected by a man's own efforts,—as an example of the indomitable force of native energy,—as an example of the irresistible power of mind, Cobbett is unequalled. His name must in future stand high in the lists of the "triumphs of mind," for it was upon this basis that he reared his fame.

If the old poet's conception of a master-spirit be correct, Cobbett was most truly one :—

" Give me a spirit, that on life's rough sea  
 Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,  
 Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,  
 And his rapt ship runs on her side so low  
 That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.  
 There is no danger to a man that knows  
 What life and death is ; there is not any law  
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful  
 That he should stoop to any other law.  
 He goes before them, and commands them all,  
 That to himself is a law rational."

His works have never yet been either appreciated or read by the higher portions of the community. A wall of prejudice hedged them out ; and whilst they have been spreading over the middle and lower classes, they have been a sealed book to others. Death, however, the great leveller of distinctions, is also, to some extent,

the rooter-up of prejudice. When the man, whose pen has been as a sword, which we believed to be wielded against ourselves, is gone from amongst us, curiosity, if no nobler feeling, will lead us to examine the nature of the weapons which we have heard of, but never seen,—the effect of which we may have felt, but have never ascertained their *temper*. Such will be the consequences of the death of William Cobbett upon some of his productions.

Neither has Cobbett as yet been fairly estimated by literary critics; they have not fully understood his intellectual qualities. Like the productions of a rich and uncultivated soil, they have sprung up with the beauty and vigour of the wild-flower, but so mingled with weeds, that a polished and schooled mind turned away to things of its own mode of culture. There still remains, therefore, for their examination a wide field, untouched by fair criticism; and it is a field abounding in beauties, which only require to be known, to be admired.

John Webster, the dramatist, said finely, that

“ The chiefest action of a man of great spirit  
 Is never to be out of action. We should think,  
 The soul was never put into the body,  
 Which has so many rare and curious pieces  
 Of mathematical motion, to stand still.  
 Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,—  
 In the trenches for the soldier : in the wakeful study  
 For the scholar \* \* \* \* of all of which  
 Arise and spring up honour.”

This was one of Cobbett's characteristics: he was never idle; the effect of which was a freshness of bodily and mental powers, unknown to most men. Year after year, to the latest moment of his life, his faculties were in untiring activity; and the products were full of vitality to the last. His mind retained its vigour and elasticity, and threw off its impulses with all the freedom of early life, till a few hours before his death; there was no flagging, no signs of waste, no appearance that the “cruise of oil” was running low: the stream of intellect flowed freely, betraying neither by ebb nor pause that its source was weakened.

With the exception of Montaigne, the prince of egotists and the

most pleasant of philosophical writers, William Cobbett was the most egotistical of men. He referred every thing to himself; and no wonder,—he had been the architect of his own fortunes, and he had felt his own powers; he had overcome obstacles, which, in the eyes of the generality of mankind, are insuperable; and all this by reliance upon himself.

As a politician and a statist, he was not a superior man. His views were contracted: the causes of many of his opinions were personal, either to himself or to others; and hence his political harangues and his political writings are more declamatory than sound. He was led away from the strict line of argumentation, by trains of thought generated by his own private experience, unsupported by application to generals; and though many of his views were rational, he marred their effect by a want of oneness and simplicity. Still, with their manifold imperfections, his political views were deserving attention, as coming from a man of vigorous and observant mind, and who made it his study to test popular opinion. They differed widely from our own in very many points; and we have frequently expressed our disapprobation of them; but this does not blind us to the fact that they were sincere, and the unavoidable result of his position. To Mr. Hunt, with whose name he was at one time coupled, he was as superior as light is to darkness; and when party prejudice has subsided, the Author, in many of his works, will be a favourite, although the living man was detested.

One of the most beautiful and most characteristic traits of William Cobbett, was his love of Nature. Here the amiabilities of his disposition had room to luxuriate; and surely, if the enjoyment springing from this source be a proof of a finely organised mind, of a mind attuned to the influence of the gentler sensibilities, then was Cobbett a man filled with all the elements of social and private happiness. He delighted, even as a child, in the spring shower, the summer sunlight, the autumnal repose, and in the chill breath of winter. To him, the lake, the mountain, and the field, the rural road, the quiet grassy mound, and the "silver streamlet" had a voice of welcome. Dearly did he love to feel their soothing influences; and few men have more pleasingly described them. It is related by Coleridge, that, when once talking with John Thelwall, seated in a beautiful recess, in the Quantocks, he said, "Citizen

John, this is a fine place to talk treason in ;” to which Thelwall replied, “Nay, Citizen Samuel, it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason.” This was a touching and a beautiful expression: it developed a fine perception of the harmonies of nature; and when we convey ourselves with Cobbett, from his den in Bolt Court to his farm, we feel that it is an expression which might rise to his lips in reference to his own political struggles. We confess that we sympathised with the feelings he must have had, when he desired that he might be carried out into the open air, once more to inhale its fragrance, and once more to witness operations to which he was passionately devoted. There is more poetry in these feelings than we are willing to attribute to characters like Cobbett, and they bring him to us in a more softened form than as a coarse and oftentimes intemperate public man. The words placed by Bulwer in the mouth of his dying friend might, if freed from their sickly sentimentality, have proceeded from Cobbett, on his death-bed. “Have I no farewell for that nature, whom, perhaps, I behold for the last time? O, unseen spirit of Creation! that watchest over all things, thou gavest me music in the mountain wind! thou badest the flowers and the common grass smile up to me! I thank thee, Nature, that thou art round me at the last! Farewell, thou, and thy thousand ministrants, and children! every leaf that quivers on the bough, every dew-drop that sparkles on the grass, every breeze that animates the earth, are to me as friends!”

We have said not a word of the man as exhibited in his everyday affairs: we have viewed him apart from party; we have placed aside our conventional prejudices; we have taken him in the noblest aspect of his nature; and we, who have struggled with him in life, thus record our opinions. Let his errors, his contradictions, and his occasional uncharitableness die with him: if he has done injury, the vigorous arm that inflicted it is powerless; let us repair the mischief, let us balance the good and the evil, and let us try whether the sword that wounded may not be made a means of healing. We loved not the man when living; but God forbid that we should do dishonour to his memory when dead!

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Rambler in North America. By CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE. 2 vols. R. B. Seeley and W. Burnside, London.

EVERY reader who remembers Mr. Latrobe's "Alpenstock," "South African Visitant," and his "Pedestrian Tour," will open this work with raised expectations. Few books have been written on America, which adequately describe either her people or her scenery; and still fewer, which speak fairly and discriminately on the perishing 'Red Men.' Mr. Latrobe has supplied us with a desideratum, and two pleasanter volumes, whether as regards matter or manner, have not lately passed under our notice. From this praise, we must indeed except some of the early portion of the first volume. Our author accompanied Washington Irving on his visit to the Prairies, which he has lately so well described; and as long as he remained in Geoffry's company, he appears to have been doubtful of putting forth his own original "Sayings and Doings;" fortunately for the reading public, Irving left the party, and Mr. Latrobe and Count Pourtales were left to themselves, and here begins the unflagging interest of the work: why it should have done so we know not, as there is a fund of quiet humour and fine feeling about Mr. Latrobe, which makes him independent of his friend.

Our author's remarks upon "men and manners" in America, are marked by courtesy and good sense, as rare as it is just. No words of ours can convey the disgust with which we have read more than one book on this subject. "America," says Mr. Latrobe, "feels, and with reason, that justice has not always been done her in essentials, and by Britain in particular. She knows there has been a spirit abroad having a tendency to keep the truth and her real praise away from the eye of the world, shrouded behind a veil of coarse ribaldry and detail of vulgarity, which, if not positively untrue, were at least so invidiously chosen, and so confirmatory of prejudice, and so far caricature as applied to the people as a mass, as almost to bear the stigma of untruth. She has felt that the progress made in a very limited period of time, and amidst many disadvantages, in reclaiming an immense continent from the wilderness,—in covering it with innumerable flourishing settlements,—her success in the mechanic arts,—her noble institutions in aid of charitable purposes,—the public spirit of her citizens,—their gigantic undertakings to facilitate internal communication,—their growing commerce in every quarter of the globe,—the indomitable perseverance of her sons,—the general attention to education, and the reverence for religion, wherever the population has become permanently fixed,—and the generally mild and successful operation of their government,—have been overlooked, or only casually mentioned; while the failings, rawness of character, and ill-harmonised state of society in many parts,—the acts of lawless individuals,—and the slang and language of the vulgar, have been held prominently forward, to excite scorn, provoke satire, and strengthen prejudice. \* \* \* \* \*

"Causes of dissatisfaction and disgust will always be discovered by the seeker, whoever and wherever he may be. There is no wit in describing as peculiar to America, that which is common to all the world. As to coarseness and vulgarity of mind and manners, it is not, that

abundance is not to be found in our own country, but that it is, from circumstances easily understood, more obtruded for the present into prominent positions in America. Does it not appear that there is something essentially vulgar in that mind, which, in spite of its alleged disgust, can continually occupy itself with coarseness in others, and load itself with the memory of the details?"

Mr. Latrobe journeyed into the "far west," and gives a very graphic account of many interesting circumstances connected with the country and its inhabitants,—the frontier settlers, the growth of farms and villages, and the Indian Tribes. With the following remarks we fully agree:—"The gifts which the 'pale-faces' brought to the children of the Forest have been indeed fatal ones, and by them the seeds of misery and death have been sown to a wide extent. \* \* \* \* \*

"Where the European found the Indians poor, he left them poorer; where one scene of violence and vengeance had been seen, there many have been enacted; where he found one evil passion, he planted many; where one fell disease had thinned their ranks, he brought those of his blood and land to reap a more abundant harvest. His very gifts were poison: selfish and inconsiderate in his kindness, he was ever bitter in his revenge and anger: he excited the passion of the savage for his own purposes, and, when it raged against him, he commenced the work of extermination. \* \* \* \* \*

"We read the history of the conquest of the provinces in the Southern division of the Western Hemisphere, and the islands, and we execrate the blood-thirstiness of the Spaniards, who exterminated whole tribes by the sword, under the banner of the blessed Cross; and yet the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers and their children towards the Aborigines of the North is hardly less culpable, or less execrable. Like the Spaniard, the Puritan warred under the banner of his faith, and considered the war as holy. No one who reads the history of these countries since their first settlement, can draw any other conclusion, than that the white man secretly, with his grasping hand, selfish policy, and want of faith, has been in almost every case, directly or indirectly, the cause of the horrors which he afterwards rose up openly to retaliate. How often did he return evil for good? That the wrath of the Indian, when excited, was terrible, his anger cruel, and his blows indiscriminate, falling almost always on the comparatively innocent,—and that defence, and perhaps retaliation then became necessary, to save the country from repetitions of those fearful scenes of murder and torture, which make the early settlements a marvel and a romance, is also to be allowed:—but the settlement of the various portions of America, with but few exceptions, is equally in the North and South a foul blot upon Christendom. \* \* \* \* \*

"The Indian tribes have melted like snow from before the steady march of the white, and diminished in number and power: beaten back, they first gave way, and retired beyond the mountains, and then beyond the Great River, and to the Westward of the Great Lakes. If you ask, where is the noble race whom Smith found in Virginia, the race of Powhatan, which then overspread that fair country between the Alleghany and the Sea? where the powerful Tribes of the East, the posterity of Uncas or Philip; the white man's friend, or the white man's foe; or the tribes that clustered round the base of the White Mountains?—the same answer suits all; they are gone! and the remnants scattered here and there hardly preserve the name."

Mr. Latrobe's wanderings led him from one extremity of North America to the other; and many "moving accidents," by land and flood, he details. The accounts given of the Indians, their manners and customs, are particularly rich. There is also mingled with much amiable feeling, and a fine perception of natural beauties, no slight amount of genuine



humour: witness his "Crapands." The work, taken throughout, is unique, and exceedingly valuable, both for its temper and its materials: it is a most pleasant work into the bargain; and we are certain that it will be highly popular on both sides the Atlantic.

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**The Works of William Cowper: his Life and Letters.** Edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW. Vol. IV. Saunders and Otley, London.

In every respect a worthy companion of its predecessors. Cowper stands before us as painted by himself; and if we pity, we love and admire the more we know him. His acquaintance with Hayley commences in this volume; an amiable man, of considerable talents, and one who lived high in the regard of his co-temporaries. He was Cowper's first biographer, and his work forms the basis of Mr. Grimshaw's. Hayley was exceedingly well qualified for his task, but he wanted nerve and vigour, and failed utterly in delineating Cowper's peculiar religious temperament. The illustrations are very beautiful.

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**The Poetical Works of John Milton.** Edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES; with Illustrations by Turner. Vol. I. John Macrone, London.

The despotism so long exercised by Johnson in his capacity of critical biographer of our most illustrious poets has often surprised us, as he was in many respects singularly unfitted for the task. His mind was essentially unpoetical: the very finest and most brilliant passages of Milton were sneered at, or passed over, as puerilities by him; and yet this has passed current for criticism; and what is still more extraordinary is, that Johnson put aside Addison,—a man as infinitely his superior as a moralist, a critic, and a writer, as Milton was superior as a poet to Johnson.

A life of John Milton, critically given in connexion with his works, has long been wanting. To write such a life, however, acquirements and mind of no common order were required. Todd, Hayley, Mitford, Symons, Warton, Johnson, Newton, Birch, and the Bard's own nephew, have each essayed the task, and have produced works of various degrees of merit. None of them however seem to have entered into the sanctuary of Milton's thoughts; none of them have felt the full power of his magnificent intellect as developed in his works, and from thence shown us the man; none have brought a sufficiency of detail to bear upon his productions and upon himself; and hence Milton, revered and honoured as he is and has been, is but little known to us. The aspiring mind, which found its congenial home amidst the grandest and most sublime conceptions, has too often been overlooked; and the genius of Milton has been sought for in polemics and politics, and has been traced in his domestic troubles and home infelicity. Sir Egerton Brydges has however done much to redeem him; and if we think that his admiration occasionally assumes an aspect a little too enthusiastic, we know that it is impossible for any man to have felt the grandeur and magnificent richness of the greatest poet of the world, without having had stirred up within him emotions of a nature widely apart from those generated by the writings of any other author.

In speaking of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," Sir Egerton remarks:—"It seems to me that these two poems are much more va-

luable for their developement of Milton's studies and amusements, than for their poetry, by proving his love of nature, of books, of solitude, of contemplation, and of all that is beautiful and all that is romantic, than for those bold figures and that glorious fiction which were his chief power and his chief delight." Johnson's pure and elegant criticism is—"No part of 'L'Allegro' is made to arise from the pleasures of the bottle."

Sir Egerton traces and analyses the various productions of Milton with singular acuteness and force, as well as delicacy of conception. Himself imbued with pure poetical feelings, he tests his Author by the truest of all methods; and he places Milton before us in his native grandeur and dignity. Neither has he permitted his partizanship to embarrass his judgment; he has truly felt that his subject was too noble to be judged by political bias.

"Of this 'greatest of great men,' the private traits and whole life were congenial to his poetry. Men of narrow feelings will say that his political writings contradict this congeniality. His politics were no doubt violent and fierce, but it cannot be doubted that they were conscientious. He lived at a crisis of extraordinary public agitation, when all the principles of government were moved to their very foundations, and when there was a general desire to commence institutions *de novo*. \* \* \*

"Milton's imagination was not at all suited to the cold and dry hypocrisy of a Puritan; but his gigantic mind gave him a temper that spurned at authority. This was his characteristic through life: it showed itself in every thought and action, both public and private, from his earliest youth, except that he did not appear to rebel against parental authority.

"His great poems require such a stretch of mind in the reader, as to be almost painful. The most amazing copiousness of learning is sublimated into all his conceptions and descriptions. His learning never oppressed his imagination, and his imagination never dimmed or obliterated his learning: but even these would not have done without a great heart, and a pure and lofty mind.

"That mind was given up to study and meditation from his boyhood till his death: he had no taste for the vulgar pleasures of life: he was all spiritual; but he loved fame enthusiastically, and was ready to engage in the great affairs of public business, and, when he did engage, performed his part with industry, skill, and courage. \* \* \*

"If intellect is the grand glory of man, Milton stands pre-eminent above all other human beings—above Homer, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, and Shakspeare. To the highest grandeur of invention upon the sublimest subject he unites the greatest wisdom and learning, and the most perfect art. What has issued from the French schools of poetry seems to be the production of an inferior order of beings."

Sir Egerton Brydges has performed his part of Critical Biographer with rare skill and knowledge; and has produced a work of great value to readers, and one highly honourable to himself. It deserves high praise, and, we think, cannot fail to meet with the success it undoubtedly merits. He has proceeded boldly and judiciously, and the work will be an addition to our literature. The illustrations are a vignette from the pencil of Turner, and it is eminently grand in conception—it possesses the sublimity and spiritualisation characterising the subject it is intended to illustrate. The frontispiece is a finely engraved portrait of the Bard in his old age.

History of the Germanic Empire. Vol. II. By S. A. DUNHAM, Esq., LL.D. Being Vol. LXVII. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Longmans, London.

This volume concludes Mr. Dunham's very valuable "History of the Germanic Empire." The work, as a whole, has some considerable defects; but it nevertheless fills up very satisfactorily a niche in our historical literature. The account given by Mr. Dunham of the Reformation in Germany is tolerably explicit and full, though marked with some little lightness. The progress of this Reformation, when men's minds began to be loosened from the shackles of bigotry and religious thralldom, is marked by some extraordinary details of fanaticism; and the wildest and most wayward fancies gave a character to the earlier steps of the Reformation, at once hateful and fearful. Luther himself, though seemingly born for the purpose of operating this great change, was a man of unscrupulous temper, who cared little for the means, provided he attained his ends; and hence he not unfrequently pandered to the worst passions of the people: and though glorious fruit has been the result of his labours, the seed was sown not altogether by pure hands. The Anabaptists present one of the most depraved specimens of fanaticism, which sprung immediately from Lutheranism. Cruelty, unbridled lust, profanity, madness, and impiety, were most singularly and disgustingly exhibited; and, although Mr. Dunham has passed over very properly much that must have come under his eye, even his picture might have been softened. Were it not for the sufferings and the diabolical wickedness of these religionists, their freaks and extravagances might move our laughter: as it is, horror, pity, and hatred, are so blended in examining their career, that it becomes one of the most painful chapters in the history of human errors.

Mr. Dunham says as follows respecting Luther and his imprudent marriage:—"The brutal invectives of the Reformer towards all his enemies, whom he always designated as swine or asses, liars or devils, and his presumptuous vain-glory, did more injury to his cause, than it was in their power to inflict. Nor was his conduct in some other respects calculated to remove their dislike, or even preserve the favour of his own friends. His marriage with Catherine Borew, a nun, occasioned much scandal to both. He had vowed chastity at an age when he well knew the obligation of the contract, and was well acquainted with the temptations he should have to withstand. Whether that vow were a wise one does not affect the question; he had deliberately taken it: it was consequently obligatory on him for life. To teach that even a rash vow, so long as its accomplishment does not interfere with the everlasting welfare of the individual, can be broken, is strange morality. If a vow can be annulled at the mere pleasure of him who has made it, so, *à fortiori*, may a promise: hence, adieu to all human engagements,—to all social security. The zeal with which Luther had assailed monastic vows, and the favour with which he had regarded men who had broken them, were now apparent. Great was the triumph of his enemies. Not satisfied with his own sacrilege, he had, they observed, incurred a double portion of guilt, by prevailing on another to violate the sanctity of the obligation. His marriage was indeed an unfortunate measure: it enabled men to say that the causes, which had led to the Reformation, were to be sought, not in the convictions, but in the passions of Luther. Had he, indeed, felt much regard for the great work beyond one purely personal—beyond the consideration, and the other advantages it procured him,—he would scarcely have taken a step so disastrous to his reputation for security, for disinterested honest zeal. On every countenance which approached him, even that of Melancthon, there was distrust. His own conscience was

however the worst pang. For some weeks after the marriage he was exceedingly dejected, until Melancthon, who had but little moral force, began to pity him, and to palliate,—nay, even to represent as laudable, what he had so strongly condemned. For this criminal indulgence, the disciple's memory must be severely reprehended by every unbiassed mind, since his guilt is only inferior to that of the master."

In fact, the personal character of Luther, as well as that of other eminent Reformers, has not yet been fairly chronicled. God forbid that we should with irreverent and scornful hand lift aside the veil which hides their human frailties! But, nevertheless, a full exposition would not be without its use: it would teach a lesson of humility, strangely at variance with many of our preconceived notions, for religious pride is one of the most dangerous stimulants to man's passions.

Mr. Dunham's history comes down to the year 1792, the commencement of a new epoch. He traces the gradual settling of religious and social disputes, and throughout displays considerable knowledge of his subjects, an impartial judgment, and a degree of minute detail evidencing great industry. We do not think that as a History, this of the Germanic Empire can rank very high as a philosophical one; there is occasionally displayed in it a want of grasp of thought, of comprehensive judgment, of general and sound views of national polity, and an unnecessary dwelling upon *minutiæ*, which weaken its general force, and which show a mind stored with facts, but wanting in observation and the power of generalization. These are defects, doubtless; they remove Mr. Dunham's name from the list of the very few historians who have graced our literature with its brightest and noblest trophies. He must however have acceded to him no mean rank, and has within him the capabilities for reaching one still more elevated.

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The Life of Edmund Kean. 2 vols. Edward Moxon, London.

The writer of this work has approached his task with a cheerful and lightsome temper, which, greatly as we admire, we cannot participate in. To us Kean has always been a subject of painful contemplation. No man had a higher esteem for his histrionic talents than ourselves, neither can any man be less disposed than we are to detract from it, now that he has finished his career; but, nevertheless, his life must be viewed as the life of a thoughtless, an imprudent, and a profligate man. With the exception of the one grand purpose of his ambition—the theatre, there is nothing to interest us, unless his follies can be supposed to do so. Mr. Cornwall has indeed glanced over these lightly, and properly; but they stand out in too strong relief to be hidden. No posthumous reminiscences can aid him at the tribunal of morals; for, like the Grecian Bard, he might have sung,—

“ After death I nothing crave,  
Let me alive my pleasures have—  
All are Stoics in the grave.”

The Life before us, as we have remarked, is confined in a great measure to the only part of Kean's life which will bear detail—namely, the triumphs and trials of an actor; and thus gives the Author an opportunity for some good criticisms and anecdotes. In early life we find him without parental control, and even without parental acknowledgment—a creature little better than a cast-away, and subjected to all the ills of a wayward and unsubdued temper; and so he grew into a man—steeped in poverty, and never learning wisdom from his trials;—and great and grievous these doubtless were. He struggled long and painfully for

notoriety; and when it burst upon him, it literally overwhelmed what little moral *animus* had been his beforehand. His career, as an actor, was brilliant, and deservedly so; and he will, no doubt, hold a distinguished place in our stage annals, as the creator of style, peculiarly his own—one which came upon the stage, and went from it, with him. We give an extract, as it relates to a period when his removal to London opened to him what, as he himself always declared he only wanted,—an opportunity to be known.

“The death of his eldest born appears to have wounded Kean very painfully. The child died at eight o'clock in the morning. The father was affected to a degree bordering on suffocation. His passions were at all times uncontrollable, and upon the present occasion, after some few attempts to think that all was for the best, he flew out of doors in an agony of grief, and drank to a prodigious extent, in order to forget his loss. The brandy, however, instead of soothing or stupifying him, made him mad. He returned to his house in an outrageous state, (his grief still uppermost,) wept and lamented his child, and swore that he would wake it from the dead. At last, exhausted by his anguish, and affected of course by the liquor which he had drunk, he fell into a hot and uneasy sleep. In the morning he was more composed.

“In the midst of all this sorrow, he was obliged to proceed with his theatrical engagement at Dorchester. Indeed, it was necessary to do so, in order to entitle himself to a benefit, by which means alone he could hope to pay for his child's funeral, and the medical expenses which had been incurred before its death. He took his benefit therefore, and derived from it sufficient for those purposes. But he was still without money for his London journey. The manager of Drury Lane Theatre had not tendered him any, not being aware, of course, of his exigencies. In this dilemma, the Dorchester manager, Mr. Lee, very good-naturedly advanced him five pounds, and with part of this sum in his pocket, he set forward, with a beating heart, to try his fortune on the metropolitan stage.”

This work is a far more pleasant and readable one than we had thought it possible for a Life of Kean to be made. His errors and his excellencies are alike acknowledged; and there is nothing that the most fastidious taste can object to in it. The estimate of Kean's powers is pretty fairly drawn; and we are thus in possession of his public life: his private life, unhappily for himself, and all connected with him, was equally criminal and miserable.

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The Enthusiast. 1 vol. Being Vol. XIV. of the Library of Romance. Edited by LEITCH RITCHIE. Smith, Elder and Co. London.

It is a matter of surprise to us, that Mr. Ritchie should have shown his taste, critical judgment, and knowledge of the wants of English romance-readers, as they are exhibited in the present volume. Spindler's original work, of which this is said to be an adaptation, is a strange compound of extravagant fancies, morbid enthusiasm, and visionary religion. The texture and tendency of many of these German romances are essentially un-English, and it is absolutely impossible to make them attractive. Spindler's work was a bad example even of these; and we must say that this volume is not a very welcome addition to the series. The following scene occurs in a Chapel, soon after we have been introduced to the Enthusiast:—

“The tears that streamed from her eyes rendered her voice almost inaudible, but this was still more effectually drowned by a voice behind her back, which exclaimed, with a hollow and solemn tone—‘Yes! indeed, and in truth, this is a holy person, and her prayer ascends as frankincense.’ Astonished, the Margravine looked around her, and an instantaneous glow overspread her pale cheeks as she met the gaze of Leodegar, who, with outstretched arms and uplifted hands, advanced into the Chapel from the door of one of the four rooms.

“Overcome with rage, astonishment, and shame, she stood speechless and immovable. Leodegar, in a fit of enthusiasm, threw himself at her feet, kissed the hem of her garment, and continued thus:—‘Blessed be thou, who walkest with the Angels! Blessed be thou, anointed and crowned penitent, who art striving for the fairest crown of the Saviour!’”—and so on, with a strange mingling of human passion and religious enthusiasm, which, occurring where it does, becomes utterly foolish and improbable.

There are a number of vigorous descriptive passages in the volume, and some eloquent writing; but, as a romance, it is wanting in the elements of interest and of popularity.



Harold de Burun. A Semi-Dramatic Poem; in Six Scenes. By H. A. DRIVER, author of the “Arabs,” a Poem. Longmans, London.

If our opinion as to the moral and intellectual character of Byron, to whom this poem relates, differs from that of Mr. Driver, it does not prevent us acknowledging that he displays poetic powers of no mean order: indeed, there are many passages in the volume of great beauty; and if the whole had been a little better sustained, the poem would have ranked high above most of its cotemporaries.

“The especial object of the undertaking,” says the Author, “has been to develop what I conceive to be the true character of Byron, and to dispel, as far as might be within my possibility, that fantastical one which has shown itself amidst the magnifying haze of popular credulity.” The object is a noble though a hopeless one; but it has given Mr. Driver an opportunity for writing a fine, an original, and a powerful poem. We can make room only for one extract, and with it we cordially recommend the work:—

“Bless’d be their rosy smiles  
 And dimpled cheeks! Their little urchin tongues  
 Sound with a sweet recalling silverness,  
 Like tuneful bells, that chime of other days.  
 If we in aught bear likeness to our Maker,  
 Surely ’tis most in infancy! for innocence  
 Must be the chief resemblance.

Ethereal hearts!

I love them from the hour they climb the knee—  
 Their first ambition—happy if the worst!  
 Theirs is the thrill that I can feel no more,  
 Knowing too much—the genial spring is theirs,  
 Whose buds are worth a thousand full-blown joys.”



Philanthropic Economy; or, the Philosophy of Happiness, &c.  
By Mrs. LOUDON. Churton, London.

"To every human being on whom God has bestowed the gift of reason, this earnest appeal to reason, to justice, and to honesty, to pure morality enforced by sacred obligation—to every noblest sympathy of humanity, is with ardent feelings of good-will to all inscribed by the Author." Such is Mrs. Loudon's dedication, and we believe her to be sincere. Again, we quote the first lines of the preface: "The mottoes of the title-page have been selected, because, from their consideration, taken connectedly, the unavoidable inference follows, that if we would obey the commandment to 'love one another,' we must not tax the necessaries of life." These mottoes, by the bye, are the 34th verse of the 13th chapter of St. John, and an extract from Adam Smith: the first, "A new commandment I give unto you,—that ye love one another." The second, "Taxes upon the necessaries of life have nearly the same effect upon the circumstances of the people, as a poor soil and a bad climate." We shall not stay to discuss whether Mrs. Loudon has or has not, in thus bringing St. John and Adam Smith into juxtaposition, and making the signification of one dependent upon that of the other, overstepped the line of prudence and propriety. She has evidently entered heart and soul into her subject; and fearful, we presume, of being placed side by side with Miss Martineau,—a position from which we are sure she would shrink,—she discards the words 'political economy,' and calls her labours 'philanthropic economy.'

It is obvious, however, on the slightest examination, that the Authoress has entered upon a subject far beyond her grasp, and that she is merely a relator; and that, like Miss Martineau, she is in a great measure ignorant of the real condition of society, and of the agencies, whether moral or political, fitted for its exigences. We say this without the slightest harshness; but Mrs. Loudon is not the first lady who has lost herself in this thorny track; and we should wish to see the female intellect better employed than in making vain attempts to cope with subjects which are, from their very nature, beyond female interference. We are not amongst those who think that mind is the prerogative of man; on the contrary, we believe that woman has intellectual capacities fully as extended as ourselves; but the bearings of these capacities are decidedly different, and their proper developement is dependent on the passions and the affections. Now the inquiries connected with political economy, provided a work is to be produced on the subject entitled to confidence, are unapproachable by a woman; and hence a few bald facts, or specious details are all that she can trust to; and on these her imagination operates till she writes a book. Such a book may be a clever, an amusing, and even an instructive book: we say it may be so; but it cannot be either clever, instructive, or amusing as a book on political economy. Thus Miss Martineau's Tales would do very well for children, if their titles were changed, and some of their matter weeded out; but it is an absurdity too potent for patience to have them quoted as authorities or even illustrations. Mrs. Loudon's book, though free from many of the objections to which Miss Martineau's works are open, and though written in a much higher and purer tone, cannot be called an addition to our political literature. Colonel Torrens, the "Spectator," various Newspaper reports, Adam Smith, and one or two other writers, aided by copious quotations from Scripture, form the basis of the Work,—a work honourable to Mrs. Loudon's intelligence, but which neither extends our knowledge, nor opens new views of policy.

**Hydraulia.** An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Water-Works of London, &c. &c. By WILLIAM MATTHEWS. Simpkin and Marshall, London.

A highly interesting and valuable work, and one particularly well-timed. The outcry which has been raised about the Thames water has had some good effects, and the worthy citizens may drink it with perfect impunity in the shape in which it comes to them from the water companies. We cannot do more this month than recommend Mr. Mathews's work, but we shall have occasion to recur to it once and again.

**History of England.** The Third Volume of the Continuation of Hume and Smollett. By the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B. D. And the 16th Vol. of the History of England. A. J. Valpy, M.A., London.

Mr. Hughes continues his important work steadily and equably. It is with the historian as with the orator,—

“ Sapere est principium et fons:”

and every page of this volume affords sufficient evidence of research. The progress of the American war, with its collateral troubles, is very minutely traced in the part of the work before us; whilst the various questions of home policy are treated with an impartiality at once rare and highly honourable:—

“ A spirit of disaffection arose in England in 1779, from a cause which never fails to interest the feelings of a nation in distress—the expenses of government, and the necessity of economy. Few subjects are more difficult to handle than this; for while one party declaims, with apparent justice, against the expensive trappings of royalty, and the profusion of ministerial patronage, as unduly extending court influence, and endangering popular rights; others speciously argue, that a systematic frugality is inconsistent with the nature of our government, which cannot be carried on without parliamentary interest; and that interest cannot be secured without the expensive appendages of pensions, sinecures, and lucrative employments. Two methods only, it is said, have as yet been discovered to rule mankind—force and bribery: if we choose to live under a free government, where public employments are open to the honourable ambition of all, and where every man's house is his castle, into which the foot of tyranny cannot enter,—we must be content to pay for such privileges; must bear with minor evils for the sake of higher advantages.

“ Without attempting to controvert these principles, or denying that to possess a guarantee for good government, the services of the best men must be secured by liberal remuneration; we ought not to shut our eyes against the necessity of checking that lavish expenditure, which, by encouraging the bad, corrupting the indifferent, and disgusting the virtuous, tends to bring on a paralysis of the body politic: for while the reasons for supporting a system, notwithstanding its expenses, are generally abstruse and philosophical, the abuses of that system are evident and glaring; so that the evils are easily seen by the many, while the advantages are comprehended only by the few; and the dangers arising thence are doubled by a free press. The efforts therefore made by Mr. Burke, in the cause of economical reform, to bring back the constitution to its first principles, were highly meritorious. The corruptions



of that aristocratic power, which had so long predominated in the British government, had begun to bring obloquy on the monarchy itself; and Mr. Burke wisely endeavoured to combine with the maintenance of ancient institutions and established rights, the correction of real abuses, the pure administration of public patronage, and a prudent management of the public expenditure."

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The Works of Pope. Vol. III. Edited by the Rev. G. CROLY, LL. D. A. J. Valpy, M.A., London.

The third volume of this very elegant edition of Pope brings us to the "Dunciad," a work of singular force, but one exhibiting no slight want of judgment. The "Wasp of Twickenham," as Lady Mary Wortley Montague not unaptly styled Pope, should have had more mercy upon his irritable temperament, than to have roused about him a whole nest of hornets. Dr. Croly makes the following very pertinent and just introductory remarks on the "Dunciad." The notes accompanying the poem are curious and highly interesting.

"The direct origin of this longest and most laboured of Pope's poems has been already detailed in the Memoir of his life. The initials appended to the 'Treatise on the Art of Sinking in Poetry' had excited universal resentment: the writers, whose works had been held up to public contempt, retorted in a body; and, if their revenge was not classic, it was at least keen. Libels, personalities, and threats filled the public ear; and Pope declares that 'for half a year and more, the common newspapers were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities that they could possibly devise.' 'A liberty,' he farther observes, 'no way to be wondered at in those people and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age, and this with impunity,—their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.'

"For those reasons which ought to have taught him the hopelessness of attack, if not the dignity of silence, he resolved by one decisive blow to extinguish the whole fraternity of the 'scribblers.' The habitual failure of his temperament was irritability, and in this instance it betrayed him into warfare with a generation, whose obscurity he confesses to have placed them beyond the reach of assault, if their callousness did not render them insensible to his weapons. His knowledge of the world ought also to have warned him, that the eminent are always losers in a voluntary contest with the contemptible; and his knowledge of the race with whom he had to deal, that the libeller may make up in virulence what he wants in vigour; that the public, with all their favouritism for the man of genius, can laugh at seeing him entangled with the mean; and, that when abuse is to decide the battle, the mean are the natural masters of the field.

"The value of those maxims is proved, by the fact that, from the commencement of the quarrel, Pope's life seems to have been one of perpetual vexation: every newspaper that reached his hands teemed with fresh insult; he was pursued by ballads, stung by epigrams, burlesqued by caricatures, and even menaced with those personal attacks, which to his feebleness of frame, and consequent powerlessness of self-protection, must have been matters of serious anxiety. The multitude of biting pamphlets and furious paragraphs written against him perhaps outnumber those which either party stimulants or popular rage called forth against the most obnoxious public men of England."

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**Narrative of a Residence in South Africa.** By **THOMAS PRINGLE.**  
A new Edition; with a Biographical Sketch of the Author,  
by **JOSIAH CONDER.** Edward Moxon, London.

We cannot but regret that Mr. Conder has given so bare a sketch of Pringle's life, inasmuch as his life was one which will well bear examination, and as his career was more than usually varied and singular. A more amiable man than the Author of the work before us never lived, nor one who deserved better of society. His struggles were the struggles of a generous and enlightened mind, and his treatment at the Cape must ever reflect discredit upon our Colonial government.

The work itself has been already favourably received by the public, and not undeservedly. It abounds with information and sound views, and, as a picture of South Africa, is full of graphic details and curious and characteristic sketches. It is, perhaps, as interesting a volume as any in our language, having the charm of personal adventure with the various denizens of the forests, from the predatory Bushman, to the Elephant, mingled with domestic details, and the struggles and privations of new settlers in a remote and not very easily accessible district. The accounts given of the Dutch boors, the Kaffres, and the Hottentots, are marked by temper and discrimination, and are at the present moment highly interesting and valuable. The work is without the poetry which accompanied it in the first edition: this arrangement is, we think, judicious, as the poems will in themselves form a very charming volume.

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**The National Church Vindicated, &c. &c.**  
**Parbury, Allen and Co., London.**

A work by a strenuous supporter of our Church Establishments, and containing a searching analysis of the Glasgow petition to Earl Grey. Its tone is a little warm, but not more so perhaps than the subject will bear. It is worthy a very careful perusal, as we think the minds of men are likely to be led too far, if wholesome checks and preventives are not placed in their way, on the important question of the permanence of our national Church.

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**Modern Antiquity, and other Poems.** By the late **Rev. C. C. COLTON,** Author of "Lacon." King, London.

Mr. Sherwill, whether led away by reverence for Colton's genius, or by personal friendship, has widely mistaken the value of these poems. They will certainly not add to the reputation of the Author of "Lacon." We are glad to find from some preliminary observations, that Colton did not die in that abject poverty which the world has been led to believe. Every thing indeed about this erring "son of clay," to whom we may apply an observation of Rousseau's—"nous avons cherché le plaisir et le bonheur, à fin loin de nous," possesses a degree of painful interest, and this will no doubt make this work be sought after.

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**Bosworth Field; an Historical Tale.** By the Author of "Arthur of Brittany." 3 vols. Cochrane and Co., London.

It is a very remarkable fact, that Sir Walter Scott appears to have for the present utterly broken up Historical Tale writing. Whether it is that we come to the perusal of works of this nature with a prejudice resulting from a familiar acquaintance with Scott's works, we do not know; but certain it is, that we rise from their perusal little satisfied.

Richard the Third is supposed to have had a son, who was introduced into his tent on the night before the battle of Bosworth, and then for the first time made acquainted with his parentage. The evidence of this youth's existence is by no means satisfactory; but upon this report the Author of "Arthur of Brittany" has founded his plot. The ground was dangerous; it has been hallowed by Shakspeare, and most of the principal characters in the Tale have been already immortalised by the great poet of human nature. There are also some strange historical inaccuracies: for this the writer may perhaps plead the example of Scott. The objection even in Sir Walter was a grave one, but it was in a great measure overlooked in the charm of his racy narrative; they were not looked for till the story had been read. In the present instance, however, they start up in one's path, and serve as stumbling-blocks.

One of the most curious traits about "Bosworth Field" is that the characters and the scenes are too palpably made for each other; the whole is too obviously artificial. Thus Alwyde, the hero, in the course of a journey, falls in with a thunder-storm: this thunder-storm drives him into a half-ruinous castle, in which he finds a man dying; in an upper room he discovers a maniacal woman, and after this he leaves the neighbourhood; and some time afterwards he comes upon a party of rustics swimming a witch, and, in the end, he discovers that this unhappy creature was his own mother.

The redeeming points about the work are many. It is vigorously written: occasionally characters and incidents are dashed off boldly and with great perspicuity; and the portraiture of the widowed Elizabeth, her daughter, the future queen of Richmond, and the Lady Anne, are exceedingly well drawn. The underplot, in which this last-named lady and Edward Stanley are the hero and heroine, is a touching story, having in it much truth and much nature.

On the whole, "Bosworth Field" is a very readable performance, and superior to the common run of Novels. The Author might undoubtedly have made more of his materials, as his invention is abundantly prolific.

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**A Voice from the Dormitory.** Being a Collection of Sacred Poems, chiefly selected from Old Authors. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

A collection of poems showing a fine discriminative taste, and one which forms a very acceptable addition to our available sacred literature.

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**The Poetical Works of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.** Part IV.  
Edward Moxon, London.

It is impossible to imagine any thing more splendid than this work. The illustrations, which are profusely scattered over its pages, are some of the most delicious things we have ever seen.

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The Holy Bible; containing the Old and New Testaments. Revised from Corrected Texts of the Original Tongues, &c. With Critical and Explanatory Notes. By B. BOOTHROYD, D.D. Part I. James Duncan, London.

The commencement of a valuable edition of the Scriptures. Dr. Boothroyd's critical abilities are well known, and cannot fail to procure his labours attention. The notes are numerous and important, clearing up all obscurity in the text, and are written plainly and simply. It is beautifully printed.

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Fortitude. By MRS. HOFLAND. A. K. Newman and Co., London.

It would be a matter of supererogation at the present day to criticise the Authoress of this work. She has long had a niche in almost every family where reading is cultivated. "Fortitude" is a story of domestic trials firmly borne, and ultimately triumphed over: the character of the aged domestic is very touching; and the benevolence of Dr. Mead characteristically displayed. The book is very beautifully got up, and will make a pretty and desirable present to deserving young people.

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A Critical Dictionary of the English Language. By JAMES KNOWLES. Part VI. De Porquet and Cooper, London.

Mr. Knowles's very important undertaking is now in an advanced state, and its execution fully bears out the encomiums bestowed on its design. It is the most complete dictionary of our language extant; and, being published at a moderate and well-deserved price, no library should be without it.

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Journal. By FRANCES ANNE BUTLER. John Murray.

"With all its imperfections on its head," this work has disappointed us of our *pounce*. We had not read a single critique on it, but had heard strangely contradictory reports, we *thought* from credible authorities:—first, that "it was published here because no book which did not abuse the Americans would sell in England;" secondly, that ere its long announced appearance, quotations from it had graced the papers, in which the late Miss Kemble had dubbed some members of the Covent Garden company "limping," "wooden," &c. &c., and protested that she "loathed a newspaper-scribbler as she did a *bug*;" finally, that some great man had lauded her book as "sublime." We were "wroth to a degree," and, ere the volumes reached us, had concocted sundry admirable severities, which we are "laith to lose;" but as some of this lady's censors prove more mendacious even than her parasites, we suppress the comments that *they*, not *she*, extorted from us. We are the more resolved to deal fairly, and even mildly, by Mrs. Butler, as we feel that it would cost us no effort to be rather just than merciful. The work, associated with such names, is sure of a rapid and extensive sale. Its authoress is now independent of her country, family, and genius. A journal, as showing us the writer's *real* self, challenges graver comments than those elicited by fictitious characters.

Mrs. Butler cares very little for reviews, and may never read ours. Besides these excuses for harshness, we have some long-standing temptations towards it, of which we shall say but enough to show the merit of our own resistance.

Even the children of celebrated actors are considered public property, about whom the world *will* talk. Thanks to the set of spies and informers by whom their domestic privacy is invaded, "little Fanny" had a kind of fame long ere she trod the stage; it was sworn that she early *determined so to do*; and, though the passion afterwards lay dormant for a while, yet it is possible that some one, of unpardonable memory, ventured to echo Mr. Burchel's emphatic monosyllable, when Miss Kemble's printed letter (thanking the company for a bracelet, soon after her triumphant *début*) assured them that "*their* firm adherence to her father, in his adversity, was the *FIRST* thing that suggested to her mind the idea of exerting her own humble talents in their profession," or words to that effect. It is possible, we say, that some old-fashioned lover of truth *did* cite the exclamation of Goldsmith's hero; but the voice was drowned in ravings on "the self-sacrifice and filial piety of this exemplary Euphrasia." Her harshly, coldly clever, performances were successful, and well paid. She was be-rhymed, be-pictured, and, in a certain *head-tire*, called like Mrs. Siddons; though Mrs. Jamieson, "to make use of a strong expression," admits that *Miss Kemble* has been "*excelled in beauty!*"

The girl herself is not to be blamed for the extravagances of her partisans. She looked no way ambitious to be praised for any body's sake but her own. We therefore assert that her appearance, voice, acting, writing, and manner, far from reminding us of her accidental ties, curiously contrasted her with both parents and kindred. She was

" Among them, but not of them ; "

and, had she been *quite* as masculine as, perhaps, she wished, might have said, with Prince Arthur,

" Is it *my* fault that I am Geoffrey's son ?  
No, indeed, it's not ! "

We are aware that the almost repulsive, equable lowliness with which she used to receive homage, rendered it impossible to decide whether she disdained or accepted it but as her due. It is the duty of daughters to furnish their papas with dilemmas! For her did the pacific Charles Kemble turn thresher, and then concede a sort of apology; after which the party least in the wrong is never forgiven. For her did he produce a drama, against which, had it emanated from any other pen, his pure taste might have revolted. "*Miss Fanny's Tragedy*" was announced still *tonger* than has been Mrs. Butler's *Journal*. In spite of gorgeous appointment and good acting, the town brooked but a short time a play exceptionable in plot as "*Bertram*" or the "*Orphan*," yet unlike them in its grating sounds and hackneyed ideas. It was, however, an extraordinary effort of *maiden* fancy, remarkable for finishing just as well *without* its last act, as it could have done *with*; which is more than any of Shakspeare's would do. Its adulators vaunt that, "though soon lost to the many, it may still be read by the few," which we translate—

Hurl'd from the stage, the dull pretender's lays  
Sink amid Lethe's water—" Closet plays."

She left us. It was said that, whether married or single, she would

return to act one more season here, for the advantage of her estimable parents; but she did no such thing: we trusted that, as she could now afford to live in dignified retirement, she would cease to write: there again we were mistaken: it made us angry. We say not this from the jealousy which some (called) men cherish against popular female talent; were we capable of envying any lady, it would not be Mrs. Pierce Butler; though, if to astonish has been the aim of her life, she is, as she hath ever been, *unaccountably* fortunate. The common cry now seems, "We should wonder at such a book from *any* young, well-educated woman,—but from *her!*"—"And why?" we would ask. Let us examine this Journal, which merits no such amaze from either friends or foes.

If it at all surprised us, it was agreeably, as confirming some of our opinions on its writer's disposition, and much improving others. Mrs. Butler's notions, mental and moral, are, generally speaking, more liberal than we expected, though far less original. She has read and heard many fine things, which she journalises as *her own*: this at least shows that she understands and feels them. Her imagination, too, is vivid, and her verbiage glittering—nay, bordering on the graphic style, which she disapproves: but her reiterated descriptions tire one *rather*; and her *de Stael-ish* obscurities perplex. She calls the political existence of America "a momentous experiment." Surely our little Tory must have sat at the feet of that great Gamaliel, the late Lord Londonderry. She says too, whatever she may mean, "that actual reality is away from the purpose of works of art." Also, "*If truth be truth, to the end of reckoning, why, that share of her, if any, which I possess, must endure, when recorded, as long as truth endures!*"

This is indeed "to judge the future by the past;" for the truths Mrs. Butler puts forth, "if any," as she says, are very venerable; yet we should like some of her "rhapsodies," if they did not make her more familiar language appear so indefensibly vulgar. The barbarisms in which she indulges are such as no well-bred woman should *print*; even to *write* them betrays an habitual coarseness of mind—perhaps obtruded to decrease our awe of her greatness. The "vile phrases" to which we allude are, like her pet quotations, constantly recurring in her confessedly bad prose. True, she apologises "in very choice Italian," for the carelessness natural to spontaneous effusions; but *if* her pages were *not* written for the press, they ought, at least, to have been made fit for it, not deformed by such expressions as the following:—"fell to—got at—went and took—bang—like mad—slithering about—bundled ourselves in—regular row—horrid mess—tydying my room—all up with me—bother—potter—I spit at it—walloped—snivel—they licked us—beaten hollow—it rained cats and dogs—we came across Mr. ———rode to the tune of so many miles—by that same token—Go it!—with a vengeance—by all manner of means—only time to swallow a mouthful—gulped it down—was done up—glorious little England, from which this bragging, big baby was born—a small piece of mutiny—I cottoned to him. I acted like a wretch—blackguard—twaddle—set my foot in the discussion—foul nonsense—got very sick. The manager's wife and another woman—were in the box, which was his—a cheating woman—a heathen price—our surroundings—jostle—scramble—break one's neck—lies—a turnippy-looking man—that odious Mr. ———a man of the name of Hacket—I would not care if the devil drove a hurricane at our backs—all this blessed day—stitching for dear life—the plagues of Egypt were a joke to *them*—cantankerous—devilish red slashes—he was glued to my side—stuck to my skirts—humbug;"—but enough, and more than enough; we will not weary our readers quite so much as we have been wearied—not to be spiteful and enumerate one *half* the spots that temper the glory of Mrs.

Butler's sun's light. We wonder why the worthy clergyman persuaded her to abjure waltzing, obliged as she was, by her calling, to be "clapsed and whirled about." But exercise is salutary; and, on the subject of health, this young lady furnishes her own sex and ours with three or four bravely candid notes. We could cry "Bah!"—but then her love of learning—of country—*regret* for her *happy, peaceful* home! her "joy in flowers,"—her piety and benevolence!—we are disarmed. In all *these* matters she is sincere: whether it was politic to give her work an air of display, by permitting it to retain so very much about her German, Italian, singing, sketching, stitching, dancing, and riding is another question.

If the trivial diurnal details were compressed, the lines of *stars* omitted, the Mr.—s either distinguished one from the other, or left out, *in toto* the journal would really make *one* readable tome; but then it would lose its *vrai-semblance*.

As it stands we have *all* the acts of Frances, and some of them purposeless as those of her own Francis; yet, from the whole, we gain an edifying insight into a somewhat peculiar character.

Mrs. Jamieson opines that "Woman should plant the olive wherever she goes;" and Tennyson, who sonnetized the erudite John Kemble, junior, says 'the Poet' ought to be

"Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

As lady and as bard, then, Mrs. Butler's 'own gods' condemn her, not we.

We have said that she does not altogether *bely* the Americans; but she should (if only to return the civility of Washington Irving) have confessed that vulgar habits, loud shrill voices, and class-going hoydenism, may be found in her darling Edinburgh—uncouth accents in her well-beloved Manchester. We could better tolerate satire from a long-secluded, refined, morbidly sensitive, disappointed being, than from a hardy, horse-whipping denizen of green-rooms—the kist of Keppel, the jostled of supernumaries. Yet Mrs. Butler is full of aversions—"likes every thing better than men and women"—"finds the society of her nearest connexions a burden"—by her own confession takes *this* "in dudgeon"—"sulks" at *that*—gave her audiences "cross" and "significant looks"—"nearly came to a *blow-up* with her *father*"—wishes *one* "at the devil"—to "knock down" a second, and throw the cup from which she "TEAD," at a third—"daudles about," with sovereign contempt for punctuality—invades the sick, in their beds, to show them her dresses—hates applause, and hates to *miss* it—does a deal of crying and sleeping on the floor—longs for death—runs fool-hardy risks—and loses all self-command at the presence of danger—contrives to have her own way on all occasions, and yet is never satisfied.

Strange anomaly, as she would say, of high-flown theories and common-place practice! Although she does not depreciate the charms of other women, indeed believes *all their hearts like hers*—she cannot disguise her personal vanity—is satisfied with "poor Lawrence's" picture of her, and with her resemblance to her "aunt Siddons"—frequently says that she "looked nice or pretty, and acted well"—and, above all, believes it possible for the musquitoes to injure the appearance of *her* arms! Perhaps she would have hailed their visitation of her "poor dear father—good easy man!" as an improvement; for she complains against his "faintness of *colouring* in face and eye," (as if rouge and wig could not mend it,) "his weak voice, and corresponding intellectual deficiencies." Was *he* thus free from affection's prejudices in her *case*? She calls Mr. Wallack "very handsome!" On the whole, however, she justly appreciates Charles Kemble's *acting*—its courtly grace, scholarly reading, and

elaborately finished expression. Of *himself* she writes with a sort of underrating patronage. *Should* her truths endure, another generation might fancy him as perfect a Falstaff in size, as his late brother Stephen—an “innocent,” credulous, sleepy, typsy creature, foolishly fond of his art, at any compliment to whose person his daughter either “*laughed*” or “*wondered*.” She supposes, too, that “unusual want of occupation” alone could make her fellow-voyagers desirous of looking on Mrs. Siddons’s heir! Most probably Mrs. Butler meant nothing irreverent or invidious; but “I own it has the appearance of it.”

Scattered through this “Puddledock-potter” are several humorous anecdotes. We know not why the journal *ends* where it does, and wish Mrs. Butler would publish a whole, including her commencement of authorship, acting, &c. &c. up to the period of her marriage. *This* might present us with more novel sensations and ideas; its personal allusions would be more intelligible. Her friends must furnish a key to the Journal; when they do, we may return to it. Meanwhile we take our leave with thanks: it has forced us to admire and love Frances Ann Butler more than we were enabled to love Fanny Kemble; but, to quote her own Shakspeare,

“That’s not much.”

How to Observe.—Geology. By H. T. DE LA BECHE, F.R.S., &c.  
With 138 Wood-cuts. C. Knight, London.

It often happens that a book of Science is useless to all except scientific men; and it still more frequently happens that a scientific treatise fails to excite a desire to learn on the part of its readers. We are anxious to see the pursuit of science stripped of its difficulties, and we are equally anxious to find its boundaries enlarging. Many people would become contributors to Science if they knew how to set about it; and many who are already contributors to it, would be much more efficient aids were their researches properly directed. Though we have books in our own and other languages devoted to the elucidation of every branch of human knowledge, we have very few “guides,” if we may so express ourselves, to lead us to an acquaintance with the phenomena of nature: we have hitherto wanted books to make us use our eyes,—to enable us to search for ourselves,—to teach us in fact “How to Observe,” because, if once taught this, the pleasures and profit resulting from its exercise will be never-ending stimulants for perpetual examination. “Thus the listless idler may be changed into an inquiring and useful observer, and may acquire the power of converting a dull and dreary road into a district teeming with interest and pleasure. To acquire this power, it is not necessary that the observer should be profoundly skilled in all the subjects that come under his observation. He may soon acquire sufficient knowledge to appreciate what he sees, and to express what he feels. The charm that such habits of observation bestows upon the descriptions of the commonest things, is evident in those works in which the observer expresses what he has seen with his own eyes simply and correctly.”

The external world around us may, by knowing how to observe, become a vast *repertorium* of never-ending amusement and profitable instruction; and to aid us in making it so, a series of works, under the comprehensive title heading these remarks, has been commenced. The first volume now lying before us relates to Geology—a popular and a highly useful study. The selection of subject has been judicious, and its treatment excellent. Mr. De La Beche is already favourably known, and



the mode in which he has performed his task is honourable to him. Clear and well arranged, and simple in its details, it is at once a Manual of Geology, and a Guide-Book to lead us to become geologists. The idea was a very happy one, and we trust to see it followed up. The illustrative wood-cuts are exceedingly graphic and beautiful; and their number and variety is one strong recommendation to the work, as many geological details are absolutely incomprehensible to the student, unless aided by diagrams and plates.

We shall again return to the work; the late period at which it reached us, and a pressure by notices, preventing us doing more than calling attention to it.

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Ernest Campell. By JOHN AINSLIE, Esq., Author of "Aurungezebe." 3 vols. Cochrane and Co., London.

This work has a fault which is just now very prevalent amongst novel and romance writers,—namely, an injudicious choice of time. "Waverley" and "Ernest Campell" are co-temporaries; and though "Waverley" and "Ernest Campell" are works of totally diverse character—the mere fact of having reference to a particular era, and to a particular train of circumstances connected with the Chevalier Charles Edward's advance into England, they are unavoidably brought into collision. Putting aside this evident want of discretion, the production is one of considerable interest, full of varied scenes and vigorous delineation of character, mingled here and there with some extravaganzas; witness Abimelech Dignum, who, although he affords Mr. Ainslie an excellent vent for a little vulgarity and a world of nonsense, seems to us something like an excrescence thrust too prominently forwards; and if he be occasionally wonderfully amusing, he is oftentimes exceedingly ridiculous.

The hero—Ernest, we find as an orphan, located with a catholic priest in the north of England: in this condition he is thrown into the society of the daughter of Squire Berkley, and *à règle*, they fall in love: this is discovered, and Ernest very unceremoniously dismissed: the Squire's heart, however, relents, or, rather, he holds out his daughter as a bait, and very summarily recruits Ernest for the service of Prince Charles, then advancing on Manchester. After this, he goes through a somewhat complicated series of adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," the most stirring being dependent on the atrocious villany of a Mr. Crighton, a man so utterly dyed in crime, that we loathe in place of analysing his character, and who eventually turns out to be his uncle.

Mr. Ainslie thus speaks of the Royal Adventurer: "Campbell had been completely prejudiced against this prince: he had considered him even in the light of a silly adventurer, who, without any great moral courage, had still sufficient of animal sensibility of danger to enter upon hazards, which might stamp a differently constituted mind with the celebrity of true heroism. He, moreover, held his talents in little estimation, supposing him at least little more than the puppet of those haughty chiefs and designing favourites by whom he was surrounded. This unjust opinion, with which many, even in the present day, with futility attempt to tarnish the hardly-earned honours of a great and daring mind, was one likely enough to be formed, from the implicit obedience with which Charles followed the counsels of his friends. Counsels! dictates were a happier term, for if ever it was impossible for a prince to contend, or attempt to oppose measures chalked out for him by advisers, it was this most unfortunate of all princes. Little allowance, alas! have his easy-chaired biographers made for his situation;—a

young, polished, and friendless adventurer, with the slightest resources, he had thrown himself in the midst of men little better than barbarians, but who were actuated by the purest and most disinterested feeling of loyalty.

“ Ernest, on being introduced to the unfortunate prince, was so captivated by his condescension, sense, and affability, that his sentiments ran to another extreme, and he regarded the Chevalier as one of the brightest and most unexceptionable of characters. His noble and dignified demeanour, though often lost on some of his rude leaders, impressed him at least with profound respect; his courage in the hour of danger exalted still higher his admiration, and his patience under hardship and privation drew from him the deepest commiseration.”

Emily Berkley, the heroine, is a well-drawn female character; and her aunt, Miss Turnbull, a genuine, match-making “ Old Maid,” not of the most amiable class, certainly figures very conspicuously. Nell Nimmo is a species of exalted Meg Merrilies, and with a little less colouring would have been a powerful subject; while Jack Webster, the game-keeper, as a rough but faithful friend, serves as a good relief to the rest of the *dramatis personæ*.

On the whole, “ Ernest Campbell” is a vigorous production, and is entitled to a respectable rank in the current fictitious literature of the day. Mr. Ainslie can, however, do better—nay, indeed, has done better than in “ Ernest Campbell.”

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## THE FINE ARTS.

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Stanfield's Coast Scenery. A Series of Views in the British Channel, and on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany, &c. BY CLARKSON STANFIELD, Esq. R. A. Part I. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

The name of Stanfield is at once the recommendation and the guarantee for the excellence of this work. As a delineation of coast scenery, he stands nearly alone in his excellence, and we may therefore confidently predict a work of surpassing beauty. The present number contains four views;—two of “ St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall,” “ Falmouth,” and the “ Botallack Mine, near Land's End.” All of them are creditable to the pencil of Stanfield, and are ably and graphically engraved by artists of eminence. The chief interest of the work will of course rest here: the letter-press accompaniment is however good, and not unworthy the plates. It is an undertaking which cannot fail to be universally patronised.

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North Wales Illustrated; or Wanderings through Wales. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Part III. Tilt, London.

Much as we have been pleased with the preceding numbers of this very attractive work, none has so much pleased us as the present. Mr.

Roscoe handles his pen more freely, and develops his resources more amply than heretofore. Radclyffe's *burin* is very powerful; and "Dolabern Tower," "Cader Idris," and "Bolingbroke's homage to the Second Richard in Flint Castle," are fine specimens of his capabilities. The last plate is especially good; the figure of Richard is uncommonly fine.

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**BYRON BEAUTIES.** A Series of ideal Portraits of the principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. W. and E. FINDEN. Part VII. Charles Tilt, London.

This number contains "Leila," from the "Giaour;" the beautiful slave is well embodied;—"Jephtha's Daughter," and "Lady Piuchbeck," from "Don Juan,"—neither of them perhaps quite equal to our conception of these characters, but finely and elaborately delineated.

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**WINKLES' CATHEDRALS.** Illustration of the Cathedral Church of York. No. VI. E. Wilson, London.

Three fine views of the celebrated minster. The first view is particularly rich. We are delighted to see the work progress so satisfactorily.

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**Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies; with Comments for the Curious.** Part I. Power, London.

This is a well-conceived work, and the comments are good. We cannot say a word in praise of the plates, except that they are pretty fairly designed—the execution is scratchy and poor.

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**Cottage Musicians.** Charles Tilt, London.

A fine subject ably handled both by painter and engraver. The management of the light has given Carlos an excellent opportunity for displaying the excellence of his mezzotint. The plate is highly creditable, and we think adds to his already high reputation. It is after Kidd, and forms a very appropriate companion to the "John Anderson" of the same artists.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

Valpy's History of England, Vol. XVI., being the Third Volume of the Continuation of Hume and Smollett; by the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, was published on the first of July.

The Young Travellers in South America. By G. A. Being a popular Introduction to the History of that most interesting region of the Globe. 1 vol. 8vo.

"Old Bachelors; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions," by the Author of "Old Maids," with illustrations, is in the Press, printing uniformly with "Old Maids."

A Twelvemonth's Residence in the West Indies, during the Transition from Slavery to Apprenticeship; with incidental Notices of the State of Society, Prospects, and Natural Resources of Jamaica and other Islands. By R. R. MADDEN, author of 'Travels in the East,' &c.

The Husband's Book, with Observations on Age, Rank, Beauty, and Hereditary Affections, in reference to Marriage, is preparing by the same Author.

The Rambler in North America. By C. J. LATROBE. 2 vols.

Plebeians and Patricians, in 3 vols., a novel of original design and execution, is proceeding through the Press.

The Father's Book, or the Moral, Social, Domestic, and Religious Duties of Fathers, is preparing, in one vol.

The Third Volume of the Works of Alexander Pope, with a Life, Notes, and Critical Remarks on each Poem, by the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D., was published on the first of July.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

The last Part of the first volume of An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language, by DAVID BOOTH, will be ready in a few days.

Sir Arthur Wilmot; an Historical Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

Sketches of Bermuda. By SUSETTE HARRIET LLOYD. With Map and Plates.

Miss Patrickson is, we understand, now busily employed on, and has nearly completed, a translation into English of the most popular works of Balzac, the celebrated French novelist. The first of the series will speedily be published, and, from the distinguished merits of Balzac, and the eminent qualifications of Miss Patrickson as a translator, we can promise the British public an intellectual treat of no ordinary kind. Miss Patrickson deserves well of her countrymen for her spirited undertaking, and we have no doubt that her talents and labours will be duly appreciated.

## A WORD FOR PHILOSOPHY.

UNFORTUNATE Philosophy! not only to have retained the enmity of all her old foes, the tyrants and deceivers of mankind; but to have incurred the reproaches of many who in better days were well pleased to be regarded as her friends and coadjutors! Perhaps, however, the prejudice conceived against her is beginning to subside; at least, an enquiry how far the imputations under which she has laboured have been merited may at this time hope for a patient hearing.

Philosophy has been "accused" of contributing to the *subversion* of every thing sacred and venerable among men, of vilifying authority, insulting dignities, unsettling established customs and opinions, and substituting her own crudities and fallacies to the results of long experience. I have no doubt that her real influence has been greatly exaggerated, and that the bad passions of mankind have been the true causes of the deplorable evils which the world has lately witnessed: but admitting that Philosophy has had her share in the work of destruction, let us calmly consider what were the things against which her batteries were erected.

Politics and religion, the two "master-springs" of human affairs, have both been touched by Philosophy, and, it must be acknowledged, with a free hand. She has been guilty, too, of what many seem to regard as an unpardonable offence—resorting to *first principles* in order to justify her attacks upon existing systems, and lay a foundation for proposed improvements. Thus, in the science of politics (to begin with that department) she has boldly assumed that men come into the world with *rights*—that the maintenance of these rights ought to be the great object of social institutions—that government was intended for the good of the whole, not the emolument of the few—that legitimate authority can have no other basis than general consent, for that force can never constitute right—that civil distinctions, originating from the agreement of society, always remain within the determination of society—and that laws, in order to be just, must bear equally upon—ALL.

These principles have doubtless borne a "hostile aspect" towards the greater part of existing governments, which have supported themselves upon maxims so much the reverse; but has Philosophy urged the demolition of all such governments? Certainly not, unless she is identified with fanaticism. It has been her invariable method first to recommend to the usurpers of undue authority to repair their wrongs by gradual concessions; and, secondly, to the sufferers under tyranny, to state their grievances in a quiet way, and patiently, though firmly, to expect redress. This she has done as the decided friend of *peace*; for Philosophy (and Philosophy alone) has been incessantly employed in lifting up her voice against *war*, that monstrous aggregate of all the evils, natural and moral, that conspire against human happiness. The works of all the writers, ancient and modern, who have merited the title of philosophers, may be confidently appealed to for their strenuous endeavours to correct the false opinions of men with respect to the glory of warriors and conquerors, and to inculcate the superior claims to admiration and gratitude arising from the successful culture of the beneficent arts.

Had, then, the dictates of Philosophy been equally listened to by the governors and governed, REFORMS might have been effected by mutual agreement to the advantage of both, and a progress have been made towards that *melioration* of the state of mankind which a philanthropist can never cease to have in view amidst all his disappointments. That such expectations have failed through the predominance of the selfish principle, combined with the impetuous and ungovernable character of a particular nation, is not the fault of Philosophy. She held up a torch to point out the safest path to a necessary reformation, but incendiaries snatched it from her for the purposes of mischief. It is acknowledged that some of the evil proceeded from the fanaticism of her honest but deluded votaries; but much more from those who disclaimed all connection with her. The most sanguinary tyrant of the French revolution was notoriously the foe to all mental cultivation, and obliterated the precepts of philosophy in the blood of its professors! And no one can "suspect" the man who now aims at uniting all Europe in the fetters of a military despotism, of an inclination to promote liberal discussions on the rights of man and the foundation of government. In point of fact it appears that the sole European power that steadily resists the present tendency to a universal barbarism of civil polity, is that which is most enlightened by

free investigation, and in which alone philosophy at this time possesses a pen and a tongue.\*

With respect, therefore, to the political system of the world, Philosophy (I mean, of that kind which was chiefly prevalent in the latter half of the 18th century) may stand acquitted of any thing inimical to the true interests of mankind; and whatever improvements took place in the administration of the continental governments of Europe during that period may fairly be ascribed to her influence. She promoted the enfranchisement of slaves and vassals, the relief of the lower orders from arbitrary and burdensome requisitions, the liberation of internal commerce from impolitic restrictions, the encouragement of every species of useful industry, the melioration of laws, the abolition of cruel punishments and of judicial torture, and, above all, religious toleration—which leads me to the second point, namely, the conduct of Philosophy with respect to religion.

Here, again, it is proper to begin with enquiring what it was that Philosophy actually opposed under the appellation of Religion; for nothing can be more unfair than to draw a picture of religion as it has existed only in a comparatively few *philosophical* minds, and then to display it as the object against which Philosophy has aimed her shafts. A system of faith, the sole essentials of which should be a belief in the existence of a SUPREME BEING of infinite perfections, the moral governor and judge of mankind, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, would, I am persuaded, command the respect of every *genuine philanthropist*, who would rejoice in such a powerful support to morality, and such a consolation under the unavoidable evils of life, and prize it the more for the sanction of revelation. But where has national religion appeared under this simple aspect? Certainly not in those countries in which philosophers have been its adversaries.

There cannot be a more copious source of error than to confound under a common name, on account of an agreement in certain particulars, things in their nature essentially different. To instance in the different sects which bear the general title of Christian—though all

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\* This is said not with regard to all the acts of its occasional administrations, but to that *public voice* which, through the medium of a free press, pronounces upon the principles and conduct, as well of its own government, as of those of other nations.

referring to the same primary authority, it is scarcely possible to conceive of greater variations than subsist among them, both with relation to each other, and to the doctrines of their common founder. Accuracy, therefore, requires that in speaking of them they should be specifically denominated, and not be grouped under a generical appellation. Thus it is right to say, *the religion of Rome, the religion of Luther, the religion of Calvin*, and the like; for *the religion of God's Christ* will convey but a very inadequate idea of their several characters and tenets. Let us then see what that *Roman religion* was which peculiarly excited the enmity of what is called the French school of philosophy.

It was a "system" which, in the first place, demanded the renunciation of all right of private judgment, and subjected the religious opinions and practices of all the world to the determination of a foreign mountebank priest—which took from men the direction of their own consciences, and put it into the hands of a caste, detached in all countries from their fellow-subjects, and universally connected by peculiar claims and interests—which uniformly discouraged all enquiries and discussions tending, however remotely, to invalidate its own authority, and exacted implicit submission in all points on which it had thought fit to decide—which taught doctrines the most irreconcilable to reason and common sense, and enjoined observances the most trifling, degrading, and burdensome. It was a *system*, moreover, radically hostile to every other, spurning all community or accommodation, annexing extravagant ideas of merit to proselytism, and therefore, when allied to power, infallibly leading to persecution: a *SYSTEM*, the influence of which was traced in lines of blood through every page of modern history! Was it then no just object to the friends of reason and humanity to loosen the hold of *such* a religion upon the minds of men? Was it not a necessary preliminary to every attempt for introducing substantial improvements in the countries where it prevailed; and if, in the contest with a mass of opinion so powerfully supported, some things were necessarily endangered which were worth preserving, was not the prize adequate to the hazard?

A "consistent Protestant" cannot certainly dispute these conclusions; but he may blame philosophers for not fairly *examining* Christianity at the source, and adopting it in such a form as shall approve itself to a rational enquirer. Before he does this, however, he must be prepared to admit that an enquiry conducted upon such a principle



justifies itself, whatever be the system in which it settles. He must renounce all anathematizing denunciations; disclaim any preference due to a particular system because it is that of the state; and disavow any right of annexing penalties and privations to non-conformity to a predominant faith. Unless he agrees to these preliminaries, he is in effect no more a friend to free enquiry than the Romanist; and, when he urges examination, it is only upon the tacit condition that its result should be conversion to his own opinions. The philosopher who has thrown off the authority of my grandmother's, grandfather's, god-mother's, uncle's wife—the pope and his council is not likely to yield to that of Luther or Calvin, a convocation or a synod.

To conclude—Philosophy, understood in its proper sense of “the love of wisdom,” or of truth (which is the same thing), is the only principle to be relied on, not only for meliorating the state of the world, but for preventing a relapse to barbarism. True it is we *now* have your Russells—your Peels—your Stanleys, and so on. If she be excluded from all guidance of human affairs, in whose hands shall it be placed?—in those of Avarice, of Ambition, of Bigotry? She may have had her moments of *delirium*, but she is essentially the votary of Reason, and possesses within herself the power of correcting her own errors. Policy, if she be not called in as a counsellor, degenerates into craft; and Religion, without her direction, into superstition. They who are afraid of her “SEARCHING SPIRIT” must be conscious of something that will not bear the *light* of investigation. They are foes to the *truth* because “the truth is not in them.”

M. M.

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SONNET.—WRITTEN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

*By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.*

OCEAN! thy foam-crowned bulwarks round our land,  
 Thy mountain wall of waves—must they be vain  
 To shield her from the curse, the scourge, the chain?  
 Shall she forget in palmy pride to stand?—  
 Shall Ruin spoil her with its red right hand?  
 And must thy rolling ramparts, mightiest main,  
 Prove weak to o'erwhelm her foes or to restrain?  
 Out upon those! the abhorred, the unrighteous band.  
 Alas! the children of her bosom—they  
 Who to her heart the envenomed dagger hold,  
 And to her lips the cup of sore dismay—  
 By such shall England's golden days be told?  
 Ocean! ere they become the traitors' prey,  
 Shroud up the Imperial Isles in thy hoar surges old!

## STANZAS—ADDRESSED TO THE MORNING STAR.

By the Author of "The World."

"Postera Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras,  
"Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram."

Virgîlii Maronis, Liber iv.

MESSENGER supreme, of Phœbus,  
Whither hath Aurora fled?  
Whence camest thou, Phœbean, to us—  
From the living or the dead?  
I saw thee rise out of troubled waters  
And kiss away Night's starry daughters.

Did'st thou come from heaven, supernal,  
Where the flame of love divine  
Erst was dimmed by one infernal  
Spirit—neither thine nor mine?  
I saw thee, Phosphor! with my naked eye  
Re-ascend the bright ethereal sky.

Whence camest thou? methinks I know:  
Thou wast asleep on Ocean's coral bed,  
Under the sea-born billows: whence I saw  
Thee spring—by laws immortal led!  
And when the "drowsy world" thou didst unfold  
Uprose the burning Day-god, with his crown of gold.

I looked for thee, once more—with glee:  
Above thou wert not to be found;—  
Methought, I traced thee, dancing on the sea,  
With magic step, and rain-bow grace, profound.  
Athwart the canopy of blue-laid heaven  
The *vital* sun his *impulse* then had given.

Again I sought—but found thee not  
On high; thy lesser lamp, unseen  
Was in eclipse:—so cast *thy lot*;—  
Thus "human stars" have been  
Shut out by MIMIC SUNS, from day-light—Fame's abode;  
Whose god-fired-breasts, else some brilliant zone had trode.

'Tis enough—surviving day-star!  
Allied thou art to glory:  
And thou dost "charm" the spheres, afar,  
With Orion's *blessed story*:  
The silent stars acknowledge thee their lord;  
As doth Horus\*—Jehovah's "*unextinguished word*."

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\* One of the titles of the Sun.

FELICIA HEMANS.

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The fame of Felicia shall fondly be sounded,  
The fairest of bards now sleeps cold in the grave :  
The hills round St. Asaph, where her lays have resounded,  
Frown dark as the ocean—though far from the wave.

For Scotland no more shall her soul-touching finger,  
Steal sweet o'er the strings and wild melody pour ;  
No more round her cottage the villagers linger,  
While strains from her harp warble soft round the shore.

No more her lyre swells, with raptur'd emotion :  
Her glad gleams of fancy for ever are fled :  
No longer her minstrelsy charms the rude ocean  
That rolls near the fresh earth that pillows her head.

Yet vigour and youth with bright visions had fired her,  
And rose-buds of health have blown deep in her cheek :  
The songs of the old bards of Helen inspired her,  
And urged her to wander like laurels to seek.

Yes—oft she has sung of brave England and glory ;  
Or, sighing, repeated the lover's sweet lay :  
And oft she has sung of the bards famed in story,  
Whose wild notes of rapture have long passed away.

Her grave shall be screened from the blast and the billow ;  
Around it a fence shall posterity raise :  
Erin's children shall wet with their tears her cold pillow :  
Britain's daughters lament her and carol her praise.

SEMPER FIDELIS.

*New Inn Hall,* }  
*Oxford, A.D. 1835.* }

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THE SPANISH MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO HER SON.

“ Manuel! I do not shed a tear  
Our parting to delay :—  
I *dare* not listen to my fear,—  
I dare not bid thee stay !

“ The heart may shrink, the spirit fail,  
But Spaniards must be free !  
And ‘pride’ and *duty* shall prevail  
O'er all, my son, for thee.

“ Then go, and round that gallant head,  
Like banners in the air,  
Shall float full many a daring hope  
And many a tender prayer.

“ Should Freedom perish—at thy death  
’Twere madness to repine :  
And I a Mother’s feeling lose  
Except the wish for mine.

“ But—if the destiny of Spain  
Be once again to rise ;  
O ! grant me, heaven ! to read the tale  
In Manuel’s joyful eyes.”

S. F.

*Madrid, 1835.*

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### THE THIEVES AND THE ASS

*( Translated from the French. )*

Two thieves, who stole an ass, a fighting fell,  
Whether to keep the “ animal ” or sell.  
While blows went trotting brisk from pate to pate,  
To know who should decide the creature’s fate :  
Another thief arriv’d, got on his back,  
And gallop’d off with “ Master Jack.”

The ass is sometimes but a spot of ground ;  
The thieves are such a prince and such :  
Instead of two, I three have found,  
As Turkish, German, and the Russian clutch.  
Such goods in contest now are common sights :  
Yet off the victors can’t their conquest guard :  
A fourth thief comes, and sets them all to rights,  
And gallops off : the ass for his reward.

F.

*Cambridge.*

“THE COLTON PAPERS.”

No. 1.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

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PREVIOUSLY to my entering upon a detail of those prodigies which have anticipated the march of time, and effected in a week the work of an age, determined the destiny of a nation, and subverted the dynasty of a throne, it may be proper to advert to the calm that preceded this political hurricane, and the causes that might have authorized our confidence in its perpetuity. Up to the fatal moment of these ominous Ordinances, entire France presented a gratifying scene of external strength and internal prosperity. The conquest of Algiers, accomplished with but little loss, and achieved with so much courage,—the cordiality that existed between the fleet and the army, proved by their cheerful co-operation, and cemented by their mutual danger,—the immensity of the treasure then on its way to the capital, the fruits of a victory sufficiently flattering to a martial nation, even without the splendid spoils that accompanied it,—this was one of those brilliant events that had contributed to increase the general harmony. Neither was there any just ground to presume that the other cabinets of Europe looked with an eye of jealousy, far less of hostility, on this chivalric effort of France; they rather hailed her triumph as *their* deliverance from a common nuisance, which had so long existed, a dread to some, a disgrace to all, but which France alone had the courage to destroy. Besides, the result of the elections had been highly favourable to the cause of the people; and it is certain that, up to this moment, the nation either did not fear any violation of their rights, or, if they entertained such a fear, they consoled themselves by the consideration that their liberties might be safely confided to the vigilance of those *constitutional* guardians whom they had themselves returned. Any redress from anticipated injury, further than such as the laws and the charter were deemed strong enough to provide, had not entered into the imagination, much less actuated the conduct of even the most strenuous supporters of freedom. The liberty of the press had been respected even by those who would rather that it had been restrained. A freedom of discussion, and a boldness, perhaps even a temerity, in the circulation of their opinions, evinced that the most timid of the journalists saw no just cause for inquietude or alarm. In the enjoyment of their genial climate, and the anticipation that the late favourable changes in the atmosphere would ensure the success both of the harvest and the vintage—these things, aided by their national buoyancy of spirits, that best of blessings, had put the people in a situation wherein they had assuredly but little to deplore. France, at this moment, had no reason to shrink from the comparison, if brought to measure the sum and substance of her happiness with the most powerful and prosperous amid the sister states of Europe. Who,

amongst the wisest of the sons of men, could have foreseen that this beautiful fabric rested on a volcano, and that the explosion was at hand? It was, however, at hand, notwithstanding appearances; and on the memorable morning of Monday, July 26, the capital was suddenly thrown into a state of the greatest alarm and confusion, by the publication of those Royal Ordinances by which, at one blow, the liberty of the press was suspended, the new chamber dissolved, and the franchise of the electors of the smaller colleges annihilated.

For these Ordinances I refer the reader to the Appendix. These melancholy documents, dated from the Palace of St. Cloud, July 25, are already consecrated to history. They form the foundation of the most magnificent superstructure ever yet presented to the contemplation of man.

I shall now proceed to an impartial and unexaggerated detail of those events by which they have been followed. In doing this, I am well aware that I shall have to draw so strongly upon the faith of my readers that, unless fully borne out by the results, I should fear that even the testimony of eye-witnesses might be adduced in vain; for I may safely challenge the most highly-coloured page of poetry, or romance, to produce any thing equal to the reality of those scenes that have passed before me. The sternest truth seem to have allied herself throughout with the strongest improbability, insomuch that the pen of the soberest narrator cannot but be startled even at the description of events, which the writer knows to be facts, but which the reader will hardly consider but as fictions.

Three miraculous days were sufficient to shake to its centre, and ultimately to overturn, the most powerful dynasty of Europe; to throw into a state of dismay, confusion, and rout, an army of twenty thousand men, composed of the flower of the chivalry of France,—a force rendered most effective by its discipline, and supported by a numerous train of artillery, flanked by the choicest squadrons of cavalry that the power and the treasure of those by whom this terrific force was wielded could command. All this was effected, in the short space of three days, by a simultaneous and high-souled impulse of a people without arms, without leaders, deprived of all consentaneity of system, except that single determination that beat in every breast, and nerved every arm, pouring out as a torrent the whole population, and impelled by one unanimous resolution to conquer or to perish in defence of their liberties and their rights. Under such circumstances life became a secondary consideration, a thing valueless and burdensome if tarnished by defeat. In attempting to embody these events in my narration, I shall be guided chiefly by the order of time, in which they have occurred. It would be an insult to my readers to burden with my encomium those facts with which all Europe echoes, and which speak sufficiently loud for themselves—facts which have converted days into eras, and which have passed before us with such rapidity, that to praise them must be the task of some idler age. To the silent admiration of congenial minds, and the future gratitude of an emancipated posterity, I cheerfully commit them. Neither can I stop to divert my attention from the pressing interest of the moment, to record those

instances of private heroism and self-devotion which have reached me from every side, and from every quarter. Justice will be done to the actors in a subsequent part of the narrative.

The astounding audacity of the blow seemed, on this first day, to have thrown the upper and middle ranks of society in Paris into utter confusion, and even the feelings of indignation the measures were calculated to excite seemed to be almost absorbed in those of astonishment. A large body of the Deputies, who had already arrived in Paris, however, assembled on this evening, to consult on the means they should adopt under so extraordinary a violation of their rights.

Tuesday the 27th may well be termed the day of preparation on the part of the people. The laws had received their death-blow from a parricidal hand, even the hand of him who ought to have protected them. This was the universal sentiment, and *Aux Armes! Aux Armes!* was the universal cry. During the early part of the day, the spirit of resistance and insubordination was confined pretty generally to the formation of groups, assembling themselves, in greater or less numbers, throughout the whole of Paris. These groups or collections of citizens (whose masses had received an immense accession from the working classes thrown upon the town by the shutting up of the manufactories, printing-offices, &c.), naturally betook themselves to those public places, squares, walks, or gardens, most favourable to the purpose for which they were assembled. This purpose was an exchange of sentiment on their mutual grievances and common wrongs; a breathing of defiance, and an expression of their determination to submit to any sacrifice, even that of life, rather than allow those fetters to be rivetted, which the preceding day had informed them were already forged. The murmur of discontent, and the menace of resistance, proceeding from these assemblies formed a peculiar and portentous din, which, like the rumbling that precedes an earthquake, was an ominous prelude to the catastrophe that was at hand. On the other side, it is obvious that the Government could not continue passive or quiescent spectators of these first indications of discontent and insubordination. The gendarmes, a species of armed police, forming the constabulary force of Paris, all of whom were in the most perfect state of equipment, and many of whom were excellently mounted, was the first species of disciplined force that was brought into immediate contact with the people; their efforts were principally directed to the dispersing of whatever groups, or assemblies of citizens, their respective positions brought them into approximation with. Their attempts at the dispersion of these assemblies were accompanied with more or less of success or discomfiture. The gardens of the Palais Royal, and of the Luxembourg, from the space that they allow to any general meeting, and from their being the favourite resort of promenaders, were completely thronged with anxious enquirers, and zealous expounders of the events of Monday. Some, exalted on the chairs which the gardens supplied, read aloud to an attentive and highly exasperated audience that memorable protest, bearing the signatures of all the editors of the liberal journals in Paris.

Most vivid bursts of approbation and applause followed the close of every sentence; but it was evident, that even in the midst of this excitement, this great and magnanimous people had decided, as it were, by simultaneous impulse, on the nature of their struggle, and the purity of the cause in which they had embarked; for not one single cry of *Vive la République* was heard, while the whole of Paris re-echoed to the constitutional and animating exclamation of *Vive la Charte!* It must be remembered, that although these obnoxious Ordinances from the Court made their appearance on Monday, the effect produced by their publication was not generally visible until Tuesday morning; for the *Moniteur*, the only paper in which they were first promulgated, is very little read in the quarters of Paris occupied by the laborious and industrious classes of the community; although they are constant and very observant readers of those journals devoted to the defence of the laws and the constitution. Judge then of their astonishment when the morning of Tuesday was ushered in by the total disappearance of every liberal journal whatsoever; when this disappearance of the journals established that astounding fact, that the liberty of the press was annihilated, and when the walls of every street in Paris were placarded by an Ordinance of the Police, signed "Mangin," announcing, in most despotic and unequivocal terms, a forbiddance to all public establishments whatever either to receive or to circulate any journal not having the authorisation of Government, as specified in the Ordinance of Monday. This document was conceived in the following terms:—

"WE, THE PREFECT OF POLICE, &c.

"Whereas the Ordinance of the King, bearing date the 25th of this month, puts in force the Articles 1, 2, and 9, of the Law of the 21st October, 1814, &c. &c.

"ART. 1.—Every person who distributes any printed paper upon which there does not appear a true description of the name, residence, and profession of the author, or who shall circulate them for the purpose of perusal, shall be conducted to the Commissary of Police of the quarter, and the papers shall be seized.

"ART. 2.—Every person keeping a reading-room, coffee-house, &c., allowing newspapers, or other printed works, to be read therein, in contravention of the Ordinance of the King, of the 25th instant, relative to the press, shall be prosecuted, as culpable of the same offence committed by such journal, and his establishment be provisionally closed.

"ART. 3.—The present Ordinance shall be printed, published, and placarded in the public places.

"ART. 4.—The various authorities of the capital are charged with the execution of this order.

(Signed) "MANGIN, Prefect of Police."

The feeling of astonishment was instantly absorbed in sentiments of indignation, when an extract from the *Moniteur* was cried through the streets, announcing the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies,



even before it could be said to have existed at all ; and, as a kind of rider to this awful announcement, an electoral Ordinance followed, in which a total contempt of all the laborious classes was carried to such an excess of insolence on the part of the rulers, that it must be clear that they had calculated on the grossest insensibility on the part of the people. Subsequent events will show how lamentably the framers of these documents were deceived, and their discomfiture only adds another example to that very trite and hacknied quotation—*“Quem Deus vult perdere, priusquam dementat.”* But we now return to the efforts of the gendarmerie in dispersing the people in their various points of assemblage, for in such efforts was the principal part of Tuesday consumed. These struggles between the people and their oppressors, up to this particular moment, had not yet produced the loss of life or the shedding of blood ; and, by three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, it might be said that most, if not all, of the places of public resort had been cleared, and the various entrances to them guarded and closed. There was one circumstance on this day that contributed, more perhaps than any other that occurred, to exasperate the multitude, and, by the atrocities that accompanied it, confirmed even the most wavering and timid, as to the line of conduct it would hereafter be their bounden duty to pursue ; detachments of gendarmes, under the sanction of the police, presented themselves at the establishments of two of the liberal journals, *Le National* and *Le Temps*, which had appeared on Tuesday, in defiance alike of the royal Ordinance and the prohibition of the police,—and immediately proceeded to the greatest violence and outrage. In these instances the premises were forcibly entered, the types were scattered about in all directions, the presses broken, and the whole machinery of the establishments rendered unavailable and useless ; with such a reckless eagerness for destruction did these instruments of oppression effect the arbitrary designs of their superiors.

We cannot refrain from giving a circumstantial account of one of these acts of despotism, as recorded in the glowing language of those who were its victims. The outrage is thus detailed by the editor of *Le Temps* :—

“ At half-past eleven this morning a commencement was made, in the name of the illegal Ordinances, by violating the residence of a citizen protected by the law. Some men made their appearance whom we did not know, sallow, pale, and downcast, and looking as wretched as if they had already committed a burglarious robbery. One of them, it is true, was decorated with a magisterial scarf. This must have been an imposition, for no magistrate would have presented himself, or presumed to act, but in the name of the law. Other men, dressed in that which is always respectable, the uniform of a French soldier, were rather present than acting in a business so entirely new to them. They appeared as afflicted as ourselves. Having fasted from an early hour in the morning, they suffered less from their privation than their employment. We offered them some refreshment. Let us however render them this justice ; they pre-

served, during their visit, which seemed long to them, a dignity which their uniform always inspires, but which, upon this occasion, was a necessity more than a duty. Seven hours were employed by the agents of violence in trying every means to enter our residence. Mechanics had learnt from the magistracy the respect due to our laws. One of them, M. Pein, a master locksmith, listened with his hat off to the reading of an article of the code, but refused to assist in breaking in, although ordered by the man in the scarf. A second, still younger, from Godot's workshop, with the same courage and simplicity, legally resisted the entreaties of all kinds which for two hours were put in force to seduce or to intimidate him. After all, they could not find a mechanic in the quarter who would break open a house, or become the accomplice in a robbery. They then sent to demand of that magistrate whose special duty it is to protect property, even the Prefect of Police, for instructions how to proceed. He sent a man to pick our locks—but whom did he send? The very person whose duty it is to rivet the fetters of the galley slaves! Fit instrument of such a worthy mission! Just emblem of the treatment which the rebels of the 26th of July had intended for the citizens! Observe by what hands the crime has been consummated! The remaining time was consumed in forms copied during these judicial operations. We have prepared a list of objects stolen from us, in order to obtain justice. We have not made any protest before the pretended commissaries, who have been guilty of burglary. This would have been to acknowledge those whom we can recognise in no other character than that of criminals. The details of what passed during these seven long hours are but of little importance to our readers. When the reign of order is established, we shall carry our case before the magistracy; it is from that body we shall demand justice; and if no law is to be found to restrain a functionary from turning against the law that power which has been confided to him for the defence of it, we shall at least have fulfilled a duty, in pointing out the urgent necessity of those laws of responsibility, which at present we are without. A numerous assemblage of the citizens during these proceedings supported us by their calm approbation, and their example of forbearance. Our workmen, whose bread they came to take away, restrained their indignation, and agreed with us, that that force which opposed the law would be misapplied. All who were present observed in silence the progress of the burglary. They gave their respective addresses with eagerness, that they might be summoned before the tribunal as witnesses of the violation of a residence, and of a burglarious robbery, committed by those whom, under the reign of the law, we should have called in to our protection. We, simple citizens, we, the victims, have been as careful to keep ourselves within the letter and spirit of the law, as those who were the agents of authority have been to go beyond and to infringe it. We hope those persons with whose names we are unacquainted will here accept our expression of gratitude. Not that we would be supposed to take upon ourselves any merit for firmness and devotedness, where we have all France to support us, and are only fulfilling our duty."

M. Debelleyne, formerly Prefect of the Police, was the first man who, in his public capacity, as President of the Tribunal of Première Instance, had the courage boldly to designate the Ordinances, which authorised these proceedings, to be illegal and unconstitutional. His recorded decision on the action, brought by the *Nouveau Journal de Paris*, determining that the printer should continue to fulfil his contract with the proprietor, will go down to future ages as the noblest act of his most useful life; this decision will transmit his name to a grateful posterity, as a citizen "*qui libera posset verba animi proferre—et vitam impendere vero.*" After this attack upon the printing establishments by the gendarmerie, exasperation, discontent, and defiance, were more and more visible amongst the people; they saw with indignation the bureaux of those journals devoted to the defence of their liberties attacked and destroyed; they were not slow in perceiving, that those who ought to be the guardians of the laws had now become the violators of them; and this just feeling was strengthened and confirmed by the memorable protest of the patriotic journals, now pretty generally known and circulated, in which the editors called upon their countrymen to resist such proceedings, to oppose force to force, and to make use of every means which God and nature had put into their power to carry their determination into effect. Henceforth it was manifest that some great explosion of public opinion, embodied and visible in deeds of daring and of danger, was at hand.

It was at this particular period, about four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, that these symptoms began to assume a more serious and sanguinary character. The Palais Royal, that busy centre of action and population, had been the rendezvous of the first assemblages. They had been with much struggle and great difficulty dispersed, by an armed force, and the multitudinous iron gates that form an entrance into the gardens had been closed. But the crowd, though driven out of the Palais Royal, had by no means been separated, but had merely retired, to condense themselves more closely in all the neighbouring streets. One concern had taken possession of the hearts of all; this was how to possess themselves of arms on the morrow, to revenge the insults that were heaped upon them to-day. All the streets leading to, or connected with, the Palais Royal, were completely choked up, and encumbered by citizens of every grade, and every class. Formidable detachments of gendarmerie, both horse and foot, violently repulsed and drove in at all points the citizens, who were simply furnished with sticks and with stones. By degrees, the confluence of the people and the reinforcements of their antagonists mutually increased, until at length the concourse spread itself even as far as the quays and the boulevards. The charges of the cavalry and armed bands became more lively and frequent, and the resistance of the people more firm and organized.

Between four and six o'clock in the afternoon the first fusillade was heard in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place du Palais Royal, and at the lower extremity of the Rue des Bons Enfants, where it made numerous victims. Such indeed was the blind fury of the myrmidons of Government, that, among others, their random shots

actually killed two poor women, who were peaceably engaged in their domestic affairs, one of whom resided on a first floor. This event, which may be called accidental, it will be hereafter seen, had a powerful influence upon the subsequent contest.

Notwithstanding this violence, perpetrated upon a multitude completely unarmed, the populace, dismayed for a moment, speedily returned, and, notwithstanding the vigilant activity of their antagonists, contrived to erect barricades at the end of Rue de Chantre, Rue St. Louis, and near Rue Traversière St. Honoré. These defences, formed by an omnibus and hackney coaches, which were accidentally passing, and strengthened by loads of paving stones, that were seized in a similar manner, proved an efficient obstacle to the passage of cavalry in these streets, but their principal utility was as an example, which was afterwards followed with powerful effect. Towards seven o'clock several companies of the 5th regiment of the line were marched into Rue St. Honoré, towards the Place du Palais Royal, for the avowed purpose of opposing the people. They were received with cries of *vivat*, and every demonstration of kindness and friendship. The officers perceiving the effect of this reception upon the soldiers, and perhaps touched themselves with the conduct of the *canaille* they had been ordered to destroy, resolved to communicate with the General-in-Chief on the subject before proceeding to extremities. General de Walsh, who was at this time in command, being at the Place du Palais Royal, close at hand, on hearing the circumstances, directed the commanding officer to draw off his men, and leave the field clear for the Garde Royale. The troops of the line accordingly retired, and a strong detachment of the Royal Guard shortly advanced along Rue St. Honoré, from the side of Rue St. Denis, followed by a body of lancers, their drums beating, and trumpets sounding a charge. Before they reached the Palais Royal, the fatal word was given, and the infantry poured in their fire in platoons, while the lancers charged the populace, who were falling in all directions. After discharging a shower of stones, the only weapons they had yet made use of, the people dispersed, or rather fled, in great confusion, while their adversaries pursued their bloody route in triumph along the Rue St. Honoré. On their way the lancers, with wanton ferocity, cut down indiscriminately all who fell in their way; while the gendarmes and the Royal Guard were scarcely behind them in cold-blooded atrocity. It was at this period that a young Englishman, named Foulkes, was shot by one of the former, in the balcony of Lawson's hotel, Rue St. Honoré, where he was an inoffensive spectator of the extraordinary scene acting beneath. Some stones, flung from an adjacent house upon the military, were supposed to have been thrown by this unfortunate gentleman or his companions.

On the return of the Royal Guard to the Place of the Palais Royal, in half an hour after their late triumph, they were surprised to find the people had, on they same spot, resumed their attitude of defence. This short period had enabled a few of the populace to provide arms, and the first volley fired by the troops was now answered, not only by a destructive shower of stones, tiles, and other

missiles, but some discharges of fire-arms. Victory however was not for a moment doubtful: the odds were too overpowering, and, after rallying several times with almost super-human bravery, the people were finally dispersed, and reiterated volleys were with wanton cruelty fired upon the flying masses.

I have stated above that two women were killed by random shots, one within the shelter of her own roof, and the other in the open street. The corpse of the latter, mutilated and trampled on, was afterwards taken up by one of the populace, who had the appearance of a baker's workman. This man, whose athletic form, cast in nature's manliest mould, gave effect to every word and gesture, carried the body to the foot of the statue of Louis XIV., in the Place des Victoires, where he addressed the surrounding crowds in a strain of rude, but overpowering eloquence, which was responded to by every heart, and "Vengeance, Vengeance!" burst in thunders from every tongue. The same man then bore the corpse to the military post at the Bank, and laying it down at the feet of the soldiers, he exclaimed, "Look! See how your comrades treat our wives and sisters! Will you act in the same manner?" "No," replied a soldier, taking his hand, "but come with arms." This advice was promptly followed. The scene had an evident effect upon all present; among the military it spread still wider the spirit of dissatisfaction at the revolting task before them, while it impressed the people with additional hatred to the government, under whose sanction such deeds were perpetrated. The body of another victim was borne from Rue des Pyramides to the Place de la Bourse, accompanied by thousands of the populace, also calling for vengeance on the assassins, and exciting the metropolis to arms. Several of the police and military posts in various parts of the city were afterwards attacked and taken possession of by the populace, who carried off whatever arms they contained. That at the Place de la Bourse was burnt to the ground. It was at the close of this melancholy day that a powerful body of young men and apprentices were seen rushing up the rues St. Honoré and Montmartre, and a general breaking and smashing in of all the public lamps and reverberators which enlightened Paris immediately took place. The work of demolition proceeded rapidly, and a few hours sufficed to put the whole of the squares, streets, and boulevards of the metropolis in a state of darkness. Thus passed the night of the 27th, a night of such activity and preparation, that it left but little time for reflection, as to the probable consequences of that dreadful conflict, which it was now apparent to all that nothing could any longer prevent, and by which it was to be proved whether the most righteous cause, backed by the most dauntless enthusiasm, could successfully resist disciplined battalions, supported by cannon and cavalry, and led on by chiefs of the most approved courage and experience.

Scarcely had the morning of Wednesday dawned, when all was life, motion, and activity. Numerous bands of young men and boys were seen traversing the principal streets and public places, tearing down and dragging in the gutter the royal arms which graced the sign-boards, and defacing the word "royal" wherever found written

up. In this work of obliteration they were zealously assisted by many individuals of respectability. With respect to the mass of the citizens, defiance beamed from every eye, and the confident bearing and cheerfulness of their movements afforded an ominous contrast to the gloomy and dejected countenances of the soldiers, who, with a feeling that did them honour, evinced any thing but alacrity in commencing that disgusting species of warfare in which they were about to be engaged. Even the troops of the line were taken by surprise on this occasion; they had not given the people credit for a tithe of the spirit and enterprise they were now exhibiting, and they felt in these exertions a foretaste of that skill and obstinacy with which they were about to be attacked. It was soon suggested to the people, by written placards, that the opera-houses and other theatres contained stores of arms, that might be rendered available for the national service. This hint was no sooner given than adopted and acted upon. The theatres opposed little if any resistance, and an immense quantity of muskets and other arms were obtained. Bands of citizens immediately surrounded the shops and houses of the armourers, cutlers, and sword-smiths, where they without ceremony helped themselves to every species of offensive weapon which these private depôts of arms could supply. The Museum of Artillery, which is situated near the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, and contains specimens of every implement which the ingenuity of man has invented for the destruction of the species, many suits of antique armour, two-handed swords, bucklers, lances, pikes, spontoons, halberds, faulchions, battle-axes, maces, as well as matchlocks, petronels, and every other species of fire-arms,—all these were pressed into the common service; and weapons which, since the battle of Pavia, had remained in inglorious disuse, again mingled in the bloody affray, to assert that liberty which too often, it is to be feared, they had assisted in suppressing. Boys of fifteen might be seen tearing off the buttons of their fencing-foils, and whetting the points upon the pavement; and the execution done by these young noviciates, and the address and courage universally displayed by them, were worthy of the glorious cause in which they were embarked.

An important circumstance now occurred that gave additional strength and confidence to the people, and still more augmented the signs of hesitation and unwillingness, that at this period an acute observer might detect in the troops. A short address, evidently written in the hurry of the moment, but conceived in very animating terms, appeared upon the walls; it was an appeal to the Parisians from the National Guard, which, it announced, would be immediately organized, and that the inhabitants of Rouen were marching upon Paris to join the glorious cause. The National Guard, that numerous and formidable phalanx of brave and respectable citizens, whom the administration of Villele had dismissed and disgraced; these men, with arms in their hands, and in full military equipment, could not any longer be passive or inactive spectators of the spirit-stirring scene before them. They came to this important decision in the silence of the night. One common feeling had electrified

the whole of Paris; all was agitation, excitement, and hope. Those therefore who had been members of the National Guard, determined to be no longer in retard of the general movement. With a patriotic ebullition of sentiment now become epidemic, they vowed that they would, by their own act and free will, reconstitute themselves, and, on the morrow's dawn, throw their powerful aid into the scale of those youthful patriots, whose abodes were at this moment ringing with the din of preparation that chided their delay. Now it was that the matrons of France might justly rank themselves by the side of those that adorned the brightest era of Sparta or of Lacedæmon. It has been said that there can be no virtue where there is no sacrifice; at what price then shall we rate the virtue of those heroines who freely offered up, at the shrine of their country, in its hour of need, all that made it desirable, in order to purchase all that made it honourable to live? At this trying moment they promptly encouraged their husbands and their sons not to shrink from this resolve, but to aid, by their number and their discipline, a struggling people, combating at fearful odds, but a people worthy of their assistance, and of whom they formed so essential a part. Scenes of the most touching heroism, and of an enthusiasm as pure as it was devoted, now took place in the bosoms of their families. The National Guard had not forgotten the insolent mode of their former dismissal, but there was at present a calmness in the demeanour of all concerned, peculiar to those alone who have a consciousness of their strength, and a confidence in their cause. Theirs was not the fanaticism of 1789, inflamed by passion, or inspired by revenge; it was a love of liberty, founded on reason, and confirmed by reflection. If it was not without deep deliberation that these men resolved to pass the Rubicon of forbearance, their subsequent conduct has proved, that what is determined on with coolness is usually defended with courage. In pursuance of the above resolution their efforts were simultaneous and unanimous: it was immediately announced throughout the whole of Paris, and as soon as it was possible for a junction to take place, they were, for the most part, assembled in mass and ready for action.

The pupils of the Polytechnic School, a class of young men descended from the most respectable families, and, from the nature of their education, no strangers to the rudiments of warfare, but, on the contrary, exercised as part of their studies, in every varied mode of attack and defence,—rushing in one body from the restraints of their preceptors and the labours of the academy, determined to seize so glorious an opportunity of converting *theory* into *practice*; and these young men, during the whole of the subsequent conflict, formed one of the most valuable acquisitions that could have possibly been added to the popular cause. They entered into the contest both with head and with heart; and their coolness in design, and their courage in execution, afford a sufficient guarantee to France, that, while she possesses a nursery of such talent in the rising generation, she has little to fear from her enemies. These young men, for the most part, took upon themselves the office of leaders of the different

bands or companies of the people, as the circumstances of the moment might render most advisable; they were constantly to be seen leading every movement, and steady in the midst of danger: at one time, by their example animating those who were backward; at another, checking those whose rash and intemperate hardihood exposed them to unnecessary destruction.

Nothing at this moment was more remarkable than the sudden and complete change, both of scenes and of sounds, which this great city now presented. A total stagnation of all business had taken place—every shop was shut up and barricaded, houses converted into fortresses, and windows, like the embrasures of a castle, presented nothing but armed men and the muzzles of their muskets. Without having witnessed the scene, it is impossible to convey to the mind of the reader an idea of the awful impression produced by the solemn stillness, so unusual at noon day in a large capital—a stillness produced by the absence of every kind of wheel-carriage, a stillness rendered still more appalling by that which alone disturbed it—discharges of musketry or cannon—the desultory firing of individuals on the one hand, and the volleying of the fusillades from the disciplined platoons of the military on the other. In whatever part of Paris an observer had been placed, it must now have appeared to him that the war was raging on all sides around him, and that he himself was the centre of the circle of conflict.

It was about the noon of this day that divers patrols began to multiply and thicken on the Boulevards St. Antoine. These patrols, in detachments of about one hundred men, occupied and cleared, for a time, the whole space of these Boulevards; while the people took refuge in the adjoining alleys and streets, cheering each other with repeated cries of *Vive la Liberté! Vive la Charte!* The population of this quarter were now still more inflamed by the report of repeated fusillades, appearing to come from the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Honoré. At one o'clock, repeated discharges of musketry, the roll of the drum, and the confused shouts of the multitude, announced that a desperate struggle had commenced.—Crowds were seen hastening to this spot, with a speed that indicated their courage, and with countenances breathing revenge; a tumultuous mass, in which those who had arms were mingled with those that had none. In this quarter the fusillade, proceeding both from files and platoons, and returned by an obstinate but intermitting fire from the people, had continued about an hour, when from the rush of numbers hastening from the vicinity of the Place de la Bastille, and concentrating themselves as they proceeded, it was discovered that an obstinate combat was going on at the Porte St. Denis and on the Boulevard St. Martin. Furthermore, it was remarked that at this particular and interesting moment some of the troops of the line had begun to waver, and had shown a disposition to disobey the ministerial orders. But the corps of the Garde Royale continued their work of destruction, perhaps not without remorse, but still without cessation, firing not only on the masses of the people, but into every window that was open. Subsequent details, however, have convinced



us, that, even in these tried and faithful adherents to royalty, a struggle between their duty as soldiers and their feelings as citizens had commenced.

It was about this period that two thousand troops, principally composed of the infantry and cavalry of the Garde Royale, took up a formidable position on the Place de la Bastille.

No sooner had they taken their ground than a very brisk discharge of musketry echoed from their ranks, accompanied at intervals of three or four minutes by the report of cannon, which, being loaded with canister and grape-shot, committed great havoc among the people. Numbers fell on all sides; for in this particular quarter the populace were badly armed, and had little but their invincible courage to support them. They were thus obliged slowly to retire, until they arrived at the Carrefour de Reuilly. Here the column of troops from whom they were retreating received an additional reinforcement, of one battalion and two pieces of cannon, from the chateau of Vincennes. The fusillade continued to be very destructive in the Rue de Charonne: many fell victims at this spot. The houses forming the corners of the streets opposite the fountain were drilled with balls, and there was scarcely any glass left whole in the windows. It was in the vicinity of the fountain that the citizens of this quarter offered the greatest resistance; while some fired upon the military from the streets, others attacked them from the windows, throwing down upon them stones, logs of wood, and even furniture—every thing, in short, that could be converted into a missile or a weapon: *furor arma ministrat*. This column of troops, thus obstinately and desperately opposed, at length received a check, and were compelled to retire in some confusion to their former position on the Place de la Bastille. This took place between two and three o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, and the firing in this quarter ceased for a time. About five o'clock this same detachment again put itself in the order of march, and recommenced its attack upon the Faubourg St. Antoine. During this second fusillade, which lasted about three-quarters of an hour, many citizens were killed or wounded. At six o'clock this column of the troops was again obliged to retire to the Place de la Bastille: here the soldiers, worn out with fatigue, and harassed from want of sleep and sustenance, were making preparations for their bivouac, but at this moment the most pressing orders were despatched to them, commanding them to repair with all possible expedition to the quarter of the Grève. This sudden movement produced a sensation of astonishment and delight in the surrounding masses of the people. It clearly explained to them that their fellow-citizens had obtained some important successes, even in the centre of Paris.

From this moment (that is to say about eight o'clock on the evening of Wednesday) all firing, patrolling of troops, and even skirmishing in the streets or boulevards, had ceased in this quarter of the city. The theatre of strife was removed however only to be renewed on a different site, and if possible with greater glory. The citizens of this quarter, in the ebullition of their triumph, committed not a single act of revenge or assassination. They even so far re-

strained themselves, that, in carrying one of the posts of the troops, they merely disarmed the soldiers of the line, and sent them about their business, without maltreating them, or inflicting the slightest injury. Their clemency was worthy of their courage, and the events of the following day clearly showed that such conduct had been duly appreciated even by their enemies. This post, it is true, was burnt in the night by a party of workmen on their return from the centre of the capital; but these very men took the greatest care that a little shed attached to it should not suffer from the conflagration. This shed belonged to a poor woman of the neighbourhood, who, by the sale of fried potatoes, and similar articles of consumption, contrived to gain her subsistence. This little shed, which has now become a monument of national glory, was religiously preserved from the flames.

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## A LOGICAL DISQUISITION ON *EXALTED GENIUS.*

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AFTER having devoted the best part of an active life to the cultivation of "polite literature" and the geographical knowledge of my own, and most of the European countries; and having in the meanwhile assisted in the utilitarian enterprise, set on foot by the great Brougham, of a general NATIONAL EDUCATION; I thought it incumbent on me to do something that might at once be a "handsome" conclusion to my works, and a grateful acknowledgment of the catholic patronage this patriotic community had shown them, both which ends I hope are answered in the following essay; for as it is my latest, and therefore best performance, I cannot leave the "generous public" a more valuable legacy; nor can I ever so happily conclude my works as by this "paper," which my literary friends—(for I have consulted them)—assure me is the *ne plus ultra* of my vigorous mind, and no mean proof of my capacity. What I have hitherto published has been the produce either of my "reading" or invention; this is the fruit of my *experience*. The fame which (absit vanitas) the world has condescended to allow me was almost, if not altogether, owing to the mode of life I now, for the first time, recommend, and which I now make public, that all who are willing to follow my example may partake not only of my literary ease and enjoyment—but of my success therein.

I conceive it to be rather a singular happiness that nearly all my early life was spent in the open air, and in the continuous study of not only "men and manners," but variegated and beautiful nature.

I well remember, when a boy, being particularly delighted with Thomson as a poet; and charmed even to *idolatry* with the following invocation:—

“Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,  
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant and the silent hour  
To meditation due, and sacred song;  
For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?  
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!  
Or else to feverish vanities alive.”

My “mind” became so suddenly and deeply imbued I remember with this “solemn admonition” of the amiable author of the “Seasons,” (who himself, by the way, was a notorious bed-lier, and as slothful as WENABLE’S horses of allwork) that ever afterwards I practised early rising; I roamed abroad, far and wide, before sunrise; and not unfrequently had the supreme felicity of beholding, from the beetling cliff—or rugged mountain’s brow, the fading of Hesperus’ beams before the uprising glory of the illustrious sun of the morning. ’Twas thus, by degrees, I became enamoured of nature, and devoted my mind betimes to the study of nature and of man. As I grew in stature I waxed strong, and, having put away childish things, I sought diligently after “knowledge;”—not the *lore* taught with so much mechanical pomp at your extravagant seminaries; but a real knowledge of what had taken place before I was brought into the world, in order to arrange my ideas concerning more recent events, as well as to regulate and stimulate thought upon all other momentous and conflicting subjects—whether religious, moral, literary or otherwise. I had travelled also pretty extensively on the continent; which, together with an intimate knowledge of my own country, afforded me infinite advantages. But in addition to these I have before mentioned (according to my own estimate of them, however), I conceive the circumstance of my *means* affording me the power of indulging my inclinations to be of corresponding import; for I was born to a great share of ideal grandeur—and no money; and, having from first to last, found the “world” a severe schoolmistress, I determined somewhat early in life to try the quality of my *rapier* in the field of battle. So drawing it from the scabbard in the spring of 1818, and finding it to possess rather a keen edge, I entered on the arena, sword in hand—and not unworthy of my manhood—began my combat with the world!

To those of my literary contemporaries who have battled with the “schoolmistress”—who have gone on to conquer, and are now in literary competence and retirement—in a garret, if you please: I am free to confess mine is a palace rather than a garret—but I will say a “garret” (for the sake of *lofty* minds, and to keep up the *animus* of my tissue paper), I need not say I am deeply concerned to think, how much mankind in general make distant evils present by reflection; and even take pains, before death, to lose all the comforts this life is capable of affording. But, as I said, having been born to ideal grandeur and no money, I found the “wide world” a proper place in which to indulge my *pride*, and either add to or

diminish my means of existence ; fortunately for me the balance turned in my favour, after a most conflictive struggle with men of all kinds and complexions, and even literary ladies of improper pretensions. But to return to my garret—in which (to keep up the eclât of my “ paper,”) I shall now desire the reader to consider me—and I assure him I am considerably aggrandized therein. Certain considerations induced *me* to fix on it, rather against the wishes of some well meaning people of my acquaintance ; and on further intimacy, I find so many advantages in this situation as a man of my humanity could not be satisfied to enjoy in selfish silence ; for though I should pass over (which is not my intention) all the advantages it has, with regard to health, honour, and security, I doubt not but I shall make it appear, in the course of this essay, that “ garrets” are *eminently* favourable to study ; calculated for the learned ; and by them used in all ages, until this, when both *learning*, and living in a garret, are fallen into disrepute together. Lord Byron had *passed* the “ Rubicon” when he pronounced the present to be the age of Bronze.

As we are enabled to trace the current of antiquity, the nearer we approach the fountain head, where nature flows most pure and uncorrupted, the fonder we find mankind in general, but especially *aspiring* and sensible persons, of what is so invidiously denominated—by the vulgar and insipid bipeds who insult the light of heaven by their daily diatribes—“ garrets.” The first learned people we read of were the Assyrians ; they so disliked the surface of the earth, that they spared no labour, no cost, to raise themselves a garret as high as heaven ; and what is the reason assigned ? Why to make themselves a *name*—to gain them an immortal reputation, plainly intimating that they had held it impossible to arrive at fame by any other road : moreover, it has been the “ immutable doom” of the *high and lofty* spirits of literature ever since, that their pursuits of glory have generally either begun or ended in a *garret*.

Our proofs of antiquity by no means rest solely on the Assyrians ; we might likewise instance the Egyptians for this purpose ; and historians tell us, that the Persians deposited their “ dead” upon the tops of very high towers. It is natural to conclude, therefore, that there must be a conformity between men’s lives and their deaths ; this point being granted to me, let me ask how *high* must that wise and brave people have lived ? But, now-a-days, every thing is perverted, and, by a strange and stultifying contradiction, the *lowest* place is held the place of honour ! The mere mention of such an opinion were sufficient to exhibit its insufferable absurdity, though all the great examples of antiquity did not oppose it. To produce all that we might render as “ evidence” in this matter—worthy as it undoubtedly is of the shrewd and masculine judgment of that humanising master-spirit, Brougham—would be almost futile ; yet not an expenditure of time quite uncalled for : I shall therefore content myself with adding an instance from later time, even when the world had become much corrupted, and that from the two best of the Roman emperors, who ordered their ashes to be deposited on pillars of an immense height, desiring that when *dead*, they might

lie in something like a *garret*, since the tyranny of custom deprived them of that satisfaction during their lives. The sentiments of such renowned men are sufficient to balance against a world of envious, ignorant, and purse-big and proud disputants and saucy cavillers; who have succeeded, however, too well and too often in their designs against literature by the attacks they have made on its ancient and venerable citadels: so that “garrets” are now (*ad referendum*) become the dread of vain fools—from the empty-headed and tricking publisher, down to the “oldest coxcomb” of a bookseller, and the jest of small wits; to all whose sneers (for they deserve not the name of reasons), besides the examples I have just quoted, I will oppose this one consideration, that will, beyond dispute, evince their *high* and intellectual parentage and dignity to any reasonable and sensible man: which is, that poets (whom all the world allow to be an *altitudinal* generation) have fixed their residence in them from time immemorial. In this they only follow the example of their patronesses the Muses, who are always represented as inhabiting the highest mountains in Greece: a fact that proves, that if they should vouchsafe to come under a roof, a “garret” would undoubtedly be their choice. But to set this point in a still clearer light, it will be proper to consider, that the ancient writers, the bards of fame and triumph particularly, often veiled their thoughts in *allegory*, especially when the matter was of so dry and unpoetical a nature, that they despaired of making it shine otherwise. So if they would describe a poet scratching his head and biting his nails, for a whole night, in his *garret*: instead of speaking of it as I now do, *they* would suppose him led inspired to the “mountains” of the Muses,\* and there labouring under the influence of GREAT APOLLO.

“ ———Magnum si pectore possit,  
Excussisse Deum———”

But what will effectually strengthen this opinion (that mountains, in most authors, must be understood to mean garrets) is, that they are almost invariably represented as the habitations of the learned. Apollo had his Cynthus, Orpheus his Hæmus, Endymion the astronomer his Latmos, and Horace represents Pindar as similarly situated.

“ ——Monte decurrens velut amnis.”

These last I do not urge, albeit, as positive proofs, yet I should not be displeased if my reader had a mind to think them such: and this I am persuaded he will be inclined to do, if he has read those excellent books that prove, with so much (some will have it) honour to religion and reason, that Bacchus is not only Moses, but Noah, —Samson, Hercules,—and, what is as odd, and irreconcilable to my mind and spirit, that Orpheus is king David! I know I might, like the authors of the books named, have raised myself a character of great erudition, by quoting Greek and Hebrew in abundance, if, like them, I chose to be admired at the price of not being under-

\* Aonas in Montes ut duxerit una sororum.

stood. These "high and lofty ones" do not use their learning to illustrate their subject, but their subject to illustrate their learning: consequently, they continually choose some strange paradox to make good; which they so bury in quotations and far-fetched reasons, that the reader at last knows not what to think of the matter in question, nor indeed of any thing else: they so confound all ideas of past and present, wrong and right. But, for my part, I spare my reader, and had much rather he should suspect my learning than my sense. The public, if it considered things rightly, could never sufficiently honour him who has modesty enough to confine his essay within the limits of sixteen pages, demy octavo, or, in other words, to the size of a pamphlet, did they know how easy it is for a well-read and *elevated* garretteer to pour an inundation of learning on them from his library, to mock their ears and surprise their judgments by great names, and to present them with not only his waking but likewise his sleeping thoughts: and, on the other hand, experience the trouble of confining himself within proper bounds, and cutting off all crude, all unnecessary, all false thoughts, which to him would be little less than cutting off a limb; they would own that if he were not a *good*, he was at least a merciful *author*. But, alas! it is this endeavour that ruins my brother authors, and perhaps seriously injures me: we make no sufficient figure in a library, but are suffered to lie in the dust, trampled on, and used with the utmost contempt, till our very *fragments* are at last annihilated. While the size of larger books is their security, which are protected from ruin by the strength of the binding, not the strength of the reasoning. They encumber the land, like some huge Gothic buildings that are permitted to stand not for their peculiar beauty or venerable appearance, but because it would cost more than they were worth to destroy them. But I see I have unintentionally digressed, which, nevertheless, is not only pardonable, but perhaps no fault in an essay. And now, with all the satisfaction and literary pride conceivable, I return once again to *my* garret.

Though I accused the age, in the beginning of this discourse, of being insensible of the advantages of a garret, yet with gratification I observe, 'tis a fault they are every day improving upon: several of our nobility, those famous patrons of arts, who burn with an incredible love to all good letters, have at length discovered the "mistake" the world has for so long a time lain under. They imagined aforesaid, that learning could not be better encouraged, than by loading its *professors* with favours, presents, and pensions, &c.; and thus they have smothered the fire of genius with too much fuel. But now they have *opened their eyes*, and to make amends for their former error, take care to keep the learned, like *hawks*, keen for the "game," by not overfeeding them. 'Twas not till now, that Horace's advice to Augustus, came to be understood, where he recommends his great patron

"——— Vati bus addere Calcar."

Which being translated, means to give a spur to poets; and what "spur" can, in the corpulent name of capon-lined John Bull, drive

a man through thick and thin like a starving belly? Or when can a man be supposed to exert himself in writing so "powerfully" as when he writes for his daily bread? 'Tis to these maxims that we owe that superior excellence, that distinguishes the writings of these latter days, and which, when posterity reads, it will read with wonder and admiration. Already poets (so I am informed by my brothers of Attica) begin to return to their *garrets*, and their "genius" returns along with them. In concurrence with the designs, and partly at the request of several of our enlightened patrons, I have done this essay to render my more nervous contemporaries easy under the change they must of necessity make. I can assure them, as an omen of the satisfaction they will enjoy in such apartments as mine, that constant health will keep their bodies vigorous, and minds active, for hither the very gross vapours of the town never reach, and even their very days are longer than theirs who live below, *Solem suum sua sidera norunt*. Moreover, *temperance* the guardian of long life and all the virtues, always inhabits with the "presiding spirit" of so lofty an eminence as a—garret. But there is nothing which more abundantly demonstrates the healthfulness of the situation, than, that they, who live in these sublime apartments, never want a good *appetite*;—a truth sufficiently experimented by their unsuspecting neighbours, whenever they make a *descent* on them.

There is also a great advantage from the security of this post, that ought not to be passed over in silence: for, as liberty is the dearest blessing to all true Britons, I do not know any place that promises more *security* from bailiffs, as their approaches may be discovered at a good distance; and the "pass" may be maintained by a smaller force against great numbers; but this is a "tender" point, of which, as the captious may take advantage, I shall say no more. I do not consider it a part of my business to divulge the mysteries of my profession; moreover, it is sufficiently well known by learned men that book-publishers, as well as book-writers, are not overburdened with *real* means.

To pursue, therefore, my observations on the salubrity of the situation. The exercise up and down stairs relieves the breast wonderfully. It is this that gives the bard breath to swell his high-bosomed verses, and carry the orator to the end of his elongated periods; hence proceeds the lofty (and indeed more than human) sound, of verses produced in a *garret*, which as much exceeds the "unhallowed ribaldry" begotten below, as the garret itself is *higher* than the inferior and ground-floors. To this advantage in the situation are to be attributed the light and active bodies (emblems of their souls) observable in our brethren of the literati; insomuch that a lean body may be a sort of criterion of a *virtuoso*. For my own part I never behold a fat author, or a stout gentleman of the press, that I do not consider myself considerably scandalised; I look upon all such as deserters from the intellectual banners of the Muses,—apostates from the very *highest* heaven of the good letters: prodigies to be expiated by sacrifice; in fine, wretches who ought to be driven from the society of the "learned," like unprincipled *stationery* aldermen, or like hunted deer; for such strange phenomena are not

only *grossly* absurd in themselves, but absolutely contrary to all good precedent, ancient and modern. Pope was as remarkable for his leanness as his wit; Salmاسius reproaches Milton with the same defect. Homer must have been thin, as it is fair to infer from his poverty; and, although I cannot aver it as a fact, I would venture to offer a smart wager that Virgil—that is to say, Publius Virgilius Maro—had not an ounce of good solid flesh upon his back! Ovid \* makes express mention of his being wofully meagre in several parts of his writings, and, if we may trust Warburton (which I am inclined to do), that learned person asserts, from good and sufficient authority, that the *minor poets* might have been bundled together like matches, or dry stricks: and that the “nine lyrics” did not altogether weigh so much as Robert Southey, Esq., LL.D., and poet-laureat! This is saying a good deal, but the *weight* of the doctor of learned literature will, no doubt, bear it very well: for when a man of literature has arrived at such a pitch of real or even imagined excellence as to ask and procure £1000 for an expert biography of the amiable and truly learned poet and *patriot*, Cowper, it certainly is high time the world should be made sufficiently acquainted with the preponderance of the “negative merits” of such a laureat,—

“ Parvum parva decent.”

It may not appear uncandid, in this place, to repeat Lord Byron’s “estimate” of Doctor Robert Southey, LL.D., and Poet Laureat, &c., so wonderfully famous for “hexameters” of a *murderous* growth: his lordship says, “It is remarkable that I should at this moment number among my ‘correspondents’ those whom I most made the subjects of satire in ‘English Bards.’ I never retracted my opinions of their works, nor have I a desire now to do so: nor should I wish to blot out the lines—

“ O Southey, Southey, cease thy varied song,  
An ass may bray too often, and too long!”

—I never sought their acquaintance; but there are, among them, some “noble spirits,”—men who can forgive and forget. The *redoubtable* author of WAT TYLER, the Bristol ultra radical, is not one of that disposition, and exults over the anticipated “death-bed repentance” of the objects of his *hatred*. Finding that his denunciations or panegyrics are of little or no avail here, he indulges himself in a pleasant *vision* as to what will be their fate hereafter. The third heaven is hardly good enough for a king, and Dante’s worst berth in the ‘Inferno’ hardly bad enough for *me*. My kindness to his brother-in-law might have taught him to be more charitable. I said in a note to ‘The two Foscari,’ in answer to his vain boasting, that I had done more real good in one year than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turn-coat existence, on which he seems to reflect with so much complacency. I did not mean to pride myself on the act to which I have just referred, and should not mention it

\* Vid. Ov. de Art. Amand. et de Ponto.



to you, but that its self-sufficiency calls for the explanation. When Coleridge was in great distress, I borrowed £100 to give him."

These are interesting facts, which should be so placed before the "public eye" as to insure immediate attention. It is this same Bristol radical—this same author of *Wat Tyler*—this same little king of Keswick—this same LL.D., the very identical Tory poet-laureat, who *pompously* ushers his radical name to the (as the LL.D. imagines) *listening* world—as the only worthy biographer of the amiable, RELIGIOUS, and inspired poet, Cowper! Sure I am the "public" will see through this £1000 piece of business: and, moreover, we think the life of Cowper, from the pen of the sensible and talented editor of the *Dumfries' Courier*, Mr. M'Diarmid [which, together with the works of Cowper, may be obtained for the small cost of 5s. or 7s.] infinitely preferable—as a matter of *fact*—and of economy—to the edition which is on the eve of being, as the radical author of *Wat Tyler* would say, "cast upon the waters,"—to be *cast* away, no doubt.

We do hope our brother *Garretteers*, as well as the "gentlemen" of the PRESS, will look at the matter in this *light*, and, from their several "lofty abodes," scout the prodigal insult about to be offered to the reading, and, perhaps too, unsuspecting public.

But to return. There is one poet, albeit, for whom as I have a great esteem, I regret I cannot add to the number I have enumerated elsewhere: for it is not quite clear that he was either very poor, very lean, or lived in a garret—'tis Horace. I once indeed conjectured that the many passages in his works in praise of poverty proved that he, too, must have experienced it; but Warburton (whom I conceive to be pretty safe authority, and a sound critic into the bargain) thinks it quite clear, from his having praised it, that he knew nothing of the matter. In cases of this "amount" we ought never to determine rashly; much less should we take things, at best doubtful, for granted, only because agreeable to our system: for the detection of false reasoning on one point will render us suspected in all the rest. And that "fame" promises to be of no good duration which is to last no longer than till we meet an intelligent reader. To make then this concernment as easy as possible, it may not be improper to consider Horace's life in two distinct periods. The former before he had gained the favour of Augustus; and then, as I *loftily* (for I am writing in *my* garret) opine, he endured the illuminating influence of the midnight oil in *his* peculiar eminence: for many parts of his works favour that lucid conjecture. Moreover, after Horace had been introduced to Augustus, at which period, I freely admit, he held lower apartments; but then he was so sensible of the indecorum of his conduct, that he never afterwards considered himself as a poet.

"Primum me illorum dederim quibus esse Poetas  
Excerptam numero.

—— Nos turba sumus (numero)," and so on.

Nay, if I do not greatly err, he went so far as to call himself a

hog,\* a knave, and other equally opprobrious names,† as nothing, in my estimation, but the acute sense of so capital an error (fault, if you prefer the term) as that which he committed could justify: but there are (as I just now said) some passages in his Odes that show he had formerly practised better, nor need we go further than the first for presumptive proof:—

“Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.”

Now this is so extraordinary a “rant,” that it is impossible to take it literally, and can mean no more, according to our former method of taking down the *flights* of poets, than that, “if Mæcenas should place him among the lyric poets, he would strike his head against the roof of his garret for joy.” This, I take it, is a very natural explication, and any other would be wild and absurd. But the next instance I bring is much more forcible, as it is extracted from an *ode* entirely designed to describe his—*poverty!*

“Non meo renidet in domo LACUNAR.”

The idea of what they call a “rafter” could only be suggested by a *garret*; and as for any difficulty arising from the word *domo*, any needy and petty publisher could instantly and easily solve it. But the verses I am just now going to quote will put the matter beyond dispute:—

“——Mutor in alitem,  
Superne; nascunturque leves  
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.”

The plain English of which is, “I am changed into a *bird* (not a *bard*), and my feathers are growing on my shoulders and hands.” Here then is a plain avowal of his poverty; for every one knows that it is commonly said of a man in rags, “that he looks as if he were going to fly.” This shows, albeit, what an excellent courtier Horace must have been; for he permits his great friend to see—“not through the wan, pale glimpses of the moon,” his *necessities*, without seeming to blame him for them; and I am not a long way off the golden copula of St. Paul’s (the grandest and most aerial *garret* in town), if all antiquity can produce so polite and gentlemanlike an address; or so “handsome” a method of letting a patron know his wants.

Nevertheless, whatever might have been the sentiments or practice of this great critic and poet, we certainly have enough of “authority” to support our opinion. What age, what nation has not acknowledged its *garrets* filled with its best spirits? When did the uninterrupted succession fail? Or when was “Learning” itself so famous, that garrets were not so too? For my part I never enter upon *mine* that I do not find myself inspired by the situation, and fancy myself in the very midst of the “Heroes of Literature” it has either received or formed. What prodigies of genius have we not known in our own time! politicians, how sublime! poets, how

\* Epicuri de grege porcum.

† Nebulones.

profound! wits, how solid! philosophers, how subtle! how often has "the Government" been relieved, in the very greatest emergencies, by the *invigorating* and *healthy* schemes sent in from garrets? Sir Robert Peel can speak to this last proposition; and with deep humility and unfeigned regret I mention it, if they had been invariably attended to, the "monstrous debt" could not have so long remained unpaid. Here, those who had scarcely genius enough for a *conundrum*, conceive one for poetry, or even make a *shift* to write very well without one. Here, too, the renowned arts of chemistry and alchemy, as they were primitively developed, are most improved. From the sacred garret, is received not only the earliest intelligence of foreign affairs, but even before they are substantially transacted. Here bachelors hypothetically lament the corruption of *manners*, which cannot fail of inspiring starving bards to write sonnets of love; ruined merchants to deal in pastorals; but in none, I can assure my readers, is it more fertile than excellent satirists.

Notwithstanding *appearances* it must be evident to the *initiated* that a *garret* affords, I do not really know any more conspicuous, or of greater moment than its *solitude*; it is the very "nurse" of study; and a man may be sure to have it here, uninterruptedly; for when a "garretteer" retires to his "tip-top apartment," he is sure never to be troubled with the importunate and officious visits of his FRIENDS: he may pursue likewise his "meditations among the stars" without the least disturbance; nor will he ever expect a visit from the "great bear" or any of the smaller lobes of light, although he may be said to have *raised* himself to an eminence so as to deserve their calling on him; and, indeed, may consider himself as effectually forgotten as if he had really quitted *terra firma*.

But next to the want of *solitude* there is nothing more prejudicial to writers than *flattery*, as it obviously prevents them from *seeing*, and consequently from amending, their faults: and I can candidly assure them, whatever may hurt their writings, they are in no way likely to *meet* with "flattery" *upstairs*. I may not pretend to be ignorant that *some* have appeared to have discovered these "lofty" advantages in a *cellar*, which they seem to recommend as calculated for an habitation for authors. I am not quite sure whether these underground advocates, ignorant as they doubtless all are of the "lofty pretensions" of literary men, do not mistake our "spirits of real eminence" for *authors of all-work*, which, I need not intimate to my contemporaries, are a very different race of human beings, and are so well known to the minister of the home department, that I shall not farther regard either their "grade" or their ignorance of the *heaven-ward* pretensions of a legitimate garretteer. But, to countenance this absurd opinion of theirs, these down-stair animals have the *dark* assurance to allege that Demosthenes studied underground! But these destitute and savage people should be carefully avoided, sirs; they are, confessedly, the most dangerous innovators in the republic of letters; they would even reduce the sagacious editor of the *Times* (through their *underground stoutness*); authors, to the attenuated condition of moles, who with *truth* and *reason*,

ought to soar like eagles! and although my indignation is the greatest imaginable against them, I can wish the advocates of so wicked and *unfathomable* a proposition of this heterodox opinion no worse punishment than that of being made themselves to suffer what they so *typically* recommend to others.

I would not have you think, gentlemen contemporaries, that in this "paper" I address you like an overgrown *SENECA*, preaching poverty from his rich alcove: certainly not—I advise you to nothing but what I practise myself; for I wield my "rapier-pen" (the scabbard lies on my sofa) with all the sober seriousness of the dear old author of *Rasselas*—without a ninety-ninth particle of his unequalled strength of mind, and in the absence of the slightest approach to his intellectual acumen; to mention any of the modern tribe, in just and patriotic preference to Johnson, would be like looking for Wat Tyler's Dr. Southey in his *boat* on the vast Atlantic Ocean, instead of on the smooth unruffled surface of his lake at Keswick; and I venture to assert, too, that a high-minded man may soon discover, that as some doctors' writings smell of the "library," mine smell of the *lamp*.

Whether my present endeavours may be *crowned* with success, or otherwise, I shall not fling away my "rapier," for it was one of the family gifts of a long line of ancestry; which, without the slightest difficulty (indeed it would afford me infinite pleasure to inform the first minister of state of my *legitimate* right and indisputable title to possess and use it, *ad libitum*, during pleasure; provided always, nevertheless, &c.), I can trace as far back as the year Anno Dom. 1657, my near relationship to Richard Cromwell, the son of Oliver, the *lofty* and *high* minded Oliver. I have every reason for believing, that the identical "rapier" which I now wield at discretion, *aloft*, in midway atmosphere, was the same which the renowned Oliver wore at his side, when he made Durham a university, which occurred on the 15th of May, 1657; on the Restoration, however, this grant was abolished. I have only to add, brothers of Attica! that my name has undergone some corruption during its existence through the dark ages; and that although I am not one of those who think there can be the real worth of £1000 sterling *lore* in a *name*, yet if his majesty would graciously permit of it, I would, in justice to my *RAPIER*, resume the primitive cognomen of my ancestors. Gentlemen of the lofty habitations! my "*rapier*" is at your especial service; and I am

Yours to command,

COGNOMINIS CROMWELL.

N. B. Much care should be taken in order to prevent those vulgar innovators from knowing that there is a river in Macedon as well as a river in Wales; for who knows how *low* a use they may make of the "waters of inspiration" in their dark system of adulteration? O lepidum diem!

## SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.

## A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

It was during my sojourn in the enchanting neighbourhood of Clisson, the birth-place of Abelard and Eloise, in Lavorden, in the summer of 1833, that I dreamed a dream, the substance of which I shall endeavour to set down on paper for your perusal, Medora. It was as follows :—

In one of the most interesting and romantic districts of Greece is situated the charming city of Eurycone. On the one side it is open to the sea; the other is bathed by rivers shaded with trees, presenting to the ravished sight all the charms that nature displays in her beautiful simplicity. Sheltered from the fury of the wind, ships find within her harbour, which is spacious, an assured safety. Attracted by its reputation for honest dealing in mercantile affairs, all nations flock thither. The manners of its inhabitants are mild and cheerful; they are the pattern of all the Greeks. More religious even than the Athenians themselves, their piety renders them an unexceptionable people. The service of the altar, the choice of the oblations designed for the gods, are, for the most part, their occupations. They appoint the holy feasts; their ceremonies are brilliant. Jupiter (according to their estimation of the mythi) protects them; and they are moreover very dear to all the gods besides. Agreeable to their most ancient custom—which cannot be dispensed with—they annually assemble the young men of the place, as yet insensible of love, in the temple of Jove. Chance decides which of them shall go and declare to the neighbouring cities the festival of the father of the gods. They must be proof against all impressions from the fair, and return as free and unengaged as they were the day of their departure. If any of them were to break that essential duty of their charge, a severe chastisement would attend the offender on his return. I was one among the selected youths, and my destination was for Aulycone. When I came out of the temple crowned with laurels, and clothed with the garments of my office, the people expressed their applause by the sound of the trumpet, and mixed with their acclamations the tenderest and most earnest vows. One congratulated me upon my fortunate lot; gods themselves, said he, have directed it. Another, with tears in his eyes, because his son had not met with the same success, nevertheless pressed me to his bosom; a third, void of concern for himself, wished and foretold me a happy journey; and another, to show me his regard, indulged all the suggestions of his zeal: their joy was unanimous. It seemed as if the same heart, the same mind, had simultaneously expressed the transports of them all. I pass over the events of my journey. I arrived at Aulycone; I was received there as a messenger from the gods, or rather as a god himself. A crowd of people surrounded me; curiosity got the better of respect; I was overwhelmed. The streets were strewed with myrtle; the air was

filled with the most exquisite perfumes; both boys and girls crowned with roses, decked with beautiful flowers, hardly gave way to the most illustrious citizens, who assembled round me from every quarter. Such was Socrates amidst his disciples! Who among us, said they, shall be happy enough to welcome him to his home? Whom will he prefer? All their vows were centred in me. It seemed that it was for my own sake, and that the ambassador was indebted for nothing to the dignity of his mission. Dangerous honours! How many tears, what bitterness, did you leave behind you! Sosthenes prevailed over his rivals, and I ascended his car. I entered a magnificent palace, of which I became, as it were, the owner, and ran through all the apartments of it. I walked into a garden, the magnificent abode of wonders and delights. The fruits there vie with the flowers in colour; the purple of the violet yields to that of the grape; the vine bending under its own weight blends them together. They are scarcely to be distinguished: here, the myrtle-tree, interwoven with the cypress, forms so thick a bower that the sun-beams cannot penetrate it; there, I behold the rose half blown, while others appear in full beauty of bloom. The wanton zephyr flutters around, and seems to embellish them by his sighs. Moreover the hyacinth, the lily, the amaranth imitate the variety and liveliness of the colours that deck the messenger of the gods, when she is sent to reveal their will to mankind. Here, one finds in abundance every thing that industry and the assiduous labour of a judicious gardener can produce; there, benevolent nature confounds all the seasons, and there, adorned with every charm, Flora and Pomona reign in all their glory.

Astonished and enchanted, I thought myself in the gardens of Alcinous, and no longer attribute to imaginary dreams what the poets sing of the Elysian fields. Insensibly I drew near a fountain; to admire it was not difficult; but how am I to describe it?

In a rustic grotto, where art does not dare to bestow any thing on nature, springs a pellucid water, the liquid crystal of which runs down a canal covered with pebbles, and, flowing through a flowery green into another more spacious basin, proceeds and swells, a river which, spreading on both sides as far as the sight can reach, terminates the prospect of that charming place. The top of this grotto is shaded with evergreen shrubs which no hand has profaned. Both channels are bordered with bushy trees, which preserve a perpetual coolness. Secret meditation, sleep still sweeter, inhabit this retreat. A venerable old man, the Nestor of his age, with a serene look, and eyes still sparkling, was musing there on the vanity of human things, and on the omnipotence of the gods. Awed by his presence, I stopped lest I should interrupt him. I worshipped the divinity of that peaceful place. "Beautiful naiad," said I, "may your waters, ever pure, ever delicious, give pleasure to those who come to visit them, and quench the thirst of whoever tastes them! May I myself learn on your banks, that the most blooming youth flows away as swift as your waves!"

Sosthenes now informed me that it was time for me to pull off my garments of ceremony, and to take my seat at table. Though unwillingly, I followed him. Panthia his wife, and his daughter

Sophene, approached me. After having paid to each other the duties required by hospitality, we stepped into the hall of entertainment, which corresponded with the magnificence of the master. I was compelled to take the first place: the second was for Imlacca, who had accompanied me—Imlacca, the best of my friends, or rather my other self. Next us sat a priest of Jupiter, Sosthenes, and Panthia. As for Sophene, she stood up. Her father had given her the charge of filling out the wine. Such in heaven is Hebe filling the nectar for the gods. At first the turn of the conversation was serious. My hosts praised and extolled me: I replied modestly; but there was something uneasy in me. Imlacca took notice of it; he pitied my trouble, and changed the discourse. Innocent gaiety was diffused throughout the company. Sophene,—a golden cup in her hand, drew near, and presented me with it; I blushed, looked down, and durst not take it. Imlacca said to me, “You are to begin.” Ashamed, young as I was, to receive so many marks of distinction, I obeyed. I drank to the name of Jupiter; every one did the same after me.

Hardly had I yet looked upon Sophene. Grave minister of the gods, I was busied only in acting up to my dignity. A glance from my eyes met hers, a “sweet surprise” mixed with admiration overspread my face with a modest blush; I fixed my sight upon her, and could not take it off. However, it was but a pure or rather an involuntary homage I paid to her beauty. My heart had no share in it; it was yet unmoved. But a second time Sophene presented me with wine, my hand *touched* hers; by an irresistible transport I pressed it. It was long before I received the cup; but, methinks, she was longer yet in giving it to me. What became of us in that moment I do not know. How can one express what one does not know? We were remarked. Panthia cast upon her a severe look; she trembled at it. By a severer look Sosthenes completed her trouble. I was so bewildered that I did not perceive it. Imlacca brought me to my senses. On a sudden, like a man who awakes on the brink of a precipice, I became conscious of my imprudence, but I could not repent it. We were for a while silent. Imlacca trembled for me, I for Sophene, and she for herself. At last, a little recovered, Sosthenes applied to me. Why in a day consecrated to merriment do we yield to sorrow? Is it thus we honour Jupiter? Is it thus that we prepare ourselves to solemnize his feast? Show us that you share in the pleasure you afford us. At these words all trouble vanished. Serenity returned upon Sophene’s face, and my tranquillity was restored to me. She tendered me the cup many times; I took it calmly, and gave it back with the circumspection of a man who suspects his actions are scrutinized. After some cheerful discourse, I took up a lyre, and sang Minerva’s birth, the defeat of the Titans, the punishment of Lycaon, and the reward of Philemon. I described the sovereign of the gods seated on his throne amidst the Immortals, making heaven and earth tremble with a frown, and with a softened look confirming the universe upon its basis—a *dream*.

Applauses interrupted me; it was late; the company broke up. As I was led into the apartment designed for me, I saw Sophene entering. Three slaves attended her. Their beauty could only be

eclipsed by that of their mistress. One bore on her head a golden vase full of fragrant water, another carried a large basin of the same metal carved by the divine Alcimedon, whereon napkins artfully folded up were laid. The third, in an alabaster vessel, brought the most exquisite Arabian perfumes. I was obliged to submit to an honour due to my employment. They washed my feet; religion justifies whatever it enjoins. Sophene herself wiped them. Let not the gods be offended at it; then indeed, methought, I was Apollo in his bath amidst the hours. That ceremony performed, Sophene said to me with a charming smile, Messenger of Jupiter, may that benevolent god afford you sweet repose! I wished to answer her, but she was gone. I went to bed. Morpheus was not long before he shed his poppies on my heavy eyelids. A light and gentle sleep brought again before me the events of the day. I saw them succeed in order, or indeed I only saw Sophene; her embarrassment, her blushes, her graces made a deeper impression on my fancy than when she was before my eyes. It was not a dream; it was a reality. I spoke, I listened to her with a pleasure and an interest that surprised and flattered me; I questioned myself about the reason of it, but could not find it. I abandoned all researches, and, without knowing precisely to what I gave myself up, I indulged the "seducing sensations" which my heart embraced, and which became natural and necessary to it.

Meanwhile night ended her career. Aurora dispelling her shades announced to nature the return of the god who vivifies her. Imlacca entering my chamber waked me; "Friend," said I to him, "why do you come and disturb the sweetest moments of my life?" "Can you," answered he, "opening my windows, and showing me it was broad day, can you, Sophocles, sleep on still? does sloth befit an envoy from the gods?" "They will excuse it," replied I in a transport. "They do not impute as crimes the favours they bestow on us." Then I laid open to him what Sophene had done for me, but I spoke it in an indifferent manner, and without showing any gratitude for it. He thought my coolness was mere affectation and upbraided me with it; however I was the dupe of my own heart, and did not dissemble with him. My friendship was his surety for it. Surprised to find in me so much simplicity, he smiled and thus explained the meaning of his smile:—"Sophene," continued he, "loves you—Imperfect happiness! I find you do not love her." "What is it to love?" replied I with an ingenuous look. "You will know it one day, and perhaps that day is not far off." "Who will teach it me?" "He that teaches it to the wide creation, the most powerful of the gods, Love, their lord and yours." "And who will make me know that god?" "Yourself and Sophene."

Her father came in seasonably to interrupt a conversation that began to be embarrassing to me. I was ashamed of his visit being more early than mine; it was short, and he carried Imlacca along with him to give me time to dress myself.

I called for my slaves, and was in a little time able to mix with the company, which was numerous. I had many compliments to answer, and as all allowed, acquitted myself gracefully of the task. Sophene was not there. I longed to see her; nevertheless her absence



left my mind in an easier state than it would have been had she been present.

That day had nothing remarkable in it; it passed away as the preceding one. The visits being over, we went to see the upper part of the garden that we had not yet seen; the beauties there were of a different kind, and what they borrowed from art, only contributed to render them more pleasant to the eye. We mounted a spacious terrace on the right hand; raised upon pedestals of white marble appeared eight brazen groups, the work of Vulcan or of his most favoured scholars; on the left hand ran a balustrade of Parian marble. The eyes wandered over fertile plains and distant hills; there Ceres, overpaying the vows of the greedy husbandman, unfolded all her treasures; the golden ears fell beneath the sickle, and the ground was covered with them. Astonished at his own riches, the possessor of so much plenty poured out his thanks to the goddess for them. A swarm of necessitous poor find in what he gives up to them wherewithal to relieve their misery. There sun-burnt slaves quickly erected mountains of heaped up sheaves, while the oxen groaned under the weight of those they dragged away with slow step.

While I was taken up with that scene, Imlacca admired the statues. I had given them only a slight glance; I was then unexperienced, and only moved by the objects that from my eyes passed rapidly, of their own accord, to my heart. But he who had traversed over all Greece, who had formed his taste amidst the wonders of Athens, Delphos, and Egypt, could not refrain from speaking loudly in their praise. "Sophocles," said he, "do you see that Hercules yonder? what strength, what expression, what truth in his attitude! How calm he is! how firm his gait! his arm alone can bear that enormous club wherewith he seems to play. The lion with a fiery look and bristling mane falls upon him; his mouth is full of gore; his bloody claws make it spout from all the parts of the hero's body. Son of Alcmena, redouble your efforts; 'tis after victory only that you will be acknowledged the son of Jupiter. A dreadful blow has made an end of that fight; the fierce animal, his head crushed, is lying at your feet; you are victorious. There is, continued he, a more smiling piece. Venus receives the apple from the hands of Paris. Do you think it possible to contemplate Venus, and yet dare to dispute with her the palm of beauty? joy sparkles in her eyes; it does not increase her charms, but it sets them off to the best advantage. There Cupids sport with her zone.

They applaud her triumph, and laugh at the confusion of her rivals. Paris, less sensible of the happiness that must attend him, than dazzled by all he sees, seemed to thank the goddess for the present he gave her. Who is that other deity? her majestic and stern look at once impresses respect and awe, it is Minerva who punishes Arachne's pride. She is no more that audacious mortal who durst defy her; she is a timorous girl; her look is the true picture of terror, and she struggles in vain to escape from the revengeful hand that strikes her to the ground.

Examine her robe, which she embroidered herself. What elegance in the design of it! What fineness in the performance! Would not one

say it flutters in the breeze? I do not condemn the anger of the goddess; but I mourn the fate of her rival.

That god declares of himself who he is; lame, deformed, with his short hair, his thick beard, he urges on the Cyclops who forge the thunderbolt; the hammers unequally lifted up fall in cadence upon the anvil. What does he look at with an earnestness mixed with pleasure? They are the ingenious nets designed to enwrap Venus and Mars and to expose them thus in toils to the assembled gods. These nets escape the sight; it is easier for one to touch than to see them.

Here the goddess is lying in a still more sorrowful position. A hideous wild boar has just torn Adonis to pieces—Adonis the pleasure of her eyes, the darling of her heart, all over bloody, disfigured, with his head reclined upon her knees. She receives his last breath. Her grief can neither be livelier, nor more naturally expressed. Are you not sensible of it, unhappy goddess? Thou canst not die with him, nor canst thou restore him to life again.

Thus Imlacca familiarised me with the master-pieces of art. He was going to explain the others to me, when, unable to withstand the impulse of my curiosity, I hastily rushed into a hall before me. The style of it had inspired me with those impressions which every thing that is truly great is apt to make upon the mind. The rarest and most finished ornaments were placed in such order that they embellished each other. Four large windows opened a prospect towards the four parts of the world. The ceiling of it, representing the sky, was so perfectly well painted that I thought it was the azure vault itself. The birds fly; the air fluctuates; some clouds spreading here and there as by chance, are enlightened by the beams of the sun that precipitates his course, and is in the middle of his career.

Four pictures fill the space between the windows. In the frame of the first is written the name of Apelles; the second has that of Zeuxis, and the third is Protogenes. Whether the painter durst not subscribe his own, or whether he wished to leave to the skilful in his art the merit of guessing it, the fourth contained no name. I surveyed it carefully. I looked at it. I pried into the mysterious meaning of the emblems which are the subject of it. Motionless, buried in the deepest meditation, my ideas suddenly cleared up, and as suddenly became obscure again. What I thought I saw was not what I really beheld. Thus a man in the full darkness of night perceives from a-far a faint light that guides him for a moment; it vanishes, obscurity redoubles, and he knows no longer where he is.

Do you know, said Imlacca to me, pulling me by the arm, do you know that these pictures are not fit for you? They might endanger the "indifference" that seems to be so dear to you. I will not look at them, answered I, going out in a hurry. Meanwhile I had seen too much of them to entertain any doubt of their being dedicated to the god of love. Flames, quivers, arrows, chains, and all his other attributes; slaves either young or old of all characters whatever, from every nation, crowned with roses, were represented looking passionately upon young women loosely dressed who fly from them, and nevertheless are willing to be seen before they hide them-

selves. O Venus! how worthy of your son are those dangerous objects! Here, every thing breathes luxury, and promotes it. The verdure and the trees contribute to render his triumph still more complete. Happy birds, you may safely abandon yourselves to his influence: pleasure is the reward of it. But, as for us, it lulls us asleep, and we give up in return for it our quiet and our reason. And where do we find that bliss that fills the measure of your enjoyment?

Then Imlacca, who penetrated into my heart, better than I did myself, said to me, That god whom you oppose in vain laughs at your resistance, or rather you can resist no longer. Your defeat is unavoidable. But, do you know what will happen to you? You will experience his power without knowing his pleasures. He contributes to our happiness; but only in proportion to what we do for him. In the name of the gods, replied I, in that of Jupiter, under whose guidance we came hither, forbear a discourse that affects me too deeply. I will, said he. Let us speak of something else.

You are like those sick bodies whom an inward fever devours. They grow pale; they tremble; every one is sensible of the danger they are in. They alone think they lessen or dissipate it, by disguising it to themselves. I would not avow that picture to be mine; but it was drawn to the life. Thus far you have had my dream.

We gave our conversation another turn. What we had just seen supplied us with ample materials for it. Is it possible, said I, for a man to shift so quickly from the greatest simplicity to the most immoderate luxury? Can one place alone include so many opposite things? Such are men, answered he. Extremes are contiguous in their hearts. They are astonished at their agreeing not together; and they do not observe that they are not consistent with themselves. Moved, carried away by present objects, they always pitch upon the last as being the best, or at least it determines their actions. Has it any relation to that which came before or not? The examination would be too painful; they avoid it, and so are never out of conceit with themselves. They do not perceive any variety in their own behaviour; nay, they think that others are not sensible of it. Without that idea, without that hint from self-love, they would either be always reasonable, or always conscious of their own folly. But what avails this reasoning? Let us not look for the means of curing them of an error that makes them happy. Truth would render them ridiculous.

Thanks to the gods, said I, such considerations do not concern us. You are a wise man; and I wish to become so. Your example—your advice will help me to it. O dear Imlacca, how precious, how necessary for me is your friendship! Without it, error would be my portion; and it could not fail of being conspicuous in the high office which has been conferred upon me. Henceforth, I shall be no more an obscure man; my countrymen will have a watchful eye upon my conduct. If it does not answer their expectation, if it does not even reach beyond it, they will despise me the more, the more they have distinguished me. All the ways to fortune will be shut against me; grown the disgrace of an illustrious family, I must either

banish myself, or become to it an everlasting object of humiliation. Holy friendship, thou wilt preserve me from so fatal a condition; thou wilt increase in my heart the bias thou hast implanted in it towards virtue. It is thy faithful associate; it befriends such as thou delightest in.

Ah, Imlacca, heaven grant that I may make you sensible of all I feel. Propitious deity, enlighten my mind, and then I will pay thee a tribute worthy of thyself.

What is that "unknown ardour" which lends me new expressions? It inspires me. Mortals, hearken to me. Daughter of heaven, thou art the most comforting present which, in their love, the gods have blessed mankind with. Thy officious kindness anticipates our wishes. Thou givest thyself up unsolicited to the hearts prepared to receive thee. The profane do not know thee.

The bonds that tie them to one another have nothing pure or innocent in them. The want they are in of each other is the basis of their union. The most earnest offers, the tenderest protestations, only relate to selfish ends, and they *receive* only through cupidity. The apparent gratitude which a kindness excites in them is nothing but a covetous sentiment, that only continues as long as it is supported by hope. They are not moved by the favours granted, but by those they expect. Do these fail? They fly off—they disappear. They complain of the ingratitude of their friends; but did ever the ungrateful know what it is to love? How much we differ from them! The same inclinations—the same desires—the same will; all is in common between us. You are happy in me only. I breathe, I am happy, only in you. Your soul is mine, and mine yours. Charming intercourse! delicious raptures! Wholly foreign to the reasonings of the mind, you are the lot of the heart; it alone is possessed of you, and by its effusions alone are you revealed.

Imlacca interrupted me with a smile. Perhaps you expect thanks from him unto whom you have just said so many endearing things. No, dear Sophocles, I will not thank you for them. Sophene would be jealous of it. What you fancy you feel for me, you feel for her. You deceive yourself. You thought that you had painted and described friendship, when you did but describe and commend love. He that is insensible of it does not express it so well. My prediction is accomplished; lay aside all dissembling; you burn. How so? said I, to him with a sigh. Will you banter me into despair? I do not, I will not love. Far from supplying that cruel god with arms against me, you should shield me against him. I, replied he, shall I oppose the gods? They would punish me for it. You yourself would take it unkindly of me.

Jupiter, exclaimed I, protect him whom every one forsakes. Come on; let us go to the temple, in order to fulfil the duties of my office. If, nothing but an escape can save me from so menacing a danger, I am ready to return to Eurycone. If you think that the charms of Sophene can fix me here, prevent my seeing her again. If, in spite of myself, I refuse to follow you, make use of violence, and drag me back along with you. So speaking, I embraced him,—I bathed his face with tears,—I drew sighs,—I groaned;

my heart was ready to break ; I could scarce breathe ; and, to complete my anguish, I was obliged to dissemble in so violent a crisis. Sosthenes was looking for us ; but Imlacca held him in discourse, to give me time to compose myself, at least apparently, as well as I could. Whether Sosthenes was taken up with other things, or whether I acted my part well, it seemed he had not noticed my emotion. The repast was served up. I came in with a fixed resolution of not casting even a glance at Sophene. Some god surely gave me strength, and I was calm. I applauded myself for it ; nay, I know not in my false security, if I went not so far as to defy Love. The supper was yet more sumptuous than the first. It was easy for me to see from the delicacy and excellency of the entertainment, that Sosthenes had been taken unawares the night before. I had leisure to examine the arrangement of it. Sophene was absent ; I did not long so much to see her, but accustomed myself to that privation. I was easy : at least, I believed I was. Jupiter, said I to myself, I give thee thanks ; thou hast wrought within me a sudden, a happy change. Alas ! Jupiter himself made a joke of my weakness. Such was the character of my dream.

Two hours had passed away, and I had shown no sensible emotion or disquietude. Already I hoped the danger was over. The entertainment drew towards an end ; we were ready to rise from table. Fatal moment ! behold, Sophene, at the head of the most beautiful maidens of Aulycone, entered with a modest countenance. Her artless hand had tied her fair tresses, part of which were rolled on her head in ringlets ; part waved on her shoulders, which were more white than new-fallen snow. Every one burst into acclamations. Their eyes wander in doubt amidst so many ravishing objects. Mine were fixed, with my whole soul in them : they were bent upon Sophene. At the harmonious sound of her lyre, her companions instantly formed an elegant dance ; broke off ; resumed their measure ; and, directed and actuated by her, executed all that the art of dancing, and genuine graces are capable of attaining.

In the mean time, Sosthenes bade his daughter sing—*all was silent*—gods ! what melody, what sweetness, what extent, what taste, what “soul” in her voice ! Is it Philomela, or the Syrens who sing ? No, it is Sophene. My senses were ravished. Imlacca remarked it but too much ; and, with a low voice, said to me, Shall we still go back to Eurycone ? Scarce did I hear him. Ah ! seducing pleasures, how dear I have paid for you ! Every one now retired ; the sky was serene ; a dead calm reigned throughout nature. I alone was agitated. In vain I called for rest ; my trouble increased with my endeavours to remove it ; it rose to the highest pitch ; it could increase no more : and, though oppressed by it, I felt it no less sensibly. Fool that I was, I yet strove to hide from myself the cause of it. I arose, walked with great strides ; stopt, went to bed again ; and again leaped out of it as from a burning pile. Thus a roebuck, that one of Diana’s nymphs has wounded in the woods of Cynthia, strives in vain to force out the arrow that galls him ; he fills the air with his screams ; he rambles about as his pain leads him ; it attends him every where, and nothing allays it.

I was in that unhappy condition, when towards the middle of the night a glittering light struck my eyes; I heard a dismal noise like that of thunder. Placed upon a magnificent car, Love appeared before me in all his majesty. His numerous train attended him, and cried, "Sophocles, confess the sovereign of nature; prostrate thyself and worship him." I fell down at his feet without knowing what I did. Love, a bow in his hand, with a threatening look and a face inflamed with wrath, rejected my involuntary homage. "Here is the audacious mortal who opposes my authority. Thou alone hast a mind to escape from me: that god whose minister thou entitlest thyself, that god himself cannot withstand me. Die, inconsiderate wretch! I now reject a heart that rejected me—I will have thy blood." Like a victim that a priest is going to slay, I waited for the mortal blow; the arm was lifted up, the bow was bent, and the fatal arrow was ready to fly; his revenge was at the point of being satisfied, when on a sudden a thousand confused voices of admiration arose from every part; Love stopped, and wondered at the occasion of it. A respectful silence seized his retinue; I also looked and saw Sophene with a crown of roses upon her brow, and a wreath of flowers in her hand. She came on with a timid aspect, though her motions were regulated by the graces; she cast herself at the feet of the god, and embraced his knees; she bedewed them with tears, but durst not, could not speak. Love understood the meaning of that "eloquent silence." "How, Sophene," said he, raising her from the ground, "you have a concern, you shed tears for an ingrate who braves both my power and your charms. Let me punish him; your glory and mine require it." "Forbear, sovereign of the gods!" said she, with a soft and modest accent; "Sophocles is no more a rebel; he is your slave, your votary; he sighs, he loves. O Sophocles! you read in my heart."

Surprised with my adventure, I could not say whether to complain or rejoice at it. Freed from incertitude with regard to my situation, I now knew my passion and the object of it. I gave way to pleasant prospects. My fancy hurried me; it soared on the wings of hope. Flattering chimeras! why did you disappear? why did you leave me to myself? The most impetuous agitations tossed my mind. I burned with a fire that consumed me. My desires broke loose. "Sophene," cried I, "come and share in my transports; yield to my impatience; you love me, then? yes, you do; I see my happiness in your eyes. What can stop you? But who are those monsters that bar my way to you? their cold poison chills me. Cruel vicissitude! I can no longer bear you."

Awakened by my cries and my sobs, Imlacca came into my chamber. "Friend," said I with a sigh, "Love has accomplished his revenge; he has just now exhausted upon my heart all the arrows in his quiver, all the fires of his torch—I love; but what avails that acknowledgment? You knew it before, and had you not known it my trouble would have told you. I love," said I, with a faltering accent. "O Jupiter! O Venus! O Sophene!"

Imlacca answered my complaints with a long fit of laughter. "I feared your complaint was of a different nature," said he. "Compose

yourself, and endeavour to rest." So saying, he would have quitted me; but I held him. I laid before him an exact account of the wrath of Love, of his threats, and of his triumph. "Sophene," continued I, "has preserved my life; how much ought I to be bound to her for it! Sophene has rendered me tender and sensible, and she will ever be the object of my affection. Love has no arrows left; he can no more wound me for any other;" "at least," replied Imlacca, "you are where I wished you to be; you love and your passion is dear to you; it engrosses your whole mind; you speak of nothing else. Sleep is now heavy upon my eyes—farewell." He went away; I found myself alone again, and again I sunk into my fantastical conceits. Insensibly a calm succeeded to my agitation; a sweet temperature glided through my senses—I fell asleep. Love! sleep respects thy power; obedient dreams put on all the forms thou art pleased to give them; they turn them into reality in the fancy of such as thou sendest them to. Fair Sophene! you look down, you are silent; what do I see? Methinks you shun me; stay—I am no longer that stubborn lover unable to appreciate the value of your kindness, who durst not look at you, who avoided your charms. I am in earnest—nay a passionate lover; enjoy a change that you alone could effectuate. What are you afraid of? My constancy shall justify the ardour of my desires. I took her hand; I kissed it a thousand times; I pressed it in mine. All the "fire" in my heart came up to my lips; they burned, and I imprinted them on hers; she resisted, and strove to make her escape; Love held her; he removed her fears, and increased my temerity. Our sighs mingled. Her eyes were filled with a seducing languor; she was troubled; her mind wavered. A set of officious loves with their arrows frightened away timid Modesty, who fled with downcast looks. Love! why do you lay your hand before my mouth? Fear not, I am discreet. Sophene, you weep; your spirits revive, your anger alarms me. Can my transports offend her who has caused, and who seems to authorise them? "Dear Sophocles, temper their eagerness," said she; "spare my weakness. We ought to respect what we love. If you love me, my tears should restrain you; if you do not, you are too cruel to urge me so far." I was afraid of displeasing her, and ashamed to submit; yet I did not dare snatch a victory I had so eagerly pursued: but my eyes grow dim—I look for Sophene—I find her not! both my voice and strength forsake me. Unknown emotions work within me. My heart pants; I wake shivering. Ye gods! if a dream has such "powerful charms," what then must be the ecstasy of real pleasures? Come again, delicious illusions! I call for you in vain; Morpheus is gone away—I can neither leave my couch, nor fall asleep again. I now sunk into an ocean of confused ideas, which I am unwilling to unravel; and I called to my mind all the particulars of my dream.

To remember an imaginary felicity is to exchange one chimera for another.

## THE PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

## No. I.—HAMLET.

“ THERE is a wide difference between knowledge and languages,” says a profound critic—nor does it signify, if a man has knowledge, through what medium it has been conveyed to him. Shakspeare appears to have been gifted with what Cicero calls the *animus bene a natura informatus*, with a facility of conception through which flowed the rich materials of his scenes and characters, and with a natural promptitude of execution and universality of expression which enabled him to clothe his inventions with the most striking and natural apparel.

The character which will form the subject of a portion of this lecture is a powerful elucidation of these observations—different from any thing we are acquainted with in other dramatic works: our author varies the tone and feelings of Hamlet as rapidly and with as close an adherence to nature as we could expect from reality itself; hence the magnificent individuality of this character, and the evident impracticability of placing it in any known category of dramatic being. The thoughts and actions are ever as varied and original as the vivid and ingeniously devised incidents that give them birth—the glowing and reflective qualities of the mind of the noble youth render back every the most trivial impression with accumulated richness; and the endless productiveness of the poet is no where seen to a greater extent than in the development of this personage, in which we simultaneously recognise the fervid elasticity of a youthful sensibility and playfulness, with the deep-toned and imposing solemnity of a sublime and dignified philosophy.

Every expression, every word that Hamlet utters, is full of point and replete with meaning and pathos: he speaks from the heart, and conviction goes to the soul of the hearer; when his mother reproaches him with forgetting who she is, his retort carries condemnation and punishment within itself,—

“ No, by the rood, not so;  
You are the queen, your husband’s brother’s wife;  
And—’would it were not so!—*you are my mother!*”

It is nevertheless true that there are moments when the unstrung sympathies of his nature are wrested from the guidance of reason—when the grosser parts of humanity abandon the “inner man,” and lay open the soul in all the spirituality of intellectual abstraction, when we

“ \* \* see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangling, out of tune and harsh.”



The astounding calamities of a father's unnatural death and a mother's accumulated guilt, root out of his bosom the very germ of every attachment :—

\* \* “ I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? Man delights not me.”

The stream of his affections had been dried up ; “ all bond and privilege of nature broken ;” and the stern “ *get thee to a nunnery*” falls like a death-note on the affrighted ear of the pretty Ophelia.

The essence of the character, however, always remains entire ; “ Lord Hamlet” is always “ a prince :” he never derogates from himself, whatever be the nature of the scene in which he is placed.

The variety of phases in this character is beyond all praise ; the numerous forms in which it appears, the frequency of contrast that occurs from the opening to the close of the piece, gives a peculiarity and strength to the colouring, sustains the interest, and enlivens the attention of the spectator, while each particular feature appears with additional lustre from the very effect of comparison. In the opening of the piece, for instance, when the recent marriage had cast off the “ nighted colour” of all the other personages, Hamlet is discovered in his mourning garb ; the same may be remarked of different scenes wherein he appears with the king, the queen, Polonius, Osrick, the grave-digger, and others.

Shakspeare seems to have pictured to himself the *beau ideal* of dramatic effect in his conception of Hamlet. His design is borne out by nature and by fact ; the man is here the creature of circumstance, weak, irresolute, and sometimes even inconsistent ; and, if we wish to discover the prototype of this character, we must look for it among men as they *are*, upon the great stage of the world. There we shall perceive that the genius of our poet was nurtured by an attention to those invariable principles of nature which are the only infallible guides in dramatic composition.

Hamlet is, however, always emphatic, always to the life, whether at “ his breathing time of day” he caricature the beard of his old friend the actor “ whose face is valenced ;” or “ wring the heart of the guilty queen” in the following finely-wrought and highly classic effusion :—

“ Look here upon this picture, and on this ;  
The counterpart presentment of two brothers.  
See what a grace was seated on this brow !—  
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;  
 A station like the herald Mercury,  
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
 A combination and a form, indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man.  
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :  
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear \*  
 Blasting his wholesome brother."

In the brief sketch of the several characters of the author, to which we are necessarily confined in the progress of these "papers" we are prevented from embracing all the points of this personage : sufficient has, perhaps, been said to wrest it in some respects from the misrepresentations of erroneous criticism, and to point the way to those who may wish to prosecute the enquiry.

Hence those points of character which are by many adduced as contradictions, will be found to be genuine and natural traits, examples of which we are every hour presented with in the varied and complicated maze of human existence ; and far from allowing Hamlet to be that mass of discordant materials to which some would persuade us, a due reflection upon the whole construction of the character, in its multiplied relations with the other parts of the tragedy, discovers to us the "corner-stone" of a superb edifice, whose elegant proportions remain engraven upon our minds in all the beautiful exactitude of intellectual sublimity, conveying a deep moral impression which the imagination, retraces with pleasure, and to which the mind loves to recur again and again.

T.

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 TO A STREAMLET.

ONWARD, onward, limpid rill,  
 Thou art ever flowing :  
 Music making at thy will,  
 Balmy life bestowing.

Beautifier of the vale—  
 Adorner of the plain ;  
 Never wert thou known to fail  
 In thy flow or strain.

Centuries have passed away  
 Since thy course began ;  
 Still thou knowest not decay  
 Like ennobled man.

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\* The figure of the mildew'd ear is evidently borrowed from the Bible Gen. xliv. 6, 7.

Ever welcome to the vale,  
 Comer from the hill ;  
 Welcome is thy joyous tale,  
 Music-making rill.

H.

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 A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

Across the everlasting sea  
 There came, in silent soldier-wroth,  
 The brave in arms and chivalry,—  
 The spirit of the mighty Goth !  
 And o'er his brows a mark was set  
 Which told his race unconquer'd yet !

O'er the Hesperian wave he came  
 With mad revenge in either eye :  
 Who gloried in his deathless name—  
 A name that was not given to die !  
 And wore a Greek and rich tiar',  
 That spoke a lineage from afar.

But 'twas not so ; he was, of old,  
 Or, when his youth was in its spring,  
 The chieftain of a nation bold,  
 That led to war and conquering.  
 The terrors of the Goth he flung  
 Where Catherine's vile race upsprung.

Yet, when her\* sun had darkly set  
 In glory's immemorial gloom ;  
 While round her bosom linger'd yet  
 The fragments of her death and doom :  
 And all her patriot bosoms yearn'd—  
 Austria ! against Poland turn'd

Her coward bands of slavish herds,  
 With cruel irony and shame ;  
 Then with base, perfidious words  
 Now bad her yield to fire and flame !  
 To fire, and flame, and flood they yield,  
 Alone that own'd SOBIESKY's† shield.

Thus Austria 'gainst brave Poland turn'd—  
 " Ingratitude's " the crime of lords.  
 What freeman's bosom hath not burn'd  
 To turn 'gainst her their bloody swords ?  
 Hath eagle's eye e'er seen that light  
 Which shall expire with Poland's blight ?

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 \* Poland's sun.

† John Sobiesky.

The lion has not claw'd such prey  
 As Alexander basely won ;  
 In his unimperial day ;  
 And Nicholas hath trode upon !  
 Have burning suns that watch on high  
 Melted Siberian Majesty ?

Hail, mighty chief ! and thou art he  
 That like the lion-king of yore ;  
 Or him of old Thermopylæ,  
 The Spartan danger braved and bore  
 For glory's, and for freedom's crown,  
 For Grecia's, and for man's renown.

Sublimely gray with time and truth—  
 Those hoary attributes of age—  
 Thou canst recal the powers of youth,  
 Thy deeds of war and pilgrimage :—  
 Thou canst look down with holy glee,  
 On Poland's new Thermopylæ !

Oh, basely injur'd Poland ! thine,  
 Thine is a cause in which *all* bleed  
 Who freely breathe life's breath, divine,—  
 The Frank—the Turk ;—yes, ev'ry creed !  
 Save that alone by which thy gem  
 Was stolen for Russia's diadem !

England ! whose fame is like the sun's,  
 Hath not yet answer'd thy quick pains ;  
 The birth-place of your Wellingtons  
 Responded not to Poland's chains !  
 Awake, awake, old Sparta's blood !  
 Arise, arise, both fire and flood !

Shade of the mighty chief of old—  
 Thou unsubstantial lobe of light,  
 That tell'st of Roderick's startled mould,  
 And Marathon's most sacred fight—  
 Return to heaven's gates on high—  
 Pray God respond to Poland's cry !

And I, as one of my sire's line,  
 Though now an unimportant one,  
 Will tune my harp to words divine—  
 The age of chivalry is gone !  
 Delphi's temple, in the grave !  
 The Emperor Paul hath ceas'd to rave !

And all that was and is to be  
 Tend only to demonstrate God ;  
 Who wisely made man to be free—  
 Free as the freest soil he trod !  
 The "cry" of Poland has gone forth,  
 Woe to BELSHAZZAR of the north !

## ON THE STUDY OF ITALIAN.

It is the well-known eulogy of the Emperor Charles V. on the Italian language, that it is the proper language in which to address a lady, and it has been said by one in later days, who was quite as well able to form an opinion as the Spanish monarch, that the language sounds as if it should be written on satin, and that its "syllables breathe of the sweet South." All this is very right and true, but it merely expresses the *sweetness* of the language, and leaves out of the consideration its strength and versatility, in which qualities it yields to no language in Europe. Its powers and its beauty are not the only inducements to study it: it contains mines of literary wealth. Its historians rank the first among the modern historians; and its poets—who that loves poetry does not exult and delight in the poets of Italy?

In strongly recommending the study of Italian, my intention is not to write a regular treatise, mentioning what grammar and dictionary are to be studied, or what plans are to be pursued. Leaving these elementary points to those whom they may concern, I would throw together a few remarks on the Italian authors which generally are put into the hands of young ladies, and mention such books as are adapted to them, and to other students of Italian.

After going through the elementary parts of the language, it is usual to begin Metastasio. The Abbé Metastasio, as it is generally known, has written certain little Dramas, consisting of three acts, in which he has to arrange the various incidents forming the plot, develop characters, mark the variety of passions, and accomplish different and difficult things, for which other poets calling themselves dramatic require full five acts, and find those five acts scarcely sufficient. The consequence is obvious; there is not "ample room and verge enough" to trace what ought to be traced. This is an original fault in the nature of the compositions to which Metastasio devoted his versifying powers. But this is not all: there is a sameness in his productions; read one and you have read all; they have been called, with perhaps quite as much truth as severity, "tissues of love and nonsense." The lovers are all alike—the ladies are alike—the plots are alike—the *denouements* are alike; and it is only to be marvelled at, that such productions have been so be-praised. Add to this, that every one, after strutting his appointed minutes on the stage, whether in the languishing of love, or the raging of anger, vents his excited feelings in a song, and little more need be said in support of the writer's private opinion, that whosoever puts Metastasio into the hands of a pupil, be that pupil man, woman, or child (except for the express purpose of making the book a stepping-stone to poetry worthy to be read), commits an offence against good taste, and at the same time

insults the understanding of his pupil. But enough has been said : good night to Metastasio, and sound sleep (no harm if they sleep over his works) to his readers.

Hard and harsh and strange is it thus to write of a gentle bard, beloved by gentle nymphs. The next work perused by Italian students is in general Tasso's Jerusalem; and we must alter our speech and change our style, to discourse of one who was proverbially called "He of the pen and sword." Romance, chivalry, and poetry all cast their beams on the person, the character, and the writings of Tasso. Born with that deep and exquisite sensibility of feeling which generally attends true poetical powers, and which, if it doubles every joy, too truly doubles every woe, he became in early life the victim of an unfortunate attachment. Every one knows the story of the Princess Leonora; every one knows too how her enraged brother caused the young poetical aspirer to be immured in an asylum for the insane. The touching lines which he there wrote—short, sweet, and melancholy, still sound in our ears, and vibrate on our innermost feelings,

"Tu che ne vai in Pindo  
Dove pende la mia cetra ad un capresso,  
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi,  
Ch'io son dagli anni e dalla fortuna oppresso."

And when the cruel falsehood of his enemies produced the alienation of mind which they had previously fabled, when his high-strung feelings sunk beneath irritation and disappointment, who has read without sympathy, and compassion, and regret, the history of Jerusalem's minstrel's holding high converse with the phantoms of his own creation, and forgetting the cruelty of his prince and the neglect of his lady love, in the lofty excursions of his disordered but still fine imagination?

I cannot write as I would of Tasso. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" should be summoned up to express the feelings which his poem awakens, but I cannot leave the subject without noticing a slander affixed to his name by one who probably never read his work. I allude to Boileau—Boileau, whose taste is so just as to have won for him the title of the prince of taste, whose strictures on the ancients mark both reading and good sense, contrasts in his "Art of Poetry," "le clinquant du Tasse" and "l'or de Virgile." From him it has been the fashion to talk of the tinsel of Tasso, and to rank one of the most exquisite poets of modern times as a mere superficial rhymester. The Italian language is now more generally read, and studied; and those who judge of Tasso in his own native majesty (for, like Virgil, many of his beauties, as they depend on harmony and phraseology, cannot be translated), will indignantly repel all lowering insinuations, and warmly concur in this feeble but sincere tribute to Jerusalem's bard.

I am transgressing the limits to which I had meant originally to confine myself. I cannot, however, pass by one, who—

"Sovra gli altri, come aquila, vola."

One however, for whom this, his own brief expression, is a striking and sufficient eulogium. Our "northern grunting guttural" cannot adequately express the praise of Dante. Strong and nervous descriptions—wonderful imagination—deep feeling and pathos—close observation of nature—high patriotism, with indignant satire against those who oppressed and insulted the country which he so dearly loved—if these, expressed in language firm, mighty, energetic, are to be admired, are to be received into the memory and the affections, then is the laurel wreath that circles the stern, thoughtful, melancholy brow of the Florentine poet, rightly gained and rightly worn.

It is not by mere extracts of Dante—the Nyolino, Capaneo, Francesca di Rimini, &c. &c., that an idea can be formed of his powers. Dr. Johnson said that a critic seeking to recommend Shakspeare by mere citations, would be like a man who should endeavour to let his house by carrying a few bricks in his pocket, as a specimen of it. The *Divina Commedia* is a magnificent whole, and has been styled by a modern noble critic "the most original poem in the world."

It may be allowable to remark that Villani's "*Storia di Ferenze*" and Sismondi's "*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*" throw much light on the historical difficulties of Dante.

But it is time to bring these desultory remarks to a close. Time would indeed fail to tell of Ariosto with his interweaving episodes, Alfieri, the Lord Byron of Italy, a noble mind misapplied, Monti, renowned by his *Aristodemo*, and Sylvio Pellico by his genius and misfortunes. As it is my wish to be useful to those who may be engaged in the study of a language to which I have devoted some attention, I add a list of Italian books suited to beginners:—

Lettere su Roma e Napoli.  
 Ricordi d'un Viaggio Pittorico.  
 Il Campagno nel Passeggio Campestre.  
 Racconti Istorici.  
 Lettere Discrittive di Celebri Italiani da Gamba.  
 Novelle di Polidori.  
 Scelta di Lettere da Nardino.  
 Scelta di Lettere da Gasparo Gozzi.

To this is subjoined a list of Italian books in a good style, but rather works of amusement than of serious study, under the impression that this is the most usual and natural means for reading a language with fluency:—

Le mie Prigioni, da Silvio Pellico.  
 Dei Dovin degli Uomini da. do.  
 Mauri—Caterina Medici.  
 Manzoni—I promissi Sposi.  
 Goldoni—Le Commedie.  
 Uberto Visconti.  
 Battaglia di Benevento.  
 Sacchi—Zeodote.  
 ——— Varietà Litteraria.  
 Varesi—Fidanzata Ligure.

Varesi Sibilla Odateta.  
 ————— Folchetta Malaspina.  
 Lettere di Ganganelli.  
 Lettere di Annibal Caro.  
 Naufraga di Malamocco.  
 La Pittrice ed il Forestiere.

Other works might be added, but enough has been said. The writer will conclude by remarking that the translation of Ossian by Cesarotti, so well known as a favourite book of Napoleon's, is considered one of the most beautiful specimens of the Tuscan language. The translation of Virgil by Annibal Caro is more close to the original than our language will permit.

M. A. S.

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## BALLAD.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE MINSTREL !

*By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.*

HERE'S a health to the minstrel ! wherever he wanders,  
 May his path-way through life be unclouded by care ;  
 May the memories be sweet upon which his soul ponders,  
 And the charms of his fancy be soothing and fair.

And if never more by the green-smiling valleys,  
 And white cliffs of Albion he's destined to roam,  
 When the breath of sweet song, with his dulcet lute dallies,  
 'Mid the tears and the raptures that welcome him home :

May he never forget, in that bosom of pleasure,  
 The hearts that have melted or warm'd at his lay ;  
 And when mem'ry speaks through some exquisite measure,  
 Let it bring back the friends and the scenes far away !

For what in the bosom of sensitive feeling !  
 Can waken resemblance like music's soft strain ?  
 As o'er the heart's chords it is tenderly stealing,  
 To open the flood-gates of passion again ?

A flower—nay a leaf, can again bring before us  
 Past objects of love, to which tenderness clings ;—  
 But *music alone* holds the master-spell o'er us,  
 To ope " the sealed fountains," whence MEMORY springs !

Here's a health to the minstrel ! wherever he wanders,  
 May his pathway through life, be exempted from care ;  
 May the visions be bright, upon which his soul ponders,  
 And the skies that shine o'er him be cloudless and fair !



## SOCRATES AND XANTIPPE.

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STRANGE and unaccountable is it that these two names, each in itself a proverb, each an antithesis to the other, should, after a lapse of more than two thousand years, have come down to the present time under auspices as different as were the characters of the individuals whom they once served to designate! How comes it that Socrates should still be held forth as an example to men, of virtue, to husbands, of forbearance, while his unfortunate lady serves but as a current bye-word for every thing violent in women, usurping and domineering in wives? May not a suspicion be entertained, that too easy a credence has been given alike to the virtues of the philosopher, and the failings of his consort? To remove the prejudice which time has strengthened in favour of the one and in disparagement of the other, appears a hopeless attempt. But some advantages may be derived from contemplating the life of this extraordinary couple, from whose history we learn, that rash and impolitic marriages were not unknown before the Christian era; as an abstract matrimonial speculation, and from its antiquity we may consider it such, this question of respective merit and demerit between Socrates and Xantippe may prove of considerable importance.

History has not left us in doubt as to the philosopher's personal appearance. He was an ugly little man, with a Calmuck nose, twinkling gray eyes, and a bad expression of countenance. Of his own deformities he was aware, and, in his professional capacity of philosopher, affected to derive considerable amusement from his want of external beauty.

Nothing we believe is recorded of Xantippe on this score; but there can be little doubt that if a painter, even one whose name delights in the affix of R. A., were desired to sketch a fancy portrait of her, he would invest her with about as many charms as would barely suffice to redeem a Gorgon from her native loathsomeness; nor is it highly improbable that the critics who frequent the picture galleries would declare his performance to be, to the best of their judgment, a faithful and accurate likeness of the illustrious prototype. And yet how widely would both he and they wander from the truth! Before her marriage, there can be no doubt that Xantippe's face and person were eminently lovely: in the absence of all proof to the contrary, we may even conclude that she was, if not the belle, at least one of the leading belles of Athens; for her husband yielded to no man in ugliness, and when do we see men of his physiognomical stamp marry any but the prettiest women? Her temper was warm and generous, her disposition lively, and her manners gay and playful. In raillery she was an adept, a thorough mistress

of repartee, and brilliantly successful in her sallies of polished irony and delicate sarcasm. Such was the woman whom her unkind destiny united to an ugly philosopher of a rectified temper.

Socrates despised the world's opinion and derided its fashions; Xantippe, true to the genius of her sex, was fully impressed with the importance of both. Therefore the husband dressed and behaved like a sloven, while the wife exerted all her energies, and plied all her arts, to subject him to the wholesome and beautifying dominion of the graces. Reasoning from the present to the past, and taking for granted the immutability of female characteristics, we are fully justified in saying that this was the mode of conduct which the well-meaning Xantippe adopted. How are we to suppose that the philosopher received his wife's coaxings and admonitions? After listening to her observations, he would argue with her upon the ground of her complaints in that cross-examination style of his which the Socratic Boswells record as having been peculiarly grateful to the spirit of the *ci-devant* statuary, and which was certainly enough to drive any but a marble lady into strong hysterics. Perhaps however he was not even so ambiguously courteous as this, but merely laughed at her importunity, and went about the town as untidy a figure as ever. Is it to be thought that a woman of refined taste and high spirit, such as was Xantippe, could tamely submit to this contemptuous and philosophic treatment?

We are informed that Socrates did not receive a single penny with his bride. The graces of her mind and body formed the sum total of her marriage-portion. How much light is thrown upon the history of her single state by this little circumstance! Her beauty and accomplishments, added to her wit and vivacity, must, without doubt, have captivated many admirers. Among them there was probably a favoured one, with whom she exchanged vows of endless love and fidelity. But Athenian lovers *then* were no better than their modern representatives in all civilised countries. Xantippe's swain we may imagine to have been a mercenary dog, whom Plutus seduced from his allegiance to Cupid under the disguise of an heiress. In a moment of pique and disappointment, the hasty young lady, our heroine, gave an affirmative answer to the most important question which could possibly have been put to her by an ugly little philosopher, with a Calmuck nose, and twinkling gray eyes.

It may be objected that all this is a mere hypothesis, but it is one which derives all but certainty from its evident probability. Let us however suppose that the match originated, on the lady's side, in a laudable desire of obtaining an establishment of her own, on the gentleman's in an involuntary submission to charms against whose influence philosophy was unable to defend him. If such were the case, sad indeed was our heroine's lot. The philosopher was troubled with a moral weakness which as a single man he might have humoured *ad libitum*, without inflicting injury upon any one but himself. He despised money. Having however once married, he was not likely to conciliate his wife's affections by the advocacy of short commons, nor to preserve them through the medium of a meagre and ill-appointed household. Xantippe was a shrewd woman, and saw very

clearly that, with all his philosophy, her husband was a great fool. He had talents, she knew, capable of providing the golden source and means of respectability. Why then not exert them for this wise and legitimate purpose? Of what use was his Dæmon, unless it would pay his butcher's and his baker's bills? Most eloquently and most forcibly would she remonstrate with him, upon the folly of his wasting his instructive breath without receiving a *quid pro quo*, and of giving *gratis* lectures to all the young boobies of Athens. But Socrates was a perfect philosopher, and cared little how domestic matters prospered, provided he were left at liberty to lounge with his idle companions through the groves of Academus, or to riddle upon abstract questions in the Lyceum.

Unhappy Xantippe! How often did she curse the day when her husband resigned the employment of a statuary, and commenced the profession of a philosopher. In the bitterness of her matronly dissatisfaction, can we be surprised that she should at times assail her husband in terms of keen invective, not unfrequently of undisguised abuse? And when her partner, the man of a rectified temper, listened to her patiently, and answered her with nothing but the irritating smile of resignation, was it an unpardonable offence if she seized the first domestic utensil which came to hand, and did her best to break the little philosopher's head with it? Not a word is said, not a suspicion murmured against the purity of Xantippe's virtue, and yet has her memory been outraged by more abuse than would have sufficed for the most incorrect lady among her contemporaries. And all this has happened merely because she had the bad fortune to marry a philosopher who would not allow her even the luxury of contradiction. With any other man less wise than to neglect worldly comforts, and despise the adventitious charms of wealth, more human too than to preserve a constant mastery over his temper, she might, and would probably, have enjoyed a tolerable share of happiness. At any rate she would, as far as we can conjecture, have escaped the unmerited notoriety to which she has been condemned by prejudiced biographers and an undiscerning posterity.

Oxford, 1835.

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LETTER FROM AN OXFORD STUDENT TO HIS MAMMA.

*Brazen-Nose Coll.* 1832.

Dear Mamma,

Your anger to soften,  
 At last I sit down to indite;  
 'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,  
 Since 'tis true I so seldom *do write!*

But now I'll be silent no longer,  
 Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose,  
 All the *pro's* in my verse I'll make stronger,  
 And hide all my *con's* in my *pro's*.

You told me on coming to college  
 To dip into books and excel;  
 Why the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge  
*I've dipt into books pretty well.*

The advice you took pleasure in giving  
 To direct me is sure to succeed,  
 And I think you'll confess I am living  
*With very great credit indeed.*

I wait on the Reverend Doctors,  
 Whose friendship you told me to seek,  
 And as for the two learned proctors,  
 They've *called for me* twice in a week.

Indeed we've got intimate lately,  
 And I seldom can pass down the street  
 But their kindness surprises me greatly,  
 For they *stop me* whenever we meet.

My classics, with all their old stories,  
 I now very closely pursue,  
 And ne'er read the "*Remedia Amoris*"  
 Without thinking, dear mother, of you.

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,  
 And Horace I've nearly by heart,  
 But though fam'd for his smartness and satire,  
 He's not quite so easy as *Smart*.

English bards I admire every tittle,  
 And dote upon practical lore,  
 And, though yet I have studied but *Little*,  
 I hope to be master of *Moore*.

You'll see from the nonsense I've written,  
 That my Devils are none of the *Blues*,  
 That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,  
 And nearly as fond of the *Muse*.

Bright puns (oh how crossly you'll bear 'em)  
 I scatter, while logic I cram,  
 For Euclid and *puns asinorum*,  
 We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,  
 Is as skittish and shy as can be,  
 Not Yorkshire, with all her three *ridings*,  
 Is *half* such a *shier* as he.

I wish he was stronger and larger,  
 For in truth I must certainly own  
 He is far the most moderate charger,  
 In this land of *high chargers* I've known.

My doubts of profession are vanish'd,  
 I'll tell you the cause when we meet,  
 Church, Army, and Bar, I have banish'd,  
 And now only look to the *Fleet*.  
 Come down then, when summer is gilding  
 Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,  
 I'll give you accounts of each building—  
 How you'll wonder at *all my accounts!*  
 Come down when the soft winds are sighing,  
 Come down—Oh! you shall and you must,  
 Come down when the dust clouds are flying,  
 Dear mamma! COME DOWN WITH THE DUST.

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 SWEETEST—DEAREST!

When the fairy queen sleeps in her blue bell bow'rs  
 On a couch of roses and fresh night flow'rs ;  
 When the lover is dreaming of joys now flown,  
 And the dreary heart feels chill and lone ;—  
 When the infant is hush'd at its mother's breast,  
 And its soft eyes are closing in innocent rest ;—  
 When the lull'd wind breathes a sigh to thee—  
 Then sweetest—dearest, come to me !

By the moonlight's smile on the bright river's foam,  
 By the star that guides the wand'rer home,  
 By the wild flow'r that blushes so like thy cheek,  
 By the language thy dark eyes alone can speak,  
 By all the hours that together we've blest,  
 By the kindness that lives in thy peaceful breast,  
 By the vows so often sworn to thee,  
 Oh! sweetest—dearest, come to me !

*Mrs. Charles Greville.*

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 SONNET.

I had a thought at midnight, which oppress'd  
 My mind most deeply, and whene'er I strove  
 To cast it off, that I might take my rest,  
 It clung unto me like a thought we love ;  
 And recollection could not soothe my grief,  
 But aided it ; to nature then I turn'd,  
 Yet e'en from her I could not gain relief,—  
 I look'd, I saw, I felt, and yet I mourn'd.  
 The starry sky, the mountain's foaming brook,  
 The silv'ry flowers, awakening from their sleep,  
 The trees with all their music, while they shook  
 Down the bright dew-drops, only made me weep ;—  
 In our own souls we often find a " void,"  
 Which would be filled, yet cannot be supplied.

## ANECDOTES OF FEUDAL TIMES IN ENGLAND.

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A SUSPICION is pretty generally attached to our early historians, who were for the most part connected with religious establishments, that they have greatly exaggerated the vices of the periods which they describe. Frequently suffering from the rapacity of the monarch, or the proximate nobility, they certainly may, in many cases, have employed the language of exasperation, and, magnifying the evils inflicted upon their order, have depicted with a highly-coloured pencil the characters of their oppressors. On the other hand, as many of the marauding barons were founders of monasteries and augmented the possessions of the church, some with the hope of expiating crimes already perpetrated, and more to obtain preternatural assistance in future expeditions, the religious historians may, from motives of gratitude and policy, have exalted their characters as splendid examples for imitation.

With these or similar limitations to implicit reliance on the authority of their predecessors, modern historians have received their accounts, and generalised their facts. The recent publications of the Record Commissioners have confirmed, in innumerable instances, the minute accuracy with which the fathers of English history recorded events. If we find them thus corroborated in some circumstances, shall we, because the official record has not yet been discovered, or has long since ceased to exist, refuse them credence in others? I am for enlarging the sphere of their influence upon our faith, and would deem them equally credible in many matters which, at present, rest solely upon their own authority. If the character of the times be not absolutely repugnant to the occurrence of a particular event, shall we, because it may sound strangely to a modern ear, regard it as a monkish fable, invented in irritation, and narrated in animosity?

The general history of a country is like the picture of an extensive landscape, in which only the more prominent features of the scene can be perceived. To acquire a perfect acquaintance with the individual objects, the place must be visited and its parts examined. I propose to offer a few of those anecdotes, which would have encumbered the lucubrations of a Hume, but which are essential to the acquisition of a correct knowledge of manners, which interest us by the very fact that they are dissimilar to our own. I do not intend to burden this, or, if the subject should be more extensive than it at present appears, any other paper with dry antiquarian details, and shall omit the results of a careful collation of some of our ancient historians with the records which frequently substantiate their statements. Of these I select the most remarkable, with a view to the amusement of readers, who would deem their time ill spent in consulting the sources which supply them.

In stating that the manners of our ancestors were greatly different from those which prevail among the same classes in the present age, perhaps I may not be altogether correct. Though differing in form, they will probably on consideration be found agreeing *in essentia*. If the gentleman of the present day do not recruit his finances by a foray upon a neighbour, or by a forcible entry into the treasury of a monastery, or half roasting a miscreant Jew, he has until lately effected the same object by trading in boroughs; if he can no longer levy contributions upon his vassals in the form of reliefs, heriots, wardships, and the other apparatus of the feudal laws, he can turn his tenants out of their farms and do what he pleases with his own, when they vote in opposition to his supposed interests. The loss of the exquisite pleasure which attended the exercise of capital jurisdiction is inadequately compensated by the amusement which the military gentleman finds in ordering and superintending the infliction of torture by the lash. Though the temper and opinions of the times unhappily prohibit a gentleman from appearing, after the fashion of his ancestors, in the capacity of a robber on the highway, nothing precludes him from the safer course of purloining public property, and revelling in the plunder of the exchequer, as a sinecurist and pensioner.

The passion for the chase might be supposed to have existed more vigorously among the gentry of ancient than of modern times. To the former the objects of pursuit, originally essential to the very existence of the barbarian hunter, were partly necessary for the support of the household, and for the recreations of those who, despising the acquirements of the schools, were unable to fill up the hours of vacancy with mental pleasures. Hence the extreme jealousy which watched over the warren and the forest, the dreadful severity of the Forest Laws, and the horrid enormities which resulted from their operation.\* The anxiety for the retention of the privileges of warren and chase, which is every where manifested in the pleadings on *quo warranto* in the reign of the first Edward, is assignable to a rational motive. But for the existence of the modern game-laws, which have descended in an unbroken line from the first code of Canute, through the edicts of Norman princes, to the enactments of the statute book, what reason can be offered, admissible by common sense, or satisfactory to common humanity? While the population of towns and cities are gradually discarding the rude and boisterous diversions which delighted their semi-barbarous ancestors, and substituting the pleasures of the understanding for those of the body, the higher classes, the senator and the magistrate, neglect important duties, and periodically suspend the business of a nation, that they may enjoy the sports of the field, which the game-laws are claimed to protect. Of all the disgusting legacies of ages of brutal ignorance, these alone remain almost in their pristine vigour, a damning testimony of the low grade on the scale of intellect occupied by that portion of the gentry who require

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\* Vide Joh. Sarisbur. Polycrat.

these enactments. The philosopher, however, sees that even these persons are not doomed to perpetual darkness; that they must eventually be stimulated by the rapid advances of the "lower orders" in the arts and embellishments of civilization; and that, in time, the discovery will be made, that providing for the cook and the poulterer, or superseding the rat-catcher, are employments unworthy of a man of sense whose necessary avocation they do not constitute.

Among many points of resemblance between ancient and modern times, a case is recorded on a roll of pleadings, exhibiting an offensive fact, which would be incredible on other authority, of one baron transferring his wife to another by a formal deed of conveyance, for considerations duly had and delivered.\* In the provincial newspapers we often read of the sale of wives among the very dregs of society; and it is currently said that some such thing as an exchange has been made between two men in the highest rank of the modern peerage. It is to be hoped that this is as solitary an instance of depravity as the conveyance.

In policy the aristocracy, to maintain a selfish independence, have ever vacillated between the two extremes of the state; at one moment courting the people when the regal power was to be diminished; at another, in close and natural alliance with the crown, when a spark of public liberty was to be extinguished. All but themselves can foretel the inevitable consequences. Their efforts to preserve the odious powers conferred by the feudal system exalted the monarch and more effectually depressed themselves: their mean subservience to the crown, of which the necessity is induced upon them by the principle of primogeniture, and their lavish expenditure of public treasure to secure a monopoly in the merchandise of boroughs, gave birth to the Reform Bill. The result of the present contest between the people and the higher orders will as assuredly terminate in the discomfiture of the latter, as if it were to be decided by the arms to which their supporters madly recommend an appeal. Do they form an exception to the rule, that fools may learn wisdom by experience?

In fine, the more closely we observe the coincidences of ancient and modern times in this light, the stronger will appear the propriety of an emendation, formerly made by a correspondent of the *Monthly Magazine*, in the classical line, which must now be read—

"Tempora mutantur, non mutamur in illis."

"*Pytte and Gallows.*" To many baronies, both spiritual and temporal, as well as to some corporations, was formerly annexed the right of hanging male and drowning female delinquents. The extensive privileges claimed and exercised by the great feudatories, within their respective jurisdictions, justify Spelman's description, that every superior lord was a petty king over his dependents.\* The *Regia Majestas* of Scotland mentions certain criminal pleas belonging to some baronies, and particularly to such as had and held

\* *Rotuli Parliamenti*, tom. i. p. 140.

† Gloss. in v. *Parliamentum*.



their own court with soc and sac, gallows and pit, toill and theme, infangtheife, and outfangtheife; all of which, except the power over life and death, were enjoyed by the same class of persons, the thanes and bishops, in the time of Edward the Confessor. Capital punishments within these miniature sovereignties seem to have been introduced with the improvements made by the Normans upon the feudal institutions of the Saxons; perhaps in the reign of Henry I., who is said to have been the first monarch that punished theft by the gallows.\* Unquestionably the law of the Confessor which defines the powers of those bishops and thanes [*barones*, in the Latin translation], who had their own courts and customs, † is silent on the subject of capital punishments, and we know that they were interdicted by William the Conqueror; ‡ yet we find among the pleas of the county of Suffolk, in the first year of king John's reign, a claim of the bishop of Ely, in opposition to Sampson, abbot of St. Edmund's Bury, to the privilege of hanging within the liberties of his church, in virtue of a charter which was granted by king Edgar, and confirmed by Edward the Confessor, by William the Conqueror, Henry II., and other monarchs. §

In this case, the abbot of Bury complains against Sir Osbert de Wechesam, a knight of the bishop of Ely, that he unjustly erected a gallows and made executions in the manor of Hecham, within the liberty of St. Edmund, in violation of the franchise, which, the court roll states, appertained to the house from the time of Edward the Conqueror. || Another complaint to the same effect is preferred against Heinfrid de Criketott, who pleads that he holds as of the honour of Boulogne; and that, as from the conquest, he is entitled in his land to raise the gallows, and do judgment upon thieves; for his father caused a thief to be hanged, first calling in the bailiff of the abbot, who had the right of being present at the judgment. Heinfridus further pleads that during his own minority, Osbert de Glanville, having the wardship of the land, caused a thief to be hung as in right of the appendant franchise; and that he himself had done the same thing after requiring the abbot's bailiff to attend the execution. The place of execution is called in these pleadings *qualm-stowe*, ¶ and Sir Francis Palgrave regards it as a proof of the tenacity with which the people still adhered to the ancient language of the country.\*\*

The origin of the punishment by drowning may, perhaps, be traced to a custom of the ancient Germans, by whom, according to

\* Roger de Hoveden, p. 471.

† Cap. 21, de baronibus, qui suas habent curias, &c.

‡ Ll. Will. I. cap. 7. This clemency was extended to cases of high treason. William, Count d'Eu, having, by judicial combat, been convicted of a conspiracy against the king, was punished by deprivation of sight.—Chron. Saxon. ad An. 1096.

§ Placitorum Abbreviatio, 1 Joh. Suffolk, p. 22.

Rotuli Curie Regis, vol. ii. Introd. p. x. p. 6 and 10. Placit. Abr. ubi cit.

¶ Cwealm stowe, *patibuli locus*. Somner.

\*\* Rot. Cur. Introd. p. xi. With submission to the learned commissioner,

Tacitus, the idle, the cowardly, and the deformed,\* were destroyed by submersion. By the laws of the ancient Burgundians, women who eloped from their husbands were smothered in mud.† Of drowning as a punishment, Sir Henry Spelman adduces, from the archives of Rochester, an instance which occurred in England in the year 1200. Two women came into the town of Suffliete in the county of Kent, who had stolen many cloths in the town of Croindone; and the men of the same town of Croindone, whose cloths were feloniously carried away, followed the women to the town of Suffliete, and there they were taken and imprisoned, and had their judgment in the court of Suffliete to carry hot iron; one of them was acquitted, and the other condemned, whereupon, she was drowned in the Beckpool. All this happened, the record continues, in the time of Gilbert, Lord Bishop of Rochester; and at that judgment were present the coroners of our lord the king: Paul de Stanes was then cacherel (steward) of the hundred of Acstane. And at that time Robert de Heshame, a monk, was keeper of the manor of Suffliete. And in judging the women there were Sir Henry de Cobham, and many other eminent men of the country.‡

The ordeal, or trial by hot iron, to which these women were subjected, continued in operation until 1219, when Henry III. and his council issued a circular missive to the justices, prohibiting this supposed appeal to the judgment of God.§ The punishment of gibbeting seems to have been introduced in this reign, and is mentioned by the historian, Matthew Paris. A gibbet was erected in London in the year 1236, on which one man was hanged after he was dead, and another while living, and suffered to perish. Previous to this exhibition, the king issued an order to the sheriff of Middlesex to cause to be made without delay in the place where the gaols were formerly erected, that is to say at the Elms, two good gibbets of strong and excellent timber for hanging robbers, and other malefactors. The cost incurred was to be defrayed at the exchequer, and the instrument is dated 22nd May, 4 Henry III.||

The following explanation of the privilege of a corporation at this period is contained in the return of the jurors of Wallingford, in Berkshire, 1261. The jurors say upon their oaths, that no person in this borough, for any fact by him committed, ought to be hanged; for, according to the custom of this borough, he ought to

more decisive proofs of the vitality of the Saxon language than the remote existence of a few terms, which were even then becoming obsolete, may be derived from the ballad which commences

“ It was in the merry month of May

When the little birds were singing on each spray,” &c.

With two exceptions, and with slight changes in the orthography, all the words are Saxon.

\* “ Corpore infames.” De Morib. cap. 28.

† Barrington, Obs. on Ancient Statutes.

‡ Gloss. art. *Furca et Fossa. Pytte and Gallows.*

§ Rymer, *Fœdera*, Tom. I. p. 154.—New Edit.

|| Rot. Liter. Clausar. p. 419.

be deprived of his eyes, and other parts ; and that such privilege has been used time out of mind.\*

The vellum register of the manor of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, to which Gough refers, records the execution of eighty felons, from 41 Henry III. to 16 Henry VIII. ;† an interval, however, of above two centuries and a half, which furnishes an average of three executions in a year, with an excess of seventeen.

It may easily be conceived that these numerous jurisdictions in capital felonies were detrimental to public justice. Persons were often adjudged to death for offences which more competent tribunals than the courts of baronies and manors would have dismissed with slighter punishment. A man sometimes committed a felony, which ought to have been tried before the king's officers, but was seized in his flight through the territory of some petty sovereign, for a real or supposed offence, distinct from the first, and executed by a judgment in the baronial or manorial court, as the case might be. Certainly the judges could have done no more than put an end to the felon's career ; but, as in the instance of the men at Derby, who committed one offence, for which they deserved hanging, and were hanged for another which they had no means of committing, the justice of the country was outraged. A ridiculous case of this kind occurred in the reign of Edward I. The presumption and subsequent obstinacy of the haughty baron are not more remarkable than the absurdity of the means seriously adopted to revive the lustre of the monarch's tarnished crown, and to heal the wound sustained by his dignity.

At the michaelmas parliamentary pleadings at Clypston, in 1290, Bogo de Knowil, the king's bailiff of Montgomery, complains that a person in that county, whose name he knows not, having slain a servant of the bishop of Hereford, fled to the land of Edmund de Mortimer, of Wiggemor, where he was seized and thrown into prison. Edmund de Mortimer, though frequently required by Bogo to surrender the felon into the king's prison of Mortimer, absolutely refused to part with him ; and afterwards by a judgment obtained in his own court at Wiggemor, at the suit of the deceased's relations, hanged the felon, in violation of the liberties of the king's castle of Montgomery, and against his crown and dignity. On the baron's admission of the fact, and submission to the king's will, judgment was formally pronounced, that as he could not deny having adjudged the felon in his court of Wiggemor in violation, &c., he had entirely forfeited his liberty of Wiggemor ; but, by the king's especial favour, it was granted that Edmund de Mortimer should not lose the liberty on this account, but be amerced one hundred marks for his offence ; and, in token of restitution of the king's liberty, he should render to Bogo de Knowil, the king's bailiff, a mannikin or puppet ("quandam formam hominis") in place of the executed felon. At the same time, the bailiff was solemnly enjoined

\* Blount, Tenures, p. 150.

† Camden, vol. II. p. 345.

to receive the puppet, and hang it instead of the felon. Whether Mortimer deemed himself too powerful to be affected by this sentence, or regarded the ridiculous condition with which it was invested, as a mere form of words, he did not condescend to honour it with his compliance ; and in January the next year he was himself a suitor to the king at Asserugh, complaining that, in the interval, the royal bailiff, Bogo, had seized into the king's hands the liberty of Wiggemor. The bailiff, in reply, alleged the non-performance of the delivery of a puppet or doll ; on which the king and council granted that the liberty should be replevied to him until the puppet in question should be rendered for execution to the king's bailiff at the castle of Montgomery.\*

During the preceding reign, in 1240, an accident, says Manning, happened in the Abbey of Waverley, which made a considerable noise at the time, and furnishes us with a striking picture of the times, as well as of the resolution and authority of an abbot. A young man, it seems, about Easter, was received into the house in the capacity of shoemaker to the convent, where he exercised his craft without molestation till about the beginning of August, when a party was sent by the king's orders to secure him on a charge of murder. They accordingly came, and like good men and true, notwithstanding the remonstrances and menaces of this holy body, executed the commission they were sent upon, and carried the young man away with them to prison. Astonished at this impious outrage on their privileges, and foreseeing, as their annalist very justly observes, that if things should go on at this rate there would soon be an end of all distinction between religious and seculars, the monks, having first agreed to suspend divine service in the house until satisfaction should be made, dismissed their abbot to the legate, cardinal Otho, or Ottobon, at that time in England, with a proper representation of their case. The legate heard what they had to say, but stirred not in the matter. The abbot hereupon laid it before the king, requiring in pretty high terms, that God and Holy Church should be avenged of those irreverent officers, by an immediate restitution of their charge. The king seemed well enough inclined to gratify him ; but, the lords and great men of the council interfering, all he could obtain was a promise to be heard upon his petition, on condition of taking off the interdict under which he had laid his convent. Accordingly, at the time appointed, the charters, muniments, and privileges of the order were laid before the king and council, who commented upon them as they thought fit, and not much to the advantage or satisfaction of the complainants. At length, however, the friends of Holy Church prevailed ; and it appearing upon the face of the charters, &c. ' That the precincts of abbeys and their estates were, by apostolical authority, exempted from the encroachments of all wicked and profane persons, *i. e.* from all lay visitations whatsoever, and inviolable as the altars of churches ; and that all manner of persons committing violence thereupon, stood *ipso*

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\* Rotuli Parliamenti, tom. I. p. 45.

*facto* excommunicate ;' the king granted the abbot's petition in its full extent, and the shoemaker was immediately sent back, to the great joy and edification of all the good people of England. Meanwhile the serjeant and his party, who had done no other than their duty, in executing the lawful orders of the government, came off but poorly, being condemned to ask pardon of God and the monks at the gate of the convent, and afterwards to be publicly whipped, which sentence having been fully executed upon them by the dean of the house and the vicar of Farnham, they were absolved in form, and, having a sufficient penance enjoined them besides, they were dismissed.\*

The numerous obstructions which the privileges possessed by the barons, and other feudal proprietaries, opposed to the course of justice in the due administration of the laws, at length became a national grievance ; and as early as 1277 a parliament, held at Gloucester, passed, it is supposed, the statute of Quo Warranto, by which all who held any liberties, or franchises, were required to produce their charters, or otherwise forfeit these liberties to the crown. This statute was most extensively put in force in the twentieth year of Edward I., 1291, and the proceedings, published by the Record Commissioners, exhibit a vast mass of curious particulars relating to the state of England in the thirteenth century. The result seems to have been rather unsatisfactory at the time ; for, says the compiler of the Annals of Waverley, all the bishops, barons, and other free tenants of the crown were grievously oppressed with various expenses and vexations ; though the king did not derive much emolument from the measure. A remarkable case of the exercise of capital jurisdiction by a corporation was developed by the proceedings against Master Adam de Walton, parson of Wiggan, and ex-officio mayor of the borough. Among the privileges claimed by the corporators was that of *infangthef*, in those pleadings called *infangenthesf*, or the liberty of trying a thief within the manor, barony, or borough to which it was annexed.† It appears that Roger de Assheton, finding William le Procurateur, or Proctor, with the mainour, or stolen goods in his possession, caused him to be attached by the bailiffs of the mayor of Wiggan, for goods, which he alleged Proctor had stolen near Hasphulle, in the wapentake of Salfordes ; and therefore completely out of the jurisdiction of that mayor, so far as the privilege of *infangthef* was concerned. A declaration of the felony having been filed against William le Proctor, he thereupon called to his warranty, Henry Crowe, who came to the court next following, and warranted for him, saying that he would have good warranty at the next court. On this, the burgesses, and other persons, who constituted the court, adjudged Proctor to be discharged *sine die* ; and detained Henry Crowe in

\* Hist. Surrey, vol. III. p. 150. Dugd. Monast. Anglic. Tom. V. p. 239. Ann. Waverl. p. 201. On verifying this citation, I find that the annalist styles the "serjeant" a knight.

† Ll. Edw. Conf. cap. 26. The term is compounded of *infangen*, to take or catch, and *thef*, a thief.

prison for three weeks, until the sitting of the next court. Then, says the record, the aforesaid Henry came and acknowledged the robbery, and he was hanged by the judgment of the court in the absence of the coroner. And the aforesaid William (the criminal) is still living.\* One would naturally suppose that the principal charge against the mayor or corporation, in this case, was the execution of the wrong person, of the innocent bail, instead of the thief; but, on the contrary, the mayor was required to account for having exercised the liberty of *utfrangthef*, without possessing any charter which conferred that privilege upon the borough. If the former charge had been made against the mayor, probably his defence would have been Crowe's singular and unexpected confession, which is so obscurely stated, that it does not appear whether he declared himself to be the felon, or merely admitted that a robbery had taken place. In either case, the anecdote does not redound very greatly to the credit of Master Adam, the mayor, or the king's attorney, by whom he was prosecuted.

Daniel Defoe has left an extremely interesting account of the "Halifax Gibbet Law," but its great length forbids extraction, and as to the law itself, or rather custom, it is well known by the celebrity which the Halifax instrument of punishment has acquired as the model of the Maiden, introduced into Scotland by the Regent Morton, who was the first to fall under its axe. An anecdote from Defoe must conclude these notices of our ancient criminal administration in reference to the *ultimum supplicium* :—

"They tell us of a custom which prevailed here, in the case of a criminal being to be executed, viz. that if after his head was laid down, and the signal given to pull out the pin, he could be so nimble as to snatch out his head between the pulling out the pin and the falling down of the axe, and could get upon his feet, jump off the scaffold, run down a hill that lies just before it, and get through the river before the executioner could overtake him, and seize upon him, he was to escape; and, though the executioner did overtake him on the other side of the river, he was not to bring him back, at least he was not to be executed.

"But as they showed me the form of the scaffold, and the weight of the axe, it was, in my opinion, next to impossible any man should be so quick-eyed as to see the pulling out the pin, and so quick with his head as to snatch it out. Yet they tell a story of one fellow that did it, and was so bold after he had jumped off the scaffold, and was running down the hill, with the executioner at his heels, to turn about and to call to the people to give him his hat; that having afterwards jumped into the river, which is but a little one, and not deep, he stopped, intending to drown the executioner, if he had come up to him; at which the poor fellow stopped too, and was afraid to go into the water to seize him. But this story is said to be too

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‡ "Et tunc venit prædictus Henricus, et cognovit latrocinium, et fuit suspensus per judicium in absentia coronatoris," &c. *Placita de Quo Warranto*, 20 Edw. I. p. 372.

long ago to have any vouchers, though the people indeed all receive it for truth."

From another story, which he relates, Defoe infers that executions were so frequent here, that "it was not thought a sight worth the people's running to see."

*Ancient Slave-Trade.*—Spelman, in a brief notice of Magna Charta, styles it that sacred diploma which confirms the liberties of England recovered by a most destructive war, and at a vast expense of blood. From this eulogium one would almost suppose, that Sir Henry had never carefully perused the charter, which, it has been observed, "conferred freedom on those only who were free before," and which classes in the same clause Englishmen not only with the oxen and swine, but with the inanimate herbage of their owner's estates, considering them like those things a species of property too valuable to be wasted or destroyed. By this charter, the guardian of a heir is prohibited from taking from his land more than the reasonable issues without destruction and waste of men and things.\* The men alluded to in this chapter were of that class upon a manor whom feudal lawyers define to be *villani glebæ adscriptiti*, serfs or natives, wretches born on the soil, who passed along with the estate from one owner to another, without the power of voluntarily removing themselves. Their condition and duties were those of other slaves; they were occupied in low and dirty work; they could neither marry nor give their children in marriage, without the approbation of their owner, for which they paid a fine called the *marchet*; nor could they, without the same permission, educate their sons for the church; because, on becoming monks, the lord would lose all his right and title in his slaves.

Froissart says there is a usage in England, and also in several countries, that the nobles have great franchises over their men, and hold them in servage. Not only did they subject their bondmen to services of the most degrading nature, but they obliged them, as appears from a passage quoted by Barrington, from Struvius, to perform disgusting and indecent actions in public.†

These miserable creatures, constituting no small portion of the population, were often transferred at the will of the owner; sometimes in a fit of piety, in pure and perpetual alms, to a religious house, and sometimes they were bartered and sold like the Africans.‡ The clergy as well as the gentry were slave-dealers, in the modern acceptation of the term. From the couchir-book of the abbey of Whalley, Dr. Whitaker has transcribed a deed of the sale of a slave and his family, which is apparently without date, but which is probably anterior to the year 1309, as the abbot by whom it was executed died in that year. This instrument may be translated in the following terms:—

\* *Sine destructione et vasto hominum et rerum. cap. IV.*

† *Obs. on Anc. Statutes, p. 306.*

‡ *Harl. MS. 3764, fol. 1.*

“ To all, &c., Gregory, abbot, and the conyent of Whalley, greeting. Know ye, that we for ourselves, and each of our successors, have given, granted, and delivered to our beloved in Christ, John G. and his assignees, R., the son of Adam, our native, together with the whole of his family and all his effects, to have, and to hold for one hundred shillings, delivered and paid to us by the aforesaid John; so that the aforesaid R., with all his family and all his effects, as aforesaid, be discharged, and quit of all challenge, &c., and so that neither we nor our successors can in future claim any thing of right in the aforesaid, in respect of his state as our native,”\* &c.

The clergy, however, and especially several of the popes, enforced the manumission of slaves as a duty upon laymen, and inveighed against the scandal of keeping Christians in bondage; but they were not, it is said, equally ready in performing their own parts; the villeins upon church-lands were among the last who were emancipated. † In the twelfth year of Edward III. a general commission was issued to manumit the slaves. ‡ The greater part of the peasants in some countries of Germany had acquired their liberty before the end of the 13th century; in other parts, as well as in all the northern and eastern regions of Europe, they remained much longer in a state of vassalage. Particular instruments for the manumission of slaves in England are extant of the age of Henry VIII.; § and instances of predial servitude have been discovered so late as the time of Elizabeth; and perhaps they might be traced still lower.

*Insurrection of Slaves.* The oppressions to which this unhappy race were victims in some manors, frequently urged them to adopt violent measures with a view to obtain amelioration. Of the servile wars which sometimes arose, no case occurs in which the slaves were eminently successful, but, on the contrary, their chains were more firmly rivetted by their struggles for liberty.

Dr. Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, has collected from the MS. leger-book of Vale Royal Abbey some curious particulars relating to the hostility which the natives of Dernhall manor for a long time displayed toward their monastic proprietors early in the 14th century. It appears that the hatred of their dependents began to manifest itself in a violent manner in the year 1321, “when,” says Dr. Ormerod, “the monks, who ventured to pass their consecrated limits, were pursued by the Winningtons, Leightons, and Bulkeleyes, and saved their lives only by flight; and, in the same year, the leger-book records a still more atrocious instance, by which it appears that the Ollingtons murdered John Boddeworth, a monk of the abbey, and played at foot-ball with the head after the perpetration of the deed.

In 1329, the year before the completion of the abbey, the quarrels between Vale Royal, and the natives of Dernhall, were not settled

\* Hist. Whalley, p. 134. See also Pennant's Tour in North Wales, and Catherall's Hist. N. Wales, vol. ii., *Anglesea*.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 221.

‡ Rymer, *Fœder.* tom. ii. P. 4. p. 20.

§ Barrington, p. 274.



without an appeal to arms, which ended in the submission of the latter with halters round their necks, and a severe amercement.

The year 1336 brought the disturbances to their head, and produced an exhibition of firmness on the part of the poor villeins scarcely credible, when the state of that race of men at the period is considered. The insurrection originated in the oppressive customs of the manor of Dernhall. At this time a crowd of the natives of Dernhall and Over fled to Hugh le Ferrars, justice of Chester, who was travelling by Harebache Cross, in the neighbourhood of the abbey, asserted themselves to be free tenants and not vassals of the soil, and laid their complaints before him respecting the oppressions of the abbot. These proceedings terminated in the imprisonment of the ringleaders by their lord until a proper submission had been made. The spirit of the natives, however, was not lessened by the confinement; and, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas, at Hereford, they set out on an expedition to see the king in person; but this second attempt terminated likewise in imprisonment in the jail of Nottingham for some excesses committed by the way.

A third attempt was more successful; and Adam Hychekyn, Henry Pymeson, John Christian, and Agnes his wife, succeeded in laying their grievances before the king in parliament in London, and obtained a command to *Henry de Ferrars*, justice of Chester, to enquire into the nature of their grievances, and see justice done to them. The abbot's charters were produced, and his claims substantiated, and he received instructions to inflict such chastisement on his natives as might prevent any further trouble being given to the king in the business.

The justice of Chester had now become an object of their hatred, and the rustics succeeded in laying an information before their sovereign at Windsor, that the justice was corrupted by one hundred pounds, which the abbot had raised by defrauding them, and a new precept was issued to prince Edward, duke of Cornwall, and earl of Chester, to render his assistance in any possible way to men labouring under such seemingly unjust oppressions. Under this strong protection thirty of the natives attended at Chester, and prevailed on the lawyers to prefer their claims against the abbot, who likewise attended in person. Their success was the same as usual, and, on losing their cause, they fled with their families and goods, and threw themselves on the protection of queen Philippa, as the tenants of her son, the duke of Cornwall. This application had the desired effect. The queen entered into their cause as a personal insult to her son, and addressed a letter to the abbot conceived in terms which compelled him to take an immediate opportunity of making his peace at the royal court, by the exhibition of the charters of his foundation, and the decisions of the justices of Chester.

The abbot was returning home through Rutlandshire, in the neighbourhood of Exton, when he perceived his way blocked up by his determined and exasperated tenantry, arranged under the command of Sir William Venables of Bradwall, who had a personal quarrel with the abbot on account of his brother, the baron of Kinderton.

A skirmish immediately commenced, in which the attendant on the abbot's palfrey, William Fynche, was shot dead with an arrow, and the rustics maintained the contest with considerable success, until the rest of the abbot's attendants, under the direction of William Wallensis, and John Coton, rode up to his rescue, and effected it temporarily, but not without considerable bloodshed; the country, however, "bestiales illi Rutlandiæ homines," was up in arms, and the abbot was dragged "ignominiose satis," before the king, who was then at Richmond.

The decision against the natives was here confirmed for the last time, and John Waryng, with nine others, including Christian and his wife, were indicted for the murder of William Fynche, before Geoffrey le Scrope, but were liberated with the forfeiture of all their goods to the abbot. The matter was here brought to its termination; the greater part submitted, and the rest were taken by Sir John Don, forester of Delamere, at Hockenhull; all of them expiated their insurrection in the stocks and Weverham prison; and Henry Pym, the prime mover of the sedition, incurred the forfeiture of all his lands in Dernhall, and was sentenced to offer up a wax-taper for the remainder of his life in the church of Vale Royal, on the festival of the assumption.

H. T. R.

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### THE THAMES.

"I love, O Thames! to wander on thy banks  
 When the sun's parting rays have softly shed  
 Their rainbow colours on thy bosom broad;  
 And when the weary angler homeward hies,  
 And all is still;  
 Save the shrill whistle of the boatswain's pipe  
 From some far distant bark, which hither sails  
 Laden with Indian perfumes, or rich stores  
 From Persia's spicy marts. I love to trace  
 The distant hamlet, and the village spire,  
 The ruin'd abbey 'midst the tufted trees,  
 With all those scenes which to the mind recal  
 Such 'moving tales' of England's happiness.  
 Thus would I wander till departed day,  
 Then homeward turn; and when the gentle breeze  
 Around me plays, and ruffles every wave,  
 I think of those who on the billows ride,  
 Brave the rough winds, and struggle with the storm."

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## PAUL PETROWITSCH I. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

*To the Editor of the good old "Monthly."*

SIR,

IN recording the unfavourable features which doubtlessly held the predominance in the character of the unfortunate Paul, it is to be deplored that most of his biographers should appear to have lost sight of those amiable qualities which shone forth in the earlier part of his hapless career. This, however, cannot excite surprise in the breasts of those to whom it has been an object of lamentable observation that the mass of mankind is, unhappily, prone to pass over in silence the modest virtues of contemporary merit, and to dwell with a kind of inhuman sportiveness on the vices and failings into which the weakness of human nature, or the impulse of human passions, may have betrayed the object (I had almost said) of their relentless persecution. It is this ignoble spirit and effervescence of "back-wounding calumny" which our immortal dramatist so happily stigmatizes, when he makes Cromwell to exclaim,

"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues  
We write in water."

Animated, therefore, by a desire to rescue the more amiable lineaments in the Russian sovereign's character from oblivion, and to render an act of posthumous justice to his memory, I hasten to communicate a cursory sketch, which personal investigation, and a residence in Russia during the greater part of his reign, have enabled the writer to trace, with a full conviction of the authenticity of the details on which it is founded.

Paul, more especially before his accession, took a peculiar delight in exercising the rights of hospitality, and giving a hearty welcome to his guests in the Russian mode. His table, supplied with lavish profusion, was constantly beset with officers. That fettering restraint which generally attends on royalty was there an utter stranger; every one acted according to the free suggestions of his choice, and the emperor was never more pleased than to see his guests eat with a good appetite. Instead of waiting upon him, he might rather be said to have waited upon them; for it was an invariable rule with him never to rise till all had finished their meal. He exerted his utmost to prevent them from feeling any effects of the ill-humour to which he might have given way in the morning, and he carefully abstained from sarcasm. This, however, cannot exactly be asserted of his latter days. He drank but temperately; at dinner-time partaking only of a little claret. Coffee and chocolate were his favourite beverages, and with the latter, indeed, he usually regaled himself on parade. Neither cold nor fatigue appalled him; but he was singularly averse from chilly hands, so much so, that to prevent his own from becoming cold, his

heiducke always kept several pairs of gloves warm within his bosom, that he might change them at frequent intervals. He never wore a fur cloak, but an undress uniform coat, which was lined on the inside with black fox-skin, and to the fashion of which he latterly paid more scrupulous attention than in the early part of his life. He always addressed his officers as equals, nor ever allowed himself, even in an angry moment, the use of that degrading epithet "*thou*," which is an idiom of the Russian language, and the customary distinction observed by one speaking to his inferiors. When he chastised any one he frequently observed, "I feed you to no purpose."

On one occasion he said, "I was in monstrous good humour today; my powder magazine (meaning his fits of passion) never blew up." It was impossible for any one who was intimately acquainted with Paul not to be struck with his understanding, knowledge, and sound judgment. He was quite at home in all matters relating to cavalry tactics.

A long series of mortifications at length inspired him with animosity against his own subjects and the human race, and consequently added to the natural impetuosity of his temper. Eager to realize his plan of reformation he determined to remove or punish all who opposed it: he betrayed on every occasion an inveterate hatred towards those who seemed attached to the old form of things; and an over-acuteness of sensibility, first leading him to regard whatever fell contrary to his wishes as personal insult or ingratitude, at last rooted the seeds of distrust so deeply in his mind, as to engender an incessant dread of revolutions.

There were moments when Paul would indulge in thought and bewail his errors with bitter tears; there were others when a sense of his own weakness would aggravate his spleen. The consciousness of failing frequently goaded him on to the commission of fresh offence, and reduced him ultimately to such a wretched state of misanthropy, that he held every one to be his enemy, and the amiable features of his character were irrevocably lost. Sensual enjoyments, to which he was once far from being addicted, now became his sole resource against the poignancy of reflection. But, towards the last period of his wretched existence, he seemed to be again alive to pleasure, and declared that he felt himself younger by twenty years.

Although Paul has been the means of rendering thousands happy, scarcely one is to be found who will acknowledge him as his benefactor—scarcely one seems disposed to pass that judgment on him which makes allowance for the universal weakness of human nature. Many of those who owe their all of happiness to him, remember only the insults he may have offered them in an unguarded hour; though it must indeed be acknowledged, that the man who was one day fostered by his kindness was perhaps the next subjected to the humiliation of his caprice.

What an awful lesson does not Paul's unfortunate career, and its melancholy termination, offer for the contemplation of those to whom Providence has entrusted the earthly welfare of mankind!

## THE GEORGIAN ÆRA.

If it be peculiar to genius to exalt its country's fame—to strengthen the untiring ardour of co-existent ambition—to form an immortal epoch in the annals of unwithering time, and leave a solemn and scented halo around the “undying magnificence” of a *name*; no writers of the present, and scarcely of the past ages (Shakspeare excepted), present such indisputable claims to the first places in the ranks of original genius, as Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron.

The age in which these illustrious spirits were permitted to irradiate by their sublime talents, not only our own, but every other nation, has been called, the “golden age.” Such a one the impartial spirit of history has never recorded, in the volume of the book; and the nearest resemblance to its mental brilliance appears to be that of Elizabeth; when Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and other great dramatists, all flourished during the first golden age of literature.

In the Georgian Æra, however, the numerical strength of the “intellectual illustrissimi” was far greater than that of the first.

*Literary.*—Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Wilson, Campbell, Thomas Moore, Rogers, Lord Mahon, Southey, Beckford, Napier, Lord F. Egerton, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Egerton Brydges, Colton, Crabbe, Bowles, Professor Milman, Pollok, Croly, Leigh Hunt, A. Cunningham, Keats, Galt, Tennyson, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, Hogg, Inglis, James Montgomery, T. K. Hervey, A. A. Watts, Godwin, Pringle, Mackenzie, Laman Blanchard, Elliot, Author of Corn Law Rhymes, Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, De Quincy, the opium eater, Rev. Sydney Smith, Maturin, Jeffery, Lockhardt, Gifford, Heber, Robert Hall, Edward Irving, Rev. Thomas Dale, W. P. Scargill, Hazlitt, W. Savage Landor, Dr. Bowring, Gillies, William Taylor, Heraud, Maginn, the Smiths, Horace and James, Praed, Theodore Hook, Rev. Mr. Fox, Charles, Charles Whitehead, &c. &c.

*Eloquent.*—Lord Brougham, Canning, Mr. Huskisson, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Plunkett, Lord Grey, Mr. Tierney, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Durham, Romilly, Macaulay, Lord Stanley, Spring Rice, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, D. O’Connell, Shiel, Charles Grant, D. W. Harvey, Abercromby, &c. &c. &c.

*Women.*—Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Abdy, Mrs. Rolfe, Lady Morgan, Mrs. C. Gore, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Landon, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Stoddart, Mrs. Perkins, Miss M. A. Browne, Mary Howitt, Miss E. Snowden, Joanna Baillie, Miss Montague, Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Austin, Miss Bowles, Miss Godwin, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Perring, Mrs. Hofland, &c. &c. &c.—*Ed.*

## SPANISH LOANS.

THE first-fruits of the grand conspiracy hatched at Madrid, between certain veteran schemers of the French capital and a Spanish minister of finance renowned for eloquence, not less also for the honesty which is said to have its price, a taste most exquisite in *Danseuses* of the Opera, have some time since saluted the expectant vision in the shape of number one of a series of Loans, by which Spain proposes to exchange certain pieces of paper of her own manufacture against the gold, silver, and precious stones encumbering the redundant money markets of other parts of Europe. Not satisfied with the domestic consumption of the *papel sellado*, from which so important a portion of her revenue is derived, the Conde Toreno patriotically proposes the illimitable extension of this interesting branch of national industry, by nominal and prodigal bounties of fifty or sixty per cent. upon dealings in it; by the potent spell of which the splendid fictions of the El Dorado, in whose fruitless search the daring conquerors of Quito and Couzco traversed the cloud-enveloped Andes and navigated the seas and savage solitudes of the Amazonas, should without care or toil be realized, and Spain at once indemnified a hundred fold for the *Cerros* of the Valenciana and Potosi—for the exhaustless minerals of Mexico and South America. The conception is grand if not original; at once it flashed across the mind of law; it presided over the ephemeral glories of the South Sea bubble; it flitted before the troubled vision of Angel Vallejo, and inspired the Cortes loans of 1820 to 1823; it “flared up” in the contagious golden fever of 1825; and we are now on the eve of solving the grand problem, whether it be given to the Spanish minister to clutch the phantom, which has mocked the grasp of other adventurers not more scrupulous nor less sanguine. He occupies a position more felicitous than many who have trodden the same career—he possesses the imaginary spot for which Archimedes sighed, whereon to plant his lever and control the globe—he wields the name, the credit, the resources of the federal monarchy of Spain, wherewith to dazzle and astound the Stock Exchange of London, Amsterdam, and Paris. The age of miracles is past; even he may fail to rival the magic of Midas, and transmute the limpid gurgling stream of the Manzanares into the golden flood of Pactolus; but whatever the peril, whatever the ultimate ruin, whatever the stain to the honour and the interests of Castille, no one doubts that the honest Ardoin will again become a *millionaire*, and the Mayorasgo de Toreno shoot out from a petty Aldea its far-spreading branches over a whole province. We may yet see, and see shortly, the patriot Secretario del Despacho de Hacienda (now prime minister), elevated into a Grandee of the first class, entitled

to sit covered before the king, and contesting with the Duque de Medina Celi himself the relative numbers of cities, towns, and villages which owe him fealty and call him lord.\*

That such will be the only prosperous results of the financial enterprises of Spain under their present management may be safely predicated, if for a key to the future we appeal to the past. Independently of the long-suffering of the people of England, heretofore through undoubting faith in the *Chateaux en Espagne* with which they were deluded, a beacon has been recently lighted which cannot, or ought not to fail in arousing their vigilance, now that the insidious foe is once more amidst the preserves of honest industry. The beacon is fired, we say; nor the less should the signal be heeded because fired by a confederate in opposing schemes. Let the people read, learn, digest, and afterwards shut their ears and draw close their purse-strings. Let them not give ear to the charmer though he charm ever so cunningly—though he charm in most Hebraic melody of cent. per cent. We recommend the disciples of Tomas Tonto, if any such yet remain, to the perusal of a pamphlet now some months old, entitled “An Historical Analysis of the Loans contracted by Spain, from 1820 to 1834. By X. T., formerly employed in the management of the Spanish Royal Sinking Fund, Translated from the French.” Effingham Wilson, London.

Before we enter more directly into the specific matters upon which the pamphlet before us professes to treat, it may be advantageous to take a rapid glance at the progress of knowledge in the art of political economy, and at the actual financial aspect of Spain, when the Cortes, first born of the revolution of the Isle de Leon, commenced the sweeping work of regeneration.

Slow as was the advancement of the Peninsula in the social science compared with that of the great European community of which it is a member, there yet are not wanting in her historical traditions enlightened sovereigns and illustrious statesmen, who had more than glimmerings of the light and zealously laboured to dispel the Cimmerian darkness which reigned around and about them. Occasionally, indeed, but in the earlier ages, Spain may be found in the very vanguard of fiscal and economical legislation and civilization. In the statutes given to Valencia by Don Jayme I., the unity of weights, measures, and money, was enacted as a fundamental law of the kingdom—a law which might worthily excite the emulation of the modern Castilian legislators, now occupied in the discussion of puerile theories; for at the present day each province of Spain differs in those respects not less from the capital than from its neighbour, causing an interminable confusion, and an action of exchanges as

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\* The following anecdote, current in court gossip at Madrid, is amusing. Carlos IV. in friendly conversation one day asked the Duke of Medina Celi of how many cities, towns, and villages he was the owner. Nine hundred ninety and nine, Sire, was the reply of the grandee. And why not, rejoined his majesty, purchase one more to make it up the even thousand?—Because, rejoined the lordly vassal, the expression of nine hundred and ninety-nine is so much more vast than that of one thousand.

constant and variable between Cadiz, Bilboa, Barcelona and Madrid—between each other or with the metropolis—as exist between Paris and London, or Hamburg and Amsterdam. The *Privilegis de Morcaderes* in the thirteenth century exhibits a system of custom-house law remarkable for its liberality. The Navigation Act, justly regarded as the foundation of our maritime renown and commercial superiority, far from being, as commonly assumed, a master discovery of the political and economical wisdom of Great Britain, had long (from the thirteenth century) been known and acted upon in principle in Catalonia; had been adopted into the public code of the Peninsula 100 years before it became nationalized here. Even the theory of value on which paper-money is based was early known among the Spaniards, for in the commencement of the seventeenth century we find Don Juan Judice Fiesco proposing to the Cortes, in order to remedy the evil of a deficient currency, that the *escrituras de juros*—State Annuity Deeds—should be converted into notes payable to bearer, in convenient amounts, and bearing interest, which might circulate in commerce as money—a species of paper security almost exactly resembling and performing the functions of our exchequer bills. From this time forward until the extinction of the Austrian dynasty Spain did nothing but retrograde. Upon the accession of the house of Bourbon a certain impulse was however again communicated to the march of national improvement, but the useful sciences, which are as the breath of its nostrils, are not the growth of a day, and made no very sensible progress until the accession of Carlos III. In that reign the people were numbered twice, the last census giving a population of 10,342,550 inhabitants, or little less than the number now assigned to Spain; so that in population as in the arts and sciences the Peninsula has remained nearly stationary during the last fifty years. Under this enlightened monarch the bank of San Carlos was founded, an institution of high national utility. During the provident administration of Don Miguel de Muzquiz, public faith was vindicated by the first extinction of vales, and the public creditor for the first time reinstated in the capital advanced in moments of emergency to the government. This was indeed an epoch without parallel in the national history. Galvez directed a mortal blow at the monopoly of Cadiz and its galeones, so famous in the records of our nautical exploits, by throwing open at once to trade twenty-two ports in the Peninsula, and the ultramarine dependencies of America. Public roads, splendid works for those days, were opened in the interior, and canals made and projected. The establishment of patriotic and economical societies, carefully fostered in most of the great cities by this paternal government, under the title of *amigos del pais*, had, by spreading knowledge and exciting emulation, greatly contributed to these providential results; public spirit and public confidence knew no bounds. The direct consequences, in a financial and national point of view, were, that the revenues of the Indies ascended from 100,000,000 reales vellon to 240,000,000; that in the space of eight years the Colonial trade was trebled in amount; the net disposable revenues of the state advanced from



272,600,000 reales in the reign of his predecessor, to 630,217,000, reflecting like a faithful barometer the beneficial changes of the times; whilst the navy, which in 1751 counted no more than eighteen ships of the line and fifteen smaller vessels, in 1785 mustered seventy-four of the line besides 200 frigates and inferior craft, and the army exhibited was in a proportionate increase.

¶ But these flattering prospects—this grand amelioration of the body politic and industrial—were stayed in their rapid course by the advent of Carlos IV. to the throne upon the eve of the first French revolution. The disastrous war which he undertook against that many-headed hydra; the subsequent exactions imposed by the freebooters who successively figured at the head of the republic, and submitted to, for the sake of a humiliating peace; the more systematized and gigantic impositions of Buonaparte; finally, the wars with England into which he dragged the unhappy and half idiotic monarch; these co-operating with an administration like that of Godoy, which realized in modern times all the corruption, turpitude, and pusillanimity, nationally and individually, of the Roman empire in the worst age of its decline and depravity, dammed up the current of social progress.

The revenue dwindled to nearly one-third, whilst the public debt, to which Carlos III. notwithstanding all his wars had added but 804,000,000 of reales, was saddled with the onerous addition of five milliards and a half, or three-fourths of the then total incumbrance of Spain. Such was the rapacity of the queen, and the queen's minion—such moreover the exigencies of the royal household—that all employments from high to low, from a vice-royalty of Mexico to a regidorship in a Cabildo, were put up to public auction, and disposed of to the best bidder; excepting where compensation was taken in other than metallic kind; where a temporary auxiliary lover of the profligate Isabel was to be recompensed, or a Conde de Jaruco regaled by the all-powerful Principe de la Paz, in barter for a handsome wife, with an intendencia, or a governor generalship, an office which in the case of Jaruco, to his honour be it said, however revolting the mode by which acquired, he fulfilled with credit to himself, and signal advantage to the people so capriciously consigned to his charge. The meritorious race of public men educated under the previous reign was not however altogether extinct. A gleam of mind and patriotism now and then burst athwart the gloom, as if to make darkness more visible. The final expulsion of the Moriscos and Jews in the sixteenth century had well nigh banished the mechanical arts from Spain, as well as dependent trading and commercial enterprise; their utter destruction was almost consummated at a later period by the *Ordenanzas de los Gremios*, the establishment of a class of chartered corporations, by which it was ruled that the precise qualification indispensable for the exercise of artizanship or trades should be—not education, apprenticeship, or the possession of mechanical genius, but—the *profession of the most holy catholic, apostolic and Roman faith*; in order to exercise the honourable occupations of even a cobbler, a dabbler in soap-suds, a tailor, or a razor-grinder, a diploma was requisite—not from masters in the art, but from some mendicant monk or jovial friar of orders gray.

Don Pedro Varela, sometime Secretario del Despacho de Hacienda, actually ventured however to propose to Carlos VI., not the suppression of the *Gremios*, but the free entry and establishment of Jew commercial houses in Spain, as an economical resource, to whom should be entrusted the charge of supporting the credit of the Vales or domestic floating debt. The passage is curious in the original: *Don Pedro Varelas en una exposicion dirigida al Senor D. Carlos IV. le pidio, como un recurso economico, la entrada y establecimiento en España de casas Hebreas de comercio; á cuyo cargo corriese sostener el credito de los Vales.* What is more curious, the king submitted the daring proposition to the council of state, to which the cardinal inquisitor general, and the cardinal patriarch, were called for deliberation, and this infallible tribunal actually ratified the plan with their approval. It failed notwithstanding in spite of its most reverend patrons, for the minister died just as his project saw the light, and, as nothing in that country survives a minister, it was sacrificed upon his tomb, as the Hindoo widow is led to the stake, that her ashes may be reunited with those of her dead lord. Another speculation, after many throes, had a happier delivery. A new ministerial department was created for the encouragement of industry, under the title of *Departamento del fomento general del reyno y de la balanza de comercio.* This meritorious board, composed of the best practical economists of Spain, accomplished several objects of utility; another census, that of 1797, embracing a greater detail than that of Carlos III., was undertaken, the gross results of which however show little increase of population for the twelve years' difference; and various statistical works were published of considerable merit considering the scantiness of materials at command.

From this sketch it will be perceived that, in effect, Spain made but very superficial practical advances in the science of political economy down to the period of the invasion of Buonaparte (at which point our cursory review terminates) and the first installation of the Cortes. The view of the question most flattering to national vanity has been presented as depicted by Spanish authors, laudably jealous of the fame of their native land, and notably by Canga Arguelles, a writer and a statesman, partaking in no mean degree of the prejudices, and the spirit of exaggeration, too common among his countrymen. It will be seen that projects were not wanting; that writers were, for the Peninsula, prolific; but the beneficial results are few and far between—in truth much cry and little wool. Neither the first nor the second Cortes—neither that of 1814, nor that of 1823—contributed materially to further the great work of economical reorganization. So far as violent and vulgar, and therefore easy expedients were at hand, wherewith to bolster up a falling revenue, they were had recourse to; and confiscations, sales of national domains, with arbitrary seizures of church property, regardless of vested and even of life interests, became the order of the day. The odious monopolies of the *Estancos de Tabaco, del Abadejo, de Lanás, de la Sal*, were however all left untouched, and a reform in them rarely hinted at. The last, the salt monopoly, is one odious beyond example, and constitutes an exaction no less cruel than arbitrary in

the mode of assessment. The quantity of salt which every man, even the poorest, must take and pay for, whether he consume it or not, is apportioned to him without appeal; the price, we need not add, is fixed and exacted likewise on the spot. Besides these crying abuses, the very men, Canga Arguelles among the number, professing to be enlightened economists, and moving in the spirit of the age, were those who in power most rigidly adhered to and enforced that fiscal system, that absurd code of custom-house law, by which Spain is fenced in with a wall of prohibitions and prohibitory duties; the effect of which has been, and still is, to convert the whole of her seaboard from St. Sebastian of the Atlantic to the gulf of Rosas in the Mediterranean; of her land frontier from Tuy to Ayamonte, on the side of Portugal, from the eastern to western Pyrennees, or that of France—into vast lines of an immense system of contraband traffic, unparalleled in the whole world; in which native and foreign shipping are equally engaged in almost open violation of custom-house law, and in defiance of Guardas Costas; whilst tribes of smugglers traverse the interior, conveying magazines of prohibited merchandise in the face of day, and in undisguised contempt of custom-house officers and regular troops, wherever no previous good understanding has been provided for. The system admirably described in the *Noticias Secretas de America* of Ulloa, as prevailing in her ultramarine possessions, may, with trifling reservations, be regarded as relatively true of Spain herself; and therein the chain of corruption by means of which it flourishes may be traced, link by link, from the Intendentes and Oidores of the Real Audiencia down to the Official Real and Guarda mayor.

Such being the practical proficiency of liberal as well as absolute Spain in the science of political economy, let us glance at her financial position on the second constitutional advent. The revolution of the Isle de Leon, in the year 1820, achieved through the instrumentality of an army mutinous for want of pay, and infected with a pusillanimous dread of confronting the terrors of Bolivar and the wastes of the Magdalena, installed the Cortes into an empty treasure and a bankrupt government. According to the report of a committee of finance, presented to that body on the 17th of May, 1822, the then verified debt is thus classed:—

## FOREIGN DEBT IN 1820.

31,135 bonds of the loans in Holland,		Reales vellon.
at 5,600 reales each . . . . .	174,356,000	
19,918,093 florins of interest on the		
above in arrears . . . . .	89,631,418	
	<hr/>	
Total, foreign debt of Spain . . . . .		263,987,418

## DOMESTIC DEBT.

Debt bearing interest . . . . .	7,081,016,605	
Ditto, without interest . . . . .	7,587,286,139	
	<hr/>	
Total, domestic debt . . . . .		14,668,302,745
	<hr/>	
Total debt . . . . .		14,932,290,163

or, in our money, in round numbers, about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS of pounds sterling.

This amount is no doubt of sufficiently ponderous dimensions, even by comparison with our own enormous dead weight; but it is more startling still when viewed in connection with the resources of the state at the same period of time.

	Reales.
The gross revenue of Spain was estimated at . . . . .	551,126,987
The charges on collecting which were . . . . .	161,099,000
Other deductions . . . . .	59,816,000
	<hr/>
Net product . . . . .	330,711,987

or rather more than THREE MILLIONS AND A HALF sterling, wherewith to support the army and navy, the royal household, and all other the necessary machinery of government, calculated generally at nearly double that amount alone; so that interest upon the debt was out of the question, and had been for years.

In these untoward circumstances the Cortes of 1820 found themselves with the arrears of pay of a clamorous army to satisfy, and with myriads of hungry patriots to gorge, in default of which they stood on the very verge of the precipice which had just engulfed the absolute monarchy of Ferdinand. Both at home and abroad Spain seemed equally bankrupt in resources and credit. The reign of a constitutional regime became however a wonder-working miracle in her behalf. The ancient prejudices of Europe about her inexhaustible riches—her mines of gold, silver, and precious stones—her countless hoards of doubloons and dollars, stored up during centuries of a monopoly of the incalculable treasures of the Americas—in short, all the wonders of the Galleons, and all the historic fables of the Incas, were revived in the minds of men in more than their pristine magnificence of imagination and invention. The new government was forthwith beset with usurers and sharpers, with Chevaliers *d'industrie*, and capitalists, Jew and Gentile, exhibiting or boasting of their cornucopias of fathomless plenty and countless millions, humbly and eagerly contending, as for the most signal favour, for the exclusive privilege of pouring the glittering contents into its lap. Astounded as were the Cortes with the undreamt-of succour, they hesitated not, with more haste than good speed, to welcome the golden shower ready to descend and irrigate the arid waste of the national exchequer. Their exigences were urgent both with regard to the public service and to the private interests of many of the members and functionaries of their body. The bargain was hastened lest the fairy dream should vanish; conditions, however onerous, were obstacles unthought of, where repayment existed only in the distant vista of improbabilities; accordingly, loan the first was concluded on the 6th of November, 1820, with the house of Lafitte and Co., which introduces us to the subject matter of the pamphlet we have heretofore referred to. This work professes to be a history of the loans of the Cortes, and those of the absolute government of Ferdinand; it is published with the view of drawing a parallel between the two series of operations, so as to

demonstrate the superior management and more profitable results of the royal *quoad* the constitutional, the incontestible claims, therefore, of the holders of the former securities over the latter—of the Parisian stockholder, in fact against the Cortes' bondholders, principally and unfortunately natives of this country—the validity of the former being, at the moment of the publication, a subject of discussion, and even of denial in the Cortes; and, finally, to contrast the more honourable and disinterested character of the one class of contractors with that of the other. The author, it is clear, has his predilections, and his account is therefore tinged with the colouring of a partisan; but we have to deal with his facts alone, and those are embodied in figures and official documents, from which it is not difficult to extract something like truth. To us, as to the public at large, it is of little moment whether Angel Vallejo, Toreno, and Ardoin, on the one hand, or Aguado, Burgos, and Minano, on the other, have been the most extensive speculators or plunderers in or out of Spain. The comparative amounts of each, in the grand total of pecuniary iniquity, are of minor importance to all but the parties concerned, in face of the records of a systematised scheme of national and individual plunder upon the most gigantic scale, that the annals of public profligacy were ever before stained with.

The first Cortes' loan, or that of Lafitte, was for 300,000,000 of reales, bearing interest at seven per cent., to run from the 1st of November, 1820, although contracted only on the 6th, it was reimbursable in full in twenty-four years. The price was 70 per cent., with a deduction of 5 per cent. for commission, not only upon the nominal capital of the loan, but upon the *gross* amount of the interest thereof for the whole term; *being the first time*, says our author, *that a commission was ever known to be taken, in a loan, upon interest and reimbursements, not to be paid until twenty-four years after.* The results to Spain were:—

	Reales.
The loan of 300,000,000 would produce at 70	210,000,000
The charges of transport of specie, loss by the exchanges upon bills, and other items . . . . .	13,592,430
The commission upon the nominal capital and interest . . . . .	30,225,000
	43,817,430
The government netted . . . . .	166,182,670

for which sum it acknowledged itself debtor for 30,225,000 dollars, or 604,500,000 reales. The commission and charges amount to about  $27\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon the capital actually received. This operation is sufficiently scandalous, but, compared with what follows, it is far from being usurious.

Of the second, or national loan, it is not necessary to speak, as the operation, being one of national capitalists, only partially succeeded; one half of it was to be paid in money, the other in old vales of no value in the market; in our summary hereafter the proceeds will be found stated.

We arrive now at the first famous *coup de main* of the celebrated house of Ardoin, Hubard, and Co., Parisian bankers, until then unknown in the character of capitalists. And here we may observe, that with the class of traders known as bankers, the public mind in this country associates, and justly, the possession of great and almost boundless riches. But the caste is of a different and vastly lower grade in Paris; scarcely is the distinction between a Brahmin and a Paria, in the East, more widely marked than that between a banker of London and a *banquier de Paris* \*. There are, undoubtedly, banking-houses to be found in that capital of high standing and undoubted wealth,—such as the Delesserts, the Periers, the Rothschilds,—but, with the exception of the last, even these are more known, and professionally should rather be classified, as sugar refiners, manufacturers, or merchants, than as dealers and exchangers of money exclusively: in the same manner as many country bankers of England are brewers, proprietors of iron-works, &c. Of the house of Ardoine, Hubard, and Co., we have no desire to speak disrespectfully; it was doubtless respectable in its standing, but, we apprehend, without any legitimate pretensions to loan millions, or hundreds of thousands, or even tens of thousands. With this firm, then, the third Cortes Loan, or that of Conversion, as it was termed, was negotiated. Two objects were contemplated in this operation; the first was to relieve the pressing necessities of the government with a sum of money; the second to convert into new stocks the two loans we have noticed, and those of the loans contracted in Holland in the reign of Carlos IV.—a piece of hocus pocus for juggling the nation by sleight of hand out of some millions of real value, in return for persuading foreign creditors that the *papel sellado* (official stamped paper) of the Cortes was intrinsically of greater value than the *papel sellado* of the same Cortes when one year younger, and than that of Carlos IV. That branch of the double game, under favour of which the state was to touch some hard cash, was thus managed. 140,000,000 of reales were wanted, in order to obtain which

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\* The *Morning Advertiser*, an old established morning paper of the metropolis, of very considerable circulation,—being the property of that numerous body the licensed victuallers—in the course of some articles on the Spanish loans, written in a commendable spirit of impartiality, to which we take this occasion to confess our obligation for much valuable information, relates an amusing anecdote on this head. We ought not to omit mentioning that this paper has recently been enlarged, and greatly improved, so as to take rank with the first of its contemporaries.

Speaking of Bankers *à la mode de Paris*, it says: “An Englishman in Paris replied to an advertisement in the *Petites Affiches*, offering an *apartement meublé* on very moderate terms; the proprietor of which, on their meeting, represented that he was in very pressing need, and would, therefore, take 700 francs (28*l.*) for what little miserable furniture he had; he was setting out for Bourdeaux, and must conclude on the instant, as he could not make the *voyage* for want of the money. Our countryman casually observed that he presumed he was a wine-merchant (from the city he was about to visit), to which the Frenchman answered, with customary vivacity—“*Non, Monsieur, je suis banquier.*”—“No, Sir, I am a banker.””

280,000,000 of a five per cent. stock was sold to the contractors at the rate of fifty per cent., subject to a deduction of four per cent. for commission and other charges. The Spanish government received :

	Reales.	M.
In bills upon Spain . . . . .	74,280,983	13
In Spanish money . . . . .	1,538,124	7
In gold and silver bars . . . . .	31,633,314	19
Total . . . . .	107,472,428	0

“Thirty-four millions, that is one-fourth of the loan, were absorbed by the commission, the half-yearly payment of interest, and other expenses.”

	Reales
Stock was given for . . . . .	280,000,000
Received in cash . . . . .	107,500,000

Loss to the State upon this single } 172,500,000  
transaction . . . . . }

That is, it received about thirty-eight per cent. of the nominal capital. The interest, moreover, was to date from the 1st of November, 1821, although the contract was not concluded until the 22d.

This rate may be, however, considered moderate usance for money, compared with that of the *conversion*, paper against paper—old rags transformed into bran new bonds, with coupons attached. Messrs. Ardoin, Hubard, and Co. seem to have felt their liability to the Jew's reproach:—

“He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
The rate of usance”—

by the moderation of their exactions in the case of this loan. The conversion juggle seems to have been considered in the light of a compensation for profit foregone in the extraordinary bonus of laying down thirty-eight against a promise to pay of 100. The conditions of the *conversion* were framed accordingly, which we give in the words of our author.

“The Spanish government bound itself, in this transaction, *not to receive, under any form whatsoever, from any but the contractors in the present bargain*, for the term of eighteen months from the date of the contract, all and each of the undermentioned stocks, at the following prices, viz. : each bond of the loan of 1820, for the amount of 1,400 reals vellon; each premium-ticket for 300 reals vellon; each bond of the national loan of 1821, for 2,100 reals vellon; each Dutch bond of 1,000 florins, for 5,600 reals vellon; each florin of the arrears of interest due to the first of January 1821, for 4½ reals; each florin of current interest, that is, of such as, by the fact of the delivery of the Dutch bonds, shall have accrued subsequently to January 1, 1821, for eight reals; the interest due at the periods of remitting the bonds of the loan of 1821, at the rate of twenty reals vellon for each dollar; and each real of the interest due at the time of remitting the bonds of the national loan of 1821, for one real, actual value.

“We find that the contractors finally reserved to themselves the right of remitting exclusively, for eighteen months, the stock of the stock of the old loans at the price of seventy per cent.; and that they gave in, as equivalent to cash, the interest accruing on those bonds at the day when they remitted them;—the dividends in arrear on the old Dutch loans, at the price of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  reals vellon per florin,—and the premium tickets of the first loan, at the price of 300 reals vellon each.

“In exchange for the amounts which they could deliver, the Spanish government gave them a quantity of *indeterminate* stock, at the price of fifty per cent., with the enjoyment of interest from the 1st of November, 1821.

“The government was forbidden to conclude any loan during the first twelve months after the signing of the contract: if a fresh loan became necessary before the expiration of that term, the new stock could be disposed of to none but these contractors.”

In gross, we may state that the old loans, then without price or value in the market, were to be redeemed at the par of issue, and the arrears of interest accruing thereon at the par of exchange, and at general full nominal amounts.

The most scandalous part of the transaction however was, that the Spanish government covenanted to pay interest on the new *indeterminate* stock delivered to the contractors, from the 1st of November, and secured to them the interest in the old stocks at the same time—both running for the space of eighteen months, during which the operation was to last—so that a cross fire of double interest on two classes of obligations *representing the same values* was established; an ingenuity of usury such as the world never witnessed before, and Shylock himself must have confessed in it the master-mind of all the tribe of money changers from those of the temple, to this, our time.

The Cortes at length began to open their eyes, when all the world besides had long been wide awake. They deliberated upon annulling the contract and impeaching Angel Vallejo, the Minister of Finance, under whose auspices it had been settled. A Committee of Enquiry was appointed, and on the 17th of May, 1822, the Report was presented and read, if not drawn up, by the Conde Toreno himself, then an eloquent and independent member of the Cortes, afterwards and now sworn friend of Ardoin, Hubard, and Co., and actual Minister of Finance, and Prime Minister. The following are extracts:—“The losses which it is sought to inflict upon unhappy Spain by this pernicious treaty are not confined to what we have already pointed out. It is designed to make her drain the bitter cup of sacrifice to the dregs. In contempt of reason and morality, and without any example of such a transaction, we find from this treaty, that for one and the same thing, that is, for the previous loans, an obligation is entered into to pay the interest which was due before; and, moreover, to pay fresh interest, commencing before the existence, and even before the signing of the contract, viz. from November 1, 1821. In the eighteen months which this operation may occupy, of double payment of interest, it will occasion to Spain a loss, in specie, of 61,096,950 r. v.”



“Moreover, the Finance Committee calculated that according to the London rate of exchange, at 36 pence per dollar, and the Paris exchange, at 15 livres 6 sous per pistole, together with the commissions, advertisements, and other expenses, the redemption and the payment of interest would cost Spain twelve per cent per annum.”

And finally, the Finance Committee, in No. 13 of its observations, thus expresses itself:—“It might be supposed that while such enormous sacrifices were yielded by this treaty, Spain was to derive the greatest advantages from it; that she was to be enabled to dig canals, lay out roads, &c. &c. &c.; and that abundance was to be introduced into the public chest. Far from it. At the end of eighteen months from the signing of the treaty, and without reckoning the disbursements occasioned by the former loans, the 140,000,000 r. v. specified in Article 1., are in reality reduced to the wretched sum, in specie, of 47,785, 251 r. v. 9 m.; for which inconsiderable amount Spain binds herself to the payment of 2,082,235,609 r. v. This total is produced by reckoning the payment of interest and redemption until the extinction of the stock issued to obtain the 47,785,251 r. v. 9 m.”

The threat of annulling this iniquitous contract produced its effect; negotiations were entered into, and some trifling modifications extorted from the fears of the contractors. After the passage of various state papers, and the concoction of Protocols almost as numerous and more prolific of result than those of Lord Palmerston, the very Lord of Protocols himself, the Cortes obtained an abatement in the terms of the treaty of the 22nd of November equivalent to nearly 100 millions of reales of real value, or about ONE MILLION ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS sterling. Messieurs the Parisian bankers were not ruined by this prodigal display of unexampled liberality; as will shortly be seen, a very decent sort of bread and cheese living still remained to them after this splendid sacrifice;

Reales.

“Ardoin, Hubard, and Co., received from the government in new stock . . . . . 754,849,100

In return for which they remitted in old stocks and coupons of interest in arrear as follows:—

108,003 bonds of the first loan; forming, at 2,000 r. v. each . . . . .	216,006,000
77,360 premium-tickets of the first loan, at 300 r. v. each . . . . .	23,208,000
25,418 bonds of the second loan, at 3,000 r. v. each . . . . .	76,254,000
15,436 bonds of the Dutch loans, at 8,000 r. v. each . . . . .	123,848,000
295,846 dividends of the Dutch loans— 60,697 being at 4½ r. v. each, and 235,149 at 3½ r. v.—making together	136,893,434

575,849,434

178,999,666

“ Whence it will be seen that the government had to sustain in the first instance a loss of 178,999,666 r. v. arising from the difference between the capital of the stock which it issued, and that of the stock which it received in payment ; which loss turned wholly to the profit of the contractors.

“ To this difference of capital must also be added the double interest of the stock which the government was issuing ; which interest the contractors began to enjoy from the outset, reckoning from November 1, 1821 ; besides the interest that had accrued upon the amounts which they remitted in payment as money. All these sums together form an actual amount of more than *forty-nine millions* of reals vellon.

“ So that in this transaction the contractors gained 227,999,666 reals vellon.

	Reales.
Still, this is not all which the government lost. In fact, the annual interest of the stock which it issued, amounted to . . . . .	37,742,455
The interest of the amounts which it received in payment, making . . . . .	20,786,130
The result to the government was an increase of annual interest to the amount of . . . . .	16,956,425
So that in gross amount the government sustained the following losses :—	
Loss resulting from the difference of capitals, as particularized above . . . . .	178,999,666
Loss resulting from the double allocation of interest, in actual money . . . . .	49,000,000
Losses in interest upon the stock issued, payable yearly . . . . .	16,959,375
Total . . . . .	244,959,038

The contractors therefore gained in this honest transaction of paper versus paper, in actual value paid by Spain . . . . . 228,000,000

or the best part of TWO MILLIONS AND A HALF POUNDS STERLING. Reales.

Whilst the government lost by the thimble rig . . . . . 245,000,000

or the best part of *three millions* of pounds. It will be understood that our reductions into sterling are merely approximative, and in round numbers.

But the £2,500,000 were far from being the limit of profit. When it is considered that the bonds of the former Cortes loans, which by their covenant the contractors were empowered to deliver at par, were at enormous discounts ; that the Dutch loans with the arrears of interest due and unpaid upon them must have been absolutely without price or value in the money market, and were perhaps at the utmost purchased at one-fourth, or one-half of their transferred value ; we may be allowed to hazard a round and not improbable guess, that the collateral and less direct gains—the contingent remainder—did not fall short in the whole in addition of the too mo-

dest sum already denominated. The partition of the burden may undoubtedly be founded in equitable principles, so far as fairly apportioning a contribution between separate parties can be so considered. Thus, Spain, as we have seen, is taxed in two millions and a half sterling, for the benefit of the Frenchmen, who, we presume; would argue that England, as the broader shouldered of the two, and the exclusive purchaser of their new paper money, had no need to complain of a levy to an equal amount; between the two making up no unacceptable *regalo* for a *dia de Santo* of the contractors of some *five millions sterling*—without reckoning the *two or three hundred thousand pounds* commission on the loan, producing 107,000,000 of reales (or £1,200,000 sterling), which are hardly worth mentioning alongside the glories of the conversion, excepting as vails for the lacqueys of the high contracting parties concerned.

We are only yet, however, in the beginning of the end; the plethoric state was still of too gross habit, and the leeches clung on ungorged. Besides the *indeterminate stock* received by Ardoin, Hubard, and Co., for the purposes of the conversion juggle, the special amount of 700,000 dollars' stock was placed in their hands by way of *deposit*, or *anticipation*, or *guarantee*, or *bail*!! perhaps for the good faith of the government in this affair, with the immaculate Parisians. This stock was "constantly to remain untouched," and to be "restored at the end of the transaction." At the expiration, therefore, on the 1st of March, 1823, of the eighteen months' exclusive privilege conferred upon them for exchanging new paper for old rags, these gentlemen were required to effect the remittance and redelivery of these 700,000 dollars of stock, along with the two half years' interest upon it which the contractors, no doubt, had carefully charged and passed in account. After some delays on their part, a settlement of accounts—a *finiquito de todas cuentas*—was agreed to be made, and the stock was to be surrendered in London to the commission acting there. Accordingly Ardoin, Hubard, and Co. presented their account, and brought in the government debtor for 8,417,256 reales; ingeniously forgetting to bring forward sundry items on the credit side, and giving, as our author says, "a double meaning to different articles of the treaty of conversion, the benefit of which they had relinquished" voluntarily, as we have seen by the modifications agreed to of the original treaty after the remonstrances of the financial committee. But the reign of the Cortes and of loan jobbing was equally drawing to a close; that assembly of notable imbecilities and corrupt demagogues, which all the splendour of eloquence and the integrity unsullied of Augustin Arguelles—all the burning enthusiasm and matchless oratory of Alcala Galiano—all the unrivalled science of Felipe Bauza—were insufficient to redeem from contempt and ignominy, no less universal than deserved, was now on the eve of dissolution, shut up in Cadiz, and without hope of rescue and hardly of escape; so that, although the account was at length rectified, and agreed, we presume, by which the contractors became debtors, in a balance of 13,553,796 reales, besides 396,880 dollars of stock alone remaining of the 700,000, yet the delay of several months in the adjustment was so well managed, and so nicely timed, that when pay-day arrived, the creditor had disappeared, and the

honest debtors had no other course than to remain burdened with an additional million of hard dollars,\* or above two hundred thousand pounds, which has probably never been refunded to this day.

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\* "Among the documents which have furnished these details are some papers which have disclosed a fact worthy of notice for its singularity.

"The stock arising from the old Dutch loans, which, by virtue of their contract of conversion, MM. Ardoin, Hubard, et Comp. remitted to the government, which remitted them 5 per cent. stock in payment, was deposited with the government's consuls at Paris, London, and Amsterdam.

"Sr. Machado, then consul at Paris, received :

"99,599 dividends of the old Dutch loans ;

"664 bonds of ditto ;

"33,409 ditto of the first loan ;

"71,062 premium-tickets of the same loan ; and

"3,478 bonds of the second loan.†

"The moment these stocks were deposited at the consulate, a stamp was set upon them bearing in large letters the word *annulé*.

"Being compelled by the events of the year 1823 to quit Paris, Sr. Machado packed up the records of the consulate, secured the above-mentioned stock-shares in boxes, and entrusted the whole to the care of MM. Ardoin, Hubard, et Comp.

"Some years after, in 1829, the conversion (that of Aguado) of the old Dutch loans took place. At that time, the parties who had these boxes in their care, knowing that they contained shares of these loans, presented a *requête* to the president of the *tribunal de première instance* of Paris, alleging that they had in their keeping different boxes belonging to third parties, wherein certain bonds were deposited, which would become void unless presented in time at Amsterdam, to be converted into permanent stock. Upon the allegation of this banking-house, an *ordonnance de référé* was made, authorising them to open these boxes, to take out the shares they contained, to take the necessary steps for avoiding their nullification, and then to keep, for the account of those to whom they might belong, the amounts arising from their conversion. Accordingly, they proceeded without delay to open these boxes in the presence of a *juge de paix*. The bonds and dividends of the aforesaid Dutch loans were taken out, then despatched to Amsterdam, where they were presented, for the purpose of conversion, to MM. Willinck, jun. and Co. to whom that operation had been entrusted ; but these bankers, immediately observing the stamp upon these shares which rendered them null, refused to convert them. The other parties, however, persisted ; and had the instruments in question legally noted, in order to avoid a forfeiture.

"But as soon as this scandalous proceeding came to the knowledge of the Count d'Ofalia, ambassador at Paris, he interfered, and obtained, by the mediation of the French government, the delivery at the embassy of those cancelled bonds, as well as of the other papers belonging to the consulate."

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† To make it more intelligible to our readers, it may be as well to state what we understand by the process of the conversion. Before Ardoin, Hubard, and Co. made sale of the *indeterminate* stock assigned to them, they purchased bonds and coupens of the old loans on the best terms they could, charging them, however, as we have seen, against the state at a fixed rate or at par. The bonds and coupens so purchased were in the course of the process deposited with the agents of the government. Had the fraud above-described succeeded, the stocks *annulé*, for which the Cortes paid several mil-

Such were the final results of the first financial operations between Ardoin, Hubard, and Co., and Spain Constitutional. Notwithstanding the denunciations of their unequalled iniquities by the Conde Toreno and the finance committee of which he was the reporter, a second loan (being loan the fourth of the Cortes) was concluded with the same firm, and what is more strange, though not perhaps inexplicable, upon the strong recommendation and through the *active intromission of the Conde Toreno himself*—a fact which our author does not allude to, from an evident tenderness for certain names. Our limits will not allow more than a cursory review of this and the remaining prodigies of financial prodigality, from the great detail into which we have already entered of the last transaction ; it may, in brief, be observed of their characteristics, *ab uno disce omnes*. This loan and its proceeds are or may be thus stated :

	Reales.
The loan was contracted Oct. 1, 1822 ; the interest, 5 per cent. however, to commence from the 1st of May of the same year ( <i>six months beforehand</i> ). Commission 4 per cent. and price 60. Nominal capital	. 348,000,000
The amount which the government should have received was therefore no more than . . . . .	. 192,000,000
But the "payment of the proceeds was effected part only in money ; part was paid in dividends of former loans, and <i>creances</i> upon the treasury, worth at Madrid only six or seven per cent, but <i>which nevertheless were paid in us money at their nominal value.</i> " The amount of these is estimated at 81,000,000 reales. The actual money received is assumed at the utmost to be . . . . .	110,000,000

an amount, adds our author, "some tens of millions above the truth." The provident government, therefore, netted less than 30 instead of 55 per cent. The further enormous gains of the contractors may be guessed at from the fact, that the bonds of this, as well as the former loans, rose in the London money market to between 70 and 80 from 56, the contract price.

The FIFTH LOAN, or that of Bernales and Nephew of London, broke down, and eventually ruined the unlucky projectors, a house of undoubted capital, and much higher pretensions than the French *entrepreneurs*. An eager desire to share with foreigners the plunder of their unhappy country, and the apparently fathomless stores of the London Stock Exchange, had tempted these unfortunate Spanish merchants to abandon the more honourable but less flashy pursuits of commerce, to fish in the golden stream, where at once they made shipwreck on shoals and quicksands, where only knaves and usurers could navigate with safety. The SIXTH LOAN, for 291,000,000 reales, which produced

lions sterling, would have been reconverted and exchanged for royal bonds, and sold for several millions more clear gain, and there would have been two kinds of stock current in the market, viz. the Cortes 5 per cent. and the royal 5 per cent., both representing the same Dutch loan redeemed.

only 61,435,525, was undertaken by Messrs. Campbell and Sabbock on Commission. It was concluded on the 6th of July, 1823, signed, if we recollect aright, when king Ferdinand was in durance at Seville, having been actually deposed from the throne by the Cortes when on their flight to Cadiz, and in so far entirely invalid. Its avowed object was to take up the dishonoured Bills accepted by Bernales and Nephew for account of the State. The Bonds were disposed of, as we have heard, so low as even 17 or 18 per cent, to the last moment of the existence of the Cortes and of any marketable demand for them. For this, as being a Commission Loan, no blame is imputable to the agents, who acted only according to orders. But a serious question does arise, upon which no explanation has been given to or sought by the Bondholder that we know of, viz. who were the depositaries of the disgraced Bills, thus to be redeemed in full at the expense of the public? To place the subject in a more tangible point of view, were or were not those Bills in the hands of English holders, remitted to them by their correspondents in Spain, who might have been unable or unwilling to refund them if returned with all notarial charges and the costs of exchange and re-exchange upon them? Nothing short of the production of the Bills themselves can solve this mystery, and this the creditors have an undoubted right to expect, in order to the clearing up of a transaction of very doubtful morality in many points of view. This Loan closes the financial career of the Cortes coevally with that of its destructive political existence: happy for Spain and England had the catalogue of mischiefs it perpetrated closed even here; but we see the same men and essentially the same body repossessed of power and preparing to run over again the same courses, careless of the past and reckless of the future.

Six were the Cortes Loans; six were likewise the Royal Loans of that government—of the absolute Ferdinand which succeeded. We shall not attempt any detail of them, because they present no more than a disgusting repetition, though upon a more moderate and less dishonourable scale, of the frauds, the conversions, and the hocus pocus already exposed of their Constitutional exemplars. The people who appeared as Contractors of the first, for 334,000,000 reales are, one Marquis de Croy, who, some year and a half ago, figures before the tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris on charges of making or altering certain pieces of paper, not Spanish bonds but imitation Bank notes; and who may be seen either at St. Pelagie or elsewhere, imprisoned at this moment, we believe, either for that or other *escroqueries*; the Comte de Croy, his brother we suppose, was a Co-contractor, with Messrs. Guebbard and Co., company of *banquiers de Paris*, and other worthies. Although the Loan did not succeed for the government, it did for the confederates, who one and all achieved fortunes, which some of them could not keep; so true it is, that money obtained lightly often doth make itself wings and fly away. The remainder of the Loan not negotiated was entrusted to Senor Aquado, then a petty wine-dealer, to commence in which humble though honest calling he was indebted, it is said, to the bounty of a friend for the loan of 10,000 francs (£400 of our money); although now, since March 1824, the date of his first contract, and in less than ten years, Senor Aquado was accounted a

*millionaire*, one of the greatest capitalists not of France alone, but of Europe, his property being seldom estimated at less than two or three millions sterling; he carries in his pocket moreover, although he has the good taste not to append to his name, the patent of the title of Marquis de las Marismas, conferred on him by the gratitude of Ferdinand, with probably some dozen *couces* of Isabel la Catolica, and other orders. Aquado, with Burgos, Minæno, and the colleagues with whom he carried through his loan schemes, belong to the class of politicians designated in Spain as *Afrancesados*, a party wholly and individually sold to Buonaparte, adherents of his brother Joseph, some time the intrusive king; a party utterly abominated as traitors in Spain, and as such expelled by both the Cortes and Ferdinand himself. More fortunate or more prudent than his rival speculators, Aquado retains his hold upon the wealth he has acquired, whilst the house of Ardoin, Hubard, & Co., after all the immense gains, a sketch of which we have given, figured some few years since in the Paris list of Insolvents. It may be observed, indeed, that those gains were not exclusively appropriated by the House, but a portion became naturally divisible among the great capitalists, here and elsewhere, without whose co-operation and countenance a concern of its standing could hardly have attempted, much less carried into effect, financial operations of such extraordinary magnitude and intricacy. Although these are the real parties through whom the large advances in anticipation were in reality made, which would not assuredly have been afforded without previous acquaintance with, approval of, and participation in the provisions of the contracts, yet doubtless they stand purged in their own eyes from any taint of the original sin of those scandalous contracts, because public accessories only after the fact. The plea is a questionable one even for consciences so well seared as those of practised money-changers. The splendid share of these auxiliaries it is not for us to calculate; as the house of Ardoin, Hubard, & Co., disgorged upwards of a million sterling of the spoil on one contract, upon a simple remonstrance and exposure of an uninitiated Committee of the Cortes, so we have heard of capitalists concerned, who, on the failure of extensive brokers and jobbers in the Securities on the London Stock Exchange, most liberally and at once released them from claims of hundreds of thousands for which they stood as creditors. The Conde Toreno fared sumptuously and magnificently at Paris, during an exile which should have left him poor—poor as he was at home, where, as our neighbours say, he was before the era of loans and “conversions,” *criblé de dettes*,\* poor and virtuous as Agustin Arguelles and Admiral Valdez, whilst the great mass of his brethren in

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\* During the latter year of his exile, it would appear that he had exhausted every thing. Since his return to his own country and accession to office, under the patronage of Louis Philippe (himself more than suspected of being largely interested in Spanish and other jobbing loan transactions), the French papers record it as to his honour, that he has not only repaid but handsomely gratified some French actress or Opera dancer, on whose bounty he had latterly depended, after having upon her and others, during his short-lived day of opulence, lavished his gifts with open hand.

banishment, victims and dupes of his delusive theories and eloquence, were begging their bread in the streets of London, and would have perished of hunger in any other land save that of British hospitality.

We shall close this part of our subject with a comparative view of the Constitutional and Royal Loans—a review which in its results, even if admitted with due allowance for the exaggerations and predilections of a partizan, does infinite credit to the skill and masterly combinations of Aquado. The balance is thus struck by our author :

CORTES LOANS.		ROYAL LOANS.	
	Reales.		Reales.
Nominal capital of the loans issued by the Government of the Cortes in 33 months . . . .	2,098,961,875	Nominal capital of the loans issued by the Government of Ferdinand in 10 years . . . . .	1,745,890,666
Proceeds in actual money . . . .	507,404,084	Proceeds in actual money . . . .	739,595,106
Average rate of the loans, 24 and one-sixth per cent.		Average rate of the loans, 42 and a half per cent.	
Difference between the capital of the debt and its proceeds, or loss to the Spanish government in these transactions . . . .	1,591,557,791	Difference between the capital of the debt and its proceeds, or loss to the Spanish government in these transactions . . . .	1,006,295,560

Let it be further observed, that the last half year's interest paid being that due November 1st 1823, there are due up to November 1st 1834, eleven years' interest, amounting to 1,141,284,760 r. v. ; we then arrive at this result—that *the Spanish Government is now debtor to a capital of 3,240,246,635 r. v., for which it has received only 507,404,084 r. v., that is to say, about ONE-SIXTH of the said capital.*

*“So that the conditions of the loans contracted under the two Governments are to each other as 24 to 42, or about 5 to 9; that is to say, that WITHIN ONE-FIFTH, THE ROYAL LOANS HAVE YIELDED, IN PROPORTION TO THE NOMINAL CAPITAL, DOUBLE THE PROCEEDS OF THE CORTES LOANS.*

“It should, moreover, be observed, that upwards of one-third of the total amount of the loans concluded by the absolute Government, only burdens the State with an interest of three per cent.; whilst those of the Cortes were saddled with an interest of five per cent. Nor should it be overlooked, that the greater part of the Cortes loans were negotiated at the time when the constitutional Government was in its highest power, and had with it the sympathies of nearly all Europe; while the Royal loans were brought forward, either at a period of distress, or when the liberal press had stimulated public censure, and excited the distrust of the bankers of the principal trading towns.”



	Reales.
Thus upon these two descriptions of loans Spain stands indebted . . . . .	4,986,000,000
For which she has received values real or pretended to the amount of . . . . .	1,247,000,000
	<hr/>
Balance against Spain yet to be liquidated on this race of public spoliation . . . . .	3,739,000,000
Or between forty and fifty millions sterling!	

It is with these circumstances fresh in our recollection, that the Conde Toreno and some of his former associates have recommenced the ruinous business of loan-jobbing. The former Cortes, we have seen, saddled the state with nearly double the amount of loans in thirty-three months that the absolute Ferdinand did in ten years, to say nothing of the differential proceeds so greatly in favour of the latter. The first proposed loan of these worthy gentlemen (who, after their former intimate union, re-entered Spain almost together, one of the contractors following close upon the heels of his ancient confederate) was signed on the 6th of December last, for 701,754,386 reales, nominal capital, or at the price of 60 effective money, or about four millions and a quarter sterling. The interest at five per cent., according to former precedents, commences on the 1st of November previous. The usual juggle is played in the delivery to the contractor of 150,000,000 of bonds by *anticipation*, before an instalment is payable. Should the price in the Stock-exchange exceed 66, within three months from the date of the contract, the last half of the loan is to be paid at the rate of 66; but the danger of that has been avoided, since the period has already elapsed, and the bonds carefully kept below the price until the danger was passed. Then we have again another hocus pocus of a conversion of old stock into new, to be entrusted to the sole "charge of M. Ardoin, under the superintendence of the minister of finance," his old friend Toreno; so that the operation may not deluge the public with bonds to the deterioration of the premiums, but the "*state of markets*" be consulted. The holders of old bonds are indeed to be permitted, by special "convention" with the contractor, to take all or part of the new loan by "fragments of specie;" and, finally, we have the customary mystification about "active" and "passive" debt, with other such like rigmarole to "split the ears of the groundlings."

We have faith, however, that the project will fail, and that the lessons of the past are not absolutely thrown away upon our countrymen, for it is against them the conspiracy is directed. With a civil war raging in the heart of Spain, in which Don Carlos has so far the upper hand that all the queen's generals are shut up, and rarely venture to quit the defences of their fortresses; with a revenue decreasing by nearly one-fourth, from the impossibility, as Toreno admits, of receiving any supplies or taxes from Aragon, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and Navarre, the insurgent districts—he might add Valencia and Catalonia also—it is an insanity without parallel in the annals of St. Luke's to loan further millions to a government almost irrecoverably bankrupt; which indeed would reach its coffers

now no more than heretofore, but go to make or to swell the fortunes of needy patriots and intriguing schemers, with usurious capitalists behind the curtain, grasping all, and leaving their dupes, the public, with the waste-paper securities.

The debt, foreign and domestic, of Spain, may be estimated at . . . . .	£150,000,000
	Reales Vellon.
The Conde Toreno himself states the expenditure at	957,460,000
The revenue . . . . .	766,804,000
	Annual deficit . . . . .
	190,656,000
Or about in sterling . . . . .	£2,000,000
Assuming the whole debt to bear interest at the rate of 2½ per cent. only, we shall have . . . . .	3,750,000
	An annual deficit of . . . . .
	£5,750,000

That is to say, the annual deficit nearly equals in amount the whole of the revenue, as that is stated by the Conde Toreno himself. But taking into account that he has overstated the revenue by *one hundred millions of reales*, and understated the expenditure by at least an equal sum, as we could readily prove from indisputable authorities, but for the inadmissible length to which it would carry this article; reckoning also the charges of interest upon the loan of 700,000,000 of reales contracted in the last November, and now on the money market, together with other loans and obligations since contracted and being contracted, of which the bondholders rest in a happy state of unconsciousness; taking all these together, we repeat, there can be no question that the annual deficit *exceeds considerably the whole of the annual income of Spain*. We have assumed the interest upon the debt at 2½ per cent. only in this calculation; but, although the rates vary upon the different loans, and especially as between the foreign and domestic portions, we have little doubt that the average would be found higher than we have chosen to calculate it. The budget of Toreno for 1836 will, or we shall be mistaken, afford many contradictions to that for 1835.

Be that as it may, a debt of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS STERLING, with an annual deficit superior in amount to the whole of the revenue, present grave matter for the cogitation of all concerned. Zealous friends as we are to the Christino cause and the cause of liberal institutions for Spain, we cannot afford to violate conscience by advocating the wholesale plunder of our fellow-subjects as the means to that end. Spanish loans have heretofore, as we fear to think they will again, proved the irremediable ruin of thousands of our countrymen; to Spain they have produced nothing but beggary and bankruptcy; contractors, jobbers, and unprincipled capitalists; nothing possessing or nothing risking, are alone the parties to benefit; these gorge themselves to repletion at the expense of their unsuspecting victims, the people, whom they flatter and fawn on the

while, as the vampire fans with refreshing coolness the sleeping prey, whose heart's blood it is voraciously draining.

The practical lessons which 1823 and the panic of June last in the money market afford, are beacons, whose warnings should not be disregarded; they who require signs more portentous of the future would not be satisfied though one rose from the dead. The descent, in a few days only, of Spanish paper from seventy to thirty-five, is a recent and truth-telling development of the *facilis descensus averni*, as applied to Spanish loans, or rather of their natural tendency, when unacted upon by the force or fraud of capitalists and jobbers, to find their proper level. Amidst the concern which we must feel for the victims of good faith and unsuspecting confidence on that fatal occasion, it is a consolation to know that some of the original plotters have likewise been victimized by their own overreaching, or, entangled in the meshes, perchance, of more potent beasts of prey. The conspiracy is not for all that abandoned; the Sisyphean task of rolling the cumbrous mass of bond-debt upwards has, we perceive, recommenced. All manner of help is pressed into the service of the fainting, fear-stricken labourers. The Quixotic mission of the gallant de Lacy Evans, trumpeted forth as it was, operated, however, upon the disconsolate stock-jobbers no more than would a charge sounded from a penny trumpet, upon the Anglo-Spanish dragoons, that are to be, of Colonel Kinlock. The disinterested Ricardos, &c., protocolized Lord Palmerston, and his lordship protocolled gallantly in reply, in vain; the million found subscribed upon paper, and advertized in the daily papers, was powerless in behalf of Spanish paper. The hour of extreme unction seemed at hand, when the death of one man saved—not a state only, but—Spanish bonds and coupons, debt active, deferred, and passive, with all that thereupon fatten. The leaden messenger which struck Zumalacarraguy was doubtless the identical weight which held down scrip, newly installed, and vales consolidados; as his wound festered so the bonds prospered; the fever which enfeebled the frame of the hero revived the rotten carcase of the stock house; Zumalacarraguy died, and the surgeon who excised ball and life together, injected by the very process a new life and life's blood into the corpus defunctus of Capel Court. The cauldron began to bubble again, although not yet at boiling heat; auxiliary ingredients were, ever and anon, thrown in by the weird enchanters, whose occupation it is to transmute paper into gold for their own use, and at other folks' cost. Toreno, the sworn ally of the Stock Exchange, became a premier—that was one left; Senor Mendizabal was nominated to be his fag, or *Secretario de Hacienda*—a very master-stroke of policy. He who had wonders worked for the funds of Portugal—he who had shut up her six per cents. to par, and then with his magic wand had transmuted them into threes of baser metal—what could not he achieve for the dolorous fives of Spain? So reasoned the gentlefolk of the Alley—but the public heeded not. Nevertheless, Spanish loans commenced creeping on, stealthily and timidly however; the business is, as we trust the business will remain, all among the money-changers of the temple in Bartholomew-lane, a mere matter of rou-

tine, buying with the right and selling with the left hand, among the families of the Shylocks and Overreaches.

Senor Mendizabal was the financial agent, or envoy of Portugal, to the money-market of this city. We are told of the exceeding expertness he has displayed in managing the financial affairs of that country. Upon that knotty point we have an opinion, and could say something if we would. We, who have heard of him in Spain, as well as elsewhere, should lament to learn that he had sacrificed his own financial interests to those of Portugal, as it is recorded in Chancery he did once on a time to those of his native land. It is whispered that Senhor Carvalho, his chief, and late Portuguese Chancellor of the Exchequer, has arranged his to admiration, and now enjoys the blessed otium with sufficient splendour, if not dignity. What may be briefly told of Portuguese finance is, that for payment of interest or principal of the Carvalho loans, not one cento of reis has, to this hour, been remitted from Portugal; gold has been shipped from hence, and, bulk unbroken, re-shipped from the Tagus, for the Thames, for payment of dividends we know; such gold being the produce of a loan raised here for the *stated* purpose of redeeming some floating old paper rags in Portugal, and not so applied; being *really* intended for dividends falling due in London, in the teeth as is alleged of obligations incurred with the public, in the formalized provisions of former loans against the contract of new ones within a specified period, and without the fulfilment of special conditions. If financial management be measured by its cost, then should the Portuguese nation rank high the talent of Carvalho and his coadjutors—if any he had; nay, they should make them a calf of molten gold in his honour, although dearly have they paid already in commissions, shipping and re-shipping charges, insurances and exchanges, for a knowledge of the science of management and mystification. The conversion of the six per cents. out of the last three per cent. loan, with the solid disposable residuum, is only a more finished process of the same manufacture, adapted for future contingencies of quarterly concern.

Flourishing, however, are the accounts from Lisbon. Convents are abolished, monasteries suppressed, estates confiscated, and national domains put up to sale. All these vast properties are fetching, we are gravely told, 100 per cent. beyond the taxed price, and enough, aye, more than enough, will be realized to redeem the whole debt of the state. The Cortes of Spain confiscated, and sold, and published, the very same thing in 1822 and 1823; but somehow the proceeds never reached the pockets, or more properly, the exchequer of the state; for Spanish functionaries of those days had, as we hope the Portuguese have not, a wonderful dexterity in intercepting the supplies, or each severally taking toll of them. The Portuguese lesson will, no doubt, find apt scholars in Madrid, already partly initiated, and we may shortly expect to hear of royal auctions, at which principalities will be knocked down to capitalists, fiercely contending at covering acres with dollars; whilst monastic lands and tenements, in the conflict of Protestant and Hebrew, must, at the least, realize fifty years' purchase. That these wonders will be

achieved, we may hesitate to believe; that they will be swallowed in pure simplicity of heart, by bond-holders, or depositors in savings' banks eager to add to their little hoards, we cannot assert, after what we have witnessed, to be impossible; that they will be printed and published and bruited about from high authority, let no one doubt. We judge of the things that will be, from those that have been. Let the people, for whom we write, take heed by our warnings in due season, and treat such rumours as the *vox et preterea nihil*, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

For Spain there is hope, and then only, when she shall have a ministry free from the taint of stock-jobbing. Under any circumstances, nothing, we fear, awaits her and her unfortunate creditors, but a national bankruptcy. But the evils of even so direful a state of things may be greatly mitigated, if honest intentions, good faith, and pure patriotism preside at the helm of her affairs. She possesses public men who enjoy, and, what is more, who deserve, confidence both at home and abroad. With Agustin Arguelles at the exchequer, the science of finance would cease to centre in, or be made subservient to, the price of bonds or vales; with Alcala Galiano at the home department, virtue and vigour would be infused into the constitutional system. Other coadjutors equally honest, if less able, we could name to assist them in the work of regeneration, but this needs not to accomplish our task. In bidding farewell to the subject, let us not, however, be unjust to Martenez de la Rosa, the late prime minister of Spain. Honourable and honoured, he has descended into a private station, not convicted of incapacity for his high functions, but deficient, physically as mentally, of the iron-hearted energy demanded for the eventful times in which his lot was cast. His hands are untainted with the leprous defilement of the stock-jobbing fellowships; he boasts no palaces built up from the spoils of a much-wronged country, whose quarried blocks of polished marble are cemented with the tears of widows and orphans despoiled of their mites, and affectionate fathers too eager for the worldly weal of those they cherish, to be wise even in the ways of this generation. Gentle was the rule, patriotic as philanthropic the aims of the retired statesman; in the bosom of his family, amid the circle of friends who loved the man, and fawned not on the minister, in the enjoyment of that literature to which he was ever so fondly attached, and of which he has the glory of being crowned the presiding genius, may he find, as he will find, that peace and happiness which are vainly to be sought in the turmoil of party, and the strife of vulgar ambition—which political storms shall invade and assail in vain.

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## THE EUROPEAN PERIODICAL PRESS.

As society advances in civilization most callings are materially varied. Numerous circumstances give individuals, devoted to the same labours, at distant periods, very different stations in life; and

persons, nominally in the same situations, are engrossed by cares very different now, from those which attached to those situations formerly.

Of all the changes of this sort, produced by the march of time, we are inclined to think none can be more curious, none more extraordinary, than those which affect newspapers. In a volume entitled *Tales of To-day*, this has been shown by a reference to ancient journals, which will at once startle and amuse. The volume is handsomely printed and embellished with some spirited and curious engravings.

The article to which we refer gives the following history of the rise and progress of newspapers :

“In England, newspapers are said to have originated in the policy of Lord Burleigh, who, when this country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was threatened with an invasion by Spain, availed himself of them to inform the people of the designs of their enemy, and of the measures necessary to be adopted in order to frustrate those designs.

“But it was during the wars between King Charles I. and his Parliament, that the importance of these daily or weekly sheets was first thoroughly understood. Then it was that the partisans of the Monarch, and their adversaries, looked to the newspapers to promote their designs, by telling their story in their own way, and refuting what they treated as misrepresentations; and then began that competition among news-writers which has since been carried to a most astonishing length.

“The sudden and extensive publicity given to whatever was printed in those sheets, soon suggested to individuals, who wished to make their wants or talents known, or to offer their merchandize for sale, the expediency of getting their wishes fashioned into advertisements. The duties of an editor became very different from what they had been, and not less different from what they are now. In peaceable times, the conductor of a newspaper, at the close of the seventeenth century, bore no resemblance to the military partisan of Oliver Cromwell's time, or to the literary chief of a modern establishment. The editor of a journal, who was also generally its printer and publisher, must have been more like a broker or auctioneer of the present day, than any character now known in connection with the diurnal or weekly press.”

This assertion is made out by the production of a string of advertisements, from a newspaper published in 1697. They prove that the editor, who was also generally its printer and publisher, was then a sort of general voucher for the accuracy of his advertising customers.

“If any Hamburgh or other merchant, who shall deserve £200 with an apprentice, wants one, I can help.”

“One has a pert boy, about ten years old, can write, read, and be very well recommended; she is willing he should serve some lady or gentleman.”

“I want a cook-maid for a merchant.”

“I sell chocolate made of the best nuts, without spice or perfume, and with vinelloes and spice, from four to ten shillings the pound,

and I know them to be a great helper of bad stomachs, and restorative to wake people, and I'll insure for their goodness."

"If any will sell a free estate, within thirty miles of London, with or without a house, to the value of £100 the year, or thereabout, I can help to a customer."

"If any have a place belonging to the law, or otherwise, that is worth £1000 or £1200, I can help to a customer."

"If any divine or their relics, have complete sets of Manuscript Sermons upon the Epistles and Gospels, the Church-catechism, or Festivals, I can help to a customer."

"A fair house in Eastcheap, next to the Flower-de-liz, now in the tenure of a smith, with a fair yard, laid with free stone, and a vault underneath, with a cellar under the shop, done with the same stone, is to be sold: I have the disposal of it."

"I believe I could furnish all the nobility and gentry in England with valuable servants, and such as can have very good recommendation."

"Mr. David Rose, chirurgeon and man-midwife, lives at the first brick house on the right hand in Gun yard, Houndsditch, near Aldgate, London. I have known him these twenty years."

"I want an apprentice for an eminent tallow-chandler."

"If any want all kind of necessaries for corps, or funerals, I can help to one who does assure me he will use them kindly; and whoever can keep their corps till they can send to London, and have a ready made coffin sent down, may afterwards have them kept any reasonable time."

"About forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, has had such very great success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars. His wife also teaches girls lace-making, plain-work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery, to the degree of exactness. His price is £19, or £11 the year, with a pair of sheets, and one spoon; to be returned, if desired: coaches and other conveniences pass every day within half a mile of the house; and 'tis but an easy day's journey to or from London."

"I know of several men and women whose friends would gladly have them matched; which I'll endeavour to do, as from time to time I shall hear of such whose circumstances are likely to agree; and if they ill come to me, it shall be done with all the honor and secrecie imaginable. Their own parents shall not manage it more to their satisfaction: and the more comes to me, the better I shall be able to serve 'em."

From the above, it will be seen, that the advertisers were not in the habit of giving their addresses, but the editor was to do all that was necessary. He engaged to get places, to hire or let houses, to sell all sorts of commodities, and last, not least, to make love for his customers. It would be difficult to find an editor of the present day, competent to undertake such various negociations.

But a modern newspaper establishment greatly exceeds in magnitude any thing known in former times.—Exclusive of a large company of printers, the editors, reporters, translators, and clerks, regularly connected with a London newspaper, form a corps of from ten

to twenty gentlemen, constantly ready to give their talents and labour whenever they may be called for. They find their way every where. The low meetings of idle mechanics, which were frequent some years ago, were not beneath their notice; and the same individuals who ascended the carts and waggons put in requisition by Thistlewood and his associates, attended at Westminster-hall and Abbey, in their court dresses, at the Coronation of his present Majesty.

A modern English newspaper numbers among its contributors persons of all classes in the State. From its great and acknowledged influence, statesmen of the highest celebrity, and persons most distinguished for exalted rank, or most eminent for talent, do not disdain to correspond with its editor; while many of the meanest of the lower classes, whom chance may make the spectators of an accident, find their interest in carrying it to the journalists. This practice, though contributing, with the other liberal arrangements of the newspaper press, to produce a concentrated mass of intelligence, to be found in the periodical publications of no other country, is attended with one injurious consequence. Individuals who cannot boast of "a local habitation or a name," are constantly on the hunt for accidents, which they sometimes invent when they cannot find them. Such fraudulent practices the editors fail not to expose and punish; but they cannot always prevent them; and the parties thus unworthily employed, putting themselves forward as "Reporters," and "Gentlemen of the Press," bring unmerited reproach on writers of a very different character, who have furnished from their ranks the Bar, and all the liberal professions, with some of their most efficient members, and who have comprehended many of the best ornaments of their country's literature. What more striking proof can be given of their industry and talent, than is furnished by a modern Parliamentary debate? A single night produces sufficient matter to fill an octavo volume, and the speech pronounced in the senate at four or five o'clock in the morning, is often seen on the breakfast table before nine.

A newspaper, says a sensible writer in Tait, is a flying omnibus, licensed to carry the opinions of the world. Time and space are compromised by its velocity and power; for it has the regularity of ocean's tides, besides that they are turned into steam, and work at high pressure. It is an ephemeral giant, whose birth is renewed every morning; and it issues forth to the field with all its "arms and appointments," as though it had only slept like the rest of us, instead of having laid human brains and hands, and wonder-working machinery, under heavy contributions for its re-action.—In its war-replenished grasp it holds the passions, prejudices, interests, reasons, virtues, and vices of the times, with the opinions that result from the complex mixture; and it strides forward on seven-leagued boots—to speak moderately—strewing them on every side. It is a voice that *will* be heard; for, if it fail in its desperate effort to have its own way, and produce its desired effect, it gives up attempting to make the mountain come to it, and very wisely sides with the collected mass. It is the mirror of public opinion; not the original or



fundamental creator, but the munificent distributor. You may be heartily sick of politics, commerce, and the rest of the perverse present; but the newspaper claims your ear as its prey, and remorselessly pursues you for ever. Dart away by the mail to escape from some detested news of Bourbon or St. Nicholas, and take shipping at the Land's End, "the paper" goes with you; hide yourself where you will, it finds you out; it is the bellman of your social existence, your shadow, your familiar; in short, there is no avoiding it. The first house we set our foot in, on arriving at Mexico, in 1825,—in time of war, trouble, and yellow fever, and before speculators and travellers had ventured their lives and fortunes to work mines, or write a book,—there sat the vice-consul's clerk, blowing swift clouds from a much-excited cigar, behind a copy of the incorrigible, omnipresent *Times* newspaper!

It is to the Italians we are indebted for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *Gazzettas* was, it is thought, derived from the word *Gazzera*, a magpie or chatterer; but much more likely from a farthing coin peculiar to the city of Venice, called *Gazzetta*, the common price of all newspapers.

The first paper, however, was a Venetian one, and only monthly, and was merely the newspaper of the government. Mr. Chalmers, in his life of Ruddiman, assures us that the jealous government did not allow a *printed* newspaper, and the Venetian *Gazetta* continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the 16th century, to be distributed in *manuscript*.

It is a remarkable fact, which history was either too idle to ascertain, or too much ashamed to relate, that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland, with other benefits, the first newspaper which had ever "illuminated" the gloom of the North. Either army carried its own printer with it, expecting either to convince by its reasoning, or delude by its falsehood.

These were, however, but extraordinary Gazettes, and not regularly published. The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black letter; it contains articles of news, like the present *London Gazette*. The first daily paper was published after the abdication of James II. and took for its popular title that of *The Orange Intelligencer*.

In the reign of Queen Anne there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. Some attempted to introduce literary subjects; and Sir Richard Steele then formed the plan of his *Tatler*; but it remained for the elegant Addison to banish the painful topic of politics from his interesting pages, and from his time periodical literature and newspapers became distinct works. The following advertisement is copied from an old Norwich newspaper, printed by Henry Crossgrove, in the year 1739. "This is to inform my friends and customers, that on Saturday next this newspaper will be sold for a *penny*, and continue at that price. The reason of my raising it to a penny is, because I cannot afford to sell it under any longer, and I hope none of my customers will think it dear at a penny, since they shall always have the best intelligence, besides other diversions."

At first newspapers were extremely small and limited in their ex-

tent, not exceeding the bounds of an ordinary letter; but after 1713, in which year the newspapers were first stamped, it became necessary, as much from this circumstance as from any other, to enlarge the size, as well as to raise the price. Notwithstanding, however, the important scenes that from that time up to the year 1750, were acting on the theatre of Europe, and the stirring events that took place in England and Scotland, the inventive powers of the editors appear frequently to have been at a stand-still; they were often puzzled enough in what manner to fill up their columns, scanty as they still were; and in the latter year the editor of the *Leicester Journal*—a paper which was printed in London and sent down to Leicester for publication—actually had recourse to the Bible to help him out, and filled up his empty space with extracts from it! He commenced at the beginning of Genesis, and continued the extracts in every succeeding number, chapter by chapter, as far as the 10th chapter of Exodus!

The press, says an eminent American writer, wields a power over every "reading community" not easily described; it is a mere power, and its operation for good or evil depends entirely on the motives and direction given to it by its conductors. THERE ARE STRONG TEMPTATIONS TO MISLEAD THROUGH THIS POWER; think, therefore, that we all owe thanks and gratitude to those independent and able men who have given their time and talents to the press, during this controversy. And here I may ask, what would have been the case if the "press" had taken a wrong direction? If no exposition, no foretelling of the advance of evil had been made by it, is there not danger that before the people could have been roused to a just view of their situation, the government of the country would have been, in a great measure, changed?

The following members of the Press have held public situations: Lord Brougham, formerly a chief editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, late lord high chancellor of England.—The Right Hon. J. W. Croker, one of the editors of the *Quarterly*, late secretary of the Admiralty.—The Right Hon. F. Jeffery, chief editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, late lord advocate of Scotland.—Mr. Roebuck, one of the editors of the *Westminster Review*, a member of parliament.—E. L. Bulwer, Esq., late editor of the good old *Monthly Magazine*, a member of parliament.—John Walter, Esq., one of the proprietors and co-editor of the *Times*, a member of parliament for a county.—Mr. Grote, one of the proprietors of the *Chronicle*, member for the city of London.—Colonel Torrens, late proprietor and chief editor of the *Globe*, member of parliament, holding some place besides.—Mr. Praed, editor of the *Morning Post*, member of parliament, and secretary to the India Board.—Mr. Baines of the *Leeds Mercury*, member of parliament.—Mr. Coulson, formerly editor of the *Globe*, one of the late commissioners for enquiring into the poor laws.—Mr. Chadwicke, late one of the editors of the *Examiner*, now secretary to the poor law commission.—Mr. Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, member of parliament.—Mr. D. W. Harvey, late editor of the *Sunday Times*, a member of parliament.—Mr. Buckingham, of the *Calcutta Journal*, of the *Argus*, &c. &c. &c., member of parlia-

ment.—Mr. Sergeant Spankie, sub-editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, late member of parliament, candidate for a judgeship, and actual counsel to the East India Company.—Mr. Shiel, formerly reporter on the *Chronicle*, member of parliament.—Sir John Campbell, formerly reporter on the *Chronicle*, late solicitor general.—Sir John Jeffcott, once reporter on the *New Times*, now chief judge of the admiralty court at Malta.—Mr. Dowling, formerly reporter of the *Chronicle*, a judge at Sidney.—Mr. Farren, formerly editor of the *British Traveller*, now consul-general in Syria.—Besides many others, who have ably served in various commissions and other capacities.

### THE LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

It is a curious picture of the condition and habits of the country—a record which was kept 500 years ago would be more valuable now than all the histories together that we have in print—the common Newspaper which comes into the world every morning at six o'clock, and lies upon our breakfast table—and always full too, that's the strangest problem—regularly by nine. The whole world, take away alone America, possesses nothing like an approach to the same document. A foreigner finds it difficult to comprehend the daily amount of the actual domestic occurrences—the rapes, murders, forgeries, “and all other interesting intelligence,” which the metropolis affords—as I saw a Sunday placard specifying the contents of a paper the other day. But the real curiosity is in the page of advertisements—the master-key which this furnishes to the state of England—of Europe—almost of the world.

The unaccountable variety of callings and speculations that appear—some so great; some so apparently contemptible; and yet all opening mines of riches to so many! One column announces the preparation of a hundred ships, all ready to sail instantly, almost for as many different ports in different quarters of the globe. The next offers “Steam-packets to Richmond, every Sunday morning at nine—Refreshments on board,”—and “Two and sixpence each passenger.” A third sets out with the word “Accommodation!”—“Any sum! from two hundred pounds to ten thousand!—ready to advance for the convenience of noblemen and gentlemen at a moment's notice.” And at the top of the fourth under the same title—“Accommodation”—you find that “Ladies whose situations require a temporary retirement,” may hear of “An airy situation,” and “the strictest secrecy, by applying at No. 34, next door to the grocer's, in James's-street, Gray's-Inn Lane.” “Education tempts you in every shape; from—“Yorkshire,” at “Sixteen guineas a-year,” where there are “no extras or vacations,” and “Fare by the waggon,” only £1 12s.; to—*Rus in Urbe!*”—“Dr. Dolittle's establishment”—“Grosvenor-place”—and “Graduate of Cambridge,” at “two hundred.”—And, if you turn to the next page, and have only the happiness to be insane, you will see the “Tenderest attention” is paid to “Valetudinarians,” at “Strait Waistcoat Lodge,” between Somerstown and the Dust grounds at Battle Bridge;

“References of the first respectability” to persons who have been raving; and “Private families” accommodated with “keepers” upon reasonable terms, “by the day, week, month, or year.”

And all these fierce competitors for preference, in their thousand-and-one peculiar occupations and capacities—the projector upon Indian government, and the improver upon India soy—the companies in Bridge-street, who think of nothing but insuring life, and the undertakers in Fleet-market, who thrive only upon its extinction—the draper, who founds himself entirely upon “Ten thousand pair of warm Whitney blankets,” and the perfumer, whose hope on this side the grave is only to ensure “Universal ease and comfort in shaving”—the patent pen-maker, and the patent pin-maker—the mangle-maker and the spangle-maker—the dealers in spring-guns, and in pop-guns—perigord pies, and artificial eyes—sell you a mango, dance you a fandango—large Twelfth cakes, nobody but Farance makes—Paris stays—raise the highways. These millions are but the few who court popularity, at a peculiar expense, and through one particular medium! They are not the same as, but over and above, the decorators of the dead walls of the town, posts, obelisks, empty houses, and scaffoldings; who address themselves to the more busy crowd, who have not time to read newspapers, and who can only pursue their researches, in pursuing their daily perambulations—“Matrimonial joys”—“Suits for little boys”—“Teach the deaf and dumb”—Great reduction in brandy and rum—“Man taken up on suspicion of stealing!”—“Tooth pulled out by Mr. Jones, without *feeling*”—“Portable gas”—“Wild ass”—“Poison rats”—“Re-beavered hats”—“Clergyman’s widow in great distress”—“New crapes and poplins for summer dress.” There is no place on earth, I believe, certainly none that ever I have visited, where a man can get all he wants, and with so little loss of time or asking for, as in London.

For the very thirst of gain, in fact, which makes us merciless and rapacious, completely ensures every one’s getting his “money’s worth,” and in his own way, too, for his money. If you only want a ride that costs a shilling, you have a whole “stand” of cab and hackney coachmen, threatening each other’s lives which shall sell it to you. If you have ten miles to go into the country the omnibus that carries you for six-pence is, in truth, drawn and driven in a style ten times beyond the state of an Italian marquis. Would you dine?—dine at Harding’s in Fleet-street—sumptuously from 15*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.*, or in any quarter—in five minutes you have it on the table. If you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors, who “unite elegance with economy” for “prompt payment,” best deserves your attention. If you have a complaint, a thousand remedies are published in all the shop windows—nay, on men’s backs about the streets, for your particular salvation. And, after they have killed you, there is a fight between the Wooden Coffin Undertaker and the Iron, in which material you shall be buried.

We sometimes meet with very funny things in the shape of advertisements. Amongst the crowd of equivocal “Wants” of “*plain*

chambermaids" and "light porters" every day to be found in the *Times* newspaper, we lately observed the following: "Wanted immediately, as footman, a respectable and well-educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean knives and forks, and attend to a horse and gig. He must be of a brave and serious deportment, help the girls to make the beds, and play with the children!"

PROPER MODE OF LITERARY WARFARE.—As soon as a man publishes his sentiments and opinions on any subject, they become fair marks of attack. Ridicule is a perfectly legitimate weapon, but must be confined to the *publication itself*, its language, or the views it contains. No *personal* allusion is, or can be, admissible. If a man puts forth what are conceived to be false or unsound doctrines, either in politics, law, or religion, let their fallacy be exposed. Knock the author on the head with an argument—run him through with a syllogism—show the absurdity of his opinions—attack *them* in prose or poetry, rhyme or blank verse. None of these can an independent press refuse. They are all legitimate modes of "wordy warfare." But *personal* abuse, and *personal* allusions, are wholly indefensible. They do no good; but, in nine cases out of ten, a great deal of harm to the very side they are intended to support. They promote not the cause of truth; they, in fact, destroy the beneficial effects that might otherwise result from free and independent discussion.

When newspapers fall out, it is remarkable how closely they imitate the foibles of common-place humanity. They no longer make a mystery of their calling; they fling off the disguise of their avocation, and become the mere creatures of passion and impulse; like players in a country barn, who quarrel, cast away their mock habiliments, and fight out their brawl in the vulgar way. When one newspaper has had a difference with another, the animal sensitiveness of the porcupine is awoken, and the thousand quills of ridicule and opprobrium are put into active operation. The public, however, care very little about personal animosities or professional etiquette: the great mass of mankind remains perfectly unmoved by the shock that is rending the printing-office from end to end; and, while editors are storming over the types, readers are placidly smiling at their folly. A quarrel is indicated thus: one Journal says of another—"that vile organ of slander"—"that contemptible print"—"the wretched Billingsgate, of the *Hubbabub Journal*"—our degraded contemporary," &c.; which complimentary epithets are returned with interest by its opponent. At last, the difference becomes reconciled; and the newspaper that but a few days before concentrated in its columns the worst elements of mischief and disgrace, becomes suddenly transformed into "our respectable contemporary, the *Hubbabub Journal*"—"that well-informed print"—"decidedly one of the first of its class," &c.; in all which commendations the public takes as much interest as it did in the previous censorial criticisms. These are things of course—they have grown up with the vices of the press, and can only be expurgated by an editorial reformation,

which is, perhaps, an unattainable millennium:—the fault is in human nature—in the common condition of mal-constructed minds.

The “Times,” being the most prosperous Journal in the empire, is subject to an interminable war with nearly all the editors of the other papers. The following specimen of attacks upon the “Times” conveys a correct idea of newspaper quarrels in general:—

LIES OF THE “TIMES.”—The *Times* journal, with that depraved taste for slander which characterises it, has been spitting forth some of its rancorous slaver at the Marquis of Exeter, whom it terms the greatest brothel proprietor in the metropolis. Now the *Times*, whilst it makes this infamous statement, is at the same time fully conscious that it is false. The estate belongs to the Noble Marquis, but the brothels are the property of Samuel Arnold, Esq., a *county Magistrate*, and proprietor of the late English Opera-house. This reputation-murdering print sneers at the Marquis, as a Nobleman who “in private life is considered to be strict even to austerity.” If to be a man of undeviating integrity, to be a nobleman of unblemished conduct, of unimpeachable honour and morality, exemplary in domestic life, respected by all who know him, of liberal feelings, and a considerate landlord, be an object for the venomous aim of the *Times*, they could not have selected a Nobleman who more fully answers the description than the Marquis of Exeter. It is the principle of that journal to malign those in any way opposed to its own shuffling line of conduct. The Marquis of Exeter is a Tory in heart and action; a staunch friend of the Constitution of his country; one of the few who vigorously opposed the “breaking in” upon that Constitution; and, consequently, a marked man by the *Times*, and the crew whose eyes were so suddenly opened to the necessity of Catholic Emancipation. To be independent is, in these days, a crime in the code of politics; and the Noble Marquis in question having an ample rent-roll, which renders place not necessary to keep up his rank, as is the case with the majority of our pauper aristocracy, is independent, and of course an object of the hatred and (consequently) malicious abuse from the “Wellington Journal.” The “austerity” of this Nobleman consists in his totally abstaining from gambling; in making his home the centre of his happiness; in living on his own estate; in never exceeding his princely income, and expending it amongst his tenants; thus obtaining a reputation that defies malignity, and maintaining the true dignity of an English Nobleman.”

## THE MAJESTY OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

### *Daily Morning.*

The Times, Morning Advertiser, Chronicle, Herald, Post, Public Ledger.

### *Daily Evening.*

Evening Standard, ditto Globe, ditto Albion, ditto Courier, ditto Sun, ditto True Sun.

### *Thrice a Week.*

Evening Mail, Mon. Wed. Fr. London Packet, Mon. Wed. Fr.

St. James's Chronicle, *Tu. Thur. Sat.* English Chronicle, *Tu. Thur. Sat.* Evening Chronicle, *Tu. Thurs. Sat.*

*Twice a Week.*

London Gazette, (by authority,) *Tu. Fr.* London New Price Current, *Tu. Fr.* The Record, *Mon. Thurs.*

*Weekly.*

*Monday*, Christian Advocate, and Mark Lane Express. *Tuesday*, Mercantile Price Cur., and Mercantile Journal. *Wednesday*, Patriot, and General Advertiser. *Thursday*, Law Chronicle, and Law Gazette. *Friday*, Baldwin's Journal, Cobbett's Register, (*dead*,) and Prince's Price Cur. *Saturday*, Court Journal, Literary Gazette, Naval and Military Gazette, and Nicholson's Com. Gazette. *Sunday*, Age,\* Atlas,\* Dispatch,\* Examiner\*, John Bull,† Life in London,\* News,\*\* Sunday Herald, New Bell's Messenger,\* Old Bell's Messenger,\*\* Old England,\* Observer,† Satirist,\* Spectator,\* Sunday Times,† United Service Gazette,\* and Weekly True Sun.\*

*Those marked \* have a Saturday edition; \*\* have a Saturday and Monday edition; and † Monday edition.*

#### ENGLISH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

Bath Chronicle, ditto Gazette, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald, ditto Journal. Berks Chronicle, (*Reading*). Berwick Advertiser. Birmingham Advertiser, ditto Gazette, ditto Journal. Blackburn Alfred, (*dead*), ditto Gazette. Bolton Chronicle. Boston and Lincoln Herald. Bradford Observer. Bridgewater Alfred, (*dead*). Brighton Gazette, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald. Bristol Gazette, ditto Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Mirror, ditto Times. Bucks Gazette, (*Aylesbury*,) ditto Herald, (*do.*) Bury Herald, ditto Post, ditto Cambrian, (*Swansea*). Cambridge Chronicle, ditto Free Press. Carlisle Journal, ditto Patriot. Carmarthen Journal, ditto Welchman. Carnarvon Herald. Chelmsford Chronicle. Cheltenham Chronicle, ditto Journal, ditto Free Press. Chester Chronicle, ditto Courant. Colechester Gazette. Cornwall Gazette (*Truro*), ditto West Briton. Coventry Herald, ditto Mercury. Cumberland Pacquet (*Whitehaven*). Derby Mercury, ditto Reporter. Derbyshire Courier, (*Chesterfield*). Devizes Gazette. Devon Advertiser, (*Barnstaple*), ditto Journal. Devonport Independent, ditto Telegraph. Doncaster Gazette. Dorset Chronicle, (*Dorchester*). Dover Telegraph. Durham Advertiser, ditto Chronicle. Essex Herald, (*Chelmsford*), ditto Independent, (*do.*) ditto Standard, (*Colchester*), ditto and Herts Mercury, (*London*), ditto and Suffolk Press. Exeter Flying Post, ditto Gazette, ditto Luminary, ditto Times. Falmouth Cornubian, ditto Packet. Glamorganshire Guardian, (*Merthyr*). Gloucester Chronicle, ditto Journal. Gravesend and Milton Journal. Greenwich Gazette. Hampshire Advertiser, (*Southampton*), ditto Chronicle, (*Winchester*), ditto Telegraph, (*Portsmouth*). Hereford Journal, ditto Times. Herts County Press. Hull Advertiser, ditto Observer, ditto Packet, ditto Rockingham. Ipswich Journal. Kentish Chronicle, (*Canterbury*), ditto Gazette, (*do.*) Kent (West)



(Guardian, *do.*) Kent Herald, (*do.*) ditto and Essex Mercury. Lancaster Gazette, ditto Herald. Leamington Courier, ditto Press. Leeds Intelligencer, ditto Mercury, ditto Times. Leicester Chronicle, ditto Herald, ditto Journal. Lichfield Mercury, (dead). Lincolnshire Chronicle. Lincoln Gazette, ditto Mercury, (*Stamford*). Liverpool Albion, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courier, ditto General Advertiser, ditto Journal, ditto Mercantile Advertiser. ditto Mercury, ditto Standard, ditto Times. Macclesfield Courier. Maidstone Gazette, ditto Journal. Manchester Advertiser, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courier, ditto Guardian, ditto Herald, ditto Times. Monmouth Merlin. Newcastle Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Free Press, ditto Journal, ditto Tyne Mercury. Norfolk Chronicle. Norwich Mercury, ditto East Anglian, (dead), ditto Herald, ditto Mercury. Northumberland Advertiser, (*North Shields*), (dead). North Wales Chronicle, (*Bangor*.) Nottingham Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Review. Oxford Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Conservative. Plymouth Herald, ditto Journal. Portsmouth Herald. Preston Chronicle, ditto Pilot. Reading Mercury. Rochester Gazette. Salisbury Herald, ditto Journal. Sheffield Independent, ditto Iris, ditto Mercury. Sherborne Journal, ditto Mercury. Shrewsbury Chronicle. Salopian Journal. Southampton Independent. Stafford Advertiser, ditto Mercury, (*Hanley*). Stamford Bee (dead), ditto Mercury, ditto News. Stockport Advertiser. Suffolk Chronicle, (*Ipswich*). Sussex Advertiser, (*Lewes*). Sunderland Herald. Taunton Courier. Warwick Advertiser. West Briton, (*Truro*). Westmoreland Advertiser, (*Kendal*), ditto Gazette, (*do.*) Whitehaven Herald. Windsor Express. Wolverhampton Chronicle. Worcester Herald, ditto Journal. York Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Gazette, ditto Herald, Yorkshireman.

#### SCOTCH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

Aberdeen Advertiser, ditto Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Observer. Ayr Advertiser, ditto Observer. Dumfries Courier, ditto Times. Dundee Advertiser, ditto Chronicle, ditto Constitutional, ditto Guardian. Edinburgh Advertiser, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courant, ditto Constitution, ditto Gazette, ditto Journal, ditto Mercury, ditto Observer, ditto Patriot, ditto Post, ditto Scotsman, Ditto Leith and Glasgow Advertiser. Elgin Courant. Fife Herald (*Cupar*). Fifeshire Journal (*Kirkcaldy*). Glasgow Argus, ditto Chronicle, ditto Courier, ditto Free Press, ditto Herald, ditto Journal, ditto Liberator, ditto Post, ditto Reporter, ditto Scottish Guardian, ditto Scots Times. Greenock Advertiser, ditto Intelligencer. Inverness Courier, ditto Journal. Kelso Chronicle, ditto Mail. Kilmarnock Journal. Montrose Review. Paisley Advertiser. Perth Advertiser, ditto Courier. Stirling Journal and Advertiser.

#### IRISH PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

Athlone Independent. Balina Impartial (*Castlebar*). Ballyshannon Herald. Belfast Commercial Chronicle, ditto News Letter, ditto Northern Herald, ditto Whig. Carlow Morning Post, ditto Sentinel, ditto Standard. Clare Journal (*Ennis*). Clonmel



Advertiser, ditto Herald. Connaught Journal (*Galway*). Cork Constitution, ditto Mercantile Chronicle, ditto Southern Reporter. Drogheda Journal. Dublin Dispatch, ditto Evening Mail, ditto ditto Packet, ditto ditto Post, ditto Freeman's Journal, ditto Evening Freeman, ditto Gazette (*by authority*), ditto Mercantile Advertiser, ditto Saunders' News Letter, Ditto Warder, ditto Weekly Freeman, ditto Weekly Register, ditto Morning Register, ditto Pilot, ditto Comet, ditto Times and Morning Post, ditto Racing Calendar. Enniskillener. Ennis Chronicle. Enniskillen Chronicle. Galway Advertiser, ditto Free Press, ditto Independent, ditto Western Argus, ditto Impartial Reporter. Kerry Evening Post (*Tralee*), ditto Western Herald (*ditto*), Kilkenny Moderator. Leinster Express. Limerick Chronicle, ditto Evening Post, ditto Herald, ditto Times, ditto Star. Longford Journal. Londonderry Journal, ditto Sentinel. Mayo Constitution (*Castlebar*), ditto Free Press, ditto Telegraph. Newry Examiner, Ditto Telegraph. Roscommon Gazette, ditto Journal. Sligo Journal, ditto Observer. Strabane Morning Post. Tipperary Free Press (*Clonmel*). Tralee Mercury. Waterford Chronicle, ditto Mail, ditto Mirror, ditto Weekly Chronicle. Westmeath Journal (*Mullingar*). Wexford Freeman, ditto Herald, ditto Independent.

## BRITISH ISLANDS.

Guernsey Comet, ditto Gazette, ditto Mercury, ditto Star. Jersey Gazette, ditto Patriot, ditto Free Press, ditto English and Foreign News. Manx Advertiser, (*Douglas*.) Manxman, (*ditto*.) Manx Sun, (*ditto*.)

## THE FOREIGN PRESS.

## FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

Galignani's Messenger. Constitutionnel. Corsair. Courier de l'Europe. Courier Français. Courier des Theatres. Figaro. France Nouvelle. Gazette des Tribunaux. Journal de Paris. Journal de la Seine. Journal du Commerce. Journal des Debats. Moniteur du Commerce. Moniteur Universel. Mouvement. National. Publieateur. Quotidienne. Revenant. Temps. Tribune. Cours Authentique. "PARIS ADVERTISER." Indicateur, (*Bordeaux*.) Bon Sens. Impartial, (*Paris*.) Echo Français. Gazette de France. Messenger des Chambres. Nouvelliste. Mayeux. Echo des Halles et des Marches. Cabinet de la Lecture. Le Voleur. L'Amis de la Religion. Journal des Dames, et des Modes. Petit Courier des Dames. La Mode. Le Follet. Journal du Havre. Memorial Bordelais. Semaphore de Marseille. Ami de la Charte, (*Nantes*.) Echo du Gard. Journal de Calais. Havre List. Courier de l'Ain. Repareateur, (*à Lyons*.) Memorial de Pyrenees (of Bordeaux). Auxiliare Breton (of Rennes). Memorial de Pyrenees of Pau.

## PORTUGUEES NEWSPABERS.

Lisbon Constitutional Chronicle, ditto Shipping List, ditto Price Current. Coreio do Porto. Oporto Chronica Constitutional, ditto Price Current, ditto Shipping List.

## SPANISH NEWSPAPERS.

Madrid Gazette, ditto Messagero de las Cortes. Eco del Comercio (of Madrid.) Gibraltar Chronicle. The Vapor, (*Barcelona.*)

## ITALIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Gazetta di Milano, ditto di Roma. Diario di Romi Notizie del Giorno. Gazzetta Piemontese. Giornale delle Due Sicilie. Biblioteca Italiana. Florence Gazette.

## BELGIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Moniteur Belge. Courier Belge. Memorial Belge. Le Belge. Lynx. Journal de la Belgique. L'Independant. Journal de l'Industrie. Messager de Gand. Journal d'Anvers. Journal du Commerce d'Anvers. Anvers Shipping List. Journal de Gand. Journal de Bruxelles.

## DUTCH NEWSPAPERS.

Algemeen Handelsbald. Amsterdamsche Courant. Amsterdamsche Manifest, ditto Price Current. Dagblad Van 'S Gravenhagen. Dordt Courant. Gromingen Courant. Haarlemsche Courant. Hague Courant. Journal de la Hay. Koophandel. Leyden Gazette, ditto Courant. Nederlandsche Staats Courant. Amsterdamsche Courant, ditto Courant. Utrecht Courant.

## GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.

Allgemeine Zeitung. Hande und Speuersche Berliner Nachrichten. Preussische Staats Zeitung. Frankfurt Ober Postamts Zeitung. Journal de Francfort. Nurremberg Correspondent. Morgenblatt. Austrian Observer. Vienna Court Gazette. Borsen Halle. See Berichte. Frankfurt Gazette. Post Amt Gazette of Frankfurt. Leipsic Gazette. Lausanne Gazette. Hamburg Correspondent. Hamburg Reporter. Sound List. Hamburg Import List. Bambury Gleaner. Bremen Import List. Bremen Gazette. Hanover Gazette. Hanover Zeitung. Leipzig Gazette. Augsburg Gazette. Swabian Mercury. Berliner Medicinische Zeitung. Berlin State Gazette. The German Courier. The Prussian States Gazette.

## RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Journal de St. Petersburg. St. Petersburgische Zeitung. Northern Bee, (*in Russian.*) St. Petersburg Com. Gazette. Zeitung fus Russland. Senals Zeitung. De Zoon des Vanderland. Vanderland che Narishler. Journal de Odessa. Handles Zeitung.

## TURKISH NEWSPAPER.

Moniteur Ottoman.

## GRECIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The Epoque. The National. The Sauveur. Journal de Smyrne.

## EAST INDIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Bengal Harkusa and Chronicle, ditto Reformer. Bombay Courier, ditto Gazette, ditto Durpun. Calcutta Inquirer, ditto Courier, ditto

John Bull, ditto Gazette. Fad St. George Gazette. Delphi Gazette. Sumbud Sudakur. Singapore Chronicle and Com. Register. Serampore Evening Mail, ditto Courant, ditto British Nabob. Madras Courier, ditto Gazette, ditto Government Gazette. Sumachur Durpun. East Indian. Rutnaker Timiru Nasuk. Prubhakur. Chundrik. India Gazette. Meerat Observer, (*Hindustan*.)

## WEST INDIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Barbadian. Cornwall Chronicle. Bermuda Gazette. Demerara Royal Gazette, ditto Gazette. George Town Guiana Chronicle. Antigua Herald, ditto Register. Granada Free Press. Jamaica Dispatch ditto Royal Gazette, ditto Courant, ditto Watchman, ditto Free Press, ditto Public Advertiser, ditto Record. Kingston Chronicle. Trinidad Courant, ditto Com. Gazette. St. Kitt's Courier.

## AFRICAN NEWSPAPERS.

Liberia Herald. Grahamstown Journal. Cape of Good Hope Government Gazette. Cape Courant, ditto Colonist. Sierra Leone Royal Gazette. Mauritius Gazette. South African Commercial Advertiser, ditto ditto Journal. Delzuid Afrikaan. Zuide Africansche Tydschrift. Eastern Provincial Register. Mauritius Balance, ditto Cernecu.

## WESTERN AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Western Australian. Freemantle Observer.

## AUSTRALIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Botanay Bay Gazette. Hobart Town Gazette, ditto Colonist, ditto Courier, ditto True Colonist. Launcetown Advertiser, ditto Independant. Sydney Australian, ditto Herald, ditto Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser, ditto Journal, ditto Monitor, ditto Currency Lad. Van Diemen's Land Advertiser.

## AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

*British North America.*

Canadian Emigrant, ditto Courant. District Journal. Halifax Commercial Gazette, ditto Novo Scotian, ditto Advocate. Montreal Herald, ditto Advertiser, ditto Gazette. New Montreal Gazette. Quebec Commercial Commercial Advertiser, ditto Gazette, ditto Mercury. St. Andrew's Courant, ditto Herald. St. John's Courier, ditto Gazette, ditto Weekly Observer. Sandwich.

## CHINESE NEWSPAPER.

Canton Register.

## INDIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The *India Gazette* has, according to Major Head, a circulation of 568, and the *Bengal Hurkaru*, 954.

Besides the *Ottoman Moniteur*, there is now published at Constantinople an official Gazette in the Turkish language, bearing the title of *Takoimi Weekaii*, that is, Tablets of Events. This paper, which is

more copious than the *Ottoman Moniteur*, edited in French, is conducted by Esaad Effendi, the historian of the empire, and author of the *Account of the Destruction of the Janissaries*, which was published at Constantinople four years ago. The first five numbers of the Turkish Gazette have been received at Vienna. In the last number the editor announces that he is about to publish a work on the late voyage of the Sultan through the provinces of his empire. He inserts four lines of verse, with which the narrative is to close, written by the Kiaia Bey, or Minister of the Interior, Perteu Effendi, as an eulogium upon the historian. The same poetic minister has written several distiches, also inserted in the Gazette, upon the skill of the Sultan in hitting a mark with an arrow at 1,500 paces distance.

The establishment of a Turkish journal is the most extraordinary event of modern times. It is true that its management depends wholly on the government, and that the editors are chosen and paid by the Divan, so that there is nothing to indicate freedom of discussion; but it is a most curious thing to see the Turks, who hitherto have never had an idea on the subject of politics, now taking cognizance of the principal political events, foreign and domestic. The first number of the Gazette appeared in 1832.

A new journal has been started at Canea, in Candia. It is published in the Turkish and modern Greek languages; the Turkish title is *Events in Crete* and the Greek title *Cretan Ephemeris*

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most laboured description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular), that there advertised his medicines and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients, the merchant, his ships—could get no security on his life; and the actor, who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble; for, like that of wine, their value increases with their years, and old files have sometimes been sold at prices too startling to mention.

Every act of government (however despotic) to restrain the liberty of the press, is an encouragement to its licentiousness.

ED. M. M.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Nala and Damayanti, and other Poems; translated from the Sanscrit, with Notes, Mythological and Critical. By the Rev. HENRY HART-MILMAN, M.A. &c. Oxford. Talboys. Small 4to. 1835.

NALA and Damayanti is the most interesting, beautiful, and popular poem in the whole range of Sanscrit literature: no light praise, seeing that not only the Vedas, the sacred books of the Hindoos, are composed in verse, but nearly all their treatises on science, their laws, and even their dictionaries and grammars. The late period, however, at which this important volume came to our hands will not allow us, on the present occasion, to do justice to this metrical picture of Indian life and love; although we promise ourselves the pleasure of making the attempt before the publication of our next number.

But Mr. Milman, besides the story of Damayanti, has given us translations of three minor, but not less pleasing, specimens of Sanscrit poetry; and we shall endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of the gratification which a hasty perusal of these has afforded us.

The first of them is the *Death of Yajnadatta*, an extract from the Ramayana of Valmeki. It may not be amiss to premise that the Ramayana itself is an immense epic of 24,000 slokas, or couplets, divided into seven books. It gives an account of the banishment of Rama, under the name of Chandra, or Moon-resembling; of his wandering to the peninsula of Hindoostan; of the seizure of his wife by a giant king of Ceylon; of his miraculous conquest of that island, and of his restoration to the kingdom of his ancestors. A fair notion of the esteem in which it is held among the Hindoos may be formed from its introduction, in which it is said, "He who sings and hears this poem frequently, has reached the highest state of enjoyment, and will finally be equal to the gods." This may seem extravagant; yet the praise of a celebrated French Sanscrit scholar, Professor Chézy, in a discourse on this language, delivered to the Royal College of France, is not far behind it: "It is more especially," says he, "in epic poems that the Sanscrit seems to bear the palm from all other languages; and among the Indian poets, the great Valmiki, in his Ramayana, seems to have best understood the art of displaying all its beauties. Under his magic pencil it becomes pliant, and yields, without effort, to every variety of tone and colour. If he would paint gentle and affecting scenes, this beautiful, sonorous, and copious language furnishes him with the most harmonious expressions; and, like a winding rivulet creeping softly over banks of moss and flowers, it carries with it, imperceptibly, our ravished imagination, and transports us into an enchanted world. Yet, in subjects requiring energy and strength, as in martial combats, his style becomes rapid and animated as the action itself. Chariots roll and rebound; furious elephants destructively move to and fro their enormous tusks; neighing steeds clash their metallised hoofs on the resounding plain; clubs are violently struck together; arrows hurtle; confusion and death rage on every side: we no longer read, we are transported into the midst of the terrible conflict."

The *Death of Yajnadatta* charms by its tender simplicity and the depth of feeling with which it abounds. The story is as follows: Dasaratha, by the arts of one of his wives, is obliged to send his victorious son Rama into banishment on the day of his marriage with the beautiful Sita. The poem describes the distress and misery of the father deprived of his favourite son.

Scarcely is Rama departed, before king Dasaratha, sorrowing deeply at his

absence, becomes conscious-stricken with the guilt of an old forgotten crime, the punishment of which he now believes is come home to him. To his queen Kaysalya he now proceeds to give an account of the transaction, prefacing his narrative with an assertion in favour of retributive justice in the present world.

“Whatever deed, or good or ill,—by man, O blessed queen, is wrought,  
Its proper fruit he gathers still—by time to slow perfection brought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kaysalya, in my early youth—by my keen arrow at its mark  
Aimed with too sure and deadly truth—was wrought a deed most fell and dark.  
At length the evil that I did—hath fallen upon my fatal head,  
As when on subtle poison hid—an unsuspecting child hath fed ;  
Even as that child unwittingly—hath made the poisonous fare his food,  
Even so in ignorance by me—was wrought that deed of guilt and blood.”

The king goes on to recount how, when he was yet in youth's delicious prime, he had set out, in the joyous season of the year, on a shooting excursion.

“In such a time, so soft, so bland—oh, beautiful! I chanced to go,  
With quiver and with bow in hand—where clear Sarayu's waters flow.  
If haply to the river's brink—at night the buffalo might stray,  
Or elephant the stream to drink—intent my savage game to slay,  
Then of a water-cruse, as slow—it filled, the gurgling sound I heard,  
Nought sought I but the sullen low—of elephant, that sound appeared.  
The swift well-feathered arrow I—upon the bowstring fitted straight,  
Toward the sound the shaft let fly—ah, cruelly deceiv'd by fate!  
The winged arrow scarce had flown—and scarce had reached its destined aim,  
'Ah me, I'm slain,' a feeble moan—in trembling human accents came.  
'Ah, whence hath come this fatal shaft—against a poor recluse like me,  
'Who shot that bolt with deadly craft—alas! what cruel man is he?  
'At the lone midnight had I come—to draw the river's limpid flood,  
'And here am struck by death, by whom?—ah, whose this wrongful deed of  
blood?  
'Alas! and in my parent's heart—the old, the blind, and hardly fed,  
'In the wild wood, hath pierced the dart—that here hath struck their offspring  
dead ;  
'Ah, deed most profitless as worst—a deed of wanton useless guilt ;  
'As though a pupil's hand accurs'd—his holy master's blood had spilt.  
'But not mine own untimely fate—it is not that which I deplore,  
'My blind, my aged parents' state—'tis their distress afflicts me more.  
'That sightless pair, for many a day—from me their scanty food have earned ;  
'What lot is theirs, when I'm away—to the five elements returned ?  
'Alike all wretched they, as I—ah, whose this triple deed of blood ?  
'For who the herbs will now supply—the roots, the fruit, their blameless food?'  
My troubled soul, that plaintive moan—no sooner heard so faint and low,  
Trembled to look on what I'd done—fell from my shuddering hand my bow.  
Swift I rushed up, I saw him there—heart-pierced, and fall'n the stream  
beside,  
That hermit boy, with knotted hair—his clothing was the black deer's hide.”

His victim looks piteously at him, and asks wherefore he had slain him, and in him his aged and blind parents. Then presses him to hasten to his father, and entreat his pardon, ere he should curse him in his wrath.

“Yet first, that I may gently die—draw forth the barbed steel from hence:  
Allay thy fears; no Brahmin I—not thine of Brahmin blood the offence.

My sire, a Brahmin hermit he—my mother was of Sudra race.  
 So spake the wounded boy, on me—while turned his unrepining face.  
 As from his palpitating breast—I gently drew the mortal dart  
 He saw me trembling stand, and blest—that boy's pure spirit seemed to part.  
 As died the holy hermit's son—from me my glory seemed to go."

Dasaratha tells how he took up the vessel of the slain boy, and seeks the abode of the bereaved parents. As he approaches their dwelling, the blind old couple mistake his footsteps for those of Yajnadatta, whom the father most affectionately proceeds to chide for his delay :

" " Long on the river's pleasant brink—hast thou been sporting in thy joy :  
 Thy mother's fainting spirits sink—in fear for thee. But thou, my boy,  
 If aught to grieve thy gentle heart—thy mother or thy sire do wrong,  
 Bear with us, nor when next we part—on the slow way thus linger long.' "

The king continues : I, " My

" Throat thick swollen with bursting tears—my powers of speech that  
 seemed to choke,"

with quivering voice, recounted to them the fatal accident that had happened, and described the last moments of their beloved son.

" The fatal shaft when forth I drew—to heaven his parting spirit soared,  
 Dying he only thought of you—long, long, your lonely lot deplored."

The father heard the dreadful tale and stood all lifeless, motionless ; then deeply groaning, and gathering strength, thus addressed me, the suppliant, who sued for his pardon :

" " Kshatriya, 'tis well that thou hast turned—thy deed of murder to rehearse,  
 ' Else over all thy land had burned—the fire of my wide wasting curse.  
 ' If with premeditated crime—the offending blood thou'dst spilt,  
 ' The Thunderer on his throne sublime—had shaken at such tremendous guilt ;  
 ' Against the anchorite's sacred head—hadst knowing aimed thy shaft accurs'd,  
 ' In th' holy Vedas deeply read—thy skull in seven wide rents had burst.  
 ' But since, unwitting, thou hast wrought—that deed of death, thou livest still,  
 ' Oh, son of Raghu, from thy thought—dismiss all dread of instant ill.' "

The parents now pray to be led by the unwitting murderer to the doleful spot where their son had fallen, that they may once more enfold in their arms his gory corpse. Bitter lamentations do they here pour forth.

" Nor sooner did they feel him lie—on the moist herbage coldly thrown,  
 Both with a shrill and feeble cry—upon the body cast them down.  
 The mother, as she lay and groaned—addressed her boy with quivering tongue,  
 And like an heifer sadly moaned—just plundered of the new-dropped young."

The father breaks out too into a strain of the tenderest grief, mingling with his sorrows heart-torn exclamations of their utter destitution, and running over, with pathetic minuteness, all the little offices which Yajnadatta was in the habit of performing for them. But their woes are consoled by a supernatural comforter.

" So groaning deep, that wretched pair—the hermit and his wife essayed  
 The meet ablution to prepare—their hands their last faint effort made.  
 Divine, with glorious body bright—in splendid car of heaven elate,  
 Before them stood their son in light—and thus consoled their helpless state :  
 ' Meed of my duteous filial care—I've reached the wished-for realms of joy ;  
 ' And ye, in those glad realms, prepare—to meet full soon your dear-loved  
 boy.

' My parents, weep no more for me—yon warrior monarch slew me not,  
' My death was thus ordained to be;—predestined was the shaft he shot.'  
Thus, as he spoke, the anchorite's son—soared up the glowing heaven afar,  
In air his heavenly body shone—while stood he in his gorgeous car."

The king continues to narrate how the father now told him that although the dart by which his boy untimely fell was aimed in ignorance, yet that he shall not altogether escape punishment.

" ' As sorrowing for my son I bow—and yield up my unwilling breath,  
' So sorrowing for thy son shalt thou—at life's last close repose in death.'  
That curse, dread sounding in mine ear—to mine own city forth I set,  
Nor long survived that hermit seer—to mourn his child in lone regret.  
This day that Brahmin curse fulfilled—hath fallen on my devoted head,  
In anguish for my parted child—have all my sinking spirits fled.  
No more my darkened eyes can see—my clouded memory is o'ercast,  
Dark Yama's heralds summon me—to his deep dreary realm to haste.  
Mine eye no more my Rama sees—and grief o'erburns—my spirits sink,  
As the swoln stream sweeps down the trees—that grow upon the crumbling  
brink."

With resigned grief and pathetic lamentation the king continues to bewail the beautiful—the banished Rama. He dwells with a kind of softened envy upon the happiness of those who shall see his return :

" Dwelling on that sweet memory—on his last bed the monarch lay,  
And slowly, softly seemed to die—as fades the moon at dawn away."

The other two pieces contained in this volume are, "The Brahmin's Lament" and "The Deluge," both extracts from the Mahābhārata, a poem of great antiquity, some carrying back its date to two thousand years before Christ, and full of the most lively descriptions of old world life and manners among the Hindoos.

The story of "The Brahmin's Lament" is soon told: while the sons of Pandu dwelt in Eketshara, the neighbourhood of that city was haunted by a terrible giant, named Baka, to whom a tribute of human flesh was daily paid. After his ogre-appetite had been for some time satisfied by a succession of meaner victims, it had at last come to the Brahmin's turn to furnish forth the horrible repast. His family was composed of himself, his wife, a grown up daughter, and a little prattling son, and one of these must be surrendered as a victim to the giant. The contest which arises between them respecting who shall have precedence in this act of self-devotion is highly affecting and pathetic. In turn the father, mother, and daughter, urge their claims to become the sacrifice, in what may be fairly called three beautiful Indian elegies. We give some extracts from that of the wife, as a specimen.

" As of lowly caste, my husband—yield not thus thy soul to woe,  
This is not a time for wailing—who the Vedas knows must know :  
Fate inevitable orders—all must yield to death in turn,  
Hence the doom, th' irrevocable—it beseems not thee to mourn.  
Man hath wife, and son, and daughter—for the joy of his own heart,  
Wherefore wisely check thy sorrow—it is I must hence depart.  
'Tis the wife's most holy duty—law on earth without repeal,  
That her life she offer freely—when demands her husband's weal.  
And e'en now, a deed so noble—hath its meed of pride and bliss,  
In the next world life eternal—and unending fame in this.  
'Tis a high yet certain duty—that my life I thus resign,  
'Tis thy right, as thy advantage—both the willing deed enjoin—  
All for which a wife is wedded—long ere now through me thou'st won,  
Blooming son and gentle daughter—that my debt is paid and done.



Thou may'st well support our children—gently guard when I am gone,  
 I shall have no power to guard them—nor support them, left alone.  
 Oh, despoiled of thy assistance—lord of me, and all I have,  
 How these little ones from ruin—how my hapless self to save :  
 Widow'd, reft of thee, and helpless—with two children in their youth,  
 How maintain my son and daughter—in the path of right and truth.  
 From the lustful, from the haughty—how shall I our child protect,  
 When they seek thy blameless daughter—by a father's awe unchecked ?  
 As the birds in numbers swarming—gather o'er the earth-strewn corn,  
 Thus the men round some sad widow—of her noble lord forlorn.  
 Thus by all the rude and reckless—with profane desires pursued,  
 How shall I the path still follow—loved and honoured by the good ? ”

She thus concludes her forcible appeal :

“ I've borne children, I am aged—in my soul I've all revolved,  
 And with spirit strong to serve thee—I am steadfast and resolved.  
 Offering me, all-honoured husband—thou another wife wilt find,  
 And to her wilt do thy duty—gentle as to me and kind.  
 Many wives if he espouses—man incurs nor sin nor blame,  
 For a wife to wed another—'tis inexpiable shame.  
 This well weighed within thy spirit—and the sin thyself to die,  
 Save thyself, thy race, thy children—be the single victim I.  
 Hearing thus his wife, the husband—fondly clasped her to his breast,  
 And their tears they pour'd together—by their mutual grief oppress'd.”

We said above that there was a little prattling boy in the family ; and the following extract, which concludes the poem, will show that the Indian poets knew how to make him act a pretty part. The daughter has concluded her detail of the reasons which should induce them to make her the victim ; and,

“ As they heard her lamentation—in their troubled anguish deep,  
 Wept the father, wept the mother—'gan the daughter too to weep.  
 Then the little son beheld them—and their doleful moan he heard ;  
 And with both his eyes wide open—lisp'd he thus his broken word.  
 ‘ Weep not father, weep not mother—Oh, my sister, weep not so !’  
 First to one, and then to th' other—smiling went he to and fro.  
 Then a blade of spear-grass lifting—thus in bolder glee he said,  
 ‘ With this spear-grass will I kill him—this man-eating giant dead.’  
 Though o'erpower'd by bitterest sorrow—as they heard their prattling boy,  
 Stole into the parents' bosoms—mute and inexpressive joy.”

The remaining poem, “ The Deluge,” which derives its chief interest from being the oldest Indian tradition of Noah's flood, we must dismiss without further notice, and with it the important volume of which it forms a part. Our counter plea to the charge of not having done it justice must be the late period in the month at which it was published ; and this apology, we trust, will make our peace both with the public and its accomplished author.

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Chronological Tables of Ancient History, synchronistically and ethnographically arranged, compiled from the best authorities. Oxford, Talboys, folio.

This is a very cheap and exceedingly useful work, and like all Mr. Talboy's publications, beautifully printed. The merits of a book of this nature, of course chiefly depend upon the authorities made use of, and the accuracy with which they are used. From the preface of the present work we learn that Mr. Fynes

Clinton's satisfactory and erudite treatises have been followed in Grecian history, and all other as far as they go; that professor Heeren's researches have been referred to for what concerns the African and Asiatic nations; and that Mr. Wilson, the professor of Sanscrit, has superintended the columns relating to India and the East. In the very important columns devoted to scripture chronology, Usher, Hale, and Fynes Clinton are the leading authorities, and here the compiler has adopted the very sensible plan of giving the different dates and the different authorities to all the principal events. We have looked the work over very carefully, and can say, after an almost painful examination, that it is very correct.

It would, however, be an act of injustice on our parts, to dismiss this article without alluding to the very convenient manner in which these tables are arranged. In this respect they are every thing that can be wished for; and will prove equally useful to the juvenile and philosophical student of history. At one view the state of the world may be seen during any particular period; while a succinct account is given of all the great revolutions and events of every separate kingdom, forming, as it were, an analysis of its history. The volume, moreover, contains a synchronistical sketch of the progress of ancient civilisation, arts, science, and literature, in a way which we have never before seen attempted, but which we think admirable. Genealogical tables of ancient dynasties, and a very copious index are appended.

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Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Commentary. By the Author of England and America, Vol. I. Charles Knight, London, 1835.

The present edition of Adam Smith is worthy of the father of political economy, and our anxiety to see the remaining volumes is heightened by the importance attached, at the present time, to that science, of which, though he did not complete it, he laid the foundations. The work originally acquired its deserved popularity by the pleasing manner in which a subject, apparently dry and tedious, was treated. Those who fail to derive instruction from the work are invariably entertained by the stories with which its philosophical author every where illustrates this science. The editor has most judiciously prefixed Dugald Stewart's account of the Life and Writings of Adam Smith, and, from what we have seen of his former work, we have no hesitation in saying that this elegant edition will become a universal favourite.

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Mechanics of Law Making, &c. By ARTHUR SYMMONDS, Esq. Churton, London, 1835.

The absurd phraseology of lawyers, who, reversing the "*Brevis esse laboro*," become obscure in their professional compositions, has long been ridiculed by one portion of the community, and grievously lamented by the other. In their affected anxiety to attain perspicuity, they have encumbered plain and intelligible words with all their synonymes, and, at the same time, have accumulated upwards of two hundred words, that constantly hunt in couples, which are more or less to be found in every clause of an act of parliament or section of a conveyance. Mr. Symmonds points out the mischiefs as well as the folly of this practice; divests several recent acts of their superfluous verbiage; and illustrates the modern mode of conveying an estate by the formal donation of an orange, with its rind or peel, pulp and juice, and with full liberty to give, sell, bite, cut, or suck the same. "Such," says he, "is the language of lawyers; and it is very gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use it was intended." The lawyer, however, when desired to explain a particular passage, does it in a clear and common-sense way; and why should he be less explicit upon paper

or parchment? There are thousands of conveyances in the government record offices, consisting of single slips of parchment of some ten or twelve lines in length, by which whole towns and manors were as effectually and as securely passed from one proprietor to another, as if they had occupied the sixty or seventy skins required by the modern practice. The author, besides exposing in a humorous manner the evils of a redundancy of unnecessary words, recommends several judicious reforms in the style of our acts of parliament, which at present are such slovenly compositions, that if the authorship were ascribed to any individual of the gentlemen, who do not hesitate to pass them collectively, he would feel himself disgraced.

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Jamaica, as it was, as it is, and as it may be. Hurst, London, 1835.

A great number of facts relating to the state of the negro population, which are little known, are contained in this publication. The author represents himself as a retired military officer, who resided in Jamaica during the insurrection of 1831, of which he has given a minute, but interesting account. It is, however, too much tinged with party colour, and a lengthened notice of it would involve us in a discussion, which we defer for the present. The parliamentary debates on emancipation, in 1830, excited great attention, both in the white and black population; and we find that many of the latter, "having, through the indulgence and zeal of their proprietors, received sufficient education to admit of their perusing the newspapers, had become capable of subsequently discussing the merits of the subjects expatiated on by the different members of parliament," p. 160. If the negroes be capable of even this small degree of civilization it is surely not very creditable to their "proprietors" that they should merit the very immoral character ascribed to them by this author, who charges them elsewhere with sullenness, indolence, bare-faced falsehood, ingratitude, and treachery.

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The Schoolmaster at Home. Shaw and Sons, London, 1835.

This is one of a series of nicely "got up" works, which the public have favourably received, and which are part of the Library of Elementary Knowledge. The pressure of other matter has hitherto prevented us from doing justice to those books of initiatory instruction. In the work before us the schoolmaster appears in the character of an amusing and communicative friend; the pedagogue is softened into the companion. He compendiously simplifies the English Grammar, and therefore facilitates the acquisition of this preliminary and necessary branch of education. The History of England, embracing the leading events of each reign to the accession of the present king, is admirably calculated for a class book for the young, while it may serve their elders for occasional reference. A compendious System of Geography is entitled to the same meed of approbation. The book opens and concludes with two articles, in which the editor has evinced his judgment and taste in selecting many curious and important facts in science and literature, which he has gleaned in the course of a wide range of study. The reading displayed in these departments is extensive. On the whole, we conceive, that a book, better adapted to the purposes of general instruction, has not for a long period issued from the British press.

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The Book for the Million. Shaw and Sons, London, 1835.

Nothing can be more interesting than this valuable manual—this "Book for the Million," containing, besides an original English grammar, geography, and History of England, a lively picture of the opinions and conversations of the most eminent scholars and most distinguished patriots whom England has

produced, at a period the most eventful of our history. There are few volumes of its size and cheapness so pregnant with sense, combined with learning; it is impossible to open it without finding some important fact or discussion, something practically useful and applicable to the business of life: and it may be said of it, as of that exquisite little manual lord Bacon's Essays, after the twentieth perusal one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. We should state that "The Book for the Million" forms the second volume of "The Library of Elementary Knowledge,"—of which series the Young Gentleman's and My Daughter's Books also form a part. The public will assuredly evince their discernment by placing among their favourite works this cheap and most agreeable production.

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Poems on Scriptural Subjects. By a Lady. Expressly dedicated to the Young. Tisdale, 164, Strand. Third Edition, pp. 140.

We are amongst those of our order who have, long since, joined the "Movement party;" and have strenuously laboured to *advance* the pretensions of woman, whether her religious, domestic, or literary character. We were almost the first, likewise, in the field, to present the world at large, but especially the FEMALE WORLD—with a *notice*, cordially recommendatory of "My Daughter's Book:" for sure we are, that charming volume will have the effect of emboldening many a lovely creature to step forward—not only in vindication of her own cultivated and affectionate sex, but to rescue woman from the dishonourable and unmanly imputation flung upon her by reckless and unthinking men—men whose hearts are not in the *right place*—namely, that of inconsistency and crudeness—or, in other words, a want of intellectual capacity. It is enough, we think, for us to say, of this so interesting volume of serious poetry—that it has rapidly passed from a first to a third Edition; and that it abounds in beauties of no common kind. We conceive the poem entitled "The Famine of Samaria," by far the most elegant of the several compositions the work contains. We hope we have said enough to ensure to the fair and accomplished authoress further success and additional gratification. The Book is not well printed.

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Rowbotham's New Guide to Spanish and English Conversation. Cloth boards. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, pp. 172.

Mr. Rowbotham is too well known as a linguist to require for his various elementary works any recommendation of ours: but our attention has been directed to his Guide to Spanish and English Conversation, particularly in connection with the SPANISH EXPEDITION. Officers, who are about to proceed to Spain, and who are unacquainted with the language of that country, will find Mr. Rowbotham's book an invaluable "Guide," and an agreeable companion, as it will enable them to acquire sufficient knowledge for all the ordinary purposes of intercourse, without drawing largely upon their time and attention—while the substance of the conversations introduced will furnish abundance of materials for amusement.

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Natural Theology. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F. R. S. &c. &c. Charles Knight. London, 1835.

Enough has been said, on all sides, to demonstrate the excellence and utility of this magnificent work. It is already in the hands of most persons of taste and literature. The third edition will, we are quite sure, be succeeded by the fourth and fifth: and still the demand will continue as at first—to increase rather than diminish. This is as it should be.

## NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

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WE are glad to notice the announcement of a Berlin publisher, a German translation of Mr. Baines's History of the Cotton Manufacture.

"MEMORY."—The traces of some events of our lives are indelible; they would seem to have been *burnt* in. Those of an unpleasant character are most permanent; and *foolish* actions, I fear, more so than serious ones.

Liberty is not idleness---it is a free use of time to choose our labour and our exercise; in one word, to be free, is not to do nothing, but to be the sole arbiter of what we do, and what we leave undone. In this sense, what good so great as liberty?

Governments depend far more than is generally supposed upon the opinion of the people, and the spirit and the age of the nation. It sometimes happens that a "gigantic mind" possesses supreme power, and rises superior to the age in which he is born; such was Alfred in England and Peter in Russia; but such instances are very rare; and, in general, it is neither amongst sovereigns nor the higher classes of society, that the great improvers or benefactors of mankind are to be found.

"OUR MOST RELIGIOUS KING."---This phrase was originally introduced into a new Collect framed in the reign of Charles the Second, and then only conveyed the meaning of the Latin word *Religiosus*, importing the sacredness of the Royal person.

Lord Lowther has shown himself a sensible man of late: these are stirring times; and "people" will not be *insulted* with perfect impunity. Lord Lowther knows the use of coals, as well, or better than most dealers in that dangerous but useful commodity. His lordship does not wish to heap coals of *fire*, however, upon his own head.

The ex prime minister is for *peeling* without any delay. The fox thinks he is under the vine, and can lay hold on the grapes. How futile—how vain!—yet, how *portenteous*! *semper idem* is the fool's motto—what is Proteus?

JUNIUS AND THE TORY MASTERS.—The subjoined quotation, from Junius's letter to George III., is so applicable to the present times, that it may not be uninteresting to those who regard that eloquent writer as an authority on great political questions:—"Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion, and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors, and are confirmed in by their education? whose numbers are so inconsiderable that they have been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive—at last they betray."

A certain lady of distinction is not in a state that ladies are said to  
MM.—No. 8, 2 E

be who love their lords—it is all *fudge*: and *the* John Bull falsifies to no purpose. “The Fudge Family” are too numerous in England. They are all of them subject to *sits*—an unconstitutional malady—of the same kind as Mrs. Fitz-herbert’s. Even common humanity has been made to *feel* the truth of this afflicting statement.

The sum of “THREE MILLIONS” is ready to be advanced for certain purposes. Apply at the W. Closet of the Carlton. Where the driver of the dilly *sits* daily.

The writer in the Weekly Dispatch, who signs himself “Agricola,” it is *reported*, will be knighted as soon as possible. They say, the present is not a *dark* age.

The duke, (said an honest artizan in the crowd, the other day) is a d——n clever *fellow*—but Dr. W. W. W., will not much longer trouble you, trouble you, trouble you:—nor is *he* king yet! This was said at Cambridge. Things in general are progressing. The Flying Ship will certainly rise to—*fall*:—from Kensington.

His majesty was all *bottom* at Cain Wood—to Lord Melbourne. This fact proves not only volumes but libraries. The king’s *favourite* daughter—not by the queen—will be sufficiently tickled at this “declaration of war” against the PEOPLE. Fe, fi, fo, fum: I smell the breath of an Englishman. How very odd!

Young Dr. Douro, of Cambridge University, is what? Why Dr. D. to be sure—*i. e.* he owes so much to the traffickers in *letters*; and therefore stands on the Dr. side of the account. Nothing can be more *simple*.

Lord Brougham has foretold the *fate* of the present administration! *Very remarkable*, coming events cast their shadows before.

The lords have DECLARED against the Irish Church Bill. Is it possible? Very.

Sir Robert *humbly conceives* “that he is (*absit invidia*) the most extraordinary politician in Europe. Paley, in his Natural Theology, says—“A child learning to walk, is the greatest posture-master in the world.” Let us *ap-pear* to mathematics;—example 1—take Sir Robert from Metternich, and how much remains of the former?—*nothing*. Example 2. take Sir Robert—all that remained of him, at least—from Prince Talleyrand, and how much of the little that was left of him remains?—A Tamworth *spectacle*. “There are worse occupations in this world than feeling a woman’s pulse,” says Swift. Cicero says, that every client who applied to him for LEGAL ASSISTANCE, uniformly misrepresented his own case. Notwithstanding appearances, the “Family” have determined on holding up their—*heads*. Lord Melbourne has been voted a—“*bore*.” Lord John, a Woburn Abbey—“*ugly little thing*.” Lord Palmerston—“*an incorrigible person!*”

MONEY.—Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catherine, used to say, “I see there is no regard for any thing but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country, and there live like an honest man.” More than once the empress offered him a title: “No, madam, I thank you,” said Odart; “money, money, if you please.” He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman.

Antisthenes, the founder of the sect of the Cynics, proposed to the Athenians to elect asses into horses; and when they cried out against the absurdity of the proposal, he replied, "And yet you choose men for your generals who have no other qualifications for the office than your votes." The same philosopher, in his book of Physics, as quoted by Cicero, says, "The gods of the people are many, but the God of nature is one."

**BUONAPARTE'S ADDRESS TO THE MONKS OF SPAIN, WHO HAD MURDERED A FRENCHMAN.**—"Barbarians and hypocrites! who preach intolerance,—excite discord and blood,—you are not the ministers of the gospel. The period when Europe beheld without indignation the massacre of Protestants celebrated by illuminations in the great cities, can never be revived! The blessings of toleration are the first rights of man,—it is the first maxim of the gospel; because it is the first attribute of charity. If there was a time when some false teachers of the Christian religion preached intolerance, they had not then in view the interests of Heaven; but those of their temporal influence; they wished to be powerful amongst ignorant people. When a monk—a theologian—a bishop—or a pope, preaches intolerance, he preaches his own condemnation,—he gives himself up to be the laughing-stock of nations."

The design of establishing a new English journal in Paris, to be called the *London and Paris Courier*, has been well received by the public; within the last week a large proportion of the shares has been taken. We recommend it to all who desire the continuance of a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

Laronciere has appealed to the Court of Cassation to reverse the judgment of ten years' imprisonment. It is said his object was not violation, but to obtain a frizly favour, which caused the punctures by a scissors.

Liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from 7th April to 30th June:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation . . .	£18,315,000	Securities . . .	£25,678,000
Deposits . . .	10,954,000	Bullion . . .	6,219,000
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£29,269,000		£31,897,000

The General Steam Company's mail packet, the *John Bull*, from Hamburgh, arrived off the Custom House, London, in forty-eight hours.

The next meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, will take place in Dublin, on Monday, 10th of August. Strangers are invited to attend.

The Paris Races for the present year will be held:—On Sunday, September 6th, the two Arrondissement Plates of 2000fr. for three year old colts and fillies, and of 3000fr. for horses and mares of four years old and upwards; on Thursday, September 10th, the Grand Plate of 5000fr.; on Sunday, the 13th, the Royal Plate of 6000fr.; on Thursday the 17th, the Grand Royal Plate of 12,000fr.; and on Sunday the 20th, the Plates given by the King and the Prince Royal.

The Café de Foy has overbid the Café de la Rotonde, and obtained the exclusive right of letting out tables and chairs in the garden of the Palais Royal. For this privilege a rent of 40,000fr. per annum is paid to the king, whose private property it is.

There are now 124 Savings' Banks duly authorised. The sums paid into the Treasury during June, amounted to 1,844,000fr., and on the 30th of that month, the balance in the hands of the Treasurer, was 49,897,000fr.

Numbers are arriving in Paris for the fêtes to take place on the 27th, 28th, and 29th inst. The amusements will be more varied and attractive than on any former occasion. Besides the usual entertainments in the Champs Elysées, the Jousts on the water, Concert at the Tuileries, and gas illuminations in the Place de Grève, the whole of the Champs Elysées will be illuminated by pilasters crowned with ornaments in coloured lamps. A decoration will fill the side of the place de la Concorde, towards the Champs Elysées, formed of painted paper lanterns, rendered incombustible, and from the summit of which there will issue at every part an infinite variety of fireworks. Instead of booths in the side alleys of the Champs Elysées, the whole of the line, as far as the Rond Point, will be filled with shops of different forms and designs, painted and ornamented with great taste. An immense frame-work, representing three porticoes, in the style of the middle ages, will be erected on the Place de Grève, about ten feet from the front of the Hotel de Ville; and at night will be all at once illuminated by thousands of small gas flames, in straight and spiral lines and girandoles, and exhibiting three statues in honour of the three days. Thousands of workmen are now occupied on these preparations

Arrivals, tonnage, and settlers in Canada, for the years ending :			
May 29, 1834	309 vessels	87,693 tons	9025 settlers
1835	246	78,932	1489
	60	8761	7536
Difference	60	8761	7536

**MISERIES OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE.**—**POOR** fellow! he returns to his lodging; there may be every thing he can desire, in the shape of mere external comforts, provided for him by the official zeal of his house-keeper; but still the room has an air of chilling vacancy; the very atmosphere of the apartment has a dim, uninhabited appearance---the chairs, set round with provoking neatness, look reproachfully useless and unoccupied, and the tables and other furniture shine with impertinent and futile brightness. All is dreary and repelling. No gentle face welcomes his arrival; no loving hand meets his; no kind looks answer the listless gaze he throws round the apartment as he enters. He sits to a book---alone; there is no one by his side, to enjoy with him the favourite passage, the apt remark, the just criticism; no eyes in which to read his own feelings; his own tastes are unappreciated and unreflected; he has no resource but himself, no one to look up to but himself; all his enjoyment, all his happiness, must emanate from himself. He flings down the volume in despair; buries his face in his hands, and sighs aloud---*O! me miserum!*



## OUR SITUATION AND PROSPECTS.

ONE could really wish that the public mind might be diverted from the popular subjects of the day, such as "THE TWENTIETH OF JULY," and the importance of registration—the humours of the court—the "delicate" situation of the Premier—and the thousand and one speculations or *inventions* of the loquacious press, in order that it might gaze steadily on our real position as an enlightened nation, and our prospects as a people determined to be free. It is true, indeed, that as, in theory, if we want to comprehend a subject, we must examine its details, so in practice, if we want to carry out our plans into efficiency, we must not overlook the most minute parts of the machinery. But we may now, at least, take it for granted, that registration *has* been attended to—that the caprice, or folly, or madness, of our high places *has* been detected—and that we are in a situation to hope for the best, and to provide against the worst.

The recognition of public principle, or, which is the same thing, the development of the popular power, is sure to attract the opposition of error, with its legion of petty furies. Accordingly we find, that commensurate with its progress is the array of prejudice by which it is ever and anon assailed. The assurance to a blind man that it is day, is *but* an assurance. It does not communicate to him *perception*. So, point out to the enemies of the people the elements by which they are surrounded, and they will ask you in vain for a capacity to unravel them. A writer before us\* well remarks, "We have seen enough of fatuity in our day, when those who felt themselves on the brink of a precipice, and should have known better, preferred an exposure of their recklessness to a concealment of their insignificance. If, with danger in the prospect, according to their own showing, they obstinately refused to recede, preferring to rush headlong into the vortex which they loved to depict in the tortuous colours of their own imagination—what will be the tactics of these men, when the struggle

\* In a Pamphlet entitled, "The Impending Struggle, in a Letter to Lord Brougham."

shall not only have commenced, but when its issue shall no longer be doubtful, even to *them* ? ”

This is true—but what is *our* situation ? We, professing to be the children of light, can have no sympathy with them that walk in darkness ; and we are persuaded that by far too much consideration has been given to the suicidal tactics of the enemy, when our attention ought rather to have been directed to the exercise of our own energies.

Accustomed, as we have lately been, to changes—and these in rapid succession—it is difficult to speculate on what may be the state of public affairs when this paper shall meet the eye of the reader. We have talk of an unwillingness in a certain quarter to sanction the changes which are contemplated by the Irish Church Bill—we have talk also of kingly prejudices and partialities. Perhaps in no period of our history have the prepossessions and antipathies of a court been so freely proclaimed and discussed. For ourselves, we deprecate the scandal, while we deplore the shame. The day has far receded which recognized the “right divine of kings to govern wrong :” the characteristic of *our* day is simply the impossibility of their governing at all, unless indeed they govern *for* the people, *aye*, and *with* the people. That any other principle, any one short of this, should be avowed, is madness. The author of the pamphlet to which we have just alluded, observes, that “a fatal mistake has been made by the aristocracy, who have imagined that the only natural prerogative of the people is *obedience*, while it remained with their rulers to fix the limits of their independence. But it is time this delusion should be dispelled. It is time the aristocracy should be told that the balance of independence is in favour of *the people*. They, at least, have no political confederacies, the object of which is to perpetuate a monopoly of power : they have no hordes of ill-gotten wealth to defend from the menacing attitude of invincible justice : they have no vices to screen—no acts to palliate or justify, at the expense of every principle of honour and equity.”

And what is the motive which directs the opposition ? Let us suppose that it is *not* the lust of power ; nor chagrin, nor disappointment ; nor the love of display, nor the identity of partizanship. What, then, is it ? Why, one would suppose, that if to none of these causes is to be ascribed the cavil of the *ci-devant* Tories, the one cause must be a derangement of their mental optics. They profess to aim at the good

of the many: and yet how obliquely their shaft strikes home! They admit the necessity of *alterations*, but they cannot tolerate *improvements*. This is seen in the speciousness of their professions, and the folly of their acts. They labour to be thought *patriots*—but their thorough knowledge of intrigue lets slip the *courtier*. Sir Robert Peel is an apt illustration of this. Do you suppose that his speeches are not intended to reach the people *through the palace*? Can you imagine him to be so disinterested a patriot that neither office, nor the smiles of the court, are once suffered to enter into *his* calculation? Sir Robert, as a statesman, has this advantage over his superiors. He is aware that there are those above him, *not* with whom he can sympathize (for he is a man of talent), but who feel that he is the *only* man in the kingdom who can *rat* from his principles with the best possible grace; and, by an affected concession to the signs of the times, obtain a short-lived mongrel popularity. When appealed to by his sovereign, the Duke of Wellington *felt* this. Sir Robert tried his every art and—failed.

It is not to be imagined, however, that in the event of any sudden change in the administration, recourse will be had to pure Toryism: for, besides the imbecility of the scheme, there is a point beyond which forbearance itself cannot reach—and that forbearance has already been sufficiently tried—that is, with safety to the commonwealth. No—should the elements of the Melbourne cabinet again be dispersed, Sir Robert will most likely feel no objection to unite with Ireland's STANLEY and the Admiralty's GRAHAM; and, perhaps, the latter will feel themselves impelled, *by their devotion to their country's interests*—to consent to so unnatural an alliance. Is it possible?

Yet such, for aught we know, are our prospects. The question, therefore, to be considered, is this—Will the country lend its sanction to so disreputable a job? For, after all, of the three estates in the realm, it is to the Commons we must look for the answer—and for this reason among others, it is at all times, and in all emergencies, in *their* power to check the fury of intolerance, and the recklessness of ambition. Let it never be forgotten that the right of granting money to the crown is the point upon which the very existence of the Commons depends; and that their total exclusion from all share in the executive power is the only security which the people have that, in electing their representatives, they do not create tyrants. This is evinced in

the uniformity with which every public struggle in England has ended—not in personal aggrandizement, but in popular advantage. It will be remembered that such was the case at the accession of James I., and that at the accession of Charles I. the first serious discontents terminated in the Act called the PETITION OF RIGHT. The king may, indeed, inflict upon us a Tory Government, but the representatives of the people still have in their hands, now that the constitution is so fully developed, the same powerful weapon which enabled their ancestors to establish it. “It is still,” says Junius, “from their liberality alone that the king can obtain subsidies : and now, when every thing is rated by pecuniary estimation—when gold is become the great moving spring of affairs—it may be safely affirmed, that he who depends on the will of other men, with regard to so important an article, is, whatever his power may be in other respects, in a state of real dependence. The king of England,” continues this eloquent writer, “has the prerogative of commanding armies, and equipping fleets : but without the concurrence of his parliament he cannot maintain them. He can bestow places and employments ; but without his parliament he cannot pay the salaries attending on them. He can declare war ; but without his parliament it is impossible he can carry it on. In a word, the royal prerogative, destitute as it is of the power of imposing taxes, is like a vast body which cannot of itself accomplish its motions ; or, if you please, it is like a ship completely equipped, but from which the parliament can, at pleasure, draw off the water, and leave it aground—and also set it afloat again, by granting subsidies.”

These maxims are especially worthy the attention of the electors of Great Britain at the present crisis. The English constitution will probably never more be attacked in front, or its demolition attempted by striking at the authority of the laws : and, if such an attack should be made, their foundations are too deeply laid, and their superstructure too firmly cemented, to make us apprehensive as to the event of the contest. But this is not enough. The sentinels must not sleep. The authority of the laws themselves may be turned against the spirit which gave them birth, and the Government may be dissolved with all the legal solemnities which its outward form prescribes for its preservation ; and this mode of attack seems the more probable, as it affords a certain degree of respect and safety to the besiegers of our liberties, although infinitely more dangerous to the people, because the consciences of

even good men may be lulled by it. It is possible that many an honest voter, looking up to the banners of authority, may believe that he is defending the constitution and the laws, at the very moment he is trampling down every principle of justice upon which both are founded. The *importance*, therefore, is equal to the *necessity*, of every member of the community keeping his eye steadily fixed on the spirit of the constitution, as the polar star of his political course—not the constitution as encumbered by the abuses of ages—not the constitution as impaired by the venal breath of profligates and traitors—not the constitution as defaced by the encroachments of tyranny on the one hand, and servility on the other: but the CONSTITUTION as developed by the glorious REVOLUTION. The importance, we say again, is equal to the necessity, of every elector taking care, that while he pays the tribute of obedience to the government, he may know when the reciprocal duty is paid back to the public and *himself*.

Whether his Majesty be favourable or not to the plans of Reform introduced by lord Melbourne's government, we, of course, have not the means of ascertaining: and, indeed, as a matter of fact, it appears to us of very little consequence. The constitution of our government will admit of no arbitrary tyranny: nor is it an oligarchy, where the great may, with impunity, prey upon the less: nor is it a democracy, or popular state: much less is it anarchy, where all is confusion. But it recognizes a qualified monarchy, where the king being invested with high prerogatives, is yet restrained from the power of doing himself or the people harm. In France, formerly, and in other nations, the mere *will* of the prince was the law: but—electors of England! remember—with us the law is both the *measure* and the *bond* of every subject's allegiance. At the present moment, the patriotic language of FORTESCUE, Henry VIth's Chancellor, cannot be out of place. He says,\* “The king of England cannot alter nor change the laws of his realm at pleasure; because he governeth his people by power, *not only royal, but also politic*. If his power over them were only regal, then he might change the laws of his realm, and charge his subjects with burdens without their consent: and such is the dominion that the civil laws purport, when they cry, *Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem*—the prince's pleasure has the force of a law. But from this much

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\* *De laudibus Legem, Angliæ, cap. 9.*

differeth the power of a king, whose government over his people is politic ; for he can neither change laws without the consent of his subjects, nor yet charge them with impositions against their wills," &c.

The disposition of the Lords is well known. They, at least, do not mince the matter. Their shameless disregard of the demands of the people is only equalled by their wanton recklessness of their own danger. Lord Melbourne, over and over again, with a straightforward honesty which cannot be sufficiently admired, has warned them of the fate which must ensue from their blindness and obstinacy. What a contrast do the speeches of the noble viscount present to the flippant ebullitions of Tory lords and lordlings ! Having, by a disgraceful *ruse*, deceived him on the proposal for admitting evidence on the Municipal Corporation Bill, how nobly does the Premier comport himself ! No one could discover the least symptom of personal mortification. There was no attempt to retaliate, save by a solemn denunciation of such deliberate fraud—a denunciation from which even the conspirators themselves shrunk back aghast, and which must ring in their ears to the last moment of their existence. Even as lately as the 12th of August the noble lord addressed them in the following strain :—

“ It was impossible not to feel that it was a great misfortune when the three branches of the legislature did not act in union—when they were not actuated by a community of feeling ; for their alienation long continued must make every one entertain the most lively apprehensions for the state of the constitution and the country. Their lordships, it was clear, were not in unison with those who constituted the majority of the other House of Parliament, who had passed the Bill after it had undergone the scrutiny of the Committee, and after all the amendments had been negatived in the Committee. Their lordships would therefore consider (he did not speak this by way of menace or intimidation, or to fetter their lordships' judgment on the principle and provisions of the Bill) that, if they refused to go into Committee, they were setting themselves in opposition, not only to the majority that supported Ministers, but almost to the whole House of Commons—they were setting themselves in opposition to the opinions of the people of England, collected not from public meetings or petitions, to which objection might be made, but declared through the legitimate organ of their Representatives in Parliament.”

Such sentiments—so boldly avowed—reflect great credit on the first minister of the crown, and cannot fail to attract not only the admiration

but the unreserved confidence of the people of England. In the hour of danger they are especially animating, and, whatever might have been the public apprehension on the acceptance of office by the successor of Lord Grey, there can be but one opinion now. For integrity of character, respectability of talent, ingenuousness of disposition, and determination of purpose, we believe Lord Melbourne has not his superior in the assembly of which he is so bright an ornament; while, for the equal distribution of each of these elements in a mind of no ordinary excellence, he certainly has not his equal.

In all probability the Corporation Bill will be so mutilated in Committee that the Ministers will not adopt it. Certain it is, should such be the case, the House of Commons will withhold their concurrence. The people, therefore, must once more buckle on their armour, and fight the good fight, relying no less on the certainty of ultimate triumph, than on their own invincible strength.

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### POLAND.

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UP for Poland! Arm for Poland!  
 England, France, Iberia, Spain:  
 Wilt thou Ireland? wilt thou Scotland?  
 Tamely echo Poland's pain?  
 England looks, with eyes askance,  
 On *chivalrous*—white-liver'd France!  
 Arm for Poland! god-like Poland!  
 From the Saracen's dark shore—  
 From America and Finland,  
 To Sobiesky's soil of yore!  
 Hoarse barks the wolf—the bark of war;—  
 The blood-stain'd vulture screams from far!  
 Arm for Poland! prostrate Poland!  
 Basely laid by Freedom's grave!  
 She who scorns the tyrants' band—  
 Bleeding, drooping—ever brave!  
 Shall human nature see her quail—  
 Siberian perfidy prevail?  
 Arm for Poland! *Memory's* Poland!  
 If she *be* laid on Freedom's bier,  
 And buried—not by Heaven's command—  
 While mourning patriots kiss the tear.  
 Arm for the WIDOW'D, England's England!  
 White-liver'd France hath "murder'd" Poland!

“THE COLTON PAPERS.”

No. 2.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

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I MUST now transfer my readers to the Place de Grève, on the eastern side of which stands that venerable building, the Hotel de Ville, or Town House. This place, so celebrated in history as the scene of many terrific combats during the former revolution, was again destined to become an Aceldama; for in no part of Paris was the combat carried on with more determined resolution, amounting to desperation, than on this fated spot. The possession of the Hotel de Ville seemed to be a point of honour for which both parties eagerly struggled, and three several times during this eventful day of the 28th did it yield to the attacks of the citizens, although defended by a numerous force of gendarmes and Garde Royale, aided by six pieces of artillery, the first discharge of which, loaded with grape and cannister, took place upon a dense mass of the populace, who crowded the square almost to the cannon's mouth. The effect was terrific; heaps of slaughtered citizens on every side told with what fatal accuracy each gun had been directed. This severe check, instantly followed by vigorous and well-sustained volleys of musketry from the troops, for a moment produced hesitation, and signs of irresolution became visible on the side of the populace. It was at this decisive crisis that a young man, whose name, which merited immortality, unhappily perished with him, waving the tri-coloured standard, which he had carried all the morning, cried out to his associates, who had already begun to retire in some confusion, “My friends! my friends! it is necessary we should learn how to die!” With these words, worthy of Leonidas, he again rushed forward to the attack several paces in advance of his companions, and fell, pierced with a hundred bullets. This glorious lesson of self-devotion was not lost upon the gallant band to whom it was addressed; but the artillery again performed its deadly work, and the citizen soldiers were at length obliged to retire to the shelter of the surrounding streets, from the ends of which however they kept up so constant and well-directed a fire upon the artillery-men and other troops, that victory again became doubtful. The soldiery were now in possession of the Hotel de Ville, but the fire they had for some time kept up from the windows began gradually to decline, the people having thrown themselves into the houses opposite, from the roofs and windows of which they could partly command that edifice, and every shot was returned with murderous interest. In the mean time a galling discharge was kept up from the opposite side of the Seine, particularly from the further end of the suspension bridge,



which crosses the river, from the Grève to the Quay de la Cité. Here about twenty young men, including a few of the National Guard, sheltered by the parapet wall, kept up an incessant fire. At length a small body of Swiss were ordered to cross the bridge, to put this little band *hors de combat*. On their approach these citizens, who in all probability never saw blood shed until this dreadful day, with the intrepidity of ancient veterans, left their protecting parapet, and placed themselves at the head of the bridge, where they received their adversaries with so well-directed a fire, that three of their number were killed, and several wounded, and after a hasty discharge the remainder retreated to their former position. We must not here omit to mention an extraordinary act of gallantry performed by one of these soldiers of a day, who, amid a shower of bullets from the retiring enemy, ran upon the bridge, and taking the arms and cartouche-boxes of the three fallen Swiss, returned unhurt to his companions, exclaiming, "*Amis! Voici des armes et de balles.*" We should here observe that there was a lamentable deficiency of both arms and ammunition on the side of the people, a fact almost incredible, when the unparalleled results of their exertions are considered.

The conflict now raged in the Place de Grève with increased violence. A cannon, pointed against a house at the corner of the quay (a wine-shop), would have razed it to the ground, the shore having been nearly shot away, had not a vigorous charge of the populace forced the royal troops to consult their safety by preparations for retreat. This they effected along the quay, firing by files and by platoons, succeeding each other with astonishing rapidity. They were speedily reinforced by fresh troops of the Royal Guard and of the Swiss, together with a hundred cuirassiers, and four pieces of artillery, each of them escorted by twelve cannoniers on horseback. With this terrible addition they again advanced on the Hotel de Ville, and a frightful firing recommenced on all sides. They succeeded in driving the citizens into the Rues de la Vannerie and du Mouton, and again entered into possession of the Hotel de Ville. But they did not keep it long, for they were again attacked with a courage truly sublime and almost irresistible. Their artillery, now ranged before the Prefecture of the Seine and the Hotel de Ville, threatened death to thousands. The repeated charges of the cuirassiers were murderous, but the citizens did not give way. Immoveable in their position, they expected, and received death, with cries of *Vive la Liberté! Vive la Charte!* Their heroic and generous efforts proved fatal to many. The heaps of dead bodies showed a sensible diminution of the combatants; still the contest might be said to rage with desperate fury, the successive capturing and recapturing of the Hotel de Ville awakened the sanguinary reminiscences of Hougomont. But, while every moment added to the confidence of the people, consternation began to be more and more visible even in the firmest battalions of France. It was in vain that discipline closed her serried files, or opened her chevaux de frise of bayonets, only to give scope and efficiency to discharges of grape-shot still more murderous. The Place de la Grève, the Pont de la Grève,

and the Pont Neuf, with the quays, were enveloped in one lurid cloud of sulphurous smoke, pierced by the flashes of the cannon, or the fusillade of the musket. The continuous tirailage of the citizens filled up the pauses that intervened between the platoon firing of the troops and the sullen roar of the artillery. The Seine might now be said without a metaphor to "flow purple to the sea." The dead bodies of horses and of soldiers were visible in its stream, carried down in a tumultuous mass to St. Cloud, shortly to announce to the royal tenants of its chateau the discomfiture of their proudest hopes, by the dismal evidence of this floating wreck.

The Hotel de Ville, which, during the conflict I have above described, had been the scene of such carnage and heroism, was doomed at length to become a sanguinary trophy of the popular triumph, and on its *third* capture it was destined to remain in possession of those who had so gallantly stormed it, and become the seat of the Provisional Government, and the head-quarters of the National Guard; and once more, as in 1789, it had the honour to receive within its walls the venerable Lafayette as the commander. The loss was dreadful on the part of both people and soldiers, during the ten hours this determined combat took place; cart-loads of dead were taken away, and in all the neighbouring streets the wounded were seen on hand-carriages and beds, on their way to the different hospitals. The cause of liberty had triumphed, but it had cost the country much precious blood. Twelve hundred men were either killed or wounded, of those who had taken up arms in defence of their liberties. The troops lost on that scene of slaughter about six hundred men, four pieces of artillery, and forty horses.

The tri-coloured flag was now proudly displayed from the towers of Notre Dame, which are conspicuous from most parts of Paris and the surrounding country. Many were the telescopes directed to these towers, and the sight of the national flag, once more floating in the wind, cheered the hearts of many at a distance, who were suffering the most intolerable suspense as to the result of the arduous struggle. Many a tender mother, many an affectionate wife, who had sent forth their sons and husbands, like the Spartan women of old, to combat for their dearest rights, and whose situation precluded them from any other effort in the general cause than their prayers for the safety and success of those they held dear, were animated with fresh hope at this convincing sight; while, at St. Cloud, the residence of HIM whose fatal obstinacy had caused this accumulation of bloodshed and woe, the same object, distinctly visible, must have struck despair to his heart, and those of his pernicious and flattering councillors. The tocsin pealed through the air from many of the churches, and the perpetual roar of musketry, and the thunders of the artillery, re-echoed by the houses on the quays, would induce the belief that the city had been stormed by some foreign enemy, and not that it was attacked by parricidal hands.

Hitherto success was doubtful, alternate triumphs and defeats prevailed at different parts; and it was evident that the contest had only begun. A strong body of men formed themselves on the Place of the Odéon, under the command of M. Joffrés, a distinguished avocat,

who led them to the attack of the Abbaye, a military prison, where they released all the soldiers under confinement for insubordination, who instantly joined their compatriots. This body, supported by many others from the southern side of the Seine, attempted to cross the river by the different bridges, to the support of their brethren in arms, but every bridge bristled with the flower of the troops, and was commanded by a numerous and well-served artillery at every point. The Pont Neuf was literally covered with soldiers, and the utmost that the brave citizens of the Fauburg St. Germain could effect, was to content themselves with keeping in check the troops in their division of the capital, and maintaining a constant fire across the river, on the quays de l'Ecole and the Louvre, which were filled with soldiers, ensconced behind the parapets, and the low wall which supports the iron railing of the palace; through which railing they kept up an incessant fire upon the columns of citizens on the left bank of the river. The gate of the Louvre, opposite to the Institute and the Pont des Arts, was closed, a party of Swiss guarded it, and a piece of artillery was placed before it, which, directed upon the multitudes assembled near and upon the steps of the Institute, was discharged with murderous effect. The troops, forced to retreat from the Place de la Grève, had retired slowly upon the Louvre, with part of their cannon; and from this point the guns were so disposed, that, from the quay of the Tuileries, they seemed to sweep the entire line of quays, as far as the Pont au Change, and completely commanded, by their range, that important pass. The different streets leading to the river had pickets at about fifty yards before they joined the quays, and from their elevation they kept up an occasional fire, when any of the column on the opposite side was visible.

In the Rue St. Honoré the combat began about three o'clock. The Place du Palais Royal had been occupied by strong detachments of infantry and gendarmerie, mounted and on foot. The Place du Carrousel was occupied by the grenadiers à cheval, and the lancers of the Garde Royale, waiting for orders. Their appearance was most imposing, and their numbers seemed to laugh to scorn any effort of an undisciplined mob, however numerous. About forty pieces of field artillery were all in readiness for action. The contest began by the people seizing the corners of the numerous small streets leading into the Rue St. Honoré, from the church of St. Roch to the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, on both sides of the way, firing as tirailleurs, and retreating to shelter while they loaded. Many were posted at the different windows, and the piles of stones heaped up in every story to the very garrets showed plainly the reception the troops would meet, should they move from the open space, and attempt to dislodge their antagonists, who annoyed them at every point, but retreated with such rapidity that they could scarcely get a shot at their unseen and harassing enemy; while, on the contrary, almost every discharge took effect upon a body of men, who were compelled to show two fronts, the one up, and the other down the street. This desultory mode of warfare was dreadfully harassing to the soldiers, who maintained their post with firmness indeed, but without producing any effect. It was easy to see that many of

these skirmishers, though clad as masons, or carpenters, from the skill and activity they displayed, had not on that day for the first time cultivated an acquaintance with a musket; many seemed to recall to mind the days when they had assisted in spreading terror through Europe, and snuffed the sulphurous air with every mark of recollection and satisfaction. The firing continued long after dark, gradually slackening. The troops bivouacked on the spots they occupied, in many places stained with the blood of their comrades. No kind hand administered to their wants: where were their royalist friends, who had spurred them on to the massacre of their fellow-citizens? They forced them into the struggle, and then abandoned them: many were without food for twenty-four hours. To this there was one exception, the 55th regiment of the line, which had the whole day shown the most laudable reluctance to fire at all, and when they were compelled, the elevation of their muskets was such as to render the discharge innocuous. They bivouacked that night on the Place Vendome, where they received the most generous hospitality from Mr. Roberts, of the London Dispensary, whose assistants, with himself and servants, were employed the whole night in supplying the wants of both officers and men with wine and other refreshments. The amiable Bishop Luscombe was equally conspicuous in these acts of Christian kindness. When darkness had completely thrown her veil over all, the tired citizens withdrew from the varied scenes of action, some to gain by repose strength for the deciding conflict of the ensuing day, but many to cast balls, sharpen weapons, or add otherwise to the means of resistance; and many, it is to be feared, to shed the bitter tear of regret for the brother or parent, whom that day had for ever snatched from their eyes. These tears added to their determination to take a deep and bitter revenge on the morrow. Their grief nerved them for the next day's fight; and vengeance, added to patriotism, made the most timid a hero.

In casting a retrospective glance over the hurried scene that has passed so rapidly before my eyes, it is quite evident that, on this decisive day, namely, the 28th, the government had put forth the whole of their strength. Paris had been declared in a state of siege, and Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who had been invested with the absolute command of the armed force, had himself on this day headed the troops in the Place des Victoires, where he passed some time giving instructions to his officers, and afterwards personally led on the attack in the Rue Montmartre; from whence he made a precipitate retreat, in consequence of the noble resistance of the citizens at the corner of the Rue Joquelet. Fresh regiments had been marched into Paris during the night of the 26th, and the whole of the gendarmerie had been put in motion. A strong muster had been made of all that was efficient of the Swiss Guards and the Garde Royale, both horse and foot; they had been strengthened and supported by cannon, and even bombardment had been resorted to on more than one occasion. The adherents of the court could not but admit that the whole of this formidable force, if not defeated, had at least been checked, and driven in at all points, by the population of the city. These disciplined warriors had even

abandoned their posts in some instances, or had retained them with the greatest difficulty in others. Although much determination was still visible amongst the surviving gendarmerie, the foreign mercenaries, and the greater portion of the Garde Royale, yet much hesitation had begun to manifest itself in the line. Three regiments had already shown the greatest reluctance to fire upon the people, and in some instances positively refused; this circumstance tended very much to increase the confidence of the one party, and the consternation of the other. In fact, it might be affirmed that, from this moment, the king possessed only the form and the body, but not the soul or the spirit of an army. The telegraphic communications had been cut off by the citizens, so that no summons for additional troops could be transmitted by that mode. The *moral* of the troops had been shaken by circumstances more appalling than danger itself; and the obstinacy with which the people defended their rights, combined with the justice of their cause, begot a still stronger disinclination in the soldiery to persist in those murderous measures, which alone could confer victory on their arms,—a victory which many of them had begun to contemplate even as more disgraceful than a defeat, because it could only be purchased by the costly sacrifice of whole hecatombs of their countrymen.

The eventful day of Wednesday had now completely closed, and with the exception of the neighbourhood of the Louvre, where the firing can scarcely be said to have ceased during the night, the streets of Paris were comparatively tranquil, at least they were no longer the scenes of conflict and slaughter. That day however was followed by a night still more glorious. On Wednesday, and even on Tuesday evening, a few barricades had been hastily erected, to arrest the progress of the royal troops, and to afford shelter to the half-armed citizens against their well-appointed antagonists. The powerful utility of this species of defence was evident during the obstinate contests of that day, and gave rise to those measures that have eventually saved France from the excesses of an exasperated soldiery, her citizens from butchery, her liberties from tyranny, and her laws from violation. It was on the night of the 28th that those measures were adopted, which, from the unanimity of their design, the rapidity of their execution, and the ingenuity of their construction, are without a parallel in the annals of history. To do ample justice to the Herculean prodigies of this eventful night would require the pen of a Livy, and the pencil of a Salvator. Neither the wand of Prospero, nor the lyre of Orpheus, could have produced such rapid combinations as now developed themselves throughout the whole of this vast capital. Things inanimate seemed almost to partake of the general enthusiasm, so instantaneous was the movement by which they were rendered subservient to all the necessary purposes either of defence or of aggression. Men of every trade and calling lent themselves, as by one common instinct, to that peculiar department, in this general division of labour, with which they had been rendered most conversant by their previous habits and pursuits. The plumber betook himself to the casting of balls; the sawyer to the felling of trees; the paviour to the throwing up of stones, as materials for the barricades;

the water carriers and hackney coachmen might be seen busily employed in drawing up and overturning vehicles of the largest size, and in obstructing every communication of street with street, by means of these ponderous and massy impediments. The carpenter went to work in his vocation, and every species of timber, or of scaffolding, was put into immediate requisition, to strengthen and fill up the intervals left in the stockades, and which were alternately completed by the ponderous materials torn up from the streets. Thus it was that the population of Paris, fertile in expedients, and exhaustless in resource, had, in the course of twelve hours, placed the whole city in so imposing an attitude of preparation, and almost of defiance, that even the practised eye of the most war-worn veteran could hardly have pointed out a blunder, or suggested an amendment. A considerable part of the following day was occupied in completing and strengthening those barricades, on the keeping possession of which the success of the popular cause must chiefly depend. The gigantic efforts of the population of Paris on this night, after such a day, seemed totally to set at defiance the common wants of our nature. Their labour was carried on throughout the night no less than the day, impeded at times by repulse, at others invigorated and triumph. Under a cloudless sun, with a thermometer ranging from 80 to 90 degrees, exposed to the murderous fire of an artillery discharging showers of grape and langridge, neither the enthusiasm of the attack, nor the Herculean efforts necessary for defence, were remitted for an instant. All classes, high and low, not excepting ever women and children, assiduously and cheerfully lent themselves to this most necessary task; hands, hitherto unused to any species of toil or drudgery, might be seen wielding, for the first time, the shovel and the pickaxe, and zeal was found sufficient to supply the place of strength and of skill.

From the nature of the barricades, it was evident that one arm of war was rendered from this moment inefficient. The cavalry could no longer act. With respect to another species of force still more formidable, the artillery, every minute was throwing fresh impediments to render its operation less destructive to the populace, and more dangerous to those by whom it was directed. Every voiture and vehicle had been put into requisition, the pavement had been torn up, wine-shops supplying thousands of empty hogsheads, which were filled with the largest stones from the streets, and the majestic trees on the boulevards now fell, to protect that city they had so long adorned. It was evident, from the ingenuity and soldier-like construction of these formidable defences, that many survivors of the siege of Saragossa, though debilitated by age, and in the unassuming costume of common labourers, had not been inactive spectators of the scene.

But, before I entirely withdraw myself from a review of the night of Wednesday, it may be interesting to the reader to be put in possession of the then forlorn and melancholy situation of the royal troops. The setting sun of this day had left the patriots in possession of the far greater part of the city. At eight o'clock

the royal troops, driven from their regular posts, occupied only a circumscribed and contracted portion of Paris, on the right side of the Seine. Their line might be said to commence at the Louvre, which they still held, in conjunction with the Tuileries. The Place of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the Place of the Palais Royal was also occupied by them, together with those parts of the Rue St. Honoré leading to the Market of the Jacobins and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. From these places their lines continued so as to keep up a communication with the Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevard of the Madeline, extending themselves down the Rue Royale to the occupation of the Place Louis XV., and the entrance of the Champs Elysées, and holding possession of the bridge opposite the Chamber of Deputies. After so much boasting and so much bloodshed, this position left them little to be proud of; in fact it was a position tantamount to a defeat. The royal troops were no longer in a situation to attack, and it was with difficulty that they could act on the defensive. They were surrounded by an immense population in arms—a population constantly on the alert, indefatigable, fearless, and encouraged on all sides by their friends, who at this period occupied themselves in supplying all their physical necessities. But the case was entirely different with respect to the troops. Their selfish and ungrateful rulers cared not how much they suffered from famine or thirst. Their object had been to provide them with arms, under the disappointed hope that they would be enabled to provide themselves with nourishment. Such was the improvidence of the party of the Court, that they had not adopted a single measure necessary in case of a reverse. They had provided neither bread, nor meat, nor wine; a little brandy had been served out to them, and this was all they received. If a few were so fortunate as to obtain any little assistance, it was from the commiseration of those whom they came to massacre. In consequence of this neglect, the greatest confusion reigned throughout the different regiments. Harassed not only by inanition, want of sleep, and all other physical privations, their moral courage also was shaken. They found that neither the King, nor the Dauphin, nor any of the leading men of the Government, either countenanced them by their presence, or solaced them by their aid. They saw themselves deserted by the higher orders, and assailed at all points by the lower. This complete insulation, even in the midst of society, convinced them that the cause they were defending was that of One Man, and that which they were opposing was that of a whole Nation. Furthermore, the unexpected resistance, and unlooked-for determination displayed by the citizens, completed their discouragement; every thing about them and around them was either menacing or gloomy; they had heard themselves on all sides accused of supporting “the cause of despotism”—their consciences told them that the accusation was more than just.

## LINTON—THE VALLEY OF ROCKS.

'Tis eve ! 'tis fading eve ! how fair the scene,  
 Ting'd with the soft hues of the glowing west !  
 Dim hills afar, and happy vales between,  
 With the tall corn's deep furrow calmly blest !  
 More near the sea by eve's mild gale caress'd,  
 And groves of living green that fringe its tide,  
 White sails that gleam on Ocean's bounding breast,  
 And the light fisher-barks, that homeward glide,  
 To seek Clovelly's shores of beauty and of pride !

And hark ! the mingling sounds of earth and sea !  
 The pastoral music of the bleating flock,  
 Blent with the sea-bird's uncouth melody ;  
 The wave's deep murmur to th' unheeding rock ;  
 And ever and anon th' impatient shock  
 Of some rude billow on the echoing shore.  
 And hark ! the rower's deep and well-known stroke !  
 Glad hearts are there, and joyous hands once more  
 Weary the whitening wave with their returning oar !

But turn where Art with graceful hand hath twin'd  
 The living wreath for Nature's placid brow,—  
 Where the glad wand'rer's joyous footsteps wind  
 'Mid rock, and glancing stream, and waving bough,—  
 Where scarce the valley's leafy depths allow  
 The lingering sunbeam in their shade to dwell :  
 There might the Naiad breathe her softest vow,  
 Or the grim Triton sound his wreathed shell,  
 Lur'd from their azure home by scenes they love so well !

A softer beauty floats along the sky,  
 And moonlight dwells upon the heaving wave :  
 Far off the night-winds fade away and die ;  
 Or, murmuring, slumber in their ocean cave.  
 Tall oaks, whose limbs the giant-storm might brave,  
 Bend in rude fondness o'er the silvery sea ;  
 Nor can the mountain-ash forbear to lave  
 Her blushing clusters where the waters free  
 Murmur around her feet such soothing melody !

Beautiful valley ! in thy shades of rest,  
 When timid Spring her pleasant task hath sped,  
 Or Summer pours, from her redundant breast,  
 Her fruits and flow'rs along the vale's deep bed ;  
 But most when Autumn's golden glories spread,  
 And half forget rude Winter's withering rage.  
 What fairer path could woo the wanderer's tread,  
 Soothe wearied Hope, or worn Regret assuage ?  
 Lo ! for firm youth a bower ! a home for lapsing age !



## SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

*(Continued from page 139.)*

IN the mean time the shades of night had given way to Aurora, who, fearing in her turn the looks of the god of night, fled into the arms of the mortal she loves.

I repaired to the apartment of Imlacca : we stepped into the garden together, and thence into the hall. Those pictures which the preceding day had appeared so dangerous to me, no longer answered the idea I had till then formed of love. Their expression was weak, inanimate. He that had drawn them was unacquainted with love, otherwise he would have given that god more grace, more fire, more charms. The slaves around him had not that languishing, ecstatic expression, which proceeds from the heart, and works upon that of a true lover ; but, exclaimed I, among so many beautiful objects, I do not find Sophene ! Did they not dare to draw her ? Did they know that sometimes nature goes far beyond the limits of imagination, and that art may improve what it fancies, though it is always inferior to reality ? No, no, they did well to leave out Sophene. How would they have painted Love ? She would have embellished the triumph by eclipsing him who triumphs.

Suddenly changing the discourse, I addressed to the god these words, which struck Imlacca with amazement ; It is done, Love : thou prevailest. Eurycone now is nothing to me. Sophene's country becomes mine. I am a citizen of Aulycone ; thus then, interrupting me with a stern look, Sophocles does not recollect that he is the envoy of Jupiter, and, running into extremes, he gives himself entirely up to a passion that he lately dreaded so much. Sophocles, citizen of Aulycone ! Gods ! Is it true that I heard those words ? Are you forgetful of all you owe to the tender affection of your father ? Do you consider no more that your distracted mother longs for your return ? All their love is centred in you, and will you break their hearts ? Who will receive their last breath ? Who will close their eyes ? Imlacca, cried I, you have smoothed for me the way to perdition ; I wished to flee ; it was yet time : you opposed my wish. What a moment do you now take to tear me from myself ! O Themanteus ! O Dianthes ! your unhappy son is no longer strong enough to follow the dictates of his duty ; a fatal passion renders him insensible of your tenderness, of your tears, of all that is not Sophene. It is in vain that the imperious voice of honour insists upon being listened to ; that honour formerly so prevalent with me, has now but impotent accents, that scarcely reach my ears. So speaking I looked at Love. He was proud of my weakness, and I praised myself for the shameful sacrifice I made to him of my reason.

Imlacca was exasperated at it; I own, said he, that I foretold you would love; I went further; I opposed your scruples; I disposed your heart to receive the impressions that Sophene ought to make on it: I saw from the sensibility of its bias that you resisted only through shame, and timidity. Is that to be the cause of your ruin? Could I foresee that love, which makes virtue flourish and improves it in an honest heart, should destroy yours? No, dear Sophocles, I had a better opinion of you, and I still preserve it. You must use your best endeavours against yourself. The struggle is hard; but glory is the reward of it. Love, Sophocles, do; I give my consent to it; but love her in a manner worthy of her. Mystery ought to be inseparable from love. The smallest indiscretion would undo you both. You are a lover; but you are a minister of Jove. Ulysses is the object of your admiration; let him be the model of your conduct. He preferred his country to a goddess and immortality. Does not that example inspire you with emulation? Do you want a more powerful incitement? I find it in Ismene herself. Learn to dive into the hearts of women. They love glory. It would be vexatious for the most impassioned among them to see her lover miss the opportunity of acquiring it. She murmurs at the cruel deity that severs her from the object of her affection, she sighs, she groans, she melts into tears; she will have him sigh, and weep with her; but she will have him go away. Consult Sophene, and you will see if I deceive you. I was sensible of the truth of the arguments he enforced upon me, but, through weakness, I did not agree to them. My silence was painful to him; but he pitied me, and seeing Sosthenes coming up to us, he apprized me of it, just time enough to recover myself in some degree.

Sosthenes, though he could not but suspect my passion for his daughter, and the return with which she was likely to repay it, nevertheless entertained far different intentions from mine as to her settlement in life; but the gods would not allow them to take place. Being within hearing, Sosthenes informed us that all was ready for the sacrifice which the next day we were to offer up to Jupiter. After having taken a turn and spoke together about matters of no concern, we entered the hall of entertainment.

I think it was still more splendid than those which went before; but let Imlacca be judge of it. For my part I was wholly taken up with Sophene; I committed all the follies that a youth who loves for the first time may be supposed guilty of. The less I wished them to appear, the more I repeated them. Sophene's prudence prevented their being noticed: if my hand touched hers, she drew it back in a modest and unaffected manner. If I was looking at her, she turned her eyes from me. If my words, my gestures, had any thing suspicious in them, a glance from her eyes warned me that I was watched. I constrained myself, at least I thought I did so, and was mightily pleased with my discretion. I flattered myself that the secret of my heart was known only to Sophene. How foolish are lovers! They fancy, even at the time they betray themselves, that, with his veil, love blinds such as might observe them, and that he is the only witness to their actions.

Supper ended, I know not whether I ate or not, and had not my hand met Sophene's, when she presented me with the cup, I should not remember that I had drank; but I never shall forget that I got a look from Sophene. Goddess whose tender sentiments master my heart! O Venus! whose lively and flattering expressions move the immortals as much as thy charms. Ismene looked at me. Thou hast rendered me sensible of the sweetness of that look, teach me to express the value of it. Sosthenes took me by the hand, and spoke to me in this manner:—

Sophocles, you have been here the prescribed time. Our custom is to employ it in paying to the ministers of the gods the honours due to their persons and their office. Overjoyed to possess you, believe me, we wish we could always keep you among us; but the pleasure of hospitality ought to yield to the duties of religion. Let us set out to-morrow for Eurycone. There the sovereign of the gods requires a sacrifice from us. Go to rest with Imlacca; he said and left me alone. When the thunder-bolt falls with a rattling crash at the feet of a traveller upon whom darkness comes unawares, he is less terrified than I was when I heard those fatal words. I remained deprived of voice and motion. I thought that, with a blow of his scythe, Death had hurled me headlong into the abyss of Tartarus. To that mute anguish succeeded groans and grievous accents. No; cried I; I will not forsake Sophene; my life depends upon her presence, I will live and die with her.

In the mean time she was walking; I perceived her, and when I was confident she was alone, is it you, said I, dear Sophene? She went off without answering me. I caught her by her gown, and endeavoured to steal a kiss from her; Sophocles, said she, smiling, respect your ministry, or at least the sacred garments of it which you wear. Nothing restrains you? Is a kiss worth the danger to which you expose us both? We are watched, perhaps we are seen.

Sophocles, you do not hearken to me. How different you are from what you were yesterday. Modest, even shy, you durst not look at me. While she was speaking thus, I held, I pressed her hand, I kissed and bathed it with tears. Alas! said I, fetching a deep sigh, How dear will this moment of pleasure cost me! I shall see you no more after to-morrow; I return to Eurycone. And so do I, answered she, bursting from me. I heard a noise, and I did not dare to follow her. It was Imlacca, who lying under a thick myrtle tree, had moved the branches of it. Darkness hindered me from recollecting him, and fearing lest he should be some slave of Sosthenes, I shunned him. How now, said he, in a jest, are you afraid of the shaking of a leaf? You are too ready to part from a mistress whom perhaps you are doomed to see no more. Partake of my joy, replied I, taking him about the neck, Sophene goes along with us. I know it from herself; help me to find her again; perhaps she is in the garden yet. No, said he, I will not follow you; you love; your business is to sit up, and mine to sleep. I leave you with a better assistant, Love. . . So saying, he parted

from me. I ran over all the walks, all the windings; I stopped, I listened, I heard nothing. I called upon Sophene, but she answered not. I grew anxious and impatient.

I had seen her just the moment before; but can one see too much of her we love? I was to depart with her the next day; but that day seemed to be too far off.

I accused the gods, I accused Sophene, but soon in order to clear her, I said to myself, She knows not that thou art looking for her; but at the same moment I said again, Ought she not to guess it?

At last, after many useless complaints, I thought she had retired into the house; I was mistaken; she told me since she had heard me; but, though she was conscious of the purity of her heart, nevertheless, fearing me and herself, she so far got the better of her inclination as to withstand the hints of Love, who might have proved a dangerous adviser.

I did not close my eyelids all night,

A confused noise of voices warned me that it was time to rise. Sosthenes, entering my chamber, started at finding me still in bed. Sophocles, said he, all is ready for your departure! Put on your clothes, and come to the temple. I found the inhabitants of Aulycone waiting for us at the gate of it. We went thither amidst universal acclamations. The solemnity of this day was equal to that of our arrival; I received the same honours; they could not be greater: Sophene had no possibility of speaking to me; but I read her content in her eyes, and that she appropriated those honours to herself. Love makes all common between lovers.

The sacrifice being over, we embarked; the navigation was happy. Our citizens discovered our ship from afar. Sophene excited the surprise and admiration of all that saw her.

I presented my guests to my father, and with an expressive look, I told him how welcome I had been to them. Themisteus thanked them for it in so pathological a manner, that they thought he did more for them, than they had done for me.

Dianthea made much of Sophene; she could not forbear kissing and caressing her; I was jealous of it; but she was only the momentary trustee of those kisses; I took them all from her.

While I was complimented on my return, my father showed Sosthenes his house and garden. The models of them both were of his own composition. In them were not to be found those striking beauties which we admire in those magnificent palaces wherein the voluptuous Greek equals, if not surpasses, the luxury of the kings of Asia. Every thing there was plain and convenient, without either ostentation or prodigality. The taste and wisdom of the proprietor made up for the want of ornaments. Sosthenes, accustomed in his own abode to stateliness and marvellous pomp, sighed at his mistake. O Themisteus, said he, how many treasures have I lavished in building a house infinitely less pleasant than yours! That reflection gave room to many others which deceived the time till supper. They sat down to table. I shall not describe the entertainment.

The austerity of Themisteus' manners had banished profusion

from it ; but it had preserved delicacy in the meats, and cleanliness in the mode of serving them. As we endeavoured to omit nothing that friendship and hospitality required of us, so were we successful enough to see our guests sensible of, and thankful for, our efforts to please them.

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WOMAN'S EYES.

*By the Author of "Songs of Switzerland," &c.*

Away, away ! I'll drink no more —  
 Let's join the minstrel throng ;  
 Away, where voice and lute outpour  
 The dulcet tide of song.  
 But let it be where Beauty's bower  
 Its sweetest theme supplies ;  
 Song loses half its magic power  
 Unblest by Woman's eyes.

The warrior's lance, the poet's pen,  
 May win immortal fame ;  
 As ocean cave and mountain glen  
 Are taught each glorious name.  
 Yet is there still than fame, perchance,  
 A prouder, richer prize ;  
 Who values not the sunny glance  
 Whose home is Woman's eyes ?

There is an hour when words are vain,  
 An hour twice known to none ;  
 It is when hearts, that once were twain,  
 First feel they are but one.  
 E'en then when sense appeals to sense,  
 And passion speech denies ;  
 What then is Love's best eloquence ?  
 'Tis that of Woman's eyes !

I've drained the cup on Rhine's proud hills,  
 I've drank, Garonne, to thee ;  
 Where laugh the snow-alps' thousand rills,  
 I've quaff'd to liberty.  
 But oh ! of all the bacchant stores,  
 Garonne or Rhine supplies,  
 Give me the cup that, mantling up,  
 Is drained to Woman's eyes.

## ON THE FALSE ESTIMATE OF THE MILITARY CHARACTER.

PEOPLE judge very inaccurately of the mental endowments of soldiers, especially of those belonging to the highest class, whom the world in general agree to call heroes. By parsons, squires, the less thinking part of shopkeepers, and some poets, they are regarded as huge mental colossi, who bstride the world by dint of genius almost super-human; whilst by philosophers, and *moral* poets, they are stripped not only of the adventitious glory reflected from their mighty deeds, but of the ordinary mental attributes of humanity, and are held up to scorn as mere brainless asses, fit only to crack skulls and having skulls fit only to be cracked. In the opinion of an individual who is neither parson, squire, shopkeeper, poet, nor philosopher, but one who has had much experience of war and the men who wage it—myself, the worshipful company of heroes deserve “ni tout d’honneur, ni tout d’indignité;” but the opposite errors into which different classes of persons have fallen respecting them admit, as it appears to me, a ready explanation.

Alexander subverts the Persian monarchy at Arbela; Hannibal scales the Alps and makes the mistress of the world tremble on her seven hills; Cæsar crosses the Rubicon, and this same mistress must bow her neck to the yoke of a master; Napoleon subjugates Europe at Austerlitz; Wellington wrenches this immense empire from his grasp at Waterloo. Such is the game at which warriors play; all is rapid, sweeping, and magnificent; and realms and nations are the stakes played for. Can we wonder, that those who look at the warrior only through the prisms of gazettes and histories should see him invested with a halo of glory, and that even with those who regard him, from a conscientious conviction of the sinfulness of his trade, as a sort of Satan, he is Milton’s Satan? Observe, that from what ordinary readers know of war, all that is sordid is excluded. The doubts and hesitations of leaders; the fears of subordinates, the famine, the murmur, and the wretchedness are not there. ’Tis a picture by Newton, wherein we are astounded by the mountain, the torrent, the lightning, the pyramid, and the palace; but where we see not the furze-bush, the cabbage-garden, the pig-sty, the hosel, and its wretched inmate. It is forgotten, too, that war, if correctly represented, must show weakness as well as power, for if there is a victor there is necessarily a vanquished; and we know not how much of the *appearance* of power is owing to the opposing weakness: the strife may in truth be but a conflict of two weaknesses, in which the less weakness triumphs. “You committed but a hundred faults, we committed a hundred and one, and you are the conquerors,” said the Frenchman to the Englishman after the battle of Hochstet. Even of the power employed, if we consider how much

is purely physical, and how large a portion is related rather to the animal than the intellectual part of our nature, we shall leave but little scope for the claims of genius. This seems to have been the opinion of a consummate master of war, and one not likely to depreciate the art to which he owed his all, his fame, his fortune, and even his fall: "Le génie," said Buonaparte, "est le beau idéal de la guerre, la force en est le vrai."

Those, on the other hand, who like Pope in his well-known lines on "Macedonia's madmen," &c., regard warriors as mere unreflecting brutes, "ne'er looking forward further than their noses," or, Irishmen in a row, mere givers and receivers of hard knocks, have, though styling themselves philosophers, reasoned most unphilosophically. Finding in all wars much of evil inflicted and received;—wrong often triumphant; right often prostrate;—that where right is triumphant, it is so through an amount of evil which makes it questionable whether tolerance of the wrong would not have been better than its redress by the means employed;—these dark views of war and its results are reflected on the warrior, whom they regard as a senseless demon, a mere impersonification of brute force. This opinion, however dignified by the name of philanthropy or philosophy, is, like all views of one side only of a picture, erroneous. If war is blackened by the ferocity of its Attilas and its Genseric, it can likewise boast of its "patriot Tell, its Bruce of Bannockburn." Even the estimate between the evil inflicted and that averted by a just war, is inferior to the warrior armed in a righteous cause, if it be formed solely from a survey of the circumstances of the immediate conflict. The influence of a noble and successful resistance to tyranny and oppression is not limited to the result of the present warfare, or history is indeed a dead letter. Did the Waldenses, did the Dutch in the war of the Duke of Alva, did the Covenanters bleed in vain? Did not rather a holy incense arise from the blood of these martyrs which has sanctified the cause of civil and religious liberty, has made tyrants fearful *openly* to assail it, and armed the virtuous of subsequent ages in its defence? Has not the truth of the beautiful line of Southey,

"Those who bravely suffer save mankind,"

been forcibly exemplified by their courageous resistance to oppression?

From the multifarious interests, commercial and political, by which nations are now intertwined, the differences arising among them are rarely distinguished by broad characters of right and wrong: to use the expression of a celebrated legal personage respecting cases in courts of justice, they are not black and white, but gray. In the settlement, however, of these mixed cases by the "*lex ultima regum*," other qualities than mere brute force are brought into action, as any one may be convinced who will afford himself the gratification of reading Colonel Napier's admirable history of the Peninsular war. He will there learn that prudence; the adaptation of means to ends; knowledge, geographical, moral, and statistical, of the country in which he is engaged; wisdom in council, and skill and

promptitude in action, are necessary to form the successful soldier. He will find, moreover, that the predominant characteristic of the warrior, who occupies a large space in the eye of the world, is inflexible tenacity of purpose—what the French call “une volonté forte.” I believe, indeed, that were psychological (phrenological, if you will) maps formed of all great warriors, from Alexander down to Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, this faculty would be found to occupy the largest space in their mental territory. Alexander’s early-born and never-forgotten resolution to destroy the Persian monarchy; Hannibal’s unflinching adherence to his infantile dedication to hatred and persecution of the Roman name; Cæsar’s long-prepared, well-matured, and successful determination to subvert the power of the Senate; the manifest predominance of this quality in the character of Charles the Twelfth, which led to his ruin at Pultawa and procured for him the appellation of Iron-head from the Turks at Bender; various passages in the life of Buonaparte, among others his persisting in the endeavour to subdue the Peninsula, and the Duke of Wellington’s equally pertinacious and more fortunate resolution to frustrate his design, all tend to evince the accuracy of the opinion expressed. This pertinacity of will (which when directed to unattainable or pernicious objects is called obstinacy) is not characteristic of warlike *individuals* only; but is likewise manifested by warlike *states*. France, under Buonaparte, is an apparent but not a real example of this, for Buonaparte was, in a moral sense, France. He was absolute master of the mind of the country and swayed it to his will; and hence her adherence to the project of universal dominion,—an adherence which produced the destruction of the imperial power,—was but an instance of individual pertinacity. Not so with *conquering* Rome. Her rulers, be they who they might, were the organs of the will of the state, and *that* was steadily directed to the aggrandizement of Rome and the thralldom of the world; purposes which, from the then condition of mankind, were crowned with ultimate accomplishment.

Exclusive of this determined adherence to a purpose, which though a moral cannot be regarded as an intellectual attribute, the mental endowments of even distinguished warriors will not, I believe, be found to be greater than the average amount possessed by useful practical men in civil departments of life, such as successful merchants, lawyers, and physicians; and these, if they have raised themselves from small beginnings to comparative greatness, may vie with the soldier in the quality by which he is pre-eminently distinguished. Whence then arises this difference, that whilst the man in civil life is scarcely known beyond a small circle of acquaintance, the soldier’s name fills all the gazettes of Europe, and is transmitted to posterity as that of the hero of the day? Simply from the relative magnitude of the objects with which each is respectively conversant. But this is by no means a fair measure of the mental power employed in wielding them. Because one object is larger than another, it does not necessarily consist of a greater number or of more intricate parts. Besides this, the chief captain is not taxed with the regulation of subordinate details, any more than the merchant of Lead-



hall Street superintends the navigation of the argosy which conveys his wealth from the "Ormus or from Ind." However inaccurate this very physical method of measuring mental power may be, persons of genius have adopted it, and been of course deceived. A somewhat amusing instance of this occurred in the case of Madame de Staël, and the Duke of Wellington. In this celebrated lady's work on Germany, published before the peace of Paris, when she had not seen the Duke, and took the magnitude of his exploits as the gauge of his mind, she eulogises his character and genius to the skies. On closer acquaintance in the saloons of Paris, her opinion of this demi-god was, that "hors les affaires militaires, il n'avait pas deux idées,"—excepting in military matters he had not two ideas. There can be no doubt that both these opinions of this highly-gifted, but *excessively* imaginative writer, were extravagant, and that the second extravagance was a sort of re-action from the disappointment occasioned by the first. The god of her idolatry had proved an ordinary mortal, and in her vexation she pronounces him a brute. The anecdote is, however, a good illustration of the error in the ordinary method of appreciating the military character; and the distinguished object of it is as good an example as can be found of this character when fairly depicted. In him, no one now sees, since he has displayed his powers in another sphere, the high, commanding genius; but a man of plain, practical intellect, acting successfully within a limited range, and supported by great firmness of purpose. He has propped thrones and dynasties, and the people have quailed beneath his frown; but the world now sees that these things were accomplished not by the misdirection of gigantic intellect, but by the force of squadrons and battalions wielded by a man of firmness and ordinary good sense.

After thus doing even-handed justice to the gods of war, I intended to sketch the character (if a character in common can be possessed by so miscellaneous a body) of the subordinates—those men whom Byron, somewhat uncourteously, calls "battles' minions;" but, conceiving that they will be better understood by representing them in action than by any general terms which can be employed, I shall crave the reader's attention to

*The Events of a Day on the Field of Battle.*

At eight o'clock of the evening of the 9th of November, 1813, a single tap of a drum was heard in the small town of Mayu, situated on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, at the entrance of one of those many mountain-passes, little more than goat or sheep tracks, by which, besides the roads at the north-western and south-eastern extremity, and the central pass of Jaca, this mountain barrier is traversed. At short intervals another and successive taps were heard, and every officer and man of the brigade of British infantry stationed in the town became aware that it was necessary to accoutre and prepare to march. Knapsacks were thrown on; arms were seized; mules were loaded with private baggage, surgical instruments, and commissariat stores; and in a quarter of an hour the brigade with all its equipments was formed in order of march in the

street. The word being given, we were speedily treading the mountain pass—the moon shining brightly above our heads, the snow, which reflected her light like myriads of diamonds, crackling crisply under our feet—we were enlivened by jokes at the little disasters the slipperiness of the ground occasioned, and cheered by the reflection that the morrow would plant us on the soil of France, where better quarters and fare were expected than had been procured in the country we were quitting—it was hoped for ever. In this way we marched all night, sometimes two abreast; but more frequently, from the narrowness of the path, in what military men call Indian files. We were certain of fighting in the morning, but being equally certain of victory, this consideration rather raised than depressed our spirits; whilst the splendour of the scene, every snow-clad pinnacle shining in the full effulgence of the moon on her midnight march through a cloudless sky, contributed to render this one of the most joyous of our campaigning nights. Just as the moon's light was yielding to the gray dawn, we emerged from the mountain gorge. As the morning's mist slowly rolled away, we saw spread beneath our feet a country, champaign in comparison of that which we were just quitting, but with a surface sufficiently varied to be pleasing, well wooded, and intersected by a stream, the Nivelle, whose course we could trace by the silver haze still hovering over it, after the sun's beams had swept it from the adjacent lands. Our view, from the eminence on which we were moving across this plain, towards the north and north-west (our left), was bounded by the horizon only, and looking in this direction we could catch an occasional glimpse of the light reflected from British bayonets moving in lines parallel to our own. To the east and south-east our view was bounded by a ridge of hills, at some distance in our front—one of those intermediate steps by which mountainous districts unite with the flat country beneath—low in comparison of the mighty mountain chain we had traversed, and projected from it in a direction oblique to its general course, so that one extremity of the plain I am describing lay in the angle formed between this offset and the parent range. Towards this hilly ridge all eyes and sundry telescopes were speedily directed, for *there*, the rumour ran, was the enemy under Marshal Soult expecting our approach. As we neared it in our march across the plain, we could see by the aid of our glasses that its summit was covered with huts, constructed of branches of trees, &c., between which the enemy's bayonets were here and there visible; but by far the greater part of their force was concealed. It was evident that they were on the alert and expecting us.

We moved across the plain with as much rapidity as the nature of the ground would permit, till we reached the Nivelle, which was found to be a more considerable stream than had been expected. It was brawling tumultuously in its course to the Adour, wherein it terminates, between banks considerably precipitous, and was unfordable, so that our only means of passing it was a small wooden bridge, little more than a plank, without parapets. Over this the troops filed without difficulty; but the mules, scared with the sound of their

hoofs on the wood, were less tractable, and some fell into the water, among others that bearing the surgical equipment, which I had taken pains to arrange as perfectly as possible, in anticipation of the arduous duties of the day. Shortly after we crossed the river, a halt was called near a small village. Wood was gathered; kettles were boiled; breakfasts prepared; and I applied myself to correcting any mischief that the water might have occasioned to my surgical instruments. I found this less considerable than I had anticipated—indeed I had ample time during the halt, which lasted fully three hours, to repair it all. The weather was beautiful; the sun shone brightly upon us; the temperature, now that we had quitted the Alpine height, was mild; and we spent the period of repose allowed us in jocular prophecies of the events of the day.

About ten A. M. we could see the British troops winding up the base of the hill, which formed the northern extremity of the enemy's position. If the reader has understood the description of the ground, he will know that this point was occupied by the right of the enemy, and consequently that the attack was begun by our left. The brigade to which I belonged formed the right of our army; consequently the action commenced at the point most distant from us, indeed at the distance of nearly four miles. We could, nevertheless, see the British troops advance up the hill in a winding course, so as to elude its steepness, and in unbroken order, though under a brisk fire from the enemy's sharpshooters. The fire of our troops was reserved till they formed on the top of the hill. One tremendous volley, an irregular fire of a few minutes' duration, and those three deep-toned *hurrahs*, which practised military ears recognise as the prelude to a charge, settled the question: the enemy had fled, the British were masters of the ground. Instantly another body of our troops commenced the ascent of the second hill, which was similarly assailed and won. Other hills were successively attacked and carried, the army continuing to move to the attack in echelons (as the military phrase is) from their left. About one o'clock our brigade began to march rapidly from its halting ground to the scene of its conflict and its triumph. On our way to the foot of the hill we reached a farm-house, surrounded with ample gardens and enclosures. These were filled with the enemy's light troops, and were sharply contested. After a fire brisk, but of short duration, in which we suffered little or nothing, we again advanced. In passing through the enclosures to the foot of the hill, I was struck with the superior effect of *our* fire, for several dead bodies lay extended on the ground. Seeing that the house was just suited for a field hospital, I halted the mule with the surgical equipment, leaving the sergeant attached to the sick and two orderly men with it, and proceeded myself with the troops up the hill. They moved silently, briskly, and steadily, without firing a gun, the enemy's shot rattling among the trees with which the face of the hill was covered, but with little other effect at first; when, however, we gained the middle of the ascent our men began to fall. Major — was killed on the spot, Colonel —, the commanding officer, was wounded through the shoulder, and others were falling killed or wounded near me.

Our adjutant cried out, "Doctor, this is no place for you," a remark of which I felt the truth, for where I *was* I was useless; therefore gathering together, with the assistance of the band and drum-boys (the regular auxiliaries of the surgeon on the field of battle), those who had already fallen wounded, and directing those who should subsequently fall to be conveyed to the farm-house, already selected as a field-hospital, I proceeded thither, supporting with my arm the colonel, who was able to walk, though faintly and feebly, followed by my bleeding cortège.

Of the scene at the hospital a technical description would be misplaced. From circumstances, I was the only medical officer with the small brigade (for in the immediate attack on the enemy we were separated from the larger body with which we originally moved from Mayu), whose share of the day's conflict I am describing. It consisted of a strong regiment of infantry and of three or four light companies of other regiments, and amounted to about a thousand men. From this number, hotly and closely engaged for a considerable time, the proportion of casualties was very great. The duty I had to perform was arduous, and I felt it so; but five years' experience of fields of battle had rendered me familiar with the injuries which occur there, and endued me with that technical quality termed *tact*, which practice alone bestows. Wounds were dressed, balls were extracted, operations were performed, and some were for an instant considered and omitted; and it was afterwards satisfactory to me to know that the accuracy of my prompt decisions was justified by the result of the cases. The deportment of the wounded of all classes was, as I have ever observed it, characterised by an absence of all selfishness: in battle, and immediately after it, the well-being of a comrade is preferred to one's own. "An old soldier" is a proverbial name in the service for a cunning, selfish man; and, I am afraid, like other proverbs, has a broad foundation of truth; but the field of battle is a scene of enthusiasm, the character is raised above its ordinary level, and the baser feelings find there no place.

After between three and four hours of unremitting exertion my office was completed. Waggons had been sent for to convey to the village, near which we had halted in the morning, such of the wounded as could bear immediate removal. Those, whose state would not admit of this, were supplied for the night with straw to repose upon, or such other materials of military comfort as the place furnished. I had a moment to look around me. The sun was just sinking in majesty behind the Pyrenees, and, as it sunk, dyeing their snows with hues of exquisite beauty. The intervening country wore that evening tint, approaching to "twilight gray," which softening into harmony every harsher outline, gives such shadowy and indistinct—and the greater because shadowy and indistinct—beauty to the scene. The stillness was perfect, except when broken at intervals by the echoing amid the hills of the British artillery cannonading the rear of the flying enemy, and this sound, being now distant, added to the solemnity of the scene. After enjoying for an instant the distant landscape, I looked immediately around me. What a

contrast was there! A few hours before all had been beauty and plenty, for in this southern clime nature in November sports in a second summer; but, under the ruthless foot of war, all was desolation and ruin,—every trim enclosure was levelled, every out-house was shattered, and the late smiling orchard and garden were a wilderness strewn with slaughtered Frenchmen. Until this moment the owner of the house had escaped my observation. I now saw him in the garden. He was a fine-looking Basque peasant, wearing the Alpine features of his race: the lean, but active and sinewy form, the fair skin, the light hair, the gray eyes, the high cheek-bones,—the whole crowned with a bonnet of the same shape and colour as that worn on the blue hills of Scotland, gave me towards him, besides the common sentiment of humanity, the feeling with which one regards a countryman met unexpectedly in a distant land. I spoke to him in French, he understood it not; in Spanish, but of this he was equally ignorant;—the *Lengua Bascuena* was his only tongue, and with this I was unacquainted. But what need was there of words? The mournful look he cast on the scene of desolation, and on his blue-eyed children clustered around him in speechless amazement and terror, spoke far more eloquently than words. There was that in his heart which no tongue could utter. My own thoughts and feelings at the moment I will not attempt to describe, excepting so far as they are embodied in these lines of Byron:—

“ O! monarchs could you taste the mirth you mar,  
 Not in the toils of glory would you fret,  
 The hoarse, dull drum would sleep, and man be happy yet.”

H. N.

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### MY MOTHER.

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My Mother! Oh, what tenderness appears  
 In that loved name; nurse of my infancy!  
 (Soothing my cries through many an anxious day,)  
 Guide of my youth! friend of my riper years!  
 My Mother, well my song may be of thee,—  
 For thou didst lead my infant steps to God;  
 Strewn with Love's sweet flowers the narrow road  
 That leads from time to blest Eternity.  
 Though now my home is distant far from thee,  
 And other ties are twined around my heart;  
 Yet thy dear image never shall depart:  
 Thy looks of love live in my memory;  
 Still I retrace them with a fond delight,—  
 Thou art my thought by day, my dream by night.

T.

## SIR PAUL BAGHOTT'S LETTERS FROM SPAIN.—No. 1.

—

*Torla in Aragon, Spain. Sept. 18, 1834.*

DEAR SIR,

I ENTERED this romantic valley yesterday, after crossing the gigantic barrier which connects the peninsula with the continent, just as the dusk was creeping into the dark defiles leading to the little town of Torla in Aragon.

The Alcaldy having inspected my passport, I hastened to the church, the chiming of bells calling the inhabitants to evening vespers, and found the congregation in communion with the priest, assisted by a tolerably good organ. It was dimly lit up, and cast a dizzy curtain over the altar and various chapels, ornamented by clumsily carved figures of the Santa Patrona, and other apostolicos, generally deposited in Spanish churches.

The service being concluded, I introduced myself to the cura, an affable and pleasant man, who informed me he had been a prisoner during the French war in 1823, and could speak French; this led me to conclude he was a Liberal; and I ventured to engage in conversation with him, although the Proverb says, "En boca cerada no entra moscas," viz. in a shut mouth no flies enter.

The object of my journey being confined solely to observation, I said, "Hay Carlistas aque Señor?" Are there any Carlists here? "No, we are tranquil, but how soon the thunder may be heard in this province I know not," was the reply of the pastor. I then informed him of their queen's death; it made a deep impression on his mind; he silently breathed, "Que Castima!" what a pity! He wished to know my employ, and whither I was going, I told him to Sarragossa, and from thence into Navarre. "Be cautious what you say," observed he; "there is a mixed political party in that city: independent of that dreadful scourge the cholera." I thanked him for his friendly advice and bade him adieu.

Having an hour or two to spare and an opportunity of conveying this letter to France by a muleteer, perhaps it will not be deemed uninteresting to give you a brief narration of my journey of yesterday over the Pyrenees, the road I ventured to go into Spain being seldom used, but by avaros or muleteers, nor has it ever, I think, been described by any English traveller.

I shall avoid saying any thing of the picturesque and romantic scenery of the Haught Pyrenees in France, whither I had been sojourning for some time, and enjoying the waters at Baniers Canteris, and that memorable little place San Saviour, with their glaciers, cascades, cataracts, lakes, and lofty mountains, whose summits are covered by eternal snow, but commence my description at Gavernie, the last village in France, the highest inhabited, the Pyrenees on the Spanish frontier.

I entered Gavernie as the sun had descended below the horizon, and procured a bed, not in the house, but in a habitation appropriated to herdsmen, and, occasionally, muleteers: the doors had once locks and bolts, but now they had no fastenings. Having examined my dormitory I returned to the inn to dinner, and partook of the izzard or chamois of the Alps (I believe it to be the same animal), and a ptarmigan which had been shot by a gentleman who had been residing in the house for the last few days, enjoying the mountain sports with considerable success. The game is here plentiful: a Frenchman had that morning killed a brace of izzards, and the day previous four brace of ptarmigans, and two brace of the *cocq de Bruyere*. I afterwards learned there were two other English gentlemen in the house on a visit of curiosity, accounting for my being deprived of a good night's rest. In the act of mounting my horse at sun-rise the following morning, the English gentlemen made their appearance. "Are you going into Spain, gentlemen," said I? "It is impossible," was the reply, "we are not provided with passports." I proposed to obviate this difficulty by obtaining permission from the *Maître de Hotel*, who was the chief officer here to permit these gentlemen to accompany me to the first village *Bajarculo*, escorted by two gendarms, who would return with them the same evening to the inn; this was consented to by the landlord, and we engaged three other men who were armed with muskets and pikes to accompany us, and commenced our route by winding up a zigzag path, until we reached the amphitheatre, into which falls the cascade 1260 feet, supplied by those eternal snows from the glacier called the *Pass de Rolland*. We still ascended a more misshapen track for some miles, until we gained the summit, and entered on a plain of grassy down, on the centre of which there is a stone which terminates the continent.

Here, perhaps, I may never again gather such a subject or picture to awaken my interest as presented itself to our view at that moment. The "wonder" burst upon us instantaneously. Spain, which had been concealed, was ready to receive us. We stood on the brink of a crater of immense amplitude. Mountain rose on mountain, and appeared to rival each other in majestic grandeur, separated almost by impassable ravines, and rocky excrescences. The sun shone in resplendent blaze on the variegated hues of strata which composed these scirros, while *carañas* of sheep, containing many thousands, were seen in the distance feeding on carpets of grass, and golden verdure dispersed in the hollows, and small plains guarded by the pastor and his faithful dogs; a string of mules which came winding up the narrow mountain track laden with wool, appearing to approach us, animated the scene, and stagheaded pines were growing out of a range of craggy misshapen rocks near the summit of the mountain on which we stood. Forests of firs were at the declivity of the hill stretching forward into a region unknown to us. The many tributary streams that fell from the glens had formed a brawling river at the foot of these enormous ranges, which flowed in capricious windings, terminated the picture we had been so enchanted with.

At length we began to descend by steep unshapen paths for many miles, till we reached a small hamlet containing a chapel and four or five houses. Here we halted and fed our horses, and procured some

trout, which had been soused in oil, and although highly flavoured we made a good repast. I enquired if the stream produced any other fish. The posador replied only two sorts, "trucias y ranas," trout and frogs. We were told these forests and sierras were the habitation of bears, wolfs, izzards, wild-cats, &c.; and every other game of the feathered tribe which the eagle and vulture foretold by their haunting these wilds.

My road lay through the gorge half-a-mile from the venta leading into the forest, and it was with great regret I took leave of my companions. Uselessly we endeavoured to persuade our conductor to permit them to extend their journey, and we parted.

I took the "mule track" towards the dark forest, accompanied by my servant and one guide by the side of the stream, confined by lofty perpendicular rocks, enriched with various shrubs and plants by an irregular line through which the current had forced a passage, on a ravine of a more distant era, had made way for those mountain torrents. I then entered the gorge and could not help following its circuitous direction. Often the road was diverted by large masses of stones that had been washed down the forest slopes and ravines till they were arrested by the river. Here and there we caught a glimpse of a mountain which winter snows had separated, and the avalanche had swept away the pine-trees in its course to the bed of the stream.

Cascade followed on cascade, and vented their waters near a thousand feet into a bason which led to the turbulent river beneath; cataract succeeded cataract occasioned by the storms and tempests in this region whose effects block up the blue waters with the hideous stones which obstruct their course. After travelling this singular road for some miles, climbing and scrambling to find a track or road, we mounted to an elevation of 1000 or 1200 feet, hanging over a fearful precipice guarded by a low wall, over which were the remains of a small round town, sufficiently large for a sentry, and beneath was the river; this was used in 1823 as an out-post by the French. I could not avoid remaining here some minutes, gazing on one of the most sublime and beautiful features in romantic scenery.]

The gorge now terminated and expanded into two arms, one still leading to deep recesses, stretching forward towards the mountains to the north, the other advancing to the road I was about to go, embracing in its prospect enclosures of vineyards and meadow-land, which announced I had nearly completed my day's journey and had crossed the Pyrenees.

P. B.

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### IMPROMPTU.

*On seeing a beautiful French Girl whose Mother was English.*

No wonder that her cheeks disclose,  
 A blush so crimson and a skin so fair,  
 England has lent her loveliest rose,  
 'To blend with France's lilies there.



## THE PROSCRIBED;

*Translated from the French of M. De Balzac, by Margaret Patrickson.*

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“Lives there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said—  
—This is my own my native land?”

*Walter Scott.*

“Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death:  
For exile hath more terror in his look  
Than death, much more: do not say banishment.”

*Shakspeare.*

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FEW houses were to be found in the year 1508, situated on the soil formed by the sand and alluvions of the Seine, above the city, and behind the church of Notre-Dôme. The first, who ventured to build himself a dwelling on this treacherous flat, subjected at all times to be inundated by the rising of the river, was a sergeant of the city of Paris. He had rendered some trifling services to the canons of the chapter of Notre-Dôme, in recompence of which the bishop let him on lease twenty perches of ground, dispensing, in consideration of the buildings he engaged to erect, with all service or quit-rent. Seven years before the period at which this history commences, Joseph Tirechair, one of the roughest and sharpest sergeants in Paris, as his name indicates, had, thanks to his rights in the fines collected by him for offences committed in the streets of the city, built his house on the edge of the Seine, exactly at the extremity of the street called Port Saint Landry. In order to secure from all damage the articles of merchandize deposed upon the wharf, the authorities had constructed a species of pier in mason's work, yet to be seen on some of the old plans of Paris; which resisted, at the extremity of the land, the force of floods and ice, and preserved the piles of the port. The sergeant had taken advantage of this circumstance, and founded his dwelling upon it, as ensuring stability; so that it was necessary to mount about half a score of steps to come at him. Like all the houses of that date, his paltry dwelling was surmounted by a pointed roof, which displayed above the front, the upper half of a lozenge, and of which, to the great regret of historiographers, there exists, at present, scarcely more than two or three models in Paris. The rude pediment formed by this species of roof, was adorned with a circular opening which gave light to the garret, in which the sergeant's wife dried the linen of the chapter, for she had the honour of washing for Notre-Dôme, and it was no trifling business.

On the first floor were two chambers, which, taking good years with bad, were let to strangers upon an average of forty Paris sous each. This exorbitant price was justified by the luxury with which these two apartments were furnished. The walls were hung with Flemish tapestry. An ample bed, adorned with curtains, whose scanty dimensions admitted not of folds, in green serge like those of our peasants, was honourably furnished with mattresses, to which were added equally respectable sheets of pretty fine texture. Each room had also its *chauffe-doux*, a kind of stove of which it would be useless to give a description. The floor, carefully rubbed and kept in order, by the apprentices of Tirechair, shone like the wood-work of a shrine. Instead of stools to sit on, the lodgers were accommodated with chairs of walnut-tree, carved; the plunder no doubt of some noble castle. Two coffers, covered with leather, and incrustated with pewter, and a table with legs like twisted columns, completed an apartment, worthy the most topping knight-baronet who might be led by their affairs to Paris. The windows of these two chambers looked upon the river. By one of them you could only have seen the banks of the Seine and the three desert islands, the two first of which have since been united, and form, what is now called, the isle of Saint-Louis; the third is the island Louviers. But, from the other, you must have perceived through an interval in the Port Saint Landry, the quarter of the Grève, the bridge of Notre-Dame, with its houses, the high towers of the Louvre recently built by Philip Augustus, and which overlooked that Paris, so poor and mean in reality, of which the imagination of our poets leads them to relate, in our days, such false wonders. The lower part of the *maison à Tirechair*, to employ an expression then in use, was composed of a large room, where his wife carried on her operations, and through which the lodgers were obliged to pass, in order to gain their own apartments, to which they were conducted by a staircase resembling that of a mill. Behind this, were the kitchen and bed-chamber, which had a view over the Seine. A little garden, won from the waters, exhibited at the foot of this humble dwelling its squares of green cabbages, its onions, and a few stunted rose-bushes, all defended by stakes forming a hedge or fence. A shed, constructed of wood and mud, served as a kennel for a large dog, a necessary guardian to so isolated a dwelling. At the kennel commenced an enclosure, in which resided the poultry, whose eggs supplied the tables of the canons. Here and there, upon the soil, muddy or dry according to the caprice of the Parisian atmosphere, arose some small trees, far from enviably situated, incessantly beaten by the winds, twisted and broken by passing idlers; in mournful contrast with their happier neighbours, vivacious willows, flourishing rushes, tall weeds, and rank grass. This piece of land, the house, the Seine, the Port, were framed or tacked, to the west, by the immense church of Notre-Dame, which projected, at the sun's pleasure, its cold shadow over the whole scene. Then, as now, Paris possessed not a spot more solitary, a landscape more solemn or more melancholy. The grand voice of the water, the chant of the priests, or the whistling of the wind alone breathed through this

species of grove, where sometimes an amorous couple would meet by previous consent, to confide to each other their secrets, when the hours of public prayer retained in the church the members of the chapter.

It was on an evening in the month of April, in the year 1508, that Joseph Tirechair returned home particularly out of humour. During three days, he had found every thing in order in the public ways. In his quality of policeman, nothing affected him more than to see himself useless. He threw hastily aside his halberd, and began grumbling with little connection in his words, while he despoiled himself of his party-coloured jacket of red and blue, in order to replace it by an old shabby camlet surtout. After helping himself at the bread-chest to a slice of bread, over which he spread a tolerably thick coating of butter, he settled himself on a bench, examined his fair whitewashed walls, counted the joists of the ceiling, or rather inner roof, took the inventory of his housekeeping utensils, suspended on nails, and then, almost cursing a care and cleanliness which left him nothing to find fault with, he inspected his wife, who went on ironing the aubes and surplices of the sacristy without opening her lips.

“By my faith,” said he, in order to bring about the conversation, “I know not where thou goest, Jacqueline, to fish for thy apprentices, and here is one,” added he, pointing with his knife to a female who was folding, with no great address, one of the napkins for the altar; “truly, the more I consider her, the more I think she resembles a girl *in love with her own pretty person*, than a good stout country *wench*. Her hands are as white as a fine lady’s! Blood and fury! I believe her hair smells of perfumes. And her stockings are as fine as a queen’s! By the double horn of Mahomet, there is something under all this which is not as it should be.”

The female blushed, and looked at Jacqueline with an air of mingled pride and fear. The washerwoman answered the look by a smile, left her work; and addressing her husband in a tone both tart and quick, said to him, “Ho, there; don’t put me in a passion! Thou art going it seems to accuse me of some cunning intrigues, art thou not? Trot upon thy pavement as long as thou wilt, and do not take it into thy head to meddle with what passes here;—If thou wouldst sleep in peace, drink thy Suresne wine, and eat what I set upon the table before thee. If not, I no longer engage to keep thee in health and joy. Find me in all the town a man better off than this ape here?” she went on, making a face at him, pretty expressive of her discontent. “He has money in his purse, he can look from his own gable-end upon the Seine, a virtuous halberd on one side, an honest wife on the other, a house as bright and clean as my eye; and there he grumbles and groans as if he were scabbed with St. Anthony’s fire!”

—“Ah! but Jacqueline,” replied the sergeant, “dost thou believe that I have any great desire to see my house razed to the ground, my halberd in the hands of another, and my wife in the pillory?”

Jacqueline and her delicate assistant turned pale.

—“Explain thyself then,” cried the washerwoman, with vivacity,

“and let us see what thou hast in thy budget. I have seen, my lad, for some days, that some crotchet was out of tune, that thou hadst taken some maggot into thy poor brain. Come then, let us see! unthread me thy chaplet, wilt thou? Why, thou must be a coward indeed to be afraid of getting into any scrape, when thou carriest the halberd to the citizens, and when thou livest under the protection of the chapter. The canons would put the diocese under an interdict if Jacqueline carried a complaint to them of the slightest affront.”

And so saying, she went straight up to the sergeant, and took him by the arm:—“Come along then,” said she, obliging him to rise, and leading him out upon the steps.

When they were at the water’s edge in their Lilliputian garden, Jacqueline cast upon her husband a glance of mockery:—“Learn, old good-for-nothing, that when this fair lady goes out of our house, a good bit of gold will go into our stock of savings.”

—“Oh! oh!” observed the sergeant, who remained pensive and still before his wife. He soon, however, resumed the conversation:—“Ah! then, we are lost! Why does this lady come to our house?”

—“She comes to see the very pretty little clerk that we have up there;” replied Jacqueline, pointing to the chamber, the window of which looked out upon the vast extent of the Seine.

—“Malediction!” cried the sergeant. “For a few false crowns, thou hast ruined me, Jacqueline. Is that a trade for the strict and circumspect wife of a sergeant? But, were she even Countess or Baroness, this lady would not be able to get us out of the trap. Shall we not have besides a great and powerful husband against us; one, too, highly offended? for, there is no denying it, she is wonderfully handsome.”

—“Oh! yes! to be sure! but she is a widow, villainous gossling! Darest thou suspect thy wife of infamies and follies? This lady has never spoken to our pretty clerk. She contents herself with seeing him and thinking of him. Poor child! If it had not been for her he must long since have died of hunger. She is almost a mother to him! And he, the cherubim, it is as easy to deceive him as to cradle one newly born. He believes that his little stock lasts still, and he has already exhausted it twice in six months.”

—“Woman!” said the sergeant gravely, pointing to the place of the *Grève*, “dost thou remember to have seen from hence, a few days ago, the fire in which the Danish sorceress was burned?”

—“Well, and what then?” asked Jacqueline, somewhat alarmed.

—“Well then!” replied Tirechair, “the two strangers that we harbour, smell of the faggot. There is neither chapter, nor countess, nor protection which is secure. Easter come, the year is finished, we must get rid of them soon and sudden. Wilt thou teach an old sergeant to detect a gallows bird! Our two lodgers had dealings with the *Porrette*, that Danish heretic whose last cry thou heardest from this place. It was a bold and fine she-devil after all! She never so much as bent her brows when at the stake, which proved satisfactorily enough her familiar acquaintanceship with Satan. I saw her there as I see thee now. She still continued

preaching to the multitude, saying that she was in Heaven and saw God. Well, from that day I have never been able to sleep in my bed. The old gentleman who sleeps above me is certainly more a sorcerer than a Christian. I feel, upon the word of a sergeant, a cold shudder when he passes by me. He never sleeps during the night. If I awake, his voice sounds like the humming of bells at a little distance, and I hear him making his conjurations in a diabolical language. Hast thou ever seen him eat an honest crust of bread, or a cake made by the hand of a Catholic pastry-cook. That brown skin of his has been dried and tanned by the fires below. There is, by the light of Heaven, a charm in his eyes like that of a serpent. Jacqueline, I will not allow these two men to remain in my house. I live too near to Justice not to know that one ought never to have any dealings with her. Thou wilt dismiss our two lodgers, that is, turn them out of doors, if they are not disposed to go; the old one, because I have a suspicion of him; the young one, because he is too delicate and engaging. They certainly are not at all like us, and do not live after our manner. The young one is always looking at the moon, the stars, and the clouds, like a sorcerer on the watch for the hour to mount upon his broomstick. The other, a sly old fox, certainly makes use of this poor child for some necromancy or sorcery. My dwelling is already on the sands, and it is a sufficient prognostic of ruin without attracting to it either fire from Heaven, or the passion of a Countess. I have said it. Stumble not! Fail not!"

In spite of the domestic despotism which she so uninterruptedly exercised, Jacqueline was struck dumb and stupified on hearing the sort of indictment fulminated by the sergeant against her two lodgers. At this instant, she cast her eyes mechanically towards the window of the old man's chamber, and shuddered with horror, when they encountered, at the very moment, the sombre, melancholy countenance, and profound glance, which made the sergeant tremble, all accustomed as he was to look upon criminals. At this epoch, little and great, high and low, clergy and laity, all trembled at the idea of supernatural power exercised by men. The single word of magic was sufficient, like that, in ancient times, of leprosy, to crush every kindly feeling, break all social ties, and congeal the sentiment of pity in the most generous hearts. The sergeant's wife remembered, in an instant, that she had never seen her two lodgers engaged in any act immediately belonging to human creatures. Although the voice of the younger of the two was soft and melodious as the tones of a flute, she had heard it so rarely, that she was then tempted to consider its charm as the effect of sorcery. In bringing to mind the unusual style of his beauty (that of the rose and lily blended); in imagining that she saw again his fair ringlets, and the humid brilliancy of his sparkling glance, she imagined that she recognised the artifices of the arch-demon. She remembered to have remained entire days without having heard the slightest sound from the apartments of the two strangers. Where could they be during these long periods? In an instant, the most extraordinary circumstances presented themselves in crowds to her memory. She was completely

possessed by fear, and even sought a proof of magic in the affection that the rich lady bore to Godfrey, a poor orphan, come from Flanders to Paris to study at the University. She put her hand abruptly into her pocket, and drew thence quickly four pieces of the manufactory of Tours; that is, of twenty livres of Tours (of twenty sous the livre), and looked at them with a feeling where avarice and fear were singularly opposed to each other. "This, at least, is not bad money," she said, while she exhibited the richer coins to her husband. "But it is not possible," she added, "to turn them out of doors, after having received in advance the rent of the ensuing year."

—"Thou wilt consult the dean of the chapter," replied the sergeant. "Is it not his business to tell us how to conduct ourselves with such extraordinary people?"

—"Oh yes, extraordinary in truth," cried Jacqueline. "And it is truly a malicious thing on their part to come and sit themselves down in the very lap of Notre-Dame! But," added she, "before consulting the dean, why not inform this noble and worthy lady of the danger which she runs?"

As she finished these words, Jacqueline and the sergeant, whose teeth had not lost a single bite at his provender, returned to the house. Tirechair, like a man grown old in his trade, pretended to take the unknown lady for a real laundress; but through his apparent indifference it was easy to detect all the fear of a courtier who respects a royal *incognito*. Just at this instant six o'clock struck from the steeple of Saint-Denis-du-Pas, a small church situated between Notre-Dame and the Port Saint Landry, the first cathedral built at Paris, and erected, according to the chronicles, on the very spot where Saint Denis was placed upon the gridiron. Immediately the hour flew from steeple to steeple through all the city. All at once confused cries arose on the left bank of the Seine behind Notre-Dame, at the part where the schools of the University collect their swarms. At this signal, Jacqueline's elder lodger was heard to walk in his chamber. Soon afterwards, the sergeant, his wife, and the unknown, heard a door abruptly opened and shut, and the heavy foot of the stranger resounded on the steps of the stair-case ascending to his apartment.

The suspicions of the sergeant had invested the very appearance of this personage with so high a degree of interest, that his countenance and that of Jacqueline, presented on the instant so strange an expression that the lady was struck by it. Referring, like all those who love, every thing to the object most dear, the unknown attributed the visible terror of the couple to some cause connected with her protegee; and awaited with considerable uneasiness the solution of the mystery. The stranger remained an instant on the threshold of the door examining the three persons who were in the room, and appearing to seek his companion there. The glance that he cast upon them, however unthinking it might be, agitated every heart. It would have been truly impossible, even to the firmest mind, to deny that nature had bestowed extraordinary powers upon this awe-striking being, super-human in appearance. Although his eyes were deeply set below the grand arches described by his eyebrows, they

were, like those of a kite, incased in eyelids so large, and bordered by a black circle so decidedly marked upon the top of his cheek, that their orbs seemed to project. The fire of this magic eye had an indefinable something of despotic and piercing, which seized upon the heart. It was a glance weighty and full of ideas, a glance brilliant and lucid as a bird's or a serpent's, but which stupified, which overwhelmed by a too lively communication of an immense affliction or of some super-human attributes. But then, in this man, all was in harmony with this glance, leaden and flashing, fixed and mobile, severe and calm. If in his large eagle-eye, terrestrial emotions seemed in some degree extinguished, the visage bore also the traces of unhappy passions and great events accomplished. He was lean and dry. The nose fell straight, and was so prolonged that it appeared as if retained by the nostrils. All the bones of the face were clearly defined, and the fleshless cheeks were furrowed by long, straight wrinkles. You might have described it as the bed of a dried-up torrent, where the violence of the hurricane was attested by the profundity of the channels, which betrayed some horrible and eternal struggle. Large folds proceeding from each side of the nose, like to the traces left by the oars of a bark upon the waves, accented, if one may so say, powerfully his countenance, by giving to his mouth, firm and without sinuosities, a character of bitter sadness. In fine, all which was hollow in the face appeared sombre; but his tranquil forehead stood boldly and nobly forward, and crowned the rest as with a cupola of marble. He preserved that intrepid and serious air and demeanour contracted by men accustomed to misfortune, formed by nature to confront with impassibility a furious multitude, an imminent danger, and to look all perils in the face. He seemed to move in a sphere of his own, from whence he hovered above humanity. His gestures, equally with his looks, carried with them irresistible power. You must have lowered your eyes had his poured their rays upon them; you must have trembled had his words and his motions addressed themselves to your soul. He walked surrounded with a silent and terrible majesty. His thin and sinewy hands were those of a warrior, and you might have taken him for a despot without guards, for a deity without rays. His costume also contributed to the various ideas which the singularities of his manner or of his physiognomy gave rise to, and was in admirable keeping with the whole appearance of this extraordinary being. The mind, the body, and the dress, harmonised together in a manner to produce an impression on the coldest imagination. The stranger wore a kind of surplice, made of black cloth, without sleeves, which fastened in front, and descended mid-leg, leaving the throat bare and without a band. His closely-fitting coat, or *just-au-corps*, and boots were all black. Upon his head he wore a calotte of black velvet, similar to a priest's, and which described a circular line above his forehead, without a single hair being suffered to escape from its strict confinement. It was the most rigid mourning and the most mournful habit in which a man could be clothed. But for a long sword suspended at his side, supported by a leathern girdle,

seen through the opening of the black surtout, an ecclesiastic might have saluted him as a brother. Although he was but of the middle height, he appeared tall, especially when one looked only at his face.

"The hour has struck, the boat waits; will you not come?" These words, spoken in bad French, resounded in the solemn silence which reigned at the moment. As soon as they were uttered a slight fluttering was heard in the other chamber, and, all at once, the young man descended with the rapidity of a bird. When he appeared, the lady's face flushed to purple, she started, trembled, and made a hasty veil of her white hands and taper fingers. Few women but would have shared her deep emotion in contemplating a young man of about twenty, but whose form and proportions were so slight, that, at the first glance of the eye, you might have supposed that you saw before you a youth still in his boyhood, or a young girl in disguise. His black hood, like the *biset* worn by the Basques, exposed to view a forehead white as snow, where grace and innocence shone, and where was stamped an expression of angelic softness, the reflection of a soul full of native good faith. A poet's imagination would probably have led him to search there for the star which, in I forget what tale, a mother supplicates the fairy god-mother to imprint upon the brow of her infant abandoned, like Moses, to the caprice of the waters. Love dwelt in the thousand golden curls that fell in wanton luxuriousness on his shoulders. His throat was white and admirably round, a veritable swan's neck! His blue eyes, full of life, swimming in softness, seemed a reflection of the azure of the heavens themselves. His glance alone was enchantment. Then the features of his face, the turn of his forehead, were of a fineness and delicacy to raise the enthusiasm of a painter or a sculptor. That bloom of beauty which affects us so powerfully in the faces of women, that exquisite purity in the lines, that luminous glory spread around the head of the adored one, were united to a manly complexion, to a strength and firmness which formed delightful contrasts. It was, in a word, one of those melodious visages which, mute, speak to us, attract us towards them. This youth was one of those gifted and privileged beings on whom nature has bestowed the power of pleasing by the sight of them alone. Nevertheless, after contemplating him with a little attention, there might be perceived some of that blighting influence, the effect of passion, or the too strong exercise of the mental powers, in the virgin whiteness of the skin, and in a sort of dead verdure which gave to his charming countenance some resemblance to a young leaf unfolding its tender lineaments to the sun.

Thus, never was opposition more decided nor more lively than that which was offered by the union of these two beings. It was as if one looked upon a graceful and feeble shrub, born in the hollow of an old willow, which time has shorn of its leafy honours, ploughed into furrows by the thunder, yet still, storm-stricken and decrepit, one of those majestic willows, the admiration of painters and poets. The timid shrub clings to its noble trunk as a shelter from the tempest. The one was a god, the other was an angel—this, the



poet who feels, that, the poet who translates; a suffering prophet, and some Levite at prayers. They passed in silence, and without saluting.

—"Did you notice how he whistled him on?" cried the sergeant, the instant that the steps of the two strangers ceased to be distinguishable on the beach. "Can it be any thing but a devil with his page?"

—"Ouf!" puffed Jacqueline, "I was suffocating. I never examined them so closely before. What a misfortune for us poor women that the demon can take such a lovely countenance!"

—"Yes, but throw a little holy water over him," cried Tirechair, "and thou wilt see him changed into a toad. I'll go and tell all to the officiality."

On hearing these words, the lady raised herself from the reverie into which she had been plunged, and looked towards the sergeant, who was already investing himself with his blue and red coat of office.

—"Where are you running to?" she asked.

—"Just to inform Justice that we are harbouring sorcerers; truly in our own defence."

The unknown smiled.

—"I am the Countess Mahaut;" said she, rising with a dignity which set the astonished sergeant all panting. "Take care how you cause the slightest trouble to your inmates. Honour most especially the elder. I have seen him in the presence of the king, your master, who received him courteously. You must be ill advised indeed if you cause him the least embarrassment. As to my sojourn in your house, let not a whisper of it pass your lips if you wish to live in peace."

The Countess was silent and sunk again into meditation. She soon raised her head, made a sign to Jacqueline, and both ascended to the chamber of the young man. The beautiful Countess looked at the bed, the bright wooden chairs, the coffer, the tapestry, and the table, with a feeling of happiness resembling that of an exile who contemplates on his return from banishment the clustering roofs of his native town, seated at the foot of a hill.

—"If thou hast not deceived me," said she to Jacqueline, "I promise thee a hundred golden crowns."

—"Look here, Madam," replied the hostess, "the poor dear angel is free from all distrust, and see, here is all his wealth!"

And, while so saying, Jacqueline opened one of the table-drawers and pointed out some parchments.

—"Oh, God of mercy and goodness!" cried the Countess, seizing upon a contract which immediately attracted her attention, and where she read:—*Gothofredus comes Gantiacus!* She let the parchment fall, passed her hand over her forehead; and feeling, doubtless, that she was compromising herself by suffering her emotion to be seen by Jacqueline, recovered her composure.

—"I am satisfied!" said she.

And descending, she quitted the house. The sergeant and his wife placed themselves on the threshold of their door, and saw her take the way to the port. A boat was moored almost close to it

As soon as the light footstep of the Countess could be heard by an attentive ear, a mariner sprung up, assisted the fair assistant of the washerwoman of Notre-Dàme to spring in and seat herself upon a bench, and then plied his oars so as to make the boat fly, like a swallow, down the Seine.

—"Art thou a fool, then?" said Jacqueline, striking the sergeant familiarly on the shoulder. "We have gained a hundred crowns of gold this morning!"

"I am not much fonder of lodging lords than conjurors. I know not which of the two is the readiest way to the gibbet," replied Tirechair, taking his halberd. "Well; I will go," he resumed, "and make my round on the side of Champlain. Ah! may heaven protect us, and grant that I may meet in my road some light damsel decked out in her golden rings and trinkets, glittering in the dusk like a glow-worm!"

*To be continued.*

## THE CROSS EXAMINATION.

Silly Maiden! tell me why  
Grows your cheek so red,  
When young Henry passes by?  
Silly, silly Maid!

Witless rustic! what is this  
Turns your cheek to pearl?—  
Has he stol'n your fancy?—"Yes!"—  
Witless, witless Girl!

Simple Lassie! where and when  
Did it come to pass?  
"While he woo'd me in the glen."—  
Simple, simple Lass!

Thoughtless Fair one!—So the Youth  
Vow'd?—"O yes! and sware!"—  
You believ'd him?—"Ay, in sooth!"—  
Thoughtless, thoughtless Fair!

Hapless Victim!—better dead  
Than be love-lorn for life!—  
"Yes—but we have just been *wed*."—  
Happy, happy Wife!

THE LOYAL AND FAITHFUL MINISTER  
MEI-KWEI.

*Translated from the Chinese, expressly for this Number.*

BY P. P. THOMS.

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IF, in the remotest ages of antiquity, men of eminence were born,  
Who, loyal to their prince, nobly fought for their country,  
And with pure hearts and chaste bodies maintained the government,  
How know ye, that Heaven will not exterminate the wicked !

When ambitious ministers oppose the kind intentions of their prince,  
And the blood of virtuous statesmen flow down our streets ;  
Be it known—in legible characters it is written—they shall be cut off.  
Then will it be apparent, who are men of valour and renown !

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MEI-KWEI, the subject of this narrative, lived during the Tang dynasty. He was a native of Chang-chow of Kean-nang province, a man of unimpeachable integrity, who was otherwise called Pih-kaou. His lady was of the ancient family Kew. They had a son named Leang-yüh, 'Valuable Pearl,' whom in his infancy they betrothed to How-yih, whose father filled a public situation ; as yet these young persons were not married.

Mei-kwei's first appointment was that of a Che-hëen Magistrate, presiding over the city Lëë-ching of Tse-nan in Shan-tung province, which appointment he filled with the greatest integrity for upwards of ten years, not receiving from the people over whom he was placed, the value of a mite, or even a cup of water, beyond his annual income. He had often heard of one Loo-ke, a venal minister, who, by means of money and valuable presents, formed at the capital an influential body of persons of mean birth, the mere peel of the earth. Every thing occurring to their wishes, and promotion succeeding promotion, in a very few years they were raised to the highest rank. As regards the independent and virtuous ministers, who merited the imperial favour, or such as were desirous of taking office, when such were had before them and interrogated, they might well be pitied, for disgrace on disgrace befel them, while the number of those who lost their lives on account of their principles cannot be known.

It was fortunate for Mei-kwei, that he kept up an intimacy with several officers at the capital, whose appointments were of the same date as his, and had it not been for their influence, it is uncertain whether he would have retained his situation these several years. Is it asked who these friends were ? One was a native of the district Keang-too, of the city Yang, in Keang-nan province, whose name was Ching-shing, otherwise called Tung-tsoo, president of the Le-

poo board, who superintends the whole of the civil department of the government; another, a native of the district Shang-yang, of the city Wei-gan, whose name was Lo-t'een, one of the public examiners, and member of the superior privy-council; a third was a native of the district Heang-ching, of the city Kae-fung, in Ho-nan province, whose name was Tang-tun, one of the professors of literature, at the celebrated college Han-lin; a fourth was a native of the district Tse, of the city Tung-chow, in Shan-tung province, who was called Füh-tse, and held the office of supervisor at court. The strictest friendship existed between these distinguished persons and Mei-kwei, and as they all lived at the capital Loo-ke and his adherents durst not attempt to injure Mei-kwei.

It occurred one day, that as Mei-kwei had no official business to transact, he thus addressed his wife: "While Loo-ke and his partizans promote and censure those who exert their utmost abilities for the royal house, it is indispensable that all who hold office should aid the government, thus manifest consideration for the black-haired people (the Chinese), and recompense the royal munificence. Large gifts of gold, silver, jewels, and other valuables, are requisite to obtain the favour of Loo-ke and his cabal (before any one is promoted to an important appointment); but, alas! how few of all those that acquire degrees possess a thousand pieces of gold! Imagine a poor scholar sitting for ten whole years at his lonely window grinding his ink, how could he obtain this wealth! If after receiving his first appointment he is desirous of being promoted, he must doubtless abstract from the people all they possess, merely to open a road to promotion, thus the people are made to suffer; but I apprehend Shang-t'een (God), will not be insulted. You see, I possess only this Ting-sha-maou, cap of crape, with low rank, and have endured deprivations for these ten years, but I am grateful for the favour of Whang-shang-t'een (the Almighty), and the altars of my blessed ancestors, that while residing here I have been enabled to preserve the people from plunder. How could I imitate those avaricious officers, giving to their superiors a handful of gems; does such become the dignity of a minister of state? I, relying on Heaven's blessing, remain here discharging my duties, and at the close of each day retain my integrity. When unable to discharge those duties I will return to my family, with my wife and son, and, living on a few acres of poor land, enjoy happiness in my native village the residue of my days. Never will I do that which is wrong, or destroy the noble feelings of my heart, which have been given me from heaven."

On another day of vacancy from business, Mei-kwei in conversation with his wife said, "Time has flown with the rapidity of an arrow; for I find I have held my present office upwards of ten years, during which period I have known no cessation; I am happy to-day that I have no business, and, as your natal day is at hand, I am desirous that an extra dish of vegetables (food generally) may be prepared that we may observe your birth-day." The lady replied, "As you, Sir, have seen many more years than I have, why not observe it in honour of yourself?" Mei-kwei then called for the servant, and told him to order the *compradore* to purchase the vege-

tables. The servant in reply said, "I understand;" and making out a list of the articles necessary, he gave it to the mae-pan or compradore. It was not long before the compradore re-entered the house with his purchases. Do you ask what they were? They proved to be two bundles of spinage, eight slices of pulse, a pound and a half of pork, and two pints of wine. The servant was sent to call his young master. The young gentleman, as soon as he had adjusted his attire, ordering his attendant to lock the study door, entered the hall. On seeing his father and mother engaged in conversation, he said, "As you, father and mother, are sitting in state, your son pays his respects." Mei-kwei and his lady with a smile requested him to sit down, when the former addressed him, "As I am at leisure to-day, and to-morrow is your mother's birth-day, I have sent for you to present the congratulatory cup." The son in reply said, "I understand." In a short time the servants brought in four plates of vegetables, and two dishes of pork, two dishes of spinage, and pulse, with three glasses for the wine. The husband and wife sat at the head of the table, and the son on the side. Mei-kwei addressing his lady said, "Had not you and I some one to depend on in the evening of life, even this entertainment would by no means be agreeable. As our son violates not the principles of decorum, hereafter, doubtless, he will be of great service to us. But the ancient adage says, 'The tutor that flatters his pupil cannot be a good tutor; so the father that flatters his son cannot be a good father.' Now as I am his father, and not altogether destitute of talent, and my son's bosom is filled with talent, although I am unable daily to read with him, our son should apply himself to an acquaintance with the classics, and occasionally let his father see the result of his studies." The lady with a smile remarked, "Your son studies with a determination to obtain fame; should he some morning pluck the green bays and deprive you of your fame, what would you then say?" Mei-kwei replied, "Though you are an intelligent woman, you are unacquainted with the affairs of life. The sages say, 'The virtuous adhere to what is correct, while the ambitious minister seeks power.' Since his majesty is surrounded by the traitorous minister Loo-ke and his adherents, no one can approach the throne, much less ascend the golden steps to petition for the removal of those traitorous persons, or reward the virtuous. Loo-ke and his faction are rebels, and his majesty ought to be petitioned concerning them; his majesty would then extirpate Loo-ke and his adherents; if petitions be not sent against them, those who serve under them will experience calamity, and have their lifeless heads exposed in the market-place. Could I accomplish my wish, in death I would close my eyes, and smile in hades that I had left behind me a good reputation, that would be transmitted to posterity. Thus in the first place I should not be ungrateful for his majesty's kindness, which even a faithful minister cannot recompence; and in the second place, my mutilated body would be said to live for a thousand ages. Then I, Mei-kwei, should be able to meet my ancestors, and make known the motives that influenced my conduct. Should those menials say to my son, 'That they fully comprehended the extent of his powers, and cause his

name to be recorded on the golden list, I am fearful lest that herd of foxes and greedy dogs, who cause commotion at court, would induce him to associate with such as are void of talent, seek power, oppress the indefatigable officers of government, and thereby slay both reputation and fame; how would he not then bring disrepute on my spotless life, disgrace my ancestors, and in death be by them railed at. The poet says,

‘Far preferable is that man who, receding from fame,  
In maintaining just principles, delights in cultivating the land.’”

The lady replied, “You, Sir, have instructed your son in that which is correct.” Thus the husband and wife continued conversing together till the sun sunk in the west; on the table being cleared they retired.

It is said, that three days after this conversation, while Mei-kwei was dressing himself to enter the court to attend to public business, the servant advanced and said, “Two persons have come express, who stated that his majesty has appointed you, Sir, to aid him in the government at the capital, and they are desirous of seeing your worship.” Mei-kwei, after pausing a little, bade them enter. On their holding up in their hands the despatch, kneeling at the vestibule and observing the *kō-tow* ceremony, i.e. bowing to the ground, they said, “We have been sent express from the office of the president of the Le-poo board of magistracy, to announce to your worship, that you are promoted to the highest rank in the state.” Mei-kwei, on hearing what was said, could not refrain from laughing aloud, then bidding them to rise, he said, “I will ask you a question. As I am advanced in years, and have remained here for ten years a poor officer, how happens it, that I, who have not taken the people’s wealth, nor associated with the wealthy, and have no one at the capital to recommend me, nor am able to bribe the higher officers, am promoted? Are you not in error?” The bearer of the despatch kneeling said, “How can this be an error? see it bears the imperial signet. I beg that you, Sir, will examine it; though I am ignorant with which of the higher officers this affair has originated, it is apparent that his majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint you a member of the Le-poo board.” Mei-kwei then looking at the despatch, read, “I the emperor, being applied to by Ching-shing of the Le-poo board, order a letter to be sent to Mei-kwei, knowing that he has held for a long time an appointment remote from the capital, and administered pure government, he is therefore required to repair with all speed to the capital. Seeing that he Mei-kwei possesses noble principles, he is in consequence raised to be a member of the Le-poo board. Respect this!” Mei-kwei, after reading the document again and again, desired the bearers to withdraw, when he would presently reward them; and forthwith he entered the inner apartments. The lady meeting him smiling said, “Sir, I congratulate you on your promotion.” The son advancing towards him bowing said, “Father, father, I congratulate you on receiving an appointment at the capital.” Mei-kwei said, with a sigh, “My wife, this despatch may cost me my life.” The lady and son, greatly

surprised, said, "Sir, since you are promoted, you must rely on your ancestors for a blessing, and consider your talents as a mere spring. His majesty has thought correctly on the subject. Why, Sir, do you say that your existence depends on the appointment?" Mei-kwei said, "How should you be acquainted with the private affairs of the state? when I have dismissed the bearers of the express I will return and converse with you." Mei-kwei hastened into his bed-room, and on weighing a few leang of silver, taking with him some gilt paper offerings, he hastened out and called for the bearers of the despatch, and thus addressed them, "As I am a poor officer of the government, and have occasioned you trouble in bringing the intelligence of my promotion, I present you with four leang of silver, a mere trifle, that you may regale yourselves." The two persons bowing in reply said, "How may we presume to receive of you, Sir, such a present! But as you, Sir, have at the capital many relations, if you will address them a line, we will deliver such letters free of expense." Mei-kwei said, "How can I, a poor scholar, have many relations, those that I have are mere farmers, and reside at a village at Lo-shan-shwuy, I therefore need not trouble you."

Mei-kwei on leaving these persons entered the inner apartment, and ordered wine to be prepared; then addressing his wife, he said, "As you and my son will take leave of me to-day, we know not when we shall meet again." The lady replied, "Sir, what do you say? Is it your intention to repair to the capital without taking me and your son to accompany you? Why this ceremony of separation? Mei-kwei answered, "You will not accompany me to the capital, but you will, both mother and son, proceed to your native village, where there is land enough to support you. As soon as I arrive, I shall prefer charges against Loo-ke and Whang-kaou, and their partisans. If I am not the death of them, they shall be the death of me. I exceedingly regret that I cannot reduce their bones to powder. Since his majesty has been pleased to confer rank on me, I dare but be loyal to the state, and how, then, may I look on that pack of ravenous wolves! What need of regret, were this life of mine brushed away! Should I be beheaded, and you, my wife and son, be at the capital would Loo-ke and his adherents compassionate you? He would not only cut down the grass, but tear up the roots, that he might put an end to the family of Mei. While residing at Chang-chow you will hear whether affairs are prosperous or otherwise; but it will be necessary for you to change your name and surname, and live concealed. When our son is grown up, and has caused his name to be recorded in the hall dedicated to eminent statesmen, you will then have something whereon to depend. Recollect how many mysterious years passed before the ancient minister Pih-shüh could petition his majesty. The man that cannot foresee probable events is not fit to aid in the government. You must return to cultivate the soil, and take care of your person. Where would be the good of your accompanying me to the capital?" The lady replied, "Since neither mother nor son is to accompany you, be it so; but when you have entered on your office, who will wait on you? and as you are advanced in years, with whom will you associate?"

Mei-kwei replied, "I have but one word to say, I rely on you my wife complying with my wish. As soon as I arrive at the capital I shall accuse these traitors; should his majesty receive my statements and cut them off, I will then despatch a person without delay to conduct you and my son to the capital." While conversing, the servant entered to announce that the gentry of the district had come to congratulate him on his promotion, and were now waiting to know whether he would receive them or not. Mei-kwei replied, "I cannot receive visitors day after day, but since they are waiting I will see them." As the servant was retiring, Mei-kwei bid him wait, when he wrote down the hours he would be at home to receive visits; stating at the same time, that none to whom his card was presented would be required to repeat the visit; for he intended leaving the following day. Mei-kwei, on changing his dress, ordered the gates of the public office to be thrown open, when he entered the hall, where were waiting a few of the gentry in full dress, who instantly advancing towards him, in a body exclaimed, "We congratulate you, Sir, on your being called to aid the government—a happy omen of prosperity to the nation." On Mei-kwei modestly declining the compliment, they seated themselves as guests and visitors, when the gentlemen said, "From the time that you and your lady came to preside over us, we have known nothing but felicity; hearing that you are about to leave us, since his majesty has sent for you, we hope hereafter you will be raised to be one of the San-kung (three chief ministers of state), and that you and the higher officers of government will be as brethren." Mei-kwei replied, "Here there is a distinction, but there petty distinctions do not exist. I am grateful to his majesty for the favour he has conferred on me. As a minister how may I not strive to expel traitorous ministers! Gentlemen, I expect that you will assist me with all your souls."

It is said, that on lady Mei-kwei ordering her servants to pack up a few light articles, she thus addressed her son, "My son, as your father has made up his mind, and is determined to unite with the royal house to expel the rebels, the destruction of our family is not remote." The young gentleman replied, "What you say, mother, is correct. Father does not give it a thought whether he lives or dies, being intent on acquiring the reputation of a good minister; should he lose his life for the good of his country, it is only what others have been called to endure." During this conversation, Mei-kwei took leave of the gentlemen, having shut the gate, and thrown off his upper dress. On seeing the servants busy packing, in deep thought he said to himself, "Ah, it is either fame or gain that influences man through life, and the cause of all the trouble and vexation that occur." On perceiving his wife and son in the hall, distressed conversing together, Mei-kwei, on approaching, asked her what they were conversing about. The lady replied, "I and your son were conversing about your proceeding to the capital; your son remarked that such was the object of all those who held office." Mei-kwei replied, "Just think on that," when, stroking his beard, he burst into a loud laugh, and said, "Excellent! excellent! the object of all who hold office! My lady, from that remark I am



satisfied that our son is ambitious to be a minister of state, and that hereafter he will resent my death. At present the blood of the inferior officers of the government is trampled on, and no one regards their persons." Mei-kwei, on taking the lady by the hand, went forth, and bade their son enter the hall, who brought in the several boxes and trunks, which he himself unlocked, when the lady and son sorted and arranged the several articles of dress, which consisted of only a few shirts, and long and short dresses, besides his official dress. On opening his writing desk, he found about three hundred tales of money (about £100), but possessed no jewels of any kind. Mei-kwei, on taking out fifty tales, delivered the desk with its contents to his lady, when he said, "Though I have held office these ten years, this is all I have been able to save; when you have finished packing, you will repair to Chang-chow. Having ordered a vessel, you will leave to-morrow. On thus speaking, he assembled his servants to receive their instructions, when he said, "To-morrow you will see my lady and son safe to her native village; on the following day you will accompany me to take leave of my senior officers and the gentry, and then wait till I give over my seal of office to my successor, with the standard measures, when I shall proceed on my journey. You will now procure a light sedan chair, and two horses, which will be enough to accompany me on the road."

Mei-kwei next required the presence of those who attended at the court, with the three constables, and the six public clerks (who sometimes act as a kind of attornies, and at times render the magistrate considerable assistance in difficult matters). On their entering they formed two rows. Mei-kwei on noticing that none of them were absent, asked if they were all willing to serve him in his new appointment. They replied, kneeling, "that they were." Mei-kwei said, "I, the hëen magistrate, am now appointed to the capital, are you of the same mind as I am?" They responded, "Glory and promotion await your Excellency, accompanied with rank, which is indicated by the gold and silken band that surrounds your waist." Mei-kwei replied, "I have filled this appointment upwards of ten years, and should have had no trouble, were it not for those mean persons who purchase rank, at the exclusion of the virtuous. When I have left, each of you should retain your good reputation, and forget not to walk in the same path. Should you attempt to impede me in the discharge of my duty, you will prove yourselves disloyal. Though there may have been flaws in my conduct—will you be able to escape the power of the law? It is imperative on you to be dutiful to your parents. The ancients have a saying, 'If dutiful to one's parents, such are loyal to their prince.' Such conduct bestows on man a reputation through life. If you can prove yourself dutiful and loyal, the approbation of Shang-te (God) will rest on you and your children's children. In this life you will be blessed in your person with length of years, and hereafter be for ever happy." They all replied, "We will act in accordance with Venerable Father's (your Excellency's) luminous instructions," and bowing they each took their leave.

As Mwei-kwei was about to enter the hall, he saw the porter approaching, who announced, "that several persons were waiting to congratulate your Excellency, and are desirous of presenting a written document." Mei-kwei asked the number of those who were waiting. The porter replied, "The officers of the city, with their associates, they are come to present a letter or memorial to your Excellency; in consequence of the orders that you have issued, they do not presume to enter the hall." Mei-kwei replied, "You will go and tell each of the gentlemen, that it is not necessary for them to present the document, therefore they will now retire, and some other day I will return their visit. Tell them also, that when I arrive at the capital, it shall be evident who are the virtuous, and who are traitors, for I will accuse such before the Emperor, and he himself shall decide! Of what use is their document!"

The porter went out and communicated Mei-kwei's answer. These persons, by their countenances, indicated their disappointment, or making a ceremonious bow, retired. This deputation, who were inhabitants of several districts, were sent by a self-constituted body, to deliver a document and offer congratulations to Mei-kwei, on his Majesty having called him to aid in the government, not knowing how he might hereafter be disposed towards them, expecting that on his arrival at the capital, he would reply to their document. Mei-kwei, by this decisive step, at once put a stop to any further intercourse: had he granted them an interview, they would out of that interview have preferred some charge against him, then those ministers before whom the accusation would be brought, might not see the extent of the evil that was in their hearts. Thus he gave them not an opportunity of writing to the disaffected at the capital.

Mei-kwei having dismissed them, laughing, said to himself, "They will now know that there is an independent person in the world, who will not suffer a day to pass without using his influence:" when he entered the apartment, to see if his wife and son had finished packing. The lady, on seeing Mei-kwei, asked with whom he had again been conversing? Mei-kwei replied, "Just as I had done giving my instructions to the several officers, and was coming into take some refreshment with you, unexpectedly, that shameless corrupt Shang-sze officer, has sent persons to offer congratulations, and to deliver me a letter or document. You know, as I lightly esteem him, I never wished to visit him. I could but laugh at them, for an independent man must daily maintain his character!" The lady asked, "How he had terminated it?" Mei-kwei replied, "Why, I sent the letter back unopened, and said that I would return the visit." The lady said, "It is quite a laughable affair."

While the husband and wife were conversing together, the servant communicated that wine was on the table, when Mei-kwei ordered his son to be called to partake of it. On being seated, Mei-kwei, addressing his wife, said, "When you both arrive at the end of your journey, and have got settled, you will diligently apply yourself to cultivating the ground, and he to his studies. Think not, because I am at the capital, that I am at a distance.

Daily instruct your son, and suffer him not to rove about. When he has a little leisure, let him enter the different public courts. You know through life I have always been diligent; now, though I am fifty years old, no one has ever preferred a charge against me. On your return home, see that you wound not my reputation." The lady replied, "We will strictly obey Laou-yay's instructions, but when you arrive at the capital, lay your plans of proceeding, and be patient in all your affairs, suffer not pride to enter your heart. The ancients say, 'Think thrice before you act, which may be repeated, then you will never be a disgrace to your species,'—consider Loo-ke and Whang-kaou as foolish persons, and do not from pride persecute them. I hope, Sir, that you will consider what I have said." Mei-kwei on hearing what she said, stroking his eye-brows, and striking the table, replied, "Woman, what do you say! I exceedingly regret that I am not at the capital! that I have not seized those traitors! that I have not with my own hands terminated their existence! have not eaten their flesh. Why talk about thrice considering and then acting? As you and I seldom converse together, I regret exceedingly that we have not now time. Does not Heaven respond to man's desires! and is not the holy Emperor's favour immense as a mountain!—since I, the Che-hëen magistrate, have been selected to fill an important situation?—On arriving at the capital, and receiving a sword, will I not then behold these traitorous ministers!"

*To be continued.*

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TO MY ABSENT LOVE.

I crossed the stream, I passed the hill,  
 On yester morn,  
 I gazed again upon the scene,  
 Where oft my willing step had been,  
 Where Joy was born!  
 A sight that more befitted spring  
 I have not known:  
 The little birds sang sweet and clear,  
 And the mild primrose stooped to hear  
 The brook's low tone.

The place was still a pleasant place,  
 It showed no change,  
 And yet my restless heart had not  
 The same enjoyment in the spot—  
 I thought it strange.  
 I asked me how this thing could be,  
 If it were Care  
 That clouded Nature's charms, or wo  
 That dulled the sense of good,—Oh! no,  
 Thou wert not there!

## A HUMAN HEART.

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“ Me voici donc seul sur la terre ; n’ayant plus de frère, de prochain, d’ami, de société, que moi-même. Le plus sociable et le plus aimant des humains, en a été proscrit par un accord unanime.”

*Les Rêveries du Promeneur Solitaire.*

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THIS memoir was discovered by accident—in fact, a child was the origin of the discovery. The spot distinguished by it is in Cumberland—a wild, weedy, untrodden spot, bounded on one side by the sea, and in other directions by ravines, morasses, swamps rather than lakes, and surmounted by the peaks of a succession of bleak, lofty, verdureless hills. None would penetrate to it by choice—few could by chance. To horse-feet it is impervious, and the pedestrian pilgrim would turn aside from it owing to the thickness of the under-grass, briars and impenetrability of the tract generally. In other respects also it is unattractive. Its scenic character is cold, without promise, or power to allure. Wild, without the picturesque, it is solitudinous without grandeur ; neither sublime nor beautiful, but in the highest degree harsh, unlovely, unrecompensing, and from which the pencil of Salvator or of Claude would equally turn dismayed.

On this spot—in the bosom of a hut on this spot, the memoir here entitled “ A human heart ! ” was found.

But the locality is nothing, nor the memoir itself, possibly, any thing to the accompanying event by which the discovery was signalled, and which the introducer of the document to the public can have no hesitation in pronouncing interesting and remarkable, and surprising beyond whatever has transpired in the world whether of history or romance, science, literature, or philosophy.

It is hinted, a child was the medium of the discovery, a boy, a mere child in search of eagle-eyries, among the cliffs on the seashore of Cumberland. In his excitement he descended the cliff, to whose summit (with hands and feet he had clambered by an unknown chasm. The circumstance involved him in perplexity ; he lost his way, preserved no knowledge of his route, and, consequently, during many hours, was compelled to adopt at random any passage or pathway of any wood, cavern, or glen which presented. Suddenly, from a distance, he thought he discovered an angle of a rude deeply-embosomed habitation. So far was it buried among trees and long waving grass, that it was scarcely distinguishable. Yet he resolved to pursue the direction in which he imagined it to rise ; naturally supposing it to possess inmates, through whose agency, extricated from the wilderness which enclosed him, his embarrassment would be relieved. He proceeded in the direction, reached the

spot; it was a hut, and at once he was relieved from his embarrassment. He called loudly several times, but without meeting with response, so at length he pushed gently against the door, which at a second effort opened, and he saw what appeared to him a figure over a table asleep. Obeying a first impulse, he entered the hut and with that fearless frankness which so peculiarly and beautifully characterises the innocence of childhood, approached and took the figure by the hand, but no sooner had he done so than he let it fall—it was so *terrifically* cold!

Upon this he hastily emerged from the hut, and without accounting for it, felt an intolerable horror even of the face of the hovel, and he ran from it as speedily as he could.

In the meanwhile, his absence from home became a source of alarm, and a party of us volunteered our services in his pursuit. His usual haunts were familiar to us, and we ascended this steep and came down that descent—penetrated to the bosom of the most silent valleys, and paced the dark margins of innumerable lakes—consuming the hours of the longest mid-summer day in a fruitless search, when from an assemblage of craggy heights, his delicate form in the duskiness of the increasing twilight struck our observation, and hence to our satisfaction, we were enabled without delay to convey the young tenant to the arms of his distractedly awaiting mother.

The words with which he greeted us were the hut and its sleeping inhabitant. He spoke, *could* speak of nothing besides—the subject engrossed his thoughts: day and night he seemed inspired with—haunted by it.

We laughed and flung jibes, but to no avail, he would not relinquish but even clung to his account with augmented pertinacity. Then, what we commenced by pronouncing *incredible*, we concluded by deeming *strange*, or at least, resolving to put its verisimilitude to the test. In furtherance of the project we embarked on an exploring expedition; the child of course being our escort—guide. For hours we perforated pathway after pathway among the rocks, dells, &c. but to no purpose. We espied—no hut was visible. We renewed the laugh—again, the youthful Columbus incurred our utmost sarcasm. However, he was not thus to be disconcerted, and he entreated us for the fewest steps—for a step—but one step more on. His own glance was the quickest, and *he* first descried and pointed out to us in exultation—the hut. We were all stimulated to arrive at it, and like birds attracted as to a common centre by a particular instance of prey, in irregular flights we came up to it.

Precisely as the child recounted—in an attitude apparently of sleep, a figure leaning over a table was there. The form was a woman's form, attired in black—to the heart motionless—dead! We gazed at the figure, then at each other, then at the figure again, and we gazed because we had ceased—had found it impossible to speak. For some minutes we stood congealed!

When our first horror subsided we pursued a closer inquisition. Raising for a moment, we supported the drooping head, and scrutinized its facial lineaments. They were aged—evidently stamped with the finger of age, but of the most noble contour and beauteous

regularity; they were attenuated—the whole form was attenuated, and probably had wasted from inanition as much as from natural decadence. Also, the limbs in their outline attracted us, which were, or in youth had been, of a remarkable symmetry; they were now stiff, and the flesh upon them indurated to the degree of iron. In one hand, or near the fingers of one hand, on the table, was a pen, close to it paper, and a stand, in which once had been ink, but which now merely contained its sediment—dried. We seized eagerly upon the paper, which we perceived was traced with characters in writing; but, scanning it devouringly, were disappointed on finding it to include only two sentences (the last of this volume). They served, however, to stimulate our curiosity in search of more. Seeking around the cabin, we observed that it was divided into two compartments, small, miserable, dilapidated. The feature by which we were most struck was the multitude of books, scattered, or rather heaped in profound disorder, and in the most profuse quantity. Looking a little further, we saw a mirror, with a covering, which once it was intended should conceal it, half torn from it; subsequently we saw a guitar, the chords snapped, and finally a ponderous chest. The last now was the most interesting object. It was secured with a strong fastening, but to us it was but a slight obstruction, we surmounted it, prosecuting the work of enquiry. It contained three portraits and a manuscript, which we have here termed *memoir*. It presented little besides a scanty assortment of wearing apparel: the faded remnant of a shawl, a brooch, a ring formed the total.

The manuscript, doubtless, above all rivetted us. The handwriting was delicate, but so small, so obscure, that it required study to decipher it. It was not on full sheets, but the minutest divisions of letter-sheets, and the most costly description of vellum. It appeared to comprise much—a lengthened history; but as in result it proves merely passages of a history, for the most part incomplete, unperfected details. It ceased, however, to occupy us longer at that moment; our whole thoughts directed themselves to the disposal of itself—the figure. We consulted, and unanimously it was resolved, the most fastidious respect should attend its obsequies, and there was a general feeling that, in accordance with the classic solemnities of the ancient Greeks, it should be consigned to the flames of a funeral pile—burned, and its ashes decorously gathered and deposited in a marble urn. The portraits we regarded as too sacred for our cold and uninterested affections, and decreed them therefore to a participation in the same destiny. In one flame ascended, in one vase mingles the dust of all—of *her*, and of the images of those who *to her* were as the springs of life—the fountains of immortality—and in dedication to their memory, the pilgrim, who by the tenderness of his sensibility shall be drawn thither, may see, denotive of the spot whence that flame ascended, an uninscribed, simple, white monumental spire.

There remains little to add. The memoir, as it is here presented, is in that state—scrupulously exact—in which its present possessor found it—not a line altered—a syllable erased. As a *literary* pro-

duction, it must of course at once and without hesitation be pronounced *valueless*, but, like other things, *intrinsically* destitute of merit, may be thought to be endowed with interest extraneously derived.

I HAVE brought myself to a strange task. How inconceivable that above all even I should sit down to lay bare the secrets of a heart! Of a heart, oh, what a heart! but—for I will ponder no more.

There are many who cannot understand the motives of Jean Jacques. I understand them—alas, the day! I am solitary, and a wretch. How can I better dispel the horrors of the present, than by calling up those of the past? To the work! I have spent years in musing over them; they are engraven on the tablets of my brain; how easy to trace them before me on the parchment! Visible to the sense, they may become less instant to the mind. The experiment, at least, I will try. Who knows? it may calm this inward hell. What I shall write, shall be as the transcript of my inner soul. No eye can ever survey it. Like my thought it will be unseen, unimagined. I will, then, write all! It is myself I should deceive by suppressing or disguising truth. It is the problem of my own nature I wish to solve—the history of my own heart I wish to reduce to the characters of the human pen. The occupation may divert my pain, while the result may teach me certain secrets of my breast I wish to know. Do I falsify? it is myself I delude; do I not lay open my heart to its inward core? it is myself I mock. For the scroll to which these things shall be committed mortal can never behold, with my spirit in the kindling of its own flame it shall ascend, as this breast exhales its final sigh it shall moulder to its last crumbling dust. In life, I will wear it next what it shall be the living emblem of—my heart! in death, like the hand which now traces it, it shall be no more! Farewell, then, deceit! thou wilt not answer now. To the task, the task of unveiling a human heart,—a beating, throbbing heart, in all the appalling hideousness of truth! Oh, the work is dread! On the threshold I feel the overwhelming power of the sanctuary I would enter, The heart—the human heart! my vision is already scared at its images.

For years I have inhabited this spot. My abode is a cabin with two chambers—what a contrast to the splendour that once I have dwelt amidst! This cabin is on the declivity of a hill. No footstep, I am aware of, ever penetrated to it; no eye, I imagine, ever rested on it. It is not embosomed, but lost amid high forest trees, shrubbery, and grass, which have been allowed to grow wild like overgrasses. The scene has not its equal in England, nor on earth, of which I have any idea for dreariness; it is desolation personified—an abode for the witches in Macbeth, a place of storms and wailing, solitude, and woe. Even now, as I write, comes the blast sweeping down the misshapen gorges of the mountains. I see the ocean in the distance, and it is its surge raging everlastingly over rocks and

against the beach (of which I am so completely in the vicinity) that prevents my slumbers, or in pity disturbs them in the moment of some horrible dream.

Here I have dwelt for years! here I will dwell till this frame shall sink---till this heart---ah, this heart! shall be scathed in form as it is now in spirit, till it shall be pulseless, passionless, cold.

I have books. I read much; but, for the most part, my hours---there are no hours to me, it is either daylight or darkness; existence, then, is spent in a kind of muse, a something between scrutiny of my present thought and recurrence to the events of my past life; from the vivid portraiture of these, I sink gradually into a torpor, resembling the unconsciousness of death. The period this may continue I cannot determine. I have neither watch nor timepiece of any description. I take but little exercise; my frame is too feeble to admit of distant rambling; besides, I have other reasons. In the day-time I seldom venture out; it is then, if I can accomplish it, I lull myself to sleep. My slumbers are so light, that the mere sighing of the wind has awakened me; they are disturbed, too, by terrific dreams, so that I have become careless of encouraging sleep at all. My favourite hour is the depth of midnight; then I clothe myself in black, and wander forth. Then the stars are generally congregated in the far blue: the stars! it is the stars I worship beyond the light even of the moon. I know of none who may be near, yet I creep so stealthily that I should by necessity be taken for a shadow. I wander on till I reach the beach. I descend so low, that my feet are often wet from the tide as it rolls in. The view hence is boundless, and, in tempestuous nights, sublime. For miles I watch the billows writhing and tossing to the clouds. It is amidst this uproar of the elements I live. It is the turmoil of the world, the splendid distractions of that world whose precincts I shall never enter more, in allegory. At least, so to me it seems, and it is the fancy of this which, though it cannot radically alleviate, diverts my grief. The weather, too, is almost always tempestuous. The coast rises suddenly, at frequent intervals, into abrupt head-lands; these to mariners, at least is known, are the ministers, or rather cradles of strong and impetuous winds. My view is to the direct east, so I see the approaches of the first rays of the sun. These are the signal for my departure homewards. There is neither domestic, nor dog, nor any thing breathing to welcome my return. My heart has cherished too much; let me not speak of affections; I have not a care to bestow now save on the dead. This is the hour my bodily frame suffers most. I throw myself on a rough-hewn figure of a couch, exhausted. I take three tea-spoonsful of wine, and, after some time, I partially recover. I then rise, and, while my mind retains the first purity of its midnight meditations, I unlock a large sea-chest, and from its furthest depths, enrolled in the thickest folds of alternate wool and crimson satin, draw first one portrait, then another, and, finally, a third. My tears never sully them, my lips never approach them; but, as I gaze, a heavy dew breaks over my forehead, my knees clash, and, did I not instantly enclose and put them back, they



must doubtless fall from my grasp and be smashed. After this, I sit for hours motionless, like a statue in marble. External objects make no impression on me; there are images before me, but they are of the mind—of the mind! and, when they vanish, then my consciousness returns; and often a fever has burst out over me, my cheeks are flushed, my temples seem on fire, and my forehead is indented, against which it would appear my fingers had been madly pressed. I have a guitar which I then seize. Nothing soothes me like music, and, after forming a few chords, I am lulled into unspeakable peace. It is by this time broad day, and I now provide my very simple, and, to me, most insipid repast. Even after years my palate has not lost its preference of those choice delicacies to which it had long been accustomed. I prefer game to a collation of herbs, and turbot to the poor and plain diet I am obliged to be contented with. The inconvenience to which I am most exposed is the preparation of these necessary supports. Beyond any, the culinary art is that I can least exercise a knowledge in; its secrets I never understood, and could least bring myself to study. On this head I have a further difficulty to contend against—the means of procuring those necessaries. As I live at a distance from any habitable place, the difficulty is prodigious; but, in a measure, I have overcome it, by the simple process of curtailing my wants. A trifling modicum of bread and wine; fruits, vegetables, when in season; dried substances in meal or rice, when they are not, supply the requisites to my physical life. These, I confess, sometimes are nauseous to me; I say, *sometimes*, for there are lapses of days when I partake of no nourishment whatever.

The irregularity of my former habits, I have carried with me even into this retreat. I have no fixed occupation, no periodical pursuit. Such, my soul could not endure,—the thought would be sufficient to give a term to my existence. To be constrained by duties, governed by formal rule,—oh, it is not for one of my unfortunate temperament to be guided through such an orbit! My course, like to a comet's—as it has been—uncertain, burning, rapid, eccentric—oh, how could I be chained to axiom! Folly! fires;—let me perish—my soul be annihilated! . . . . . After partaking of refreshment, I fall asleep. When I awake, it may happen, I am in darkness. I have said, that my abode is lost amid the foliage of trees, consequently, the last setting rays of the sun cannot penetrate to it, and my chamber becomes enshrouded in the shades of premature night. I have a dread in darkness; there is a fearfulness about it, that inspires me with a degree of inexplicable awe. I have irritable nerves, and a leaf falling to the earth will sometimes sound to me like the approach of footsteps. On these occasions, the pain I suffer is beyond conception. I have lain on my couch, perhaps, for hours, till the throbbing of my heart has become audible to my own ear. This terror, however, leaves me on gaining the open air. I am a being of some extraordinary peculiarities, and when abroad beneath the heavens, inhaling the cool fragranciness of the breeze, my courage rises to heroism, and I seem to have acquired intrepidity with my situation of greater freedom. I can then return dauntless to my

home ; my emotions seem to have changed their channel, and from the haggardness of fear, my countenance returns to the placidity of its settled woe. I barricade the windows and the several apertures through which light may escape ; I, then, produce fire from flints, and illumine my dwelling with the fitful lustre of an ill-tended lamp of oil. If the season be winter, or the weather raw and inclement, I prevail on myself, at intervals, to kindle a fire on the hearth. I have an oaken table, small, round, and apparently very ancient, which, after overlaying redundantly with books, I draw to the vicinity of the embers. I then allow myself to sink in a huge elbowed chair, occupying the left corner of the fire-side, and directly in front both of the window and the door. I muse more, much more than I read, but still there are passages of my favourite authors that serve wonderfully to charm away time. I can read Homer ; and Tully and Tacitus are familiar to me. To whom do I owe this felicity ? Alas, let me not darken the faint gleam of happiness that remains to me ; let me not sink into utter despair ! The silence which dwells around me in these hours is intense, unutterable. Imagination can form no semblance of it. Sometimes, my thoughts are troubled by it ; its effect is appalling ; I should go mad did I give myself to its influence. But I fly from it. It is then I rush outward, and take my station on the cliffs looking down upon the open sea.

The roar of the waters, the bellowing of the winds, the crashing of the branches of trees—any thing, any thing is preferable to this silence,—this silence so emblematic of death, so horrible—undenurable ! The question very naturally presents itself—In the midst of what is thus so terrible, and contrary to the capabilities of nature to endure, why cut not at once the thread of life ; why not escape at a single bound ? I have dwelt on this thought ; it has haunted me ; I have risen from my sleep,—sprang, leaped frantically from my resting-place, the thought vivid to my imagination—the resolution strong in my heart. I have clenched the horrid form of a rusty knife—a knife huge enough to strike terror to a butcher,—I have drawn it wildly across my throat, pointed it against my breast ; but it has fallen as though my arm were sinewless, as if suddenly it were deprived of life or the power of action. The situation must be frightful that can plunge one in such a purpose ! think, if it be not blasting like the agonies of the damned ? I cannot die ; no, I cannot. Even in madness, of my life I am tenacious. I would not tamely yield it ; no, to the last I will struggle for it. Its charm I do not know, yet still it *has* a charm. I am besieged by horrors, aye, such as it has never been the lot of mortal to experience ; yet my life has a charm ; a charm I have no power over, a charm that is a mystery, a mystery I can neither dive into, nor dispel. Let me not repeat the question. I cannot reply to it—question it must remain : I am a pitiable being. My brain reels with distraction. I am in the midst of misery—my soul is barren of hope. It is on my memory my spirit feeds ! Oh, God ! when the grave has been permitted to steal the objects of one's affections—oh, righteous God ! when the heart is without the springs which gave it pulse, and to the frame vitality ; what a hell into which one is immersed ! to what a destiny of tears,

and anguish, and lamentation is one not exposed! Yes, I have wrung my hands, I have torn my hair, I have flung myself to earth, I have heard accents escape my lips that to my own ear have sent an echo that has palsied me. Yet would I not part with life, yet could I not cut short the span of my existence.

And, ah, how changed! What I was once, what I am now! What bliss! what unexhausted, inexhaustible woe! Let me consider, I have spent years in this miserable abode. How many, I do not know. I was once young; when I came hither I was not old. Is my face wrinkled? I cannot tell. Once it was fair, divine! What it is now, I have not a remote thought. In a mirror I have never gazed since—since! why does my pen stagger? to what date do I refer? No matter, in time, all shall be transcribed; but, for the present—. In the furthest and darkest extremity of the adjoining chamber, encased in a frame of gold, stands a superb sheet of plated glass. It is covered first with brown holland, then with baize nailed on all sides, and to the floor, so that without forming a previous design to the effect, I can never behold myself in it. This design I have entertained, but I am without courage to execute it. Perhaps, some day, I may possess the nerve. I should like to witness how my agonies may have corrugated my brow, and distorted the lines of a mouth that was once Phidian. My hair, probably, is gray; the supposition shocks me. I must think no more. Horrible! yes, I am conscious of it, my form has lost the fineness of its symmetry, all the moulding of its once incomparable grace. I see it, even my hand is in wrinkles, and my arm—but with what meaning do I thus weary myself? for my charms, had they not their day? my beauty, was it not triumphant like the hosts that are covered with victory? Away, then, repining! If I be fallen, it is by mine own act, mine own deed. The world was not wide enough to give scope to the capability of my faculties; it could not understand, it could not penetrate the subtlety of my character. I did a deed, I did a deed it could not applaud, nor conceive the greatness of my horrible heroism, so it chased me from it, hooted, vituperated me, till it finally penned me in this odious retreat. I stand on the bleak hills of my desolation, but I stand with my heart unscathed, my soul indomitable as it ever was. Do I weep? that world cannot see a tear; am I crucified, and racked, and torn? that cold and ignoble world knows not; from *it*, at least, it is all veiled. But wherefore thus do I look back upon the world? why reproach what supplied to me once joys like those of paradise? Singular ingratitude! As a child, was I not blessed? Did not gladness, like flowers, enwreath the path of my infancy? And the *world* was that sun which gave pulsation to my powers. Ah! and which brought my ruffian passions to their height; which poured the blood of madness in the veins of my ambition; which made me envy, and hate, and scorn; which swelled my breast with the desires of hell; which made me love, but to feel the rack of jealousy; which plucked humanity from my heart; which dazzled, led me on, uplifted me to the summits of its greatness, intoxicated, made me blind, and dizzy from the elevation I stood upon, then dashed me from that elevation, dashed me from

heaven to perdition, to what I am, to what I am ! Is it, then, ingratitude to pour upon it the anathema of my vengeance? this, then, do I pour upon it, "Earth, be accursed! wherever mankind are met in societies upon your bosom, wherever traces of human fellowship are seen, wherever laws for the maintenance of social order, the protection of social rights exist, Earth! be thou the abode of war, rapine, and desolation, the prey of every curse, the victim of all anarchy, the theatre of bitter and bloody distraction! The ills with which thou hast encompassed me, be thou encompassed! Rage—rave—go mad with the hotness of your calamities. Sink into the pity into which thou hast plunged me! Sink, perish till thou shalt be no more."

*To be continued.*

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## COME THOU TO ME!

(An Original Ballad.)

*Written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.*

COME THOU TO ME! for the sun is setting  
 And the pale stars peep from their azure screen;  
 Light dews the rose's leaves are wetting  
 And pearly drops on the grass are seen;—  
 Night's veil is falling o'er land and sea—  
 COME THOU TO ME!—COME THOU TO ME!

COME THOU TO ME!—Daylight is fading  
 And the young birds have folded their weary wings,  
 The vapours of twilight the mountains are shading,  
 And silver mists rise from the cool fountains' springs;  
 Night's robe is closing o'er land and sea—  
 COME THOU TO ME!—COME THOU TO ME!

COME THOU TO ME!—for the bees are reposing,  
 That have hum'd mid the thyme-bark the long sunny day;—  
 The butterfly's wings, on the rose-leaf are closing  
 The ants from their hillock are up and away!  
 Night's veil is falling o'er land and sea,  
 COME THOU TO ME!—COME THOU TO ME!

COME THOU TO ME!—the ring dove is mourning  
 Like the sigh of some lover, (amid the pine trees,)  
 Who waits with impatience the dear-one's returning,  
 And murmurs his grief to the stars and the breeze;  
 Night's curtains close, o'er land and sea—  
 COME THOU TO ME!—COME THOU TO ME!

## NURSERY POETRY.

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MEN's tastes are proverbially various. Mine, on the subject of poetry, will, I know, be considered singular. I cannot help that. We have no more control over our tastes than we have, to use Lord Brougham's words, "over the colour of our skin or the height of our stature." I hold that the most erroneous notions obtain in the world respecting what constitutes true poetry. It were no difficult task to establish the position. It is admitted, on all hands, that that is the best poetry which finds its way most directly to the feelings, and which leaves the most lasting impression on the mind. Whence comes it then, I ask, that Nursery Poetry is so lightly esteemed, while such works as Homer's *Iliad*, Virgil's *Æneid*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are so generally admired and praised? Tried by the above unerring test, the latter works will not bear a moment's comparison with much of the poetry of the nursery; for though we may have read Homer, Virgil, Milton, and all the other writers of versification, erroneously called poets, so late perhaps as yesterday, we do not recollect, it may be, a single passage in their writings, while we have a distinct remembrance, not of a detached couplet or two, but of the entire pieces which constitute the staple of nursery poetical reading, though a full half century may have elapsed since we handled any of the Lilliputian halfpenny volumes in which such pieces have appeared. Could there, then, I ask, be a greater proof of the impression which the latter class of poetry makes on the mind of the reader? And of the little, or rather, if the phrase be not unclassical, *no* impression produced by the former.

My position being thus demonstrably established, the readers of *The Monthly Magazine* will pardon me the expression of my surprise and regret, that the public taste should be so grievously vitiated as to prefer the poetical works of the three personages whose names I have mentioned, and of others which might have been added, to the infinitely higher order of poetry which abounds in the nursery.

This anomalous and discreditable state of things shall no longer exist—if I can help it. I have determined to come forward,—as no other person better qualified for the task seems disposed to undertake it—as the champion of those great poetic geniuses who reign paramount in the nursery, though so shamefully neglected by "children of a larger growth." This is an undertaking far more noble than any recorded in the page of modern history. There is nothing so truly worthy in the voluminous annals of chivalry. Were it not that the one related to a future world, and was immediately connected with man's religious interests, and that the other has reference to intellectual merit alone, I would not shrink from comparing the nobleness of the task I have undertaken with that of the Cru-

saders of the twelfth century, when they devoutly and heroically marched themselves to the Holy Land to expel the infidels from the sacred territory.

I regret, and it is a disgrace to the age in which we live, that I should be left to engage single-handed in this glorious enterprise. Had Mr. Canning been alive, I should have found an able coadjutor in him. In his younger years he gave convincing proof of the estimation in which he held Nursery Poetry; and not only showed that he could duly appreciate its transcendent merits, but that he could ably vindicate its matchless claims to the admiration of all possessed of sufficient intellect to perceive its excellences. In the *Microcosm*, a periodical work which he conducted when an "Eton Boy,"—he published two masterly papers, admirable alike for the eloquence of their style and their critical discernment, on the well-known nursery poem beginning with

" The Queen of Hearts  
She made some tarts  
All on a summer's day."

That Mr. Canning did not pursue the glorious and useful career which he thus early pointed out for himself is solely to be ascribed to the circumstance of his comprehensive mind having been, from that period until the time of his death, occupied with the weightier matters of state. Had he only been spared to accomplish to some extent the objects so dear to his heart, namely, those of "calling new worlds into existence," and regenerating the old, there can be no doubt that he would have devoted the entire faculties of his mind for the remainder of his life to the promotion of the praiseworthy purpose I have mentioned.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." Encouraged by the assurance that the object I have in view involves in an eminent degree not only the abstract principles of justice, but the interests of our national literature, I proceed fearlessly and at once to the performance of my task.

The only thing about which there is any doubt or difficulty is the particular nursery poem I should select to commence with. The claims of several to the distinction of priority in the specification of their merits are so nicely balanced, that I am at a loss to say to which I ought to give the preference. I am particularly distracted amidst the conflicting claims of three beautiful little well-known poems. The first I refer to is that commencing with

" Who killed cock robin ?  
I, said the sparrow,  
With my bow and arrow,  
And I killed cock robin."

The second is "The House that Jack built;" and the third is the popular poem of "Jack and Gill." As the last is the shortest, I shall begin with it.

Though it is very unusual for critics to give the whole of the

poem they are about to criticise, I do not feel myself "obligated," as they say at the police offices, to follow the general example. I am perfectly independent in every thing, and in nothing more so than in matters pertaining to criticism. Here then is the poem to whose matchless excellences I am about to call the attention of my readers:—

" Jack and Gill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water ;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Gill came tumbling after !"

It will at once be perceived by the intelligent reader, that this poem has in it all the qualities of an heroic poem. The grand essentials of such a poem are admitted on all hands, from Aristotle down to the most modern critic, to be, that it have a hero, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is undeniable on the face of it, that this poem possesses all these properties. It has certainly one hero, if not two; if the latter, so much the better. To go into any lengthened or elaborate arguments to prove that the poem has a beginning, a middle, and an end, would be justly deemed an unpardonable insult to the understanding of my readers.

The way in which the poem commences is particularly happy. Had Homer been the author, he would have begun with an invocation to the "Heavenly Goddess" to assist him. Virgil would have apostrophised "the Muse;" and Milton would have supplicated the inspiration of the "Heavenly Muse." There is nothing of the kind here. The poet's good sense taught him to discard all such nonsense. What do readers care about "Heavenly Goddesses," "Sacred Nines," "Celestial Muses," and so forth. All they want is a good poem. If the poet courts the Muse, and wishes, like the kindred moonstruck swains who are captivated with the charms of some terrestrial damsel, to fall down on his knees and worship his mistress, why, let him by all means do her homage to his heart's content, but let it be done in secret; let him not expose himself to the unhallowed gaze of a vulgar world. If the nymphs of Helicon have a particle of modesty in them, they must frown on all such worshippers, and spurn their proffered addresses.

One great fault of all the heroic poems which have attained any celebrity, is that their authors weary out the reader with tedious and elaborate exordiums, before they reach the subject matter of the poem. Not so in the instance before us. The poet at once introduces us to the subject and the hero.\* Let the reader attend to the very first line:—

" Jack and Gill went up the hill."

A poet of less judgment than my author would certainly have drawn largely on the time and patience of the reader, by a length-

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\* It may admit of doubt, as I said before, whether there be only one hero, or two heroes. Whatever the fact may be, it does not in the least affect my argument.

ened description of the hill which Jack and Gill ascended. He would have been quite verbose in telling us its physical condition,—inflicting on us, in all probability, a geological treatise, either in metre or blank verse, as the case might be. Here there is nothing of the kind: not a word is said either of the size or the physical aspect of the hill. It may have been a hill whose summit, to use the amorous phraseology of other poets, “kissed the clouds;” or it may have been one of much more lowly proportions. Then the poet is equally silent as to the appearance of the hill. Was it a hill with a surface of sand? Or with a rocky surface? Was its surface clad with the “green, green grass?” Or did it exhibit a covering of heath? These are questions which the poet very properly forbears to touch on, far less to answer. He leaves the reader to form his own ideas of the hill, and in so doing, pays his understanding the highest compliment. I hate minuteness in any thing; it invariably destroys the effect. Here it would have been fatal to the poem.

The author with equally good judgment forbears to tell us how Jack and Gill ascended the hill. He very wisely contents himself with informing us that they “went up the hill.” Any other poet would have dosed us with some forty or fifty pages of description touching the ascent of the two youths. In this, as in the case just mentioned, the poet leaves every thing to the imagination of his readers. Whether Jack and Gill took only a few minutes or as many hours to reach the top, is a matter on which we are left to form our own judgment. Nor is the slightest hint given us as to the mode of the ascent. It may have been in the usual way, that is to say, the heroic youths may have walked up the hill, or they may have crawled to the top on all fours. The great charm of the line consists in the unbroken silence which the poet maintains on these points.

In the second line, the poet unfolds to us the object for which the youths ascended the hill, It was

“To fetch a pail of water.”

The author abstains from telling us whether the boys had gone up the hill of their own accord on this errand, or whether they had been sent by their parents. We are left to our own conclusions on the subject. In either case, we feel most deeply interested in the boys, and admire their conduct. If they went of their own free will, it shows how anxious they were to anticipate the wants and wishes of their parents by bringing them a pail of water before it was required. If, on the other hand, they went up the hill in obedience to the expressed wishes of their parents, the circumstance shows the warmth of their filial regard, and a sense of duty to their parents, which in these days of juvenile degeneracy cannot be too warmly commended. Though I fondly hope that so melancholy a result will not ensue from obedience to parents in other cases, as in the case of poor Jack and Gill, I would anxiously press on my youthful readers, the propriety of imitating the example thus set them by



these excellent youths. Parental obedience is one of the cardinal virtues of "little boys and girls."

The plot now thickens, and the *denouement* is at hand.

"Jack fell down and broke his crown."

Poor dear boy! The poet makes no appeal to the feelings of his readers: he does not attempt to awaken their sympathies at the fate of unfortunate Jack: he contents himself with a simple statement of the calamity which befel him. All this is perfectly right on his part. His silence is far more expressive than would have been any thing he could have said. He gives full play to the reader's imagination, and he must be equally destitute both of imagination and feeling who can think of the fate of poor Jack without shedding a tear over it. "Broke his crown!" It is fortunate it was not his neck. His crown *possibly* might have been mended again, though I fear it never was. But, alas! no surgery is equal to the task of repairing the injury which a broken neck entails. It is death at once—death as certainly as when the neck is stretched by the "finisher of the law."

But what of Jack's companion? The reader shall hear:—

"And Gill came tumbling after."

Moralists say, that calamities do not come singly. How strikingly is the aphorism illustrated in the case of these interesting boys! Their days are prematurely ended—that is to say, if the accident proved fatal—at the same time and in the same way. They were, as far as we can judge, strongly attached to each other in life: how truly may it be said of them that in death they were not divided? How they had lost their equilibrium, and consequently fallen down the hill, is a matter on which the poet is mute. Another proof of his skill; for the mind is so absorbed in sorrow at the fate of the boys, as to be incapable of bestowing a single thought on the cause of the fatal accident.\* He also, with equal propriety, abstains from saying a word about the pail and the water: a poet of inferior judgment would have said something about the pail; would have told us whether it also fell down the hill, or remained at the top, as if the reader were capable of withdrawing his sympathies for one moment from Jack and Gill, and transferring them to the utensil which they had in their hands when the fatal occurrence took place.

The author does not say as much, but I do not think any of my readers will differ in opinion from me when I mention that I presume the boys were brothers. In that case, the circumstances connected with their untimely death could only be second in their affecting interest to those under which the "Babes in the Wood" perished. I will not refer to what must have been the feelings of

\* It is right to mention that I put the fatality of the accident hypothetically. The poet is silent as to that point. Perhaps after all the little darlings recovered from the effects of their fall, though I have assumed they did not,

their parents. If their grief could have been assuaged, it must have been by the deep and general sympathy which all the country side could not fail to have manifested at the melancholy catastrophe.

The reader must have been struck with the absence of all meretricious ornament in the poem to which I have called their attention. Any other poet would, if the fact had not been really so, have represented the occurrence as having taken place in a fine summer's morning or evening, in order that he might have an opportunity of introducing the usual common-places about "the melody of feathered choristers," "gentle zephyrs," the golden radiance of the sun," &c. : supposing that to interlard the incidents of the story with such glittering nonsense as this would give it an additional effect. Our poet knew better. He knew that what Thomson says in his "Seasons" of female beauty holds equally true of poetry, namely, that

— "It is,  
When unadorned, adorned the most."

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit; it is the soul of poetry also. The poet ought, above all things, to avoid what is called "spinning out." It is the besetting sin of poets, the grand rock on which so many thousands of them make shipwreck of their reputation. The poem of "Jack and Gill" we commend in this respect to their special attention. It constitutes an example which they ought to follow. It contains as much in its four lines as is to be met with in many a goodly-sized octavo. It has in it, as I have said and shown, all the elements of a grand heroic poem. In other words, it is a grand heroic poem.

Who the author is, is not known. This is the greater pity, as he is by that means deprived of the distinguished fame which his poem must have ensured him. It is certain of immortality: so would the author, had he been known. However, regrets on this head are unavailing now.

Dr. Johnson used to say that he would much rather have been the author of the well-known ballad of "Chevy Chase" than of all his own works put together. I am not as yet so voluminous a writer as Dr. Johnson, nor am I sure that I stand quite so high in the literary world; but I certainly must say, that I would infinitely rather be the author of the poem of "Jack and Gill," than of all the works which have proceeded from my pen. Of this I am quite certain, that nothing of mine will ever attain so extensive or lasting a popularity.

I trust I have said sufficient to raise the poem of "Jack and Gill" to its proper rank in the world of poetry. There are other Nursery Poems, for which I must do a similar service; but time and space admonish me to desist for the present.

J. G.

TO THE POLES.

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Arise to the strife of the sword !  
Advance like the wave of the flood !  
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored,  
Till the Tyrants have bathed it in blood !  
Your chains have been galling and keen :  
Ye have slept the dull sleep of despair :  
Yet awake for the glories of days that have been ;  
For a spell that may rouse you is there.

Long seasons of sorrow and shame  
Have rolled o'er the land of your birth ;  
Though once without peer on the proud scroll of Fame,  
'Tis the taunt and the by-word of Earth !  
The wrongs which your Fathers have borne,  
The wrongs which your children must bear :  
Oh ! your souls are subdued by the bonds ye have worn,  
Or a spell that must rouse you is there.

The " Lion " is tame and debased  
While chained in the dwellings of men,  
Yet send the wood king to his own native waste,  
And his fury will waken again :  
And thus, though degraded are ye,  
The sway of your Tyrants but spurn,  
And the faith and the courage that dwell with the free,  
To you shall with Freedom return.

Then awake to the strife of the sword !  
Advance like the wave of the flood !  
Nor e'er be one brand to its scabbard restored  
Till the Tyrants have bathed it in blood.  
Oh think on the days that have been,  
Till they rouse you to do and to dare :  
Oh think on your bondage, so heavy and keen—  
A spell that must wake you is there.

## ELOQUENCE OF THE EYES.

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NOTHING is more common than to speak of reading a man's eyes ("or woman's either"): they are the mirror of the soul; for the most secret operations of the finest part of man are depicted upon these external organs, which transmit them to us under their different colours. The moralist, as M. Petit Radel remarks, whose attention is confined to the simple phenomena which observation offers to him, in the greater part of the cases within his province, admires the power of the creative genius which formed so intimate a correspondence between the seat of sentiment and this external faculty by which it is manifested. Satisfied with the appearances which he discovers, he renders them subservient to his views, and then, borrowing his materials from the history of the human heart, he forms a doctrine, which cannot but be advantageous to morality. The investigator of the phenomena of animated nature goes much further; entirely occupied in tracing the causes which animate organs so eloquent, he develops, with the aid of his scalpel, those nervous filaments, of which the last ramifications disappear in their intimate structure, and, by a retrograde operation, he pursues them to the centre of that pulpy substance which is enclosed by the cranium, where anatomists have examined them from age to age, with a view to demonstrate their peculiar organization. He sees a commerce, more or less active, established between the organs which perceive objects from without, and those which modify perception within; but still the cause of the secondary emotion experienced from them by the heart, which by a sort of reaction manifests the part taken by it in these wonderful operations, remains concealed.

Without enquiring after the hidden springs, of which the action produces these singular effects, the votaries of the muses are not the less induced by them, to express them in the different pictures in which they represent man agitated by certain passions proper to give energy to their pencils. Ancient and modern poesy has employed the most brilliant epithets to characterise that tranquil state of mind, which is remarked in a good man on interrogating his eyes; and, when in the midst of the storms of life fate weighs heavily upon him, do not his eyes, enlightened by hope, which still shines through the gloom, exhibit a wise resignation to misfortunes which he cannot avoid? Pride, anger, envy, and fear, have chosen these organs to furnish the indices by which they may be known. What would have been the force of the "Quos ego," in the *Æneid*, if the eyes of the angry god who pronounces them had not a part in the passion which moved him? Homer, notwithstanding his divine elo-

quence is less expressive, when, in the *Odyssey*, he speaks of the furious Antinoüs in language like this :—

“Τοῖσιν δ' Ἀντίνοος μετέφε Εὐπίθεος υἱός  
 Ἀχνύμενος· Μένεος δὲ μέγα φρένες ἀμφιμέλαιναι  
 Πιμπλάντ', ὅσσι δὲ δι πυρὶ λαμπετῶντι ἔιχτεν.”

Ovid, ever the faithful painter of the human passions, could not better characterize the effects of wrath than in that passage of his first book, *de Amoribus* :—

“ —Oculis quoque pupula duplex  
 Fulminat, et geminum lumen, ab orbe redit.”

Phineas Fletcher, in his *Purple Island*, has an elaborate description of the eyes, and their power of expression, part of which may be transcribed :—

“ First stands an arch, pale Cynthia's brightness shaming,  
 The city's fore-front, cast in silver bright :  
 At whose proud base are built two watching tow'rs,  
 Whence hate and love skirmish with equal pow'rs,  
 Where smiling gladness shines, and sudden sorrow show'rs.

‘ Here sits retir'd the silent reverence ;  
 And when the prince, incens'd with anger's fire,  
 Thunders aloud, he darts his lightning hence ;  
 Here dusky reddish clouds fortel his ire ;  
 Of nothing can this isle more boast aright  
 A twin-born sun, a double-seeing light ;  
 With much delight they see, are seen with much delight.”

The passion of love, which a beneficent Creator has enclosed in the depths of the heart to excite whatever enjoys life to reproduce itself, at the epoch when it arrives at perfection, is manifested still more evidently by the language of the eyes, than by that which the organs of speech articulate. When Antiochus, consumed by the fire which the beauty of Stratonice had kindled in him, was about to descend into the night of the tomb, the physician, Erasistratus, determined the nature of his malady by the motion of his pulse, but unquestionably was first directed to the source of the disorder by the eyes of his patient. The epithets, *oculi pleni*, *putres*, *adulteri*, *oculi columbarum*, and others similar, are utterly insignificant, if they do not refer to the passion of love :—

“ Omnes in Damallim putres  
 Deponent oculos.” HOR. CARM. I. 36.

Anacreon, in commending the portrait of his mistress, does not forget this interesting feature. As to her eyes, he says they are full

of fire, brilliant as the eyes of Minerva, and humid as those of Venus:—

“ Τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς  
 Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησιν,  
 Ἀμὰ γλακῶν ὡς Ἀθηνῆς  
 Ἀμὰ δ' ὕγρον ὡς Κυθήρης.”

The ancients, it may be remarked, greatly admired this serious expression of the countenance, tempered with sweetness.

Tasso, who has made so fine a use of many of Virgil's beauties, in representing Rinaldo at the feet of the beautiful Armida, says—

“ Ei famelei sguardi avidamente  
 In lei pascendo si consume e strugge.”

Bürger, delightfully personifying the youthful spring, just awakened amid joyful melodies, a picture which Milton himself might not have disdained, marks his glowing countenance, and particularly his laughing eye:—

“ Unter frohen Melodien  
 Ist der junge Lenz erwacht.  
 Seht, wie Stirn und Wang ihm glühen,  
 Wie sein heller Auge lacht!

The same poet, whose “vulgarity” has received the censure of an Edinburgh reviewer, who probably read him with the assistance of a dictionary, thus sweetly sings of eyes illuminated by the tenderest affections:—

“ Blandine sah her, Lenardo sah hin,  
 Mis Augen, erleuchtet vom zärtlichsten Sinn.”

Perhaps the most poetical language, applied to the intellectual expression of the eyes, is to be found in Mr. Cornish's British Melodies:—

“ Her eyes, like wells of intellect,  
 A deep clear heaven of light reflect.”

This elegant writer, if he be, as some suspect, the author of the Songs of the Loire, has several beautiful passages, in which this faculty of the visual organs is noticed. In the “Minstrel Bard,” for instance:—

“ Look into his eyes, ye daughters of beauty!  
 And trace the rays of his bounding soul.”

And in the ode to Ianthe:—

“ Still let thine eye, like the gazelle's,  
 Impart what love there be.”

As to the colour of the eyes, their expression certainly does not

depend upon it; but poets, when they describe it, generally make them black or blue; thus Horace:—

“Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.”

“ ———Canebat

Et Lycum, nigris oculis, nigroque  
Crine decorum.”

In one instance we read in the *British Melodies* of a blue eye:—

“My Morna’s eye, my Morna’s eye,  
What flow’r on earth can match its dye?  
Nor hyacinths nor violets vie  
With the tender hue of Morna’s eye.”

In the passage from *Anacreon* the colour is of secondary or rather of no importance, for it is not mentioned; it is the expression of the eye alone which he requires. Mr. Cornish, in another poem, leaves colour to the imagination.

“Thine eyes are gems so richly set  
In beauty’s canopy of love,  
That gazing on thee, I forget.”

And M. de la Bouisse, in a less beautiful manner, praises his mistress’s eyes without particularising their colour:—

“Eléonore, en fixant tes beaux yeux,  
De tous me sens la volupté s’empare;  
Pour moi la terre est préférable aux cieux.”

Molière’s *Bourgeois* has said much on the fascinating influence of fine eyes, as de la Bouisse, or indeed any poet, and in fewer words: “Belle Marquise, vos beaux yeux me font mourir d’amour.” A celebrated toast of the last century declared that the finest compliment she ever received was from a coal-heaver, who requested to light his pipe at her eyes.

M. Petit Radel observes, that the various phenomena exhibited in the eyes, which passion animates, derive a greater intensity of life from their nervous tissue, and from the muscles which serve to move them. These muscles have a much greater quantity of nervous ramification in proportion to their volume than any other muscular part. Here the sensitive and locomotive energy act in concert to modify the operations of life, to elevate or depress its tone, in a manner to respond to the first impressions of sentiment, and to exhibit the soul entirely naked through the transparency of the eyes. The greater number of observers have remarked that these organs take their part also in the ordinary expression of language.

Their power of expression is undoubtedly proportionate to their fulness: flat eyes, whether originally so formed, or the consequence of age or disease, are almost entirely devoid of this intelligence, which all admire. Emptiness and flippancy are intended to be

denoted by the flat eyes of Pope's phantom poet, the prize for which the rival publishers in the *Dunciad* are to contend. The goddess, he says,

“—form'd this image of well-body'd air ;  
With pert flat eyes, she window'd well its head ;  
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead ;  
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,  
But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !”

The general appearance of such eyes would almost justify the application of Macbeth's address to the ghost :—

“ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with.”

The most intelligent eyes are ever the brightest, but they do not burn with the glowing splendour of the sun ; they are of a mild radiance which suggests the gentle stars as their aptest subjects of comparison :—

“ Occhi, stelle mortale,”

says an old Italian poet, whose name I do not remember :—

“ And eyes of starry light,”

sings the swan of the Loire.

Having said so much, in the course of this brief paper, on the eyes of our terrene angels, perhaps something might be expected on the eyes of angels of another description. But here a difficulty occurs at the threshold. The two great authorities, Bürger, and Byron, are at variance. The latter says of his Satan, that

“ Where'er he gazed a deeper gloom prevailed ;”

which, in some measure, agrees with Milton's “ Round he threw his baleful eyes.” The terrific horseman, who rode on the left hand of Bürger's Wild Huntsman, is represented mounted upon a fire-coloured steed, and darting flashes of fire from his eyes like lightning in a tempest :—

“ Gross, dunkelgelb der linke Ritter  
Schoss Blitz vorn Aug', wie Ungewitter.”

This seems to be the notion of the representative of Samuel in *Der Freischutz*, who manufactures a pair of most effective Satanic eyes out of tin-foil, to the great terror of the younger part of the audience.

Fiery eyes certainly express the fiercer passions, such as the above respectable personages may be supposed to possess. Where they are not natural, they derive this peculiar appearance from those passions. Cicero, says our great dramatist,

“ Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the capitol,  
Being crossed in conference by some senators.



This consideration, however, belongs to the physiognomist; it is sufficient here to have noticed the general use which poets have made of the intelligent language of the eyes; "the speaking eyes," as Miss Sheridan terms them—

"I do not love thee! yet thy speaking eyes,  
With their deep bright and most expressive blue,  
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,  
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew."

But on this subject a French poet of the eighteenth century puts a most significant question, to which we pause for a reply.

"Le langage des yeux est d'un charmant usage ;  
A deux cœurs bien unis il offre mille appas ;  
Mais à quoi sert ce langage,  
Si l'un des deux ne l'entend pas?"

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## THE TWO MULES,

*Translated from the French of La Fontaine*

Two mules were travelling one road,  
The one was humbly charg'd with corn,  
The treasury-cash the other's load,  
A load with pride and pleasure borne :  
He rang his bell, and march'd with grace,  
Proud of his master and his place.  
When, lo, the enemy appears !  
A money-searching gang :  
The treasure-bearing mule in tears,  
They seiz'd, and straight began to bang :  
Vain the resistance that he tried,  
All over stabs, he groan'd and sigh'd :  
"Is this the promise, then, of scenes so gay,  
While fearless that poor mule holds on his way,  
To fall and here neglected die?"  
"Neighbour," his comrade did reply,  
"High places are not always good, you see :  
Had you been but a miller's mule like me,  
You had been safe as well as I."

## NEW PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

- Age (Ladies)*—An unknown quantity.
- Ambassador*—A spy, whose person is sacred and inviolable.
- Bulletin*—An official lie.
- Congress*—A political raree-show, in which kings are the jugglers, the people the dupes.
- Court*—A theatre on which the great exhibit their littleness.
- Cannon*—Royal logic.
- Conquest*—The exploit of a regal plunderer.
- Crown*—A cap which sits loosely on a tyrant's head.
- Conscience*—An inaudible voice, which the deafest can hear.
- Ciphers*—Figures which represent the classes of a nation—the King, by himself, is the *nought* 0—it is only by being joined to the people he acquires value.
- Dinner*—A political test of capacity.
- Dress*—A good or bad recommendation.
- Duty*—What one is paid for neglecting.
- Dowry*—A plaster for the bodily and mental imperfections of women.
- Epaulette*—A warrant for impertinence.
- Equality*—The political state of the law.
- Epitaph*—The last tribute to vanity.
- Fashion*—The only inviolable law.
- Honour*—The pretext for killing a friend, or being killed by an enemy.
- Honesty*—An obsolete term.
- History*—An ancient fable.
- Intolerance*—Pandora's box.
- Impartiality*—A Utopian virtue.
- Leisure*—A convenient plea for idleness.
- Library*—The poor man's company.
- Love*—An affair of pounds, shillings, and pence.
- Logic*—The art of confounding.
- Modesty*—An ornament whose value falls as the owner rises.
- Merit*—A disqualification for business.
- Meretricious*—Fashionable.
- Memoirs (contemporary)*—The confessions of sinners who are past their wickedness.
- Member (of Parliament)*—An agent appointed to watch the interests of others, but who only looks to his own.
- Matron*—An old ewe dressed lamb fashion.
- Mirror*—The only friend that speaks truth.
- Moustaches*—A row of hairs under the nose to terrify naughty children.

- Novel*—Stale scraps hashed and peppered.  
*Nonsense*—What you cannot refute, or answer.  
*Night*—Day by candle-light.  
*Old*—A term applied when a girl is married before her rivals.  
*Oddity*—An honest man.  
*Page*—A courtier in his apprenticeship.  
*Parrot*—Favourite society of an ignorant woman.  
*Portrait*—A mirror whose excellence consists in flattering.  
*Policy*—An infernal conspiracy for overturning the world.  
*Preface*—A modest defence of stupidity.  
*Reason*—A child which grows older without growing larger.  
*Soldier*—An animal which spends one half of his life in the theory, and the other half in the practice of evil.  
*Sword*—The argument of heroes.  
*Stomach*—The brain of a blockhead.  
*Te Deum*—An affront offered to a Father for the murder of his children.  
*Vote*—An act of the conscience set up to auction.  
*World*—One's own acquaintance.  
*War*—A game at which governments play for the blood of the subjects.

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TEMPER.

(From the Oriental.)

YES, Adah, I swore by the fire of thine eyes,  
 I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure :  
 The bubbles of spirit, that sparkling arise,  
 Forbid life to stagnate, and render it pure.

But yet, my sweet love, though thy spirit's my pride,  
 I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl :  
 If life be ne'er suffered to rest or subside,  
 It may not be fleet—but I fear 'twill be foul.

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*Scraps from the unpublished Manuscripts of a Traveller, in France, Germany, Hungary, and Italy.*

NORMANDY.—ROUEN.—ÉVREUX.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE next day we visited the *Musée* or Picture Gallery, which contains a few of the works of Italian and Flemish masters, and many of the modern French school, worthy of attention. The object which engaged the greatest share of my notice was the keeper of the gallery, a thin spare man of advanced age, trembling in every joint; his hair, white as snow, tied behind in a long small *queue*, bespeaking, together with his habiliments a *ci-devant militaire*. On my enquiring if his trembling proceeded from cold, or from a paralytic affection, a smile for a moment lighted up his venerable features, and he replied, in a mild, subdued tone: “Non, Monsieur; I caught this disorder under the axe of the guillotine; and, as I perceive your curiosity is excited, if you will do me the honour to take a chair, *pendant que je vous conte l'affaire*, I shall be most happy to gratify it. Handing chairs to myself and friends, and taking a seat respectfully in front of us, he related the following extraordinary story:—

“I was a *garde de corps* in the service of that excellent sovereign and martyr, Louis XVI.; and I had the honour of being continually near his person until the fatal 10th of August, when, by almost a miracle, I escaped the massacre of his faithful adherents at the Tuileries, and lived concealed with a friend at Paris till I heard of the determination of the Convention to bring my revered master to trial. Determined to risk my own life in an attempt to save his, I disguised myself one evening and joined a party of royalists who had formed a plan to carry off the king from the temple, and I was appointed by them to convey to him a large sum of money to bribe his keepers to favour his escape. Our attempt would, probably, have been attended with success, had not the imprudence of some over-zealous friends defeated it. Suffice it to say, that the *Commissaire*, whom we thought we had succeeded in corrupting, betrayed us on the very day the guard of the prisoner was confided to him; and the tocsin announced throughout Paris that Louis was about to escape. The police were on the alert to arrest the conspirators, and I with difficulty made my escape to a country-house about twenty leagues from the capital, where I remained in constant terror of apprehension, till the death of my sovereign and his queen had placed the factions which governed France at variance with each other, and furnished daily fresh victims to the now permanent guillotine. Tired of my uneasy position in the country, I determined on returning at all risks to Paris; and, disguised as a porter, I lived there undiscovered till a few days previous to the overthrow of Robespierre. I was then arrested, and conveyed

to the Luxembourg, tried, and condemned to suffer in the morning of the very day on which Tallier succeeded in overthrowing the usurper : but this circumstance would not have saved my life, had not one of those mercies of the Almighty which I have often experienced protracted my existence. Already had ten or twelve of the unhappy victims, who were led out with me, passed under the fatal axe, and I put in their place, with the blood of the sufferers streaming on the scaffold before my eyes, when, as I lay expecting every instant the fatal blow, I heard the executioners exclaim, with terrible oaths, that the instrument of death was arrested in its descent by some derangement of the slides. They were busily employed in setting it to rights when the shouts of the populace announced from the gardens of the Tuileries the change of affairs which had been for some time expected. The commandant of the military force attending the execution immediately suspended the work of death, and I was raised up, with the board still strapped to my body. A few minutes explained the cause of my deliverance. The power of Robespierre was no more. He perished shortly after by the axe which had so providentially spared me and the rest of its intended victims under the horrible reign of the blood-thirsty monster."

After some further particulars of his adventures until the time of Napoleon, the veteran concluded by asking pardon for having detained us so long. Tears started from his eyes, and his face was suffused with emotion as I explained to my friends in English the subject of the old gentleman's discourse, which neither they nor myself will ever forget.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Evreux.* Near this town, at the distance of about two miles, is the *château de Navarre*, built by the Bouillen family, and celebrated in after times as the scene of the revelries and amorous excesses of one of those monarchs of France whose follies served to overthrow the Bourbon race and royalty itself—Louis XV. At a later period, it became the favourite residence of the empress Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon. A delightful walk of half an hour brought us to the park-gate of the palace, where we were readily admitted by the porter residing in a neat lodge, the only part of the property now inhabited. Time, which spares neither palaces nor cottages, had been very busy with this seat of royalty; and even the flight of steps leading to the grand entrance shook as we trod on them. The knock which we gave at the principal door resounded through the building, and brought forth an old man, dressed in a working jacket, and who, it appeared, had been employed in sweeping the cobwebs from the princely furniture which it still contains. On expressing our wish to see the interior of the palace, he bowed politely, begged us to permit him to change his dress, and soon after appeared in an old weather-beaten livery coat, an immense cocked hat, the universal emblem of office in France, whether in the civil or military departments. Taking off with much parade this important covering of the human form divine, he bowed and said, 'Me voilà, Messieurs, à votre service,' and trudged on before into the grand hall surrounded by a lofty dome, on which were some well-executed paintings *in fresco*. The hall was adorned with exquisitely finished marble busts of the Roman emperors, by an Italian artist

of celebrity. We were then led through the state rooms to the left of the hall, which were for the most part lined with immense pier-glasses, and then proceeded to the private apartments to the right of the hall, formerly occupied by Josephine. These, although generally on a grand scale, and superbly arranged, possessed all the convenience and *snugness* in some parts which distinguish first-rate English dwellings. All these were on the ground-floor, raised many feet above the level of the gardens. The bed-rooms and sitting-rooms for the officers and servants were, as at Blenheim and in other princely buildings in England, on the upper floor.

The old *conciérge*, who accompanied us with all the garrulity of his time of life, and all the enthusiasm of devotion to his former mistress, gave us many little anecdotes of her amiable manners and benevolence. "Ah! Messieurs," said he, "nous ne verrons jamais une femme comme elle." She possessed every virtue and won all hearts. When she left us the last time, we had a presentiment that we should never behold her again. There was not a dry eye in the château. I, who had enjoyed for many years particular marks of her kindness, felt that I was about to lose my only support on earth. With her I lost every hope. I am continued here by the Beauharnois family to take care of the premises; but I now walk about these desolate rooms, oppressed by the recollections of those days when the presence of our mistress threw a charm on all around, and the voice of love and gratitude to our benefactress resounded in and around, in every direction, this once splendid domain.

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Thus conversing, we were conducted to a wing or pavilion of the building, which is called the *petit palais*, separated from the main building by a space of about fifty yards. It was here that Louis XV. retired with his favourite mistresses, of whom we saw many fine likenesses painted in the panels of a long suite of rooms by Italian masters of the greatest eminence. On entering the first apartments, we observed on a small marble table a little white dog, so excellently preserved, that at first we thought it living. "This," said our guide, "was the favourite of our late empress, who, at its death, gave particular orders for its preservation. It performed all manner of tricks, and excited the admiration of every one."

The old man would willingly have entertained us many hours by his various details: but evening approached, and we were obliged to make our way back to Evreux to dinner, for which a long walk had given us an appetite. He hoped we should call again and see the gardens, which, although going to ruin, are still very beautiful. He accepted a small present with much thankfulness, and we quitted the fallen splendours of the place with many sage reflections on the instability of human affairs, and on the singular fate of the exalted woman who had shared for a while a throne which her talents had helped to raise and adorn.

We returned to Evreux by the forest road, and saw the extensive fish-ponds which once teemed with carp, now choked with mud and weeds. The woodman's stroke re-echoed through the woods, and struck upon our ears as the knell of the departed splendour of the scene.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Works of William Cowper. Edited by the Rev. T. GRIMSHAW, A.M.; with an Essay on the Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, A.M. Vols. I. to VII. Saunders and Otley.

THE name of Cowper is every where a household word. Supposing he had never *written* any thing else than his "John Gilpin," that singularly happy and humorous effusion must have conferred immortality upon him. But he has extensively traversed the illimitable regions of poetry. His muse has touched on a vast variety of topics, and on each and all of them he has written well. He is a poet of the good old English school,—not diluting and disfiguring his native language by the infusion of a mass of verbiage, which is the besetting sin of the great majority of our poets of the present day, but expressing his ideas in the terse and nervous, though not quaint or antiquated style, of the English poets of the Elizabethan age. Cowper is always clear: there is no mistaking what he says. He is never common-place; not even when compelled to touch on the most common-place topics. It is impossible to read any dozen lines he ever wrote without being struck with some original and felicitous idea. Every page sparkles with brilliant conceptions. So rapidly do they follow each other that the reader has not time sufficiently to admire one, when another equally happy and striking forces itself on his attention, and equally challenges his admiration. One very marked feature in the poetry of Cowper is the impression it leaves on the mind. We read Milton, Pope, Thomson, and others, and as we read we admire their lofty or beautiful conceptions, and their well-chosen phraseology; but when we have shut the book we remember not a word of what we were reading about. Not so with the poetry of Cowper. It leaves a deep and lasting impression on the mind. We feel, as it were, a personal interest in the topics on which he touches; and we feel, moreover, that those topics have been presented to us in the strongest possible light. Cowper may be said, in a pre-eminent sense, to be the poet of humanity, virtue, and religion. In the wide range of English poetry, we know of no author of whom it could be said with so much truth, that he never wrote "a line which, dying, he could wish to blot." All this tends to give an interest to the poetical writings of Cowper, and to invest them with a charm in a great measure peculiar to themselves.

Of his prose works, consisting almost exclusively of letters, we need say nothing. They can never cease to be admired, while purity and elegance of composition are held in estimation. His letters are, perhaps, the most perfect models of epistolary writing in the English or any other language.

It was often a matter of surprise that the works of Cowper, when so popular among all classes, were never brought out in the same cheap and elegant form as those of Scott, Byron, &c. Happily, the idea at length occurred to Messrs. Saunders and Otley; and the way in which they have carried it into effect leaves us no room to regret that the task was not undertaken sooner. This edition is got up in the first style of excellence. We have not seen a more perfect specimen of tasteful and accurate typography. The illustrations are also good; while the two hundred letters furnished by

Mr. Johnston, Cowper's relative, and which never appeared in any previous edition of the poet's works, render the whole as complete as could be wished.

We observe that Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock have also announced a new edition of Cowper's works, similar to the present. Surely the public will not be gulled by it; for it is only an experiment on their gullibility. This edition completely supersedes any other of Cowper for a long period of years to come; and we are sure the public will not be imposed on by the flourish of trumpets, in the shape of high-sounding advertisements, with which the forthcoming edition is announced.

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A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, comprehending an enquiry into the Causes, Nature, Prevention, and Treatment of Tuberculous and Scrofulous Diseases in general. By JAMES CLARK, M.D.; F.R.S. Sherwood and Co.

AMONG all the diseases "which flesh is heir to," there is none that prevails to a greater extent, or that is more fatal in its consequences, than that of consumption. The ravages which it commits on the human frame, especially in the more temperate parts of Europe and America, are absolutely *frightful*. Sometimes it singles out one or two from a family as its victims; at other times sweeps off whole families one after another in rapid succession. It is pre-eminently one of that class of diseases, unless taken in its earliest stages, which baffles all medical skill. In its advanced stages it smiles at every prescription and every mode of treatment in the wide range of the *materia medica*. Every judicious and intelligent physician, therefore, instead of amusing himself and others with the hopeless task of eradicating a disease which invariable experience—we mean when it has become confirmed—has found to be incurable, will apply himself to the consideration of the best means of discovering consumption in its earliest manifestations, and endeavouring to prevent its becoming a confirmed malady. In no case does the maxim, "prevention is better than cure," hold so good as in the instance of consumption: and hence Dr. Clark, in the volume before us, principally applies himself to the detection of the earliest symptoms of the disease, and to the means which ought to be adopted with a view to the prevention of the malady. These topics he has treated at great length, and with singular ability. And what greatly enhances the value of his observations on these heads is the pleasing and popular manner in which he writes. Dr. Clark does not, as is too commonly the case with writers on medical subjects, address himself to the faculty. His design evidently is that mankind generally should both understand and benefit by what he says; and certainly no intention was ever more fully realised. Dr. Clark writes in a strain which must please the most fastidious and most scientific, and yet with so much plainness and perspicuity that every intelligent reader must understand him. This feature in Dr. Clark's work adds infinitely to its intrinsic merits. Of the strictly medical excellences of the work, Dr. Clark's distinguished reputation renders it unnecessary that we should speak. It is undoubtedly the ablest and best written work on the subject of consumption which has ever appeared: and it is one which ought not only to be in the hands of every medical man, but which ought to find a place in every family in Great Britain. We anticipate the happiest results from its publication.

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The Prime Minister; a Poem, Political and Historical. By a Peer, pp. 151, bds. Churton, 1835.

THIS *peerless* volume will, no doubt, be puffed and advertised from Falmouth to Inverness, but to no purpose. It pretends to a vast deal of lordly



stuff and nonsense. In fact, the quotation (from Dryden) set down on the title-page will convey to the understanding of the luckless reader of such balderdash the true state of the redoubtable author's political and historical condition;—doubtless, “my lord” intended these lines to apply to Sir Robert Peel, whom “my lord” has in vain attempted to eulogise; but, if we are well informed, they more immediately apply to “my lord” *himself*.

“So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,  
Who judged it by the mildness of thy look;  
Like a well-tempered sword it bent at will,  
But kept the native toughness of the steel.”

“My lord” has condescended to dedicate this *trifling offal* of his disguised muse to the god of his Utopian idolatry, and in so doing this his lordship has set down in pretty large characters—“LATE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND:” as if England or any one of her little unknown scribblers could, by possibility, forget that the Tamworth manifesto-monger had been, and by the king too, placed at the head of affairs in this great and rising nation. The *object* of this little book, which, like Southey's, has been cast upon the waters, is too impertinent to escape the condemnation it so richly merits at page 137. My lord has sensibly enough given us the *cue*; with that singular fatality which accompanies all the “acts” of lordling treatment, and lets in upon us the *light* of effrontery, while at the same time he draws the curtain aside and develops *all* the little common sage gabble his lordship is master of. “My lord” says, very unfortunately for the reputation both of his muse and idol god, Sir Robert Tamworth.

“These small manœuvres will no longer do,  
Two separate trials preceded failures two;  
The last weak kick of conscience must be quell'd,  
Matters are desperate—Peel must be expell'd.”

So much for our Poetaster, Peer, and his Prime Minister. We really think Mr. Churton, who is a most respectable publisher, must sustain some injury—in respect of his reputation we mean—by the publication of such irrational farrago.

We take leave, in conclusion, to intimate to “My lord,” the poetaster incognita—and by no means in a bad spirit—that in our opinion wit and wisdom differ: wit is upon the sudden turn; wisdom is in bringing about ends. Nature must be the groundwork of wit and art: otherwise whatever is done will prove but Jack-pudding's work.

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### Songs of the Prophecies. By M. S. MILTON.

THE name of Milton will, at one and the same time, duly impress the reader with a “poetic reverence,” such as belongs to no other save that of Shakspeare himself. This may not prove favourable to the pretensions, and already well-earned reputation, of the author of the OCEAN QUEEN, a poem of acknowledged merit, the authorship of which has very justly been attributed to the M. S. Milton, whose songs of the prophecies we are about to notice.

It has been the almost monthly *cant* of the last half dozen years, if not the insufferable daily matter of your table and coffee-house *talkers*, to denounce the present as an age devoid of “high poetical talents:”—that, “like the age of chivalry, the age of poesy had passed away,” and we of the present day had nothing to expect but one doleful continuance of monotonous every-

day literature, and so on. We scarcely need say how widely we have differed from our contemporaries in this matter.

It has been too much the "fashion" of late, firstly, to impugn a young author for even attempting to produce a respectable volume of poetry; and, secondly, to "smash his work" in the most unpraiseworthy and ungenerous manner. It has been affirmed, that in every instance where a young author has presumed to publish—apart, as it were, from the corporation of booksellers—and with a view to economy on the one hand, and a hope of gaining some remuneration for his well-meant labours on the other, *that* the "smashing machinery" of Paternoster Row has been uniformly set at work in the most *dishonourable* way—the flood-gates of the "under current" have been opened up, and a torrent of abuse poured upon the author, calculated not merely to injure him in the estimation of the community at large, but evidently intended by these panderers—whose names, for the present, shall be nameless—to act as a death-blow upon the victim of a body, whose aim (*semper paratus*), like that of the old Buccaneers of America, can only be inferred by their doings, namely, to burn, sink, and destroy whatsoever they cannot profit by, and ultimately pilfer.

We have been led to these remarks by not only passing events, the results of which are now before our eyes, but by other, and, if possible, more tangible evidences of bookselling Christianity! We have heard, moreover, to our utter astonishment, that the widow of the late Mr. Guy is at this moment existing precariously upon the earnings that are to be derived from a small school; instead of being in the quiet enjoyment of the results of her husband's hard-earned reputation, as a scholastic author of considerable eminence—and so on. This is not all. Nor is the end yet. *Ad referendum.*

We hope these bookselling lords will take warning in good time. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Reform is much needed, and must certainly be had. Paternoster Row, like the Augean stable, must be thoroughly swept out;—"Ave Maria! it is the hour of prayer," said Byron, and so say we. *Currente calamo.* But to return to Mr. Milton, and "the Songs of the Prophecies." It appears to us pretty evident that Mr. Milton must have measured his poetical stature, and weighed his literary strength, long before he brought forth the present refreshing—nay, inspiring volume. It therefore seems to us wholly useless to dwell upon the parity of names, or to conceive that discerning persons would permit that circumstance to operate against the Milton of 1835, or the 19th century. It is quite clear, then, that our author cannot suffer so very much as some persons would have us believe by the comparison. It is most true that the work we appreciate consists of songs—but they are songs of so high an order, that we think many a reckless and unblushing critic, in his condemned cell, will turn pale, when he has brought himself to understand the language—which appears to us the almost uncorrupted language of the human heart—with the terrors of conviction, which these beautifully finished compositions convey to the hearing ear. That we may not be suspected of any undue partiality to Mr. Milton, nor indeed of being connected with any bookselling house, we purpose quoting but little from the Songs of the Prophecies; but we sincerely hope that what quotations are made shall be deemed worthy of our unpretending advocacy, not only of Mr. Milton, but of deserving young authors in general; for sure we are, were it not for the mal-practices of the hacks of the book corruptionists, and their intolerant denunciations, as contained in some of the hypocritical and brazenfaced criticisms of their fabrication, many a man of sense and literary prowess would enter the lists—and shame add—win the bays too.

The peculiar verse of which the author has made choice seems to us of all others the most happy: it is evident likewise that Mr. Milton is no stranger to its usefulness and superiority, as applied to his own poetic powers: from

the Cities of the Plain let us take the following—for *feeling*, pathos, beautiful imagery, and emphatic expression :—

“ The vales were silent—saving when the low  
Of roaming herds along their sides would float ;  
Or rose the whisper from the aspen bough,  
Like music answering to the distant note  
Of love, that murmur'd in the cushet's throat,  
Amid the stirless groves of olive wood :  
All nature seemed becalm'd—the mountain goat  
Upon the topmost gilded fragment stood  
In lazy stillness, nor cropped his scented food.

The bees no more were busy ; *and the blue  
And scarlet bells, and flowers of many dies,  
That from the sward, in wild profusion, threw  
Their perfumes forth, appeared the only eyes  
Whose eloquence adorned the azure skies—  
Gazing, like spirits, up to Nature's shrine !*  
There was abroad that calm which beautifies  
The earthliest object, as the last sunshine  
Seemed to foretel the step of presence more divine.

A holy slumber—a deep sense of awe  
Was brooding every where—on tree and flower :  
And every thing the dreamy spirit saw  
Combined to link that still the solemn hour  
With some approaching and unearthly power—  
Some formless visitant, whose stealthy tread  
Drew near the silence of the shadowy bower—  
Whose mystic influence had already wed  
The soul to thoughts beyond the regions of the dead.

So felt, or seemed to feel, that man who sate  
Beneath the fig-tree's shadow, and gave o'er  
His soul to wonder ; for the hand of fate  
Had parted him from all he loved of yore ;  
Stamping him with her mystic seal, far more  
Than others ; and, a solitary man  
Among the multitude, he watched the shore  
Of sunset regions, while the big tears ran  
From fountains woke to weeping, by the scenes they scan.

Why sorrowful, why weeping ?—far and wide  
The lawns were busy with the stir of life :  
Beneath the marble archway flowed a tide  
Of restless beings, bent on boisterous strife  
In joy's arena ; all the air was rife  
With songs of revelry, and cheerful sound  
Of merry-making, as the maid and wife  
In the wild eastern dance would lightly bound,  
With clear shrill laughter, to the music streaming round.

Yea, fancy might have dream'd of lands on high,  
Instead of earthly regions, as along  
That plain all sights most lovely met the eye !  
The sultry breeze was buredned with the song,  
Whose notes its wings delighted to prolong ;

The garden foliage droop'd its tapestry,  
 Like virgin locks unbraided, o'er the throng  
 Sheltered, beneath their waving canopy,  
 Upon the fragrant sward, in noisy revelry.

And here, besides the uncrisp'd mirror'd stream,  
 Strolled forth some bands of maidens—like a string  
 Of Indian pearls dyed with the sunset gleam  
 To beauty—listening the bright waters sing  
 Their evening hymns, as seraph's murmuring  
 Sounds in their slumber, of the heart's delight ;  
 Or, where the shadowy cedar-trees would spring,  
 Some bathed their fair limbs in the streams of light,  
 And others danced in groups, like spirits of the night.

Here spurred a troop of warriors on their steeds ;  
 There cast the jav'lin, drew the gilded bow ;  
 While some, reclining, listened to the reeds  
 Burthen'd with music from the waters' flow ;  
 Or gazed upon the cheek whose deepening glow  
 Revealed the secrets lips deny in vain !  
 And, on the gentle evening's calmness, Oh !  
 Full many a minstrel's harp's enrapturing strain  
 Poured forth its low wild notes of pathos o'er the plain !

The last line is really beautiful.

Again : How the shadow of Sodom's destruction spread itself immediately before the event is finely set forth :—

A dim, dark, undefined, and voiceless fear !  
 An apprehension, and a solemn pause—  
 In which the heart beat louder, and the tear  
 Swam in the damsel's eye without a cause.—  
 A sense of feeling that so closely draws  
 Man to his kindred, and the beast and bird  
 To house together—one that overawes,  
 To speechlessness,—the timid—not referred  
 To outward danger—nor a sign of ought occurred—

But rising like a mist-wreath from the main,  
 Over the spirit, clouding heart and eye !  
 An hour when music's wildly breathing strain  
 Draws the unbidden tear and stifled sigh :  
 As if the shadow of some tempest nigh  
 Loaded the heavy air, until the breath  
 Is drawn at intervals most audibly,  
 A pause, as still and stirless, as when death,  
 Silently on the old his icy fingers layeth."

Mr. Milton, whose lines these are, need not *suffer*, we think, on account of his NAME ; and, further, it has occurred to us, that, were his great original now living, instead of endeavouring to *drown* the voice of Fame, which has already sounded loud and long in this junior Milton's favour—John Milton, *the Milton of Charles's time*, would be the first to stretch out a powerful and truly *disinterested* hand to help and defend the unpretending, but nevertheless accomplished, author of the Songs of the Prophecies against the ungracious and envious treatment of the book murderers of this book-jobbing age, which Lord Byron called, with as much truth as justice, the Age of Bronze. Let the "reading public" read the Songs of the Prophecies, we say. We shall not take leave of our author without telling him that his work is not without

faults; faults which, in a second edition, he will be sure to amend: faults of so ordinary a kind that it were absurd to calculate upon publishing in the absence of the like inaccuracies. Of one thing we are sure, that, by this last production, if not by his "Ocean Queen," Mr. Milton has established his fame as a poet. We thus take our leave, with a belief that we have barely done justice to Mr. Milton's deserts.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan, with sketches of Anglo-Indian Society. By EMMA ROBERTS. In three volumes. London, Allen & Co., 1835.

These volumes, consisting of a series of contributions originally published in the *Asiatic Journal*, are well represented by an eastern editor as "light, animated, and graphic;" they describe manners and people with spirit, and scenery with a tone of poetical feeling which alone can do justice to the magnificence of the eastern world. They are, indeed, what they profess to be. The "scenes and characteristics" are evidently those of nature; and if there be any deficiency of embellishment, it is because there is no sacrifice made to fidelity of representation. Miss Roberts, besides being a genius, is something more; and, accordingly, we had not proceeded many pages before we found that it required on her part the use of a bridle to restrain her wit. From beginning to end, however, the style generally is elegant for its simplicity, seldom demanding too much of our *comprehension*, and never verbose. Indeed, the interest with which the subject itself is clothed is well adapted to secure the attention without the extrinsic attractions by which it is introduced. We are glad of the opportunity this month of introducing to our readers a work so well calculated to satisfy the growing enquiry into the economy of Asiatic society, together with a paper in a preceding page, the commencement of a series in elucidation of the civil polity of China. Much has unquestionably been done to make us acquainted with those distant people, but the aim of our author is to make us *familiar* with them: and there is scarcely any particular connected with their domestic habits which has not received considerably more than a passing notice from her pen. Of course it was to be expected that Miss Roberts would keep in view the *curiosity* of a certain class of readers, and that she would entertain a laudable desire for its gratification. Speaking of domestic happiness, she remarks—

"The greatest drawback upon the chances of happiness in an Indian marriage exists in the sort of compulsion sometimes used to effect the consent of a lady. Many young women in India may be considered almost homeless; their parents or friends have no means of providing for them except by a matrimonial establishment; they feel that they are burthens upon families who can ill afford to support them, and they do not consider themselves at liberty to refuse an offer, although the person proposing may not be particularly agreeable to them. Mrs. Malaprop tells us, that it is safest to begin with a little aversion, and the truth of her aphorism has been frequently exemplified in India; gratitude and esteem are admirable substitutes for love—they last much longer, and the affection, based upon such solid supports, is purer in its nature, and far more durable, than that which owes its existence to mere fancy. It is rarely that a wife leaves the protection of her husband, and, in the instances that have occurred, it is generally observed that the lady has made a love-match.

"But though marriages of convenience, in nine cases out of ten, turn out very happily, we are by no means prepared to dispute the propriety of freedom of choice on the part of the bride, and deem those daughters, sisters, and nieces most fortunate, who live in the bosoms of relatives not anxious to dispose of them to the first suitor who may apply. It is only under these happy

circumstances that India can be considered a paradise to a single woman, where she can be truly free and unfettered, and where her existence may glide away in the enjoyment of a beloved home, until she shall be tempted to quit it by some object dearer far, than parents, friends, and all the world beside.

“ There cannot be a more wretched situation than that of a young woman who has been induced to follow the fortunes of a married sister, under the delusive expectation that she will exchange the privations attached to limited means in England for the far-famed luxuries of the East. The husband is usually desirous to lessen the regret of his wife at quitting her home, by persuading an affectionate relative to accompany her, and does not calculate before-hand the expense and inconvenience which he has entailed upon himself by the additional burthen.

“ Soon after their arrival in India, the family, in all probability, have to travel to an up-country station,—and here the poor girl’s troubles begin; she is thrust into an outer cabin in a budgerow, or into an inner room in a tent; she makes perhaps a third in a buggy, and finds herself always in the way; she discovers that she is a source of continual expense; that an additional person in a family imposes the necessity of keeping several additional servants, and where there is not a close carriage she must remain a prisoner. She cannot walk out beyond the garden or the verandah, and all the out-of-door recreations which she may have been accustomed to indulge in at home, are denied her.

“ Tending flowers, that truly feminine employment, is an utter impossibility; the garden may be full of plants (which she has only seen in their exotic state) in all the abundance and beauty of native luxuriance, but except before the sun has risen, or after it has set, they are not to be approached; and even then, the frame is too completely enervated by the climate to admit of those little pleasing labours, which render the green-house and the parterre so interesting. She may be condemned to a long melancholy sojourn at some out-station, offering little society, and none to her taste.

“ If she should be musical, so much the worse; the hot winds have split her piano and her guitar, or the former is in a wretched condition, and there is nobody to tune it; the white ants have demolished her music-books, and new ones are not to be had. Drawing offers a better resource, but it is often suspended from want of materials; and needle-work is not suited to the climate. Her brother and sister are domestic, and do not sympathize in her *ennui*; they either see little company, or invite guests merely with a view to be quit of an incumbrance.

“ If the few young men who may be at the station should not entertain matrimonial views, they will be shy of their attention to a single woman, lest expectations should be formed which they are not inclined to fulfil. It is dangerous to hand a disengaged lady too often to table, for though no conversation may take place between the parties, the gentleman’s silence is attributed to want of courage to speak, and the offer, if not forthcoming, is inferred. A determined flirt may certainly succeed in drawing a train of admirers around her; but such exhibitions are not common, and where ladies are exceedingly scarce, they are sometimes subject to very extraordinary instances of neglect. These are sufficiently frequent to be designated by a peculiar phrase; the wife or sister who may be obliged to accept a relative’s arm, or walk alone, is said to be “wrecked,” and perhaps an undue degree of apprehension is entertained upon the subject; a mark of rudeness of this nature reflecting more discredit upon the persons who can be guilty of it, than upon those subjected to the affront. Few young women who have accompanied their married sisters to India, possess the means of returning home; however strong their dislike may be to the country, their lot is cast in it, and they must remain in a state of miserable dependence, with the danger of

being left unprovided for before them, until they shall be rescued from this distressing situation by an offer of marriage."

The information contained in the following extract is too important to be omitted:—

"The fate of the kingdom of Oude seems now verging to a crisis, and, in all probability, a short period will decide whether it is to continue under the mismanagement of its present rulers, or be placed entirely under the control of the British government. At the present period, Lucknow affords an almost perfect realisation of the *beau ideal* of the court of an Asiatic despot, though the power over life and limb has been somewhat abridged by the presence of the British resident.

"In natural advantages, the kingdom of Oude does not yield to any part of India. The whole surface of the province is level, and watered by numerous streams; and the land, when properly cultivated, is exceedingly productive, affording rich crops of every sort of grain, cotton, sugar, indigo, opium, and all the most valuable products of Hindostan. The gifts of heaven have, however, been neutralized by the ruinous policy of an oppressive government. 'The impression, which generally remained uppermost,' observes the writer of a private letter, dated in December last, 'as the general result of our visit to Lucknow, was that of disgust. In a state in which the people have no voice, in respect of the amount or kind of taxation, or as to the disposal of the revenue raised, every sort of improvement must depend upon the ruling power. Every where we saw proofs of the frivolity of the amusements of the sovereign, and of the lavish expense at which they are gratified; no where could we perceive any public work in progress for the benefit of the community. Along one entire side of this extensive and populous capital runs the river Goomtee, over which there is not a single bridge; that which was commenced being left unfinished. What *might* not be done in this kingdom! It has no national debt, and if there be truth in reports generally believed, it has stores of wealth, though secretly hoarded. But, even if these rumours be groundless, it is known that the present annual revenue, without reviving an old, or imposing a new tax, is fully adequate to meet all proper demands for the state and splendour of the sovereign, the maintenance of efficient judicial and fiscal establishments, and for carrying forward works of improvement and of utility. It is sad to say, that whatever the public servants do not peculate, and put by in secret, against times of need and difficulty, to themselves, is squandered by the dominant authority in vain and frivolous amusements, in the pursuits of a weak mind and a vitiated taste, and the indulgence of depraved habits. Although his servants bow down their necks to the royal person, he has little or no voice in the management of the affairs of the country, and the sin of misrule must rest upon the head of his chosen minister.

"In the short space between Cawnpore and Lucknow, as well as from appearances immediately around the capital, I was disposed to think the tales of mal-administration exaggerated. The reverse, however, became but too obvious each stage we proceeded, by the way of Seetapore, to Shahjehanpore. We passed over miles and miles of waste in succession, not of barren land, incapable of cultivation,—for the fertility of the soil was manifest in many places, and traces of former tillage plainly discernible; such as ridges dividing fields; wells for irrigation, now dilapidated and useless, and groves of mango-trees, far remote from present habitations;—but evincing that these parts of the country had once been populous. Where the soil is naturally so rich, where so much facility for irrigation exists, as well in the nearness of water to the surface, as in the numerous small streams running from the mountains to unite themselves with the Ganges, it seems impossible to trace the mournful waste and depopulation to any other source than that of impolitic and unjust administration. This cause alone was assigned by all those with whom I conversed on the subject,—and they were of all

classes, such as officials now in employ, or who had been employed under former ministers, cultivators, shopkeepers, pensioned sepoy, chokeydars, &c.,—they all declared that oppressive taxation occasioned this melancholy state of things; that it was the same whether an *aumil* (agent) or a renter farmed; that no faith was kept; that the rent assessed was merely nominal, there being no limit to the demand, except the degree of means and power to enforce it. This it was which drove the stronger *malgoozars* (landholders) into resistance, and forced the weaker to fly the country. It is a matter for surprise that any cultivators remain: but the tenacity with which this class cling to their homes is notorious, and it is probable, indeed, that the very lowest grade of the people,—the ryots,—suffer least, because oppression falls principally on the chiefs of villages; while it is certain that the custom of paying rent in kind by *buttai*, which prevails uniformly in Oude, is beneficial to the mere ryot. In our provinces, money-rents, fixed without advertence to fluctuation of prices, and adhered to for several successive years, have much injured our cultivators.

“ ‘ At no time, and on no occasion, did I ever feel more proud of being in the service of the British Indian government, than on recrossing within its frontier. After having travelled through a wilderness, we passed the small stream called Sooketa, which divides Oude from our territory, and is not more than ten yards wide. Up to this point we scarcely saw a tilled field; from it, all the way to Shajehanpore, about four coss, we gazed upon one vast sheet of rich cultivation, wheat, barley, *urhur* (a species of rye), grain of all kinds, cotton, sugar-cane, &c.;—the road bounded by banks or ditches; in short, every indication of industry, prosperity, and security. There is no perceptible change in the nature of the soil, nor is any thing changed, in fact, except the ruling power.’

“ The king of Oude has kept up a greater degree of state than his more highly descended, but less fortunate, contemporary of Delhi; and, in fact, Lucknow is the only native court in Hindostan which can afford any idea of the princely magnificence affected by the former rulers of India; that of Gwalior can bear no comparison, nor are those in the central provinces distinguished by the pomp and splendour which still characterise the throne of this ill-governed kingdom.

“ Both the present and former rulers of Oude have manifested a strong partiality for European fashions and European manufactures, but their love of novelty has not been productive of any national improvement; they have thought of nothing beyond some idle gratification or indulgence, and their minds have not expanded, or their views become more enlightened, by constant intercourse with the people who possess so much knowledge, both moral and political. A great number of foreigners have for many years been attached to the court of the king of Oude; a large proportion unquestionably might be styled mere adventurers, ignorant of every art excepting that which teaches them to profit by the follies and weaknesses of mankind; but there were others of a superior order, from whom many lessons of the highest practical utility might have been acquired.

“ The king of Oude has selected English officers for his aides-de-camp, his physicians belong to the company’s medical establishment, and he has also other persons of equal rank and intelligence attached to his household. An artist of great respectability and very considerable talent grew old in the service of Saadut Ali and his successor. This gentleman retired, at an advanced age, to spend the remainder of his days at Cawnpore, where he kept up a handsome establishment, and, until the loss of his daughter and increasing infirmities rendered him averse to society, had been wont to exercise the most extensive hospitality to the residents of the station. The place of Mr. Home is supplied, at the court of Lucknow, by Mr. George Beechy, who had distinguished himself by several masterly efforts of the pencil before he left England, and whose portrait of a native female, sent over and



exhibited two years ago at Somerset House, attracted the attention of the best judges of the art. It is said,—but whether on sufficient authority we are unable to state,—that Asiatic prejudices had been so far remitted as to allow this gentleman access to the royal zenana, for the purpose of taking the portrait of the favourite wife. Such an innovation cannot fail to produce very important results; and there are too many indications of a similar nature occurring all over British India, to render it all doubtful that, at no very distant period, the whole fabric of jealous restriction will give way, and that the women of Hindostan will receive the full enjoyment of liberty so long denied.

“The Christian community of Lucknow is rather considerable when compared to that of other native cities; a great many of the shopkeepers and persons holding offices about the court are half-castes; and there are a multitude of hangers-on, of the same religion, who, attracted by the hope of enriching themselves under a monarch whose splendour and liberality have been of course exaggerated by report, pick up a subsistence, where they had expected to find an easy path to wealth. The military cantonments, in which the company’s battalions are garrisoned, are situated at some distance from the city, where their neighbourhood acts as a salutary check, without creating the annoyance a more close association would naturally produce. There are turbulent spirits amongst the population of Lucknow, that can ill brook the military superiority of their British rulers, and, however hopeless the attempt, would gladly measure swords with them; but this hostility is not so general as some persons have asserted, and it is rarely manifested except upon some strong provocation.”

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The World, a Poem, in Six Books. London, Hurst. 8vo., pp. 276.

RELIGIOUS didactic poetry has long been a favourite style of composition in this country, and appeared first among us early in the seventeenth century. An interesting compilation might be made from the works of this class that were published in the days of James the First and his unfortunate son, but the productions of this description which principally find their way to the libraries of moral and religious people in the present day comprise the *Night Thoughts* of Young, the *Task* of Cowper, the *Excursion* of Wordsworth, and the *Course of Time* of Pollok. Perhaps it would not be wrong to name the *Paradise Regained* of Milton as a connecting link between this description of poetry and the epic; at the head of which, if regard be had to the sublimity of the matter, his own higher and inestimable production must be placed. The prevailing characteristic of all these poems is pious sentiment, but the colouring is different in each. Over every page of the *Night Thoughts* there rests an awful gloom: the sublimity, with which it must be confessed that composition abounds, overwhelms the reader; his mind sinks beneath the mightiness of the mysterious being of whose presence he is made perpetually conscious, but to whose divinity he dare not look up, so degraded does he feel by the sins and sufferings of mortality. No person rises from the perusal of Young with a sustained or elevated spirit: his thoughts are indeed humbled, but he hears not the cheering voice of consolation in his humility. Many passages are truly magnificent, and yet there is an occasional quaintness and abruptness in the style that generally injures the strength of the impression, and sounds to the half-penitent heart like a mockery. This is the fault of the satires of the same author: he breaks upon you in his most serious passages with a kind of awkward familiarity, which makes you frequently doubt whether you are to regard him as actually in earnest. Cowper’s exquisite poem is a beautiful delineation of the pious man enjoying the blessings of domestic and rural life, under the influence of divine grace. Nature is not

banished; it is only subdued and made obedient to Christianity. It speaks of heaven, and it leads us to it; but it speaks also of this world, and of those innocent and simple enjoyments which the fields and the garden, the walks abroad and the domestic retirements of the evening, afford as a relief for our more deep and more serious reflections. Hence it is that Cowper is the most popular of our religious poets, and is deservedly so: he is unaffected, simple and sincere: he never forgets that he is a mortal writing to mortals; and though he sometimes alarms them, and makes them seriously conscious of the position in which they stand, he never assumes a supernatural terror or drives them from his side. It is difficult to assign a reason why the *Excursion* of Wordsworth is not extensively perused; why it is not in the hands and hearts of all men. There is in it simplicity the most pure: in a style the most unaffected and the most impressive that ever was written, it enters into the thoughts and business of man: the imagery is always clear, and it always throws a luminous brightness on the subject intended to be illustrated: the verse is calm, smooth, and deep, and it flows like a wide river through a beautiful valley, and seems to bear the well-instructed mind of the reader, like a richly-freighted vessel, upon its equably undulating and buoyant bosom. Why, then, is the *Excursion* seldom read, and perhaps never read through, but at intervals? Is it because the truths it suggests or inculcates are too massive to be passed over or to be hastily investigated? Is the philosophy of moral existence, viewed as it is here with the pure ore of religion, a mine of descent too painful, and of intricacy too bewildering, for the research of common readers? Must we have impassioned follies for our guides in such an enterprise, and can we sit down and converse with religious philosophy no where but in the fanciful groves of delusion? There are many who cry out, that the *Excursion* is but a fragment—that it is incomplete—and that they will read it when the author has finished it. The intelligent reader, however, feels that his own breast must complete it, by furnishing answers to the awful questions which the powerful author has placed before him! For our own part we have read this extraordinary poem several times, and we never closed the book, but as *Œdipus* might have closed the leaves of fate in the presence of the sphynx, to look for the answers within ourselves,

The poem of Mr. Pollok is written with fervour in a style not always clear, but abundant in waves of rapid thought, which carry us on with the subject from time to eternity. We must not, however, at present, indulge ourselves with any further mention of it, but turn to the work before us, the *World*; and, after what we have said of the most eminent works of the class to which it belongs, it can be no small praise to add, that, in no respect, is it unworthy to take a distinguished place among them. To analyze a work of this description would be no ungrateful task, but it would lead us far beyond the limits prescribed to us; besides it is the very elementary purpose of a didactic poem to be desultory, and to bring different subjects so in contact and contrast with each other, that no descriptive abstract could possibly do justice to the whole, or show how richly diversity is made to blend into unity.

The work is divided into six books, the first of which is dedicated to the Bishop of Norwich. The following passage, descriptive of that truly intellectual and pious divine, the late Bishop of Calcutta, is a fair specimen of the style, conduct, and sentiments of the poem.

“How like to Paul our Oxford’s Reginald!  
 Whose precepts, were his tongue forbid to speak,  
 In his example had been perfect shown.  
 Mild charity and Christian love were his.  
 In letters great; in virtue greater still;  
 Most great in virtue’s holiest source—Religion.  
 Honours he won, which won, were meekly worn,

Priz'd only as the means of doing good.  
 No music fell so sweet upon his ear  
 As sacred sound of sabbath morning bell.  
 The pulpit was his home. Humble, sincere,  
 With fervent zeal imbued, he early felt  
 The call—obey'd, and Heaven replied "well done!"  
 Alas, for Reginald! He left his home  
 For "farthest Ind," and there laid down his staff.  
 I wept for Heber; yes, I mourn him still.  
 Heber, thy name in golden characters  
 Is writ, for godly men's encouragement,  
 And I will wipe my flowing tears away.  
 For, when I think of all the myriad souls  
 Reclaim'd from error by thy holy zeal,—  
 Won by thy gentle and persuasive tongue  
 To the true worship of the living God,—  
 Won from a dark out-worn idolatry  
 Of gilded idols carv'd from senseless wood---  
 The ruthless sacrifice of guiltless blood  
 No longer shed---the sacrilegious flame  
 Fraught with the blind and unawaken'd souls  
 Of hapless ignorance no more ascending  
 Tow'rd's an affronted Heaven, where their doom  
 Is the sole task of mercy,---I rejoice,  
 Few though thy years and brief though thy sojourn,  
 Thou wert by His permissive power enabled  
 To do what toils unblest could ne'er achieve---  
 What virtue uninspir'd could ne'er effect---  
 What the cross only, and who bore the cross,  
 And He who was, and is, and ever will be,  
 Can bid to flourish here---to plant *the word*.

This is followed by an elegant characteristic encomium of that highly-gifted divine, Robert Hall; but we pass on to the second book, dedicated to the Bishop of Bristol, in order to give an extraordinarily poetic paraphrase of the classic story of Salmoneus, which presents a striking and exemplary moral restraint upon religious presumption.

"He with presumptuous impotence and guile  
 Defied, as on he drove with furious car  
 The Olympic course of yet ungodly Greece,  
 The power of the Most High, his Maker's name.  
 Thus sped Salmoneus, awaiting God!  
 And vengeance now was full—God's anger kindled.  
 This man, this king of Elis, arrogant,  
 Keeper of steeds all furious at his bidding,  
 Had long engross'd the world,—the ancient world,  
 Immortal were (says the historian)  
 His deeds of winged and impetuous speed,  
 High Heaven denouncing oft; with God familiar,  
 He spoke rank blasphemy, nor better liv'd.  
 Elis confirm'd his powers, his powers believ'd,  
 Nor held him merely monarch, but—a god!  
 Oh! horrid sound for human ears to hear!  
 Oh! dreadful sight, made terrible by death!  
 Salmoneus, king of Elis, king no more,  
 Now eager sought to be proclaim'd divine.  
 Nor marvel ye who hear the song of truth,

On flattery fed, from cradle unto youth,  
 Thence unto manhood, thence unto the grave—  
 Though clad in royal pomp, still unadorn'd,  
 And flaunting with a hundred baubles poor  
 Of lawless, vain, and weak self-seeking praise.  
 Still flatter'd, and himself ambitious still,  
 He sought the basest and the worst applause,  
 Of hypocrite, of liar, and of slave.  
 Led on from day to day with vile delight,  
 By impious thoughts, and still more crying deeds,  
 He restless grew,—his death, unwitting, sought.  
 The Isles of Greece had heard Salmoneus' fame,  
 Her sons responded, and obey'd his call.  
 The "miracle" he promis'd was—his death.  
 No miracle beside was ever seen,  
 Or else, in truth, our God had been no God.  
 The day appointed, the loud cry went forth  
 O'er land and sea, far as Egean bounds,  
 Proclaiming wonders, miracles, and fêtes,  
 To be perform'd by great Salmoneus.  
 Surrounded by a burning flame of fire,  
 Thunder abnormous, lightnings wonderful,  
 And other marvels yet more strange---*convincing* :  
 And he, th' aspiring criminal, upborne,  
 In middle air, from Arcady the blest,  
 Should mount on high, and touch the gates of bliss !  
 Of brass a bridge, of sound funereal,  
 Was made and finish'd by unletter'd men,  
 Some thousands of artificers well skill'd.  
 This had they flung o'er the obedient waves ;  
 And now the mighty work was all complete.  
 His chariot o'er this new-constructed work  
 Was now to be propelled, to raise such sounds  
 Of deep and hollow and portentous noise,  
 That Heaven and earth, old ocean and the sky,  
 Should move and bow obedient unto him.  
 But our REVEALED GOD he knew not, knowing  
 But Jove alone,—and Jove alone he fear'd,  
 Whose power he claim'd to wield—eternal fires.  
 The day—the hour—the time was come, and thousands  
 On thousands hurried forth, and with a voice  
 As one, confused and hoarse and dissonant,  
 Anticipating wonders, rent the air.  
 The sun had risen from the orient wave,  
 His car more glorious, brighter than his wont,  
 And all was streaming light and teeming day,  
 When signal now was made to Elis' son.  
 The scene was render'd awful to the sight  
 By fears instinct and dread disquietudes,  
 That steal unbidden through the heart of him  
 Who once surveys a festival of *guilt* !  
 One vastly peopled plain beneath appear'd,  
 Which, far as eye might reach, was spread before.  
 The city in her matron pride was deck'd  
 For the great show about to be begun ;  
 Her towers reflected bright the sun's warm rays,  
 The walls were crowded, and a huddling mass

Invested the wide streets—the windows many  
 Were set with grace and beauty—youth and age.  
 The fields, the hills, and woody groves around  
 Her marble domes and sacred fanes were full.  
 A sight it was most fearful to behold.  
 Silent as death itself—when now again  
 The second trumpet sounded—*silent still* :  
 All eyes were cast towards the City gates  
 From whence, in vastest continuity,  
 Gleaming uprose the bridge of sounds and death,  
 With brazen pomp towards the postern, south.  
 At either end drawn up were horse and foot,  
 Soldiers adventurous in proud array,  
 Honour's self-called defenders—shameless crew,  
 Who knew no bounds to vanity and lust,  
 But liv'd to live no more beyond the grave,  
 And prowling strode the land in Heathen pride,  
 Or else disgrace'd the capital at night,  
 When all was silence, solemn and profound.  
 Expectancy on tiptoe wilder grew,  
 But still dread silence reign'd—unbroken silence.  
 The sun had scarcely touched the hour of noon,  
 When suddenly a furious blast awoke,  
 By trumpets manifold, the listless crowd,  
 Who watching long, and disappointed oft,  
 Subsiding stood in seeming apathy.  
 Forth went the artful sounds, which fell upon  
 The ear with strange affright, and linger'd there.  
 Meanwhile, forth came Salmoneus' chariot  
 From the swift wide-flung gate, burning with fire :  
 Emblazon'd was the car, unseemly bright  
 Within, and round about, the burning flame  
 Though seen consum'd not—momently increasing.  
 Resounded now the fetid air with praise  
 Or joy, as now *divine* Salmoneus  
 Pass'd through the gates down to the brazen bridge,  
 O'er which he rode, and to the fatal arch  
 Drew near, in all the ecstasy of guilt,  
 Deep, damning, undeniable, and vile.  
 His coursers, wild and furious, madly strove  
 Against the kingly will : their efforts vain.  
 Mark'd was that moment by a dismal roar  
 Of public scorn,—oh strange, un wonted sound !—  
 Loud and more loud the universal hiss,  
 And louder still the swelling murmur rose  
 Undying on the winds that sped to heaven.  
 The heavens now op'ning, th' Almighty show'd  
 His arm of might,—his God-like arm propell'd.  
 Down come the crashing thunder-bolt, amain,  
 Resistless, hurl'd by the *INSULTED GOD* !  
 With fell annihilation fraught, and doom.  
 With sonorous crash unutterable it struck—  
 (The earth beneath distracting with the roar  
 And e'en the dead, that shudder'd in their graves) ;  
 Hissing and scorching down it came, and blasted  
 Salmoneus, impious king,—his charioteer,  
 And his bright flaming car, sulphureous.

His coursers, proud and impotent, Behold!  
Beside him now they lie; equal in death,  
One general heap of dust,—and ashes frail.  
The hurrying night comes down with sudden gloom,  
The awestruck crowds disperse—was God aveng'd?

That night was long remember'd with strange dread.  
Blasted were all their hopes,---their fears increas'd!  
Their expectations wild, inhuman, blasted!  
Wild shouts of hideous terror, echoing  
Tremendously, back from the furthest shore,  
Struck trembling hearts, accounted bold, with fear.  
They fled not without hope. Our God is great!  
Entreating heaven to spare, they flee with life.  
Their lives were given, but their peace destroy'd.  
And thus was the insulted God aveng'd:  
A monarch smote with death; his realm destroy'd!  
A nation humbled, desolate, and fall'n."

In general, the verse is smooth and correct, but we do not altogether approve of the admission of the Alexandrine into blank verse, and there are here and there bold phrases which severe critics might think objectionable. The passage in praise of beauty at page 77 is exquisitely beautiful, but we must leave this and the numerous delightful *morceaux* of the poem to the reader, who will be most gratified by being led by them to a satisfactory perusal of the several divisions of the whole. The mind of the author is manifestly enriched by acquired knowledge, as well as animated by that divine sentiment derivable only from a close and earnest contemplation of the Scripture. We ought to add, that each of the books is dedicated to one of the dignified supporters of the Church of England, and that each well merits the attentive perusal of those ornaments of our ecclesiastical establishment.

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Rainbow Sketches, in Prose and Verse. By JOHN FRANCIS, &c.  
pp. 218. Joseph Thomas, Finch Lane. 1835.

Mr. Thomas, or Mr. Francis, which means the same person, we presume, is evidently acquainted with small book-making. We regret, in justice to the public, whom it is our duty to guide, if not inform, that we cannot conscientiously bestow a syllable of praise on the publication before us. We owe it to truth, to make this candid avowal. This unmeaning affair, light nonsense, of

“— trifles light as air,”

is made up of what is deemed prose and poetry: from which, after a patient investigation into the contents, with a view to extract, we are at a loss to fix upon a single piece, which, to our minds, appears above *mediocrity*. And does Mr. Thomas, or his coadjutor, Mr. Francis, imagine that the “INTELLIGENCE of the age” will be delighted with any thing below—with their mangel-wurzel stuff? It is high time these gentlemen of the “small fry” of literature should prove themselves *utilitarians*. The public cannot be thus imposed upon with impunity. But this is not all. Mr. Thomas and his quondam friend, Mr. Francis (author of *Sunshine* or *Lays for Ladies*), have, in *this* volume, attacked the Ladies' Bazaar system in a most unkind, if not impertinent spirit, censuring our fair and humane countrywomen without any reservation; the onus of which impotent slander will recoil upon their own heads. In fact, the copy of verses entitled (by these gentlemen of the muses) “The Charity Bazaar,” is no more nor less than a libel

upon the sex in general. Let the "British fair" take warning, and, at the same time, fling back upon the authors of this pugnacious and unprovoked, not to say ungentlemanlike attack, enough of scorn to satisfy public opinion that this impudent and audacious falsehood deserves to be summarily and vigorously punished.

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Observations on the Preservation of Sight, and on the Choice, Use, and Abuse of Spectacles, Reading-glasses, &c. By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., M. R. I. Oculist and Aurist. London, H. Renshaw, 356, Strand. 1835.

No doubt whatever can be entertained in the mind of any intelligent person, that mankind are indebted to Mr. Curtis for his zealous endeavours to meliorate the sufferings of the afflicted. The subject of this little work (of which 4000 copies have been disposed of in a short time) is admitted by all to be of great importance, though almost universally neglected; which seems to verify the observation of Milton, that none can fully appreciate the blessing of sight but *those who have been deprived of it*. We solicit for this successful oculist and author a patient perusal of this work. In doing so we feel that we are directing public attention to a subject deeply interesting and important.

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The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers, Esq., illustrated by 128 Vignettes, from designs by Stothard and Turner. To be completed in 10 Monthly Parts, Part VII. Edward Moxon, London.

THE magnificence of this illustrated work is above all praise. The poet has gained an additional lasting reputation. It is manifestly true that the publisher has rendered himself, at one and the same time, an *ornament* of his profession, by the publication of the poetical works of Samuel Rogers, the poet of happy "memory."

Let us add to these passing remarks, that the artists and engravers, *Turner, Stothard, and the Findens*, have perpetuated their fame by the brilliant designs and engravings which conspire to render this work so well worthy of the taste and intellect of the present age.

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Considerations respecting the Trade with China, by JOSEPH THOMPSON, late of the East India House. Wm. H. Allen & Co., Leadenhall Street. 1835. Boards. pp. 177. 8vo.

THIS is a very useful and intelligent summary of facts connected with the China trade. It is evidently the production of a "smart man of business," as well as a ready writer. We recommend the immediate perusal of it to every gentleman conversant with the subject. Mr. Thompson does not appear to overrate his own talents, as may be gathered from the introductory matter; but this fact will add to the satisfaction of his readers, who will, we think, be pleased with the modesty of the author. The work not being of a strictly literary character, it is not our wont to give extracts; but refer our readers to the work itself.

Rosamond Gray's Recollections of Christ's Hospital, &c. &c. By CHARLES LAMB, Author of "The Essays of Elià," E. Moxon.

THIS is a delightful volume, as is every thing which Charles Lamb ever wrote. Besides the articles mentioned in the title-page, there are various others full of that smooth and pleasant manner for which the author was so remarkable. The papers on "The Tragedies of Shakspeare," and on "Shakspeare's Contemporaries," are not only beautifully written, but show the intimate acquaintance which Mr. Lamb possessed with our elder dramatic writers, and the sound judgment which marks his criticisms.

Minor Morals for Young People. Illustrated in Tales and Travels. By JOHN BOWRING. Part II. Whittaker & Co.

THIS is an excellent little volume, breathing from beginning to end the kindest spirit towards the young. It is equally to be commended for its intellectual merits and its sound morality. One wonders how a mind like Dr. Bowring's, which is accustomed to grapple with some of the abstrusest subjects in philosophy and legislation, could adapt itself to the capacities of children. Yet so it is. Every thing in the volume is plain and familiar. The wood-cut illustrations will be a great recommendation of the book in the estimation of children.

Some Considerations on the Political State of the Intermediate Countries between Persia and India, with reference to the Project of Marching an Army through them. By E. STIRLING, Bengal Civil Service. Whittaker & Co.

THIS pamphlet is a highly interesting subject, and one which is particularly so at a time like the present, when Russia is meditating some bold scheme for her further aggrandisement. The author comes to the conclusion that the moral and physical obstacles to a successful invasion of India, on the part of Russia, are too formidable for the latter power attempting it. The pamphlet contains many useful and interesting documents; but we have not had time to examine it with sufficient care to form an opinion as to how far his views are correct.

The Mining Review, and Journal of Geology, Mineralogy, and Metallurgy. No. VII. Simpkin and Marshall, 1835.

AMONG the original papers is a valuable article on Mining Companies by Mr. English, the talented editor of the Review, who applies the following remarks to the mines of Cornwall:—"The importance and magnitude of the copper-mines alone may be gathered from the simple statement, that within the past ten years no less a sum than £8,053,263 13s. has been realized by their produce, amounting to 1,346,847 tons of ore; and it is a matter of notoriety that there are mines now working which yield from £30,000 to £50,000 per annum profit to the proprietors, while many, discontinued after yielding immense profits, have been subsequently resumed and are now attended with equal, and in some instances with increased success." This prosperity is chiefly owing to improvements in machinery, and more particularly in the power of steam-engines. The mines themselves are so rich that with all the disadvantages that attended the old system of working them,



large fortunes were rapidly realized. A paper on the consolidated and united mines in Cornwall is accompanied by several plates of surveys which must be as useful to the adventurers as interesting to geologists. The latter indeed will find an immense quantity of information condensed in the various tables of celebrated mines in Europe and America. The Mining Review is an indispensable appendage to a philosophical library.

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Observations on certain Curious Indentations in the Old Red Sandstone of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, considered as the Tracts of Antediluvian Animals, &c. By JABEZ ALLIES, Esq. With engravings. London, Edwards.

AN exceedingly interesting work, which will not fail to attract the attention of the Geologist, and indeed every lover of science. The author, who is evidently an enthusiast, treats his subject with a master mind, which proves him to be something beyond a mere theorist. The illustrations are good. There is an appendix of other facts in geology, meteorology, astronomy, natural history, topography, &c.

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A History of British Fishes, by William Yarrell, F. L. S. Part VI. Van Voorst. 1835.

THIS part will advance the high reputation which the History of British Fishes has already and deservedly acquired. It is, in fact, the only scientific work on the subject that we possess. Mr. Yarrell's name is a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of his descriptions, and we perceive that he avails himself of the MS. notes of gentlemen who are well known by their attainments in ichthyology. Cuvier's arrangement, which is that adopted, is certainly the best calculated to convey the precise information required by the student of this branch of natural history. Independently of the scientific and literary execution of the work, the printer and engraver claim a share of the praise, which cannot honestly be withheld. It might seem to disparage other cuts, to select one as a specimen, yet we cannot but point out the Black Goby, p. 251, the Fishing Frog, p. 261, and the Green-streaked Wrasse, p. 271, as trophies of the art of wood-engraving. The vignettes are admirable, and are in fact worth the whole price of the book. The Irish Oysterman, the Fisherman with his Net, a river scene, and a Fisherman on the Look-out, are exquisite productions. Neither naturalist nor sportsman can have a complete library which does not contain this history of our finny tribes. A slight defect is apparent at p. 246, where we are told that the German and Danish names of the Sea-wolf or Swine-fish have a reference to a supposed power of crushing even stones in its mouth; but these names are wholly omitted.

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A Manual of Entomology, from the German of Dr. Hermann Burmeister. By W. E. SHUCKARD, M. E. S., with additions by the Author, and Original Notes and Plates by the Translator. Nos. VII. and VIII. Churton, 1835.

THIS valuable manual is now published in double numbers, with a view to bring it to a conclusion in time for the next entomological season. The principal subjects of the present issue are the organs of generation and motion, the horny skeleton, and the muscular system, which are treated with the minute accuracy and research which have rendered Dr. Burmeister so popular among continental philosophers. It would be but small praise to say that Mr. Shuckard's translation is exact; it has all the freedom of an original composition, and is enriched by the author's MS. notes.

## NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

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**THE LORDS AND THE IRISH CHURCH.**—The rejection of the two great measures which have occupied the commons house of parliament the whole session—to the discussion of which they have devoted their best ability, and with the most strict and searching enquiry after truth—have shown the House of Lords in a more unenviable position to the people than any one of their lordships' acts since their celebrated opposition to the Reform Bill. The Municipal Corporations' Bill has been met with evasion ; but the Irish Church has been more summarily treated. Here has been a fine field for indignant eloquence. The mantle of prophecy has descended upon divers of their lordships, who behold the extinction of the true faith in the mulcting of some scores of Irish sinecure parsons. May not this goodly gift of second sight be somewhat sharpened by the anticipation of relatives unendowed by pluralities—of tutors and clerical dependents eating other bread than that extorted from the poor of catholic Ireland? This is the true touchstone of their lordships' feeling for the church. Their opposition to church reform is not from ignorance of the merits of the case. They are quite aware that Ireland has hitherto been treated as a conquered country—the prayers of its people received with contempt—their remonstrances with menace ; and, when goaded by wrong into rebellion, that it has been made an excuse for robbery and extermination. And their lordships are perfectly aware that, of all the evils inflicted upon this unhappy people, none has been so bloody a scourge as forcing upon them the Protestant church. It has paralyzed their industry—it has forced them into crime,—it has fattened while all around have starved.—Backed by the state, it has monopolized all the blessings of fulness, as if in mockery of the wretched creatures who have been made to toil for it. For centuries has this unjust but profitable mockery been pursued, until, at *last*, the nation has arisen and appealed to its task-masters in a voice not to be mistaken. And do the lords fancy that their calculations on clerical jobbing will stand between the people and justice? No ; though the fate of half the unmitred and unbeneficed of the aristocracy were to be endangered, the Irish soil must be freed from its foreign impost—repugnant to the religious feelings of the people, and hateful to them from its injustice. And yet the lords dare to insult common sense by holding up that Protestant creed as a blessing to a people who have regularly refused it. Why have they refused it? And why has that church, which we in England respect so highly, never made its way to the affections of the Irish people? Ask the poor man whose last morsel it has clutched—whose all has been sold for its support! Ask the heart-broken widow who mourns over the blood of her dearest, that dyes

her hearth-stone? No; the Protestant church can never flourish till enforced by truly Christian means. Blood and tears are melancholy tributes; and the established church will, in its present state, gain but little else from its catholic flocks. Whatever blessings we may enjoy in England from the introduction of the reformed religion—and they have not been few—its reign in Ireland may be written in one word—DESOLATION.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE CHEVALIERS D'INDUSTRIE.—We are not much in the betting world, and therefore supposed that its affairs exclusively related to horses and dogs; but, looking over a list of “quotations” from Tattersall’s, we find its operations are upon a more extensive scale. We much question whether the *soubriquet* which characterized us as a “nation of shopkeepers” would be so applicable to the present day as that of a “nation of blacklegs.”

The following is a specimen of the march of that peculiar kind of intellect which flourishes in the classical region of Hyde Park Corner:—

“TATTERSALL’S YESTERDAY.”

“*Mr. Hume’s Motion on the Supplies.*—2 to 1 on the Ministers (taken). *The Riddlesworth* (Monday) 7 to 4 against Mr. Grant’s colt.

This respectable traffic, it appears, is not limited to Tattersall’s; but is in full operation at the Stock Exchange, and all the hells and betting places in the kingdom. Neither is it restricted to professional blackguards; but extends to amateurs of all ranks, from the door-keepers of the House of Lords, down to the very dukes.

We know it to be the nature of fools to sport with subjects which they ought to respect; and we are quite aware that knavery knows no decency, where a prospect of plunder exists; but we did not expect that national questions would ever be converted into a capital for blacklegs. Such speculations have hitherto been confined to classes of the “order,” very small and select, and we must therefore hail it as a new “sign,” to witness questions affecting our very existence as a nation publicly quoted, side by side with dog-fights and horse-races, as matters in common for ruffians to lie and cheat by.

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IMPORTANT DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENT.—We cannot be sufficiently grateful to those many elegant repositories of polite knowledge, for the interesting intelligence daily meted out to us, of the movements of the hereditary and the distinguished; without the assistance of these skilful explorers, in vain might we seek to know the eccentric courses of these comets of the court—illustrious denizens of another sphere. See the following:—

“The duke of Cumberland yesterday visited his Majesty.”  
 “On Wednesday last, his excellency the Turkish ambassador and suite

visited the rope-walks of Mr. Snow, and inspected the works minutely. After viewing the premises, the engines being all at work, these distinguished foreigners expressed their astonishment."

Truly, such condescending expressions must have melted poor Mr. Snow.

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**THE STAND OF THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS!**—It seems that the dignitaries of the Carlton club have resolved to make "a stand," as they call it,—to rally round the Constitution—or, in other words, to go to extreme lengths to secure the possession of abuses in Church and State, in which they have thriven for this last century. The "loaves" have been rapidly vanishing since the fatal measure of Parliamentary Reform; and, in this fresh demonstration of the government to reform corporation abuses, the tories behold what remained to them of the "fishes" suddenly taking wing, and becoming flying fish. This is too much—they therefore resolve upon a "stand" for the Constitution,—such as they and their fathers have made it,—and have determined not to part with a scale. The great hereditary have already calculated their resources. "The time is come," exclaims that martial organ of fashionable coteries; "when it behoves all loyal hearts to rally round the altar and the throne;" and forthwith the journalist, imbued with military ardour, suggests the notable expedient of "*raising the royal standard!*" Against whom? might we venture to enquire. The king has no subjects more loyal than the supporters of his present ministry. No; that is not our way of fighting. As Sir Robert Peel said, "the battle must be fought in the House of Commons;" and, however great may be the pity that such martial aspirations should be checked, the royal standard may yet rest for some time securely on its flag-staff, or take an airing only when his Majesty may chance to go again to Greenwich.

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**A THREATENED ECLIPSE.**—If Halley's comet were suddenly to withdraw from the upturned gaze of the scientific world, it would not create a greater sensation than that produced the other day by the almost miraculous preservation of two great lights of religion from the perils of a post-chaise, and the dangers of Hounslow Heath! It appears from the police reports that some profane post-master had entrusted the sacred persons of the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London to the care of a drunken postilion. It makes one shudder to think that two such props of Christendom should have been so near a fall,—supported only by so insecure a line as the lash of an intoxicated post-boy. Does not this smack something of a Popish plot? Is the delinquent Irish? And can any thing be traced to O'Connell in this dark business? These are questions which are important should an investigation be resolved on. Substituting the post-boy for the gun-barrels may be an Irish refinement upon the infernal machine; let this be well looked to. To make the matter still more mysterious, the sacrilegious ruffian, who

by the endangerment of such lights, had nearly involved the Protestant world in obscurity, was only fined five shillings for being drunk! This needs no comment.

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REFORM OF THE BILLINGSGATES.—We are always grateful to that modest genius which is content with the satisfaction of having administered to the intellectual wants of its friends and neighbours, and has no desire beyond an equitable admeasurement of one penny a line for a mass of interesting communications. These possessors of modest merit are great prowlers at police-offices, and from such rich and varied sources of information are sure to gather “food for the mind,” as well as worldly intelligence, acceptable to those that hunger and thirst after knowledge. The following information will be read with pleasure by those to whom the regions alluded to have been hitherto unexplored, in consequence of, it seems, the vague and unauthenticated rumours of vulgarity which have belied that interesting locality.

“Mr. Hobler said he had been given to understand that there never was a more calumniated place as to manners than Billingsgate, and that it was very right the public should be informed of that *fact*; as ladies still felt some objection to visit it for domestic purchases.”

We are happy to coincide with the chivalrous chief clerk of the city in the propriety of making a stand for the honour of Billingsgate; although we fear it will be some time before the prejudice against the manners of its people, almost proverbial, will subside. We may be allowed to suggest that if a deputation of the best educated and most refined fish-fags—we mean no disrespect by using the term by which those respectable females are commonly recognized—were to wait upon the lady-patronesses of Almacks, they would doubtless work such a revolution in favour of the aspersed fish-market that coronets would be as plentiful as perriwinkles from Thames Street to Tower Hill.

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NEWSPAPER CIRCULATIONS are infinitely more efficacious and extensive than formerly. And they are a more important instrument than generally is imagined. They are a part of the reading of all, they are the whole of the reading of the far greater number. There are upwards of thirty of them in the city of Paris. The language diffuses them more widely than the English, though the English too are much read. The writers of these papers are, for the most part, unknown; but they are like a battery in which the stroke of any one ball produces no great effect, but the amount of continual repetition is decisive. Let us, moreover, only suffer any person to tell us his story, morning and evening, but for one twelve-month, and he will become our rival and superior.

Nothing ought to be more weighed than the nature of books recommended by public authority. So recommended, they soon form the character of the age. Uncertain indeed is the efficacy,

limited indeed is the extent, of a virtuous institution. But if education take in *vice* as any part of its system, there is no doubt but that it will operate with abundant energy, and to an extent indefinite. The magistrate, who in favour of freedom thinks himself obliged to suffer all sorts of publications, is under a stricter duty than any other well to consider what sort of writers he shall authorise.

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**EDUCATION OF THE POOR.**—During the past and the present year 828 schools have been received into union with the National Society, carrying up the amount of schools in union to the number of 2,937; and £6,643 have been voted in aid of the building of school-rooms in 104 places, the total expense of the buildings being estimated at £20,000. The Society has recently made a general enquiry into the state of education under the Established Church in all parts of the kingdom; and an account has been obtained concerning 1,650 places, which were found to contain about 11,000 schools, with 678,365 children. It is calculated that there cannot be less in England and Wales than 710,000 children under the instruction of the clergy.

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**LITERARY PROPERTY IN GERMANY.**—Hitherto an unbounded licentiousness has prevailed in Germany on the subject of literary property. Booksellers and authors have appropriated, without the smallest scruple, the productions of others. If an author wrote one or more pieces insufficient in length to constitute a volume, without hesitation he eked it out with the essays, tales, or poetry of his friends: The Diet of the German Confederation adopted, on the 2d April last, a resolution, conformable to Art. 18 of the Act of Confederation. “The government have agreed that literary piracy is to be prohibited in all the states of the Confederation, and literary property to be regarded and protected on uniform principles.”

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**G. G. BENNIS, ESQ., THE LIBRARIAN OF PARIS.**—This is one of the most remarkable characters of the age in which we live. This gentleman, so well known on the European continent, may be said to combine in his own person, not only the *suaviter in modo*, and the *fortiter in re*, but the talents which belong exclusively to genius. G. G. Bennis is allied to some of the first, rich, and noble families; is known and respected by people of all nations; is at one and the same time the most persevering, prosperous, and clever man of business; while he is acknowledged by the *litterati* to be a walking monument of book-knowledge. King Louis Philippe lately received G. G. Bennis at the Court of the Tuilleries. No sooner do persons of distinction arrive in Paris, than G. G. Bennis is made acquainted with their arrival; he waits on the illustrious stranger in person, whether at *Veray's*, or any of the hotels of Paris, presents his card and “catalogue,” receives the commands of the new visitor, and becomes, in point of fact, the *confidant* of all persons of condition visiting *La Belle France*. Such is G. G. Bennis. Those who have

known him best can add to our unpretending remarks. Sure we are they will be glad to speak of this gentleman in terms of just admiration and honest praise; and this too without intending to detract from the merits and reputation of his contemporaries.

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**TITLES OF BOOKS.**---Many a valuable work has been injured in its circulation, through the folly or affectation of the writer, in giving it a quaint name, not at all indicative of its contents. "The Diversions of Purley!" Who could ever have supposed that this was a most elaborate philological work, probably the most valuable ever offered to the world? Surely no *human* being. One of the most interesting books I have ever read on Indian affairs remained for a long time unnoticed and neglected, from the quaintness of its title. It is called "Indian Recreations." Numbers, probably, as well as I, supposed it to be an account of the diversions of the Hindoos. Whereas, it is an account of their manners, customs, government, policy, and population; and possesses an uncommon degree of merit,

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### VARIETIES.

The first paving in London was in Holborn, "a deep and perilous road," for which two ship loads of stones were ordered to be provided, in 1117.

During a storm the inhabitants of Chauffour, in the Seine-et-Oise, had the imprudence to ring the bell of the church, whereby the lightning was attracted, the bell melted, and the roof burnt. Fortunately the ringer escaped unhurt. The passengers of a diligence, dining in an adjoining room, were more or less affected by the shock. About fifteen persons who had taken refuge in the church were thrown down; one old woman was rendered totally deaf, another paralysed, and the face, head, and body of a child, were pierced all over with small holes.

During repairs at the theatre of Valenciennes, the following extraordinary discovery was made:---A cannon ball thrown from the imperial batteries during the siege, in 1793, fell upon the roof of the theatre, and lodged in the ceiling of the audience part of the building, where it was sustained by two laths! Thus for forty-two years has this mass of iron remained suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the frequenters of the pit, ready to fall upon their heads had any accident deprived it of its frail support.

The *Société d'Emulation* of Abbeville have opened the Tumulus called the Butte de St. Ouen, at Noyell-sur-Mer, near the mouth of the Somme. It was found to contain about 600 skulls, piled one upon another in the form of a cone. The lower jaw remained attached to all; and as there were no other parts of the body, it is evident that they were interred just as they were struck from the body. The tomb is probably Celtic, and the heads those of prisoners or slaves sacrificed to the manes of some chief. The search is to be continued, in the hope of finding the remains of the chief, or the rest of the victims.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. Bulwer has just committed to the press the work to which he alluded in his last publication, "The Student," and on which he has been so long engaged; it is, we believe, entitled "Athens, its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Arts and Sciences, the Literature and Commerce, of the Athenian People."

Miss Landon has, we hear, nearly completed the printing of her new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock," illustrating, it will be recollected, the beautiful picture by M'Lisc in the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Dr. Hogg's interesting Travels in the East, entitled, "A Visit to Alexandria, Damascus," &c., will appear early in the present month.

Mr. Chorley, whose lively Sketches of a Sea-port Town have been so much admired, has in the press a series of Tales, the scene of which is, we believe, chiefly laid in Italy.

Mr. Grimshawe's beautiful edition of Cowper is drawing near its conclusion: the eighth volume, which is now ready, contains a beautiful portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Johnson, Cowper's kinsman, and a beautiful view of the Rustic Bridge at Weston.

The author of "Pictures of Private Life," Miss Stickney, will shortly present to the public a work of an original character, entitled "The Poetry of Life."

A second edition of Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Student," will appear in a few days.

A third edition of that elegant little work, "The Language of Flowers," much improved, and revised by the editor of the "Forget-Me-Not," has just appeared.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery has nearly ready for publication a fourth edition, revised, of his powerfully conceived work, entitled, "Satan," a Poem.

Mrs. Jameson has just committed to the press a new edition, being the third, of her much-admired work, "The Characteristics of Women."

The second and concluding volume of M. de Tocqueville's interesting work, "Democracy in America," translated by his friend, Mr. Reeve, with a map of the United States, is now ready.

Among the novelties of the forthcoming season we have to announce a new work to be called the ENGLISH ANNUAL, two volumes, of which have already appeared, but the whole of the editions have been exported to America and the continent. The volume, in consequence of certain facilities which the Proprietor exclusively enjoys, will be offered in a form considerably larger and cheaper than similar publications, and in all respects equal to them in its graphic and literary contents. The Oriental Annual for 1836, by Rev. H. Caunter, B. D., will exceed either of its predecessors in the variety and beauty of the Illustrations from the pencil of W. Daniell, Esq., R. A., as the great success of the last two years has encouraged the Proprietor to spare no expense to render it still more worthy of public patronage.



## THE LAST SESSION.

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CONSUMMATUM EST! The tories have closed their senseless labours, and with their pestiferous breath have blasted the hopes of a great nation, on whose shoulders they have been raised to the controlling power they possess over the people's rights and just demands. Deaf as adders to the voice of reason, duty, and humanity, they would even *shake the throne* to preserve their own authority, and to hold dominion over the purses and liberties of their fellow-subjects. What, then, should the Commons do? The question has been answered in the Great Council of the nation; it has been answered, by the general voice, from Penzance to the Hebrides, and will be answered by the mighty acclaim of millions who have long felt the unrelenting lash of an oligarchic faction, which, if not subdued, will nullify every measure by which England can be saved from convulsion—from a conflict more fatal than any recorded in the history of modern revolutions.

The people of England have proved themselves hitherto the most patient, the most enduring, of any on earth; they have cowered too long before

“ The bishop's mitre, and high plumery  
Of insolent chieftains; ”

they have borne the ‘ whips and scorns,’ and supplied the extravagant demands, of their oppressors with unexampled fortitude, in hopes that some regard to humanity, some Christian feeling, would at length enter their breasts, and relieve the suffering nation from burdens too ponderous for its strength: but the “ last session ” of their lordly rulers have convinced them that there is no help for England, but in cutting off the resources of a faction become paramount in the state, and whose very existence depends on the fiat of the oppressed. The Commons' House has nobly done its duty; it has convinced the people that they have still a portion in the land of their fathers, and that they have the *power*, if they have the *will*, to liberate themselves from the unholy chains which have kept them

in subjection. The "last session" has proved that all the eloquence, all the remonstrances, all the warnings of a virtuous few in their *Lordships' House*, can work no good in a body predetermined to trample on national rights, and renew the iron age of baronial dominion. The mild and unanswerable reasonings of Melbourne; the straight-forward and mighty oratory of Brougham, and the manly resistance of the rest of the minority in the Upper House, could have no effect in an assembly on which the finger of Heaven has set its seal of reprobation.

Let us bear in mind that this obstinacy in the Lords—this manifestation of contempt for the desires of the Commons—is displayed at the very moment when the tyrants of Europe are convened, as is supposed, to crush every attempt of the people of all countries to emancipate themselves from despotic government;—let us reflect that the Prime Minister of the Orange faction in this country is deputed to assist at the diabolical orgies which are taking place at Kalisch;—let us also take into the account the infamous measures of the hypocritical usurper, Louis Philippe, to stifle the last spark of liberty in France;—let us not forget that the dunderheaded king of Dutchland is moving heaven and earth to regain the sovereignty of the Netherlands, which his insane policy (similar to that of our lords) so deservedly lost;—and then it will require but little stretch of judgment to divine the ultimate views of the congress at Tæplitz. That *our* lords have separated themselves completely from the interests of the mass of the people of Great Britain, there can now be but little doubt. They may henceforth be considered as part and parcel of the "foreign clique," which aims at nothing less than absolute sway over the lives and liberties of free-born men, and the enforcement of worse than Turkish institutions on national governments. However France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and Italy may endure their dictation, England, isolated as she is, need not fear, if she be true to herself, and watch with jealous apprehension the manœuvres of her internal foes. By crushing the insatiable faction which is now preying upon our vitals, and endeavouring to paralyse our energies, we may stand aloof, laugh at its liberticide machinations, and even stay the arm of foreign oppression: we may, with only a thousandth part of the treasure which was wasted in saving from the grasp of Napoleon the heartless despots who would now compass the destruction of all popular

independence, shield surrounding nations from an iron sway, and call down upon us the blessings of a grateful world. The thunder of Kalisch may roll; its lightnings gleam through affrighted Europe; but Britain, as of yore, may divert the storm, and turn it on the heads of those who raised it.

Our remedy at home is easy. It requires but the simple operation of CLOSING OUR POCKETS. The sinews of war are in our gift; and we must, in reason, in justice, withhold them from those who would fight against us. We have but to arm ourselves with the resolution not to pay a government which is at variance with our welfare. We love our legitimate sovereigns; we would honour and obey them; and when we find them choosing as their counsellors men who sympathize with the nation, who identify themselves with its prosperity, who feel for its wants, and are willing to relieve it from burdens which the pride, ambition, and extravagance of a mad aristocracy have entailed upon it, we would risk with cheerfulness our lives and fortunes in their support: but if the intrigues of party be suffered to taint the fountain of royalty, and poison the streams which should fill the land with health and gladness, we must turn away with sorrow, and invoke the Almighty Disposer of events to avert the evil they may produce. We know that we have Generals and Judges who would willingly enact the parts of a Jeffries and a Kirk. We know that there are men who lie in wait to *force* themselves into power, and coerce the sovereign's sanction to all the enormities which distinguished the reign of the fugitive James, and that of the good, but too credulous, George the Third. We know that imprisonment, confiscations, and violent measures, of the worst description, have occupied the contemplations of our short-sighted oligarchy. But we rely on the wisdom and firmness of William the Fourth, to eschew their counsels, and put his trust in subjects, who alone can protect him from the grasp of ambition—a monster already putting forth its “feelers” to ascertain its force, for the destruction of British independence and of the *throne itself*. Heaven avert the calamity! In the hearts of a free people, legitimate sovereignty is safe: in their enmity it must fall. The present ministry may steer the vessel of the state to a happy destination; they have the ability and the means of doing so; but they must throw off all fear of the Hydra which menaces them, and, supported by the strength of the people, they must march with a firm step

to the annihilation of a power which has too successfully, in the "last session," frustrated their plans, and set at nought their anxious labours. They must insist on a cheap government; on a retrenchment of extravagant expenses; on a free untaxed use of the press; on the abolition of the unnatural corn-laws; and on the destruction of *holy alliance* influence, abroad and at home. Then will they have a just claim to the respect of the sovereign, and to the love and devotion of the country. Flinching in this, they will become the mockery of the oligarchic pandemonium; and the sun of their popularity will set in storm and darkness, never to rise again. Their talents are above praise, and their intentions cannot be doubted. Firmness and uncompromising opposition to lordly dominion is all that is wanting to secure their seats in the ministry and in the hearts of millions who await with anxiety the result of their endeavours.

The last hope of the oligarchs is *per fas aut nefas*, to induce his majesty to change the ministry and dissolve the Parliament. Let them try the experiment! They will then see how much the nation is alienated from them;—they will be convinced that their reign is over. They may then hear counsel again, as to the verity of our assertions, and as to the propriety of throwing out the various bills which their lordships had not *leisure* to consider in the last session; one of the most grievous, of which to them, perhaps, is the Bill relating to Imprisonment for Debt. If that were passed, it would oblige them to pay their tradesmen, now debarred by the shameful privilege of *peers* from obtaining satisfaction of their just demands. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Wetherell and Knight must again be put in requisition, to twaddle over the injustice of such a law, and attempt to prove that their lordships may swindle with impunity. Far be it from us, however, to apply these remarks to many of their lordships, than whom more honourable men do not exist; and were the whole *house* of their stamp, the claims of justice would be heard; misery would vanish; the channels of labour would be refreshed with the waters of prosperity; our valleys would again smile; and the dawn of a golden day would once more gladden our now oppressed land.

And who are the people who would stand by the lords in their attempts to enslave us? We scarcely need answer the question to its full extent; but we may enumerate a great part of those who are

deeply interested in the continuance of lordly despotism, and the progress of fraud and profligacy :—the pensioners, the sinecurists, the little chartered lords of boroughs and cities ; the managers of old charitable institutions ; the hedge-lawyers ; the bailiffs and their fiend-like followers. And who are the people who will support the claims of liberty ? We answer—Every man in the land who has the fear of God before his eyes—every man who believes that there is a future state, in which his merits and demerits will be canvassed, and in which he will be rewarded or punished. And yet, against these latter the hypocritical cry is raised of “ the church is in danger ! ” The *pseudo* church is indeed in danger : a church supported by frauds of the blackest dye, trampling on a nation in the name of that meek and all bountiful Redeemer, who impressed upon his disciples the absolute necessity of forbearance, humility, rejection of high places, honours, and dignities, and who himself rode on an ass, the meanest of beasts of burden, to exemplify the simplicity by which the Christian character should be distinguished :—a *soi disant reformed* church, raised upon the spoils of the *scarlet* one of Rome, long since shorn, and justly so, of the greater part of its superstitious influence over an ignorant people. But what became of the riches of the despoiled church ? Were they distributed amongst the poor and needy ? Were they appropriated according to the doctrines of the great Founder of the true Christian church ? Oh, no : they were awarded to fatten and pamper the reformed church ; to continue the bug-bear, in another shape, of the necessity of bishops, and archbishops, and sinecurists, and pluralists, and all the sable train of ecclesiastical mummery ; in fine, to raise up a Hierarchy only to be equalled in atrocity by the Oligarchy with which it is now united, to wrest the last crust from the hands of poverty, and barter away the rights and privileges of free-born men. But the lords feel that they are arrested in their career : the awful voice of Public Opinion has sounded in their ears like the thunder of a cataract, which they begin to suspect may overwhelm them ; and their “ last session,” they perceive, may be indeed *the last*, in which their antics may be played and their wickedness tolerated. The banners of the Cross must be separated from the banners of blood ;—the union of the cassock and the sword must be dissolved ;—or the “ last session ” of the Commons will be the *last* of its independence and safety.

## ETERNITY.

ETERNITY, what art thou? My *poor mind*  
 Ranges in vain through regions of deep thought  
 To seek a fitting semblance of thee!—nought  
 Can I collect!—tis vain!—I cannot find  
 Ideas with which I might thine image bind.  
 What are the ages that old Time hath brought,  
 Compar'd with thee? the fame of battles fought,  
 Though living as the world?—a gust of wind,  
 That sweeps along, and then is heard no more.  
 And what is boasted Time himself to thee?  
 A flame that for a moment bright will soar,  
 Leaving deep gloom through which no eye can see.  
 Or, 'tis a wave that ripples to the shore,  
 And dies upon thy rock—Eternity!

T.

## A CHAPTER ON FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

BOSWELL, in his entertaining medley called "The Life of Johnson," has recorded the following saying of that dictatorial sage, "When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government power can be *abused* long. Mankind will not bear it." In fact, it is insufferable: and, in the present day of educated humanity, our common nature shudders at the bare recital of an attempt to perpetrate so shameful an act of moral turpitude. Witness the daily bitterness of denunciation expressed by all patriotic and good men (to whom alone I address myself) relative to the subjugation, first, and *absolute* destruction, secondly, of Poland. Poland once stood with all the attributes of national glory and honour, perfectly upright in the scale of the nations of the ennobled earth, cheering, by her valour and patriotism—upholding by her physical courage—supporting by her paternal care—fostering, by her strong and natural affection,—instructing, by means of her intellectual pretensions, all and every lover of the rights of man, without regard to country or clime. Behold her grovelling in that dust—which the indestructible God of nations has written in the book of life "the tyrant himself shall be made to lick." "If a sovereign," said Dr. Johnson, "oppress his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature that will keep us safe under every form of government."—Vol. i. p. 367.

If this sentence was not a sally in the heat of conversation, probably elicited by the doctor's love of contradicting what any one else advanced, it is a singular instance of the incorrectness of his reasoning on these topics. Passing over the scope he seems to give

to the resistance of subjects, and the very unpolite indifference with which he speaks of cutting off kings' heads—strokes of *jacobinism* which could scarcely have been expected from the always slovenly dressed doctor—there is the strange absurdity of considering it as the same thing whether “evils” are prevented, or are redressed after they had been felt. Let us apply the same mode of arguing to a more familiar case. “When I assert that it is no matter what regimen a man keeps, I consider, that if he eats or drinks too much, he will make himself sick, or will be obliged to fast or take physic. There is in the human constitution a remedial power, which, after a certain process of suffering, will bring the machine right again.”

The exactness of this parallel cannot, I think, be disputed; and, if the maxim be false and absurd in the latter case, it must be the same in the former. The government of a state, like the regimen of the human body, is intended to prevent disorders, and preclude the necessity of painful and dangerous remedies, which in themselves are as much an evil as the diseases they are meant to cure. Though the *loyal* James Howell, the letter-writer, said, coolly enough, after the execution of Charles I., “I will attend with patience how England will thrive, now thus she is let blood in the basilical vein, and cured, as they say, of the king's evil;” yet a man less loyal in principle might *regret* the severity of the treatment, and wish that a better balance of power at that period had rendered it unnecessary. Mr. Pope, indeed, seems to encourage the same indifference to political systems in his noted couplet,

“For forms of government, let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administered is best:”

but his commentator, who justly observes that these lines, if so understood, oppose his own express preceding words, contends that therefore their meaning *must* be different; though it does not clearly appear what else they can mean. Doubtless the government that is *best* administered, *i. e.* most for the substantial happiness of the people, is best; I would have the people free—free ‘as the birds of air!’ but the question recurs, what kind of government is most likely to be so administered? and surely all *forms* are not of the same tendency in this respect.

The position of the sagacious author of *Rasselas* is not less erroneous historically than logically. It is very far from being true that “oppressed people” have always risen against their tyrants, and still further that their insurrections have been successful. The records of mankind rather exhibit a perpetual succession of oppressions, some of whom indeed have revenged upon their predecessors the evils they inflicted, but without any permanent amelioration of the lot of the governed. If we look upon maritime or continental Europe at the present day, and after upwards of six thousand years of civil dissensions, what do we see but an acquiescence, nearly universal, in exercises of authority, so far from conducing to the general good, that there is scarcely a point in which they do not thwart private felicity. A neighbouring country worked into the highest pitch of frenzy by long—and too generally

absolute—oppression, after bleeding very freely both in the “basilical” and every other vein, has subsided into a state of passive despondent submission to a usurped authority, infinitely more galling and dreadfully rigorous than that which it [threw off; and has become the instrument of extending the same iron sway over all Europe, with the exception of merry but determined England!

I would seriously ask my devoted countrymen, What is this Island? It is the seat of a form of government the most nicely balanced and adjusted, the most carefully planned and vigilantly supported, that the admiring world ever saw: and surely the many arduous struggles about it have not been the “contest of fools!” This form is, in fact, its essence. That combination of different orders and interests by which its legislative proceedings, and the freedom of discussion, together with the saving influence of an unfettered press, are the real safeguards against those *abuses* of authority which the immense power necessarily placed in the hands of the executive government cannot but tend to generate. The totality of “public power” is, indeed, by its nature unlimited; but the limitation of each branch of it is by express stipulations, and the check given one to another creates all the difference between a tyranny and a constitution. Never, then, let an indifference towards “forms” enter into the political feelings of this *aroused* but forbearing nation!

The lion,—that noble creature, will, sometimes bear a great deal of trifling provocation from its keeper: but no sooner shall he have passed the usual bounds of petty managerial tyranny, and inflicted a fresh torture on the spirit of the king of the forest—than he is brought low, beneath the “living thing” whose patience and masculine modesty he had stupidly insulted; and perhaps the *framework* of his flesh-eaten carcase left exposed under the eye of the burning sun—as an example to other keepers—if not to the whole world. In addressing the people, I would, in a pure and Christian spirit,—a spirit of loyalty, not of vulgar disaffection—advise the keepers of monarchies to take warning by the example also. “The press, my lords, and the stage,” said the great Clarendon “are our great outposts; without their salutary aid we are as nothing in the balance.”

England and America, at the close of their civil wars, had long-received notions of legitimate authority to recur to, which soon healed the public wounds, and restored an orderly course of administration. France, self-tortured France, in the same conjuncture, had nothing left worthy of renewal, and therefore, after the wildest innovations, sank into submission to a single will. How striking is the condition of that unhappy and devoted country at the present moment, when contrasted with her “predicament” at the epoch I have just referred to! France cannot in the nature of things, *in her present condition*, be rendered competent to enjoy liberty. It were merely pandering to her inherent vanity to assert it; and the man that dare assert it, I would not believe to be a real friend to the sacred and heaven-directed cause of civil and religious freedom. Let those answer who may. I am with and for the people! Ancient forms may be improved with the progress of knowledge and experience;



but it must be done in conformity with their own principles, and with the preservation of their essential parts. The bulk of a nation can never be sufficiently enlightened, or free from *passion* and *prejudice*, to concur in an entirely new system, recommended only by abstract ideas of utility. If they are not attached to "*forms*," they will be attached to *men*; and their fantastical partialities will certainly lead them to excessive and misplaced confidence. Nothing, indeed, is a stronger proof of the want of a "constitution," properly so called, than placing the public trust in times of difficulty upon an INDIVIDUAL, rather than upon a national body. The circumstance constitutes one of the most observable differences between popular and monarchical governments. Those of my countrymen who can, I would have remember that Rome, when Hannibal was at her gates, confided in her Senate, the depository of the combined wisdom of the state, and actuated by an unchangeable spirit, Rome, at a later period, when pressed by the inroads of barbarians, had nothing else to trust to than the *character* of the Emperor of the day, or that of his favourite.

It has been a subject of controversy whether "national character" creates forms of government, or whether these forms create national character. That they reciprocally influence each other cannot be doubted; but on considering the very different kinds of government in which nations similar in origin and bodily temperament have settled, it would appear, that, while local circumstances or accidents have chiefly conduced to form these various governments, the formation of national character has been a subsequent effect. Lycurgus and Solon legislated for two neighbouring tribes of the same nation; but the operations of their several institutions rendered Athens and Sparta as different from each other, in manners and principles, as if they had been seated in different parts of the globe. It would, I fear, be paying too great a compliment to the primitive character of the people of England, to assert that their extraordinary attachment to liberty, and their valour in its defence, were the causes of the establishment of a free government here, while so many nations of the same stock sank into a state of political slavery. But, since its constitution has been fortunately settled on a firm basis of public freedom, it has been manifestly instrumental in producing a national character different from, and, I may boldly affirm, in several respects superior to, that of every other European country. Its influence is rendered strikingly apparent by a comparison of the *English* with the *German* character. Both people have a frankness and honesty of disposition derived from their Gothic ancestry; but while long habits of rigorous subordination, enforced by exertions of arbitrary power, and by a gradation of ranks which admits of no intercommunity between the high and low, have rendered the *German* formal, complimentary, and submissive to authority, the *Englishman* is distinguished by an air of independence, a disregard to ceremonial forms, and a spirit of resistance to assumed superiority, naturally flowing from a polity in which

Even the peasant boasts the right to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as *man*.

The natural effect of the feudal constitution was to produce a martial, high-spirited order of nobility, of whom the remains were lately seen in Poland, and are probably now to be found in Spain, and who singularly contrast with the effeminate and servile nobles of absolute monarchies, who exist but in a court, and whose fate depends upon the nod of a prince or a minister. How greatly "habitual slavery" debases the human character has been remarked from the earliest period; and its effects are equally obvious upon the hardy native of the north and the languid inhabitant of the tropics, as, on the contrary, the dignifying effects of freedom are alike conspicuous in all climates: but the lot of liberty or slavery to individuals is generally determined by causes beyond their power of control, and small states must submit to such modifications of their government as great ones please to enjoin. When the rest of the civilized world had received the Román yoke, it was in vain for the Greeks to contend for their independence; and so speedily was their noble spirit broken by subjugation, that, under the empire, the *Græculus* at Rome was distinguished from other foreigners only by greater proficiency in the arts of adulation and servility.

Man is by nature weak and timid; his first care is self-preservation, and, if he cannot find it in the mutual protection of his fellows, he will seek it in submission to a potent master. The source to which he looks for support constitutes all the difference between the various states of civil society. If he holds his security from a community of which he forms a part, or from laws made and administered by persons who have a common interest with himself, he feels and acts like a free man: if, on the contrary, his dependence is upon the arbitrary will of one or more, he sinks to the level of a slave. The habit of relying on legal government, even where there is no adequate assurance of its continuance, inspires a portion of the manly confidence of freedom. Thus the parliaments, or courts of law, in France displayed a noble spirit of resistance to despotism, even under the most tyrannical reigns. A poor man once refused to part with his cottage to Frederick of Prussia, who offered him a price much beyond its value. "Do not you know (said the monarch) that I could take it from you without any compensation whatever?" "You might (he replied) if there was no Burgher's court at Berlin." George the Fourth of England felt dreadfully annoyed when he was told that the blacksmith, who plied his forge opposite the pavilion at Brighton, in a miserable hut, his own freehold—that, if he *sold*, he must be paid ten times its value before he parted with it. The British king knew there was no law to make the son of Vulcan give up his property, and therefore, ultimately, the sum demanded was paid for it.

From the preceding considerations I should conclude that forms of government are of essential importance, not only to the political state of a country, but to the formation of its moral character, which can never be noble or elevated when its constitution is servile. To preserve in their integrity, and in spirit as well as in name, such as have been established by the wisdom and virtue of past ages, and sanctioned by long experience, is therefore one of the first

of political duties; as, on the other hand, indifference about them, inculcated by the doctrine that "all are alike," is one of the surest symptoms that all are *not* alike.

## LOUIS PHILIPPE.

O WHY art thou driven from Gaul and from glory,  
 Thou proud man of war, but unworthy at home?  
 Why, why, wilt thou suffer Posterity's story  
 To be blotted by folly and crime yet to come?  
 Awake from those visions of tyranny,—madness;  
 Shake off the base cov'ring of pride and deceit:  
 Shouldst thou falter—for France there is anarchy's sadness—  
 Despair and destruction thy house both await.  
 For Gaul's sake, arouse thee, and put on the FATHER,  
 Not only thy *race*—but thy people cry "come!"  
 Despise not the counsel of man, and a brother,  
 Ere thy kingdom depart, and thy sceptre be gone!  
 Arise from the midst of defection and treason,  
 Where the name of Napoleon alone was the charm:  
 For whom a long time they took leave of their reason,  
 Till Tyranny came, with his HOLY "alarm!"  
 Then thou know'st, faithless Philippe, they left *him* to perish;  
 Nor dared they to conquer for Liberty's sake;  
 No, they never—they cannot—the pure feeling cherish  
 Of Freedom, free-born. YET FRANCE, FRANCE SHALL AWAKE!  
 Many words are but trifling—much talk is in vain;  
 Orleans *must* be made or unmade as a king,  
 Though infamy's unbroken Muscovite chain  
 Be linked with brave Poland's. It is truth that I sing.  
 Her Patriots lie bleeding, forsaken around thee:  
 Thou know'st, with acuteness, her wounds are so foul  
 That the image of Poland doth trouble and haunt thee,  
 And lay an embargo upon thy proud soul.  
 Thou *hearest* her chains from morn until midnight:  
 Her groans from the depths of her madd'ning despair,  
 And yet, Monarch Patriot, thou hast kept from God's daylight  
 "The why and the wherefore:"—are *they* light as air?  
 Not so, *gracious* Philippe, thou generous master!  
 They are written in letters of adamant, now—  
 And are sure to emblazon and warrant disaster—  
 For the finger of heaven is fixed on thy brow!  
 If once more thou would'st be the King thy ambition  
 Would have thee to be, for thy family's sake:  
 Why trust me, the flames of a Gallic perdition  
 Will dry up thy life's blood AT TYRANNY'S STAKE.

## CHARLES AND HIS SUBJECTS.

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THE causes which led to the memorable "revolution" of 1648, the *calamities* which marked its untoward progress, the almost uninterrupted success of the "PEOPLE" and their parliamentary and international advocates, during the unhappy contest between Charles and his subjects, together with the singular and melancholy issue of the struggle, are so well known as to render unnecessary any more than a mere reference, to that frightful period of history.

From the concurrent testimony of the ablest authorities, it is clearly established that the English government was founded on principles of "liberty," even in the earliest times of the Saxons; and that William the Conqueror made no ostensible innovation in their *practical* administration is evident from the recorded observation of Lord Chief Justice Coke, who says:—"The grounds of our common laws at this day are beyond the memory or register of any beginning, and *the same* which the Norman conqueror then found within this realm of England; and those laws he swore to observe, which are good and ancient."

England, it must be allowed, was ever distinguished from the states of the continent by various statutes, still existing on the rolls of Parliament, and manifesting the attachment of the English to the *lex terræ*, in the collection of the best of the Murcian, West-Saxon, Danish, and King Edgar's laws, made by Edward the Confessor.

If any particular period, therefore, could be selected by me in just preference, to place in juxtaposition, as fostering the "righteous growth" of the Commons in the state,—it was during the stormy and turbulent reign of Henry III., when the inordinate *ambition* of Leicester enabled him, with the popular assistance of the COUNTRY, to seize on the supreme power, of which also he most probably would have retained the possession, had he not met with a powerful antagonist in Prince Edward. Notwithstanding the aspect of the *Times*—amid all these struggles, the cause of "popular freedom" was strengthened, as appears, from among numerous proofs—especially in two instances, in the reign of Richard II. The first occurred in the sixth of this monarch's reign, when a certain obnoxious statute, having passed without the assent of the Commons, was, on their (the people's) petition to the crown, agreed to be repealed. The second fact arises in the 21st of the same reign, when Richard, having accomplished the downfall of the Duke of Gloucester and his party, was not content with the signature of the chief prelates and nobles to the various instruments passed, but absolutely called on the "faithful commons and people" at large, then present, to assent to the same, by holding up of hands.

It may, in this place, with some advantage to the people of England, be observed, that the wars of York and Lancaster, by breaking the power of the great barons (not the borough-mongering and

tyrant-loving lords of our own intelligent day) had the double effect of strengthening the crown by their suppression, and leading to the formation of burghs and free associations among the lower people, whose vocation of private war was now in a great measure destroyed, and who were, therefore, driven back on the pursuits of industry and the independent assertion of their rights, by this revolution in the state of society. The COMMONS, consequently, grew into consideration, precisely as the barons declined, and succeeded naturally to the benefit of those limitations on the royal power, which the latter had established chiefly with a view to themselves.

The suppression of religious houses under Henry VIII. operated substantially in the same manner; and, though the temper of that prince (whose name cannot fail to disgust every manly bosom—every feeling heart, filled by the blood of human tenderness, and responsive to heaven-born freedom), and the wealth he had thus acquired, enabled him to venture on stretches of not only unconstitutional, but profligate, wicked, and even criminal assumptions of despotic power, certainly unknown to his predecessors, there are the plainest indications both of a dominant spirit of *resistance* in the parliaments, and of an independent supremacy in the law, that mark the true character of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT, as a *limited* and not an absolute monarchy.

The intolerant reign of Mary was that of a bigoted and vindictive, if not a scandalous, faction.

That of Elizabeth, on the contrary, was marked by wise and popular measures. Elizabeth was indeed a sensible woman, and popular sovereign. She was looked upon with peculiar veneration and even indulgence, as the PROTECTRESS of the “protestant cause” in Christendom. The Pope’s influential *toe* was at this time, however, more frequently kissed than of late, or at present; but the known *political* advocates of popery were more manly—if not Christian-like—and more *open* in their advocacy of that unhappy system of non-educational darkness and superstitious terrorism; that appalling ignorance, which his abandoned brother Highness POPE JOAN *impressed* upon the muckworms, whose *slime* irradiates the territorial hell which feeds the exchequer of the pontifical circus of Rome, and pays the obedient *scarlet*-ones so handsomely for their *confessional* as well as *professional* performances. (When will this baleful mockery be overpassed? When will the nations of the earth be brought to the footstool of the God of the Bible and of nature, to pay entire homage—to worship with holy worship,—the everlasting and infinite God—the revealed Almighty?)

Let me proceed, however. It was in the reign of this stupid and blind—*blind* to his own happiness and the security of the crown, by means of the support and concord of his fain-would-be-faithful subjects, combined with, and arising out of, the pedantic and irrelevant nature of his education, favourite studies, and peculiar writings (for James was a political writer), that the first solemn and precise claim of absolute authority was made in behalf of an English monarch, and a naked and elaborate exposition attempted of the duty of passive obedience on the part of his people. That these

insulting doctrines should have called forth "a war of words," a controversy long to be remembered, and led the way to the fierce and angry assertion of opposite opinions, was but in the nature of things: and if violent or inconsistent notions were persisted in, in the ominous course of a "battle" that could not be expected to be impartial and temperate, the *onus* should certainly rest on those who first threw down the gauntlet and courted this appeal to theory and first principles, which is often as hazardous in politics as it is beneficial in abstract sciences. The truth is, in fact, that, to a certain extent, this had become unavoidable; not only because the age had become more "speculative and intelligent," but because the increasing numbers and wealth in the body of the nation, namely, the MIDDLE CLASSES, together with the decay of the Tory nobility—the toe-kissers of the Pope, and secret enemies of the church militant on earth—the place hunters—the eaters up of the national resources, by *illegitimate* pensions, for animal and other compliances—the adulterers—the fornicators—the gaming-house dog-stars—the Tory dictators—and the dilapidation of the royal demesnes, had materially deranged the old balance of the constitution, and produced a "CRISIS" which could not possibly be managed without a thorough examination of those *reasons* upon which the pretensions of the conflicting parties were virtually rested. But though the grand final struggle and provoked combat itself was perhaps unavoidable, it is impossible to forget that the deplorable effects by which it was unhappily characterized and *stained*—for the most part originated with that "shameless party" by whom it had been begun—by the most insulting, the most inglorious provocations.

The commencement of the contest between the unfortunate Charles and the representatives of the nation was when the monarch dissolved his parliament, for refusing to grant a "supply" till they obtained a redress of grievances; and that war, which produced so much of human blood—boiling British blood, weltering in our streets—the cruel imprisonments, pilloryings—brandings and cuttings of ears—by which the authors of "offensive disquisitions" were punished at this period of contention, not (we are constrained to remark) only began with the government, but were never practised to anything like the same extent; even after their exasperated adversaries had succeeded to the possession of power, may be said to have been positively proclaimed, when he announced, on calling his second, that if they were not more liberal than their predecessors, he would have recourse to *other* counsels, raise a revenue by his *own* authority, and govern for the future in the total absence of their individual or collateral assistance! These injudicious, if not outrageous, threats were, with undiminished irony, afterwards carried into execution! Members were ordered into arrest for their speeches in parliament—the parliament itself was again dissolved—money extorted by forced loans, monopolies, and ship-money—and finally, to *un-crown* the whole of this melancholy procedure, commissions were issued to fine and imprison all persons who opposed these violent and unconstitutional exactions!

The history of Charles, indeed, presents, from beginning to end,

“ scenes” of the most “ prophetic” (if I may so speak) and ill-timed character : prophetic, in so far as there have been already too many sad and terrible “ similitudes” in our day of the like description. God is great! Heaven only knows what we were born to endure ! Patriot hearts, and true, know it to be their most bounden duty to hope the best. To hope the best is not only pious, but brave and wise.

“ O England! model to thy inward greatness;  
Like little body with a mighty heart!  
What might'st thou do—that honour would'st thou do—  
Were ALL thy children kind and natural!”

To conclude, however: the most singularly remarkable passage contained in the whole of it, may be said to be his attempt to seize the five arraigned members by his personal (of course unexpected) appearance in the Commons House of Parliament, which immediately succeeded his search for them within the walls of the city, and his after retreat, first to Hampton Court, and then to York. It appears from the best contemporary writers, who appear to have taken great pains in developing these facts, that this misguided and deluded king had slyly contrived, before this last-recounted personal act, not only got together an irregular military guard of *disgraced* and discharged officers, and other time-serving miscreants, the very scum and froth of the oligarchical bastardy—for there were not only royal but peers' bastards in those days—but had prevailed on the students in the inns of court to enrol themselves as an additional guard; thus, the day before his visit he had ordered them to hold themselves in readiness at fifteen minutes' notice; that on the same morning, two hundred stand of arms, with powder and a quantity of ball-cartridges, had been sent from the Tower to Whitehall; and that Charles proceeded to the House with a tumultuous charlatan escort of about seven hundred armed men (mere mountebanks—a species of braves) many of them having pistols and other fire-arms, who would not allow the doors of the “ House” to be closed after his entry, and used many threatening and insolent expressions during the whole of this scene, characterized by no less of monarchical than tyrannical mockery of the most unkingly complexion, as in the best it was demonstrated. It is likewise mentioned by no less an authority than Clarendon, that after the “ proscribed members” had taken refuge on the city side of Temple Bar, “ it was proposed by Lord Digby to go after them with a *select* company of gentlemen, headed by one Lunsford, and to seize and bring them to the king (a very pretty specimen of a king, or father of his people, truly) *dead* or *alive*! and without doubt (adds the noble historian) he would have complied with the diabolical demand of the Tory-kingsman Digby, which must have had a wonderful effect.” What a most contemptible figure this monarch cuts in the blood-red pages of the history of Britain! and what an afflicting example of the profligate and wicked abuse of power is recorded, with so much truth and justice, by the impartial spirit of History, for our guidance, detestation, and, by the blessing of Providence, salvation! Respond

who may, there is the essence of everlasting truth in the proposition. Answer who will, the words of the spirit of History will outlive both monarchical despotism and oligarchical oppression. Albeit, it is *not now*, as then, in the power of the PRIMOGENITURES, who recklessly pretended to rally round and impiously sought to worship the great animal who was made to bask under the meridian rays of the then fading sun of England's glory : we repeat, twenty years (not to say two centuries) have wrought strange alterations. The PRIMOGENITURES are held and looked upon, by the enlightened people of England, as so many incorrigible wasps ; - and the animal in the *light* of a marvellous creature—not intellectual—curiosity, possessing characteristics of no mean origin ; and in the possession of the faculty of *speech*, without prejudice to helpless inaction or prefigurative insanity. Heaven itself will, we religiously hope, assist the Britons—if the Britons will not help themselves ! They know full well that it is high time to cast off the works of political darkness—parliamentary oppression—and elective slavery, to put on the entire and complete armour of polished freedom, unprejudiced truth, and constitutional liberty ! They know how to be *obedient* to good works and just laws ; and how to reject and despise whatever approaches to ungodly misrule, ministerial peculation, and administrative baseness and folly. Heaven only be praised ! The long-collected clouds of our ill-starred political hemisphere are passing,—nay, have been driven far off ; they now hang over the North, and still shadow forth the embryo tyrannies—the “ ten thousand vile oppressions ” of the monster of Muscovy ; and we begin to see the resplendent radii of that magnificent sun, whose “ torrent flood ” rolls onward ! Onward rolls that mighty stream—compared to which, the deep and unfathomable Nile is but as the shadow of a shade ; the ungodly and fœtid Tiber, but as the lingering outline of the mental territorial sea, which shall out-pour upon public and private tyranny its annihilating and irresistible elements of final destruction.

To conclude. However we may condemn the majority of the measures pursued by the parliament to, and ulterior to this calamitous civil war, this unjust and indefensible crusade against the rights and liberties of the people ; however sincerely, as a matter of humanity, we may lament the murder of the monarch, and feel inclined to venerate the sovereign authority thus trampled upon, we scarcely desire, at the same time, to withhold our deploration of those arbitrary and pernicious measures which precipitated the catastrophe, with all the madness of civic discord, the terrible malpractices of tyrants, and their jesuitical and manacled superior and inferior slaves. Nor can we, in sober equity, refrain from making due allowance for men born to freedom, and the social and constitutional enjoyments of civil and religious liberty ; the same, too, having been endowed by a just and merciful Creator with that quick and *spiritive* apprehension of their interests, inherent in Englishmen, attached to their rights, and resentful of injury. We are prepared to encounter every peril, and manfully, with lion hearts and unpoluted hands, yield to every sacrifice for the preservation of their liberties, and protection of their substance—in fine their PROPERTY.



In this forlorn condition of the country, it was reserved for that cold-hearted speculative genius, Cromwell—to pursue and obtain an elevation alike formidable and dreaded abroad, as it was effective and energetic at home. Whatever opinion may be entertained upon the *means* by which Cromwell made his way to the fearful height of supreme power, the praise of an equitable administration of the laws, and a bold and fearless exercise of the functions of the first magistrate of a free people, have always constituted the characteristic of his short rule as an epoch of English ascendancy : a conclusion which may be justly said to arise, not less from the firmness and vigour (Cromwell was a *soldier* be it recollected) of the public acts of his government, than from deplorable contrasts supplied by the profligate habits of Charles II. in the last years of his reign.

The unsubstantial — unsubstantial, because wicked and unjust—fabric reared by Cromwell soon fell into shivers after the *death* of its chief. His son, although destitute of the talents needed on such emergencies, had magnanimity enough to vacate a post for which he felt his utter incapacity, and taking from choice—of his own free will, the path of retirement and seclusion from the world, he supplied no proper materials for history :—he seems, in short, to have been supremely happy to have learned the truth of real contentment and peace, which his progenitor, who had been accounted “great,” but ultimately the opposite of great—little.

After this unprecedented and solemn mockery of a change from a bad to a good government—of which the gallant and patient Britons, who had been, as it were, expatriated from their rights and liberties—the nation, roused like the “lion” when he sees, only in the distance, food with which to satisfy his calamitous and frightful appetite—simultaneously welcomed back old institutions and the regal sceptre under the “sacred shadow” of which Great Britain, through every storm of faction and of public wars, has grown up, like a giant, after having given birth to dignity and power. The MONARCHY crowns the long line of British ancestral administrations, which, bit by bit, has framed the body politic, by an almost perfect, if not beautiful, process. The greatest among many extraordinary men, who have contributed to this national and constitutional blessing—I need not say—is the patriotic, the humane, the exalted, but enduring, Lord Melbourne—His Majesty’s Prime Minister. I shall not, in this place, endeavour to say what I think of this truly great but unambitious Minister—as he now is—surrounded by a halo of national veneration which renders eulogium superfluous, and examination a work of supererrogation.

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#### FROM SCHILLER.

Deep in the earth the golden seed is laid,  
 And spring shall yield young bud and waving blade,  
 In Time’s fast-closing furrow what shall bloom ?  
 Burst the dull Earth, and spring from thy forgotten tomb ?

AUCEPS.

## SI ME AMAS, BASIA ME.

“A STATUE of Apollo has been discovered near Rheims, on one side of which are engraved the words “*Si me amas, basia me.*” There is a MS. song in Latin still in existence, the burden of which is, word for word, the same as the above. The Latinity is that of the lower Empire, and seems to have been the production of some lover, who, quitting the “*fumum et opes strepitumæ Romæ,*” was about to pass the remainder of his life amid the seclusion and solitude of some distant province. Indeed, I am not sure but that the poem and statue may have reference to each other; the following is a translation of it.

Sing no more! hush e'en the lute!\*  
 Bid the very breeze be mute!  
 For the spell of Beauty's bow'r  
 Is the silent, sunset hour;  
 Or, if feeling's fount must flow,  
 Forth in whispers, faint and low;  
 Let the murmur'd music be,  
 “Si me amas, basia me.”

Proud halls for the wealthy arc—  
 Sweet heart,† did I court thee there?  
 Seldom, where wealth loves to roam,  
 Doth affection find a home!  
 But where pride of wealth was none,  
 There thy love I woo'd and won;  
 There first sigh'd, on bended knee,  
 “Si me amas, basia me.”

Come, then, to my rural cot,  
 Rome and all Rome's pomp forgot,  
 Heroes, of her prouder days—  
 Minstrels, crown'd with fadeless bays—  
 What are they to hearts like ours,  
 Feeding still on love and flow'rs,  
 Sunny flow'rs, love pure, though free—  
 “Si me amas, basia me.”

Love, the offspring of desire,  
 Dies like Hope's unfading fire;  
 But the love of love that's born,  
 Time and tide may laugh to scorn:—  
 For though, like the summer day,  
 Youth's fond charms must pass away,  
 Still Youth's token e'er shall be,—  
 “Si me amas, basia me.”

July 22nd.

H. B.

\* Chelys, in MS.

† Deliciæ meæ, in MS.

“THE COLTON PAPERS.”

No. 3.—THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

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It was not therefore to be wondered at that mutual defiances and recrimination had now begun to break out amongst themselves. Already many of their comrades had seceded, and had refused longer to oppose the cause of the people, others amongst them held on their obedience, as it were, by a thread. Harassed by such reflections, their arms dropping from their tired hands, with the bare stones for a couch, divided between the fear of attack from without, and of treachery from within, the troops betook themselves to such repose as fatigue can sometimes find, even amid the torments of anxiety.

I am now about to relate the momentous events of Thursday, July 29. This will be a day famous in history—a day pregnant with heroic achievements, that broke in sunder the chains of thirty millions of people; a day so thronged with examples of every kind of magnanimity, that the courage and the enterprise which distinguished it, though of the highest order, were almost eclipsed by the superior radiance of virtues never before associated with such convulsions.

Long ere the approach of dawn on this glorious day, the tocsin of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang out its appeal to the citizens, and was shortly afterwards followed by many of the other churches in this extensive city. By what may be termed a retributory coincidence, the above mentioned bell, which had formerly given the signal for the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, now called the sons of freedom, and religious liberty, to put a final stroke to their glorious work, and, by carrying the war into the very palaces of that race, who had so long oppressed them, to burst the shackles of France for ever, and place her by the side of England, as a free and constitutional state. Drums were now heard in every quarter, and shouts of *Aux Armes! Aux Armes!* rent the air. The spirit-stirring words, *Liberté ou Mort*, was the battle cry of those who fought for their dearest rights, and, at this inspiring sound, many a gallant heart tore himself from the endearments of home, either to return free, or return no more. The well-disciplined instruments of tyranny also stood to arms, as the shouts increased, but with what different feelings were they again to be engaged in a conflict, of the desperation of which the two preceding days had given them an earnest; a combat, where no glory could be gained, and where defeat was a double disgrace! Bitter was the feeling, it cannot be doubted, with which they saw the approach of daylight. A French soldier could not think of retreat, and victory over their brethren would add nothing to their well-earned fame. The alternative was dreadful, but military disci-

pline, and a mistaken sense of duty, determined the wavering, and, with the painful feelings that these conflicting sentiments must inspire, they awaited the onset. Here we must remind our readers that, after the people had retired on the close of Wednesday, a large body of the Royal Guard were stationed for the night in front of the Louvre, but about three o'clock were removed, and the defence of this part of the palace confided to the Swiss troops, three of whom were placed behind each of the double columns between the windows of the first floor, and in other parts, from whence they could fire in security. At half past three in the morning, the tocsins began to sound in various quarters, and the cries of *Aux Armes!* were plainly heard as the populace began to assemble. The noise of breaking up the pavements in the various streets contiguous to the Palace now plainly indicated that the attack was about to be renewed; and at half past four, at the extremity of the rue des Poulies, a narrow short street leading from the rue St. Honoré, the populace commenced removing from their places the paving stones, in order to form a barrier on the left of the colonnade. Upon this point a murderous fire was commenced by the Swiss troops, which was kept up without a moment's intermission during the whole progress of its completion. A few shots were fired from a window of the house next the spot where the barrier was erecting, which, without doing much mischief, divided the attention of the Swiss; but many of the populace fell.—It was now evident, however, that no losses, severe as they might be, could intimidate the dauntless spirit of the assailants. The groans of the wounded and dying were mingled with shouts of anticipated victory; and the deepening roar of the increasing multitudes, each instant arriving at the scene of combat, from all parts of the city, seemed to carry dismay into the ranks of the royal troops. One of the populace, a man of almost gigantic stature, on receiving his death-wound shouted, with a voice of thunder, "*Vive la nation,*" and instantly fell a corpse upon the barrier he had been assisting to erect. The death of this man, who had been among the most active and intrepid of the brave during the struggle, drew forth loud shouts of vengeance from his companions, and seemed to make a momentary impression on the troops. The barrier was completed about eleven o'clock, and a smart fire kept up from it. It was from this that two of the assailants first sprang forward and gained the iron railings, enclosing the front of the Louvre, where there is a dwarf wall (about two feet and a half high) under which they lay down, and continued to fire upon the troops. Their example was soon after followed by two of the National Guards, one of whom carried a large tri-coloured flag, with which he contrived to crawl to a water-butt standing close to the railing, and from behind it managed to place the flag with his gun and bayonet on the railing of the Louvre. This act of daring, performed in the midst of a shower of bullets, was hailed with reiterated cries of *Vive la Charte!*

Great indeed was the courage of those who, without the means of a siege, boldly determined upon its capture. Garrisoned by a numerous body of Swiss, posted at every window and outlet where they could aim with security, their deadly precision was soon apparent in

the numbers of the assailants who fell. The approaches to this massive building were not made by trenches and parallels; they had no artillery to breach its walls, no petards to force its gates: determination, courage, and impetuosity were substituted for batteries, and a recklessness of life, a sublime contempt of danger, supplied the place of those murderous inventions. We must now turn to the attack made from the *place* of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, nearly opposite to the centre of the eastern front of the palace. The attack from this point was ordered by General Gérard. Every precaution had been taken, the preceding evening, by the Duke of Ragusa, for the defence of the palace, which, from its strength, might almost be termed the citadel of Paris. The connection of the building with the Tuileries rendered it of such importance, that, if taken, the troops had no place of retreat left, but must evacuate the metropolis. Two regiments of the Swiss formed its garrison, detachments of whom were placed in the court, in the Garden of the Infanta, and the neighbouring gardens; they were amply provided with field-pieces, and ammunition of various kinds, for the contest.

At an early hour the citizens advanced at a quick step, General Gérard himself taking the command, with several other officers, and some of the brave youths of the Polytechnic School, and, having sustained some murderous discharges from the garrison, established themselves in all the different houses of the *place* of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and in every position within view and gunshot of the object of attack. The church afforded a commanding situation for the besiegers, from whence they fired at every aperture, and at every point, where a ball was likely to take effect. To a citizen named Rouvat, the people were indebted for the first idea of the occupation of the towers, and the galleries of the church, from whence their fire did tremendous execution upon the Swiss. The first tricoloured flag which floated over its ancient towers, built by the English during the regency of the Duke of Bedford, was hoisted by an old trumpeter of the chasseurs of the Royal Guard. In accomplishing it he was slightly wounded in the hand. For some hours, the fire was kept up with vigour and effect on both sides, but soon after eleven that of the besieged began to slacken. At that period, M. Lançon, formerly a captain in the army, arrived at the head of fifty men, and having killed several Swiss with his own hand, assisted in the storming of the palace. Three columns now attacked it nearly simultaneously, one by the Pont des Arts, another by the Quai de l'Ecole, and a third by the colonnade, from the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and Rue des Poulies, already mentioned. The assailants rushed forward, notwithstanding the terrific fire to which they were exposed, to the gate, and after a brisk discharge, the last heard in this part of the building, entered in triumph at precisely a quarter to twelve, amid loud shouts of *Vive la Charte!* The first column that advanced consisted of about two hundred; they were of course speedily followed by thousands; the contest, however, was not yet ended, for the troops still retained possession of the gate opposite the Rue du Coq and other parts of the edifice, which they defended until their retreat towards the Tuileries.

The gate facing the Pont des Arts having yielded to the attack of the citizens, nearly at the same time as that of the colonnade, an assault was now made upon that which fronts the Place du Carrousel, which was still defended. This attack was headed by a young man of the Polytechnic School, named Baduel, who was slightly wounded during the combat. Here a brave fellow in a blue frock, and a pistol in his hand, went boldly up to the iron gate, and the pistol which he levelled at the sentinel having missed fire, he cocked it again, and threatened to fire if the gate was not instantly opened. Seeing the citizens pouring in through the other entrances, the sentinel obeyed this audacious command, and joined the small remainder of his countrymen, who were slowly retiring upon the Tuileries.

It is a circumstance never sufficiently to be admired, that after attending to the wounded, not only of their own party but those of their opponents, and transporting them into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to receive surgical aid, the thoughts of the citizens in their then state of excitation should be turned towards the preservation of the monuments of the arts. This national trait must not be overlooked; it is one that, we may boldly say, elevates the character of the Parisian populace to so proud an eminence, that in this metropolis alone could it have taken place. By common consent, those parts of the Louvre which are devoted to works of art, its many halls filled with the choicest specimens of ancient sculpture, its noble gallery, famed throughout the world for its unrivalled collection of paintings, were purposely spared by the irritated populace! A universal feeling of respect for these relics of genius imbued the mind of the lowest classes; every one identified himself with the national treasures, and no popular tumult could have induced any one of the combatants to violate that splendid repository. M. Prosper Lafaiat, a young painter, after having contributed to the capture, devoted all his energies to the safety of these valuable productions. He penetrated into the interior of the Museum, and did not quit it the whole day. His utmost efforts, however, to preserve the picture of the coronation of Charles the Tenth, by Gerard, were unavailing; it was literally drilled with balls. A portrait of the same monarch by Sir Thomas Lawrence, experienced a similar fate. These were the only losses sustained by the Museum on this day of miracles. The arts certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the young artist who, with his companions, devoted themselves to this necessary but unassuming duty. I lament to add, that one of these having gone to a window of the grand gallery, was struck by a ball fired from the court. I know not the name of this victim of accident; but he shortly after yielded up his life as a sacrifice to his country.

All nations and all religions seemed to have had their representatives at this great work of regeneration, who either witnessed or assisted in the struggle to recover the outraged liberties of that hospitable country in which they had either a temporary or a permanent sojourn. An individual of the Hebrew nation, animated with the ancient courage of his race, at the first report of the cannon left his home, without arms, to join the people. His name is Levy Abraham.

He soon made himself master of the arms of a Lancer, and was the fifth man who entered the Louvre. After having fought a long time, he brought away, as a trophy, a piece of the Swiss flag. This gallant fellow, before he returned to his occupation, deposited his lance at the mairie of the seventh arrondissement. He was pressed to accept a remuneration, which he refused, saying, "He did not fight for money." He at last reluctantly accepted ten francs for his immediate necessities, but only on the condition that he should be allowed to repay it, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of that eventful day, when his circumstances permitted it.

Among the remarkable traits of youthful heroism displayed on this glorious occasion, we may here name the following:—A lad of sixteen, armed with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and a brace of pistols, was the first to open the gate of the Louvre to the people; this brave youth, who had received fifteen wounds, was taken into the temporary hospital formed in the body of the church. Another lad of the same age, brought up in the Orphan Hospital, named Pierre Charles Petit-Père, climbed in the same manner as the former over another gate, notwithstanding the fire of the troops. He was so fortunate as to escape unhurt in this exploit. The Louvre being taken, he repaired to the Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré, where the battle raged in all its fury; he was there struck by a ball, that passing through his left hand, shattered his right arm, which was afterwards amputated. This young hero fell, shouting, *Vive la Charte! Vive la France!*

Within two hours of the assault, four *Charettes*, filled with dead, were seen leaving the Louvre, and many bodies were left on the grass plot, where they were afterwards interred. About sixty wounded were also removed from the Palace by their comrades to the Hotel Dieu, and it was truly gratifying to witness the kind and gentle care with which these brave fellows treated their mutilated and suffering companions. To the undaunted courage and gallantry of the victors, it is impossible to do justice without an appearance of exaggeration. Let it suffice to say, that the conduct of the people of Paris on the spot, on the 29th of July, was never surpassed in the brightest annals of her wars.

I now proceed to a description of the last triumphant effort of the people, the taking of the Chateau of the Tuileries, which, though a formidable position, scarcely, if at all, inferior in strength to the Louvre, opposed by no means the same obstinate resistance to the assailants. Flushed with conquest, and every moment increasing in numbers and regularity of movement, the columns of the citizens here advanced to the attack against an enemy still obstinately brave, but dispirited by defeat, and fearfully diminished in force. This will sufficiently account for the comparatively feeble struggle with which this last strong hold of royalty in the capital was defended.

It must be premised that, at ten o'clock in the morning, the citizens inhabiting the quarters of St. Jaques, St. Germain, the Odéon, and Gros Caillon, excited by the sound of the tocsin from almost all the churches, and by the unanimous shouts of *Vive la Charte!* came forth in arms, the mass amounting to 5000 or 6000 men. They

had to combat two regiments of the Royal Guards and Swiss, and three strong detachments of Lancers, Cuirassiers, and Foot Grenadiers, occupying the Carrousel, supported by a reserve of Artillery, planted in the Garden of the Tuileries.

The Royal Guards, thus strongly posted, permitted the first assailants to approach, and here the contest ended, almost as soon as it was begun, by the slaughter of the front rank of the citizens; but the troops were instantly afterwards driven back. Fresh columns of the besiegers were seen advancing at the *pas de charge*; and at the same moment the retreating Swiss, from the Louvre, poured like a torrent through the Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel, carrying the Duke of Ragusa, who was vainly endeavouring to rally his troops in the court of the palace, away in the tumultuous mass. The Marshal had brought forward the whole of his forces not actually engaged, in order to cover the retreat, but, thrown into confusion by the Swiss, a panic had seized the whole troops, and, keeping up a straggling fire, they passed through the palace under the Tower of the Clock, and traversed the Gardens of the Tuileries, in full retreat, to the Place Louis XV.

The defeated soldiery were so closely followed by the assailants, that the latter entered the court under the gate of the Triumphal Arch before the former had evacuated it. This entrance, which the retreating troops had not time to close against the besiegers, greatly facilitated their obtaining possession of the Chateau. Still resistance was offered with bloody obstinacy on other points, particularly the Pavilion of Flora, from which a constant firing had been kept up from seven in the morning upon the Pont Royal. Twice this wing of the Palace was taken and abandoned, but at half past one the Citizens were finally victorious, and two tri-coloured flags were planted on the central pavilion.

On taking possession of the Chateau some excesses were committed by the populace, who were irritated by the discovery of proclamations of the Government to the troops, stimulating them against the citizens, dated the preceding day. These were found in the Pavilion of Flora, in which nearly every article of furniture was destroyed, and thrown, with various precious effects, from the windows, as were some thousands of papers, pamphlets, and even books. It is remarkable, that in the library of the Duchess of Angoulême alone were found any pamphlets, or other works, calculated to give information upon the state of popular feeling, or the events passing without the walls of the royal residence. The literary treasures found in the apartments of the Dauphin were limited to a complete set of *Almanacks!* from the sixteenth century. It must not be supposed however that the royal library was deficient in valuable works; on the contrary, it contained a truly noble collection, including the works of nearly every renowned writer from Homer downwards. The devastations of the populace were not however confined to the Pavilion of Flora. All the royal apartments suffered considerably. Splendid specimens of porcelain, ornaments of the most costly description, and magnificent mirrors, were broken without mercy. A portrait of the Duke of Ragusa, in the Salle des Maréchaux, was torn into a thou-



sand pieces, and every bust or portrait of the Royal Family was instantly mutilated or destroyed. An exception indeed was made.— One of the victors had raised the but-end of his musket to demolish the bust of Louis XVIII., when he was reminded that to this monarch France was indebted for the Charter. This was sufficient to ensure its preservation; the bust was however covered with a black veil, to mark the feeling entertained of the calamities the fated sway of the Bourbons had brought upon their country.

It has been regretted that the people should have permitted themselves the excesses which occurred in the château; but truly heroic and magnanimous as they have shown themselves, the populace of Paris are but men; and surely, in the first intoxication of a dear-bought victory, some ebullition of feeling on the part of the conquerors was to be expected; and though we may regret that the amiable character of one unhappy princess, who is destined to suffer so severely for the folly and wickedness of others, could not preserve her apartments and property from the profanation of the multitude, it is to their immortal honour that the triumph of this glorious day was unsullied by a single act of rapacity. Plate, and all other articles of apparent value, were deposited by the conquerors at the Hotel de Ville, with a scrupulous integrity scarcely equalled in the history of mankind.

The toils of the day however demanded refreshment. The stores of the larder and the wine-cellars consequently suffered considerably; the most delicious viands, and the choicest wines and liqueurs of every description, were partaken of by the victors, and by crowds who had followed them into the palace, but who had had no share in the dangers of its capture. The scene in the magnificent saloons on this occasion was curious and grotesque beyond description; hundreds of half-armed men, in tattered garments, covered with blood and dust, seated on the richly-embroidered chairs of royalty and state, relating to each other the heroic feats they had witnessed, or the dangers they had escaped, formed a picture to which no pencil could render justice. We should state, that whatever arms were found were eagerly seized: one trophy carried off by the victors was a very richly ornamented sword of state, belonging to the Dauphin,—which has, however, been since restored.

After the capture of the château of the Tuileries, the whole of Paris, at three o'clock on the afternoon, might be said to be in the occupation of the people. Three regiments, as we have already stated, had refused to fire on their countrymen. The National Guards had possession of the Hotel de Ville, and the tri-coloured flag floated upon almost every public place in the metropolis. The citizens had made themselves masters of three-fourths of the capital, and it was evident it required but little more exertion to put them in possession of the whole. Even that portion of the Royal Guard stationed in the Place Louis XV. refused any longer to continue the combat. "Let them kill us if they please," said they; "we are determined to abandon this odious task to which the last two days have condemned us." In many other quarters of Paris, the troops of the line had now begun to fraternise with the inhabitants;—they shed

tears of mutual joy, and congratulated each other on having so happily accomplished the deliverance of their country.

While these brilliant achievements were accomplishing in the vicinity of the Louvre and the château of the Tuileries,—achievements that could not be said to be finally terminated in favour of the people till about three in the afternoon,—the morning of this memorable day had been, if possible, still more eventful and glorious in various other sections of the city. In the rue St. Honoré, near the extremity of the rue Richelieu, and also in the open square of the place du Palais Royal, an early and tremendous conflict had commenced between the national troops and a detachment of the Garde Royale, composed in great measure of the Swiss. The conflict here was of the most sanguinary and murderous nature, inasmuch as every house was disputed story by story, and every position inch by inch. It was a revival of the siege of Saragosa; for the Royal Guards, no less than the people, had intrenched themselves in many of the adjacent buildings, and from this advantageous position kept up a steady and destructive fire on their opponents.

The military in this quarter, at the first appearance of dawn, had thrown themselves into several of the houses in the Place of the Palais Royal, opposite the rue de Valois, and on the other side of the square, and also in those facing, and at the end of the rue Richelieu, the latter being completely commanded by a piece of artillery placed in the rue de Rohan. Thus supported, and taking their stations at the windows of the upper apartments, they seemed to set any attempt of the citizens on this point at defiance. Their overwhelming superiority in means and in position was however totally disregarded by their gallant antagonists, and the battle fought on this spot was one of the most obstinate and bloody that occurred during the contest of these three memorable days. In the early part of the morning the position occupied by the soldiery gave them decisive advantages, which, under the exasperation of protracted conflict, they used with tremendous effect. To appear within the reach of a musket-ball was death. Still the assailants advanced; every dying citizen supplied an unarmed fellow-countryman with a weapon for the sacred cause, and the fight was continued with unabated fierceness over the bodies of the wounded and the dead. At length some of the doors of the Théâtre Français were forced open, and numbers of the populace flew to the balcony, from whence they could fire into the apartments occupied by the Swiss. Several windows and the roofs of many of the adjacent houses were also taken possession of by the people, and the deadly combat now became more than equal. At this crisis, that is to say, about noon, a proposition was made, or rather a boon solicited on the part of the royal troops, for a cessation of arms for two hours, which being looked upon as a preliminary to a final arrangement, that might put a stop to the effusion of blood, was acceded to without hesitation by the citizens, who, far from suspecting treachery at such a moment, at once turned to the melancholy task of removing their wounded associates, and placing them under surgical care. Hundreds of the populace unsuspectingly entered the Place of the Palais Royal, and were already congratulating each

other upon the termination of the bloody conflict, when, to the eternal shame of the royal troops be it recorded, the attack was suddenly renewed by them from the windows, upon the amazed and unprepared masses beneath. This base act of treachery, more characteristic of the assassin than the soldier, is only to be accounted for upon the supposition that the officers, ignorant of the victories obtained by the citizens during the morning, still expected the support of the troops in the Louvre and Tuileries, and that they looked upon their pretended compact, which enabled them to take their antagonists at disadvantage, as a mere *ruse de guerre*, perfectly justifiable towards the people, or, as they called them, the *canaille* of Paris. Dearly however did they pay for their perfidy; the combat from this moment assumed the character of vindictive animosity unknown at any other period of the three days' contest. The unlooked-for treachery of the enemy had aroused feelings of hatred and fury which blood alone could allay, and accordingly, the war now carried on seemed one of extermination. Both parties exposed themselves unshrinkingly to destruction; danger and death were held at nought, while vengeance might be purchased by the sacrifice of existence. The carnage on both sides was frightful. The streets communicating with that portion of the rue St. Honoré that stretches from the church of St. Roch to the corner of the rue de Valois were filled with the dead and the dying; and the rue de Richelieu might literally be said to flow with blood. The walls and the windows were so chequered with bullets, that it must be a matter of surprise how any of the combatants could have escaped. Those of the people who had no muskets were seen snatching them from their disabled or dying comrades, and cheering their last moments with a shout of exultation whenever the fall of a soldier announced that their deadly aim had taken effect. That detachment of the soldiery here engaged had not tasted of food for thirty hours; but even the feeling of hunger was suspended by the more awful anticipation of death.—The desperate determination with which the Swiss fought may be inferred from the following circumstance. In the rue St. Honoré, near the corner of the place du Palais Royal, they had been reduced to about sixty or seventy men, and they maintained the conflict in three lines of single files; the whole of the street in front of them, and many of the contiguous houses, being occupied by the people. In this emergency, the foremost Swiss soldier would fire, or attempt to fire, and would fall, pierced with balls, before he could wheel to gain the rear; the same fate awaited the next, and so on until all had been sacrificed. Several of the houses occupied by the troops were now broken open, and the combatants fought hand to hand on each flight of stairs and in every room. The Swiss defended themselves with appalling bravery: all those who refused to yield fell after a prolonged resistance, and several were killed by being thrown from the windows by the enraged populace. The desperation with which the Swiss maintained the conflict arose from a strong apprehension (warranted, alas! by the example of the 10th of August) that, in case of defeat, all of them would be massacred. But in this instance they had mistaken the magnanimity of the foe

with whom they were contending—notwithstanding the treachery they had experienced, the victors spared the lives of ALL who surrendered!

After a dreadful slaughter, the whole of this quarter of Paris was in the possession of the people, who availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by their dear-bought victory to render it still more illustrious by acts of mercy and forgiveness.

About half past three, the defending party finding itself reduced (officers and men) to forty, surrendered as prisoners, and were escorted through the enraged population to the Bourse. This was the termination of the memorable battle of Thursday. A desultory contest was kept up with the retreating soldiery, as they passed through the Champs Elysées on the way to the Bois de Boulogne; but, at four o'clock, not a soldier in arms remained in the streets of the city.

During the sanguinary struggle, which, I fear, I have but indifferently described as ending in the capture of the royal palaces on the northern bank of the Seine, deeds of daring by no means inferior, were effected by the patriots on the other side, who had valiantly endeavoured to cross the bridges on the preceding evening, to the assistance of their brethren in arms; but such was the strength of the common enemy in cavalry, and the artillery upon the bridges and quays (which latter afforded an ample space for the charges and manœuvres of cavalry), that the passage of the river in the western part of the city, in presence of a force thus superior and imposing, would have been a useless waste of life, and even seemed to be impossible. In the eastern division of the city, both opposite and below the Hôtel de Ville, this passage was effected frequently during the day by the citizens of the Faubourg St. Germain, aided by the numerous class of industrious artisans of the Faubourg St. Marceau, who, armed with pikes or the first tool they could grasp, gallantly fought hand to hand with their oppressors. The desperate nature of this service may be well understood by the name which the Suspension-bridge has gained, and will preserve to posterity, of "Pont d'Arcole." Courage without conduct is too often wasted in vain; but in this case the people were admirably led on by M. Joffrés, before mentioned, assisted by M. Lenoir of the Polytechnic School, who commanded one division, while M. Joffrés led the other to the attack on the barracks of the Swiss Guard in the rue de Babylone. This position was formidable, being surrounded with a high wall, and having gates of prodigious strength; and the unhappy men who garrisoned it, in common with their countrymen at other points, entertained the idea that no quarter would be given. Under this supposition they determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and fought with the appalling courage of despair. The assailants had but one piece of cannon, with which they left the Place de l'Odéon for the attack. After an incessant fire of nearly an hour, exposed to the deadly aim of the soldiers, for whom every window formed a loop-hole, their cartridges began to grow scarce. Their brave leaders, fertile in expedients, called for straw to set fire to the building. Immediately

women were seen running in all directions, and speedily returning, each bearing her straw mattress upon her head. The fire was first applied in the rue Plumet, and the dense smoke arising, forced the defenders from the windows, from which their fire had been murderous. M. Joffrés then ordered the discharge of his piece of artillery, for which he had only one cartridge. On the sound of this explosion, and the fire increasing, the besieged saved themselves by climbing the walls of a garden which led to the Boulevards. This obstinate combat was one of the most fierce of this day of heroism; many citizens were wounded, and upwards of forty left dead on the field of battle. A brave young man, a pupil of the Polytechnic School, named Vanneau, was killed while commanding the attack. The national troops rallied in excellent order in the rue de Sèvres, and returned victorious to the Place de l'Odéon. While there, an interesting circumstance added new nerve to every manly heart. A well-dressed youth, who had been observed foremost in every attack on the barracks, fainted from fatigue; crowds offered their assistance; on tearing open the waistcoat, it was discovered that it was a woman who had thus exposed her life with reckless bravery. The gallant scholar M. Lenoir now proposed to M. Joffrés to storm the Palais du Luxembourg: this was instantly done—providentially without bloodshed, as the veterans who guarded it refused to fire upon their fellow-citizens. The national flag now floated over the Chamber of Peers, sentinels were established in the gallery of pictures, and not an article was pillaged. The two divisions, headed by their commanders mounted on horseback, having accomplished their labours on their side of the city, now marched upon the Louvre, and formed in the court. Cries were heard that the Tuileries were being pillaged; they immediately marched, in company with a detachment commanded by Captain Bachville, to protect the château; but the high sentiments of honour in the people who were in possession rendered this precaution unnecessary. After leaving a guard of a hundred and fifty men at the Tuileries, they presented themselves at the Bourse;—and this little army then marched to the Hôtel de Ville, where the leaders were warmly embraced by the excellent Lafayette, who in the name of their country thanked them for the skill and bravery displayed on that day. Twelve hours had now passed under arms, in a day without a cloud; the sun poured down his beams with the fierceness of the dog-days, and the party was faint with hunger and exhaustion. They asked for bread; but none could be procured; it was proposed to give them money for refreshments, but no sooner was the bag of silver brought out, than with one voice they cried out, “No money!—no money!” nor would they listen to the explanation that it was not for the payment of their services, but for their immediate wants. No prayer or entreaty could induce them to accept a sous. The bag was returned to the Hôtel de Ville; and the neighbouring citizens each took several of these noble-minded men home to dinner with him. Such was the delicacy of sentiment of that class whom “courtiers” call *canaille*!—such was their horror at being mistaken for *MERCENARIES*!

TO LILLAH.

*Written near Mitford, Northumberland, May 25, 1835, after gathering the  
"Paris Quadrifolia," and the "Forget-Me Not."*

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ALL nature is smiling, refresh'd by the shower  
That softly and gently has fallen from Heav'n ;  
The clouds are dispersing, nor gloomily lower  
On the gifts and the riches their bounty has giv'n—  
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

The Sun, peeping out, is now sinking to rest,  
The freshly-form'd foliage is scarce seen to move,  
Though kiss'd by the Zephyr that floats from the West,  
As balmy and soft as the breath of my Love  
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

Its richness of fragrance the May-thorn is spreading,  
The golden-capp'd Furze gives its scent to the air ;  
All nature its incense in homage is shedding  
On this soul-stilling scene—this soother of care—  
While I gather these flow'rets for Lillah.

How calm ! and how sweet ! What a moment is this !  
Can my heart to its pleasure an increase receive ?  
Can aught now enhance these my feelings of bliss ?  
'T would be *all* to my heart at this moment to give  
These flow'rets I gather to Lillah.

*Morpeth, 1835.*

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## SOPHENE AND SOPHOCLES.

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

IT was with exquisite pleasure that Sophene and I saw the dawn of a union, which promised to promote ours, take place between our parents! Deceitful hope! in the midst of joy fortune was driving us down a dreadful precipice from which Love, with all his power, could hardly save us.

Towards the third watch of the night, our relations, and all those who had come from Aulycone, repaired to the temple of Jupiter. I did not accompany them. My ministerial character exempted me from it. As for Sophene, she had retired to her chamber, because decency did not allow young women to be seen in public during the night.

I went to mine; but, finding that it would be impossible for me to sleep, I left it, and, groping through the dark, walked into the garden. I there drew near a bower which I preferred to those of Citherea, notwithstanding their celebrity. It was set with jessamin, honey-suckles, rose-bushes, and acacia, intermingled with lime trees. They cast forth sweet odours, which perfumed Sophene's apartment that overlooked that pleasant place of retirement. Except the nightingale, which, with melodious accents, warbled her unthwarted loves, and solaced the lover unsuccessful in his; all besides in nature seemed to enjoy the repairing balm of sleep. The mysterious light of the moon, working its way through the thick branches that opposed it, glimmered on her windows, by means of which I saw they were half open. I came on with slow step, and listened to a voice which at once enchanted and troubled my heart. It pronounced my name; I whispered that of Sophene. Attired in a night-dress that showed her fine frame in all its genuine elegance, she appeared at the window. Sophocles, said she, in an ill-articulated accent, is it you? What do you do there at this time of night? I thought you were in bed. I make a better use, answered I, of the moment of my life henceforth consecrated to you alone. I did not dare to hope for the pleasure of seeing you; but I was sure of amends being made me for any disappointment, by the pleasure of watching near the place of your rest. I did wish you might enjoy the soundest sleep, and that it might convey to your mind the idea of him whom you have "inspired" with the tenderest ardour that ever enflamed a human breast. I did wish that, when awaked, the soft remembrance of your dreams might render you as sensible of the passion as he is, and that, when out of bed, and looking at the new-blown rose which the first sunbeam calls forth out of its bud, you might say, *Beauteous flower! you are the temporary object of Zephyr's love; withered as*

soon as full-blown, his love flies away with your beauty ; but ours will be everlasting. I do not know, replied she, what are the dreams that Morpheus intends for me, but if they must be the representation of what pleased me during day-light, Sophene will have nothing to complain of. Sovereign of my soul, said I, you pour into it both pleasure and comfort. Would to the gods that we might be united together ! What is life for me without you ? Nothing but a troublesome burden, infinitely worse than death itself. My father cherishes me ; my happiness is near his heart. Far from finding fault with my passion, he will omit nothing to obtain your parents' acquiescence. Themisteus is well born ; he is rich ; he is not to be despised ; but if Sosthenes does not consider me a proper match for you, then (witness those charms which I worship !) never shall Sophocles burn but for Sophene. Were Jupiter to leave me the master of my destiny, and to allow me to choose among all the goddesses, I would make more account of you than of them all together. If Venus herself should offer me both her favours and immortality, I would rather die with Sophene than be immortal with the goddess.

I have opened my soul to you, said she, equally as unable to dissemble, as to resist the will of the gods, who are pleased to kindle in the heart of a simple maiden a flame which cannot but be innocent, since the object of it is the minister of Jove. I am far from repining at it ; but let us break off a discourse that we must not out of prudence and decency spin out any longer. Our parents will soon return, perhaps they are now on their way home. May they be favourable to our vows ! So saying, she wished me a good night ; I echoed it, in all the exultation of my heart.

We separated in good time. Hardly had I reached my chamber, when the company returned. I retired to bed, and never had a *calmer sleep*. Let nobody say that we find in our dreams happy or fatal presages either of the good or the evil that is to befall us ; mine were pleasant.

Sure of the heart of Sophene, a soft serenity beamed in my face ; Cratisthenes complimented me upon it ; but my joy did not last long. Sosthenes, coming up to my father before us all, said to him, " Wise Themisteus, it is not to us but to Jupiter that are to be referred the honours you have paid us. As the first cause of your kindness toward us, he will reward you for it. Let us make haste, and thank him by a new sacrifice. A business of moment calls me back to Aulycone. Though unknown to my daughter, it concerns her.

Convinced as I am of her dutifulness, I have promised her in marriage. The young man I design for her is amiable ; he has morals, birth, and sense ; he is " affectionately " attached to me. I shall have in him a son, rather than a son-in-law. He urges me to keep my word, and I am going to fulfil it. There will be nothing wanting to the young people's happiness, if you will honour their nuptials with your presence ; and you, charming Sophene, come to embellish the pomp of it.

What was my situation when I heard him pronounce these words ! A deadly chill ran through my whole frame. Whether it was noticed, or unnoticed, I cannot tell : I know that it was extreme.



Overwhelmed with that unexpected event, Sophene turned pale, and, hiding her face with her hands, feigned a violent head-ache. They carried her to her bed. Panthia, uneasy about her daughter's health, whose indisposition increased, staid with her, and was unwilling to go to the temple. While they were assembling in order to repair thither, I stole away; I was called for, but did not answer, and, despising the danger I exposed myself to, I crept into Sophene's chamber. Closely embraced, heaving sighs, and bursting into tears, our groans were long our only interpreters. What a heart-breaking, what a woeful condition! Love, thou sawest the excess of our griefs; they moved thee to take some pity on us. Thou mightest have put an end to them, but thou wert pleased to try us before hand. However dear and precious a thing may be to us, it is always more so when we are on the point of losing it. I then forcibly felt the truth of this reflection. Sophene's charms shone with redoubled lustre; I had not yet seen her so handsome, and never had I so fondly loved her. Her silence, her sorrow, her languishing and dejected looks, all contributed to the increase both of my love and my despair.

Alas, said I, you were but too right in your surmises. We are on the brink of a separation. Sophene! must I lose you? Shall another possess your heart, which is due to me alone? Shall another owe his happiness to you? Sophene! can you consent to it, and can I think of it without dying?

Fear not, said she. The day that shines upon that fatal union shall be the last of my life. Thou weepst; but what do tears avail? Is there no hope left for us? The only course we can take, replied I, my despair will point out. Woe to the authors of our misfortunes, to the rash young man who dares avow himself my rival! woe to thyself, Sosthenes! What dost thou say, Sophocles? Can thy *passion* distract thee so far, and betray thee into mixing a threat with the name of "my father?" Ought he not to be secure from the outrages of the man who demands me of him? Do not lay our miseries to his charge. Let appearances be what they will, he may be ignorant of our mutual affection, or at least how deeply Cupid has been pleased to *wound* us in so short a space. Ah! Sophene! does he not know that I have a heart and that I have seen you? I cannot make use of my reason, and perhaps it is in vain that I entreat you to call forth yours. I see nothing but the horror of our condition. My poor parents! but for me, how happy would you have been! Shall I have it one day in my power to atone for my offences? But you, O gods! who distract my mind with a "tyrannical passion" which I cannot command, at least make them amends by other blessings. Think no more, Sophocles, of those wild projects, of which the idea alone terrifies me.

Those violent struggles between her affection and her duty were too much for her to bear. Her colour fled from her cheek, her eyes closed, and she swooned away under their oppressing agitation. This scene overwhelmed me; I thought she was dead, and I resolved to die with her. Love stopped her fugitive soul; he restored her to life again.

My joy and gratitude were extreme ; but Sophene checked their impetuosity, and said to me, Let us not waste these precious moments, and, since this is our unavoidable destiny, let us part for a short time that we may meet never more to be separated.

Full of a thousand projects, the execution whereof seemed easy to me, but which were so in my fancy only, I flew to the temple. The sacrifice was begun. Already the blood of the slaughtered victims had trickled down into the vases designed to receive it. Already the sacrificer, finding in their bowels favourable omens, had urged Sosthenes to accomplish a marriage acceptable to the gods ; when, on a sudden, a huge eagle stooped down upon the entrails, which he tore to pieces, and taking them up with his talons flew away. The sacred knife slid from the hands of the priest ; he retired from the altar ; a sudden horror seized on the " minds " of all the standers by, consternation appeared on the faces even of the least timid among them. Nothing was to be heard but groans and lamentations. Each person apprehended for himself the misfortune which this prodigy foretold : it concerns but me, cried Panthia. Immortal gods ! you condemn a union upon which I had placed all my happiness. O my daughter ! O unfortunate Sophene ! they are not the entrails of the victim that the eagle has torn, but mine. Protector of innocence, O Jupiter ! thou readest our hearts. What crime are they guilty of ? Be softened by our tears, assuage thy wrath, or let it fall only upon me. Preserve the daughter at the peril of her mother, and let my death give her life again. So speaking, she tore her hair, and smote her breast, as she lay grovelling in the dust. The crowd gathered round her, raised her up and endeavoured to comfort her ; but she was deaf to all their persuasions.

Nevertheless the company resumed their tranquillity. That terrible apparition frightened them no more. It is nothing, say they, but a mere effect of chance, and an indifferent prognostic. Perhaps it is a happy one. Such is the levity natural to the populace. What was the object of their terror quickly becomes a subject of hope. Every one having left the temple, we attended Sosthenes and Panthia on their return. The former was not under a less load of affliction ; but it was more concentrated. We found Sophene weeping bitterly. A slave had apprised her of what had just happened. The despondence of her mother affected her more than the cause of it, which might perhaps apologize for the necessity of her running away to avoid the calamities that her parents and herself were threatened with, if the projected marriage took place. Amidst the almost total overthrow of our ideas, she had presence of mind enough left to ask me what I had done. I answered that I was going to settle all with Cratisthenes, and that soon. . . .

Her father, calling her, interrupted me ; I pressed her hand ; and her looks, methought, upbraided me with too much tardiness. Come on my daughter, said he, and help me to comfort thy mother ; she ran to her, and endeavoured to kiss away her tears. She entreated her not to suffer sorrow to overcome her. No, said she, the gods are

not angry with us ; they are just. If they are averse to a marriage that was agreeable to you, let us condemn it ourselves. You may light upon another they will approve of. Let us consult them again. Ready to obey their will, my happiness would be perfect, if it could determine and fix yours. Full of admiration at the wisdom of that discourse, we agreed with her ; Panthia lent us a favourable ear, and at last was prevailed upon. She suffered herself to be carried into her chamber, there to take a little rest ; but Sosthenes remained unshaken, and, let the consequences be what they would, he could not be induced to comply with any remonstrances whatsoever.

I shut myself up with Imlacca. The witness and confidant of all that had passed between Sophene and me, I might have dispensed with repeating to him an account of the transaction ; but I put him in mind of the beginning and progress of my passion, of our first fears and pleasures, our return to Eurycone, the officious forwardness of Themisteus, Dianthea's caresses, the soothing ideas that had seduced us both awhile, our secret conversations, our promises, our oaths, the ardour of my desires curbed by her opposition, Sosthenes' unexpected discourse, and obstinacy, his daughter's intended marriage, our troubles and despair, our projects of elopement : in a word, You see, continued I, two unfortunate lovers who fly to you for help. Assist us with your advice, and every other means in your power. We have more courage than experience. We shun one precipice : without your help, we shall sink into another. Dejected and terrified, I feel dismal forebodings rising in my soul ; they dispirit me ; I shall be torn from Sophene : I shall lose her. Alleviate the bitterness of the condition I am reduced to.

Sensible of my pain, Imlacca comforted and encouraged me. It is not you, but your rival that is threatened by the dire portent. He shall not possess your Sophene. The gods snatch her from his hands ; you shall one day espouse her under more auspicious omens. Time and love will make my prediction good ; but do you recollect that she is to depart from hence to-morrow. Let Themisteus manage the business, said he ; speak yourself to Sosthenes. He has given his word, replied I ; he thinks he cannot break it without bringing shame upon himself. But, proceeded he, I cannot approve of your running away ; it is imprudent and dangerous ; but, continued I, let the consequences of it be ever so dreadful, can they bear any proportion with our present situation ? Unfortunate Sophene ! more unfortunate Sophocles ! forlorn in the wide world, what will become of us ? Moved with compassion, Imlacca was unable to answer me. His discretion kept his soul in suspense ; his looks bespoke the perturbation of his mind. I embraced him, he relented ; I pressed him, he sighed ; I redoubled my entreaties, he could withstand them no longer. You prevail, said he, at last. I will render you the "imprudent service" you desire of me. May the indulgent gods forgive me ! You shall depart to-morrow with Sophene. There is in the harbour a vessel ready to set sail for Syria ; I will engage the master of it. I have a Syrian host in whose house we may depend upon inviolable security. What, answered I, with all the

emotions that his proffer excited in me, will you accompany us? Imlacca! will you? Ah gods! if it be so, we have attained the summit of your favour. Love and friendship conspire to make me the happiest of mortals.

To close Jupiter's feast, it was necessary to offer a sacrifice in the temple of Apollo on the approach of night. I would have absented myself, and made use of that moment to inform Sophene of our plan; but Dianthea bade me lead Panthia thither. In the agitation I was in, I durst not speak to her. I thought that my words would betray my secret. As long as the ceremony lasted, I was absorbed in the deepest reflections. The company imagined it was religious meditation, and yet I did not so much as feign it; I was admired and cited as a pattern in that respect. How easily are men deceived! They praised in me what the gods were offended at.

The sacrifice being over, every one went home. Night befriended me; never did I see a darker one. At the moment when sleep is so heavy upon human eyes that it becomes the true image of death, I made a desperate step into Sophene's chamber. At last, said I to her, our misfortunes will presently be over; we shall become our own masters, and have nothing to fear from the tyranny of our parents. Imlacca is about disposing every thing for our departure; you will see him soon. Instead of signifying her approbation, she sighed. The consequences of our enterprise engrossed her whole mind, she was troubled. What! was she to run away with me, and look for a retreat among the barbarians? Would not it bring everlasting shame upon her? She fancied what would be Sosthene's fury, and Panthia's despair. She upbraided herself beforehand with so guilty and so bold an elopement, and said, You who advise me to it will yourself be the first to blame me for it. I call heaven and all the powers to witness that if "virtue," without which the tenderest love is criminal, did not oppose it, my only happiness would have been to love and to be loved by you; but this severe virtue, all powerful over my heart, orders it otherwise. Let us submit; and, since it does not forbid us to die, let us die without offending the gods. I tried to conquer her scruples; but to no purpose. I put her in mind of her oaths; but she remembered them only to repine at and abhor them. In a word, my tears and my entreaties served only to render her more unrelenting. Imlacca came in. He added his endeavours to mine: she was moved, but not overcome: it was not danger that stopped her, but duty.

Night came on; the hours fled away. I was continually going to and fro from the one to the other; I supplicated, I threatened; but unsuccessfully. Let Love forgive me for it! In my despair, I was upon the point of having recourse to violence; but, afraid of her cries, and of being overheard, or rather of falling under her displeasure, I ceased my pursuit. At last, after an obstinate resistance, and when we had given up all hopes of subduing her, she was informed of Imlacca being to accompany us; Love seized the opportunity; she held her hand out to me, and we ran away unperceived. We repaired to the harbour, and got on board. Jupiter! said we, with one

voice, protect two unhappy lovers, whom the rigour of their fate, and thy oracle drive from their country! and thou, Neptune, bid the waves respect them!

We got under sail. The weather was calm, and the sea smooth. It seemed as if we were borne upon the wings of Zephyr. I was so much animated by love, in such a pleasurable transport, that, forgetting all my past grievances, I thought my happiness perfectly secured. Lying at Sophenes' feet, my head reclined upon her knees, I gave myself over to most delicious raptures, that kept sleep far off. How pleasant was that night! How many innocent favours did it allow and veil!

Two days thus passed away. How handsome all the company found Sophene! What perfect harmony of features and shape did they not remark in her! How many desires did she raise, and how many rivals had I not! There was among us a painter, who was on his way to the court of the king of Persia. In order to establish the superiority of Grecian beauty, he asked Sophenes' leave to draw her picture. Though he worked with great expedition, his performance was not the less masterly. It is Sophene! she breathes, she enchants, she fills her beholders with admiration.

Object of the vows of all Asia, she will triumph over all. What a delicious idea for a lover! I foresaw her glory, I partook of it; but, soon altering my mind, that glory pained me. I could not brook the idea of her picture falling into the hands of the barbarians. They are not worthy of it; all that is like Sophene ought to belong to Sophocles. The painter took notice of my emotion, as he had done of my love. Our fires are impatient of restraint, said he. I know all the niceties usual with lovers. I too have loved. Here is Sophenes' picture; possess it alone.

Already had the seaman descried the land, and had filled the air with shouts and acclamations. They showed us the temple of Juno, which towered over all the other buildings of the city where we were to land. It is there, said I, that, depository of our oaths, the goddess will, in a little time, unite us.

Gods of heaven! Gods of the sea! continue your favours a moment longer. Alas! you do not hearken to me!

The sky grew cloudy; the winds broke loose; a furious tempest arose; the air was inflamed; the billows roared, the masts split, the vessel opened; "horror" invaded our minds; we seemed by our despair to concur with the surges in our own destruction. "All skill became useless; the steering of our ship ceased. Some raised piercing cries; others waited in *silence* for death. In their despair these cursed the gods; those implored them on their knees. Free from fear (for love had engrossed her heart) Sophene threw herself into my arms. I approach death unterrified, said she. The gods are just; I deserve it. Let the *chastisement* be ever so sudden, and rigorous, it does not equal my demerits. I die; but I do not complain. O Sophocles! how great is the power of Love! At the same time that my undutifulness to my doleful parents flies in my face; when I am conscious of its having drawn the wrath of the gods upon us;

when I am ready to atone for it by the sacrifice they exact of my attained life, yet in that dreadful moment thou art what I regret most, thou, the fondly-beloved cause of the breach I have made in my most sacred duties. Show thy courage! It is a greater blessing to die than to live longer disunited.

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SPANISH WAR-SONG.

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Sons of Spain, whose forms repose  
 Where the cloud its shadow throws  
 Over St. Sebastian's height,  
 Rise and nerve ye for the fight!  
 Hark! his wing the raven flutters,  
 Ominous the sounds he utters,  
 Sounds of death unto our foes  
 Ere another day shall close.

Sons of Spain, arise! behold  
 Yonder banner's massy fold!  
 Ere the morning breeze unfurl it,  
 To the dust inglorious hurl it!  
 Down upon their columns sweep,  
 As the whirlwind on the deep,  
 When its all-destroying breath  
 Lays the foeman low in death!

By the wrongs that ye have felt  
 Deeply let the blow be dealt,  
 That the Carlist host may know  
 They have met no common foe!  
 Rising morn shall view the raven  
 Tear the breast of every craven:  
 But the brave shall win their right:  
 Sons of Spain! advance to fight!

## A PERSONAL SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

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AMONG a variety of engagements of much or little importance, in which I participated during a campaign in the Peninsula, I have the honour of reckoning the well-contested and glorious battle of Talavera. I was at that time attached to a corps of hussars, which, the night preceding the conflict of the 28th of July, was ordered up from the rear to the left of the height on which the right division of the British force joined the left of the Spanish, and so many violent attacks were made by the enemy. The ground in front of this position was open, but in many parts intercepted by deep gullies formed by the rain from the mountains, and at that time dry. During the night a second attempt was made. On the evening of the 27th, as soon as the advanced guard was withdrawn, the enemy pushed forward, and about five o'clock commenced a general action by a heavy cannonade upon the British line, and an attempt to take possession of it was made on this height, of which the French obtained a momentary possession; but were again repulsed, and pursued with great slaughter nearly to their own lines. In this state of alarm the night was spent; but, being placed somewhat out of the way, we were comparatively quiet. Bodies of dragoons and other cavalry were in our immediate neighbourhood, and on our left was a valley running between the height and the mountains, which took the direction of Escalona, well occupied with masses of infantry. The line of the combined army extended nearly three miles, the right flank protected by the Tagus, and the left resting on the height above mentioned, which commanded the greater part of the field of battle.

Night had made little difference in our dispositions; and, when the day broke, the contending parties were to be discovered drawn up in order of battle, as on the preceding evening, within 600 yards of each other. From the rising ground on which we stood, the well-defined lines of the hostile armies were clearly to be distinguished. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry, were drawn up opposite in the greatest precision; and now and then, we could perceive aides-de-camp riding swiftly off to the different positions, and the glittering uniforms of general officers threading the formidable array. I had scarcely been off my horse during the whole night, and felt far from fresh; but my company were in fine condition, and, drawn up in close column, the embroidery of their uniforms glittering in the misty morning sun, and their dark feathers streaming in the breeze, cut a most gallant figure. Little was said; all hands were on our bridles, and our eyes eagerly directed towards the mass of French heavy infantry before us. Nearly an hour elapsed before any thing was done. The vapours of early morning were clearing off, and the hazy sun mounting redly in the pale sky; but presently, out

darted a jet of flame from the sombre rank of French guns on our left, and all was bustle amongst the groups of horse artillerymen around them. Life seemed to have been instantaneously imparted to both lines: flash succeeded flash, and report broke on the echoes of report, till the lateral streams of sulphureous smoke, issuing successively from the grim mouths of the guns, circled broadly upwards, and began to roll majestically over towards us. Presently our own cannon began to answer: many bodies of light and heavy infantry to our left advancing forwards, expanded their flanks, and drew out in the valley: files of horse artillery, the trampling of their hoofs mingling with the heavy roll of the following gun-carriages, were galloping up into array; and the voices of officers, the rattle of drums, the thundering of the enemy's cannon, and the now frequent discharges of that portion of the British which had come up, grandly announced that the battle was commencing in reality. Under cover of this heavy cannonade, the enemy pushed forward two divisions of infantry to storm the height on our flank. By this time the whole field was filled with clouds of white smoke, and it was only through their intervals that I could catch a cloudy view of those who were advancing. They reached the height, and rushed on at the charge step; but from the jets of snow-white smoke which shot forward from the mêlée, the unintermitting rattle of musketry, and the flash of bayonets, I could see that their reception was warm and unwavering. We were placed just on the ascent, and had a full though not clear view of the conflict. The ground was most bravely contested by our light-armed infantry, and through the smoke we could see man after man fall beneath the thrust of the British bayonet. The firing became hotter and fiercer: the officers were, on both sides, to be seen running here and there, cheering on their men, and combating in the thickest of the press. Meantime, fresh bodies of men were brought forward from the rear of the two divisions; they were as gallantly received; and the foremost ranks of the enemy, falling into fragments, were thrown into irretrievable disorder. This was the time for fresh efforts: the English soldiery pushed bravely forwards, striking down the foremost, fusilading those who were remote or detached, and carrying forward the whole, like sheep before the bayonet. Amidst the rattle of this partial engagement, pealed the thunders of the French and British artillery: showers of balls were flying in all directions; horses and men falling, and fresh tides of stifling smoke rolling upwards in extending masses. I could see nothing but smoke, and the hundred flashes of the cannon. The whole scene was filled with snow-white drifting vapour, through which, phantom-like, groups would now and then flit into evanescent existence. The noise of the ordnance was prodigious, and their successive bangs, intermixed with the dropping fire of musketry, seemed the precursors of a universal destruction. Rumbling echoes boomed heavily over the distant mountains, while a hundred rattlings seemed to ring in various directions through the nearer atmosphere. The attempt of the enemy to storm the height had entirely failed: repulsed by the bayonets of Major General Hill's division, covered by their guns, they retreated in the smoke to their own lines.



From this period till about mid-day, the action was chiefly maintained by the fire of artillery; that of the enemy being considerably more numerous and of heavier metal than our own. Their shells were thrown with great precision, and did considerable execution. One of our ammunition-waggon was blown up with a tremendous explosion, and we in return dismounted several of their guns, and blew up two of their tumbrels.

Our part in the battle had as yet been next to nothing, and our Colonel gave orders for our companies to retire successively into securer ground. I had better opportunities now of witnessing the state of the engagement. The firing ceased for a time on both sides, and the wind blowing off the smoke, disclosed each of the hostile armies: much destruction had been made in their advanced divisions; dead men and horses were lying about in considerable quantities, and I could perceive the wounded being taken off on both sides to the rear. While engaged in this painful duty, the British and French soldiers shook hands with each other, and expressed their mutual admiration.

A great deal of activity was to be discerned in the whole length of the enemy's line. Fresh guns were hastened up, fresh bodies of cavalry and infantry changing their dispositions; generals issuing their orders, and aides flying in various directions. They were forming in the rear several heavy columns of infantry, and another attack was soon to be looked for.

Just at this moment, an aide gave our commander directions to file off to the left, attended by some bodies of Dragoons, and face a column of French, which was advancing by the valley. The time of action, and danger approached. The cannon again began to thunder; fresh clouds rolled over the field of battle, and through the misty shroud, that spread like an immense canopy above and around us, I could vaguely perceive,—for my senses were in too much excitement to distinguish accurately—the whirling gallop of advancing squadrons, the busy artillery-men, changing, pointing, and discharging, the rush of compact brigades, the cocked hats of field-officers, and clouds of feathered shakoës. The whole scene was one of the most extraordinary activity. I saw, and knew nothing of what took place at even a comparatively speaking small distance. The battle was to me confined to a small space. All beyond was cloud, thunder, and uncertainty. The French were again advancing in considerable numbers, under cover of the whole of their artillery, and bodies of infantry were defiling on our left, in order to cut off that flank. The firing was very hot at all points, and around me the death-dealing bullets were doing full execution.

The enemy had now pushed forward to the centre of the valley. The engagement in all directions grew warmer and warmer. Wounded officers were every minute being conveyed out of the confusion; and fresh troops were constantly brought up. A steady and destructive fusilade was kept up by our infantry upon the advancing columns of French; but so many, and so constant were the charges, and so frequent were the attacks of fresh troops, that some of our advanced lines gave way, and the enemy poured like torrents

into their interstices. The loss in these points was very great : disordered groups of infantry were hurrying hither and thither in complete disorder ; while, to add to their confusion, they were surrounded with fire and smoke, and exposed to the murderous artillery discharges of the enemy. At this moment a strong column of the French infantry was observed to be slowly advancing by the valley. All the officers in our part of the field were galloping here and there to concentrate our regiments of cavalry ; and soon quantities of Dragoons and Hussars rode up, and were thrown into masses. The word "charge" sent the leading divisions into the smoke and mêlée before us, and, ere the drifts of vapour had well rolled over their figures, we were commanded to dash after them. Never shall I forget the scene. Men, horses, plumes, flew past me like a chaotic panorama, while before thundered the din of the thickening conflict. On we rushed ; our prancing steeds striking up the dust, and grass ; trumpets blowing, drums beating, cannons knelling, feathers, manes, and pelisses waving, swords glittering, and hoofs tramping. Sweeping on like a whirlwind, flying-on fusilading infantry, plunging cavalry, scattered around us, we darted into the smoke, and bore down with the full weight of our irresistible charge right upon the centre of the enemy's column. Every thing instantly became matter of life and death. Broken by the sweep of the attack into fragments, both assailants and assailed combated singly, or in parties. We were most gallantly received ; my horse began to reel and pant in the closeness and desperation of the encounter, and bayonets and swords were crossing, and bullets whistling by me, much too closely to be agreeable. I cut meantime around me with the full swing of my arm, and had the satisfaction of bringing down many a tall grenadier to my horse's feet. Four or five of my Hussars, who were in my neighbourhood, I could see making desperate efforts to push on. Down fell man after man, while their straining steeds, excited to madness by the spur, rode grandly over dead and dying, and bore their blood-stained riders deeper and deeper into the press. Masterless horses were flying about the field ; others falling to the earth, struck down by cannon balls. Bearing all down however before us, we swept on like a tornado, galloping over dead steeds and dying men, cutting to pieces all that opposed us, and trampling life out of the overthrown. Owing to the great inequality of the ground, and the gullies with which it was intersected, we,—together with the cavalry that accompanied us,—were unable to preserve that solidity so necessary in a charge, and our loss was therefore considerable. I saw many an officer, his embroidery defaced with blood, brought down by bayonet thrusts, or sabre strokes. Notwithstanding all this, we penetrated a solid column of the opposing enemy, and put to rout every line of infantry near us. The ground over which we had so swiftly and victoriously passed was a complete wreck : overturned guns, loose artillery-horses, colours, prostrate chargers, whole files of light infantry and grenadiers, actually ridden down in the positions they occupied, were scattered in every possible direction. In the distance, sullenly rolled dense tides of sulphury smoke ; and from

the lightning-like glitter of steel on the height to our left, I could see that the conflict had been there, of no less severe a nature. Our troopers were now riding about over the broken remnants of the enemy's column of infantry, and the smoke began gradually to clear a little off. By our powerful diversion, we had decided the battle in this quarter, and our advantage was rendered complete by a vigorous charge made by the bayonets of General Alexander Campbell's brigade, supported by two regiments of Spanish infantry, on that portion of the enemy which had pushed on, on the right. Eighteen pieces of cannon, planted by Colonel Robe of the Royal Artillery in an oblique direction, at the same time were brought to bear on the flank of the enemy's column, both as they advanced, and as they retreated, beyond the reach of the British musketry.

After having maintained our forward position for some time, we were obliged to retreat, fresh bodies of French troops having been advanced, and a battery of artillery opened in our direction. But this had been the enemy's grand attack, and though they opened a heavy fire of cannon and musketry on the brigade of guards, of General Sherbrooke's division, which in its charge had advanced too far, they soon found that their efforts to force our lines had been ineffectual, and began to retreat. The brigade, exposed to a dreadful fire, was extricated by the advance of the first battalion of the 48th regiment, supported by General Cotton's brigade of cavalry. The French, seeing themselves foiled in all their attacks, shortly after commenced retreating across the Alberche to Santa Olalla. A rear guard of 10,000 men was left in the heights behind the river; but this body was also withdrawn on the 31st.

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## WAR.

BARD of Spania, wake thy lyre!

Sing the toils—the woes of war :  
 Flush the warrior's glow of wrath—  
 Contempt of foemen—scorn of death—  
 O'er thy rugged hills afar.

Sing the scene where havock reigns—  
 Bid them “tremble” at thy strains!  
 Note Destruction's giant path  
 Through the crimson tide of death!

List the squadron's loud huzza,  
 “Cheering” to the charge again;  
 Bid that phalanx disappear—  
 Fallen in their fierce career,

A mass of carnage on the plain!  
 Let the storm of battle rise—  
 The victor's shouts—the wounded's cries!  
 “Onward!—Onward point the brave  
 “To victory, or a bloody grave!”

"They fly!—they fly—the Carlists fly!"

Let the dreadful havoc cease!  
 Bid the beamless sun descend—  
 Bid eve's lengthening shadows bend  
 In darkness o'er the vale of peace.  
 But ah! that peace!—So sad its reign—  
 So drear its silence on the plain—  
 That not the war-cry's madd'ning bray  
 Inspires such horror and dismay!

Bid Zumalcarraghy's spirit rest—  
 Pour the "death song" o'er his grave!  
 If he fought for freedom—*blest*;  
 If ambition fir'd his breast—  
 He fought—he fell, ignobly brave!  
 O'er his grass-bound covert low,  
 Time's o'erwhelming stream shall flow;  
 Thy warriors' sons will trembling gaze,  
 When his blood-smear'd arms they raise.

Bard of Spania! change the strain!  
 The widow's orphans' sorrows tell:  
 Mark the matron's bursting sigh—  
 And the virgin's wilder eye  
 Brooding o'er the last farewell!  
 Hush'd be now their weary woes—  
 Tranquil be their dark repose—  
 Let the daisy's artless bloom  
 Deck each mourner's lowly tor

Ye who fire the train of war,  
 Explosive of a nation's joy—  
 Can ye for some idle name—  
 For int'rest—or inglorious fame—  
 Bid the "stateless" sword destroy?  
 The hapless orphan's "curse" shall swell  
 The clangour of your funeral knell!  
 Posterity shall join the stave  
 Of execration o'er your grave!

Bard of Albion, hush thy lyre!  
 Hush the sad unsoothing strain!  
 And never may such notes of woe,  
 Dread, and indignation flow  
 From its trembling chords again.  
 Oblivion! draw thy mystic gloom  
 O'er the soldier's silent tomb;  
 Hope! limner sweet of future bliss,  
 Portray the fairy scenes of peace!

## ON BORES.

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“Cease rude Bore——” *Old Song.*

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WITH the forms, habits, instincts, and capacities of nearly every beast of the forest, bird of the air, and fish of the sea, we, the lords of the creation, are, thanks to Buffon, Audubon, Wilson, and the other learned zoologists, ornithologists, and icoynthologists, by this time tolerably familiar—tolerably do I say?—entirely, perfectly. We are as well acquainted with the internal politics of a bee-hive, as though we had a “voice potential” in their senate, or presided at the cabinet council at which the bill of pains and penalties against their queen is resolved upon. We know all that is remarkable in rats (no offence to any man of quality), beautiful in butterflies, or wonderful in woodcocks. The diet of Worms has supplied no with-food-for meditation, and a convocation of politic cows has often made us ruminating animals, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.” There is, however, one animal, or rather—would it were not so—one class of animals—which, though common as blackberries, and indigenious to every clime, from “Indus to the pole,” has yet, by some unaccountable negligence yet unexplained, entirely escaped the researches of our naturalists; the name that it bears is not to be found in the index of the Naturalists’ Library. Nor is its form to be seen “as our rarer monsters are” on the acres of canons affixed outside those perambulatory menageries, which haunt our fairs, attracting the admiring eyes of the rising generation, to “that within which passeth show.” The animal to which I allude is of the class mammalia, *genus homo*, and is called a *bore* (male and female after their kind); *unde derivatur* I know not, nor have any of the authorities which I have carefully consulted been able to give me any information. By the by, the first of the class mentioned in history are three who paid a condolatory visit to the man of Uz in his affliction; but that, as I said before, is “parenthetical and by the by;” however, to pass that by for the present, there is one thing which I can confidently assert, and defy contradiction; and that is, that there is not on the face of the globe a more obnoxious animal. It is true that the spring of the tiger is more deadly—(especially should he take an honourable member by surprise, not having given notice of his motion), the hug fraternal of the bear less endurable for the time being. At all events, should chance decree them the victory, a few minutes decide the matter; they do not “cruel let you linger in your pain;” and, on the other hand, a couple of balls well bestowed, and you are freed for ever, and “so being gone, you are a man again;” but, “oh what damned minutes counts he o’er,” who has the misery to be encountered by a bore, with a tenacity which “age cannot wither nor custom stale!” he will cling to you “for the hour by Shrewsbury,” or any other clock;” he will conjugate

the verb to bore in all its moods and tenses; he will "vex the dull ear of a drowsy man" with something even more tedious than a thrice-told tale, he will "cleave with horrid din" the drum or tympanum of your ears, and yet—fie upon our laws—we may not slit his weasand, or knock him o' the pate; and "why is this wherefore what should we do?" We all know that in many parts of the globe various animals, the dog, the monkey, and even a species of vulture, are held sacred; but then that is not unaccounted for. In some instances religious feelings are enlisted in their defence, and in that of the last they are patronised by the oriental utilitarians; for they gratuitously act as scavengers; but of what earthly use is it even pretended is the bore? Why should he be suffered to "live, and move, and have his being?" Is he not a decided nuisance? At all events, why not send him to end his days amid a dungeon's gloom? but no! our laws, more merciful than just, will not even justify us in committing a nuisance. We have all of us heard, and some of us been engaged in, a wild *boar* hunt. Wherefore are we not permitted to exercise ourselves in chasing a tame *bore*? I pause for a reply. It has been my—I hope peculiar—ill-fortune to suffer more boring perhaps than any one in three hundred; but I know not wherefore. Whether it is that I am of a silent and grave temperament—whether they (the bores) see or fancy they see in me any outward and visible sign, any incipient symptoms, proximate or remote, giving the world assurance of a *boree*, (that is, one capable of being bored), I know not; but this I do know that I have won golden opinion from all sorts of bores. I have been bored until my eyelids would no longer wag, till I have thought that, compared to what I have endured, Sindbad's old man of the mountain must have been a remarkably pleasant travelling companion. I have been maddened until even MY powers of endurance have refused their office. They have aroused the lion in his lair; let them take the consequences of his fang, I do disclaim in them, and my revenge shall be proportioned to their dire offence. They best can paint it who have felt it most. I will no longer bear the silent system. I intend to give the world a full history of the species, genus, and classification; a description of the various sorts of bores in the habits as they live, and with the habits they have contracted; anecdotes of bores political—(of which there are several very fine specimens to be seen nightly in the neighbourhood of Westminster, "where they most do congregate"); theatrical, medical, military, scientific, domestic, literary, and legal, with various well-authenticated anecdotes of some of the most remarkable of the order. I will arouse the world to a full sense of all that it has endured, till, arising as one man, they who would be free themselves will strike the blow, and free themselves for ever from the hateful oligarchy of the bores. For my poor part, I ask no public thanks, no silver salvers, and no rent. For the agitation which I am about to commence, I am content with the grateful thanks of a "liberal and enlightened" people, the blessings of the poor, and the gratitude of posterity, that will gild my humble name, and with that I shall be happy, be content, like Thomas Thumb. I shall have "done my duty, and I've done no more." Vale.

## ODE TO AN ALBUM.

O Register of lover's sighs !  
 Journal of tear-filled eyes—  
 Side-winded Maker  
 Of declarations—Taker  
 Of hints conveyed in sonnets—  
 Patterns of modish bonnets—  
 And "clever" things ; from folks who have not *much* care.  
 O *olla podrida* ! O literary *Dutch* fair !  
 Picture of innocence, or rather those who ape her,  
 Edging of *gilt* ; but *surface* of white paper,  
 Well-freighted vessel, outward bound  
 In calf, with songs for *Ply-mouth Sound* !  
 In fine, O universal showman !  
 Of character, both grave and merry,  
 Thou'rt very like a Woman—  
 Very !

Are not thy many-tinted pages  
 Types of her eras, years, and stages ?  
 Behold the girl, unmarked by grief,  
 Unsullied by thy whitest leaf.  
 Then, having finished her scholastic labours,  
 Regard her from her continental neighbours,  
 Borrowing an azure tint, though very slight  
 Just strong enough to be like your *French white*.  
 At length, with scrawling lines in you  
 She straight becomes a deep-dyed "*blue*,"  
 Next to the "*grande passion*" she glows,  
 And sees all things "*couleur de rose* ;"  
 Mankind is seen through Love's "*pink specs* ;"  
 Until *the* ring her finger decks :  
 Then, enter Jealousy's *green* eyes,  
 Which, mixing with her *blue* propensities,  
 Imparts a dash of *brimstone*—This makes my sum  
 Of similes—for thou my friend art *dumb* !

O "trivial, fond, record" of *bagatelles* !  
 O cornucopia of charading belles !  
*Measure* done up in *quarto*, fare thee well !  
 Flirt, till you make with inky tears each pen full ;  
 Coquette with every brush, with every pencil ;  
 Copy the sex, my parallel obey :—  
 Receive a *fresh impression*, every day :  
 Rove like the bee, collect each mental sweet,  
 And bring the treasure to thy mistress' feet.

## THE PROSCRIBED :

Translated from the French of M. De Balzac, by Margaret Patrickson—  
from an unpublished Work.

Jacqueline, left alone in the house, ascended hastily to the chamber of the unknown gentleman, to see if she could not pick up there something that might let her a little into the secret of this mysterious affair. Like the philosophers who give themselves such infinite pains to complicate the clear and simple principles of nature, she had already constructed a shapeless, incongruous romance, which sufficed to explain to her the union of these three extraordinary individuals under her humble roof. She rummaged the coffer, examined all she found, and could discover nothing wonderful. She only saw upon the table an inkstand, and some sheets of parchment; but, not knowing how to read, her discovery was thrown away upon her, and she remained as much in the dark as ever. Female curiosity led her to the chamber of the handsome young man, from the window of which she distinguished her two guests crossing the Seine in the boat of the ferry-man.

—“They are like two statues;” said she to herself. “Ha! ha! they are landing opposite the *Rue du Fouarre*! How light the little darling is! he leaps on shore like a bullfinch. The old gentleman looks beside him like a stone saint in a cathedral. They are going to the ancient school of the Four Nations. Presto! they are gone. I see them no longer.—It is here that he lives, the poor cherubim!” added she, looking round upon the furniture of the room; “how gallant and pleasant he is! Ah! these great lords are differently made from us.”

And Jacqueline descended, after having passed her hand over the counterpane, dusted the coffer, and asked herself for the hundredth time during the last six months: “But what the devil does he pass his blessed days in doing? He cannot always be looking up at the blue sky and the bright stars, that God has hung up there, like lanterns. The dear child must be labouring under some affliction. But why should the old master and he scarcely ever speak to each other?”

And then she lost herself in a wild confusion of thoughts, which, in the brain of a woman, are apt to get entangled like a twisted skein of thread. The elderly stranger and his young companion had, indeed, entered one of those schools which at this period rendered the *Rue du Fouarre*, so celebrated throughout Europe. The illustrious Sigier, the most famous doctor in mystical theology of the University of Paris, was ascending the stairs of his pulpit at the moment that Jacqueline’s two lodgers arrived at the ancient school of the Four Nations, and entered a large hall on the ground floor, level with the street. The cold flags were strewed with fresh straw,



on which a good number of students had one knee rested, the other remaining raised, in order to take down in short-hand the extemporaneous effusion of the master, by means of those abbreviating signs whose lost import throws into despair the decyphers of modern times. The hall was full, not only of scholars, but also of the most distinguished members of the clergy, the court, and the judicial order. There were to be seen learned strangers, men of the sword, and rich citizens. There the eyes were met by specimens of those well-developed faces, protuberant foreheads, and venerable beards, which, in the pictures of the middle age, inspire us with a sort of religious devotion for our ancestors. Some meagre visages with brilliant deep-set eyes, surmounted by bald craniums, time-tarnished through the fatigues of an impotent scholastic divinity, the favourite passion of the age, were contrasted with young ardent heads, with grave sedate countenances, with warriors' faces, flashing fire, and with the varied rubicund visages of a few financiers, breathing gold and calculation. These lessons, dissertations, and themes, sustained by the most brilliant geniuses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, excited all the enthusiasm of our forefathers. They were their bull-fights, their Italian operas, their tragedy and comedy, their great dancers, all the theatre in fine. The representations of mysteries were but the successors of these spiritual combats, which perhaps gave birth to the French stage. At that time, an inspired eloquence, which united to the charm of the human voice, skilfully managed, the subtleties of rhetoric, and the most daring researches into the secrets of God, satisfied curiosity, moved the passions, and was the fashionable exhibition of the day. Theology then comprised all the sciences. It was science itself, as grammar was formerly with regard to the Greeks. Theology opened a rich future to those who distinguished themselves among those intellectual gladiators, in which, like Jacob, the orators wrestled with the spirit of God. The embassies, the arbitraments between sovereigns, the chancellorships, the ecclesiastical dignities, all belonged to those whose speech had been painted in theological controversy. The pulpit was the tribune of the epoch. This system continued till the day when Rabelais immolated the *disputatious wrangling of the schools*,\* with his terrible raillery, as Cervantes exterminated *chivalry* by a written comedy.

In order to comprehend this extraordinary age, the spirit which dictated its *chefs-d'œuvre*, unknown in our times, although in truth immense, to explain even its barbarism, it would suffice only to study the constitutions of the University of Paris, and to examine the strange system of instruction then in all its vigour. Theology was divided into two faculties, that of *theology*, properly so called, and that by *decree*. The faculty of theology had three sections; the scholastical, the canonical, and the mystical. It would be superfluous, consequently tiresome, to explain the attributions of those

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\* I had a great mind to anglicize the French word *ergotisme* by cutting off the final *e*, but I durst not, in spite of its conciseness, and classic claims to legitimacy.—T.

divers portion of the science, since one alone, mystical theology, is the subject of the present study. MYSTICAL THEOLOGY, then, embraced the whole of the *divine revelations* and the explanations of the *mysteries*. This branch of the ancient theology has remained secretly in honour until the present time. Jacob Bœhm, Swedenborg, Martinez, Pasqualis, Saint-Martin, Molinas, Mesdames Guyon, Bourginon, and Krudener, the great sect of the Ecstatics, and that of the Illuminati, have, at various periods, worthily supported the doctrines of this science, whose end has something in it fearful and gigantic. Now, as in the time of the doctor Sigier, man seems to want but wings in order to penetrate daringly into the sanctuary, where the Almighty conceals himself from our eyes. This digression was necessary to render intelligible the scene at which the old man and the youth who so lately left the banks of Notre Dame, came to be present at ; and will thus defend from all reproach, a study strictly historical, but which rash and confident judges might perhaps suspect of falsehood, or tax with hyperbole.

The doctor Sigier was a great man, celebrated during his lifetime, and in the pride of his age. His countenance, preserved from oblivion in the chronicles or records of the University, presents striking analogies to that of Mirabeau. It was stamped with the seal of eloquence, but of an eloquence animated, impetuous, terrible. The doctor bore upon his brow the signs of religious belief and ardent faith which were wanting in the other case ; and his voice possessed, moreover, a persuasive softness, and a tone calculated at once to awaken and to soothe. At this hour, the daylight which the windows, composed of very small panes of glass, garnished with lead, shed around but parsimoniously, coloured the assemblage with a thousand capricious tints, creating here and there the most vigorous contrasts, by the mixture of light and darkness. Here eyes sparkling in obscure corners ; there black shining locks, upon which the sunbeams shone as if with pleasure, rose luminously above faces buried in the shade ; there several time-shorn heads, preserved only from absolute baldness by a scanty circle of white hair, appeared above the crowd, like a crenated parapet silvered by the moon. All these heads, turned towards the doctor, remained in mute impatience. The monotonous voices of the other professors, whose schools were adjacent, resounded through the silent street like the murmuring of a heavy tide. The steps of the two strangers, who arrived at this moment, excited general attention. The doctor Sigier, ready to begin, saw the majestic old man standing, and cast his eyes around in search of a place, but not finding one, the crowd being so great, he descended, approached him respectfully, and arranged him a seat on the stairs of the pulpit, lending him his stool. The assemblage greeted this attention by a long murmur of applause, as they recognised in the aged stranger the hero of an admirable thesis recently pronounced at the Sorbonne. When the unknown was placed, and cast upon the auditory beneath him that profound glance in which seemed to be conveyed a poem entire of misfortune and melancholy, of suffering and sorrow, more than one heart thrilled with indefinable emotion. The youth shared the fate

of his venerable friend, and seated himself upon one of the steps, in an enchanting attitude of grace and sadness, his body resting against the pulpit. Then the silence became profound, and the threshold of the door, even the street itself, was in a few instants obstructed by a crowd of scholars who deserted the other classes.

The doctor Sigier was about to sum up, in a closing discourse, the theories that he had advanced upon the resurrection, and upon Heaven and Hell, in his preceding lectures. His curious doctrine was responsive to the sympathies of the age, and satisfied those immediate longings after the marvellous which have tormented man from the creation of the world.\*

The doctor commenced by recapitulating simply, in a calm tone, and without employing emphasis, the principal points already laid down. "No intellect was to be found corresponding in all points with another. Had man a right to demand of his Creator an amount of the inequality of the moral powers which he had bestowed upon such individual? Without desiring to penetrate all at once into the designs of God, were we not compelled, in point of fact, to acknowledge, that, in consequence of their general dissimilarity, the various degrees of intellectual power must be divided into grand spheres or orders? From the sphere in which shone the least intelligence unto the most translucent in which the soul perceives the road that leads to God and immortality, did there not exist a real gradation of spirituality? Did not the minds belonging to the same sphere comprehend each other fraternally in soul and body, in thoughts and feelings?" And here the doctor unfolded some marvellous theories relative to the sympathies. He explained in Biblical language all the phenomena of love, the instinctive repulsions, the lively attractions which forget or set at defiance the laws of space; the sudden cohesion of minds which seem at once to recognise each other as kindred spirits. Then, as to the various degrees of force of which our affections were susceptible, he resolved them by the place, more or less remote, that each being occupied in his respective circle. After which he revealed sophistically the grand idea of the Supreme Being in the co-ordination of the different terrestrial spheres. By means of man he said, these spheres created an intermediate world between the intelligence of the brute and between the intelligence of the angels. The word *divine* nourished, according to him, the word *spiritual*; the word *spiritual* nourished the word *animated*; the word *animated* nourished the word *animal*; the word *animal* nourished the word *vegetable*, and the word *vegetable* expressed the life of the word *sterile*. The successive transformations of chrysales that God thus laid upon our souls, and this species of infused animation which, from one zone to another, goes on communicating its vital influence always more lively, more spiritual, more clearly-seeing; developed confusedly, but perhaps wonderfully enough for his inexperienced

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\* This extravagant attempt of man to clasp an infinity which always eludes or escapes from his debile grasp, this last contest of mind with itself, was an undertaking worthy of an assembly, brilliant with all the great lights of the age, and where, perhaps, sparkled, for the moment, the most comprehensive of human imaginations.

auditors, the progressive improvement impressed by the Most High upon all nature. Aided by numerous passages drawn from holy writ, and which he employed as commentaries on himself, in order to express, by bold and sensible images, the abstract reasonings in which he was deficient, he appeared as if brandishing the spirit of God himself, like a torch of living fire, through the profoundest recesses of creation, with an eloquence which was peculiar to him, and whose accents excited the attention and enchained the conviction of his auditory. Unfolding in this manner this mysterious system in all its consequences, he gave the key to all the symbols, he justified the vocations, the particular gifts of genius in its various walks, and the diversities of human talent. Become in an instant a physiologist by instinct, he accounted for the animal resemblances inscribed so often on the human countenance, by primordial analogies and by the ascending impulse of all-created matter. He compelled you to join, as it were, in the sport of nature, while he assigned a mission and a future to minerals, plants, and animals. After having—the Bible in his hand—spiritualized matter and materialized spirit, after having shown an over-ruling Providence in all things, and imprinted the seal of respect on his least works, he admitted the possibility of advancing, by means of faith, from one sphere to another.

Such was the first part of his discourse, whose doctrines he contrived to apply, by adroitly managed digressions, to the feudal system. The poetry, religious and profane, and the rude, unpolished eloquence of the times, might range at large in this immense theory, in which all the philosophical systems of antiquity were confounded in one general mass. Armed with the mystical demonstrations by which he explained the actual world in which we live, the doctor Sigier constructed another intermediate world, whose gradually elevated spheres separated us from God, as the plant was divided from us by an infinity of circles, all necessary to pass, before arriving at any community. He peopled the heavens, the planets, the stars, the sun. In the name of Saint Paul he invested man with a new power. It was permitted to them to mount from world to world, unto the sources of existence.—The mystical ladder of Jacob was, at the same time, the religious formula of this divine secret, and the traditional proof of the fact. He was expatiating in the vast regions of space, drawing after him on the wings of his own inspiration the impassioned souls of his auditors, making infinity felt by them, and plunging them in the celestial ocean. The doctor thus explained very logically the nature and existence of Hell by other circles, in an inverse order from the brilliant spheres which aspire to Heaven, and in which suffering replaces light and mind. The tortures were comprehended as well as the joys. The terms of comparison were easily found in the transitions of an earthly existence, in its varying atmospheres of grief and intelligence. Thus the most extraordinary fables of Hell and Purgatory were found to be naturally realised. He made an admirable deduction on the fundamental reasons of our virtues. The pious man, treading the narrow path in poverty, serene in his conscience, always at peace with himself, and persisting in not belying himself, even in his secret heart, in spite of the dis-

couraging spectacles afforded by triumphant vice, was a fallen and punished angel, who, remembering his origin, and foreseeing his recompense, accomplished his task and obeyed his noble mission. The sublime acts of resignation, of which Christianity has afforded most touching examples, then appeared in all their glory. He placed the martyrs on their funereal pires, or at the glowing stake of ardent flames, and almost despoiled them of their merit in stripping them of their sufferings. He showed the *internal* angel in the heavens, whilst his outward covering or *external* man was in the blood-thirsty pincers of the executioners. He painted, he made known by celestial signs, by privileged beauties, angels among men, as if he himself existed in a sphere above them. He went then to tear from the inmost recesses, from the very entrails of the understanding, the veritable sense of the word *fall* which is to be found in every language. He seized upon the most futile traditions, in order to demonstrate the truth of our origin, and explained with incredible lucidity the passion that all men have to mount, to raise themselves above others; instinctive ambition, perpetual revelation of our destiny. He embraced, and led those who heard him to do the same, at one glance the entire universe, and described the substance of God himself, ever flowing like an immense flood scarcely contained within its banks from the centre to the extremities, and from the extremities towards the centre. Nature was one, and compact. In the work to all appearance the most insignificant, as in the most vast, all obeyed this law. All created matter presented, in miniature, an exact image of it, be it in the sap of the plant, be it in the blood of man, or in the course of the stars. He heaped proof upon proof, and embodied his ideas always by pictures full of harmony, melodious by their poesy. He advanced boldly to confront objections. Thus he crushed, as it were, under the moral weight of an eloquent interrogation the monuments of our sciences and all the human superfetations for which society seizes upon the elements of the terrestrial world. He demanded whether our wars, our misfortunes, our depravations, presented the great movement impressed by God on all worlds. And then he turned into ridicule the impotence of man. He showed us our noblest efforts every where effaced. He invoked the manes of Tyre, of Carthage, and of Babylon; he summoned Babel and Jerusalem to appear; and he sought for, without finding them, the ephemeral traces of the human plough. Humanity was floating over the world like a vessel whose track disappears under the peaceable bosom of the ocean. Such were the fundamental notions of the discourse pronounced by the doctor Sigier: ideas which he enveloped in the mystical language and barbarous Latin in use at that period. The Scriptures, of which he had made a particular study, furnished him with the weapons, armed with which he appeared to his age, in order to urge on its march. He covered his hardihood, as with a mantle, by his great knowledge, and his philosophy under the sanctity of his manners. At this instant, after having set his audience face to face with God, after having compressed the world in an idea, and almost unveiled the idea of the world, he contemplated the silent, palpitating assem-

bly, and interrogated the stranger by a look. Excited, doubtless, by the presence of this extraordinary being, he added these words, freed here from the corrupt Latinity of the middle age. "Whence do you believe that a man can draw these fecund truths, if it is not from the breast of God himself? What am I? The feeble translator of a single line bequeathed to us by the most powerful of the Apostles; a single line amidst a thousand others equally brilliant with light. Before us all, St. Paul had said: *In Deo vivimus, movemur, et sumus*; "in God we live, and move, and have our being." To-day, less believing and more learned, or less informed and more incredulous, we should demand of the Apostle to know what good end this perpetual progress was to answer? Where this life distributed by zones is going to? For what the intelligence beginning by the confused perceptions of marble, and proceeding from sphere to sphere, unto man, unto angels, unto God? Where is the source, where is the sea? Whether the life, arrived at God through worlds and stars, through matter and spirit, redescends towards another end? You would wish to see the world on both sides. You would adore the sovereign, on condition of seating yourselves a moment on his throne. Insensate that we are! we deny to the most intelligent animals the gift of comprehending our thoughts and the end of our actions; we are without pity for the creatures of the inferior spheres, we chase them from our world, we refuse them the faculty of divining the human thought, and we would arrogate to ourselves the knowledge of the most elevated of all ideas, the idea of the idea! the light of light! Well then, go, set out! mount by faith from globe to globe, take your flight in the measureless fields of space! Thought, love, and faith are its mysterious keys. Traverse the circles! proceed to the throne. God is more clement than you are: he has opened his temple to all that he has created. But forget not the example of Moses. Take off your shoes before entering the sanctuary, cleanse yourself from all spot, quit entirely your body; for God—God is light!

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### THE MONKEY.

(Translated from the French.)

AN Ape in Paris pass'd his life,  
 To whom they gave a loving wife:  
 He mimick'd cruel husbands too,  
 And beat his lady black and blue,  
 He broke her bones—she broke her heart and died:  
 Her son deplor'd her wretched fate, and cried!  
 The father laugh'd—well pleased that she was dead;  
 He soon found other ladies in her stead,  
 And whom he beat as soundly, as they say,  
 For he frequented taverns night and day.

Nothing that's good from mimics think to see  
 Whether they authors or may monkeys be.—  
 Authors, of all, appear the worst to me.

## BRIGHTON—DIEPPE—ROUEN.

For variety, cheapness, and comfort, the road to Paris by Brighton, Dieppe, and Rouen is much to be preferred. With this conviction on my mind, I started from Piccadilly one fine morning in the month of July, arrived at Brighton about noon, caught the steam-packet on the point of leaving the pier, and was soon on board her, in the midst of light hearts and cheerful faces, bound to the opposite shore, and anticipating the delight which most people expect to find in the contemplation of a people whose manners and customs differ materially from their own. In the early days of *steaming* across the waves, the roaring of the furnace, the hissing of the steam through the safety-valve, and the Babel-like confusion of a crowded packet, would have appalled many a heart, and conveyed some ideas to a poet of the horrors of infernal regions; but custom has now rendered all these things familiar to the most timid, and even add to their pleasures. In a few seconds the ringing of the last bell, and the cry of "cast off" resounded through the vessel; the wheels began to move; the old steamer, with many a groan, seeming to quit with reluctance the gay throng assembled on the pier to watch her movements, was soon compelled to betake herself to the deep.

The town of Brighton, seen from any point, is beautiful; but the view of the neighbouring country from the sea, in fine clear weather, such as we fortunately enjoyed, baffles all power of description. The bay of Naples or of Geneva, and the scenes spread around the confluence of the Hudson and the East River at New York, have been celebrated, and justly so, by various writers; but I must confess that neither of them surpasses in magnificence the shores of Brighton. Princely buildings, hills covered with verdure, mountains rising on mountains in the back ground, a variegated throng of beauty and fashion moving on the far-extended pier, which seems upheld by fairy hand over the heaving element; the glitter of gay vehicles on the shore, and flocks of sheep browsing on the surrounding eminences, form altogether a *coup-d'œil*, which, if minutely described, would appear to be a work of fiction. It is true, we saw all this under the most favourable circumstances; for the heavens were cloudless, the sun throwing its splendid rays over the whole scene, and the green expanse of water in which we floated was rendered more vivid by its beams, reflecting every object on its surface, and reminded us of the calm abodes of the fabulous Halcyon.

Long did we gaze on these beauties, now every hour fading from the sight; but in their undefined forms not less attractive. Every tongue was silent; and every eye was turned on the shores of our Albion, till the mists of evening cast a veil over the interesting scene. The tongue now resumed its office; the wind freshened;

the calls of appetite put the steward in motion, and voices, fatherland, French, Italian, and German broke the charm of meditation.

But were there none who, pacing the deck, and blowing forth the fragrant odours of the cigar, thought of those left behind in the land which had now disappeared? Oh! yes: the half-escaped sigh, the contemplative gaze towards the shores of dear fatherland, told unequivocally what was passing in the breasts of many, and which deeply affected a few. Parents, children, friends, flitted across the mind, and recalled to some the delights of "sacred home," and to others the pangs of unrequited love or friendship. Oppressed myself with reflections of a sombre cast, I betook myself to a couch, and dreamed away two hours more of my variegated life.

On my return to the deck, the scene had completely changed, and the wind had increased so much, that the steamer staggered like a drunken man. The ladies were qualmish, and the dandies who had strutted about, but a few hours before, with all the importance a fashionable coat, looked unutterable things. About ten o'clock we descried the lights of Dieppe. The night was dark and cloudy, and the entrance to the harbour not very easy. However, at eleven, we were safely moored alongside of the custom-house *quai*, having crossed the channel in ten hours. Experiencing but little difficulty from the custom-house officers, we were soon seated at the excellent hôtel still kept by my old friend *madame de la Rue*, who, when I was a stripling, fleeing from a college at Paris, to avoid the horrors of the great revolution, in the time of Louis XVI, was a pretty little girl, and mingled her tears with mine as I left her father's house, in company with other fugitives, to embark on board a fishing-vessel, in a gale of wind, to return to the embraces of an affectionate mother. After a long conversation on the dangers we had past, and the changes that time and circumstances had made, we returned thanks to Almighty God for our preservation, and 'once more enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and of a friendly roof over our heads. This was the fifth time that the old lady and I had talked over our youthful days since the Restoration; and I find her ever unchanged, unchangeable, happy in possessing obedient children to relieve her from the turmoils of business, and meriting, by the kindest attentions, the applause she receives from her numerous visitors.

The town of Dieppe, as a single object, has nothing sufficiently captivating to detain the visiter a day; but the scenery in the neighbourhood, some parts of which is connected with the history of the only *good* monarch (as the French themselves say) that France ever possessed (Henri IV.) cannot fail to gratify, in a high degree, the lovers of the sublime and beautiful in nature. These were familiar to me; and I therefore determined, with the friend who accompanied me, to quit as soon as possible this ever fish-smelling port; and early the next morning I took my place on the very front pinnacle of the immense machine called a *diligence*, with some risk of breaking my neck in the ascent. The postillion smacked his whip, as usual, to announce his departure; the horses set off with a celerity one could not have expected from a survey of them; hoofs clattered over the pavement, chains rattled, all the dogs in the town



seemed assembled to bark at us; the whole producing a *charivari*, which brought all the shopkeepers to the door, to laugh at John Bull seated in the place usually occupied by the *canaille*, and wondering that he should prefer it to the comfortable *coupée* beneath. But John likes to see and be seen. He aims, wherever he goes, as far as I have observed, at originality; and cares little about what the *natives* say of him.

As we ascended the long and steep hill which rises from the town, in almost a straight line, for the distance of two miles, we had full leisure to view the celebrated *vallée d'Arque* extending far to the left, and passing in review before our mind's eye, the extraordinary events of which it has been, at several periods, the theatre, and of which the splendid remains of the castle,\* and the obelisk erected in late times at the expense of the Duchess of Berry, are eloquent memorials. At length, arrived with much difficulty at the summit of this "proud rising," and rested some time to refresh the horses and postillion, the conductor (an important personage about a French diligence) gave the word, and on we trundled, with almost as much noise as a whole train of artillery with all their *matériel* would have made at the same pace. We now descended rapidly again into the valley, at the utmost speed of the horses (about ten miles an hour), and the jerks and creaks of the ponderous vehicle became truly appalling; but the horses, sure-footed if not fleet, performed their business admirably, although little supported by the miserable rope-harness by which they are managed.

Rattling along at the rate of about six miles an hour, we passed through a country eminently adorned by nature, but possessing little of the artificial beauty with which, in England, we love to improve even the beauties which a beneficent Providence has bestowed on us. The *châteaux* of the wealthy citizens and even the nobility, here, still retain the formal arrangements of the olden time. All is stiff and formal; no artificial hill and dale as with us; no meandering walks or gurgling rivulets are created by the skill of the landscape gardener; a few trees cut into fantastical shapes, and an avenue of fruit trees, are almost the only indications of a *château*, a name given to every house above the common size inhabited by an independent proprietor. Frenchmen, in general, seldom identify themselves with the soil which gives them the means of subsistence. It is at Paris alone that they seem to enjoy life. The calm delights of a country-seat, domestic recreations, the society of an amiable family, and the task of instructing their children under the paternal roof, are joys seldom courted by our Gallic neighbours. Paris is the *summum bonum* of their earthly happiness. "*Il n'y a qu'un Paris*," is the first expression they are taught to utter, and which seems to influence the whole course of their lives. However, as estates in France are let out in small farms, the fields are well tilled, produce abundantly,

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\* This castle was built in 1046, and was dismantled by Henri IV., after his victory over the Duke de Guise. Travellers visiting Dieppe, would be much gratified in inspecting its now ivy-covered ruins.

and are more delightful to the eye of the philanthropist than the ornamental grounds of the English *exclusif*, who must have

“Space for his lake, his park’s extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;”

for although the proud domains of the liberal part of the English aristocracy are not always shut against the public, and the “*sic vos non vobis*” of the Latin poet may be justly applied to them, they not the less occupy the soil which, if applied to agricultural purposes, might obviate the necessity of corn-laws, diminish the price of the staff of life, and afford sustenance to the half-starved population, doomed to witness the waste and dissipation of their opulent neighbours, the crumbs even from whose tables are often withheld from suffering humanity, by those who live upon our vitals.

But let us pursue our journey. When we arrived at the entrance of the celebrated valley which stretches for about nine miles towards the Seine, a scene opened upon us which is worth a journey from England to contemplate. It may, indeed, be called “the happy valley;” for here the industry of the mechanic and manufacturer is aided by nature in a degree scarcely found in any other part of the world. A stream, small but beautiful in its windings, puts in motion innumerable mills, where spinning and all the operations of the loom are in full activity. It is here that French taste has blended convenience with rural beauty; and the workshops and bleaching-fields are so contrived as to give the air of palaces to edifices in which the labours of thousands of workmen contribute to the welfare of their country. The sound of cheerful labour strikes the ear on every side, and a long line of vehicles of all classes announce the near approach to a populous and commercial city.

On leaving this interesting valley, and ascending the hill at its western extremity, we obtain the first view of the steeples of Rouen; the Seine winding on the right hand, through rich and romantic vales, and bearing on its lucid bosom vessels of all classes and nations; some striving against the stream with favouring wind, to gain the port, and others descending gaily to brave the dangers of the ocean; whilst in the distance a steam-boat, spreading its murky smoke around, and pursuing its course against the current, seemed to mock the labours of those dependent for their progress on the caprice of the elements. A striking emblem of human pursuits and human character! The steady laborious man plods through life with much difficulty, and often in vain attempts to stem the tide which sets against him. With all the prudence of experience, he tacks and veers, trims his sails, and anxiously watches to take advantage of every favourable breeze: but all his pains, perhaps, are unavailing, whilst some favourite of fortune, some steam-headed wight, *vapours* by him with exultation, and reaches his destination amid the plaudits of an unreflecting throng, from whom are concealed the *paddles*, without which he would lie a mere log on the waters.

Another half-hour brought us to Rouen. We passed the quais, where all our rattle and “circumstance” scarcely attracted a single glance from the multitudes employed about the shipping; and, after

threading the *rue-du-pont*, we arrived in safety at the *bureau des messageries royales*, where we descended with some difficulty from our elevated position, amid the bawlings of a host of runners from different hôtels, to solicit the honour of our company. “*L’hôtel de Londres!*” “*l’hôtel de Paris! l’hôtel du grand Roi d’Angleterre!*” and others, were sounded in our ears till we had gained a footing on *terra firma*, when one of these officious *commissionaires* seized a cloak, another a coat, another a portmanteau, with which they would have marched off in different directions, if I had not made a sign to an important personage, yclept a *gendarme*, who, by a single wave of his magic hand, stilled in an instant the raging of the wordy tempest. Stranger! whoever thou art, whether thou speak French or not, make but a sign to one of the *gendarmes*, who are always in attendance on the arrival of a diligence, and it will avail thee more than the best French thou couldst ever learn in the very best French school of thy country, even by the patent systems. All was now quiet; but the imploring looks of the waiters, with their respective cards, held invitingly forward, spoke plainly, “*Donnez-nous la préférence, mes bons Messieurs! Venez chez-nous, de grâce!*”

Having at length secured our baggage on a barrow, and arranged with our conductor, I gave the word to march: “*A l’hôtel de Londres, mes amis!*” In a twinkling we were in motion, followed by a train of beggars, and were soon seated at the excellent table-d’hôte of madame Marc, at which we entreat our readers to leave us till next month, when, *Deo volente*, we will present them with further details of our rambles, shifting the scene, perhaps, to countries less known to English travellers, but more worthy of their notice.

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### I LOV'D THEE!

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON.

I lov'd thee when the rose bloom'd on thy cheek,  
 And life's fair morn in glowing hope was dress'd;  
 I lov'd thee more than words or tongue could speak,  
 Thou wert my bosom's shrin'd and hallow'd guest!  
 Say not, Oh! say not, Time can ever see  
 My heart's true pulse forget to beat for thee.

I lov'd thee when the rose had fled thy cheek,  
 And early grief planted the lily there;—  
 I lov'd thee—and still dar'd that love to speak—  
 When sorrow ting'd with snow thine auburn hair;  
 Say not, oh! say not, Time did ever see  
 My heart's true pulse less warmly beat for thee.

I lov'd thee in thy SPRING-time's blushing hour—  
 I lov'd thee in thy SUMMER's ripen'd noon;  
 I lov'd thee in the blossom, bud and flower—  
 The tears of April—and the smiles of June!  
 Fear not, then fear not, WINTER hours will see  
 The heart grow cold, that ever beats for thee!

## BATHOS.

## A ROMANTIC TALE.

“BATHOS, the art of sinking in poetry; the profound.”—*Johnson's Dictionary.*

WHEN a man has been earnestly pursuing any important investigation, whether metaphysical, scientific, or topographical, and has succeeded in arriving at a satisfactory conclusion;—that man, on that particular result, has an unquestionable right to be dogmatical: hence I do assert, with the firmness of one who has made up his mind after an extensive and pains-taking experience,—that the only locality for making love is Kensington gardens!

Shall I ever forget my first visit to those umbrageous shades?

“The last trace of feeling with life will depart,  
Ere the charm of that moment shall pass from my heart.”

It was a lovely day. The sun shone brilliantly—the birds carolled merrily—the nursery-maids simpered bewitchingly! As I traversed the great walk, I felt the superlative consciousness of being *the* happiest fellow within the bills of mortality. I had just risen from a luncheon at the “Three Compasses,” Bayswater, which, as I was going to drive out, was a slight one, a mere snack—three chops and a pint of sherry. In the exuberance of my content, I flung myself upon a garden-seat to moralize upon the satisfactory state of my mind. But who can philosophize without a cigar? I drew one from my case. “Blest,” thought I, “with the certainty of a present competency, and the contingency of a future independence,—with a rich aunt in promising ill-health—a case of the finest Havannahs ever imported from Houndsditch—and a portable tinder-box that never misses fire—how *could* I be unhappy? Pleasure has “marked me for her own”—who shall remove the broad arrow of felicity?

Vain question! Delusive dream of delight! I was just lighting my third cigar, when, at the end of a long avenue, my eyes caught A FORM! and from that moment to the end of the next three weeks I was doomed to misery!

No philosopher, from Pythagoras down to Sir Richard Philips, has ever yet accounted for the properties of the loadstone. When that discovery is made, I am inclined to the opinion that an intimate connection will be found to exist between it and the human affections. Some extraordinary attractive influence I certainly felt on beholding THE FORM. For as the figure approached me I was irresistibly impelled towards it: and as our contiguity increased, so did my agitation.

When my vision was enabled to comprehend the entire fascinations of the angelic form, I was seized with a kind of ethereal intoxication—invigorated with one intense gush of passion:—an indivisible sensation of unadulterated love! We met! and I was rivetted to the spot—stark as a corpse—immutable as the duke of York's column. At length, completely overcome, I sank exhausted into a seat beside me.

Alarmed by my extreme agitation, the figure stopped also—turned upon me a look in which pity struggled with sympathy and actually became my neighbour in the settle! My feelings at this moment were inconceivable! and, but for a few vigorous whiffs, I am persuaded that both my life and my cigar would have been simultaneously extinguished!

How shall I describe the being who sat beside me? Words—pshaw! The most perfect symbols bodied forth in the superlatively superfine vocabulary of an excited and fanciful imagination, would be inadequate—useless!

At first the vivid radiance of THE FORM blinded me to all around; but I at length gained sufficient strength of vision for a lengthened gaze. Heavens! THE FORM uttered a sound—it spoke!

Yes! it turned upon me an enquiring glance; then raising its super cerulean orbs towards the firmament, in a voice compared with which the music of the spheres is but as the drone of a bagpipe, it said (powers of pleasure, ministering angels of rapture, record it as I write!)—"D'ye think it will rain, Sir?"

I took my cigar from my mouth, and, by one other effort of visual determination, actually ascertained that which my hitherto excruciating agitation had prevented me from knowing: THE FORM was that of a woman!

"A lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean."

When all traces of this astonishingly unexpected discovery had left me, I became sufficiently calm to answer the sublime interrogatory. "Madam," I replied, "I really can't say; the weather is changeable, and—" "Changeable!" she repeated; while passion fired her eye with a rapid flash of poetical enthusiasm—"this world is nought but change—man, woman, beasts, birds, insects—nay, even flowers are variable! Behold that plant—" she continued, pointing to a deadly-lively butter-cup before us—"yesterday 'twas fresh and blooming—now drooping—withered. So with the human heart. To-day light, gay, exulting; to-morrow care-worn, cankered, blasted! "Man is born to trouble," says Byron, "as sparks fly upward."

Instinctively I knocked the ashes from my cigar, by way of illustration.

"Aye, Sir, and woman too," resumed the indefatigable angel—then, with a sigh that cracked my very heart-strings, she said,—

"I have my miseries, heaven knows. I—who was born with a daring ambition to be numbered with that congiary of female master-spirits—that constellation of concentrated essences—that congregation of congiary geniuses:—The Cornwell Baron Wilsons, the Lady Blessingtons, and Honourable Mrs. Nortons—'am doomed,' as Mary-Anne Browne says, 'to blush unseen' and wither neglected like yonder flower!"

A flood of tears came to the afflicted fair-one's relief.

"Pardon me," she resumed, applying the corner of a cambric handkerchief to the corners of her eyes, "pardon me, gentle stranger, for intruding upon you the sorrows of my afflicted bosom, and pity me. We shall possibly never meet again. Take this," she continued, placing something in my hand (which, in the ecstasy of the moment, I thrust into the waistcoat-pocket nearest my heart). "It might serve hereafter to draw a tear of sympathy for the sorrows of Morgiana Marianna Madeline de Montmorency. Adieu! Adieu Adieu!"

Like a swan on the waters, my divinity rose to depart. As she threaded the flowery mazes of Kensington,

"Her step seem'd to pity the grass it press'd."

On arriving at my friend's to dinner, he failed not to remark the unusual depression of my spirits.

"Dick," said he, while decapitating the sixth bottle of Champagne, "You are disgracefully solid to-day. You arn't in love, are you?"

The question came upon me like a thunderclap. I was confused—overwhelmed, and gulped down three consecutive tumblers of Guinness's "bang-up," to conceal my agitation.

"Ah! I see how it is," said Joe in his own peculiarly soothing manner. "What a thundering fool you must be. Come, lad, here's the punch—drink.

"'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,  
But, ah! 'tis more sincere!"

I obeyed, and after finishing that and another bowl, we topped off with brandy-and-water, and I departed.

While pacing Oxford-street I became conscious that the whirlwind of passion which lately agitated my breast had made me extremely exhausted. As the hurricane, in its ruthless course, forces from their basins streams and rivers; so had the tempest of my feelings left me inconveniently dry. An anti-hydrophobic desire for fluid tormented my glottis; and, provided it were diluted with a *q. s.* of brandy, I could have drunk even—water!

With the fidgetty restlessness of a thirsty person, I thrust my hand into my waistcoat-pocket, and, curiously enough, tore my glove against the corner of a card. I found it to be a tavern-card—a sort of general invitation to dinner and wine:—"Clarence Hotel."

Nothing could have been more *à-propos*, and it was not long ere I found myself in a neat private-house-looking tavern. "Here," thought I, "can I indulge my sorrows in solitude;" for except a

gentleman in top-boots, Belcher handkerchief, and Petersham coat, I was the only customer.

On ringing the bell, a ghostly attenuated foreigner appeared, towel in hand.

"Waiter," said I, "bring me a tumbler of punch!"

"We have no *punch*, Sare!" replied the *garçon*

"So I perceive," I remarked, trying to count his ribs, "Let me have some port."

The fellow opened the door—I heard a voice—again, I trembled with passion—'twas the same music as that which enchanted me in Kensington Gardens! The soft, thrilling notes were not to be mistaken—I listened in an agony of suspense. The words were these:

"Vell, mother, how can I keep the bailiffs off? I've gone my hardest. Didn't I try it on with a kiddy in the gardens this morning? I tipped him a card, and he may come and do the handsome yet, for he's a regular spoon and a half!!!"

I could hear no more—my feelings were wound up to a pitch of intensity, that left me nothing but the power of running away. Of this I availed myself, and rushed onward until I sank exhausted on the steps of a doctor's shop.

I was taken into the surgery, where the whole truth flashed upon me in one vivid, piercing gleam:—the sentimental card-distributor was no other than "the goddess of my idolatry"—"the bright particular star of Kensington Garden." These thoughts, acting like lightning upon a sensitive mind, produced visible traces upon my person; my visage became livid as the ash of an Havannah; my lips blue as a lobster, and the agony of my mind caused such contortions in my features, that I was unhesitatingly pronounced a decided case of cholera! This was too much. I heard no more—my senses left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

On awakening, I called to my valet for some hock. The villain did not answer. I tried to reach the bell; it was not there. I fumbled for my repeater—that had vanished. Heavens, I was in a strange bed—I called out, I roared. To my inexpressible relief, I heard footsteps approach, and soon a large man in a large coat, knee-breeches, and ancle-jacks, approached me.

"Vy hallo! my *swell*," said the rascal, "vhat coach did you come by?"

"Confusion!"

"I s'pose you are Peg Mol Percy's fancy cove. Eh, my tiny one?"

"Furies!"

"'Nough to make a cove furious—she's bilked you this time most properly." And then, with the grin of a demon, the wretch added. "Where's your togs, my flick?" Why, she arn't even left your kickseys. Here I say, Bob," he bawled over the stairs, "Here's a gemman in bed, and I'm blowed if old mother Mol Percy and her darter hav'nt prigged his togs. Can't ve lend him a blanket?"

"I should think not," said a good-natured voice from below.

"But the kiddy's werry *hill*."

“ He can't have nothin' without he leaves the *valley*.”

“ Here, I never likes to be hard,” said my new companion, turning to me, “ Chuck this ere blanket over yourself, and paddle.”

“ Paddle ?”

“ Aye! morris! Cut your stick. Cause *you* arn't down in the *inventory*.”

“ Inventory? Where, where am I?”

“ Where are you? Why, in the Clarence Hotel, what's took in *hexecution* for nineteen pound six and a tanner!”

Enveloped in the proffered blanket, I procured a hackney-coach, and was jolted home. Some days afterwards, I learnt that the infernal card found in my pocket directed the people in the doctor's shop to the place I had rushed from with such horror, and there I was deposited.

What could have made me so infatuated with the heroine of Kensington Gardens? Was it her beauty? No, she was decidedly plain! Was it the pint of sherry and mutton chops? No, that was my usual luncheon, and would have operated in the same manner before. It was the locality—the place—the scene. Hence I ever have, and ever will maintain to the last extremity, “ that the only place for falling in love is Kensington Gardens.”

UDOLPHO.

[The first part of this paper, which is ingenious enough, induced us to publish it. It is however objectionable towards the end. There can be no excuse for the vulgar expressions of some of the characters. We hope Udolpho will in future purify his style.—ED.]

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SONNET.

ALONE upon the beach I see thee stand ;  
 The Wind is in his cradle, and the Sun  
 Laughs on the tides that ripple as they run,  
 Glancing ten thousand smiles from sea to strand ;  
 The brawling waves are hurrying on to land  
 With jealous haste to kiss thy heedless feet ;  
 And many a white sail droops its flagging sheet  
 Scarce by the sleepy breeze to motion fann'd.  
 Thine eye meanwhile o'er all the pomp of heav'n  
 Roaming, on nought around thee rests its ray ;  
 And thy fond thoughts are lingering—far away—  
 With him to whom thy plighted love is given !  
 And I—must watch thee nurse the joyous dream,  
 Yet wear a “smile” and be—aught but the thing I seem.

T.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Drama Vindicated, with Copious Notes, by JOHN DENMAN, Esq., S. C. L. of St. John's College, Cambridge. W. H. Smith, Cambridge; W. Strange, Paternoster Row, London. 18mo., pp. 120.

A GREAT part of this little volume is devoted to a sketch of the rise and uses of the drama in different countries, even amongst the "solitary savage islanders" of the southern ocean; and in the notes are numerous extracts from Latin and Greek authors to elucidate the writer's observations, which, if not altogether original, are, in many respects, just. In his account of the English stage he has drawn largely on black-lettered lore, and particularised the different kinds of scenic representations in use among our ancestors, as far back as the reign of Henry II.; noticing the principal authors, managers, and performers of later years; and commenting on the changes which at various periods have taken place in theatrical establishments.

Mr. Denman contends that the stage is only secondary to the church in the propagation of sound morality and virtuous ideas. Let him speak for himself:—

"I have no doubt but that dramatic compositions, and particularly that most elevated of human productions, tragedy, are amply calculated to effect this 'devoutly wished-for end,' since the public exhibition of these have been singularly recommended as highly conducive to the cause of virtue by both the most learned and truly pious authorities of modern as well as ancient times \* \* \* \*. The utility of the stage, then, we perceive, is two-fold. Precept is illustrated by example. It will avail its bitterest calumniators little or nothing to preach that its ends are not answered: this is a direct falsity—they are answered in the main \* \* \*. The drama, moreover, is amply capable of being turned to very powerful account as a political engine," &c.

The author then animadverts strongly on the late management of the two winter theatres, and observes of them that "though their names are *winter*, their process is *summery*" (a species of wit which smells strongly of the green-room); and referring to the Literary Gazette (bless the oracle!) for further information on the *wintry* subject. Turning now to the introduction on English boards of French plays and Italian operas, and to the badness of the actors employed in English dramas, Mr. D. calls them "barn-like," and offers the authority of the *Times* newspaper and his old friend of the "Literary" in confirmation of the justness of the epithet.

Whether their acting be "barn-like" or not, the assertion, we can vouch for it, is rather *Barnes-like*; and in this, we conceive, our "literary friend" will agree with us, and chuckle besides at the brightness of our joke, so much in the manner of the bright *calembour* above quoted.

But as to the French plays and Italian operas, we cannot, by any means, agree with the author of the "Vindication," and his allies; for, from our very hearts, we like French plays when well selected, and Italian operas when well performed;—the first showing us human nature in another guise, and the second assisting to mature a taste for good music in this country, which, for many years, has been much wanted. The only objection we have to either is the extravagant salaries paid to foreign *artistes*, and the consequent expense of attending their performances, which the late winter-managers had wisely obviated by giving access to the public at the ordinary prices of admission.

We sincerely believe that one great cause of the innovations on the regular practice of the theatres was the pretension of a few of the principal histrions to such exorbitant salaries, as to leave no prospect of profit in the exhibition of plays wherein alone their peculiar talents might be made available. The high-salary system, and the constant repetition of stock-pieces, having tired out the play-going community, led to the bankruptcies of Price and others, who might have sustained their credit by greater economy in some respects, and by better treatment of secondary performers, whose talents Price, in particular, was never able to appreciate.

In approving, however, of the introduction of foreign dramas on our stage, we must not be understood to mean the wretched translations of the most mischievous of them, which have found a too ready admission to the *repertoires* of nearly all our theatres. The whole of the trash of the *Porte-St.-Martin*, and of the lowest theatres of Paris, has been dressed up in flimsy English habiliments by the numerous penny-a-line purveyors who pander to the vitiated taste of the galleries, and are gladly accepted, at a bread-and-cheese price, by the grasping manager. Against these let every father, every guardian of the honour and virtue of the rising generation, hold up his hand. There are dramas enough, of a harmless kind, in store, to produce the wished-for variety; and we would make every manager responsible for the pernicious effects of the scenes of immorality which he exhibits. If the public licenser cannot, or will not, do his duty, in this respect, the society for the suppression of vice should be on the alert, and for once attack the *wolf* instead of the *mouse*.

We might say much more on these heads, if the space allowed for this article were not so circumscribed. We are obliged to take leave, therefore, of Mr. D. rather abruptly, observing *en passant* that, with a great display of learned quotations, not very accurately printed, he has done very little in "Vindication of the Drama;" and we hope that, in his next attempt to make himself useful to the public, he will hit on a subject more likely to employ to advantage the portion of reading and erudition which he seems to possess. The Dedication to Mr. Macready should have been better written. It is obscure and faulty. Mr. M., as a scholar and a gentleman, and as the son of a very worthy man, whose memory we love to cherish, deserves a better offering. If the work should run to a second edition, we would recommend Mr. Denman, who is probably a young man, to cast his eye over the latter part of the said Dedication.

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### Noble Deeds of Woman. Hookham, Bond Street.

THIS record of the noblest deeds of the noblest women is one of the most interesting volumes we have for some time perused. It presents a faithful picture of the greatness of soul which actuates the breast of woman when placed in circumstances of danger, temptation, or privation; and these examples—selected with care from the lives of eminent females—should be placed in the hands of every daughter, of every wife. The "Noble Deeds of Woman" are not, however, confined to those performed by beings whose actions have become celebrated; woman, in almost every station, exhibits a greaternobility of sentiment, more earnestness of purpose, and more promptitude of action than man; and we are persuaded that it only requires the opportunity—the chance of being placed in circumstances demanding the highest powers of intellect, self-sacrifice, and mental courage, for many women, moving in their own humble unassuming stations—to become as celebrated as many heroines instanced in the excellent work before us.

We could make many highly interesting extracts; but will not disturb such a well-arranged and lovely *bouquet* by taking one flower from its place. Hence we must, with no little confidence and pleasure, refer our readers to the book itself.

Lays for Light Hearts ; Songs, &c. By J. E. CARPENTER, Author of "Random Rhymes," &c. J Willoughby, Goswell Street.

THIS book will greatly add to Mr. Carpenter's reputation as an Author. It has seldom fallen to our duty to peruse a more agreeable little volume ; for, though put forth without pretensions, it exhibits an agreeable miscellany of wit and satire. The author has not only made himself conversant with the passions of his own sex, but has probed the hearts of the fairer portion of the other, whose vanities and petty foibles he forcibly, though good humouredly, exposes.

We have to contrast with these some minor poems of a serious cast, and a variety of ballads which, he mentions, were written as mere vehicles for music, but which he underrates ; for among them are several touching and elegant compositions.

We regret that our limits preclude us from extracting a comic article—however, we select the following, which, though of a grave tendency, is not the less calculated to amuse.

#### DEATH.

THOU comest when the flowers  
Of Spring are on the ground,  
'Mid Winter's ice-crowned towers  
There also art thou found ;  
A phantom amid pleasure,  
Earth's fairest buds to blight,  
To wrap Hope's infant treasure  
In everlasting night.

Thou dwellest by the fountain,  
Thou lurkest in the air,  
The valley and the mountain,  
DEATH ! thou art ev'rywhere !  
All own alike thy power,  
The fruit, the flower, the tree,  
Each wither in an hour  
Subservient to thee.

Yet many in thy keeping,  
Whom sorrow hath oppress'd,  
Are now all calmly sleeping  
Upon thy bridegroom breast :  
Then, "Death, where is thy sting ?"  
Thy vict'ry, Grave, how won ?  
*Thou slayest all, grim King ;  
Oh, Death ! thou sparest none.*

We are bound, however, as candid critics, to confess that the two concluding lines of the last verse perfectly contradict the idea intimated, rather than expressed, in the six preceding ones. We conceive what the author intended to say—but he has failed totally in making his idea clearly understood by the general reader. Let him look to this in future—'tis the carelessness of youthful authorship.

The Linwoods, or Sixty Years since in America. By Miss SEDGWICK. Churton, Holles Street.

ALTHOUGH the authoress of "Hopeleslie," "Redwood," and "The Linwoods," does not, as a novelist, possess the untiring activity of Cooper, the

broad humour of Paulding, or such sudden bursts of keen, vivacious satire, as emitted by Mrs. Trollope; yet she is held, by the transatlantic public, with great justice, in higher esteem than her American literary competitors. Her novels are imbued with an irresistible charm, the charm of truth, and, by consequence, its never-failing companion—that of sympathy. Without the superfine, metaphysical process of minutely scrutinizing and portraying the secret mechanism, the various movements and phases of the human heart, Miss Sedgwick exhibits at once, and without seeming effort, the “open secret” of our affections and impulses, in a manner so *quiet*—though not the less unerring—as must engage the sympathies of every reader, be they ever so homely. Moreover, her characters are evidently not the creations of imagination; but actual studies from the great “life academy” of nature. We find, in the novel before us, no exaggerations of fact, in no one instance a departure from probability, but an easy, calm, and no less interesting flow of events, presenting a more healthy, nay, greater source of excitement to the “reading public,” than the sudden transitions or “remarkable events” embodied by the great “wizard of the north” himself.

The title of the book, “Sixty Years Since,” immediately refers its readers to the commencement of the American struggle for independence—a retrospect peculiarly favourable to the novelist, and of which the authoress of the *Linwoods* has availed herself judiciously and effectively. We shall present our readers with an extract, affording a peculiarly favourable specimen of the description of talent we have given Miss Sedgwick credit for; as also one of the easy unobtrusive humour she possesses. It describes the parting of Eliot Lee from his family, his village friends, and the home of his childhood, on starting to volunteer in the cause of his country.

“A fine black saddle-horse, well equipped, was at the door. Little Fanny Lee stood by him, patting him, and laying her head, with its shining flaxen locks, to his side—‘Rover,’ she said, with a trembling voice, ‘be a good Rover—won’t you? and, when the naughty regulars come, canter off with Eliot as fast as you can.’

“‘Hey! that’s fine!’ retorted her brother, a year younger than herself. ‘No, no, Rover, canter up to them, and over them, and never dare to canter back here if you turn tail on them, Rover.’

“‘Oh, Sam! how awful; would you have Eliot killed?’

“‘No, indeed, but I had rather he’d come deused near it than to have him a coward.’

“‘Don’t talk so loud, Sam—Bessie will hear you.’

“But the young belligerent was not to be silenced. He threw open the ‘dwelling-room’ door, to appeal to Eliot himself. The half-uttered sentence died away on his lips. He entered the apartment, Fanny followed; they gently closed the door, drew their footstools to Eliot’s feet, and quietly sat down there. How instinctive is the sympathy of children! how plain, and yet how delicate its manifestations!

“Bessie was sitting beside her brother, her head on his shoulder, and crying as if her heart went out with every sob. The youngest boy, Hal, sat on Eliot’s knee, with one arm around his neck, his cheek lying on Bessie’s, dropping tear after tear, sighing, and half-wondering why it was so.

“The good mother had arrived at that age when grief rather congeals the spirit than melts it. Her lips were compressed, her eyes tearless, and her movements tremulous. She was busying herself in the last offices, doing up parcels, taking last stitches, and performing those services that seem to have been assigned to women as safety-valves for their effervescing feelings.

“A neat table was spread with ham, bread, sweetmeats, cakes, and every delicacy the house afforded—all were untasted. Not a word was heard, except such broken sentences as ‘Come, Bessie, I will promise to be good if you will to be happy!’

“‘Eliot, how easy for you—how impossible for me!’

“‘Dear Bessie, do be firmer, for mother’s sake. For ever! oh no, my dear sister, it will not be very long before I return to you; and while I am gone, you must be every thing to mother.’

“‘I! I never was good for any thing, Eliot—and now——’

“‘Bessie, my dear child, hush—you have been—you always will be a blessing to me. Don’t put any anxious thoughts into Eliot’s mind—we shall do very well without him.’

“‘Noble, disinterested mother!’ trembled on Eliot’s lips; but he suppressed words that might imply reproach to Bessie.

“The sacred scene was now broken in upon by some well-meaning but untimely visitors. Eliot’s approaching departure had created a sensation in Westbrook; the good people of that rustic place not having arrived at the refined stage in the progress of society when emotion and fellow-feeling are not expressed, or expressed only by certain conventional forms. First entered Master Hale, with Miss Sally Ryal. Master Hale ‘hoped it was no intrusion;’ and Miss Sally answered, ‘by no means; she had come to lend a helping hand, and not to intrude’—whereupon she bustled about, helped herself and her companion to chairs, and unsettled every body else in the room. Mrs. Lee assumed a more tranquil mien; poor Bessie suppressed her sobs, and withdrew to a window, and Eliot tried to look composed and manly. The children, like springs relieved from a pressure, reverted to their natural state, dashed off their tears, and began whispering among themselves. Miss Sally produced from her workbag a comforter for Mr. Eliot, of her own knitting, which she ‘trusted would keep out the cold and rheumatism:’ and she was kindly showing him how to adjust it, when she spied a chain of braided hair around his neck—‘Ah, ha, Mr. Eliot, a love token!’ she exclaimed.

“‘Yes, it is,’ said little Fanny, who was watching her proceedings; ‘Bessie and I cut locks of hair from all the children’s heads and mother’s, and braided it for him; and I guess it will warm his bosom more than your comforter will, Miss Sally.’

“It was evident, from the look of ineffable tenderness Eliot turned on Fanny, that he ‘guessed’ so too; but he nevertheless received the comforter graciously, hinting, that a lady who had been able to protect her own bosom from the most subtle enemy, must know how to defend another’s from common assaults. Miss Sally hemmed, looked at Master Hale, muttered something of her not always having been invulnerable; and finally succeeded in recalling to Eliot’s recollection a tradition of a love-passage between Miss Sally and the pedagogue.

“A little girl now came trotting in, with ‘grandmother’s love, and a phial of her *mixture* for Mr. Eliot—good against camp-distemper and the like.’

“Eliot received the *mixture* as if he had all grandmother’s faith in it, slipped a bright shilling into the child’s hand for a keepsake, kissed her rosy cheek, and set her down with the children.

“Visitors now began to throng. One man in a green old age, who had lost a leg at Bunker’s Hill, came hobbling in, and clapping Eliot on the shoulder, said, ‘This is you, my boy! This is what I wanted to see your father’s son a-doing: I’d go too, if the rascals had left me both my legs. Cheer up, widow, and thank the Lord you’ve got such a son to offer up to your country—the richer the gift, the better the giver, you know; but I don’t wonder you feel kind o’ qualmish at the thoughts of losing the lad. Come, Master Hale, can’t you say something? A little bit of Greek, or Latin, or ‘most any thing, to keep up their *sperits* at the last gasp, as it were.’

“I was just going to observe, Major Avery, to Mrs. Lee, respecting our esteemed young friend, Mr. Eliot, that I, who have known him from the beginning, as it were, having taught him his alphabet, which may be said to

be the first round of the ladder of learning (which he has mounted by my help), or rather (if you will allow me, ma'am, to mend my figure) the poles that support all the rounds; having had, as I observed, a primordial acquaintance with him, I can testify that he is worthy every honourable adjective in the language, and we have every reason to hope that his future tense will be as perfect as his past.'

"'Wheugh!' exclaimed the major, 'a pretty long march you have had through that speech!'

"The good schoolmaster, quite unruffled, proceeded to offer Eliot a time-worn Virgil; and finished by expressing his hopes that 'he would imitate Cæsar in maintaining his studies in the camp, and keep the scholar even-handed with the soldier.'

"Eliot charmed the old pedagogue, by assuring him that he should be more apt at imitating Cæsar's studies than his soldiership, and himself bestowed Virgil in his portmanteau.

"A good lady now stepped forth, and seeming somewhat scandalised that, as she said, 'no serious truth had been spoken at this peculiar season,' she concluded a technical exhortation by giving Eliot a pair of stockings, into which she had wrought St. Paul's description of the Gospel armour. 'The Scripture,' she feared, did not often find its way to the camp; and she thought a passage might be blessed, as a single kernel of wheat, even sowed among tares, sometimes produced its like.'

"Eliot thanked her, and said, 'it was impossible to have too much of the best thing in the world; but he hoped she would have less solicitude about him, when he assured her that his mother had found place for a pocket Bible in his portmanteau.'

"A meek-looking creature now stole up to Mrs. Lee, and, putting a roll of closely-compressed lint into her hand, said, 'tuck it in with his things, Miss Lee. Don't let it scare you—I trust he will dress other people's wounds, not his own, with it.—My! that will come natural to him. It's made from the shirt Mr. Eliot stripped from himself, and tore into bandages for my poor Sam, that time he was scalt. Mr. Eliot was a boy then, but he has the same heart now.'

"Mrs. Lee dropped a tear on the lint, as she stowed it away in the closely-packed portmanteau."

We cannot resist quoting an anecdote of the hero of the above cleverly depicted scene, related of him during his introductory visit to General Washington. It is amusing and characteristic.

"'Ah, my boy!' said the colonel, determined to tell his tale out, 'you may say that—there's no courage like that that comes by *natur*, gin'ral;—he stood within two feet of me, as straight as a tomb-stone, when, a spent ball bounding near him, he caught it in his hands, just as if he'd been playing wicket, and said, 'you may throw down your bat, my boys; I've caught you out!' Was not that metal?'"

We cannot close these volumes without especially commending the great propriety of diction they display; we never read a work of this class exhibiting so much care and aptitude in the style: hence each sentiment is conveyed with a degree of force and elegance rarely equalled. May we attribute this high qualification to Miss Sedgwick's evident *penchant* for Shakspeare? Her quotations are frequent, and seem, in some instances, quite involuntary.

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The History of Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By RICHARD CHEREVIX FRENCH, perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants. London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1835. pp. 185.

THIS is a volume of considerable talent and poetic taste. The subjects which

our author has chosen are, all of them, deeply interesting. The story of Justin is treated in a skilful manner, and will not, we think, be deemed voiceless or songless,

“ But musical as is Apollo’s lute.”

Let us take his lines addressed to England, however, at page 38, as a specimen of the whole :—

#### ENGLAND.

“ Peace, Freedom, Happiness, have loved to wait  
 On the fair islands, fenced by circling seas,  
 And ever of such favoured spots as these  
 Have the wise dreamers dreamed, that would create  
 That perfect model of a happy state,  
 Which the world never saw. Oceana,  
 Utopia such, and Plato’s isle that lay  
 Westward of Gades, and the Great Sea’s gate.  
 Dreams are they all, which yet have helped to make  
 That underneath fair polities we dwell,  
 Though marred in part by envy, faction, hate,  
 Dreams, which are dear, dear England for thy sake,  
 Who art indeed that sea-girt citadel,  
 And nearest image of that perfect state.”

There are other short poems of equal beauty and interest, to which, however, we can only refer the reader. The volume is well got up; and Mr. Moxon’s name adds to its respectability.

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The Natural History of Man. London, William Darton & Son, Holborn Hill. pp. 288 duodecimo, half-bound and lettered.

A VERY interesting and clever book. In short, it needs, as has been well observed, but little reflection in order to be convinced not only of the utility, but of the importance, of a work which shall place the knowledge of our own species on a level with that which we possess of most other living beings. This knowledge is only to be acquired with the same attention, and on the same plan of reasoned analysis and classification, which has been employed on other divisions of Natural History. Man’s higher place in the scale of creation ought surely to be a sufficient incitement to us to pursue such an investigation as is contained in this charming publication.

The volume is neatly printed, and the wood-engravings tolerably well done; but the work has been issued without the date of the year. The map which accompanies it, showing the boundaries of the five varieties of the human race, is, we think, unworthy of the Publisher.

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The Geographical and Biographical Compendium, containing Concise Memoirs of Illustrious Persons; a Gazetteer of Remarkable Places; and forming not only a useful Class-book for Juvenile Students, but a Key to the Author’s Geographical Questions and Exercises. By RICHARD CHAMBERS, F. L. S. Sherwood and Co. 1835.

A VERY useful compilation, and one, we suspect, which must find its way into the library and the counting-house, as well as the schools, in a very short time. As a book of reference, we have not one superior or equal to it.

The Family Library. No. LIII., containing the Life and Times of General Washington. By CYRUS R. EDMONDS, in two Volumes. Vol. I. London, Thomas Tegg and Son. 1835, pp. 365.

EVERY book published by Mr. Tegg has proved (with very few exceptions) not only meritorious, but *utilitarian*. It must be confessed, also, that by means of such useful publications as the one before us, mankind must go on to improve in the historical and intellectual as well as the moral and social qualities.

The life of the American patriot and statesman, Washington, will, we think, prove a desideratum. It has evidently been drawn up with great care, and undeviating strictness, both as it respects facts and data. We have no room for extracts, nor do we think the work requires any. It will soon become popular, and estimated according to its merits, which we incline to think well of. It will be at once seen that General Washington's Life and Times will furnish also an outline of the history of America.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. Smith, Elder, and Co., London. 1835.

THIS is a neat and well-appointed little book, well calculated to amuse and instruct boys and girls. We have literally read several of the short histories which it contains, and have no hesitation in saying that they are not only well-written, but amusing and instructive. The Visit to Manchester, together with the brief memoir of Tarquinius Superbus, the seventh and last king of Rome, are among the best.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia. By Dr. LARDNER, &c. &c. History. Vol. II. Longman and Co., London. pp. 341.

EVERY succeeding part of this popular and successful series demonstrates the utility of the whole, and proves the efficiency of the talents that have been brought within a comparatively narrow compass, for the express purpose of giving to the Literary and Scientific a "comprehensive library" so inexpensive, yet so admirably suited to the wants and tastes of the nineteenth century, that we imagine few persons of condition will be found to be without the Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Dr. Lardner's name is a tower of strength; and the publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co., afford us a further assurance that the work will be finished as it was begun—respectably, and without any abatement of style or merit. There is something in that.

The present part, or volume, consisting of a treatise on the arts, manufactures, manners, and institutions of the Greeks and Romans, will prove highly interesting. Both the scholar and the philosopher will, we feel assured, prize the contents of this new issue of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia very highly.

A Treatise on the Causes and Cure of Stuttering, with reference to certain Modern Theories. By JAMES WRIGHT, Esq., late of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, &c. &c. London: Whittaker and Co. 1835.

THIS Essay will be read with considerable interest. Mr. Wright has given us not only an explanatory, but a long, able, and interesting treatise. We cannot refrain from quoting the following, at page 17.

"I am strongly inclined to believe, that if due consideration be given to the true, philosophical nature of mutes, and to the effects of those actions of the



tongue which immediately precede and accompany the utterance of all vowels, and every vowel, which, with much propriety, may be called vowel prefixes,—and also, if some little attention be paid to the genuine quality of accents and the inflections of the voice,—then a clear explanation of the causes of stuttering, and an easy and permanent method of instruction and discipline for the cure of stuttering, would be firmly established.”

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Views in Switzerland, by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M. D., illustrated in a series of Views taken expressly for the work by W. H. Bartlett, Esq. London, Virtue, 1835.

WE have just been favoured with a copy of Part XV. of this splendid work, containing four quarto plates and sixteen pages of letter-press. The subject of these plates inspires the mind with awe towards the Creator, for scenery calculated at once to delight the Painter, inspire the Poet, and humble the Christian, while contemplating the mere outlines of His wondrous works.

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## THE ARTS.

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WE have paid another visit to Mr. Daniell's panorama of hunting and ensnaring the wild elephants of Ceylon, since we last noticed it, and, with the many, we cannot but acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted to him for the information he has brought us from a distant part of the globe. We are not only informed, but are most agreeably entertained, by this mode of treating a subject which the proportion of a picture would not admit of; and, although the scale in the present instance is rather limited (a circumstance unavoidable, as a larger room was not to be obtained), it nevertheless possesses space sufficient for the artist to depict all that could be wished, and it has been done in a most effective manner. It is evident, from the freedom with which it is executed, that Mr. Daniell was perfectly master of every part of his subject. The huge animals, the figures of the natives, the trees and plants, the scenery, all appear to be rendered with a facility and a truth, that perfectly satisfies us. It is all in unison and harmony, and evidently painted by one hand. For when many are engaged on the same work, it is probable that an imperfect whole will be produced. The artist who feels the value of every feature introduced upon his canvass, and can execute it himself, is most likely to produce that, which will draw the public attention to his labours; and we understand that the proprietor of the work in question is gratified by the notice which has been taken of it, much exceeding his expectations. On the subject of panorama painting, we may, perhaps, make further mention, in our future Numbers.

## NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

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**MUNICIPAL REJOICING.**—The good people of Scarborough (that town, once so fashionably famous, now so capriciously neglected) were quite beside themselves on receiving the news of the Corporation Bill (such as it was) having become right earnest law of the land; and nothing short of a bonfire could attest at once their burning hatred of borough abuses, and their gratitude for the besom now placed in their hands. “Several loads of furze,” says *the Chronicle*, “were speedily provided, to aid which five or six boats from the harbour were carried, shoulder high, and thrown into the flames. These latter (one of which admeasured upwards of twenty tons) were given by the liberal party, and being ignited, had an imposing effect.” To burn the very craft in the harbour for joy bespeaks an intensity of patriotism on the part of the Scarborough liberals, which is equalled only by the liberality of the gift! Think of a whole squadron of colliers leaving their native element, and navigating the streets of Scarborough, borne “shoulders high,” by triumphant Tritons, even up to the very market cross! why the transit of Burnham wood was as nothing, in comparison. Did such a circumstance ever come within the circle of Mother Shipton’s prophecies? It is problematical. To ignite a fleet of boats by way of an *Io* triumph! why, let but the destruction of knavery in Britain be sufficiently extensive, and the people, in their exultation, might make firewood of the entire navy. It is by no means impossible, when the city of London shall, by-and-by, be made participant in the advantages of the New Bill, that the reformers, fired by enthusiasm, may actually make an attempt on the Thames itself. Such an event has long been threatened, for surely, next to burning boats for joy, must come the conflagration of the waters whereon they float! Is Kentish incendiarism so bad, after all? May it not arise from a spirit of patriotism, and joyousness of feeling?—a warmth of heart, and burning zeal—a heated but mistaken imagination?

What a rare borough must Scarborough be! What devotion to freedom on the part of her new freemen! it makes one kindle to think of it. A lucky thing it was that the worshipful mayor and aldermen were not near the harbour that day, else surely they would have had a narrow escape from incineration themselves.

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**SPORTING PARSONS.**—In the certificate-list of shooters, in the County of Derby, there are *thirty* with the word “reverend” attached to their names; in the Yorkshire list, there are *ninety-three*; so say the newspapers. If any body would take the trouble to count all the county-lists in Great Britain, a goodly aggregate of divine Sportsmen would no doubt be shown. Strange propensity! The use of the gun, by the way, seems peculiarly to delight some of our

clergy ; to bag a covey of English partridges, or of Irish peasants,\* when the season permits, would seem to be a sport of exquisite relish to them. How inconsonant with the duties of a minister of the Gospel does this appear ! but to doubt its propriety does not, of course, become us of the laity. Such practices must be right, or they would not be countenanced by vigilant diocesans. Why, so engrossed are the minds of some reverend parsons, upon the subject of gunnery, that it was but a month or two since the patent list actually contained the name of one holy gentleman, to whom the king's monopoly had been granted for "certain improvements" in the manufacture of fire-arms ! Only think of a minister of the Protestant religion, engaged in the composition of his Sunday's homily to breathe of universal charity and peace, with a mind disturbed by bright crotchets about weapons of murder ; penning a paragraph of Samaritan gentleness, and anon sketching mechanical diagrams for the more perfect destruction of animal life ; trying to save a soul one minute and to destroy a body the next, and in each instance with the greatest possible amount of efficacy ! The notion would be droll, were it not for the shuddering. Is it surprising that scepticism should sometimes—but, Satan, get thee behind us !

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CLERICAL DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter repudiating the offensive doctrines contained in Dens's Theology, which "the Exeter Hall mountebanks" have so industriously laboured to fix upon his concurrence, takes occasion to declare, with reference to a point of date, that he "was not then a bishop, but engaged in the duties of the *more meritorious office of a working curate* !" What will the right reverend the orthodox bench say to this anti-episcopal avowal ? Is a "working curate" a more meritorious member of a church establishment than a bishop ? We may soon expect to hear *C. J. London* referring to the period of his more meritorious labours, when he was engaged in the translation of *Æschylus* ; or Dr. Phillpotts, to the days of his political pamphleteering. We live in strange times.

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GIN AND BITTERS.—A few days since, a drunken wretch, in petticoats, called a woman, was brought before the magistrates, and convicted of breaking three guineas' worth of glass in a gin palace, because the landlord declined to supply her with a surfeit of Bailey and Hodges. It appeared that this species of smashing is a habit of hers. She had repeatedly suffered (?) imprisonment for similar frolics, and, indeed, had but just left jail the day before, fresh from 'completing her time,' for so requiting some other refractory malcontent. The bench sentenced her to another month of it, with an exhortation ; and my lady, in her bitter wrath, forewarned the publican, with a shake of her fair fist, that her first act, upon 'coming out' again, would be to pay him off retributively, with a com-

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\* Evidently a *literal*. Pheasants, not peasants, must be meant, though a covey of pheasants is certainly an unfieldlike term.—*Printer's Devil*.

pound fracture far severer than the last. The simple-minded complainant, strong in his faith of legal protection, grinned grimly a defying smile; but the head clerk checked his complacency, with the assurance that he had better be on the look out; for that when released, there was no manner of doubt she would carry her threat into execution—and this was all the redress the landlord obtained. It is worth knowing the law upon this point, because many a man, in a fit of the spleen, would not object to a month's confinement for the spiteful pleasure of cracking three guineas' worth of flint glass, and of throwing out a good threat besides, under the impunity of a police magistrate's presence.

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**THE KALISCH ORANGERY.** *A rejected Trifle from Cumberland to Kalisch* took occasion the other day, to complain of certain attacks, which shameful men had made upon his illustrious character. Alas! the world's vituperation is the constant attendant upon greatness; the price is bitter, but it must be paid. One consolation is however left him. Whatsoever be the grounds which "party rancour" may select for outraging his conservative Fumship upon, there is one, at least, which malice has not been able to take, and that is his indefatigable and unceasing attention to the business of *sovereignty*. On this point he is unassailable by friend or foe. No sooner were his arduous duties finished in parliament, than away he posts with praiseworthy alacrity, and with unimpaired energies, to meet, at Kalisch, his brother-imperialists, in order to settle Europe's, the world's, and their own affairs, according to the most legitimate fashion their quadruple sagacity may devise. Such conduct is right loyal (as a subject of King William IV.), conscientious, and becoming. The British people allow to the "grand master" a tolerably princely income, which, scorning to receive without attempting some service in return (as a "valuable consideration" for his money), and reckless of all personal indulgence on his own account, he leaves the lords to the shooting of grouse, on Scotch hills; the commons to rusticate with swinish radicals in the provinces; the ministers to such inglorious repose as they can procure; the lady regent and her daughter to attend music-festivals and horse-races; the court to amuse itself with the sports of little boys, at Sandhurst; and hurries off to the continent, there to take in charge the destinies of nations generally, and the weal of orange-lodges in particular. Really the people, the heir-presumptive, and his majesty, ought to be very much obliged to the imperial grand master of gray hairs and whiskers, for these exertions; for it must be remembered that, in making them, he has no other *warrant* than his own pleasure.

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**LOVE IN A CHEST.**—One of the strangest examinations ever heard of, took place at the town clerk's office, at Lincoln, the other day. Benjamin Curtis is a servant of Mr. Heanley, of Branston Fen, and had formerly been fellow-servant with a young female, who, it seems, had become strongly attached to him. During the last week,

the girl was observed lingering about Mr. Heanley's premises, and some suspicions as to the nature of her connection with Curtis, were awakened. At length a female servant of Mr. Heanley found her, one day, under Curtis's bed; the strange girl, however, hid herself, and could not be found, on other residents of the house being fetched up-stairs. No further discovery was made until Friday, the 11th, when a rumbling noise being heard in Curtis's bedchamber, Mr. Heanley ran up stairs, but could see nothing, nor obtain any answer to his calls. The same noise being renewed ere Mr. Heanley reached the bottom of the stairs, he again ascended, and, seeing a chest move, he laid his hand on it, and knocked, and was answered by a low moan. Curtis was, just at that moment, returned from Lincoln, whither his master had despatched him in the morning, on business. Mr. Heanley called him up stairs, and he immediately unlocked the chest, where lay the foolish, but pitiable, girl, half-dead with suffocation! Curtis immediately made confession that he had locked the girl up at her own request in the morning, on receiving his master's orders for Lincoln. She had been twelve hours crowded into a space only three feet long, and one foot and a half wide—how very odd!

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**A SENSIBLE GULL.**—The family of H. Peter, esq., of Harlyn, on the north coast of Cornwall, one morning, at breakfast time, threw a piece of bread out of the window, to a stray sea-gull, which happened to have made its appearance at the moment. The bird ate the bread and flew away. The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again, was again fed, and departed. From this time, for a period of eighteen years, the gull never failed to show himself at the window every morning at the same hour, and stalk up and down till he had received his meal (a bason of bread and milk), when he instantly took his leave till the next morning. The only time he omitted to do this was during the period of the pilchards being on the coast, which lasted about six weeks in each year, and at this time he omitted his morning visit. At length he brought one of his own species with him to partake of his meal, and they continued to come together, daily, for about a fortnight, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen afterwards.

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**ORIGIN OF LYNCH'S LAW.**—As "Lynch's Law" has recently become almost as general as it is proverbial, and as the question is asked a hundred times a day, "what is Lynch's Law?" it may be well to relate the following anecdote, which may serve as an answer:—In Washington county (Pennsylvania), many years ago, there lived a poaching vagabond, who, it was believed, maintained himself and family, by pilfering from the farmers around him. Though universally suspected, he managed so adroitly as always to avoid detection. At length, a Mr. Van Swearington laid the following trap for him, in which he was caught. Having a newly-born calf, he concealed it from his neighbours for several days; then rode over to the poacher's, and told him that a young calf had

recently strayed to his farm, which he had penned, and was anxious to find the owner. The poacher asked him how long he had it, its size and colour, and being told, said it was his, and that it had gone off just at the time spoken of. Being thus detected in a lie with a design to defraud, Van Swearington reproached him with it, and told him that he would give him twenty-four hours to leave the neighbourhood, adding that if he remained longer he would prosecute him. The poacher only laughed at his threats, while the latter went to consult with his neighbours as to what was to be done. At the expiration of twenty-four hours, five or six of them repaired to the poacher's, whom they found perfectly untimidated. The party, however, proceeded to try him in due form, choosing one of their number, a farmer named *Lynch*, to be judge. Van Swearington related the offence, which the poacher of course denied. The case was submitted to the judge, who decided that the poacher should be tied up and receive 300 lashes, "well laid on," and then be given twenty-four hours to leave the place, under a penalty of receiving three hundred more if found after that time. The first part of the sentence was inflicted on the spot, with such *good intent* as to render its repetition unnecessary. The culprit made off as fast as his lacerated limbs would permit him.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—The following is another proof that Fieschi's infernal machine is no new invention:—In the year 1789, a watchmaker at Senlis, named Billon, who had been expelled from a company of the Chevaliers de l'Arquebuse, to which he had belonged, determined upon gratifying his revenge, and took advantage of the occasion of the consecration of the colours of the National Guards in that year. As the procession, of which the Arquebusiers, formed a part, must pass before his house, he arranged a certain number of gun-barrels at his windows, and fired them all off as the company was in front of it. The commander of the company, the commander of the National Guards, and several individuals fell pierced with balls. The outer door of Billon's house, and that of the chamber in which he was, were both barricaded, but were soon forced by M. Aulas da Bruyère, of the Marechausée of Compiègne and Senlis, followed by a lieutenant of the same corps, and a great many of the inhabitants. The lieutenant was, on entering Billon's room, laid dead by a pistol-shot, but M. de la Bruyère seized him, and was dragging him away, when the villain contrived to put a lighted match to a species of infernal machine under the floor, which immediately blew up, carrying with it all the upper part of the house, and burying those who were in it in the ruins. M. de la Bruyère was however taken out alive, though he was deprived of an eye, had one of his knee-pans broken, and had no fewer than twenty-six other wounds in different parts of his body. He was confined to his bed for eight months. He at last recovered, received the insignia of the order of St. Louis, and lived at Senlis till a short time ago.

**AN INTERESTING CASE.**—The British brig *Governor Temple* arrived at New York a few days since, from Demerara, bound to the river Gambia in Africa. She put in here to procure some articles for her cargo. She is chartered by upwards of twenty natives of Africa, and their descendants, who were sold some twenty or thirty years ago as slaves in the colony of Demerara, and have since purchased their freedom, chartered this vessel, and are on their return to their native land to spend the remainder of their days. They are nearly all related to each other, and embrace both sexes, from childhood to the age of 70. All appear well-dressed, comfortable, and industrious; some of them are mechanics, such as cabinet-makers, coopers, &c., and have, besides earning a stipulated sum for their masters, earned a sufficiency to pay for their freedom. One of them paid 1,300 dollars for himself, wife, and two children; another 500 dollars for himself; and others in like proportion. They all appear happy, and anxious to get back to their native shore. It is a subject of no small interest, and one that must cause the mind of every beholder to reflect, on seeing a group of Africans, who were stolen from their homes, transported in a slave-ship, sold and served thirty years in a foreign land, and who, by their industry have acquired a sum sufficient to purchase their freedom, charter a vessel, and return home. All the older ones still hold to the religion they were educated in, that of the Mahometan faith, and all on board except one (the captain) are blacks.

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**NAPOLEON A TORMENTER.**—One summer's evening the emperor, accompanied by Josephine, was enjoying the cool breeze on the lawn which occupied the vast front of Malmaison. The day had been oppressively hot, and the ladies of the court were seated in circle, attending the empress, who was inhaling the sweets of a beautiful bouquet she had in her waist. Napoleon took up a handful of sand, without being perceived by the party, and sprinkled the nosegay of his wife. One may easily guess that the flowers were not much improved by this mode of treatment; and, on shaking the sand from her posy, some of the petals, in spite of her care, dropped on the ground. "Mon Dieu! Buonaparte," said she to him, "what a torment you are;" but in that mild even tenour of voice so familiar to her. "What have I done that you should so ill-treat my flowers?" "Que tu es enfant," said Napoleon, embracing her—"do you not see that I wish to give you some that are fresher, and cut by my hand?"—"I do not believe you have any such notion," replied the empress, doubtingly. "Well, then, you shall presently see," said Napoleon, making his way through the lattice-work paling, and soon returned with a huge cluster of roses, which he presented to her in the most gallant way possible. Josephine divided the flowers with the ladies still sitting beside her, and said with a smile, "I beg of you to keep all your roses, as I shall do mine, as long as possible, that you may never forget the hand which gave, nor the hand which gathered them."

A FIVE-GUINEA CUSTOMER.—A certain runaway couple were recently married at Gretna Green, and the smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this?" said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman: I have married him *six* times before; he is a *customer*—you I may never see again."

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SWIMMING.—Eight of the best swimmers of the Austrian garrison at Bregenz engaged for a wager to swim across Lake Constance, from that town in the Tyrol to Lindau, a distance of six miles. They started at ten o'clock, and at three minutes before three o'clock a private soldier, named Tutaja, reached the bridge at Lindau. In thirty-two minutes afterwards he was followed by Lieutenant Cepharrowitsch.—The six others only went about half the distance, and then were taken into the boats that attended them. The wind was blowing from the west, and the temperature of the water was 17 degrees of Reaumur, or  $70\frac{1}{2}$  of Fahrenheit. This is perhaps the greatest distance ever traversed by swimming, in fresh water. The two men who completed their task were perfectly blue when they landed; their pulse was scarce perceptible, and several hours elapsed before their bodies resumed their natural heat.—[Lord Byron's affair across the Hellespont will be held as a trifling effort in comparison.—ED.]

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A GENUINE GHOST STORY.—The following is from the "Journal of Heart," by the late Mrs. Damer, edited by Lady Charlotte Bury; it is given as genuine:—A Mr. Cox (commonly called Jumper Cox) being at Lady Rother's, near Oxford, was desired by her to pronounce a few Latin sentences, by way of persuading her servants, who supposed the house to be haunted, that he was a conjuror, and had banished the ghost to the Red Sea. "You must excuse me," said he, "for, in truth, I am not myself convinced of the absurdity of such persuasions; and my reason is, because I once fancied that I saw my mother-in-law come to my bedside and undraw the curtains; she then told me that my wife would die before the end of the year. 'As for myself,' she added, 'you will never see me again, for I was buried last night: I was not dead—but all is over with me now!' The next morning I hastened to Wallingford, where my mother-in-law resided; I found that she had been seized with a contagious fever, had died, and had been buried immediately, exactly on the night, and at the hour, which the ghost had mentioned. I wished to have had the coffin opened; but the clergyman representing that it could be of no service, and might create great discontent among the populace, I desisted. But what surprised me much was, that, though I mentioned the circumstance to no one but the clergyman, whose interest it was to conceal it, several weeks afterwards a young lady, in a distant part of the county, said to me. 'Bless me, Mr. Cox, I had the strangest dream last night. I thought your mother-in-law came to my bedside, and told me that she had been buried alive at Wallingford.'"



## THE PRINCIPLE OF LOYALTY.

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IN times like the present, when even illustrious hands are prompt to commit the most indefensible crimes—in this era of “fearful change,” there are few speculations, relative to the political state of the world, more deeply interesting than those connected with the rise and fall of so many dynasties. We have commonly viewed these events through the dim medium of history; but we have lately seen them passing before our eyes, and beheld, too, the whole process of elevation and depression, without any concealment of the springs by which the pageantry is moved. We have been let into the secret of the manufacture (if such a term may be allowed) of those exalted personages upon whom so much of the fate of mankind depends, and the expeditious simplicity of it must, we opine, have occasioned surprise. The *last* addition to the list of European kings, previous to these revolutionary times, was that of the Electors of Brandenburg, promoted to the crown of Prussia: and what a length of political intrigue was necessary to carry it into effect! In later time, nothing more appears to have been necessary than the “*Je le veux*” of *one individual*, announced in an article of a treaty which he has dictated. During the career of victory, it is readily conceivable how this may be done. He who, by his strong arm, can make himself an emperor, may also make brothers or favourites kings, and he will endeavour to support them in their thrones as long as his arm and its strength subsist. But in order to give a firm and lasting establishment to such a state of things, the empire of force must be succeeded by an empire of opinion: for the former is perpetually liable to change hands, unless supported by the latter. It is *OPINION* alone that can secure the quiet transmission of authority from one to another in a particular line, without regard to the personal qualities of the successor, which is the essence of hereditary monarchy; and “*opinion*” is a thing over which *mere force* has a very limited influence.

The most powerful aid in this point is to be derived from a principle which, though known in its operation in all monarchies, has not, as far as we are acquainted, a specific name in any language but that of the English.

This is "loyalty," a word signifying, with us, exclusively a passionate attachment to the existing monarch, as such. How it has happened to be thus consecrated to royal use in a country generally thought less obsequious to kings than many others, we have not been able to discover; but certain it is, that the same term is differently inflected in different European dialects (*lovauté, leatá, &c.*), and has the more enlarged signification of rank, honesty, and of perfectly good faith. Leaving, however, this verbal discussion, it may be worth while to bestow some consideration on the origin and nature of this passion, which acts so important a part as the "cheap defence" of thrones.

A person raised by power above the rest of mankind, may at first be regarded with jealousy, and even aversion; but if he be successful in maintaining his station, it throws about him a kind of nimbus of grandeur which soon causes him to be looked upon with awe and reverence; and these feelings readily slide into those of attachment and devotion. The simple and ignorant—placed at a distance from the throne—come to regard him as the source of all those blessings which they enjoy, in the social institution of which he is the head; while the ambitious and designing—regarding him as the fountain of honour and emolument—treat him with all the incense of adulation, to gain his favour, and enhance his consequence. By such a process, in the origin of all monarchical governments, the spirit of loyalty has been created, and the influence of courts has been too successfully employed to raise it to the first rank among political virtues. From the remotest times, the East has been peculiarly distinguished for its devotion to the person of its sovereigns: and we find Virgil, in the *Georgics*, making the Oriental passion of loyalty a comparison for the ardent attachment of bees to their king. He himself, however, and other poets of the age, were as extravagant in adulation of Augustus, as if they had been born the subjects of an Eastern despot: and the long and prosperous reign of that emperor, doubtless, laid the foundation of that spirit of loyalty which succeeded to Roman liberty during the *Cæsarian* dynasty, though its objects were some of the most contemptible and detestable of mankind. Suetonius has left us a curious picture of one of the early Roman loyalists, in the person of Lucius Vitellius, father of the emperor of that name. He, it seems, was the first who paid divine adoration to that paragon of princes, Caligula, not presuming to approach him but with his head veiled, and falling prostrate at his feet. When Claudius succeeded to the throne, he humbly requested of the virtuous Messalina,

that she would permit him to take off her slipper, and having obtained this favour (a very moderate one from that lady), he constantly carried it about with him between his toga and his tunic, sometimes devoutly kissing it. He paid his court to the all-powerful freedmen of that reign, Narcissus and Pallas, by placing their golden images among his household gods. When Claudius celebrated the *secular* games, Vitellius, paying his devoirs, gravely wished him *many* celebrations of the like kind. His "loyalty," though somewhat peculiar, was thought so meritorious, that his remains were honoured by the senate with a public funeral, and his statue was erected before the rostra, with the inscription,—“Of unshaken Piety towards his Prince.” The merit of this piety was doubtless estimated at an inverse ratio with that of its object.

The frequent changes of the imperial line, after the first Cæsars, much impaired the spirit of Roman loyalty, though it was apt to revive upon a few instances of lineal succession; and Domitian, the third emperor of his family, received from Statius, Martial, and other poets, more exquisite adulation than almost any of his predecessors had done. The line of Constantine, also, was treated with a profusion of "loyal incense;" the flavour of which was heightened by the gratitude of a religious party, and the flowers of Grecian rhetoric.

The European Kingdoms which were formed upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire, partook, at various periods, of very different degrees of the loyal spirit. The "feudal system" was little favourable to it, as it often raised the vassal to a competition with his lord, and rendered the duty of allegiance in inferiors obscure and ambiguous. It could not have been active with the Barons of Arragon, when, in swearing allegiance to their sovereign, they used the remarkable form—"We, who are each of us as good, and who are altogether more powerful, than you, &c." In process of time, however, as crowns acquired strength, and obtained the support of civil and religious establishments, the principle of loyalty was revived in full vigour, and, up to this day, even with additional authority. It is, in our time—heaven be praised—fortified by the two great bulwarks of honour and religion: the first inculcated it as a "virtue" characteristic of a gentleman; the second, as a duty only one degree inferior to the piety towards the Supreme Being. In this country it seems to have attained its height in the reign of Elizabeth, when it was enforced by a sort of *chivalrous devotion to a female Sovereign*. "Party" made it also triumphant under Charles II., at the latter end of whose reign, it appears to have laid every other public principle

at its feet. It naturally declined for a time after every deviation from the ordinary course of regal succession, and recovered itself, with the advance of the new line, to maturity. The sincere devotion of the Britons to their present Sovereign needs no comment; and whatever the "secret and combined enemies" of the approaching new dynasty, in the person of the Princess Victoria, may by possibility achieve, his most Gracious Majesty will rest assured, his English subjects will prove loyal to that Princess, in just preference to an usurper, even if he were a scion of the House of Brunswick. It is the great advantage of this "principle" of royalty, then, as conducing to the stability of crowns, that it attaches itself to the wearer of the crown simply as such, and independently of his personal qualities. Were this otherwise, its operation would often be suspended when most needed: that is, when the weakness or vices of the possessor of the crown caused it to totter on his head. Indeed, the generous attachment of the true and faithful loyalist cannot be too much admired, who requires nothing but the name of king to excite his enthusiastic devotion, and gives implicit credit to the owner of it for every virtue under heaven. He can even create to himself an object of reverence in a child in the cradle:

See how the venerable infant lies  
 In early pomp: how through the mother's eyes,  
 The father's soul, with an undaunted view,  
 Looks out, and takes our homage as his due;

says Dryden, in complimenting the birth of that child of promise, whose succession nothing but the infatuated bigotry of his father could have frustrated.

Now, that such a support of the modern thrones, which we have seen erected, will be extremely desirable, is obvious; and indeed it can scarcely be conceived, that they can be fairly established without it. As it respects our own sovereign and his crown, we unhesitatingly declare, that Lord Melbourne, in his own person, by his commanding talents, and the splendour of his services to the nation, has accumulated around the wearer of the English crown so much personal admiration, that his Majesty will need no artificial title to the reverence of his British, Irish, and Scotch subjects. Notwithstanding appearances (and we are free to confess, some facts have come to our knowledge, which have had the effect of startling, if not of affrighting us,) we hope there is no reason for supposing that the family line of English

sovereigns will be in any way disturbed. On the same principle, we do not desire to see disturbed the family lines of foreign sovereigns. Civilized Europe has not for ages seen men raised to monarchy from the humbler classes of society; for though regular hereditary descent has, in various instances, been deviated from, the family succession has still been preserved. In the case of the Cromwells, the change from an Oliver to a Richard at once overturned the whole fabric of their power. When the Roman empire became the prize of the sword, it was perfectly in the order of things, that what one sword had given a stronger should take away, and appropriate: and the people at length became entirely indifferent to the lineage of their temporary masters. In what period of time can it be anticipated that a phlegmatic Dutch republican will catch the ardour of loyalty towards King Leopold and his partner; or that a Westphalian, profoundly versed in the genealogies of German princes, and bred in reverential respect for quarterings of nobility, will pay eternal homage to the royal house of *Cumberland*. There is doubtless no reason in nature why Orleans may not become what Bourbons and Nassaus have been; but the means by which it is to be brought about, are not easily assignable: loyalty must long fluctuate between past and present, before it proceeds in its usual train; and there is perhaps more reason to apprehend, that during the confusions and "changes" of the time, the principle may lose its strength with regard to the remaining ancient families on the continent of Europe—certainly not in England,—than to believe that it will be readily transferred to *new ones*. The longer the "struggle of party" continues, the greater will be this danger; for it is in vain to pretend, that, till the **EMPIRE OF FORCE** is past, that of "opinion" cannot be said to reign triumphant.

ED.

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#### EPIGRAM.

MONEY thou ow'st me—pray thee fix a day  
 For payment, though thou never pay:—  
 Let it be doomsday:—nay, take further scope—  
 Pay when thou'rt honest,—let me have some hope.

## REFORM YOUR UNIVERSITY SYSTEM.

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By this title, the self-created Conservative will, no doubt, read the destruction of institutions, and the plunder of "vested rights;" the timid but conscientious advocate of "things as they are," discovers the dangerous hand of restless innovation; the man who contemplates public institutions only as the means of public good, and computes their value in proportion to the general benefit produced, is reminded that the Universities halt somewhat behind the demands of the age. We marvel not at all this. It is beyond the reach of human ingenuity to frame institutions which shall adjust themselves to the variations of society; and it is now upwards of two hundred years since the Universities of England began to exist in their present form. If we were inclined to pursue the inquiry, and to analyze the component parts of the system, as adapted to a period so far remote, we question if it would appear to be a system the best fitted, even at that time, to the purposes of a national education "in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences:"—encumbered with a mass of monkish ceremonies; and rendered difficult of access by the fierce restrictions of political and religious zeal. We shall content ourselves, however, with confining our inquiry to the present day, as it is that which concerns the present generation. Our inquiry will comprise two subjects: 1. The subscription to articles, or the declaration of uniformity, demanded of all candidates for degrees. 2. The expenses of a University education. The first will occupy our present consideration—the second we shall defer to a future number. Many years have now elapsed, since this important question was last agitated and discussed. It then met with the support of the most distinguished advocates of civil and religious liberty:\* an undaunted few, who, regardless of the pains and penalties which in those days awaited the profession of such principles, kept alive the sacred fire upon the altar of freedom, amidst the thick darkness which clouded the political horizon. It is no wonder that, in such times, their efforts should have proved unavailing.

But although, since that period, various classes of the community have been relieved from grievous and heavy burthens, which they were condemned, for conscience sake, to bear, the fountains of science and literature still remain inaccessible to thousands. Though a University education has become more desirable, and more necessary among the middle classes of society, the Universities still continue disfigured by the barbarous restrictions of a barbarous age; converting those institutions, which were intended for the common benefit of society, to the advantage of a comparatively small portion of the community. In the

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\* Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 245, 742.

first place let us ask, what is a University? A University is a national establishment for education: a school where *all the arts and faculties* are taught and studied—founded and privileged by the state—for the advantage of the nation, and, as such, all subjects of the state ought to have an equal participation in the privileges and advantages thus bestowed.

In considering this subject, we must be careful to draw the proper distinction between the *University* and the *Colleges*: and a greater distinction cannot possibly exist. The former, as we have said, was founded by the state, for the purposes of education; the latter took their origin and endowments from the private munificence of certain individuals, for the purposes of habitation and maintenance; and are regulated and governed each according to the will of its founder. It was very long after the foundation of the University that colleges began to exist; nor did they exist, at once, in their present form. The students experienced great difficulty in obtaining lodgings; and many were obliged, on account of the high price demanded, to leave the University altogether.\* This induced persons, who were anxious for the welfare of the University, to bequeath their houses as places of residence for the students: these went by the name of hostels, and may be considered as the origin of colleges; to these hostels were sometimes attached small endowments for the maintenance of the poorer and more deserving of the students—hence the origin of scholarships and fellowships. Over all these the University was paramount; and all were subservient to public utility, and the interests of science. Thus should it be at the present day; and thus it might be consistently with the welfare and security of the colleges as distinct and independent foundations. But thus it is not. The colleges have usurped the functions and privileges of the University; and have substituted, in their stead, a system subservient only to the spirit of their own peculiar establishments. Every one who is admitted to any degree in the University of Cambridge is required to subscribe the thirty-nine articles; or to declare that he is *bond fide* a member of the Church of England. He must do this, or be prepared to forego all the advantages which the degree in question may possibly produce him in after life. Now, if each and all of the colleges were to exact this test from those persons who are admitted to the enjoyment of their emoluments, on the ground that those emoluments required the performance of the duties of the established church, or that this was in accordance with the wills of their respective founders, we should not be disposed to dispute the justice of such a course. But all degrees are conferred by the University:—the University is not an exclusively ecclesiastical establishment; but an establishment founded by the state, for the purposes of national education in all and every of the liberal arts and sciences; and all subjects of the state have an equal right to participate in the advantages of its studies, and the honours of its degrees. For the clear understanding of this subject we cannot too often repeat that the Universities are not mere seminaries for the established church: it is true that the colleges are principally ecclesiastical establishments.

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\* See Fuller's History of the University of Cambridge.

The possessors of the fellowships in Cambridge are required to be members of the Church of England, and, for the most part, to take orders; and are *supposed* to study theology: not by any law of the University, but by the private will of the founder, as a condition by which they hold their fellowships and enjoy their emoluments. But the imposition of subscription upon those who derive no emolument from these private foundations, and who, in fact, have a right, as subjects of the state, to the advantages of a University education, can scarcely be defended upon any principles of reason or justice.

Of those persons who graduate at the Universities, by far the larger part, proceed no further than the degree of bachelor of arts. Formerly the studies were continued, and residence was enforced up to the degree of master of arts; and by the statutes of the University, at the present day, this degree is considered as the starting-point from which the possessor enters upon that profession which he may choose—the church, the practice of law, or of medicine.

No subscription or declaration is required at the time of matriculation: the oath of allegiance and supremacy, and an oath of obedience to the officers and the discipline of the University, is all that is then demanded.\* Consequently, any person, although unable to subscribe to the articles of the church of England, may enter himself, and pass through the regular course of academical study: many dissenters do this, and some have, of late years, distinguished themselves for their application and attainments; and yet to these persons the degree of bachelor of arts is refused; upon what principle of justice or of policy it is difficult to conceive. Degrees of all faculties are solemn testimonials that the graduate has accomplished a regular course of study in the University, and approved his competence by examination: on these degrees are bestowed, by the civil legislature, certain advantages and privileges in the courts of law, and in the practice of medicine, as well as in the church. The practice of the law and of medicine are now, fortunately for science and society, open to all, without distinction of sect or persuasion. Why should not these advantages and principles be alike open to all? Justice demands that these national privileges should be conferred on all subjects without distinction; and it is for them, who thus withhold, to show by what law they are withheld, and to demonstrate the danger of concession.

For the information of our readers, we will point out the origin of subscription, at the time of taking degrees, and show upon what it rests at the present day.

In the year 1604, the second year of the reign of James I., the clergy, assembled in convocation, framed the canons and ecclesiastical constitutions.\* The thirty-sixth canon contains three articles, the substance of which is as follows:—I. The king is supreme in all matters, spiritual and temporal. II. Contains an assent to the liturgy, the ordaining of bishops, priests, and deacons, and the Book of Common Prayer. III. States that the thirty-nine articles are agreeable to the word of

\* At Oxford all persons at the time of matriculation are required to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles.

† See Wilkin's *Concilia*, vol. 4, p. 386.



God. It declares that no one shall be *ordained* unless he has previously subscribed these three articles.\* No positive direction is given as to the Universities. This is perfectly consistent with the object of this canon, which was to prevent any one from being admitted, into the ministry of the established church, who did not fully acquiesce in her doctrines and discipline; and the Universities have no power to confer ordination. The thirty-sixth canon ends thus:—"Academias vero, si quid in hac parte deliquerint, juris ultioni, et regię censurę relinquimus."

In the year 1613, King James addressed the following letter to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge:—

" JAMES R.

" Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well.

" Upon signification to you, not long since, of our dislike of the degree of Doctor of Physic, granted in that our University of Cambridge, without subscription to the three articles mentioned in the six-and-thirtieth canon, of the book of Ecclesiastical Constitutions and canons, made and published in the years of our Lord God one thousand six hundred and three, and one thousand six hundred and four, and in the first and second years of our reign of this our realm of England, to Mr. Burgesse, who upon a humour, or spirit of faction or schism, apostating from his orders and ministry, hath betaken himself to the profession of physick; understanding by your private answer at that time, made unto our challenge to you for the same, that there was no established decree or ordinance in that our University for the denial of degrees to such as should refuse to subscribe as aforesaid; and duly considering with ourselves to how little effect our care and endeavour of preserving, as well uniformity in order, as unity of truth, in this our church will tend, if we should not carefully provide for the deriving of both out of the nurseries and fountains of our church and commonwealth (our Universities), we have thought good by these our letters to signify unto you both our apprehension of the necessity of the establishing of such an ordinance or decree; and also our pleasure for the performance thereof presently in that our University of Cambridge; to wit, that by a public ordinance and decree of the body of that our University, passed by a grace with you, it may be decreed and ordained that, from henceforth, no man shall have granted unto him the degree either of Bachelor in Divinity, or of Doctor in any Faculty, Divinity, Law, or Physick, unless he shall first, and before the propounding of his said grace to the body of the University in the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, or his deputy for the time being, subscribe to the aforesaid three articles contained in the aforesaid six-and-thirtieth canon, in such manner and form as in the said canon is expressed and required.† Hereof we thought it the more necessary to admonish you; and hereunto require you by these our letters, partly for that in the said six-and-thirtieth canon the neglect of the doing thereof in either of our Universities is provisionally left to our censure; and partly for that we understand our University of Oxford hath long since made a public ordinance and constitution in this behalf, in so much that they grant not so much as the degree of a Bachelor of Arts without subscription first had; whereas with you there hath not hitherto so much care been had in that our University of Cambridge as to require this subscription of such as receive the degrees of Bachelors or Doctors in Divinity with you.

" Our pleasure therefore is, that you publish these our letters to the body of the University, at the next congregation that shall be had there with you, after the receipt of these our letters: which being done either at the same congregation, or at the next that shall ensue it, we require you to propound, and endeavour to pass

\* *Neminem nisi prævia trium articulorum subscriptione ordinandum.*

† The canon only requires the subscription at ordination

a grace to the effect aforesaid; and in due time to certify us of your performing hereof, and the effect of the same.

“Given under our signet at our palace at Westminster, the thirtieth day of June, in the eleventh year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, and of Scotland, the six-and-fortieth.”\*

It is not likely that, in those days, the senate of Cambridge would have used much deliberation before they complied with the desires of a King; and accordingly we find that, on the 7th of July following, six days after the date of the King’s letter, the following grace passed the senate:—

“Placet nobis ut juxta tenorem literarum, a serenissimo rege Jacobo missarum, hoc in senatu decerneretur, ut nullus in posterum sibi concessum habeat gratiam pro gradu baccalaureatus in theologia, vel doctoratus in aliqua facultate adipiscendo, qui non prius coram domino procancellario, aut ejus deputato, tribus articulis, nimirum regii primatus liturgiæ Anglicanæ, et articularum religionis de quibus conveverunt archiepiscopi et episcopi anno Domini, 1562, manu sua subscripserit; et ut hæc concessio vestra loco statuti habeatur, et in libris procuratorum infra decem dies inscribatur! !”†

This grace, exacted subscription from bachelors in divinity, and doctors in divinity, law, and physic. On the 3rd of December, 1616, three years afterwards, King James sent a number of directions addressed to the vice-chancellor and heads of houses, the first of which only applies to our subject, and is as follows:—

“First, his Majesty signifieth his pleasure that he would have *all that take any degree* in schools to subscribe to the three articles.”‡

It does not appear that any grace was passed by the senate, as in the former case, making this a law of the University. These “directions” were accompanied by a letter from the Bishop of Winchester, which is rather amusing, and is as follows:—

“To the right worshipful Mr. Dr. HILLES, master of Katherine Hall, and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge:

“Good Mr. Vice-Chancellor, I have sent you his Majesty’s hand to his own directions. I think you have no precedent that ever a king, first with his own mouth, then with his own hand, ever gave such directions. And therefore you shall do very well to keep that writing curiously, and the directions religiously, and to give his Majesty a good account of them carefully, which I pray God you may. And so with my love to yourself and the rest of the heads, I commit you to God.

“From Court this 12th of December, 1616.

“Your very loving Friend,  
JA. WINTON.”§

How this ordinance of King James was received, does not appear. It has not always, however, existed without opposition, for we find that, in the year 1661, a complaint was made against the vice-chancellor for stopping the degrees of fifty commencing bachelors of arts, who refused to subscribe.

“The present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, without any law of England, or statute of the University, or canon, or any other colour of law, and especially con-

\* Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 279.

† lb., p. 371. ‡ lb., p. 282. § lb., p. 281.

trary to his Majesty's declaration, and contrary to all conscience and reason, could dispense with his conscience in usurping an arbitrary power, to the open prejudice of many of his Majesty's subjects, in their children, to stop fifty Commencers from commencing, because at twenty-four hours' warning they could not find in their consciences to subscribe to the lawfulness of the Common Prayer, and the book of consecration, and to the thirty-nine articles. Yet all these must the questionists subscribe, and be forced to do it by the arbitrary power of the Vice-Chancellor, expressly contrary to his Majesty's declaration. What authority he hath since procured for the future, and by what acts we know not; but we are sure when he did this he had no such." †

This was in the 13th of Charles the Second, and 44 years after the ordinance of King James. In the 13th and 14th of Charles the Second, the Act of Uniformity passed. This act directs that all masters, fellows, scholars, chaplains, and tutors shall subscribe, or in default shall lose the benefit of their masterships, fellowships, &c. Nothing is said as to the *students* at the Universities; much less is any direction given that they shall subscribe at the time of taking degrees.

In December, 1771, a petition was presented to the Vice-Chancellor from the Undergraduates, who were about to proceed to their degrees in the month of January following, praying to be relieved from subscription to the thirty-nine articles on taking the degree of bachelor of arts.

On February 6th, 1772, Sir W. Meredith presented a petition to the House of Commons, signed by 250 persons, principally clergy of the established church, praying to be relieved from subscription to the thirty-nine articles, which petition, after a spirited debate, was rejected.\* On February 28, of the same year, the Senate of Cambridge appointed a Syndicate or Committee to consider the propriety of abolishing subscription: † and on the 23d of June, the following grace passed the senate, abolishing subscription, on taking the degree of bachelor of arts, and substituting a declaration.

"Placeat vobis ut ii qui gradum baccalaureatus in artibus ambierint pro usitata subscriptione tribus articulis in Canone tricesimo sexto comprehensis in hanc formam apud registrarium vestrum in posterum subscribant."

"I, A. B., do declare that I am *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England, as by law established." ‡

On the 23rd of February, 1773, a debate took place in the House of Commons, on the motion of Sir W. Meredith, "that the house do resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, to consider of the subscription to the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, or any other test now required of persons in either of the two Universities." This motion was rejected.§

On the 26th of March, 1779, a grace passed the Cambridge senate abolishing subscription on taking the degrees of bachelor of laws, bachelor of medicine, and bachelor and doctor of music. This grace substitutes a declaration instead of subscription, and is as follows:—

"Placeat vobis ut ii qui gradum baccalaureatus, vel in Jure civili vel in medicina, et gradum baccalaureatus vel doctoratus in musica ambierint pro usitata

\* Kennet's Register, p. 374.

† See Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 245.

‡ Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 435.

§ Ib. p. 436.

¶ Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, p. 742.

subscriptione tribus articulis in canone tricesimo sexto comprehensis, in hanc formam apud registrarium vestrum in posterum subscribant.

“I, A. B., do declare that I am *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England as by law established.”\*

It appears therefore that in the year 1613 the University passed a grace, bearing date July 13, in pursuance of the King's letter, whereby all bachelors in divinity, and doctors in divinity, law, and physic, are required to subscribe the three articles of the 36th canon. In 1616, King James *directs* that all persons taking any degree whatsoever shall subscribe. The University never passed any grace or statute, as in the former case, constituting this the law of the University: the subscription therefore required of persons taking the degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and also the degrees of bachelor of laws and of medicine, was only on the authority of the King's direction. Now if in the former case it was necessary to pass a grace, to render subscription legal and compulsory upon those of whom it was demanded, it must for the same reason have been necessary in the latter. It follows therefore that, in the latter case, the subscription was illegally demanded; and it appears that in the year 1661 it was so considered. A declaration that the individual is *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England, has been substituted, instead of subscription, at the time of proceeding to the degrees of bachelor in arts, laws, and physic. The subscription is still demanded of those who take the degree of master of arts, upon no other authority than that of King James's direction. No person, therefore, can be admitted to any degree who cannot, at least, conscientiously declare himself a member of the Church of England; and thus a large class of the community are prevented from participating in the benefits of a University education.

In concluding our remarks upon this most important subject, we shall only observe—first, that the imposition of subscription, upon candidates for degrees, cannot be justified upon any principle of safety to the establishment: secondly, that it is unjust towards the persons of whom it is required: thirdly, that it is contrary to the interests of the University.

And first, it is unnecessary as a safeguard to the establishment. For the clear illustration of this, let us take a case—and we could instance many:—Four years ago a gentleman distinguished himself, at the general examination for degrees, both as a mathematical and as a classical scholar: he could not conscientiously declare himself to be *bonâ fide* a member of the Church of England, and therefore his degree was refused. Upon what principle? Not that the discipline and doctrines of the Established Church would have been endangered; for if the individual in question had presented himself to a bishop for ordination, it would then have been time enough to have examined his religious tenets, and to have required his solemn assent to the doctrines and discipline of that Church, of which he sought to become a minister. Had he been a candidate for a fellowship in the college, of which he was a member, the society might—in conformity with their statutes and in the spirit of their foundation—have called on him to subscribe; nor should we have questioned the justice or propriety of such a step.

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\* Statutes of the University of Cambridge, p. 441.

We call on the advocates for subscription at the time of admission to degrees—for the *onus probandi* lies on them—to show upon what ground it can be justified. We assert that subscription is altogether unnecessary, even at the degrees of bachelor and doctor in divinity: the candidates for these degrees are required to be in holy orders, and it must be presumed that no bishop would ordain any one whom he had not first carefully examined and approved. The right reverend Bench are the guardians of the doctrines, and the promoters of the discipline of the Church of England, and these matters may be safely entrusted to their keeping.

If subscription be unnecessary, it follows that it is unjust. For one party to maintain a right, in such a manner as to be unnecessarily injurious to the rights of another, is manifest injustice. This perhaps will be denied. We are reminded that the dissenter may come to the University, and enrol himself among the number of its students; and that he may reap the same benefit from its lectures as others;—it is true that the University, at the close of his studies, confers no degree upon him, however he may have distinguished himself by his talents and acquirements; but why all this clamour about a degree? Is a degree, then, of no value? Independently of the respect which such a testimonial insures to the individual upon whom it is conferred, it is attended with advantages in the world, and with certain valuable privileges in the practice of the law and of medicine. Surely, to withhold the passport to these privileges, is unjust, especially when the safety of the Establishment can in no way be pleaded. But it amounts to a virtual exclusion. If the dissenter be denied a degree at the close of his studies, he cannot afford to incur the heavy expense attendant on a residence at the University. He is therefore obliged to content himself with such an education as academies\*—established and maintained at his own expense—will produce; and thus he is forbidden to approach, and to draw from, those pure and copious fountains of science and literature which ought to flow for the national good.

Lastly, it is prejudicial to the interests of the University. The celebrity of a University—the brightness with which she shines forth as a great luminary of learning and philosophy—depends on the number of her members who are employed, whether within her precincts or upon the wide theatre of the world, in the advancement of literature and of science. The rude barrier, which excludes all who are not of the Established Church, lessens the number of these members, and many a brilliant intellect passes unknown; *for genius is of no sect or persuasion*. How many are there who can trace the honours and distinctions, at which they have arrived in after life, to the studies pursued whilst at the University; and which, perhaps, first developed and brought to maturity those powers of the mind which might otherwise have lain dormant for ever, and even unknown to the possessor himself. Such an one seldom reverts to the scene of his academic labours, without mingled feelings of pride and gratitude. And thus the firmest basis on which the University can rest

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\* Let it not be supposed that we would here underrate the respectability or the studies of the dissenting academies; but we are aware that they depend principally on voluntary contributions:—a system under which the standard of education can never be raised to the desired height; and which must affect the permanent security of the establishments.

is the respect and esteem of the people. The principle of exclusion tends to narrow this basis ; and might ultimately produce the overthrow of the establishment, or at least cause it to sink into comparative insignificance. For instance, the College of Physicians admit no one, into their society, who is not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge ;—these universities allow no one to become a graduate, who is not a member of the Established Church ;—therefore, so long as the College of Physicians adheres to this regulation, no dissenter, however distinguished in the profession, can be a member of that learned body. We will not stay to consider the justice of this ; but suppose a second Hervey to arise, and he a nonconformist : can it be imagined that the College of Physicians would hesitate to admit him a member of their society, because he was not a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge ? Impossible. Thus these absurd and unjust restrictions must ultimately defeat themselves. We shall, perhaps, be told, that this is of no consequence ; that it is not desirable for the Universities to become schools of medicine. Indeed ! We warn the Universities to beware how they sink into mere nurseries for the Church. We believe that no other University in Europe can be pointed out, not even that of Dublin, where a religious test is required at the time of conferring degrees. Considering, therefore, this question in all its bearings, we come to the conclusion that the restrictions of which we complain are prejudicial to the best interests of the University, and unjust towards the public, unless they can be justified : and, as we have before said, the burden of justification rests entirely with the advocates for subscription, —they ought to be removed without delay. We call upon the members of the Senate to enter immediately upon the consideration of this subject, in the spirit of good will and sincerity. They must see and acknowledge, whatever may be the tenor of the statutes which regulate and govern the Colleges to which they respectively belong, that the charter and statutes of the University are distinct from, and independent of, all these. If ever it were necessary to impose the test of subscription, that necessity has long ago ceased to exist. It now can answer no good purpose. It is often grievous to the conformist ; it is always injurious to the nonconformist ; it is not necessary for the protection of the establishment ; and, unless the University is prepared to afford relief, redress will be sought through the medium of the legislature.

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#### A FRAGMENT.

THE green grass shook its head all mournfully,  
 And tears, in plenty, o'er her grave were wept ;  
 And sighs, that quieted would never be,  
 The zepthers breathed—while they their vigils kept :  
 By living, and by lifeless, mourn'd was she ;  
 Alas ! they could not wake her, for she slept  
 Her dreamless and her lasting sleep—ah me !  
 The pleasant and the beautiful again  
 May throw their ray-like witchery, but in vain.

T.

## DISPUTE BETWEEN THE PEN AND THE SWORD.

*Translated from Cap. XL. of the Rabbin Jehuda Charizi's Tahkémoni.*

HERMAN EZRACHI gave me the following narration :—One night I was lying on my bed, when sleep had fled from mine eyes. While, tormented by lively pains and acute anguish, I was with difficulty moving myself on my couch, I heard a loud knocking at the door of my house. The knocking continued without intermission, and I cried out aloud, “What man is this, who seeks to enter in the midst of darkness, and in the obscurity of night?”—“It is,” answered he who was knocking, “a traveller, who hath strayed from his path, and who, devoid of all resource, is a prey to the most dismal apprehensions.” At the sound of the words, which issued from his mouth, as sharp as the blade of a razor, I called my servant and ordered him to admit the traveller. When he entered, supported by his staff, bearing his baggage, and clad in old and ragged garments, I began to consider him attentively; but what was my astonishment, when under these rags and tatters, I recognised my dear comrade, the doctor, whose society had been my delight. My joy was the joy of a man who hath found a rich treasure,—all my griefs vanished and were forgotten; a pleasure inexpressible took possession of me. I caused to be placed before him whatever there was in the house, and he ate of all the meats which I presented to him. Having concluded his repast, and returned thanks to God for his bounties, he began to display all the treasures of his eloquence, and to open all the coffers of his wisdom. I instantly took ink and tablets, to put down in writing the words which escaped from his mouth. But scarcely had I begun to write, when the pen broke in my hand; I promptly seized another, it likewise broke; and I threw it from me in anger. “Why,” asked Chaber Hahkini, “dost thou cast away that pen? God himself made choice of it; beware of destroying it; for it is the source of blessings. Hadst thou been acquainted with the magnitude of its merits, thou wouldst have been reluctant to throw it away thus. Canst thou be ignorant of the words full of meaning, and the wise discourses, by which it hath demonstrated its value? If thou desire, I am ready to inform thee; nor will I refuse thee a full communication.”—“Speak,” said I to him; “mine ears are opened to give free entrance to thy words, and the light of thy countenance hath enlarged and invigorated my sight. Chaber then said :—

“In times past, a contest arose between the king’s ministers, who held the pen for the execution of his will, and the generals, who commanded his armies.

“Eloquence is our portion,” said the first; “we are the heroes of council and deliberation. The oracles of prudence proceed from our mouths, and upon them we have established the foundations of the empire; they are the bond which unite and consolidate its structure. Our hands hold the pen, an instrument of immense value, whose power

nothing can resist, which overturns giants, which gives understanding to the simple. Though its stature be small, and though it exhibit nothing remarkable; though its exterior seem weak and powerless, the brave who have drawn the sword from the scabbard, are constrained to retreat before it. Princes, inflated with their grandeur, are annihilated by it." Then taking up the poetical lyre, they added:—

'Yes; we are the immovable supports of glory; the pen, in our hands, is the honour of the diadem; to us alone is due the pinnacle of grandeur; we tread under our feet the stars of the firmament. They who brandish the sword are only our slaves; the iron of our spear penetrates their heart, plunging into it without resistance.'

"What do you say?" answered the chiefs of the armies. "Are not the lions of battle, the brave with intrepid heart? We cause the flame to flash from the bosom of swords, which clash against each other, and the terror which we inspire renders nations deserted and uninhabited. The people, who dwell in them, fly from them with a torn breast; parents abandon their children to withdraw themselves from our fury. To us alone belongs the sword, which without a tongue speaks powerfully, which without an eye-ball pierces every where with its penetrating glances. Impetuous in its course as the torrent of Kissoun, and the floods of Phison, it carries along with it whatever resists. When the pillars of the kingdom assemble in the presence of the Most High, it reaches above the heads of all; for it is the crown of monarchs, the diadem of the Lord's anointed. It watches over the preservation of those who carry it, and the victims of its vengeance are as the sands of the sea." Then adopting a more elevated style, they sang:—

"Like that portion of the offering consecrated to the Eternal, which a pontiff raises upon his altars, the sword drawn from the scabbard, flashes in our hands and menaces the heads of our enemies. In the day of terror, when the brave seek a refuge from danger, our bared arms encounter the fight. As flourishes the vine, watered by the rains of heaven, so doth our sword bathed in the blood of its victims. It passes over the earth with the velocity of lightning; it takes its flight, and the same instant beholds it alight upon the head of our enemies."

When both parties had thus spoken, the Sword and the Pen stepped forward to assert their rights in person. "It is I," said the Sword, "who inspire the brave with courage and strength; it is I, from whom the vultures and lion's whelps expect their nourishment. While I exist, they will experience neither hunger nor thirst; for I feed them with the flesh of heroes, and I make them drunken with the blood of the bravest warriors. How can the Pen, which my fires consume, which I tread under my feet, compare itself with me? How can a frail half-broken reed, like the bramble and the nettle, have the audacity to contend for rank with me? Should my arm touch it in the slightest manner, it will break; the wind hath breathed upon, and not a trace of it remains."

"Truth hath come out of thy mouth;" replied the Pen, "all that thou hast said is just. Yes; it is thou, who sheddest blood, thou art known by thy violence and cruelty. Ah! what blood hast thou spilt! how many innocents hast thou murdered! From the first day of thy



existence thou hast never ceased to depopulate the earth, to fill its recesses with carcasses, to separate children from their fathers, and to tear them from the bosom of their mothers. If by thy strength thou prevailest against me, learn that it is not in my strength that my power consists, but in the spirit which animates me. With what countenance canst thou compare thyself with me? I am a man of a pure and spotless life, who dwelleth in tents; thou! thou art a vagabond who makest thy dwelling in deserts; thou hast for thy retreat precipitous mountains, rocks inhabited by the chamois, a bed dug by the torrent, or the obscurity of gloomy and antique forests. Whosoever beholdeth thee, hasteneth to flee: my aspect, on the contrary, inspires joy; my society, full confidence. Thou art regarded as a contaminated man, whose touch is contagious, as a wretch proscribed and banished from civilized society. Robbers, and wicked people—men who have sinned from their mother's womb—are the only mortals who seek thy company. As for me, no wicked man is received in my dwelling; the sinner hath no share of my fellowship; he dare not even raise his eyes upon me. He who walks in the path of innocence is alone worthy to serve me; I am found only in the hands of the virtuous. I receive the homage of the first of mankind; monarchs have no secrets from me; it is by my ministry that their intentions are fulfilled; and, when I am with the king of kings in the midst of his temple, thou art not permitted to approach!"

"Thy boastings," replied the Sword, "and the lies which thou utterest, merit no answer. Ask only the ancient days which preceded thy existence. They will answer and teach thee, that it is by my assistance that the king triumphs over those who rise against him, reduces rebels to obedience, subdues his enemies, and the traitors who would cast off his yoke. Fortified towers, ramparts, and citadels, are conquered only by me. It is I to whom the king owes the preservation of his power; but for the terror which I excite, his grandeur could not be maintained one moment. I preserve him from his oppressors, I send my terrors before him, I overwhelm those who attack him, all the cohorts of his enemies, and all the people with whom he wages war; at the sight of the sword, with which his hand is armed, who among them can remain firm?"

When the Pen heard the discourse so full of haughtiness and disdain, which the Sword directed against him, he addressed to him the following verses:—

'I am mute, but when I assemble my armies, I make the fiercest men  
' tremble at my words. My discourses are the ornament of the head of  
' kings; my excellent parables are the joy of hearts. It is I, whom the  
' Eternal employed to trace the Ten Commandments which he gave on  
' Mount Horeb, that they might be the inheritance of his people. When  
' the sword is raised, I unfurl my standard above its heads. On the  
' day in which it dare measure itself with me, I remain erect, and it falls  
' prostrate at my feet.'

"When I had heard this eloquent discourse," says Herman Ezrachi, "I wrote the words on the tablet of my heart; I engraved them with a point of iron. I passed many days with him; many hours and years elapsed in joy and pleasure, to the moment when time wounded me with the arrow of separation, and severed me from the milk of his company."

## SONNETS, BY EDWARD MOXON, Esq.

WORDSWORTH, of all men who have graced our age,  
 Whether the muse they served, or in the state  
 Stood at the helm, or in cathedral sate,  
 Or judge's chair, or yet adorned the page  
 Heroic deem'd, surpassing those of yore  
 Who shone at Poitiers, Cressy, Agincour !  
 None have like thee from unknown sources brought  
 The light of truth, the feeling, and the thought  
 Dwelling in humblest things ; the human heart  
 Thou hast ennobled ; and enlarged the spheres  
 Of our perceptions, giving them a part  
 In all that breathes ; nor stone, nor flower appears,  
 Whether in fields or hills retired and holy,  
 For thy all comprehensive mind too lowly.



WRITTEN IN THE PERE LA CHAISE, ON THE SPOT WHERE MARSHAL NEY  
 IS BURIED.

WHAT ! neither flower nor cypress on thy grave,  
 While all around a hallowed garden blooms ;  
 And piety low bends among the tombs,  
 Watering with tears the earth she could not save ?  
 But not so sleeps the " bravest of the brave ;"  
 The Hero of a hundred battles ; gory  
 Though be the shroud he lies in, yet nor wave,  
 Nor storm, nor time, can e'er efface the story  
 Of his high deeds. Be satisfied, great shade !  
 No epitaph thou need'st, or marble heap :  
 Thee Chivalry her gallant son hath made ;  
 And History of thee much store will reap.  
 What need of monument, or tomb array'd,  
 When ev'n the stranger comes, o'er thee to weep ?

## BETWEEN DECKS.

“ Now for a jolly evening!—our watch don’t come yet these two hours. Bill, nick off the cabbage end of your mutton, and hand us over the grog :—that’s all right! Send us over a little of the baccar, too, if you’ve got any beside ye ;—my clay runs short of its lading : thankee ! Who’ll sing us a song ?” cried one of the group of bronzed seamen, gathered closely around a mess table, on which were disposed no end of conveniences for drinking ;—pipes, tobacco-stoppers, and boxes, half-burnt papers, &c. &c.

“ I’d sing a song,” returned another, “ only my voice is a little out of horder, and besides you’ve had all my stock of songs over and over. But mine’s the right sort of singing when I’m in the way of it—an’t it, boys ? and I makes no bones over it, and that’s better.”

“ You never larnt ?” inquired a neighbour.

“ Larnt !—larnt what ?”

“ How to sing.”

“ How to sing?—devil a bit ! it all comed by natur ! My mother was a precious good hand at a song, and some of her talent has comed down to me. Like father, like son, you know, an old saying, and I don’t see why like mother like son should’nt be one, too. Her father was an innkeeper ;—a very ’spectable kind o’ person,—worth plenty of blunt, had kept house for a matter o’ twenty year—and he got lots of custom to his place, by squatting her in the tap-room, and letting her sing of an evening to the visitors. She singed what they call Bacchanally songs, and trolled ’em out so deuced well, that all those what heard her, listened with such relish, that they drank like fishes, and spent all their coppers like so many kings. Many and many’s the half-crown my mother’s put into her father’s pocket. He wouldn’t let her marry, though there was plenty of tugging at him for her, because why?—because she kept the chink going at the bar, and drewed more drinkers to the Adam and Eve,—that was the sign of the house, you know,—than all the other public-houses in the street, could get together. The voice had been in the family, on the mother’s side, a long time ; her mother’s maiden name was *Nightingale*—perhaps that was one of the reasons for it.”

“ It might have been,” cried one of the speaker’s neighbours, “ for sometimes people’s names wonderfully agrees with their employments. I knowed a lawyer’s clerk once at Truro, and his name was Clutchem ; the schoolmaster said he was born for the perfession ; and his parents thought so, too, for they put him ’prentice to one in their town.”

“ Well ! I says,” cried another, “ that some of you had better sing us a song, or tell us a story. Bob Wilkins says he can’t sing, and you know, he’s our Appolyou, and so”——

“ Appolyou !—what’s an Appolyou ?”

“What’s an Appolyou!—’Tan’t a *thing*, man; he was a human creatur’. A God, what singed and fiddled, a thousand—ay! two thousand year ago.”

“And do you call me a God?” said Bob Wilkins; “perhaps you mean that this Appolyou was the God of singing.”

“Bob, you’re as sharp as a needle. Appolyou was the God of *music*, you know, and singing and music are nigh hand the same thing.”

“I say, Bill!” whispered one of the group on the opposite side of the table, to his immediate neighbour, “Hard-fist’s been reading a book!”

“A strange book to talk about *Gods*,” was the reply. “I thought there was only one.”

“If nobody ’ll sing,” said a third, who had hitherto puffed in meditative silence, looking alternately at each speaker, “I’ll tell you a story; (knocking the ashes out of his pipe,) and it shall be a true story. We’ve had lately enough *friction* to last us our life-time. Who wotes for my story? Those who says ay! hold up their hands, and those who says no! keep them down. That’s a strait-forred way of doin’ business. So!—let us see! what! five up, and three down. Carried—*crim. con.* by George!”

“Slip off!” cried two or three, swilling down the grog, and again looking out for their pipes.

“Well!—give us the licker. I can’t talk till I’ve just moistened my throat a little.” The speaker, whose name was William Duncan, took the readily proffered goblet, and gulped down half a pint, by moderate computation. He stopped suddenly, however, in the draught, and breathing hard, said, holding all the time the beverage within an inch of his lips—“Some people thinks,—it’s just comed into my head,—that this here bump was brought into the throat by Adam—the man, you know, what was put into a garden, and—and—had Eve along with him”—

“Ay!—ay! we know,” ejaculated all.

“Well! some says that the apple that he eat, that Eve gived him, sticked in his throat, and there it has been ever since. What d’ye think? d’ye think it’s likely?”

“It was the devil that gived it to Eve, wasn’t it,” suggested Bob Wilkins.

“The devil?—no!—doesn’t it say in the scripturs, it was a sarpent?”

“A sarpent!” cried Bob. “Ho!—ho! that’s a jolly good ’un. I’ve heard she was *persuaded* to take it, and whoever heard of a sarpent’s having a voice?”

The laugh ran mightily against the wight who had mentioned the serpent.

“Well! that’s neither here nor there,” interrupted the promised story-teller. “It might have been the devil, or it might have been the sarpent; at all events, Adam eat the apple, core and all; and, according to the pop’lar varsion of the story, paid for it by not having it altogether to digest. Now, what I wants to know is, whether you think it likely that his eating the apple caused this here bump in the throat?”

“Why, look ye here!” returned another, very gravely swaying himself backwards and forwards in his seat, as if he was labouring to get out something extremely profound,—“the devil gave the apple to Eve, and we know the devil’s very wicked:—now, if the devil’s very wicked,

it's not likely he would bear any good will to Adam;—if it's not likely he bore any good will to Adam, he would not have tried to do him any good;—if he wouldn't have tried to do him any good, and gave the apple, it's plain the apple must be intended to do mischief:—now, if the apple was intended to do mischief, it's plain the apple wasn't good to eat, and if the apple wasn't good to eat, the apple couldn't go down, and if the apple couldn't go down, it must have sticked in Adam's throat; and the end of it is, that if the apple sticked in his throat, as there wasn't no doctors in those days, and it couldn't be *distracted*, there it must have sticked to everlasting:—and that's the reason we've got it now;—and there's plenty of logic for ye."

"Logic!—what's logic?"

"What I'se been talking—it's the putting a thing in a conwincing point o' view; so, there you've got it all now, and tip me over the grog and some baccar."

"Are you conwincid, Bob?"

"Yes, I suppose I am;—an't you?"

"Not altogether. This logic may be all very fine, but I'm blowed if I understand it. Howsomever, we're certain that Adam eat the apple, and we suppose that it sticked in his throat. Come, now for the story."

"Well, boys!" cried Duncan, "it was about a matter o' ten year ago, that I sailed for a cruise of fifteen months, in the *Firedrake*, a bran-new, beautiful-going, thirty-six gun frigate. By George! but she *was* a beauty;—I fancy I've got her now in my eye;—all sail set,—decks to the wind,—starboard tack,—bowling along like a witch, as she was,—water hissing up at her bows,—green ripples flashing all about her,—and her streamers flacking aloft, like trains o' fire. I was young at the time—that is, younger than I am now——"

"That's deucedly certain!" cried Bob.

"Hold ye'r jaw, Bob—and as merry and happy as the day was long. Many's the watch I've held on her decks, with the moon a blinking above, and the water flopping below, the wind sighing through the cordage, and sights o' dolphins sporting about, poor things! all looking as merry as crickets. Many's the good story I've heard aboard her; such as 'ud make you crack your sides with laughing; and many's the jolly song we've sent to the clouds of a quiet night—but I am getting a little out of my reckoning. Well! we cut across the Atlantic in glorious style, sometimes hard down with a burst of bad weather, and sometimes slap becalmed—sails like rags—sea like glass. But, on the whole, we had a very pleasant voyage; no end of amusements aboard us;—by the bye, bless'd if we didn't get up a play!—upon my soul, we did, and I was the *Fair Penitent*, though I didn't make a very good hand at it; and our boatswain was a feller in it, that they call *Coragio*, or *Boragio*, or *summut* like that. Well, more o' that another time. We got to our cruising-ground all in health and spirits, and began to look about us; but we hadn't much work. Now and then, perhaps, a tail of a gale would take us, and oblige us to take in some of our wings; but they generally didn't last long, and we had the old *row time*, as they call it, of our sarvice to go over agin. We overhauled a few merchant brigs, and so on; sometimes we let 'em go, 'cause there wasn't much to keep them for, aboard 'em; and sometimes we kept 'em for prizes, and had 'em con-

demned. Well, the time passed on sleepily, like this, for seven of the fifteen months, and we began to look forred for the time o' being relieved. Not having much to do, a good many of our men took to fishing;—good sport we had sometimes, catching all manner on 'em, good, bad, and indiff'rent. Well, one day—'twas a precious fine un—I remember it very well, the sun was up above, all flaring as hot as possible; the sea looked so shiny that we could scarcely bear to look at it, and it was so dreadful close, that all on deck got quite drowsy. I, and another man, named Tim Dowling—by the bye, he was a bit of an Irishman; at least, his father and his mother was Irish; they kept a crockery shop at Cork, very 'spectable people: Tim's grandfather had a post in the excise, with good wages, and now and then a good deal of condemned wares;—pass us the grog, will ye, Bob?—well, as I was saying, Tim Dowling an' I—he was a short, sturdy-looking chap, with a devil of a brogue—was a stretching over the starboard bulwark, with what we called our haggling-rods in our bands, and a bit of sheep's heart apiece on the hooks. I said afore, that the day was very sultry. Well, I was a shutting my eyes, and feeling a little inclined to snooze, and Tim was a going off in downright arnest. By and by, out slipped his rod out of his hand, and over he fell!—Ay! right overboard, by George!—But I forgot to tell ye he had lost one of his pins;—the larboard one it was—and wear'd a wooden one. I'll tell you how it was: he happened to fall in a gale from the fore-yard, when he'd been sent up to help in taking in a reef: the doctor spliced it as well as he could,—a clever feller he was, too—I could tell you a dozen *antidotes* of what wonderful things he did; but a inflammation comed on, and nothing could be done, but it must be lopped off; so—but I'm steering a little wide, a'nt I?—Let's see! Where did I leave off?"

"Why, you'd just got him overboard."

"Ay!—now I've got it. Well, Tim fell smack over, and a devil of a fuss there was aboard when I sung out. I cocked my eye over the bulwark, and what should I see, but a perdigious great shark, rising up out of the deep water, and making way directly for poor Tim. Poor devil! he screamed like I don't know what. Down went the swings of the jolly through the davit-blocks, and the crew pulled hard out for him, for by this we had made some way, and he had drifted astarn. They warn't in time, for the shark had got hold of his leg;—but it was the *wooden one*, though, and master shark had no soft morsel. He looked as if he couldn't make out for all the world what he'd got in his throat. Well! the shark tugged at Tim's pin, and the boat's crew tugged at Tim, till there was such splashing and haggling in the water never was seen. You never seed such fun. But they got him at last aboard, and he began to beat about with his tail, like a fury. A hatchet soon brought him to his senses, and after Tim had been brought aboard again, and the boat was runned up, we had leisure to cut him open, and see what was inside. A mighty fine feller he was, indeed! I don't know how many feet long. We found inside, a *boat's rudder*, a *straw hat*, a *baccer-box*, a *spirit-flask*, a *sugar-box*, *compass*, and *beer-barrel*; all in a very undejected state. We got off his skin, and threwed him overboard; and there's my story."

"Talking of falling overboard," said Bob Wilkins, as William Duncan resumed his pipe, and began to smoke vehemently, "puts me in

mind of a gallows good story that I knows myself for a fac'. When I was aboard the Dry-head, 40, Captain Trunnion, there was a fo'castle man named Ned Curtis, a very good feller, and one what tooked all things very easily. I remember once he fell much in the way as your man did, Duncan, only he was in a worse perdicament, as the sea was running high, and we was making good way. The captain jumped to the side, "Hillo, Curtis!" says he, "is that you overboard?" "Ay, ay, sir!" singed out Curtis. "Forward there! down with a boat—quick—a man's overboard!" cried the skipper. "No hurry, sir," said Curtis, "take ye'r time; I feels very comfortable." But Ned wasn't left to feel himself comfortable very long: he was soon hauled in, and set again on his pins on deck. Well! we was lying snug enough off Havant, and this Ned Curtis had a wife; a strapping craft, broad in the beam, with a high starn, and very bluff in the bows;—enough to have made five on him. She was a taller-chandler's daughter, and Ned had taken a fancy to her, when he was passing by her house, when she was down below in a cellar on a melting-day, looking at the men. Ned happened to leer down, and she happened to leer up, just at one moment, and it was a slap shot o' both sides; so he stopt, and not knowing well how to get another sight on her, walked into the shop, and asked the price of tens dips. He bought a pound on 'em, and dallied about the shop, waiting to see if she'd come up, taking a long time in forking out the blunt, and another long time in counting it, and passing the change into his starboard locker, and another long time in looking at piles of soap, tin things full of oil, and papers o' starch. But at last up com'd the young 'oman, looking as red as the field in a marchant-man's bunting. Somehow or 'nother they all scraped acquaintance, and after a little conversation forred, they bore up for the parlour, and cast anchor round the fire; Ned was at that time jolly good company, so I don't wonder that he made his way among em: he'd ha' done it with Old Nick—he'd got such a confounded insiniwatin way with him. Well! the short and the long of it is, that they was spliced, and she used to come, and stay a week or two aboard, sometimes, along with him. They lived very comfortably together: she was of a 'commodating temper, and he was of a light-hearted, and pleasant, and yielding disposition; so they got on famously, and was, as the second leeftenant used to say, a pattern of *connubural facility*; never having many breezes, and keeping, generally speaking, very fair weather atween them. She was a little fond o' drink, to be sure! but that warn't no great harm, as every body's got their failings, and a taste o' grog is very comfortable sometimes, as we all knows. Howsomedever, I'm steering a little wide. Well, one day she was a leaning out o' one of the weather bow-ports, a draining the water from a pot o'atoes, and the craft giving a heel over, she was fairly chucked overboard. A precious scream she giv'd when she found herself a tumbling up; all on the deck was in fine commotion, and Ned com'd running up, quite flubbergasted; he runs to the port, and looks over. But all wa'nt no use;—the poor 'oman swimm'd like lead, and down she was, afore you could say "Jack Robinson!" "Shiver my timbers!" cries he, slapping his hand agin his forehead, "if she hasn't gone over with the key of the tea caddy! Bless'd if I musn't break it open!" That's a fac', cause I heer'd it. BILL ROGERS.

Late H. M. S. "Fire-Fly."

## A DAY AT COWPER'S TOMB.

ON FIRST SEEING DEREHAM CHURCH, WHERE THE POET IS INTERRED.

BENEATH the shadow of yon ancient tower,  
 Asleep in death, while many are not old  
 Who saw the passing of thy funeral hour,  
 Thou restest—all thy griefs at length controll'd.  
 The stranger witnesses this sylvan slope,  
 These roofs half hid, and yet he heeds them not ;  
 Or heeding, is not stricken with the hope  
 Of meeting aught uncommon in this spot :  
 Yet here, hereafter, oft shall virtues come,  
 In willing pilgrimage, to view the shrine  
 Of one, who oft struck erring genius dumb,  
 And bid her, rob'd in purity, outshine.  
 Here, till reward is given to the just,  
 The bones of Cowper moulder into dust.

ON THE POET'S INFIRMITIES.

How delicate those links which form the chain  
 Of human reason, and how quickly marr'd !  
 For, if too fine and sensible, how vain  
 The hope the chain unbroken can be spar'd.  
 A man in age—the child of fancy—weaves—  
 Though mouldering still—garlands of fresh hope,  
 Until the cold world blights them all, and leaves  
 Him madly in despondency to grope.  
 Ill-fated bard ! full dearly didst thou pay  
 For thy blest gift of gentle poesy ;  
 Ah, who would covet its divinest ray,  
 If, for possession, this the price must be ?—  
 But surely they who hastily infer  
 Religion *caus'd* thy madness—greatly err.

ON NOTICING, AT THE POET'S TOMB, THAT " THE TASK " RESTS AGAINST  
 " THE HOLY BIBLE," BOTH BEING ENWREATHED WITH AN OLIVE BRANCH.

HAPPY the man whose writings all shall lean,  
 As thine, upon the Bible for support ;  
 He need not weep, though they, as thine have been,  
 Become of ribald mockery the sport.  
 Old Time shall reverence them, and when his scythe  
 Is rais'd to cut their memories away,  
 His nerveless arm, for booty ne'er more lithe,  
 Shall drop, unable to make them his prey.  
 Thrice be the gratitude of all the good,  
 Who travel after thee on life's rough path ;  
 Of grace full many a promising young bud  
 Through thee may ripen into holy faith ;  
 Thy dark despair may cause their own to cease,  
 And prove to them the olive-branch of peace.



## STANDING ON THE POET'S TOMB.

HUNDREDS before me on thy grave have stood,  
 And idly read this marble-sculptured verse,  
 Then thoughtless passed into the buoyant flood  
 Of life, all gloomy feeling to disperse.  
 But I, when far away, will ponder long  
 On the mysterious waywardness of fate,  
 Which with thy spirit's energetic song  
 Did wed thy body's miserable state.  
 A little urn will hold all that man knows,  
 Entirely, of thyself; for what knows he  
 Save that thou sprang'st from dust;—thus spirit grows,  
 Unknown its essence, boundless as the sea;  
 We feel its influence, though removed to heaven,  
 Unsate the wonder how the spell is given.

ON HEARING A FAVOURITE MASS, BY MOZART, AFTER WRITING  
THE ABOVE.

THE pealing organ, in a solemn roll,  
 Gives echo to the tone my feelings take;  
 Two mighty spirits now entrance my soul,  
 A mystery within me to awake:  
 My heart beats quicker, and my nerves are brac'd  
 With thrilling rapture, which but few can tell,  
 Whom chance, or pure design, hath never plac'd  
 In sweet association with such spell.  
 O, there are moments when the wretched'st life  
 With ecstasy untold may be full fraught,  
 And the pleas'd spirit, in emotion rife,  
 To sweet oblivion of the body wrought;  
 And such a one, long lapse between, is this  
 Foretaste on earth of heaven's harmonious bliss.

## ON LEAVING THE TOMB.

AND I do turn me to the world again,  
 And to the petty troubles of my state:  
 Would I might do so without fear or pain!  
 But who can triumph o'er the wounds of fate?  
 It is not mine to wander as I list,  
 To seek with kindred natures intercourse;  
 The grief, which I did dream dismiss'd at this,  
 Back to its inmost fount this clay doth force;  
 But I have striven with it oft before,  
 And master'd then,—it shall be conquer'd now:  
 While viewing inwardly what I adore,  
 The world shall see no murmuring on my brow:  
 Ah me! how hard the current to divert,  
 Which, let to flow, may lead us to our hurt.

September, 1835.

THETA.

## PATRIOTIC SONGS OF SPAIN.

THE following specimens of Spanish Songs are offered as illustrations of the popular feeling on national subjects, rather than as finished productions of the modern Iberian muse. The translations are faithful transcripts of the sentiments expressed by the enthusiastic authors, and the spirit of the bard has been preserved as closely as an accurate and concise doing into English verse would permit. The manner in which the excited Spaniard pours forth his lyric rhapsody, must be an apology for crude language and doubtful taste, while the noble, and frequently sublime ideas which spring up amidst the weeds, demand our admiration and seize upon our sympathies. In Spain, every event is the subject of a song—not only of one song, but of a different one in every village; and if the odes which have been chaunted during the last tumultuous years of political and military struggle, were known to the literary world, Spain might perhaps claim as high a place in this prolific age of poetry, as her Garcilasso and Calderon obtained for her at an earlier period. The two songs, here presented to the public, are taken at hazard from a great variety on similar subjects, and from the dictation of exiles, who have felt the enthusiasm they breathe, and who have been engaged in the scenes they celebrate.

It has been the fashion for foreigners acquainted with the Spanish language, to turn their attention, almost exclusively, to what is called the golden age of Spanish literature, and to exhaust their admiration on the feeble, though highly-finished and Italianized, pastorals of the age of Charles V. Recently, indeed, a search has been made further back, and a volume of chivalric ballads has been produced, although with moderate success. But, as yet, the rich mines of this present century have been little explored, and few people are acquainted with the tragedies, poems, and biography of Quintana, or even with the inimitable comedies of Moratin; although in Quintana's Odes on Trafalgar, and on the Invention of Printing, there are as free flights of lyric poetry as may be met with in the wonderful productions of our day and nation. Spain, however, when she has cast off the load of tyranny and misfortune which weighs her down, will introduce herself and her literature more forcibly to the observation of Europe. In the meantime, these unpolished rhymes are merely intended as curiosities for the inspection of a nation which has, in vain, expended its inestimable blood and treasure to preserve that liberty, in praise of which they abound. Of this the English reader may be assured, that their sentiments are infused in the hearts' blood of the rising generation of Spaniards, and that scenes are preparing which will try the purity of its tint.

## CANCION PATRIOTICA.

Cortad ninfas lauros  
De vuestro jardin,  
Ya vuestros amantes  
Guerreros decid,

## PATRIOTIC SONG.

Pluck, maidens, a crown of the green  
laurel tree—  
A gift for your lovers the wreath shall  
be.

“ Quereis merecer nos  
Lograr nuestro ‘ si,’  
Venced en amores  
Venced en la lid.

And tell them—“ Our hands are the  
warrior’s right—  
He conquers in love, who shall conquer  
in fight !

“ Si corona y besos  
Quereis conseguir,  
Y de nuestros lazos,  
El nudo feliz,  
Del Frances aleve  
Triumfantes venid,  
Puos vence en amores  
Quien vence en la lid.

“ Would he win the fresh braid, would  
he taste of the kiss,  
Would he mingle with us in the bond-  
age of bliss?  
The trophies of Gaul let him wave in our  
sight—  
For to conquer in love, he must conquer  
in fight.

“ Dela gloria al templo  
Suvirejs asi ; alli  
Nombre eterno  
Y eterno vivir  
El guerrero goza,  
Tambien goza alli,  
De nuestros amores  
Quien vence en la lid.

“ The Temple of Fame shall receive  
him, and there  
A column eternal his titles shall bear !  
But his lady shall yield him a dearer  
delight—  
The guerdon of love for the glories of  
fight !

“ Partid heroes, hijos  
De Cortes, del Cid,  
Vuestra insignia sea  
Vencer ó morir ;  
Y de nuestros ansias  
Id, seguros, id,  
Pues vence en amores,  
Quien vence en la lid.”

“ March, sons of the Cid and of Cortes—  
on high  
Wave the words of your banner, ‘ to  
conquer or die !’  
Our prayers and our hopes with your  
valour unite—  
For the victor in love must have van-  
quished in fight.”

CANCION EN LOOR DE LA  
BATALLA DEBAYLEN.

BATTLE OF BAYLEN.

*Coro.*

*Chorus.*

Venid vencedores  
De la patria honor  
Recivid el premio  
De vuestro valor.

Victors, in battle tried  
By many a valiant deed—  
Approach—your country’s pride,  
And take your country’s meed !

Tomad los laureles,  
Que habeis merecido,  
Los que os han rendido,  
Moncey y Dupont.

Your brows with laurel shade,  
A wreath your valour won,  
When ye snatch’d the glorious braid  
From Moncey and Dupont ;

Vosotros, que fieles  
Habeis acudido,  
Al primer gemido  
De nuestra opresion.

Ye faithful to your land,  
Who heard her cry of grief,  
And grasped, with ready hand,  
Your swords for her relief!

Venganza os llamava  
Del sangre inocente,  
Alzasteis la frente,  
Que jamais temio ;  
Y al ver os, los Dueños  
De tantas conquistas,  
Huyen como aristas  
Que el viento arollo.

From guiltless blood, when wide  
The voice of vengeance rose,  
Ye reared your front of pride,  
That never quailed to foes !  
The lords of conquered Spain,  
From the flashing of your eye,  
Fled, like chaff along the plain,  
When the breeze drives lightly by.

Vos, de una mirada  
Que echasteis al cielo,  
Parasteis al vuelo  
Del aquila audaz ;  
Y al polvo arrojasteis  
Con iras vizarras  
Las alas y garras  
Del ave rapas.

The blasting look ye threw,  
When ye turned to heaven your sight,  
Might the eagle's rage subdue,  
As he tower'd in his flight,  
And in the dust, at length,  
Your fiercer anger's flame  
Could cast his winged strength,  
His savage talons, tame.

Son a vuestros plantas,  
Alfombra serena,  
Laureles de Iena,  
Palmas de Austerlitz,  
Son cantos de gloria  
Volver los cautivos  
Sus gritos altivos,  
En llante infeliz.

Wreaths at your feet are strewn,  
A carpet broad and bright,  
Of Austerlitz the crown,  
And Jena's fatal fight.  
Your songs of triumph flow,  
The captives answer not,  
But change from scorn to woe,  
And weep their hapless lot.

Llegad ya provincias  
Que valeis naciones,  
Ya vuestros pendones  
Deslumbran al sol ;  
Palido el tirano, tiembla,  
Y sus legiones  
Muerden los Teronnes  
Del suelo Español.

Each province in the fray,  
Might cause a nation's wail,  
When their ensigns hid the day,  
As they flung them to the gale.  
The pallid tyrant shook,  
When his dying legions round,  
The last possession took,  
They may hold on Spanish ground.

Gloria ó flor del Betis,  
Que haveis bien probado  
El brio heredado  
Del suelo natal ;  
Que alli sin cultivo  
Crece, y selevanta  
Del triunfo la planta  
La oliva immortal.

Hail, Betis ! to thy bold—  
How well their deeds disclose  
The heirs of valour old,  
On their native soil that rose.  
There, triumph's plant in birth  
Is unconstrain'd and free—  
From rich uncultur'd earth  
Springs the deathless olive-tree.

Gloria ó valeroso  
 Del solar Manchego  
 O cuan bello riego  
 Dais a vuestra mies!  
 Los surcos se vuelven,  
 Sepulcro á Tiranos,  
 Sangrientos los granos,  
 Se mecen despues.

Gloria ó flor del Turia,  
 De marte centellas,  
 Pues vivos como ellas,  
 Al campo volais ;  
 La hueste enemiga  
 Rompeis imprevistos,  
 Y ápenas sois vistos  
 Victoria cantais.

Y en tanto en el Ebro,  
 Los pechos son muros,  
 Que atienden seguros  
 " Morir ó vencer ;"  
 Siempre el sol los halla  
 Lidiando con gloria  
 Siempre con victoria  
 Los dexa a el caer.

O que hermosos vienen,  
 Su porte cuan fiero,  
 Qual brilla el acero  
 Qual suena el arnes.  
 Estos son guerreros  
 Valientes y bravos,  
 Y no son esclavos  
 Del yugo Frances.

Ninfas vengan lauros,  
 Frescos, verdes bellos,  
 Enjugad con ellos  
 Tan noble sudor ;  
 Ni olvideis la oliva,  
 Que es planta gloriosa,  
 Ni aun alguna rosa  
 Que os brinde el amor.

Hail to Manchego's power !  
 All hail, illustrious band,  
 Who bathe in hostile gore  
 The crops that load your land !  
 The gaping furrows seem  
 A tomb for tyrant trench'd,  
 Where the floating harvest's gleam  
 In a bloody tide is quench'd.

Hail, Turians! void of fear !  
 Ye sparks of martial flame ;  
 For your valour blazed as clear,  
 When ye sought the field of fame ;  
 You scatter'd wide the foe,  
 As you suddenly dashed on,  
 And he scarce exchanged a blow  
 Ere the victory was won.

Hail, band from Ebro's wave !  
 Your breasts, a rampart wall,  
 Waited, heedless of the grave,  
 To conquer or to fall.  
 The sun your deeds beheld,  
 When his beams awoke the day,  
 And the enemy was quelled,  
 Ere his light had passed away.

How beautiful their line,  
 As they proudly march to war !  
 How their burnished weapons shine,  
 And their harness rings from far.  
 Each by his gallant mien,  
 A warrior bold and brave,  
 And not a man, I ween,  
 To the Gallic yoke a slave.

Ye maids ! bring laurel boughs,  
 Fresh, green, and fair to see,  
 And wipe their weary brows,  
 Where the drops are rising free.  
 Forget not ample wreaths,  
 From the glorious olive-grove,  
 Nor the opening rose, that breathes  
 The blushing pledge of love.

## ON BORES.

No. 2.

—  
 “ Many men  
 Are cradled into poetry from wrong—  
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”—SHELLEY.  
 —

THAT which the “ self-torturing sophist,” Rousseau, observed of the Genoese, we may justly apply to the world in general—“ they will never forgive the benefits which we have conferred upon them.” They envy us the fame which we shall acquire—the blessings which will be showered on our name—the glory which will encircle us like a halo. Why is this, ungrateful world? “ Why do you use me thus? I have loved thee ever.” Have we not disclaimed all right and title to honours—emoluments—votive offerings, and public rewards—all the pride of pomp, of public dinners, commemorative medals, and titular distinctions? Yes: let us live in obscurity—“ wrestle with our lot,” as best we may; and when we shall “ shuffle off this mortal coil,” be there raised no sculptured cenotaph to perpetuate our memory—but let there be chiselled on our tomb this simple epitaph—“ HIC JACET THE HISTORIAN OF THE BORES.” We trust this egotism will be pardoned: these remarks have been wrung from us by the persecution which we have suffered—the misery of a whole life has been concentrated within this “ little month”—those now have bored who never bored before, and those who always bored now bore the more. But we have strung ourselves to the task, “ as hardy as the Nemean lion’s nerve,” and will proceed, “ in spite of thunder.” Let us, “ without more circumstance at all,” introduce to the notice of the world—

## CHAP. I.—MUSICAL BORE.

“ The music breathing from his face.”—BYRON.

“ Give me excess of it.”—SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Apollo Viotti Skeggins—for in that euphonious appellation he revels and luxuriates (though there be those who allege that the parish register bears the more humble patronymic of Paul Wyatt)—was born on—but what matter when or where he was born. That he was born, is all that concerns this history; and of that fact we should think there are few so hardy as to dispute. Even from his boyish days—nay, from earliest infancy—Viotti gave decided indications of that excessive relish for music which has been such a fruitful source of discord to his friends ever since. It is recorded of Mozart, that when he was engaged as organist at some church in Germany, his voluntary at the conclusion of the service had the effect of rivetting and enchaining the congregation to their seats, instead of what is technically called, “ playing them out.”

In like manner, it is said that the soothing melody of his nurse's "Hushaby, Baby," had the effect of keeping little Apollo in a state of waking watchfulness, instead of lulling him into "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" and it is stated, on authority which we should be sorry to doubt, that, on Mrs. Skeggins the elder, his grandmother, presenting him with a silver-gilt coral, he absolutely inverted the order of nature; for he could not be made to comprehend the "Dulce et Utile" of the mineral; but applied himself, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, to the whistle which enriched its opposite end, whose piercing sounds seemed to lap his senses in Elysium. In the second stage of childhood, his love of sweet sounds appeared to gather a fresh vigour; it literally grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength: the gentle admonitions of his mother, and the "whips and scourges" of his father, were alike ineffectual in curbing his darling propensity. He would, "many a time and oft," leave his lesson—or yet more strange, his dinner—to follow the vilest sounds that ever were, by the utmost stretch of courtesy, denominated music. The newsman's horn was to him "more musical than is Apollo's lute;" and he was quite intoxicated with the liquid strains of "Drops of Brandy," with which the guard of the Regulator was wont to "salute the opening morn," at the town in which Skeggins resided. He cared no more for Punch than a member of the Temperance Society; but he would cry "Ha, ha!" at the trumpet which heralded his approach. And he has been observed to take a very deep and lively interest in the dispute as to whether the instrument which Punch is rather imperiously ordered to take away, is an "organ" or a "nasty bell." It is certain, that the celebrated fireman's dog was not a more constant attendant at a fire, than was Apollo, who would run hot-footed for miles to have the felicity of performing a concerto on the metallic tube of those mortal engines. "Tops" delighted him not, nor pop-guns either; but give him a drum or a penny trumpet, and he was yours for ever. We have never been able to gather any anecdotes of his school days, except that he once got well whipped because he chose to write "Dulce est *Mori*," instead of the well-known line, "Dulce est pro patria *Mori*:" the former he asserted was the more correct, and insisted that it referred to the well-known violinist and present leader of the Opera. The death of his father, before he (Viotti) had quite reached man—or rather boy-hood—to use his own words, "made him quite comfortable;" and coming, as he did, into the possession of a handsome fortune, he resolved to devote himself, body and soul, to the cultivation of the favourite passion of his soul. He shut himself up for six months with a professor of the French horn, to the acquisition of which instrument he did seriously incline; and though he talked about their living in great *harmony*, it is certain that they soon came to *blows*. However, be that as it may, at the expiration of that period he had mastered God save the King, with Variations, which rendered it a matter of some difficulty for its oldest acquaintance to recognise it (which, as he said, was as certain an indication of fine playing as obscurity of style is of fine writing); and one night he roused all his neighbours from their downy beds, by his masterly performance of "We're a' Noddin'," and "When Harmony wakens." The scene, by the bye, is immortalized by Buss, who by some lucky accident happened to be

among the spectators. Of every pursuit, save his favourite science, he is profoundly ignorant. History is to him nothing but an old music-book. Talk to him about reform, and he answers about Rossini; politics give place to Pasta; and although he cannot give you the title of any one act passed during the late session of Parliament, his memory bears a faithful record of every piece performed at the last Birmingham Musical Festival. We have said that he is profoundly ignorant—take this by way of illustration: happening to cast his eye on a bookseller's catalogue, stitched into the Harmonicon, and seeing a work called *VIRGILII OPERI*, he immediately gave orders for it, because, as he said, he had never heard of its performance in England, and had no doubt it would make a capital hit. He once looked into the Bible, and made a grand discovery: the psaltery, sackbut, and dulcimer, he could not understand—but he found the antiquity of the *serpent*, which, as he said, was bass, and very deep, from nearly the beginning of the world. It may perhaps be imagined, from what has been said, that at least Apollo possessed a fine taste for music. If we have conveyed such an impression, it is erroneous, and we beg to contradict it. In fact, his taste was quite Catholic, and he would even feed on garbage: the "sweetness long drawn out" of the bagpipe, whose playing "I th' nose"—we have it on Shakspeare's authority—makes some persons behave rather indelicately—would "take his reason prisoner;" and "All round my Hat," was an equally enchanting melody with, "Al Idea quel Metallo."

In our endeavour to convey some general notion of this Musical Bore, we have refrained from more than alluding to what we have suffered in his acquaintance; there is a species of humiliation in speaking of our own affliction, which to a proud mind is even less endurable than the affliction itself: like the Spartan youth, we may feel it devouring our very vitals, but we may not bear to enlarge upon our shame. We need only say, that we have known Apollo Skeggins even from his boyish years—that he has, from circumstances unnecessary to relate, had ever a constant access to us. Having said thus much, the world may form some trifling notion of the extent of our sufferings. He one night took his seat next us at the Opera, and fearful lest we should think he was a stranger to the beauties of "La Gazza Ladra," he has favoured us with a regular humming accompaniment to the music, which at "Di Piacer" was decidedly getting into a whistle, till recalled to a sense of decorum by a general hush and call for "silence." Then he was continually getting into quarrels with gentlemen who had not adopted the precaution of taking off their shoes in entering the sacred precincts of Fops' Alley; and was with difficulty persuaded from sending a cartel, "breathing hot defiance," to Count D'Orsay, because he chose to speak in something above a whisper to the Countess Blessington. He one night sat next us at the theatre; the play was "Hamlet;" the performance he bore with most exemplary patience—but word he spoke not, till Hamlet says that "Murder, though it hath no tongue, will speak with *most miraculous organ*;" on which Viotti whispered us, that he "should greatly like to hear it; he had heard the *organ* at Haarlem, which he thought the finest in the world, but he had no doubt that *this one* was a finer." He likewise pricked up his ears at the request of Hamlet to Guildenstern, to "play upon this pipe," and could not conceal his vast indignation at his



refusal. "The poor young fellow," he said, "seemed so much to wish it, and he was sure that the audience would be quite delighted."

"He is religious in it, and enters no church but such as possesses the finest organ. Does he travel? still is the "ruling passion" strong upon him—it is literally a "*Voyage Musicale*." The Plains of Marathon, and the Pass of Thermopylæ, awaken no responsive feeling in his breast; but he spent three days in determining the site of the Temple of Apollo. He thinks it a redeeming trait in the character of Nero, that while Rome was burning, instead of playing the engines, he played the fiddle; and had he lived some centuries ago, we should have had our suspicions that his were the hands which, according to Seutonius, "unseen strewed flowers on his tomb." He knows nothing of the extent, commerce, or antiquities, of the cities he has visited; but he knows to the greatest accuracy the admeasurement of the orchestras. He once journeyed into Scotland, and could get no further than *Fife*. Does he "take his ease at his inn," it is at the sign of the *Harp* or the *Horns*. In every window of his house, eolian harps waste their sweetness on the desert air; all his spoons are *fiddle*-headed, and his furniture *fluted*. In short, he thinks music—breathes music—lives music—and will doubtless, "swan like, die in music:" ay, and when the last trumpet shall sound its awful summons, we warrant, Apollo Skeggins will be found no laggard.

MAR. W——.

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### THE POET TO HIS LUTE.

OH, wake once more! though sad the strain,  
And trembling now the hand that flings  
Its timid fingers once again  
Across thy long-neglected strings.

For I have felt the withering power  
Of sorrow, since I heard thee last,  
And thou alone in this drear hour  
Art left to tell me of the past.

Oh, sad is now my lonely fate,  
For all I loved in life is fled;  
And I sit weeping, desolate,  
O'er cherished hopes now cold and dead.

And thou and I have long been parted,  
For 'mid the wreck of all below  
Thou couldst not heal the broken-hearted,  
Thou could'st but tell me of my woe.

The weeds that are my casement wreathing,  
Have turned around thy broken strings;  
And the wild wind across thee breathing  
Sighs like some wandering spirit's wings.

Yet wake once more! I would not have  
Thy once-loved tones for ever mute:  
Thou soon may'st wail above my grave,  
But I shall hear thee not, my lute.

\* \* \*

## ADVENTURES OF A SERENADER.

It was the latter end of a gloomy and cheerless June ; there had been, throughout the month, so many anachronisms in the weather, that all sage prognosticators had forsworn their barometers, and Moore's Almanack was scouted as a false prophet. But this sullenness of nature had at length been subdued ; and, as intricate discords in music frequently precede the most gentle and liquid melody, so in the harmony of the visible world, it seemed as if the year's sadness had passed away, and summer had come forth triumphantly, to perform her work of joy. I was escaping from the durance vile of a town life, and hastening to the green fields, of which I loved to babble, with a light and a happy heart. Few, indeed, can luxuriate in the freedom of soul, such as I then felt, if there have not been some previous restriction on its free agency, something to clip its wing in the loftiest flight of exultation, and remind it of the stale world which it must not entirely disregard. As I mounted the Aurora, light post coach, the vehicle seemed little inferior to the car of Phaeton. My good friends to the right and left, whose elbows gave me a palpable argument of their materiality, were deified in my eyes, as fellow wanderers to Elysium ; and even our portly charioteer, embowelled as he was in a professional Witney, and bearing in his speech some testimony of human extraction, appeared little less than a ministering angel ; of comely dimensions indeed, and not quite so ethereal as might be expected for gentlemen in that capacity. There is something, too, in the swift motion, by which we are hurried through the air, that seems to give our spirits a still more exquisite tone. I became, indeed, more and more enthusiastic, so that when our journey was completed, the common catastrophe of warm gin and water, or an abdication of one's boots, in favour of some household slippers with an illustrious pedigree, was bathos so profound, that human nature could not be reconciled to it ; however, as I had not the wishing cap of Fortunatus, nor a horse with wings at my disposal, that I might emigrate to one of last year's visible planets, or to that rascally Comet, which afterwards gave me the ophthalmia, I was e'en content to look unutterable things at the deserted grate, and ponder over a curious dilution of brandy. " Marvellous strange is it," thought I, " that the fashion of these things should be so much altered ; a man is not honest now-a-days, unless he gives up his romance for a table-spoonful of most equivocal liquor. The silent stars are fast losing their jurisdiction over adventurous knights-errant ; nor is it conceivable what Byron could have been dreaming about, when, in the feeling of antique times, he exclaimed ' The Devil's in the moon for mischief ;' and yet more strange, that people should go on in their perverse adherence to decorum and police regulations, although they sigh over the loves of Petrarch, and loiter in the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney ! Do they reverence the chivalry of those days, and yet willingly retreat from the condition of its heroes ? Can they listen to the

fond tales, and gaze at the beautiful forms, which history presents to them, and feel no disposition to emulate, in their own persons, those idols of song and deities of love? Methinks (and here I kicked down the fire-irons) it were well, if one, at least, could enjoy the inspiration which they have bequeathed to us. It were something, if the minstrels of lovely Provence might look down upon one of their fraternity, though detected on the unhallowed and unpoetical ground of Worcestershire!" It was enough. This climax was an exact antidote to the opinion that—

"Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,  
And great's thy danger, Vander Bruin."

I felt the aggregate soul of the Trouveurs and Troubadours rushing upon me, and so, without further deliberation, I threw down the Lady's Magazine for seventy-eight; omitted to kiss the bar-maid, thereby losing all credit as an orthodox traveller, and, according to my wont, in "our own country," stole my guitar from the case which inclosed it, and sallied forth from the inn. It was a night of peculiar beauty, for creation was clothed with smiles, to greet the return of truant zephyrs, and dilatory summer; the heavens were slumbering in their own peculiar luxury of repose, and I might have believed, from the quiet character of the scene, that the fair spectacle was unsullied by the observation of any other eye than my own. And in addition to the congeniality of such a night, with the curious state of my mind, there was a delicious intricacy in the arrangement of the little streets which I was parading, so that I might fancy I had lost my way, without doing my conscience any violent outrage. In fact, I accomplished this desirable object, by strolling far and wide, before I commenced any attack; and, that I might not pay undue attention to the route pursued, my serenading tactics were episodically brought into play, by first mustering my whole artillery of canzonets, and then selecting a piece of ground, where they might be exercised. "Wake, dearest, wake," and "Oh! come to me," were called out for active service; a light cannonade was to be directed from an able-bodied collection of Spanish airs, and I began to practise the French "u" for several melodies wherein that efficient vowel occurred. Shortly, I marked a building of some promise, which retired a good way from the road-side, and determined to take up my position on an elevated bank which looked obliquely towards the house, so as to have a sufficient view of any Dulcinea who might present herself, and yet be shielded, from the cruelty of her eyes, under an ash which trembled around it. I felt the importance of my situation, and looked at the moon, moved forward, and as the strings of my instrument brushed accidentally against the leaves through which it passed, I felt a secret qualm as the notes stole out, and the ear of night was assaulted ominously by the sound of—A flat! Should I retreat or stand my ground? It was a pusillanimous question, and I decided like a Wellington! I was then at the foot of the sloping bank; my left thumb had resolutely assumed its post for immediate operations. I fetched a deep sigh, (alas! it was not for the purpose of clearing my throat), ascended the little hillock, and then—the gamut! Every incident of that evening clings tenaciously to my recollection. I remember, that the first essay of my musical powers was in an elegant Italian waltz, to which I had

adapted words in character with the occasion. I remember, too, the quavers which my voice was pleased to insert ever and anon, more from lack of steadiness, than abundance of execution. And, most of all, I remember that I languished through one well-approved Irish melody, three serenades, and the better half of Sola's volume, with no effect. And yet there were lights in some of the rooms, and the moon would have exhibited any apparition in those apartments which were in darkness. I gazed and quavered—looked and sighed; then marched nearer to the house—fancied there was something in an upper window, and then scampered back again. This mode of warfare did not, however, long continue. Euterpe, Clio, or some of those accomplished females aided my courageous efforts, and in another moment, some moving thing did verily appear. How I palpitated! how I bellowed! The divinity or what not, (for I could see nothing but a white outline, very beautiful, no doubt) still listened, and I launched into "Di Piacer." Nothing could be more prosperous. My tenor notes, generally of a mongrel description, exerted themselves very vigorously; and I had proceeded into the 'bowels of the song without impediment', till I arrived at the dubious "che faro?" when, as if the seraphim in the third story understood Italian, my eyes were straightway greeted by the waving of some "pendant flag, or pocket handkerchief," provoking a nearer approach.

It were difficult, now, to say with what specific feelings I welcomed this invitation. That a resolution to accept it, was not instantly taken, cannot be denied. Something of doubt and wonder started up in my mind. I felt an indescribable awe, though it was of short continuance, as the uncivil moon illuminated the scene around me. That paddock and pale sunken fence, and thick coppice, should interpose themselves between me and my love, was nothing. That I had my goodly limbs accoutred in vast overalls, and a ponderous Bengy, was less than nothing; but that a sad-looking plaster of Paris edifice, with three tiers of three windows, was staring me out of my fancy and my enthusiasm—this was the cause! I could not, like Troilus, sigh my soul towards *such* Grecian tents, though all the Cupids in the Troad lay there that night. I could not—but in less time than would be occupied by a detail of these shame-faced thoughts, one of the most polite clouds I ever saw, threw us all into shade. The disastrous building was no more a simple brick message, or tenement, and I myself no longer an example—

"How greatly love is  
Embarrassed at first sighting with a novice."

With no bad grace I accomplished a vault over a set of double rails, marched triumphantly through a stunted hedge, and with great success withdrew my boots from the briars and bushes, the mire and the swamps, which strove to detain them. With the loss of a little breath, and the gain of much mud, I came to an open area, fronting the castle-gate. Strange achievement! What could I have thought of on the road? This has much puzzled me since. The complacency with which the challenge was accepted, the little ceremony employed in pursuing the scheme, and the nonchalance which characterized the progress of the exploit, have occurred to me often, as most professional and proper.

How had I forgotten man-traps? Did the interference of spring-guns appear impossible? Might not a keeper raise the neighbourhood, and mine own calves be discovered the next morning, enthroned in their mud and their melancholy, and holding private communion with the stocks of the parish?

How was it that a knight, little tried, and less celebrated, should undertake with effrontery so desperate an enterprise, and receive the encouragement of his ladye with such equanimity? Of a truth, and I confess it freely, it was no usual or indifferent occurrence in my history, to enjoy favour in such expeditions. Often as I have made similar experiments, so often may I enumerate unfortunate results. Thrice did I essay to melt thy tough heart, oh, most inveterate Susan Hopkins! I knew not, at the time, thy titles or thy consequence, for though my gallantry was frequent and long, yet thy stubbornness was decided, and thy aversion most explicit; before it was hinted to me that thy liege lord was sexton of St. Botolph's parish. Thou too, most antique Mistress Sullivan, to whose window-curtain I paid devotion for a week and a day—thou whom I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of—thou whom I might have loved but that thy grandson did horsewhip me for the attempt; thou wilt confess, on thine own part, how little I have been indebted to woman's love. Nor were these solitary failures: twice did a proctor at the University deem that a disturbance of the king's peace, which more truly was the ruin of my own; when I ingeniously tried to become enamoured of some female, eminent for all the local characteristics of virtue and beauty; when I caught a cold instead of inspiration, and was fined six and eight-pence for being a mere idiot! My laborious and unrequited serving of one inamorata, threw me into a fever. The under men-servants of another angel threw me into a horse-pond—and with these "offences at my back," had I no hesitation, no shivering apprehensions, no uneasy disquietude, as I stood before the mansion? Most Quixotic hardihood! Rather did I chuckle in prospect, and actually had the impudence to indulge in speculations, how the lady might be able to contrive an escape from the indignation of her relations and fellows! Without remorse did I transfer all doubts and trepidations from myself, to the object of my suit; and presumingly affected a regard for the dangers of my fair patroness, in preference to my own.

The pause, however, occasioned by these ruminations, was soon concluded. For, on a sudden, the white outline had disappeared from its post; the window was dark and desolate—so I gave up my compunctions, and recommenced my attack. Through various ditties did I wander with much pathos. My determination to lose no ground was absolute; so trotted I still onward, little caring for false notes or eccentric flourishes. I had arrived indeed so far at last in the expenditure of my voice, that if ever a shake were set a going, instead of the contiguous notes seeming like neighbours who have come to blows, the effect was rather that of two speculative gentlemen, entering into partnership, where there was an occasional demur on either side, an equivocal concession, and at last a mutual blending, to the utter confusion of the parties. I was not unrewarded for my painful exertions. A flitting somewhat came and went ever and anon. If it chanced that the image was

multiplied to my anxious eye, I threw the blame of the delusion on that very anxiety, and was satisfied with the dramatic unity of my amour. If, too, any noise or noises assaulted my ear, little agreeing with the assumed character of my incognita, I charged the elements with the unkindness, and moved a little farther from that obstreperous Laurestinus. I confess that my voice was growing a little — that is a very little, out of order, and my execution began to disgrace the fingers once disciplined by Martial Bruni, when the salutation of the handkerchief was again proffered. Nearer still marched I. That a sign should next be communicated—perhaps an intimation in writing—perhaps actually a word of favour, “of such sweet breath composed!” I had not a doubt. Underneath the window I took my stand, and with wistful eye contemplated the deity at whose shrine my devotion was offered. A moment more—and as I gazed with hushed breath at the window—pop! down fell an ocean of inconceivable liquids; my cheek was at the same time grazed by a china vase in its descent; my poor guitar was smitten by the enemy, and I myself, blinded, wounded, and exasperated, was solaced by a roar of laughter from the civil engineers above. My first impulse was that of revenge; my next, that of fear. For as I was the aggressor, I could expect no satisfaction; and, as if to corroborate this persuasion, a general muster of lights, and medley of voices from within, arrested my attention. Male and female, treble and bass, shrieks of laughter, and growls of rage, united in one glorious concert. I foresaw readily that the matrons would sneer and the maidens would quiz; that the old men would threaten, and the young ones thrash me; so, without delay, I seized my prostrate and mangled instrument, wiped my eyes most tragically, and galloped from the scene of my disaster — another Buonaparte from another Waterloo; at once a sadder and a wiser man. When I had regained the inn, so ignominiously treated a little while before, I discovered that my guitar had suffered a compound fracture, and that my face was indeed a quaint spectacle, variegated with some donations of mud from my boots, and many parti-coloured fancy patterns, engraven thereon by the cataract of strange waters with which I had been deluged. I marched up to bed, and grumbled through the night, rose in time for the next morning’s coach, and having learnt from the waiter all the particulars of the family so hospitable to me on the preceding night, I made a solemn vow, to which I have adhered most religiously, never again to serenade the second wife of a retail tallow chandler!

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#### FILIAL AFFECTION, AND PARENTAL LOVE.

THE extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends.—“Why do you weep?”—“Alas! things are not as they used to be. The poor woman’s arm grows feebler every day.”

## THE OMNIBUS.

HAVING finished my business in the city, and wishing to return to the west-end, I stepped into one of those unwieldy vehicles, so convenient for those who have more time than money, and more patience than either—*videlicet*, an Omnibus. The day was intensely hot, and although the numbers that thronged the streets were undiminished, yet they moved sluggishly, and seemed to toil rather than walk along. The omnibus “dragged its slow length along,” so tardily as to make it doubtful to a casual observer whether it moved at all, and it was not till he had contemplated each of the spokes as they were successively presented to his view, that he could be at all certain. Having no business immediately to attend to, this gradual progression was to me immaterial; so, without troubling the driver to stop, I stepped in. As I entered, I observed, sitting at the opposite end of the omnibus, a short spare figure, dressed in any way but in unison with the weather. He wore a fur cap, fitting close to the head, with lappets hanging over his ears. A coat, double-breasted waistcoat, and cloth trousers, completed his attire. In his hand he held a large umbrella, and over his arm hung a thick great-coat. He appeared as if he had gone to sleep in the depth of winter, and not having awakened for several months, had dressed himself according to his last ideas on the subject. Several times I thought I observed him bend forward, as if going to address me; but each time, on turning towards him, he had resumed his previous posture, and was *looking* certainly every where but at me, though where in particular I could not exactly determine. At length I made one of those commonplace but convenient remarks, which, like pioneers, serve to open the way to a conversation. In a short time, I learned that he was going off from the west-end by the coach in which he had booked his place, that same afternoon, at three o'clock. It was then a quarter past two, and we were at the Bank.

“I don't think, sir,” said I, “you will have much time to spare.”

“No,” he replied, “I don't think I shall; I thought so when I got in. But I have still three quarters of an hour, and the distance is only three miles. But then, to be sure, omnibuses go very slow.”

“Yes, sir, they do,” said I; “and as the streets, at this hour, are thronged with carriages, there is no certainty as to the time we may be detained. We have been waiting here ten minutes already.”

“Ten minutes! have we indeed, sir? I did not think it was so long. Dear me! my watch, too, is stopped. I thought I would get it mended yesterday; but then I thought I had better let it be till I returned from the country.”

I now perceived that my fellow-passenger was one of those men whose minds are so wavering, that they never resolve to act until the opportunity is past. As I knew that it was quite problematical whether he would get to the coach-office in time, I suggested to him the expediency

of getting out of the omnibus, and taking some more expeditious conveyance.

"Yes, sir, very true, as you say; I shall not have much time; and it is half-past two now. Well, I think, as you say, I *had* better get out—we go on very slowly now. Yes, I am afraid I shall be too late; I had better get out."

Unfortunately for his nearly-formed resolution, the horses at this moment began to move at a much quicker pace; when the traveller, saying something about "making up for lost time," resumed the seat which he had half quitted.

"Omnibuses are a great convenience, sir," observed one of the passengers, as a very fat gentleman entered, and sat down with a force that shook the vehicle.

"Very," said the fat gentleman, pursing up his mouth with an air of authority, which showed that, having delivered his opinion, he considered there could be no doubt on the subject.

"They were first introduced in France, I believe," said a very tall and very thin boy, sitting by the side of the last speaker, who I found was his father: the two as they sat side by side looking like a round of beef and a skewer.

"Poor people, the French," said the father, taking no notice of his son's remark: "very poor people. Wouldn't live with them for the world. Only stopped in the country a night. Could'n't get any thing to eat. Asked for some soup, and they brought me carrots and water; nasty wishy-washy stuff. *They* called it *Soup In—In—D—n* it, it was not fit for a Jew!"

This was followed by a hearty laugh, the fat gentleman evidently liking his own fun better than the soup; and certainly his "fair round belly" did not appear to have been produced by feeding on carrots and water.

"What do they call it, Tom?" said he, addressing his son, after he had recovered from his laugh.

"Oh, you mean soup à la *Italienne*," said Tom, in a tone which plainly told that *he*, too, had been in France.

His reply caught the attention of a person who had just entered, and turning towards Tom, he said in a foreign accent, "do you speak French?"

"Oh yes, sir, Tom speaks French," said his father, looking round, a little proudly. Gratified vanity appeared in the boy's face for a moment at this declaration of his talents, but it was checked by the reflection that the truth of it might be soon put to the test.

"Have you been in France?" continued the foreigner.

"Yes."

"How did you like it?" and then, without waiting a reply, he sunk back on his seat, and ejaculating 'La Belle France,' sunk into a reverie, probably produced by the recollections of his country.

Our attention was now attracted by a crowd of men, who, armed with sticks and other weapons, were pursuing a dog that, with tongue lolling out, was running down the street, barking and snapping at every thing that opposed him.

"Dangerous," said the Fat Gentleman. "Dogs ought not to be let



loose in this hot weather. I never see a dog in such weather, but I think of being smothered."

"I was once bitten by a mad dog," said a melancholy-looking person, sitting in the corner opposite to the traveller. "I have got the mark still;" and he proceeded to turn up his cuff in order to give us ocular demonstration.

A general shrinking towards the door followed this intelligence, and several declared it to be 'very hot,' which the drops of perspiration which had suddenly appeared on their foreheads sufficiently attested.

"But I had the piece cut out directly afterwards," said the Melancholy Gentleman, on observing the consternation his information had caused. Each resumed his place, although several still looked at him with suspicion.

During this conversation the traveller had grown extremely uneasy. Every passenger that entered seemed to revive his hopes, while every stoppage of the omnibus (which did not seldom occur) having a contrary effect, kept his mind vibrating like a pair of scales, from side to side, and prevented him having a moment's rest. Comparative ease seemed, however, to be afforded him as we galloped round St. Paul's Churchyard; but, alas! it continued only till we reached the top of Ludgate Hill, where the driver, being no doubt a man of taste, very considerably pulled up to enable us to admire the beauty of the Cathedral.

"Stupendous structure, sir," observed one of the passengers.

"Very, sir," said the Fat Gentleman. "Very grand. Nothing can be finer. Some say it's not so grand as what d'ye call 'em at Rome—"

"St. Peter's," said Tom, filling up the hiatus in his father's memory.

"Ah! St. Peter's," continued his father. "But it's impossible, sir. It can't be grander. Why, the hands of the clock are six feet long."

Of course, after such proof there could be no further dispute.

The traveller's anxiety had prevented him from attending to the conversation, but his attention was aroused on hearing the word 'clock,' that anxious sound in which he was so much interested; and starting, he eagerly inquired the time, adding, that he was going off by the coach at three, and was afraid that he should be too late. Three or four watches were immediately pulled out, while at the same time the owners were telling him the 'exact' time: the exact time being different in each case. Hope or despair appeared in his countenance according as each statement receded from or approached to the dreaded hour. Numerous tales, too, were told of hair-breadth 'scapes from being left behind by unrelenting coachmen, whose duty being to take the coach to its destination, leave the passengers to take care of themselves.

"Unpleasant to be left behind, sir," said the Stout Gentleman. "I was once left behind myself, sir. I was to go off at four o'clock. Had paid for my place. As I was going along the Strand, the clock struck. I ran all the rest of the way. Had not 400 yards to go. Did't take two minutes. Coach had gone. I said it must have gone before the time. Clerk denied it, and said if I went to the corner I might see it. Very pleasant suggestion, sir, to see it going without me. Lost my money, sir. Never book my place again."

At this tale, the traveller's fears grew ungovernable; and starting up,  
M.M.—11.

he called to the Cad to stop. Putting one foot on the ground, ready to start, he hurriedly inquired the way to the Green Man and Still.

"Green Man and Still! Lord bless you, sir; vy, you're not near it. Ve does not come that vay."

"Which is the way, then?" gasped the traveller, his agitation almost choking him.

"Vy, sir, you must go up there," pointing in the direction; "and ven you comes to that 'ere corner, you must——"

At this moment the clock of St. Martin's Church struck three, and without stopping to hear the rest of the direction, the terrified Traveller rushed up Cockspur-street, in the vain hope of reaching the coach-office in time.

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### TOM MOORE AT BANNOW.

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"ALL the addresses having been read and answered, a young man, named Martin M'Donald Doyle, of the parish of Tintern, was introduced to Mr. Moore by his friend and neighbour, Mr. John M'Brien, as an humble follower in the train of the Plerian Maids.

Mr. M'Brien said,—“Sir, I beg leave, as one of this deputation, to introduce to your attention, an amiable and humble Irish youth, and a scion of promise. It is unnecessary for me here to expatiate on his merits—your honourable friend and his kind patron (pointing to Mr. Boyse) who knows how to appreciate them, will speak to you of him as he deserves.”

The modest aspirant to Parnassian laurels then stepped forward, and addressed his immortal prototype, in the following vigorous strain, recited with great emphasis and feeling;—

#### TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ. BANNOW.

Welcome! thou minstrel of the West,  
 While thousands throng to greet, to bless thee;  
 In feeble strain, among the rest,  
 A rustic rhymer dares address thee.  
 Unskilled to pour the polished lay,  
 And nurs'd in life's less favour'd ranks,  
 He ventures, in his homely way,  
 To welcome thee to "Bannow's Banks."

When first I sung, 'twas when thy strains  
 Their wizard spell around me threw—  
 Of tears, and loves, and flowers, and chains,  
 I fondly tried to sing like you;  
 And if 'twas MOORE's entrancing songs  
 That plumed my muse's early wing,  
 To whom if not to MOORE belongs  
 The little she has sought to sing?

Lone, pining, in her dark retreat,  
 A nameless, friendless thing she grew,  
 Wild as the wild flow'r at her feet,  
 As simple and as lowly, too :  
 In sooth, she was a lonesome muse,  
 And few would care to list her voice,  
 Till as she sung of Ireland's woes,  
 She touch'd the manly heart of BOYSE !

You first awoke her infant lyre—  
 He bade the puny numbers thrill ;  
 You kindled first her minstrel fire—  
 He trims, and feeds, and fans it still  
 From you the mimic warbler springs—,  
 You urged her tiny wing to soar ;  
 If you approve the strain she sings,  
 Can " minstrel boy" solicit more !

Oh ! long shall Bannow's unborn race,  
 As countless ages roll along,  
 In Bannow's rural records trace  
 This visit of " The Child of Song ;"  
 Then pardon this untutored lay,  
 And deign t'accept his humble thanks,  
 Who, rhyming in his brain-sick way,  
 Thus welcomes thee to Bannow's Banks.

The production of the youthful Minstrel was listened to with profound attention, and rewarded with the most gratifying applause and approbation of all present. Mr. Moore immediately took him by the hand, shook it with great heartiness, and said—" I am happy to meet such a brother poet here ; it is the first time we have met, it must not be the last."

Mr. Moore now mixed with the admiring crowd, with a courtesy of manner and affability of deportment, which won all hearts ; conversing with all classes, and acknowledging, with his own peculiar warmth of heart, the impression indelibly made upon him by this signal and flattering manifestation of public feeling in his regard."

\* \* \* We have presented our readers with this portion of the detailed account of the " Bannow Meeting," held to welcome Mr. Moore to the hospitable home of his dear and sensible friend Mr. Boyse, &c., conceiving it would be acceptable to them ; and in the unpretending hope, that it might meet the eye of Mr. Moore himself, and his Irish friends. The Bard of Erin must have felt highly delighted with the fervour of fondness, and admiring enthusiasm, which greeted him on every side, on this truly interesting occasion. Long may the delightful master hand which conjured up the " honied words" that are to be found in *Lalla Rookh*, live to enjoy the recollection of pleasure so pure—of veneration so beautifully elicited ; long may he live to sing of Ireland's fame and unfading beauty.

## THE POEMS OF SHAKSPEARE.

“ His native wood-notes wild.”

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THE neglect to which more than two centuries have agreed in consigning what are called (and it is no figure of speech) the Poems of Shakspeare, has ever astonished us. It is certain that, though, in some instances, we may be led by our veneration of the Saint into a superstitious adoration of his most worthless appendages, we may have, in other cases, committed a parallel injustice, in restricting the supposed presence of the Divinity to some one shrine, better suited, perhaps, but not more hallowed.

It is hard to discover a standard, wherewith to measure these apparent caprices of taste; through the influence of which, while one poet has been enabled, by the golden chain of a matchless production, to draw up all his inferior creations—another, like chaos separating into elements, with a portion of his material has supplied the atmosphere of the Gods, while the rest of his substance is left to be trampled upon by men.

The effects of genius, like those of artificial agents, are, and have been, contradictory: the warrior's fame has sometimes proved itself his best ally, and has saved him the bodily exertion of conquering; the writer's fame has often insured a preternatural duration to the meanest effort of his pen. Renown, like the steam-engine, while it is an applicable strength, multiplies in a mighty ratio the hero's animal power; or, like paper credit, while public opinion continues propitious, imparts a nominal value to the meanest scrap issued by genius. But it also shares with these extraordinary forces the risk of a recoil, or the natural aversion of the crowd to experiment.

We have an instance, in the world's behaviour to Shakspeare and Milton, of a whimsical anomaly in public opinion. Milton's smaller poems, like the ring about Saturn, have caught splendour from the principal body;—Shakspeare's satellites have been eclipsed in the excessive blaze of his drama, like Mercury in the vicinage of the sun. Perhaps the reason of our different treatment of the vassals, should be sought in the differing natures of the paramount productions. Where the great work is an object for the bulk of its worshippers of unapproachable awe, where the common reader is called on for such an exertion, as discourages him from frequently recurring to it, he is glad to escape into those more superficial or careless effusions, where towering genius preludes or relaxes. Charmed with the sagacity that can identify the mark of the Paradise in the Allegro, he celebrates, with exaggerated rapture, a work which at once soothes his vanity with the hope that he can feel Milton, and exempts his indolence from the solemnity of Scriptural reference. But when the poet's *Magnum Opus* has an obvious human interest, it engrosses the curiosity of the many; so that spec-

tators, satisfied with what catches the eye, and incapable of even desiring an analysis of those philosophic perfections, which raise Shakspeare's poetry above any dependance on representation, have so long regarded him as exclusively a dramatist, that they have lost all conception of his other merits.

But there is no evil without its accompanying good. If these Poems have been comparatively unread, they have been also comparatively uncriticised; and this, as the world is constituted, particularly since it grew Chrestomathian, is no slender advantage. The enthusiastic pilgrim, who would approach in the desire of raising to their due estimation these prostrate miracles of talent, will have no previous rubbish to remove—no digested nuisance of irreverent predecessors to disgust him with his task—no mechanical defilers to encounter, who love to leave against every pillar of antiquity the *Oriental* proof of their critical manhood. Here is one spot of Shakspeare's glory, on which he can ponder without an interrupting sound; or if the holy silence be infringed, it is by Coleridge, who comments on our favourite, as Cayster on its swans, by wafting his melody and reflecting his form. Nor can we much less congratulate our fortune, that this part of his works, at least, has escaped the Aristarchs of former ages. It was a good allegory of the wit, who compared Shakspeare's rents by his critics, to Actæon devoured by his dogs; but it was not sufficiently expressive. The human soul is more akin to the canine spirit, than is Shakspeare to the pack of his commentators. Had not a German brain conceived the almost blasphemous idea, that Homer is a body corporate, we might safely assert, that Shakspeare has been worse treated by his critics, than any other son of genius. But it is not merely from the pedants and fribbles of literature—the Bentleys and the Theobalds—that this great man has suffered wrong; the apologies, and the censures of great critics, and of great poets, have entered into conspiracy against him. Pope applies for a rule to show cause, why Shakspeare should be exempted from Aristotle's code, on a plea that contains an unnecessary and degrading falsehood, "that he wrote to the people"—*i. e.* to the upper gallery, or at *highest* the pit—"and that, at first, without patronage from the better sort, or aim of pleasing them." He then varies the words, but not the sense of his assertion, by saying, "that he formed himself on the judgment of the players;" quite forgetting Ben Jonson (something more than a player) and Southampton (the favourite's friend), to whom, by Shakspeare's express declaration, "the first heir of his invention" is dedicated; quite forgetting—

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames  
Which so did take Eliza and our James."

We would not have our readers charge us with the literary Toryism of making "Eliza," or "our James," the defenders of our poetical faith, or with the irrationality of preferring the critical acumen of kings to their subjects (of George the Fourth, for instance, to Southey the First); but we merely wished to show the ground of Pope's argument to be as false as the structure. Dr. Johnson, though by some fine remarks, and by his glorious demolition of the unities, he may be supposed to have acquired *some right to be wrong*, has yet stretched his gigantic privilege

beyond its fair limit, when he dared to assert that Shakspeare "in tragedy, often writes with great appearance of labour, what is written at last with little felicity"—"that the effect of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity"—"that in narration, he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more perfectly delivered in few." Does this characterize the author of "Othello," or of "Irene?" Is our egotistical doctor his own theme? When this learned Theban alternately thunders and chuckles over Shakspeare's "love of quibbling," he is, to a believing reader, what he asserts a quibble is to Shakspeare—"a luminous vapour that deceives the traveller." Whoever has witnessed the childishness of agony, that shocking levity with which men in deep woe grasp at a word, or hunt down a thought, will impute these apparent blemishes to their true cause—Shakspeare's knowledge of the unaccountable moods of the mind. But let this incomparable bard pronounce, in his own language, his own justification:—

"Sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell  
Once set a-ringing, with its own weight goes;  
That little strength rings out the doleful knell.  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and coloured sorrow."

Equally unfounded is Johnson's censure of the moral tendency of Shakspeare's plays. He owns, that from his works "a system of social duty could be collected;" but he blames him because "his precepts and actions drop casually from him;" that is, he blames the great painter of this world, for the exact portraiture of that present providence, the moral governance of which no one denies to appear accidental, though the combined result of the whole can only be explained by the employment of infinite wisdom. Shakspeare was too great a philosopher to imagine that the world could be imposed on by that stale ethical falsehood, that every action, good or bad, is to meet its immediate and appropriate reward; but has unpretendingly enforced this general product of his reflection, that the balance of happiness will be found in the aggregate in favour of goodness. We are perfectly convinced, that those authors, who have gone on a contrary principle, of representing the world as one large court of law and equity, always sitting without one drawback of fee, vacation time, or quibble, if they have done anything, (which is improbable), have done harm; and that the disciples (if such there be) of Rasselas, Celebs, or lazy Lawrence, cheated ere long of their fair hopes, will have to exclaim before they die, with the greatest disciple of Zeno's school, "Virtue, what art thou but a name?" Had this charge of immorality been made against Beaumont and Fletcher,\* the next best poets of the day, who seem more completely emancipated from the trammels of law and morality than might be expected from the sons of a judge and a bishop, we should, without a sigh, have resigned them to the critical lash. But we can never consent that Shakspeare should be charged with error, in what is one of his most signal merits—that ex-

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\* See Campbell's Essay on the British Poets.

quisite grace\* and unobtrusive observance of nature, with which he contrives to leave on the mind a general moral effect, gathered from the discordant examples of society.

But there is a heavier charge against Shakspeare, which Johnson would not produce, but which we will; that is, the leaning of his politics to prerogative, and the false ideas, which, from the force of his genius, he has been enabled to convey to posterity of English history. All the concealed bias of his historic drama, (for he is too great a master of his art, to make himself the open advocate of sect or party; and his objects in politics, as in morals, are effected by secret impulses,) is to check that spirit of democratical enthusiasm, the growth of which, especially in the breasts of the puritans, must have been obvious to the clear-sighted spirits of England, ere the timbers of the fatal ship † “Sovereigne” were yet green acorns. Much allowance should be made for the prejudice of a player against the puritans, those avowed enemies of the stage, whose successful rebellion, and the subsequent restoration, have since proved a death-blow to the genuine English drama: much indulgence should be granted, in the particular of passive obedience, to “the king’s majestie’s servants,” who might suppose themselves in duty and by wages bound to speak for their master. However great may be a man’s talents, they must ever take a colour, more or less marked, from the prejudice of the day; and Shakspeare’s doctrines will appear sound and moderate, when compared with the party spirit of Johnson; who fastened with the angry indefatigable grin of a bull-dog, on the nose (literally speaking) of puritanism; or, with the gross servility of the high-born Beaumont and Fletcher, who deformed the plot of their most beautiful play by the weakness of a warrior, who would fight his best friend for a look, and yet endures with patience the most stinging wrongs rather than violate the divine right of ‡ kings to commit them. In considering that coloured mass of British story, which Shakspeare has bequeathed us, we should never forget that he wrote, at least in part, under the house of Tudor; (nor was the change of house in his latter period, a change for the better,) a family, who by their connexion with great events, which in their effects still continue to influence the national opinion, have obtained a vantage-spot in public estimation, of which

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\* There does not exist a better example of this intention to obviate evil, than the silent refutation of Jacques’s magnificent misanthropy, where he has closed his tirade against human nature, with that disheartening description of extreme age—

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,”

by the immediate entrance of Orlando with Adam. What more beautiful antidote to discontent, what more effectual sweetener of Jacques’s bitterness, than the appearance of one, whose age was “as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly?”

† The name of the ship for which Hampden refused to pay, “the building of which cost his Majesty the affection of his subjects, who quarrelled with him,” says Evelyn, with a cavalier candour, “for a trifle, refusing to contribute to their own safety or his glory.”

‡ So antiquated, in its literal force, is the doctrine of divine right, that the forbearance of Amyntor in the Maid’s Tragedy appears now unnatural; yet we fear there were many in Beaumont’s time who would have acted similarly. In like manner, we have lost all conception of the effects produced on the army of the rebel slaves in Justin, by the Scythians shaking scourges at them.

infamous crime and detestable policy alike rendered them unworthy. This artful dynasty had itself wielded the pen, and could well estimate the value of its service, when skillfully guided. Its last representative, in whom all the wicked energies of that house were concentrated, the man-queen Elizabeth, has contrived to ensconce her bloated iniquities behind the webs of a thousand poets and historians. These have sent her down to posterity the virgin, the heroine, the good queen Bess. No doubt the enemies of her house suffered in proportion; for whenever the cardinal virtues are forced into one camp for greater security, the cardinal vices are detached to the other.

We have small hesitation in avowing, that Shakspeare has contributed, perhaps from necessity, to produce or fortify some of these errors; and we can hardly blame him for leaning partially to that queen who is said to have suggested subjects to his muse. But whenever the remoteness of the scene presents an occasion, that love of freedom, which ever burns in the breast of the truly great, bursts forth uncontrollably. Let those who doubt, compare this plebeian in his conception of Brutus and Cassius with the republican Dante, or the patrician Sackville;

“ Oh, bloody Brutus, rightly dost thou rue,  
And thou, O Cassius, justly came thy fall.\*”

Johnson asserts Shakspeare's genius to have had a natural tendency to comedy. “ His tragedy seems to have been skill, his comedy instinct.” To decide at the bottom of which depth of the unfathomable ocean the most treasure lies strewed, may, at first sight, seem an inquiry as hopeful as the decision between Shakspeare's excellences. We have no sufficient data for such comparison; yet, to us, it has always appeared, that into the mirth of Shakspeare, as into the Irish music, there entered a pathos, † the reverse of which we could never discern in his sorrow. Our surmise will be allowed to receive confirmation, if we can produce an instance of the same subject treated by Shakspeare and some author of a decided comic cast, in which the former shall have differed from the latter by introducing a sympathy into a ludicrous situation. The practical joke of a duel between cowards has never been so ably conducted as by Shakspeare, in his *Twelfth Night*, and by Johnson in his *silent Woman*. The mutual fears of *Ague-cheek* and *Viola*, and of *Daw* and *Lafoule*, are excited in a manner very similar. It would be hard to adjust the scales of humour between *Sir Toby* and *Truewit*. After the former has acquainted the supposed *Cesario*, that “ his interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends him at *Orchard's End*,” how artfully does he raise the climax of horror, when he assures him, “ souls and bodies has he divorced three—and his incensement, at this moment,

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\* Milton has been praised, and deservedly, for having seen through the false taste of his age in *Gardens*. Shakspeare detected error in a wider field—eloquence. The speech of *Brutus* to his people is in the fashion of the time—of *Sir Edward Coke*, for instance,—though Shakspeare has improved him, as he *Littleton*. The correction and reprimand of his contemporaries are in the matchless speech of *Antony*, which none other of that day could have conceived, and which *Curran* considered the best study for an incipient orator.

† Vide the death of *Falstaff*, or the meeting of *Master Launcelot Gobbo* and his papa.



is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre:" and how he still rises above himself in his address to Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, "Why, man, he is a very devil; I have not seen such a virago, &c. &c. *A.* Pox on't! I'll not meddle with him. *T.* Ay, but he'll not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder." With an equally ludicrous gravity, Truewit magnifies his adversary to the affrighted Daw. "I have known many men, in my time, vexed with losses, with deaths, and with abuses, but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of," &c. &c. And when Daw asks him whether he is armed? *T.* "Armed! Did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession? *D.* I, sir. *T.* That may give you some light to conceive him; but 'tis nothing to the principal." And then to his rival—"Enter here, if you love your life. *A.* Why, why? *T.* Question till your throat be cut—do—dally till the enraged soul finds you. *A.* Who is that? *T.* Daw it is; will you in?" He afterwards informs him—"Daw walks the round up and down through every room of the house, with a towel in his hand, crying, 'Where is Lafoole? who saw Lafoole?' And when Dauphin and I asked the cause, we could force no answer from him but, 'O revenge, how sweet art thou—I will strangle him with this towel.'"

So far the two poets laugh equally well and equally heartily—

"But there,  
I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair."

In Ben Jonson, we enjoy the meek sincerity of Daw's panic, so finely contrasted with the furious cowardice of Sir Amorous, who seems to fly into a passion with his enemy for doubting his powers of enduring every contrivable indignity. The whole is excellently comic; and if our laughter is interrupted, it is but to reflect, with Truewit, "who fears the most," and perhaps decide with Cleremont, "this fears the bravest—the other a whinelling dastard, Jack Daw, but Lafoole a brave heroic coward, and is afraid in a great look and a stout accent. I like him rarely." How different is Shakspeare's management of his materials! By our previous knowledge of the sex of Viola, an interest, however slight, is excited, and the attention is no longer divided between two comic objects, but the contrast is between the glare of the ridiculous and the shade of the pathetic. That "*tragicomedy*" which Jonson professes to enact between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and Lafoole, is, in sober truth, discernible in Shakspeare. We enter seriously into Viola's feelings, when she deprecates the duel; and we mentally join with her when she exclaims, "Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of man." This pathos, which runs through the comedy of Shakspeare, is the chrysalis of tragedy, and the essential difference of the higher order of intellect.

But, in reproving the errors, of which real genius has been guilty in its estimate of Shakspeare, we are involuntarily reminded of a paragraph in the most able essay of a review we recollect to have read with surpassing pleasure; we cannot pass it over in silence, for it seems to us to encroach on the honours of him for whom we are jealous, and it is, perhaps, the only opinion in that essay, with which we do not admiringly

concur\*. The writer says, "if Shakspeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one: it is extremely improbable, that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject, as is to be found in Mandeville's Fable of the Bees." Had Shakspeare, either in prose or verse, written a work of the kind, never would so much of the mystery of motive been cleared up, or the causes of action developed. It is true, no necessary connection exists, between the metaphysical and poetical faculty. The mere strength of imagination, will enable the poet to express the sentiments of his personages, without necessarily understanding the nature of their motives. The magic power just serves to transport his mind into the bodies he has moulded; in which new abode, it may continue as ignorant of its operations, as it generally is in its original one. But the mind of Shakspeare appears to have been of no such partial-strength. The philosopher every-where stands forth, with as marked a firmness as the poet, and, in keen observations, of more than *Baconian* strength, he analyses, from time to time, those rich creations he has combined. To the accurate observer, it must appear that his mind's eye was as piercing into the nature of things as his body's eye was rapid in catching their forms. It is true, that from this combination of powers, his mode of conveying his ideas in the supposed work would have been different from that of the man who should possess but the systematizing faculty. He would have taught by pictures, rather than architectural drawings, and instead of leaving an armoury of general rules, to be fitted, as they best might, to individuals, he would have sufficiently hinted those general rules in vigorous, extempore, individual portraits.

Let this one instance exemplify our meaning and his sagacity. Junius notices among the peculiarities of the Scotch, "the everlasting profession of a discreet and moderate resentment." Here we have the general rule of the nation that has begotten Blackwood: that was—but is now defunct, admirably expressed. Shakspeare, in a repartee, marks the same trait several years before Blackwood was born. "What think you of the Scottish Lord, his neighbour?—That he has a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him when he was able."—What a masterly breadth of observation gleams through this sally, and how accordant with Junius's remark!

But we have wandered strangely from our theme, the Poems of Shakspeare—and, like Morgan, in his treatise on Falstaff's courage, have digressed upon his general merits. Would that the produce of our ramble were as worthy of its object; that little pamphlet contains more of the expressed juice of the mulberry than all the brewings of the critics. Morgan has caught the outline of Shakspeare's features more finely than any other artist,—we will not except Schlegel; and it is, perhaps, from some such elevated spot on his surface, that we can take the truest chart of the entire; as Sinbad might climb the back fin of the crachen, to take in the whole body at a view.

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\* We have since bethought us of our favourite Ludlow.—If honesty that was never daunted, and sagacity that was never duped, deserve the epithets, he was "very foolish and violent."

Shakspeare's poems contain more of the shadow of his poetical substance, than even Milton's do of his; nor are Lucrece and Adon less the integral parts of a whole, than L'Allegro and Il Penseroso. The common profession of these lovely twins of Milton is, as Johnson finely expresses it, "to show how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified." The Hemispheres of Shakspeare's design comprise a world of love seen under opposing aspects. In the one we have a woman, in the other a man, subject to the most scorching influence of passion; and in order to bring out, in undisguised wildness, the sometimes anticipated, and oftener fashion-hidden workings of desire, he has assigned to his lovers, male and female, an insensible mate. The chaste Lucrece and the coy Adon are a dark ground to the high-wrought portrait of Sextus and Venus,\* whose courses are as like as their physical differences permit. The Roman king and Grecian goddess, from sentimental lovers, both grow into ravishers. But it is in the subtle discrimination of the tender passion, as it manifests itself in man and woman; it is in the characterising precision, with which he has allotted to each those trains of thought, and modes of action, which the circumstances would naturally excite in the male and female mind; it is in the developement of those different paths, by which they arrive at the same conclusion: it is in this learned blazon of love's shield, and the judicious parting of *femme* and *baron*; it is in the omnipotence of an imagination that can *sex* its ideas, and delineate two passions as distinct as Eros and Anteros, that he displays a capacity more than *Tiresian*. How much of distinct character is there in the use made by Tarquin and Venus of the same simile, Narcissus:—

*She.*—Then wooe thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom and complain of theft,  
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

*He.*—Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

Venus, a woman herself subject to fear, and maddened by Adon's beauty, tries to frighten him into kindness by her prognostication, but expresses no surprise, for she feels none, at the possibility of Adonis loving so fair a creature as himself.—Sextus, an impassioned lover, is astonished at Narcissus' distasteful madness, but confidently exclaims, that, had he seen such an embodied perfection as Lucrece, he would have been no longer insensible.

Both in the management of the plot, and the machinery of the style, is direct evidence that the writer, is, or could be, a dramatist of the first class. Each poem is a succession of scenes, splendidly decorated, and the spaces between are filled with an orchestra of thoughts, deep and

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\* That this was his design, may be conjectured from his altering history, or rather *Heathen* theology, to make Adonis frigid, as Milton has altered *Scripture* to make the Devil a hero.

sweet, that employ the mind during the pauses of action. There is a perseverance in searching out the hidden corners of the soul, and an exposition of the same thought in several ways, that seems, to us, perfectly distinguishable from the drawling prolixity, with which many of the writers of Elizabeth love to gloat on the one idea. It looks like the discursion of Genius gathering the armour of great achievements, or, as Moore excellently expresses it, the "knight-errantry" of a mind in search of noble ideas. We may accordingly, as we shall hereafter note, here recognize many of his first draughts. If we look at the soliloquies of Venus, her conversations with Adonis, of Lucrece and her maid, with Tarquin, to herself, and compare them with the dialogues or monologues of the best narrative poets—Tasso, for instance, or Ariosto, or Milton, or Spenser, or Homer, or Virgil—we shall easily mark the difference of the epic and dramatic spirits. In Shakspeare nothing goes to an end; the great scenic secret of cutting short the dialogue, the impassioned interruption, is every-where exemplified:—

"So let thy thoughts low vassals to my state.—  
No more, quoth he, by heaven I will not hear thee;  
Yield to my love.—"

"Where did I leave? No matter where, quoth he,  
Leave me;—and then the story aptly ends;  
The night is spent."

Another characteristic is the intelligent position of a word, and the conveying of the state of the speaker's mind by an unstudied expression, as of Venus's impatient desire in her immediate reply,—

"Now let *me* say good night, and so say you,  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss;  
Good night, quoth she, and ere *he* says adieu,  
The honey fee of parting tendered is."

The incessant endeavour to supply the want of scenery by description is very apparent, and the vivid delineations of attitude and look are evidently the stage-directions of fancy. The very defects of these poems spring from the dramatic nature of a mind, dissatisfied till it can make us see the forms, as well as comprehend the souls of things. In a play the action supplies the first half of this; in a narrative, either the hope of presenting this pantomime must be relinquished, or the task must devolve on the poet. In this anatomy of appearances, this attempt to make the reader a spectator, Shakspeare becomes at times tedious, but it is, as his own Dogberry remarks, the tediousness of a king, and he is welcome to bestow it on us. The long italic sentences with which a German playwright interlards his lean dialogue, are a sort of poor-rate levied on grimace for the support of famished imagination: Shakspeare's minute and powerful descriptions in these poems, are the remittances of a speculative eye to an abounding fancy. Let us give an instance or two, where, to use his own words,—

"This dumb play has his acts made plain."

And we could not have a better than the two preceding stanzas of Venus and Adonis:—

“ Oh ! what a sight it was, worthy of view,  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy,  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
 How white and red each other did destroy ;  
 But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
 It flashed forth fire as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels,—  
*With one fair hand* she heaveth up his hat,  
*Her other tender hand* his fair cheek feels ;  
 His tender cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
 As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

Oh ! what a war of looks was then between them,  
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing ;  
 His eyes saw her eyes,” &c.

What a study for an actor is Collatinus, on intelligence of his misfortune,—

“ Lo ! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
 With head inclined, and voice dammed up with woe,  
 With sad set eyes and wreted arms across,  
 And lips now waxen pale.”—

Another of the peculiarities of the buskin is discoverable in the veering of the sentiment before the gust of passion, the first topic suggesting, or rather extracting another, in that orderly disarray which nature marshals. When Sextus, trying to surmount his invincible lust by a wavering conscience, calls to mind the attachment of Lucrece to her husband, and the proofs of it he had discovered in her reception of himself ;—

“ Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
 And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band  
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies ;  
 Oh ! how her fear did make her colour rise,  
 And how her hand in my hand being locked,  
 Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear,  
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rocked,  
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
 Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.”

This picture of her devotedness to Collatinus, and the recollection of her hand and smile, do not accomplish their original intention of calming him, but bring him to the conclusion of the irresistible nature of beauty—Narcissus could not have resisted such charms.

“ Why hunt I then for colours or excuses ?  
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleads.”

Another distinctive mark of the drama, is the strict observance of that fact in nature, that the mind can change the thought more rapidly than the tongue the word. So Lucrece, after her rape, while attending the

arrival of Collatinus, in the restlessnes of woe, falls to perusing the picture of Troy. Sinon's figure arrests her eye, admirably described with

“Brow unbent that seemed to welcome woe,  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so,  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale, the fear that false hearts have.

“This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill,  
Saying some shape in Sinon's was abused,  
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;  
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

“It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile,  
She would have said, *can lurk* in such a look,  
But Tarquin's shape came to her mind the while,  
And from the tongue *can lurk* from *cannot* took;  
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,  
And turned it thus,—It *cannot* be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind,  
For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober sad, so weary, and so mild,  
As if with grief or travel he had fainted,  
Came Tarquin to me———.”

This mental syntax, though quaintly and diffusely worded, is keenly expressive of Nature.

The dramatic poet must, above all others, be a painter—not only that he may imagine judiciously the place of action—as we may say, the landscape\*; but also that he may successfully group his figures—that he may be a master of theatrical effect. That Shakspeare was eminently so, no one who has seen his plays represented can doubt, and there are bright traces of this splendid pencil in the poems we are considering. Heavens! what majesty in the principal figures, what featured filling of the back-ground in the description of Nestor addressing the Greeks. No painter can by possibility surpass it. It is a happy combination of Romano and Hogarth. The whole is too long to quote. Let these scattered lines suffice:—

“There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight,  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguiled attention, charmed the sight.  
In speech it seemed his beard, all silver white,  
Wagged up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath which curled up to the sky.”

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\* Are we superstitious? We cannot avoid an almost *feline* attachment for the spots on which Shakspeare's spirit rested, such as we have never felt for the localities of other dramatists, however much they may have interested us for their *personæ*. But it is not only the sweet forest of Ardennes, or the enchanted cave of Prosper, that we cherish, like its young deer, or native spirits, but the very den of 'Fimon, the very precincts of the Capitol, have as familiar an existence to our eye, as though we had clung to the one in our adversity, or driven a nail into the other in our consulship.

Agai,

“The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the wind.”

Again,

“Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear,  
Here one being thronged bears back all swollen and red.”—

How grandly thought and expressed the following !

“—— For Achilles' image stood his spear  
Griped in an armed hand, himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.”

But there is scarce a description that is not *Dantean* in force. Milton's genius has been, by some, and most unjustly, assimilated to Dante's, whom he scarce more resembled than his other favourite Ovid. The error has originated from their consent in subject. They have both treated of “heaven, hell, and marriage;” but their modes of producing sublimity are opposite. Milton invades our imagination with the vague—the obscure—the mass. Dante with the simple—the marked—the individual. A great poet has always a character of his own, which is, and can be no one else's, however he may be less distant from one than another. Dante approaches closer to Shakspeare than he does to Milton. A description in “As you like it,” has always reminded us of Dante. In the hope that our readers will be as courtly as Polonius, and see our whale in the cloud, we will give it them :

“Under an oak whose boughs were mossed with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck  
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,  
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached  
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly  
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,  
And with indented glides did slip away  
Into a bush, under which bush's shade  
A lioness with udders all drawn dry  
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,  
When that the sleeping man should stir ——.”

There are, in our opinion, few perfections of which the poetic art is capable, unexemplified in these two poems; and were Shakspeare without another record, these were sufficient to place him in the first rank of poets and philosophers. That power of the pathetic, which no other ever possessed, displays itself here, and we shall read deep into his tragedies, without meeting a more affecting scene than the death of Lucrece. Her disclosure of the name of Tarquin is a fine instance of the broken colloquy, that characterises the dramatic muse. After she has, in the language of agony, declared her wrong, without, however, naming her wronger, she entreats “the fair lords that came with Collatine” to plight their faith to avenge her injuries: which, when they had begun to promise, “longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed,” she, unable to restrain her appetite for death, stops their protestation.

“ ———— Oh, speak ! quoth she,  
How may this forced stain be wiped from me ?

With this they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain the mind untainted clears ;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map, which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune carved in with tears ;  
No, no, quoth she, no dame hereafter living  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

“ Then with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name ; ‘ He, he, ’ she says,  
But more than *he*, her poor tongue could not speak,  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short essays,  
She utters this——‘ He—he—fair lords, ’tis he—  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.’

“ Even here, she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that hence her soul unsheath'd.”

In the turn of Lucrece's last sentiment we have the anticipation of Othello's noble stratagem, “ and smote him—thus—.” Lucrece is, in fact, a poem of the heart, and comes home to the feelings more than her sister, because we can sympathise so entirely with the heroine. Venus' case is, to be sure, a sad one ; but she is too exclusively an animal to engage any profound interest. Yet we doubt whether Col. Martin himself could reflect more true pathos on the cause of a quadruped, than she in her description of the poor hunted hare :

“ By this poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear,  
To harken if his foes pursue him still ;  
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear,  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.  
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn and return, indenting with the way ;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And, being low, never relieved by any.”

A simile is perhaps the surest test of the poet. Though the power of enunciating ludicrous comparisons be the lowest department of the wit, and, as in Congreve's *Brisk*, may often be found a solitary forte, yet a simile is that treasure-house, to which the genuine poet entrusts the first-fruits of his heart. Shakspeare's similes, as we might expect, are imbued with the quintessence of his spirit. He compares Adonis suspiciously peeping at Venus to—

“ ———— a dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who, being looked at, ducks as quickly in.”

Lucrece's hand on the coverlet,

“ ———— whose perfect white  
Showed like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dews of night.”



What fancy and observation is there, in the comparison for Lucrece shrinking at the presence of Tarquin :

“Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like a new-killed bird, she trembling lies.”

And again in this perfection of a simile,—

“—— She the picture of true piety,  
Like a white bird beneath a gripe’s sharp claws,  
*Pleads in a wilderness*, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right.”

But to quote beauties from Shakspeare, is to cut stars from the galaxy, and in no part of his firmament do stars stand thicker than in Venus and Adonis, and the rape of Lucrece. It is not, however, so much their intrinsic merit that endears them, as that they are Shakspeare “all over;” not only that we meet in them the plenitude of his mind, and the tone of his thoughts, but that we can trace the very turn of his phrases. We have said enough, we hope, to prove that these poems possess much of the peculiar merits of Shakspeare’s genius. They have also the characteristics of Shakspeare’s language, which is perhaps more than that of any other writer impregnated with his mind. This is the mysterious and exclusive privilege of excellence, to impress its private mark upon language without derogating from, but, on the contrary, confirming its purity. We might produce from this folio of thought the undoubted sketches of expressions or situations, which have been often admired in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Othello, the Richards, the Henrys; and perhaps exhibit some “etrennes” of all his immortal infants. But our limits are already passed, and we refer to the poems. With respect to two passages alone, we shall qualify our usual implicit confidence in the reader’s sagacity. In the stanza beginning “Now stole upon the time, the dead of night,” we have a key to the thane’s ruminati<sup>o</sup>n, before Duncan’s murder, on “Tarquin’s ravishing strides.” The poet, impressed with his own poetry, for the moment supposes Macbeth to have written, or at least read, the rape of Lucrece. The original, too, of that admirably effective scene in Henry IV., between Hotspur and his wife, “God’s me! my horse!—what sayest thou, Kate? what would’st thou have with me?” occurs in Venus and Adonis. It is in these words:—

“Pity! she cries, some favour, some remorse,—  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.—”

The insight into the gradual development of genius, and the experience from what small hints, or accidental circumstance, the finest growths of intellect have been matured, are subjects of meditation, useful and encouraging to the aspirants in literature.

But we have already allotted such space to two of his poems, that we are, at present, unable to speak as we had intended, and as they deserve, of the rest. His “deep-brained sonnets” would, in themselves, supply matter for an Anthologia, and as contrasted with Milton’s, (which in power they far excel, tho’ we confess they do not equally interest us) may form the subject of some future essay. The Lover’s Complaint is

a poem of vast merit—a nice dissection of the fluttering repentance of an amiable sinner. The poem of Dædalus, whether as an original, or a translation, contains many and high beauties. The imitation (if it be one) of David lamenting his son Absalom, is very affecting :

“The unhappy father (but no father now)  
Cries out aloud, ‘son Icarus, where art thou,  
Where art thou, Icarus? where dost thou fly?  
Icarus, where art?’ when lo! he doth espy  
The feather’s swim: aloud he doth exclaim,  
‘The earth his bones, the sea doth bear his name.’”

We have extended our remarks far beyond our original intention, but Shakspeare’s “red-rose chain” is almost as irresistible as that of Venus. Alas! that we, who live after him, are only fitted to transcribe his beauties, or enhance his merit, by the contrast of our vain effusions!

M. F. G.

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### THE SILVER CHAIN.

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WHEN Beauty owns the power of Love—  
Too often Friendship’s guest!—  
Alike the glen, the rock, the grove,  
His monarch sway attest.  
’Tis then that gifts, else valueless,  
A mental one obtain;  
And hence I take, for Beauty’s sake,  
Such pride in this Silver Chain.

I’ve prized, ere now, the wildling flower  
That in the valley blows;  
But then it grew beside the bower  
Where Friendship’s fane arose.  
When smile meets smile, what marvel if  
Young hearts sweet thoughts retain;  
And did not thine, dear girl, meet mine,  
As we gazed on this Silver Chain?

The Silver Chain is broken now,  
But skill may that repair;  
The broken heart, the blighted vow,  
Belong but to despair.  
Then, lady, let the voice of song  
Go forth not all in vain;—  
Alas! for hearts, when once there parts  
One link of Love’s Silver Chain!

H. B.

## METHODISM AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

MUCH has been said in a loose and general way about the friendship of the Methodists for the Church of England; and said, too, in some instances, by high authorities, in a manner indicating a full belief that the help of the Methodists in behalf of the Establishment might safely be calculated upon in a time of danger. We have no wish to deal unjustly towards the Methodists—or indeed with any other sect or party—in any respect whatever; but we must be allowed to say, that whoever entertains an expectation of the Church being assisted in a crisis by any except her own members, will, in our opinion, be disappointed; and we think it right that this should be known beforehand, that no false estimate may be taken of the number and strength of either her friends or her enemies. It may, indeed, be allowed, that the Methodists have no ill feeling against the Church; that they have no desire for her extinction, nor even any wish to injure her. But this is not peculiar to them: there are other sects, or at least many individuals belonging to other sects (which is all that can be said of the Methodists, who are by no means unanimous in their profession of approbation of the Church, whatever representations may have been made on the subject by certain of their teachers), who, regarding the Church as a Christian body, would not have her destroyed; nay, who sincerely desire her prosperity. Yet the Methodists have somehow succeeded in persuading Churchmen that they are, if not Churchmen too, so entirely free from a spirit of rivalry with the Establishment, as to stand entitled to the character of being, *par excellence*, the friends of the church, in the sense of seeking her welfare and having her good at heart.

This is a point of no slight importance just now—when there ought to be no mistake as to who are the real supporters of the church—and being, moreover, one on which we think a great deal of misconception exists, it is our intention to bestow some pains in setting the matter in a proper light, without prejudice or partiality.

As preliminary to what follows, we may be allowed to remark, that, besides being friends of the completest liberty of conscience being enjoyed by all sects, we have some esteem for Methodism especially; regarding, as we do, the system to have been the means of promoting true religion in this country, and of stirring up different denominations—and the Church, too—to the performance of works of usefulness. We do not, therefore, intend it to be interpreted, that one word of disrespect is here uttered towards that community, as such—however much we may object to the double—and, as we conceive, inconsistent—character which has been assumed, of being devoted Wesleyans and sincere Churchmen at the same time. With this understanding, then, we proceed to inquire—Can the Methodists fairly be considered as Churchmen, or as honest allies of the Church; and can their assistance be safely relied on, in defending the Church in the hour of danger? Our

answer to all the parts of this question is broadly and roundly, and without hesitation—NO! We are aware this will be met by an appeal to their professions on many occasions; but professions are trifles, if unsupported by practice: deeds, and not words merely, are authority with us; for professions may be cheaply—nay, even profitably, made, while the conduct is contradictory of this lip-service. There can be no hesitation, in such cases, in determining whether we are bound to form our judgment of what a person is, by what he says or by what he does—as his life, and not his word, gives the truest exposition of his principles. We ask, then—Who is a Churchman? Is he not one who subscribes to her doctrines—who attends her services—and who, according to his means and opportunities, promotes her prosperity? He loves her, is united to her, and he lives for her. But does this description apply to the Methodist? Most surely not. He has set aside her formularies,—he adores not within her walls,—he labours not for her. His worship is after another manner, in another house, under a minister not especially appointed, and every act of usefulness performed by him is not to serve the church, but a sect. Can he, then, be a Churchman? Impossible. One who never goes near the church, who does nothing for the church, and who gives his presence, his aid, and his influence, to a meeting-house—a Churchman! The picture is a fraud, and ought to be denounced as such whenever made. We feel no objection against every man possessing the right of choosing for himself in religion; and as the matter is between himself and his Maker, whatever may be his preference, we hold it to be sacred, and no one is entitled to interfere. Let the Methodist be a Methodist, and welcome, we say; but let him be satisfied with this liberty, and be withal consistent; and not, while in fact and in reality he belongs to one Christian body, profess, in the face of this, to belong to another. This we hold to be rank imposition, and alike incompatible with a good conscience and common honesty. We are aware, that in answer to the statement of the Methodists being distinct from the Church, it has been alleged, that though separate from her, they stand united in affection—that they do not oppose, but wish her well; with a great deal more to the same purpose. If by this is only meant, that the Methodists, regarding the Church as an orthodox community, are in charity with her, it may be true; but this is likewise true of other denominations, and therefore no title can be derived by the Methodists from the circumstance, to announce themselves as Churchmen or supporters of the Church. But if more than this be laid claim to—if it be said, the Methodists approve of the Church, we refer to the tests already mentioned, and ask, why, if they approve of her, have they deserted her, and given their presence and services to a rival interest? Let them explain this, before it be demanded of us to give them credit for their professions of regard for the Church, with whom they do not worship, nor stand in any way identified, beyond the empty pretence of attachment.

But this profession of regard is often made in another form, which, being plausible, must be more particularly noticed. The Methodists affirm they are not enemies, but helpers or auxiliaries, of the Church; and therefore entitled to be numbered amongst her children, or at least her friends. This, however, is only the case in the same way that other

sects are helpers—inasmuch as they all contribute to the advancement of the common cause of Christianity. But the Methodists intend it to be understood, that they are helpful to the Church in the sense of assisting in the promotion of her special objects; which is the thing we deny, affirming, at the same time, that the Methodists have never done, nor do they at present, any service for the Church which is not done by other denominations. This is indeed putting the case in a manner too favourable for the Methodists, who ought to be distinguished from other dissenters, not as being more favourable to the Church, but as having in fact taken more members from her, and transferred them to their own ranks, than all the rest of the dissenting sects put together. The dissenters generally pretend no particular friendship for the Church from which they avow themselves as differing. Here there is consistency, and however contrary may be our own opinions to some of theirs, yet we admire honesty wherever it is found. But the Methodists have taken another course, and by smiling, and fawning, and professing friendship, they have crept into the confidence of the church, and, without doing a single act to serve her proper interests, so distinguished from their own—they have wrung from her bosom some of her choicest members, and have thereby been strengthening themselves at her cost for nearly a century. Yet they say they are her friends, and shallow-minded persons believe it, notwithstanding the contrary evidence afforded by all experience. We have paid considerable attention to the history of Methodism; and although, as we have already observed, we esteem the Methodists for the good which they have unquestionably been the means of promoting, we resist the conclusion that their professions of regard for the church, if not made for the very purpose, have been the cause, not of serving her, but of serving themselves of her. They may not, it is true, have been so politic as the effects of their procedure would seem to indicate; but, apart from Christian charity, and judging only by what has actually taken place, we should be led to consider the motive of the Methodists for professing friendship for the church to be one of unmixed selfishness, and intended to work their own profit, by enabling them to live upon the credit of the church, partake of her influence, and in numberless cases to supplant her in the affections of the people.

We have just referred to the history of Methodism, and we will now advert to it again, for the purpose of citing a few facts, to which we solicit the attention of the Bishop of Exeter and other churchmen, who either have, or act as if they had, imbibed a notion that the Methodists are a sort of Churchmen, and may be counted for such in case of danger. Credulous men! how little are they acquainted with the course which Methodism has been taking from its commencement. The following sketch ought not—and yet from the manner in which some of our dignitaries speak, we believe it will be, new to them:

When Mr. Wesley, whom we revere as a great and useful man, first set out to preach wherever he could, in chambers, fields, or market-places, we have no doubt his intention was to serve the Church. As a proof of this, he did all he could to bring men to the Church. He had no separate preaching in church hours, that men in hearing him might be forced to be absent from the service of the establishment. Now, this

conduct was friendly, and denoted his affection for the Church. He had no such primary object as to establish a new sect; but, as he proceeded, he became involved with others, who wanted his church principles, and in course of time the thing which he was so much averse to—viz. the creation of a dissenting denomination, was effected. It is particularly worthy of remark how gradually and cautiously methodism proceeded, under the guidance of its wary and politic preachers, in its complete secession from the establishment: at first, they had no worship during the hours appropriated for church service, for the purpose, as was said, of giving their members the opportunity of attending at the establishment as well as upon their preaching—very good: but mark what followed, and then say if they did not in this instance make a virtue of necessity, and pretended not to wish to oppose the church in regard to preaching, merely because they knew that to preach out of church hours was the way to get congregations of church people, who would not otherwise have attended them, if by so doing they had been compelled to be absent from the Church. The effect, at least, if not the identical object of this arrangement was therefore to get Churchmen to hear the Methodists, and not to accommodate the Church; this is proved by the fact that, when at length the Methodist preachers had so far got hold of the people as to be strong enough to set up for themselves, then church hours were disregarded, and they fixed their times for worship as best suited their convenience, leaving the church to get filled as it might, or the clergy to address themselves to empty pews, for what they cared:—this was the first step in their departure from the Church, and was as far as they dare go at once. The sacrament, baptism, and the burial of the dead they did not then meddle with, but left them entirely to the established clergy, as proofs, they said, how much they loved the church, and that they had not separated from her communion, and become dissenters. This served their purpose at the time, which was all they desired. It is true some individuals in the Establishment could not comprehend how those could be Churchmen who set up rival preaching at the same hour that the Church had service; but, as still they said they belonged to the Church, and came to the sacrament, which was the legal test of membership, they were partially believed, and the alarm was not great on the subject. Well: but, first having succeeded in establishing independent worship, they subsequently began to administer the sacrament, to baptise, to bury their own dead, and to be in every respect a separated people from the Church; now, where is the difference between this and becoming dissenters. Still they said, when referred to on these points, “We do not oppose the Church,” and nobody contradicting them, their professions were put on record. In the meantime they went on to do the best they could for themselves, and the more completely to accomplish their object, they have done all in their power to counterfeit, as it were, every attractive or venerable feature of the Church, and to allure, by every possible means, persons to give them the preference; or to entrap them into a withdrawal from the Church by persuading them that in becoming Methodists they still belonged to the establishment. With this view, they have exerted all their might to obtain splendid places of worship—organs have been introduced, with other musical instruments, to be the more tempting; and even the Church service, too, is read in many places. Now, what is

the intention of all this—to serve the Church? No, but to get up a rival establishment, which should compete with the Church, and in the end overthrow her. To entertain a doubt on this point is, on the part of Churchmen, to manifest the most absurd incredulity as to the intentions of the Methodist preachers, who, whatever may be the shortsightedness of others, know well how to conduct the profitable trade of dissembling kindness for the Church, while every thing they do is selfishly intended to promote exclusively their own interests. Our authority for what we say is their past conduct, and our rule of judgment as to their future intentions is common sense. We assert most positively that the Methodists as a body never have assisted the Church, and moreover that it is the sheerest folly to expect they ever will do so, or to depend upon them for the slightest help for the Church in case of danger. We have not been without the means of forming an opinion—a just estimate, indeed—both of the Methodist people and their preachers. The former we believe to be generally simple-hearted, pious, and well-meaning; but the latter, more especially a few of the leading ones, under a plain garb and with self-denying pretensions, have more of ambition and of human policy in their composition than is commonly suspected. No class of men on earth professing religion, carry matters with a higher hand than they do, where they have authority; or are more pompous in showing their consequence to their inferiors. Towards the Church of England expediency has however hitherto dictated a different demeanour; and it is with them an object to be thought friendly towards her, merely because they have profited and expect to profit by it. They, in fact, traffic with this profession on part of a fictitious capital, which they have pushed into extensive circulation with the expectation of receiving good interest; and they have not been disappointed, for, thanks to the credulity of Churchmen, it has produced a return an hundred-fold! We repeat, then, our conviction that the Methodist preachers have no such affection for the Church as would lead them to help her under any circumstance; and our solemn opinion is, that the Church incurs great danger in seeming to lean to Methodistical aid, in as much as she will never obtain it; and therefore all hopes resting thereon are false; and further, this frequent reference to the Methodists as allies of the Church, instead of strengthening or fortifying her, has a contrary effect, by causing her to neglect those means of defence which she has within herself, and which only can be of avail in any great crisis. The Church, we say, can defend herself if she will, but before she does this, her confidence in foreign help must cease; and, being brought fully to consider herself in a true and proper light, she must remove every bye-purpose, and be solely anxious to fulfil the design of her establishment:—viz. the instruction of the people of England in the great truths of the religion of Jesus Christ. The Church has hitherto been defended in a way which has alarmed her best friends, and given every advantage to her enemies. Many of her professed advocates have, in fact, done their work just in the manner they should have done, if they had intended shortly to deliver her over to destruction. First, instead of admitting that certain imperfections and abuses (and who can deny these?) have crept upon her, and showing a willingness for *them* to be scattered to the four winds, they have defended her in the gross,—good and bad have

been taken indiscriminately under the protection of these champions, and they have stood by the whole as if it were perfection itself. This is one error: a second has been, that her defenders have mostly expended their zeal in protection of her revenues, while her doctrines and her efficiency for salvation have seemed but to occupy a secondary place in their esteem. Every nerve has been strained to uphold her tithes, her church votes, &c., while her spiritual character has been too much forgotten. Now, the most successful line of defence would be, to show that the revenues of the Church were not regarded as private emoluments, but entirely as a provision for the maintenance of men whose sole business it is to do good,—who are not of the world, but given up, body and soul, to the service of God and their fellow-men. The true defenders of the Church should set themselves to disencumber her of those who disgrace her by unclerical conduct,—of drones who eat her fruits without serving her interests. Some of the trammels which are upon the Church should be taken off, and she should have all possible liberty to do good. Every encouragement should be given to those who really love her, and are useful to promote her welfare:—but we find we are deviating from the particular object of this article, which was to show, that in estimating the Methodists as being friends of the Church, an error is committed; which, if persevered in, the establishment may be greatly injured thereby. We hope this has been made sufficiently apparent, and that, in future, those who really desire the conservation and prosperity of the Church of England, will withdraw all confidence from other sects, so far as regards their helping her in her difficulties; but, at the same time, we would have no hostile or unchristian feeling cherished by the Church in reference to any sect whatever. An unclean spirit is utterly at variance with the genius of the gospel; we hope, therefore, that still the Church places no reliance on them for aid. She will always say to those who are not in communion with her, “Serve God in your own way, and be at peace;” and that, so far as any sect is instrumental in doing good, its usefulness, in the cause of religion generally, will be acknowledged, though it may not be regarded as properly auxiliar to, or in alliance with, the Church of England.

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#### SONNET.

'Tis evening's placid hour, most still and calm,  
 The sun is setting in the crimson'd west,  
 And birds are sweetly singing him to rest,  
 With notes most plaintive, like a low-breath'd psalm.  
 Nature seems downcast—as a gentle maid,  
 To whom her lover late hath bid adieu,  
 Wears on her countenance the languid hue  
 Of sorrow, where a smile so lately played.  
 Now twilight walks along the darkening sky,  
 And throws on all around her fairy veil;  
 And there, the young moon shows her crescent pale;  
 And heaven is bright with starry sanctity:  
 Deep silence reigns, and all is hushed repose—  
 Oh! that a world so fair, should be a world of woes! \* \* \*



## MR. "PUBLIC INSTRUCTOR" ROEBUCK.

IF a late Chancellor of Exchequer deserved the nick-nomen of "Prosperity Robinson;" or Mr. Spencer Percival that of "General Fast;" surely the Honourable Member for Bath ought ever to be known as "Public Instructor Roebuck:" not that he is, in the smallest degree, competent to the task such a cognomen sets him; but because he has, without call or solicitation, taken upon himself to enlighten the empire in all matters touching "politics and morals."

We need scarcely inform our readers, that Mr. Roebuck has been for some months amusing himself and a select number of friends,—namely, Messrs. F. Place, Grote, Hume, *et hoc genus*,\*—by publishing a series of pamphlets for the avowed purpose of instructing the people in legislation, and of "modestly discovering that of themselves which yet they know not of."

Now that the party warfare of a most important session is over, we are led to inquire, in the absence of more engrossing subjects, what are the pretensions of Mr. Roebuck to the vast work he has voluntarily undertaken? But, in pursuing this inquiry, we wish most distinctly to be understood, that our remarks will be simply directed to the self-assumed character of "an instructor to the public;" for it is right we should confess, that the whole of our knowledge of that character has been gleaned from his speeches in parliament, his pamphlets, and a certain correspondence between him and a Mr. Stirling.

The qualifications demanded of a political instructor are, manifestly, honesty, sound understanding of the principles and practice of government, and the capability of communicating the elements of his knowledge, in language plain, forcible, and apt. Does Mr. Roebuck possess these requisites? Let us see.

The first desideratum involves a discussion of no small delicacy. To moot the question of honesty, in reference to any particular individual, would entail upon one—having the fear of the law of libel before his eyes—a most dangerous line of argument; but, to accuse a person of so much moral dishonesty, as will induce him "to bear false witness against his neighbour;" or to be guilty of "*legally* evading†" established enactments," is, we believe, less dangerous:—at least, we hope so, for of these last are we obliged to charge the Honourable Member for Bath.

Referring to the correspondence before mentioned, we find, that in a pamphlet on "the Stamped Press and its Morality," Mr. Roebuck stated, —not doubtingly or equivocally, but positively, as if he knew from his own knowledge,—that Mr. Stirling was an editor of the "Times" news-

\* The whole incorporated into a self-constituted body, entitled "A Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge."

† Mr. Roebuck's own expression: *vide* his first pamphlet, p. 5.

paper; applying, also, to that gentleman, the epithets "cowardice," "base-ness," "skulking," "charlatanism," and "depravity" worse than that of an assassin!" For this the pamphleteer was brought to a most abject apology, and sheltered himself under the plea of "misapprehension!"

Setting aside the excessive inconsistency of an instructor in *morals*, putting forth such expressions as those above quoted,—that, too, in an article on the depravity and coarseness of the Stamped Press,—we ought to award the uttermost excess of contempt to a man, who pretends to teach others that of which he is himself totally ignorant. Supposing it to be essential that "the people" should be made acquainted with the private character of Mr. Stirling, our "public instructor" pretended to tell them; and stated things, for which, as he afterwards owned in his apology, he had not the slightest foundation:—namely, that Mr. Stirling was editor of "the Times," a charlatan, a coward, &c. &c. What is the word by which such asseverations deserve to be designated? We would rather not use it.

But the "public instructor" misapprehended. Be it so. And viewing his conduct in this, its most favourable light, it sadly detracts from the character of a teacher; for he must have been either so obtuse as to "misapprehend" matters which are, with the least possible trouble, comprehended; or, understanding them, so dishonest, as wilfully to misrepresent the truth. If, then, he be found guilty of deceiving his multitudinous pupil, the public, in matters involving the character of a private gentleman, and consequently, in some shape, at his own personal risk; how are his instructions to be depended on, when applied to the great principles of "government and morality?"

Again: the absence of that moral rectitude which ought to be the chief attribute of such a character as Mr. Roebuck has chosen to assume, is glaringly evident in the fact of a legislator—a man chosen by a body of constituents to enforce and revise the laws—wickedly betraying the trust reposed in him, and instead of supporting the legal institutions of his country, basely, deliberately breaking them! The pamphlets under consideration are—according to Mr. Roebuck's own showing, in the commencement of his first publication—as unequivocally liable to the imposts of the stamp-act, as any newspaper in the kingdom; and, having boastingly shown so much, he proceeds to discuss "the means by which its enactments might be *legally* avoided," with the effrontery of a logical smuggler, who might argue to prove the *legality* of defrauding the revenue.

And here we cannot help digressing, to point out the extreme partiality with which the stamp laws have, of late, been administered. Why should a poor wretch, who, for vending an unstamped publication—possibly to escape the horrors of starvation—why should *he* be sent to jail, for merely distributing papers, with the compilation of which he had nothing to do, and with the contents of which he is, in all probability, entirely ignorant?—punished for only being accessory to an offence, of which, morally, he is entirely innocent?

Why? Because it is perfectly proper that law-breakers should be punished—"the law allows it, and the court awards it." The question then naturally arises—Why should one legislative trespasser be punished, and another escape? We leave the first interrogatory with the readers

of "Cleave's Police Gazette," and would be glad to hear the second resolved by the dosers over Mr. Roebuck's pamphlets.\*

We have next to inquire, if Mr. Roebuck understands the theory and practice of government? This will cost but little trouble. One sentence from his article, "On the Means of Conveying Information to the People," will speedily settle the amount of our instructor's political acumen:

"We (namely, the writer and his *clique*) believe that no people can be well governed that do not govern themselves!"

This sentence is evidently an attempt to express the *epistolicum* of republicanism, but is as untenable and fallacious as any jumble of words can well be;† and to attempt the refutation of a proposition so silly, would be idle: the *instructor*, however, saves us the trouble, for, in the very next page, he flatly contradicts himself—thus:—

"It is clear, that although the people ought to govern, they cannot do so directly, and by themselves."

These two sentences, taken from a pamphlet professedly written to expound the views of Mr. Roebuck and his pamphleteering companions, must show at once their total ignorance of legislature, limited, constitutional, or republican. And, although we do not always see the justice of picking out, as we have done, one sentence to refute sentiments expressed in another—yet, in this instance, we can plead ample justification: first, because the contradiction is unequivocal and positive; next, because the context neither qualifies nor excuses it; and, lastly, because the premises first predicated are untenable, and consequently undeducible; so that, without making a fresh proposition, the writer must have abandoned the argument for want of materials for deduction.

But this ignorance is not confined to the science of legislation. The total independence of elementary knowledge displayed in the Roebuck pamphlets, brings us to our third consideration: the capability of expressing ideas in language plain, forcible, and apt.

To comply with this condition, it is plain, two things are necessary: that the teacher should have ideas to express, original and essentially his own; and that he should be acquainted with the common rudiments of the English grammar. In both these essentials, our "public instructor" is more than deficient. He seems entirely unpossessed of any idea which has not been previously propounded and published, from the days of the "gagging bill" and "Corresponding Society," to those of the surpassingly talented, but frequently wrong-headed, William Cobbett. The arguments of Mr. Roebuck—or, rather, those he takes the liberty of borrowing—seem to undergo a similar process to the pouring of water through a sieve. From the extreme instability of his sentiments, and the confused manner in which he attempts to express them, it would seem that they are imbibed for the especial purpose of manu-

\* We are, certainly, of opinion, that some alteration in the stamp act, as regards newspapers, is loudly called for; but while in its present state, the law ought to be obeyed; and it is obvious, that a member of Parliament should be the last person either to *evade* or break it.

† We suppose the instructor means, that no people can be well governed that do not govern *each other*.

facturing his pamphlets. His effusions bear evidence, that the process of *learning* occurs immediately previous to that of *teaching*; and that he performs the latter operation prematurely—before the first has been either digested or consummated; and, consequently, his information, being but superficially impressed upon his own mind, is poured forth to the public "in one weak, washy, overwhelming flood."

How aptly soever these remarks apply to his sentiments, they bear not, however, an equal reference to his syntax. The rules of that school-boy accomplishment he has evidently never learned at all, or acquired them too superficially even to admit of his applying them to the emanations from "The Society for the Diffusion of Moral and Political Knowledge."

To prove this assertion, would involve us in a labyrinth of verbal criticism—a task not excessively amusing, either to us or our readers, and only worthy of the talents of a school-usher. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of referring "the curious in composition" to a random selection of Roebuckiana, below.\*

\* We will begin with bad English:—

"As we do not take advantage of the benefits of being a *periodical*," &c. &c.

It would be curious to know what *would* be the advantage of "we" (Roebuck and Co.) being *hoc-us-pocussed* into a "periodical."

"To draw the line accurately between the *domain* of law and *morality* is no easy task," &c.—*The Stamped Press of London and its Morality*, p. 1.

"Domain" for "domains."

"Who *was* it that persecuted the Quakers? Protestants. Who *was* it that passed intolerant acts against dissenters? Protestants. Who *was* it that framed the sanguinary code for Ireland? Protestants."—*Commemoration of the Reformation*, p. 13.

Platitudes:—

"But I am not so blinded by this persuasion, as to believe that all the people do is wise—*neither can I be persuaded to call the people wise, when I believe them to be ignorant.*"—*On the Means of conveying Information to the People*, p. 5.

"The government, under the best system, can but be the reflexion of the people: *if they be wise, by adopting a good system, you will produce a wise government; if they be ignorant, an ignorant one.*"—*Idem*, p. 7.

Identical propositions:—

"Your object, in the coming Municipal Elections, ought to be, and doubtless will be, to select persons who will with honesty and intelligence discharge the duties imposed on the Municipal Government: *in other words, you will endeavour to select honest and intelligent Town Councillors.*"—*A Letter to the future Municipal Electors of Bath*, p. 8.

The "other words" produce the same sentiment, written in nearly the same "words."

"That body of persons who are appointed to manage the city's own concerns, are with us called the City Corporation. *The object, then, for which the City Corporation is appointed, is to manage the peculiar concerns of the city.*"—*A Letter to the Electors of Bath on the Corporation Bill*, p. 2.

We could, if we chose to be tiresome, multiply these extracts *ad infinitum*, as almost every page exhibits some sin against grammar or common sense.

Having thus shown the public-instructing pamphleteer to be a person utterly disqualified for his task—as well from the want of that *sine qua non*, public principle, as from his lamentable deficit in the matter of common education—we owe our readers an apology for occupying these pages with a subject so extremely unworthy. But it is possible for the most ignorant, the most illiterate—even for Mr. Roebuck—to cause much evil, both political and moral; particularly amongst his own class—that of uneducated persons. To avert, in some degree, such evil, by exposing the presumption, folly, and emptiness, of those who would engender it, has been our aim—an object we will ever deem paramount.

In conclusion, we ought to observe, that many papers published in "Mr. Roebuck's Pamphlets," are written by other members of the "Society." The best general notice we can give them is, that they are grammatically expressed. The paper signed "FRANCIS PLACE," and headed "HAND-LOOM WEAVERS," is, however, marked by sound sense, and is likely to do good to the persons addressed.\*

W.

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SONNET.

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METHOUGHT I saw a vision from the dead  
 Come cloth'd in beauty, as I slumbering lay;  
 She had no terrors, but a smile did play  
 Gently upon her face; and round her head  
 A circling halo its meek lustre shed:  
 A cloud transparent seem'd her white array,  
 Lovely as one that, on a summer day,  
 O'er the blue heavens is delicately spread.  
 And she did bend her beaming eyes on me,  
 And in kind voice, with tenderness replete,  
 Chaunted a wild and plaintive melody,  
 A song of death:—to die—how passing sweet!  
 A lulling opiate for the weary breast,  
 Bringing smooth slumbers and untroubled rest.      \* \* \*

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\* We will take leave to remark in this place, and by way of "addenda," that, in common with our contemporaries, we do not entertain a sentiment of respect for the public character whose conspicuous demerits have called forth this paper. We desire, however, to extend our good-nature, rather than our political good-will, towards this degraded pamphlet-monger—this mere abortion of common sense—which we have taste enough to disapprove, as disgracing the "sacred cause" it aims to abet. It is pretended, too, that this infatuated person supplies the place, in the present age, of the illustrious Junius—save the mark! We shall ever be grateful to the memory of Junius, for having, as it were, breathed into our mind—for having inspired our heart—for having imbued our soul, with the unpretending spirit of liberty, which, of all moral sentiments, we firmly believe tends most to swell the bosom with a sort of superhuman apprehension of our own dignity. Is it not that very "dignity" which creates within us moral heroism; and mediately conduces to our proud enjoyment of all that to British manhood were desirable—self-esteem—self-valoration? Answer who may, such is our bias.—ED.

ESSAY ON THE MORAL EFFECTS OF FICTION,  
ESPECIALLY IN NOVELS.

BY THE LATE SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

It is, you know, a favourite notion of mine, that a sensibility to the beauties of natural scenery, is a late acquirement of civilized taste. Mr. Twining, in his translation of Aristotle's "Poetics," observes, that there is no single term, either in Greek or Latin, for "prospect."

Both Aristotle and Bacon consider fiction and poetry as equivalent terms. Aristotle observes, that verse without fiction is not poetry; and Bacon teaches us, that poetry may be written in prose as well as in verse. There were few examples in the time of Bacon, perhaps none in that of Aristotle, of fiction without the ornament of metre. But these great philosophers could not suppose that the arrangement of sounds was the essential distinction between two different modes of exercising the human faculties. Aristotle, agreeably to the bent of his genius, considers poetry, in its analogy to philosophy—a wide unexplored field, which I, at present, forbear to enter. Bacon, whose intellect had taken no bent, but was equally ready to be shot out in any direction where new objects were to be caught, considers the moral effect of fiction, which is the subject of my present inquiry.

Fiction, if its nature be attentively considered, seems to be capable of producing two moral effects.

I. It represents a degree of ideal excellence, superior to any virtue which is observed in real life. This effect is perfectly analogous to that of a model of ideal beauty in the elegant arts. As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the noblest of all arts, the art of living well, the pursuit of unattainable perfection raises us more near to what we never can reach. Valour or benevolence may be embodied in the hero of a tale, as female beauty in the Venus, or male beauty in the Apollo. This effect of fiction is represented with majestic eloquence by Bacon. To this he confined his attention; and does not seem to have considered another effect perhaps not of inferior importance.

II. Every fiction is popular in proportion to the degree in which it interests the greatest number of men. Now, to interest is to excite the sympathy of the reader with one of the persons of the fiction—to be anxious about his fortunes, to exult in his success, and to lament his sufferings. Every fiction, therefore, in proportion as it delights, teaches a new degree of fellow-feeling with the happiness or misery of other men; it adds somewhat to the disposition to sympathise, which is the spring of benevolence; and benevolence is not only the sovereign queen of all the virtues, but that virtue for whose sake every other exists, and which bestows the rank of virtue on every human quality that ministers in her train. No fiction can delight but as it interests; nor can it excite interest but as it exercises sympathy; nor can it excite sympathy without increasing the disposition to sympathise, and, con-

sequently, without strengthening benevolence. There is no doubt that the best school of compassion is real calamity; and that the intercourse of sympathy and benefit, in active life, is the most effectual discipline of humanity. The effect of similar scenes in fiction is proportionably fainter, but it may be repeated as often as is desired; and, at all events, it is so much added to the school of real events.

This importance would appear greater, if we could transport ourselves back to the first abject condition of the human brute. A rare act of virtue, probably of valour, the quality most necessary and most brilliant, is versified and recited; his only wish is, that his beastly idleness may be diverted; but something of the sentiment which produced the virtue steals into his soul. The success of the singer rouses others. When they have exhausted mere brute courage, they think of the motive which inspired it. He who is killed for his tribe, or for his family, is the more favoured hero. The barbarous poet and his savage hearers find that they have been insensibly betrayed to celebrate and admire humanity. One act of virtue is, as it were, multiplied by a thousand mirrors of rude fiction: these images afford so many new pictures to the imagination of the savage. In a long series of ages, it may be said, with truth—

“ Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,  
Glory pursues, and generous shame,  
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.”

Every state of society has its predominant virtue, of which it delights to multiply the ideal models. By frequently contemplating these, other virtues are excluded, and the favourite quality is nourished to that excess at which it becomes a vice. Admiration of the valour of Achilles inspires a criminal rage for war, and lessens our abhorrence for the rapine and cruelty of the hero. Treatises on morals, written in the most dissimilar times, may exactly coincide; but it is otherwise with fiction, and such practical modes of inspiring moral sentiment; they proceed from the feelings, and they must be marked by the prevalent feelings of the age which produces them. Unhappily, the effect of the moral treatise is small; that of the fiction, though unequal and irregular, is very great. A man who should feel all the various sentiments of morality, in the proportions in which they are inspired by the Iliad, would certainly be far from a perfectly good man. But it does not follow that the Iliad did not produce great moral benefit. To determine that point, we must ascertain whether a man, formed by the Iliad, would be better than the ordinary man of the country at the time in which it appeared. It is true, that it too much inspires an admiration for ferocious courage. That admiration was then prevalent, and every circumstance served to strengthen it. But the Iliad breathes many other sentiments less prevalent, less favoured by the state of society, and calculated gradually to mitigate the predominant passion. The friendship and sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, the patriotic valour of Hector, the paternal affliction of Priam, would slowly introduce more human affections. If they had not been combined with the admiration of barbarous courage, they would not have been popular, and consequently they would have found no entry into those savage hearts which they

were destined (I do not say, *intended*) to soften. It is therefore clear, from the very nature of poetry, that the poet must inspire somewhat better morals than those around him, though, to be effectual and useful, his morals must not be totally unlike those of his contemporaries. With respect to posterity, the case is somewhat different; as they become more and more civilized, they limit their admiration to the really admirable qualities of energy, magnanimity, and sensibility; they turn aside their eyes from their attendant ferocity, or consider it only as a proof of the power of the poet, as an exact painter of manners. If the Iliad should, in a long course of ages, have inflamed the ambition and ferocity of a few individuals, even that evil, great as it is, will be far from balancing all the generous sentiments which, for three thousand years, it has been pouring into the hearts of youth, and which it now continues to infuse, aided by the dignity of antiquity, and by all the fire and splendour of poetry. Every succeeding generation, as it refines, requires the standard to be proportionably raised.

Apply these remarks, with the necessary modifications, to those fictions copied from common life, called novels, which are not above a century old, and of which the multiplication and the importance, as well as literary as moral, are characteristic features of England. There may be persons now alive who may recollect the publication of 'Tom Jones,' at least, if not of 'Clarissa.' In that time, probably twelve novels have appeared, of the first rank—a prodigious number, of such a kind, in any department of literature; and the whole class of novels must have had more influence on the public, than all other sorts of books combined. Nothing popular can be frivolous; whatever influences multitudes, must be of proportionable importance. Bacon and Turgot would have contemplated with inquisitive admiration this literary revolution.

If fiction exalts virtue by presenting ideal perfection, and strengthens sympathy by multiplying the occasions for its exercise, this must be best done when the fiction most resembles that real life which is the sphere of the duties and feelings of the great majority of men. At first sight, then, it seems that the moralist could not have imagined a revolution in literature more favourable to him, than that which has exalted and multiplied novels. And now I hear a clamour around me;—'Tom Jones is the most admirable and popular of all English novels, and will Mr. Philosopher pretend that Tom Jones is a moral book?' With shame and sorrow it must be answered, that it does not deserve the name, and a good man, who finds such a prostitution of genius in a book so likely to captivate the young, will be apt to throw it from him with indignation; but he will still, even in this extreme case, observe, that the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of Blifil, of the hypocrisy of Thwackum and Square; that Jones himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness, and fidelity—all virtues of the first class. The objection is the same in its principle with that to the Iliad. The ancient epic exclusively presents war—the modern novel, love; the one what was most interesting in public life, and the other, what is most brilliant in private, and both with an unfortunate disregard of moral restraint—

"Fierce wars and faithful loves."

A more refined objection against novels has been made by Stewart,



from whom I am always unwilling to dissent, especially on the mixed questions of taste and morals, which he generally treats with uncommon success. He admits that fiction cultivates the moral taste, the advantage ascribed to it by Lord Bacon; but he seems to deny (though with some fluctuation) that it cultivates sympathy—the advantage for which I have ventured to contend. The sum of his objections is, that every repetition of a melancholy scene blunts sensibility; that this is not balanced, as in real life, by strengthening the active habit; and that a custom of contemplating the elegant distresses of fiction, makes the mind shrink from the homely, and often disgusting, miseries of the world. The last objection has a certain degree of truth. A mind accustomed to compassionate distress only when divested of disgusting circumstances, will doubtless not be so ready to pity haggard and loathsome poverty, as those who have been long habituated to contemplate that sort of misery. But the true question is, whether such a mind will not be more disposed to pity, in such circumstances, than one who has never had compassion excited before.

It deserves particular consideration, that distress is never presented in fiction, but where it is naturally followed by pity, which it is the object of the fiction to inspire. It must be, and it ought to be, quite otherwise in real life. The physician is immediately roused by the sight of suffering, to consider the means of relief; the magistrate connects the sufferings of the criminal with the advantage of society; the angry man feels a gratification in the sufferings of his enemy. These states of mind are natural; some of them useful, and even necessary. The case of the physician is that of every man constantly engaged in the practice of benevolence; but they are all examples where pain is *dissociated* from the sufferings of others, and where real misery produces sentiments different from pity—the most generally useful of all human feelings.

From the larger proposition I differ also—that “an habitual attention to scenes of fictitious distress is not merely useless to the character, but positively hurtful.” Impressions are weakened by repetition; associations between two ideas, or between two feelings, or between an idea and a feeling, are strengthened by repetition; and the force of such associations will be directly in proportion to the number of times that the ideas or feelings have co-existed, or immediately succeeded each other. This theory is applicable to every operation of the mind, but the mere passive receiving of impressions; it is obviously applicable to all the passions, and is, indeed, the law on which their growth depends. Take the instance of avarice. There is in avarice an association between the idea of money and the feeling of pleasure. It is perfectly clear, that the oftener this idea and this feeling have been associated, the stronger is the power of the idea to call up the feeling. It would be most extravagant indeed to suppose, that the repetition of fits of anger did not make a man more irascible, in a manner so independent of outward acts, that men often become more passionate from the painful necessity of concealing all its outward marks. If the contemplation of pathetic scenes weakens pity, why should not the contemplation of excellence weaken the love of virtue?

Then, though each single impression is, no doubt, weakened by repetition, yet this may be more than counterbalanced by new impressions,

received from the same object, in frequent successive contemplation. Every mind which possesses any sensibility to rural beauty, receives the strongest impression at first from every part of a beautiful scene which it can then perceive; but many succeeding views may reveal new beauties, and cultivation may quicken and expand his power of observing. The impression from what I did see in the "Elegy\*" was strongest at first; but my whole impression is far stronger after the ten thousandth perusal, because I now see a great deal more. Pity receives a similar improvement from education; it acquires a more exquisite tact, and discovers pains of which, in its first gross state, it would not have suspected the existence. On this depend all the delicacy of compassion, and the grace of beneficence. In this manner, after a long exercise of sympathy, even the whole impression made by the sufferings of others may be stronger, because (if I may so speak) the rays issue from a greater number of points.

But this is not all; every emotion of pity is necessarily followed by a desire to relieve, (however faint,) which partakes of the nature of an active habit; it is not unfelt even towards fictitious distress. If this desire—this internal effort—this mental act, did not follow the law of active habits, what would be the case of those good men who see misery often, and seldom, or perhaps never, may have the means of relieving it? Mr. Stewart will not suppose that their hearts will be hardened, or that their pity will not be in many respects more lively and eager than that of those who have relieved themselves by beneficence. On the contrary, he will acknowledge that the facility of relieving the coarser distresses is one of the circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with the insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be healed by their wealth.

In differing from Mr. Stewart, I am delighted in concurring with one for whom he and I feel the most profound reverence, and who (I agree with him) had more comprehensive views of the progress of society than any man since Bacon. "Il regardoit les romans comme des livres de morale, et même, disoit-il, comme les seuls ou il eut vu de la morale." (Vie de Turgot par Condorcet, p. 62.)

Novels inspire romantic indiscretions. Whatever violates the rules of duty, in which are included those of prudence, is, no doubt, *below* perfect morality; but how much is the romantic lover *above* the sensual and the mercenary! The period of the prevalence of novels has been characterised by another very remarkable phenomenon; it is the only period in history in which female genius could be mentioned as materially contributing to the literary glory of a nation.

As they are now the most numerous class of literary productions, there must be more bad novels than bad books of any other kind. The number of wretched publications under the name, the modern origin of this species of composition, and the familiar appearance of its subjects, give, in the eye of many, an air of frivolity to the name of novel; and many a foolish pedant who wastes his life in illustrating an obscure and obscene comedy of Aristophanes, would be ashamed to read an English

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\* "In a Country Church-yard."

novel of high genius and pure morals. I do not meddle with the important questions of prudence in the education of a female; what novels she ought to read, and when. As to ninety-nine of every hundred novels, I know from experience that it is a sad waste of time—"the stuff of which life is made."

It should be observed, that, for the purpose of this argument, history and fiction are on a footing; both present distress not occurring in our own experience. The effect does not at all depend on the particular or historical truth, but on that more general or philosophical truth of which Aristotle speaks, and which consists in a conformity to human nature. The effect of the death of *Clarissa*, or of *Mary Stuart*, on the heart, by no means depends on the fact that the one really died, but on the vivacity of the exhibition by the two great painters, *Hume* and *Richardson*. All the interest of the story, and all the charm of the style, produce subordinate sentiments, which, in pathetic narrative, flow into the main stream of pity, sweeten its composition, increase its pleasurable ingredients, and strengthen the disposition towards it. As benevolence, which is the most delightful of all human feelings, is a part of pity, the latter is never wholly painful; and the pain seldom predominates for a long time. The expressions of poetry respecting "the luxury of woe," &c. would be inadmissible in poetical composition, if they were not sanctioned by the general feeling.

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### ANACREONTIC BALLAD,

By Mrs C. B. Wilson.

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TRIM the taper! fill the bowl!  
 Scarce our revel hath begun;  
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul—  
 Stir not, till the rising sun  
 Comes your ling'ring steps to chide,  
 With its paly-gleaming ray;—  
 When the bowl's last tears are dried,  
 Up! to daylight's cares away!  
 Trim the taper—fill the bowl—  
 Scarce our revel hath begun;  
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul,  
 Mirth like ours should greet the sun!  
 Night is here with roses crowned,  
 Like a young and blushing bride;  
 And each sterner thought is drowned  
 In the goblet's sparkling tide!  
 Rubies light the wine-cup's stream—  
 Diamonds flash from Beauty's eyes;—  
 Where are gems like these, that gleam  
 'Neath chill morning's sober skies?  
 Trim the taper—fill the bowl—  
 Scarce our revel hath begun;  
 Stir not hence, each jovial soul—  
 Mirth like ours should greet the sun!

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

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LARDNER'S Cabinet Cyclopædia. 71—Vol. 2. BIOGRAPHY. Longman and Co.

IT was in our last number only we noticed the preceding part or volume of this valuable work; and now we have its successor placed before us for the like purpose. We have ever looked upon Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library in the light of a "Godsend;" destined to enlighten and improve the great human family, the which, if properly made use of, might serve the purpose of self education, were there no other book or books to be found on the face of our planet save the Bible—that priceless tome containing innumerable evidence of heavenly wisdom and human folly. The present volume contains biographical outlines of the lives of some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and we shall feel disappointed if it fail to give less satisfaction, if not pleasure and delight, than its precursors.

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STANFIELD'S Coast Scenery, Parts 5 and 6. Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

THIS work proceeds with extraordinary éclat. The engravings are of the first class. Part 5 contains—Portsmouth Harbour; the Semaphore at Portsmouth; the Arched Rock, Isle of Wight, and Havre-de-Grace. Part 6 contains—Rye Old Harbour, Blockade Station; Powderham Park, Exmouth; Hamoaze, Plymouth; and Eastcliff, Hastings; and it must be confessed they are equally beautiful and attractive.

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LOUDON'S Arboretum Britannicum. Nos. 9 and 10. Longman and Co.

HERE we have another peculiarly well managed and skilful work, which is progressing with deserved success. Botanists, of all other persons, must, we think, feel highly indebted to Mr. Loudon for his pains-taking labours in this interesting branch of science. We are at a loss to know how, in the name of bookselling, the part or number, with so great a quantity of engravings, are produced for he small sum of 2s. 6d. We cannot make it out.

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Architectural Magazine. Nos. 19 and 20. Longman and Co.

THIS is a very ably conducted publication. Already (we speak advisedly upon the subject), the advantages to be derived from this work have proved of the utmost utility to builders and the students and others belonging to this profession,—nay, even to the more humble class of artizans—namely, the working carpenter and mason.

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The Conquests of Florida, under Hernando de Loto. By THEODORE IRVING. 2-vols. post 8vo.

MR. CHURTON, the enterprising publisher, seems bent on affording us an early and plentiful supply of new and *valuable* books, with which to beguile the

approaching winter evenings. Miss Sedgwick's new work had scarcely passed through our hands and reached the circulating libraries of the united kingdom, ere we were presented with "The Conquest of Florida;" and by whom, fair reader, do you incline to think?—Prepare for a fresh surprise—if not delight;—we answer, by a nephew of Washington Irving, the American novelist. The very name carries with it a modern charm, if his volumes fail to impart enchantment. In few words, then, let us sum up the evidence and pronounce the sentence. The Conquest of Florida, as a whole, is one of the best written and most refreshing works we have read for some time. We are by no means inclined to cavil or find fault with trifling discrepancies, but ever happy to award praise, especially where it is pre-eminently due. Theodore Irving bids fair to follow in the wake of his uncle's, Washington Irving's, intellectual sailing-yacht. We regret we have not space for extracts. The work *must* make its way rapidly.

The Englishman's Political Legacy, or John Bull's Spy-Glass for discovering and unmasking the Corruptions and Abuses in his Church and State Property. Strange, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an extraordinary book of facts, indeed; we say facts, because, however revolting—however loathsome—however unpalatable they may prove to all of us Englishmen, who are made, as it were, to pay the piper; they are, nevertheless (to speak sincerely), but too true. Indeed, it is not likely that the author, who is evidently not merely a talented but a gifted and literate man, would, with his immovable reputation, for the purpose of gratifying a vicious propensity, namely, that of misrepresenting the real state of things. Moreover, this popular public writer seems to us—who delight not in judging invidiously—to have derived a powerful genius from nature: he evidently displays an original invention in his political theories as well as an original style in his turbulent—not to say revolutionary, declamation. We say turbulent, for he doubtless possesses a very tumultuary mind. Perhaps, indeed, he was born in a tempestuous atmosphere, for the express purpose of becoming—

“The scourge of impostors and the terror of quacks.”

Although we differ with the writer in politics, taking it for granted his are extreme Radical, we must concede to him the merit of having issued a most skilful and comprehensive "Political Legacy." The language he has adopted is, in many instances, too "boisterous"—nay, vociferous in the highest degree, to please our sober judgment; but this fault may, perhaps, best suit the majority of his readers, despite our dislike of it; and when we find so much plain dealing and wholesome truth set down with so much national pride and native honesty, we readily negative our unbought opinion.

"The Englishman's Political Legacy" addresses itself to every man who has a head to think, and a heart to feel: as a memorial of abuse and corruption, of misrule and oppression perhaps unequalled it demands attentive perusal and the serious meditation of every Englishman, Irishman, and Scotchman, who wishes to live and die a freeman, and to transmit the blessing of freedom to his children. To the participators and abettors in corruption and abuse, this little work will be the subject of dread and abhorrence—the very mention of its name will strike them half dead with fear and terror; but by the friend and well-wisher to his country's happiness and prosperity, it cannot but be hailed as a useful and readable medium for the diffusion of political knowledge and public spirit. The size of the work is adapted so as to form an appendage to every man's pocket-book, and thus calculates it to be handed down to posterity.

To candidates for Parliamentary representation, on liberal and popular principles, "The Englishman's Political Legacy" is respectfully recommended, as an

excellent medium for awakening the attention, and informing the understanding, of Parliamentary electors, and, consequently, of inclining them to vote for honest and independent candidates.

We think we should but ill acquit ourselves of our bounden duty to this "GREAT NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS;" to the ENLIGHTENED "MIDDLE CLASSES;" to the GREAT BODY POLITIC OF ENGLAND, were we, although pressed for time as well as space, to omit to transfer to our pages a specimen of this bold politician's style and text. Take the following, at page 28 :—

"5. *The Amendment and Reformation of the Church Establishment.*

"In the amendment and reformation of the Church Establishment of England and Ireland, all the tinkering, and tampering, and temporizing of ecclesiastical ingenuity, even backed with the *wisdom* of 'the heads of the law and the state,' will not be of the least avail—its official or clerical members must assume more apostolical habits and manners—more apostolical feelings and motives—more apostolical practices and employments, than those which they, in their clerical craft and cunning, think proper to adopt and practise; they must, for the purpose, 'cast off the old man with his deeds'—they must first, 'with a pure heart, a good conscience, and a faith unfeigned,' learn to 'labour for and eat their own bread'—they must, instead of 'cleaving to their own traditions'—defending their 'world of iniquity'—their thrones, palaces, and fat livings, their tithes, enormous incomes, and inordinate emoluments, with the tenacious grasp of the tiger, and an appetite as keen and ravening as that of death—strive, *as much as in them lieth*, to copy the example, the ministry, and motives of their Divine Master, the meek, the lowly, and the patient, forgiving, the holy and heavenly-minded Jesus. This, if they be inclined, as 'a holy priesthood, taking the oversight of the Church of God not for filthy lucre's sake,' but with 'love unfeigned'—they will endeavour to do; and if they put into practice and operation the following advice, they will have the consolation of being enabled to 'put to silence the ignorance of foolish men,' and to reclaim and bring back their flocks from that infidelity and neglect of religious duties—that insensibility and indifference to spiritual and eternal interests—which, unhappily, now prevail among all classes of the community, and which their greediness and selfishness have been the chief cause of engendering."

We have small hesitation in recommending every intelligent person—every freeman—every landowner—every farmer—every mechanic—to possess this "Political Legacy."

Recollections of Filey. By JOHN EDWARDS. Derby, 1835.

A POEM from the author of the "Tour of the Dove," however short, will ever be acceptable to ourselves and the public. The veteran friend and correspondent of Southey, Wordsworth, and the exquisite bard of the "World before the Flood," may, like them, choose his own moment when, from the silence of his retirement, he may come forth to scatter abroad the flowers he cultivates in silence and in secrecy. We know the gentle sanctity of their odour, and we are ever ready to confess that, while the tint and form are true to nature, an ethereal spirit ever breathes around them, and fills our imagination with the idea that they belong to another world. Still there is no such thing as *religious poetry*, in the common acceptation of the phrase, throughout the whole of the compositions of Mr. Edwards. No where does piety take, in his writings, the stiff and settled position of a fixed subject. His piety may be compared to the clear stream of his favourite river, the Dove, which flows constantly through the beauties of nature, reflecting the romantic rocks, the caverns, and the verdant hills upon its banks, and still is ever bright with the light from heaven.

The poem before us consists of no more than about eight-and-twenty short stanzas: it is purely descriptive, and its greatest merit is the graphic character of passages which set the object pointed at correctly before the reader. Still the

whole is a recollection rather than a contemplated study. It was written, we are told, on a suggestion arising from a picture in "Cole's History and Antiquities of Filey." It is therefore a poem of memory, and is, perhaps, the brightest from the awakening remembrances by which it was brought, like a fresh image of the morning, back upon the mind. To those who love the sea-coast, and have often frequented it with an eye habitually conversant with the bold imagery, animate and inanimate, which it is perpetually presenting and varying, the following stanzas will afford sketches, not nice and finished indeed, but strikingly true. The flight of innumerable sea-gulls, and the dash of the lofty feathery spray, with its daring comparison to forest trees, are at once seen and heard in these lines:—

- “ The gulls, with wing of downy white  
Flapping the water in their flight,  
A thousand link'd in one,  
Far out at sea disport their flock ;  
Nor can the hermit of the rock  
Silence a scream that mocks his noisy gun.
- “ Hark, the wind howls ! the booming deep  
Comes rolling with tremendous sweep  
Against the beetling rocks :  
The tide, still rising every hour,  
Augments the grandeur of its power ;  
Yet the mole stirs not—it survives the shocks.
- “ Amidst the elemental jar  
Bright shapes are mingling, fierce for war,  
And toss on high their plumes.  
Like forest trees, they bend and clash—  
They rise—they sink—again they flash  
Their glittering spray, that all the crag illumines.
- “ A cobble, with its leaning sail,  
Has hove in sight, driven by the gale;—  
Another—others—more ;  
All laden heavily, and each  
Is pressing homeward, on the beach  
To meet with friends who buy their fishy store.
- “ A throng and busy scene ensues ;  
Their wives are mingled with the crews,  
And children lend a hand  
To hurl the vessel from the tide,  
To hoist the baskets o'er its side,  
And spread the nets to dry upon the strand.
- “ These duties done, the men repair,  
Each with his family, to share  
Rest and refreshing food.  
The mercies of the stormy night  
Are then narrated, and excite  
Their souls anew to faith and gratitude.”

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Henry, or the Juvenile Traveller. By the Wife of a British Officer resident in Canada. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A BOOK of travels from Portsmouth to Montreal, in America, written to suit the capacities of young people. The idea is excellent, and the work is executed in a manner well worthy of so good a design.

The Historical Keepsake, a Series of Original Tales, &c. &c., illustrative of British History. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

A TASTEFUL, and, to young persons, useful collection of *historiettes*, selected from the most interesting periods of English history, the literary department executed with judgment by Mr. J. W. Dalby. It is illustrated with engravings on wood, and is altogether an unpretending addition to our annual literature.

Prose Tales, adapted from the poets of the Nineteenth Century. By STEPHEN and HORATIO HUNT. Clements, Little Pulteney Street.

IN this matter-of-fact age, when poetry is at a discount, a work of this nature must be peculiarly acceptable. Its object seems to be to relieve "light readers" from the fetters verse sometimes imposes upon the progress of incident. The number before us—the first—presents a prose paraphrase of Crabbe's "Visionary;" and, (let all advocates of cheap literature observe)—for TWOPENCE.

Autumnal Leaves. By HENRIETTA. (Second Edition.) Dedicated to the Countess of Munster. James Cochrane & Co., Waterloo Place.

THIS is a collection of lyrics, exhibiting a very fair specimen of female talent. The fair authoress might have added her name to the work without fear of encountering the "deep damnation of the critic's 'bah!'"

The Lay of the Lady Ellen; a Tale of 1834. By HARRY CHESTER, Esq. Saunders and Ottley.

A TALE of fashionable life, related in iambic verse, with occasional aberrations into the dithyrambic. Moonlight, minuets, romances, and routs, are mixed up in this "little trifle" (as the author calls it in his mysterious dedication), with a wandering disregard to unity, plainly evincing a highly cultivated taste for the heterogeneous.

One sample of the author's rhyming propensities will be satisfactory to a "discerning public." It affords a unique specimen of that style of poetry (?) known as album-onian, and would have done honour to a drawing-room *debutante* just escaped from boarding-school and bread and butter:—

"But hark! again the fiddles squeal,  
Attuning for a new quad-rille;  
Now beaux are bent  
On belles, intent  
To take a step or two;  
And lo! the men of rope advance  
To hinder those who do not dance  
From pressing those who do.  
From end to end  
Two ropes extend,  
Twisted of worsted green;\*  
On either side  
A passage wide,  
The dancers all between.  
Now belles their boas cast aside;  
Now beaux their hats in corners hide."

\* "For 'green,' understand 'red.'—Printer's Devil."



The "*Printer's Devil*" aforesaid has evidently done the author an injustice in the second line. The rhyme to "squeal" should have been *quad-reel*, a style of dancing in which the author must have frequently indulged while perpetrating the "*Lay of the Lady Ellen*."

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A Sermon preached by the Right Honourable GEORGE HENRY, Bishop of Wells, in aid of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear and Deaf and Dumb. Rivington and Co.

THIS sermon, preached in behalf of the excellent institution above-named—founded by the benevolent Dr. Curtis—is a plain, sensible, and scholar-like composition on a subject which demands considerable talent to handle with any degree of originality:—charity. The sentiments which commence the sermon, are just, and admirably expressed:—

"There are few obligations more generally allowed; and, what is of far greater importance, there are few more generally practised, than those which have for their object the relief of the suffering part of the community. Amidst a too prevailing corruption of manners—amidst a luxury which exceeds all bounds—amidst the decay or extinction of many sterner virtues, Charity is still left to plead our cause with an offended God, and to lead us onward in the road to heaven. Almost every argument and every principle which can be adduced in the recommendation of any duty, all concur in enforcing the practice of charity. If we retire into our own breasts, and examine the perceptions which are passing there, we find our compassion so powerfully excited by cases of distress and misfortune; so cordial, so unmixed a delight in affording ease and consolation to the distressed, that we cannot for a moment doubt, either concerning the reality of the feeling which we call pity, or concerning the final cause for which that feeling was implanted in our mind."

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The Life of Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth. By EDWARD OSTLER, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 448.

THIS publication will prove a failure. From beginning to end there is no sufficient information to interest even the interested. The *London Gazette* contains, for the most part, nearly all the kind of information it pretends to furnish. With regard to Lord Exmouth, every newspaper reader knows that he was an intrepid, thoroughbred seaman: a man whose physical exceeded his personal energies. From the period of his election to serve in Parliament for the borough of Barnstaple—already stigmatised to the very letter for its constitutional and political degradation, Sir Edward Pellew, afterwards Lord Exmouth, afforded mankind another instance of the truth of Shakspeare's oft-repeated lines—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,  
When taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It was by the aid of the rotten-borough system, then, that this gallant and enterprising sailor officer (being unable by servitude or private interest), *procured promotion* which, it must be confessed, he did not disgrace; but, on the contrary (we, in common with every patriot British heart, have reason to acknowledge with feelings of respect for Lord Exmouth's memory), honoured by his bravery and courage. That Lord Exmouth was the child of capricious fortune no one, we think, will pretend to deny. Mr. Ostler has "got up" the work respectably; we mean as regards the collating, printing, etcetera. He could not write what was not true, in order to make the moral and christian character of Sir Edward Pellew *stand out*, so as to become matter of national and agreeable conversation. Lord Exmouth was the antipodes of a benevolent man: philanthropy had no charms for him. The historian, not Mr. Ostler, had already recorded the name of Sir Edward Pellew on the pages of modern history as the conquering British admiral

at the memorable siege of Algiers. He has been gathered to his fathers—may his ashes rest in peace. The name of Lord Exmouth, however, must not be coupled with such men as Lord Collingwood on the one hand, for the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar on the other. Thus much have we said in downright honesty of purpose. Nevertheless, we devoutly honour the memory of the illustrious dead.

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The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal, No. II.  
James Ridgway & Co.

THE promise of excellence held out in the first number of this Review, is amply sustained in the second. The opening article on General Evans's pamphlet on the "Designs of Russia," is a specimen of vigorous writing and bold criticism—not on the pamphlet, but on the recent acts of "The Autocrat of the North." Article VII., "*The Fudges in England*," and "*Lydia Tomkins' Thoughts on the Ladies of the Aristocracy*," is a gossiping sheet of light reading, with a few allusions, cruelly severe, on the two "Great Protestant Meetings," and a sly hit or two on the ladies' champion. Altogether, we augur most favourably of the success of the "British;" to which its price—only four shillings—will in no small degree contribute.

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The Political and Commercial Almanack for 1836. Price Sixpence.

THIS is, without exception, the most useful and concise, yet comprehensive, publication of the kind that we have yet seen. To bestow general praise upon its merits were idle; to point out the peculiar features of its usefulness, to demonstrate its immediate claims to the "utilitarian school," we deem alike superfluous. It certainly should have been called the Every Man's Almanack—for it certainly is the most useful and the least expensive. The political statistics which form a feature of the contents are admirably well drawn up; and they are uniformly correct. We repeat, the *price* of the Political and Commercial Almanack, is—SIXPENCE.

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The Oriental Annual for 1836, or Scenes in India; comprising 22  
magnificent Cabinet Engravings by William Daniell, Esq. R. A.

WHETHER we regard the drawings, the engravings, the printing, the subject matter, which is highly interesting, or the binding, which is rich in the best sense of the term, we are at a loss to express our admiration of this "illustrious visitor." It cannot fail of becoming a favourite among people of taste and intellect. It will be found to be splendidly appointed in every respect.

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The English Annual for 1836.

THIS is a well-clothed maiden progeny (as innocent as Eve herself in Paradise), of Mr. Churton's own begetting. Publishing is his besetting sin. Had he stopped short and been content with his Oriental Annual, it would have been well; now, however, that he has passed the Rubicon, and ventured on the vast field of emulous competition (which he had an undoubted right to do, by the way), and which is still before him, we will not disguise from the public, that we feel bound to say that the English Annual is nothing more than a mere "job;" a book-maker's puppet-show—a thing of melancholy shreds and patches—a rigmarole, of worn-out Court Magazine plates and other fustian stuff—in short, a publisher's nonentity. We hope the public will feel disgusted with this effort to impose upon its pretensions and proverbial liberality.

## Mr. Donald Walker's Improved Spelling-Book.

WE have much pleasure in announcing, that this valuable publication will be ready for delivery on the 11th of November, and will entirely supersede the stupid books so long held to be indispensable to the education of our youth. The combined merit of the work is above all praise.

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The Life and Confession of Humphrey Humbug, M.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.  
Related by himself.

THIS autobiography is oddly enough dedicated to O'Connell—we say oddly, because as Daniel is *the* Humbug *par excellence* of the day, we imagined—until a close examination of the work corrected our mistake—that the Agitator had relieved himself from the fatigues of pocketing and expending “*the rint*” by divulging the *unde derivantur* of his extensive genius for “humbugging.” This is not, however, the fact: the life-writing humbug is one of a different species—a universalist, inventor of club-houses—patent pills—patron of newspaper hacks and book-makers, opera-dancers, and card-parties. His reminiscences will be amusing enough to those who are not much shocked at a little vulgarity.

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## Sonnets by Edward Moxon, Part II., London.

NO style of composition demands so much from poets as the sonnet. Unity of purpose, richness of imagery, and the most scrupulous justness of diction, are required within the limits of fourteen lines. How few are there who comply with these conditions! Even the sonnets of Shakspeare, delicate and touching as they are, frequently betray much discursiveness and want of purpose. The sonnets under consideration, however, evince a sympathy with, and an admiration for the loveliest and most *tender* beauties of nature, the result of a pure and highly cultivated moral taste. They are not, like their “kindred in verse,” destined to become what is termed “popular.” Such poetry is “caviare to the general.” But those who have the intellectual capacity to understand, and the *heart* to appreciate the warm, yet homely feelings they pourtray, will peruse Mr. Moxon's effusions with peculiar delight.

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## Report of a Committee appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty to inquire into the Efficacy of Mr. Kyan's Patent for Preserving Wood from Dry-rot.

CONSIDERING that the adoption of this patent by government promises a saving of eighty thousand per annum to the country, the subject is one of no small importance. The wood, it appears, is prepared by means of a solution of mercury, into which it is steeped, and which neutralizes the albumen, or chief origin of the disease, called *Dry-rot*. We wish the Patentee, Mr. Kyan, every success.

## NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SUB-EDITOR.

TORIES IN FRANCE AND RADICALS IN ENGLAND.—There is, without question, no country that has fought for, and yearned after liberty, with such intensity as France; yet there is scarcely a nation, except the Sublime Porte, and (as an Irish friend adds,) *the rest of Russia!* which possesses so little of that blessing. Since “the Gallic era, 88,” our neighbours seem to have been industriously employed in “pickling rods for their own backs.” Robespierre, Napoleon, and Louis Philippe, may all be regarded as scourges, especially selected by the people. Five years ago the press of Paris, was threatened—by the ordinance of Charles X.—with loss of liberty; and her citizens fought the “good fight,” and gained a more glorious, brilliant victory, in the best of causes, than history has hitherto recorded; while now, in this present *anno domini*, 1835, they are actually suffering, without murmur or complaint, the very thralldom which, in 1830, they were only *threatened* with; or, if they do complain, “roar you as gently as any sucking dove.” With the explosion of the infernal machine, came the arrest of all the editors of all the anti-ministerial journals the “pet of liberty” could lay hands on! without one spark of evidence or glimmer of suspicion, but merely because these unlucky *ecrevains publics* might have been concerned in the diabolical plot; while it is very possible that these editors contributed materially to promoting the Duke of Orleans to the brevet rank of king, *vice* Charles X. cashiered. Of a truth, the spirit of liberty across the channel is, in American phrase, “progressing backwards,” which the daily accounts from Paris sufficiently testify. The correspondent of a morning paper, dating “Paris, Oct. 4th,” writes:—

“Our *Doctrinaires* are still most rancorous against the Whig Ministry of England for having *suffered* Mr. O’Connell to speak openly of a Reform in the House of Lords!”

“Suffered,” quotha!—why, if *Messieurs the Doctrinaires* are “most rancorous” at the ravings of O’Connell, it is fair to infer, that they would positively expire with rage, were they to read the revolutionary drivellings of Roebuck, or hear the incendiary magniloquence at some of our public meetings. Such an orator, for instance, as Dr. Wade, “the people’s parson,” would be the death of them. It would grieve us to become accessaries to the decease of one of the Parisian Cabinet; but, if any of its members happen to peruse the following extract from the speech of Dr. Wade at the Radical Association meeting, we should be sorry to answer for the consequences:—

“After some observations on the question of primogeniture, the reverend Doctor went on to say *that all the Royal Families of Europe were mad*. They had four or five good Lords, and now and then a good Bishop; but he might say, as it was said in the scripture, when speaking of the multitude being fed by five barley loaves and two fishes,—what are these among so many?” (*loud laughter.*)—*Vide Morniny Advertiser, Oct. 6th.*

If, however, our Gallic friends should launch a political tirade at our ministry, for "suffering" such language as that above quoted, we shall not blame them. Such words from the mouth of a *reverend* divine ought not to pass unnoticed; but when he adds the impiety of quoting scripture—as Liston makes faces—to cause "loud laughter," the facetious Doctor deserves the highest reprehension,—in fact, we will go so far as to advise the *Doctrinaires* to ask Lord Melbourne to ask the Attorney-general to demand an explanation from the political parson.

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A "FEELER"—*a la Francaise*.—When the fanatic Ravaiillac, in 1610, assassinated Henry the *Great*, described as the best of kings, the image of God upon the earth, the first of the Bourbons who wore the crown of France, the fury of the people knew no bounds. The monster whose name has passed into execration, was born at Angoulême, of decent parents. He was a clerk, a valet, a schoolmaster, and a visionary. He whetted his knife at the foot of the cross, which struck the royal Henry to the heart. The dark pages of history furnish, perhaps, no instance of a case of regicide so horrible, and at the same time so outrageously wicked as this; in like manner, no malefactor ever suffered the penalty due to his crime with such exaggerated and brutalizing severity as was practised on the fanatic Ravaiillac. His flesh was torn with red-hot pincers; they poured melted lead into his wounds, then bathed them afterwards with scalding oil; his right hand was burned off in fire of sulphur; he was torn in pieces alive by four horses; his members burned in different parts of the city, and his ashes given to the winds, the populace, in their fury, performing the part of executioners. All Paris was in tears, and the whole nation put on mourning for their murdered King. Before the regicide expired, he is said to have thus expressed himself:—"If I had known the affections of the people for their prince, the good Henry would have been still alive."—This sentence was pronounced and executed on the 27th day of May, 1610. He endured the torture for the discovery of his accomplices more than once, and died, nevertheless, without implicating any one.

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BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—In some accounts of the battle it is said, that the Duke frequently looked at his watch, and then anxiously in the direction of his left wing, in expectation of seeing the Prussians. No wonder, indeed!—for having on the previous morning apprised Blucher of his intention to give battle at Waterloo, he had every reason to expect them early in the day. Not so Napoleon, who, whatever he may have pretended, could not possibly expect Grouchy on the field, as I have already explained, I think, to the satisfaction of all persons.—During the crisis of the battle, when our men were falling in numbers, I have been told that a general officer of some eminence, who was at the Duke's elbow, kept saying it was impossible we could hold our ground for half an hour longer; till at length the Duke, losing all patience, turned sharply round and said, "Do you think it will take only half an hour to kill all these fellows?" I cannot answer for the fact; but it is characteristic, and I believe it. It showed the firm resolve of a brave and determined soul; and it showed the just confidence he had in the stamina of his

troops. (Captain Blackiston may go tell this "delicious Tory tale" to the marines—the sailors won't believe it. "My Lord Duke" may swallow, and "my Lord" at the Horse Guards digest it—but sensible persons know how to receive such fustian.)

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POLITICS IN THE "SERVICE."—The public cannot have forgotten, that some time since a private of dragoons, named Somerville, received a hundred lashes for *interfering in politics*. Comparing his offence with the infinitely greater one we are about to detail, it would be a curious calculation for a board of boatswain's mates and drummers, to find out how many hundred lashes each of the members of the "Plymouth Royal Naval Club" deserved, for their breach of discipline and brutality of conduct to their superior officer, Lord Minto, on Saturday, October 3rd.—The "Plymouth Journal" states, that—

"At the dinner given by the Plymouth Royal Naval Club to the Earl of Minto and the Board of Admiralty, the toast of 'His Majesty's Ministers,' was drunk in solemn silence, whilst the toasts of 'Lord Hill and the Army,' and the 'Duke of Wellington and the Heroes of the Peninsula,' were received with the most enthusiastic cheering."

As we have not heard that any public body of Plymothians have met to show their regret that such a disgraceful circumstance should have occurred in their town, we conceive the borough has received a blot on its escutcheon, its worthy and liberal members of parliament will not easily remove.

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POLITICS IN THE CHURCH!—"Addicted to self," says the *Examiner* of Sunday, October 11th, "as the priesthood is, beyond any example in the history of Churches, it would appear that they like violence still better." True to this text, the extremely *reverend* Dr. Chalmers hath, it appears, thought fit to fulminate an anathema against the present Ministry in language so coarse, that, had he made it in any decent tap-room on this side the Tweed, it would have infallibly gained him expulsion. Whatever contempt we may feel for such impertinent balderdash, we cannot help, for the sake of the rest of "the cloth," joining in the "regrets" of the *Aberdeen Advertiser*, from which the following paragraph is quoted:—

"We unfeignedly regret that Dr. Chalmers was so far led away by his bias against the Government, as to indulge in some vituperative epithets which were unworthy both of his profession and character. "Lurking, low-minded underlings of office," "hacknied practitioners in politics, unincumbered by delicacy, truth, or honour," and similar "hard and hostile" phrases, do not suit the dignity of his sacred calling, his standing in the Church, or his reputation in the world; far less does the insinuation become him, that "Government would cast the interests of the Church to the winds if they could make a single ten-pounder by it!"

Even the chaplain of the "great unwashed"—Dr. Wade, would, doubtlessly, take time to consider, before he let off such a park of "low-minded" verbal artillery. It really is too bad, that these people—whether presbyterian or protestant—who impose themselves upon us as ministers of the gospel, and whose business it is to preach "peace on earth and good will towards men," are not content with receiving enormous in-

comes for doing next to nothing; but will trouble themselves to insult persons, whom they are no more able to appreciate, than they are willing to enforce, by example, those precepts they are so enormously over-paid for teaching.

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**CIVIC LORE.**—From a late return of the expenses incurred by the City of London in supporting the pomp and dignity of its Mayors, it appears that no less a sum than twenty-five thousand, several hundred, and odd pounds, has been for some years past the average cost. Among the many items forming this aggregate, there is one of peculiar import, as indicating the literary learning of the first magistrates of the first city in this first of worlds; it is a modest charge of £14. 18s. 3d. —no more,—for the annual replenishment of the Mansion-House “Library!” Who, after this, shall deny the combination of intelligence with economy, amongst the highest of civic functionaries? Fifteen pounds, less one and nine-pence, per annum, for supplying a chief magistrate of the city of London—in this book-making age—with all the current lore requisite for the performance of such ever-varying duties, political and justiciary; and with all the literary relaxations, to boot, after the official labours of his 313 days! Prodigious! It would be worth half the money or more to know on what publications the outlay was made. If a Lord Mayor requires no greater sum for such a purpose, how severe and extensive must be his mental culture previous to the assumption of his enormous posers! There is something about the peerage, whether corporate or parliamentary, which baffles ignoble comprehensions.

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**SPORTING RECORDS.**—The narrative of a day’s sport in India has been running the rounds of the newspapers, and must have raised a blush of shame in many a cheek this season. The writer speaks of “*bagging* eleven elephants” with as much cool indifference as though they had been so many speckled partridges; and in the same anti-grandiloquent strain, mentions, incidentally, the fact of one animal having received in his skull the contents of six double-barrelled guns (shotted seven to the pound!), and then—trotting off with a *slight headache!* else had twelve been bagged. Truly, this is something like sport. We may expect to hear next of some fine fellow netting a few brace of whales and krakens, as an anti-prandium fishing exploit. The world is in a strange age.

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**AGITATION.**—To Mr. O’Connell is due whatever merit there may be for originating the “agitation” policy. His mere support of most measures, however excellent, abstractedly considered, they are, is generally an all-sufficient apology for the hereditaries to reject them: one scheme, at least, appears worthy of their approval, and its excellence is actually vouched by their personal adoption of it—missionary agitation. Whilst the Liberator has been following his vocation in the north, other great luminaries have simultaneously made their appearance as prime movers, each after the fashion of his separate office. Boanerges

O'Sullivan and the Exeter-Hall-ites have been firing away in different parts of the country at the heresies of Dens, with a vehemence befitting their charitable cause; and if all they say be true, his holiness the Pope may be soon expected to take up his residence at Westminster, ousting King William from his royal chair with as much ease, and as little reluctance, as a cuckoo displaces a sparrow from her nest. His Grace of Wellington, on the other hand, has been inspecting the indigenous military with the critical eye of a commander just on the eve of a great passage of arms; lauding the institution of such forces as an especial preservative of peace, and commending with sweet praise their *effective* condition! Here, then, behold several master energies all at once engaged upon the three most portentous questions which can agitate a people's mind—theology, politics, and war:—O'Connell taking a review of the state of the nation; the Reverend Disputers (without disputants), of the state of the church; and the duke, of the yokel yeomanry in the provinces! With these mighty spirits staking about the land, to say nothing of the comet just now hanging over our heads with such an angry aspect—what terrible trouble is about to happen? Time, alas! the revealer of all doubts, can alone disclose!

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LADIES' BOARDING-SCHOOLS.—Now that legislative influence has been extended to national education, we are surprised it has not been applied to the system of female education, as adopted in boarding-schools. An ably-written review of Dr. Riourey's "*Education Physique*," which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Oct. 10, directs attention to this subject in an ably-penned article:—

"Of the moral and intellectual deficiency of schools for young women," says the writer,—or, to employ the accredited jargon of 'seminaries for young ladies'—it is not our cue at present to speak; and the necessity is the less, because they are matters of sufficient notoriety. But of the injuries inflicted on health, and the total want of common sense, in almost all the arrangements of these establishments, by the utter ignorance of schoolmistresses (the exceptions being too few to merit notice) concerning all that belongs to the living mechanism of their victims, the public requires to be instructed."

We have heard of a foreigner who entered a "Seminary for Young Ladies," somewhere in the vicinity of London: and, on seeing those implements of torture:—backboards, steel stays, and feet stocks, lying about the apartment, compared it to the ante-room of the Hall of Inquisition. Every sacrifice seems to be made for the falsely-estimated advantages of personal appearance; while the first cause of beauty, health, is not only neglected, but forced, and too often perverted.

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NEWSPAPER ABUSE.—It hath been propounded by that exemplar of truth-telling travellers, Baron Humboldt, that in the absence of other food, hyænas are marvellously given to picking their own flesh from their own bones! A propensity not very dissimilar seems to have seized the London papers during the last month. From the dearth of editorial sustenance usually supplied from the imaginations of those—whom Mr. E. L. Bulwer "delighteth to honour" with the appellation of



“penny-a-line men”—the metropolitan papers have been literally feeding upon themselves—the press, collectively, has been unnaturally busy in abusing itself, individually. Day after day, from the 10th up to this present writing (the 19th), politics, domestic and foreign, have given place to crimination and recrimination. The official return of the quantity of stamps issued to each newspaper, commenced the war. All those prints whose numbers are small, malign the stamp-office document as false; while “The Times,” which is, as usual, at the head of the list, contends strenuously for the correctness of the return; with this small qualification—that a trifling million or so of stamps have been used in Printing-House-Square *more* than the official statement accounts for. We notice this contemptible quarrel, to lament over the degradation of the most powerful organ of public opinion. The language lately indulged in by the “*gentlemen* of the press,” is, occasionally, disgraceful. “The Leading Journal” ably supports its character; for it takes the lead in this war of vulgarity, and is pre-eminent for its contempt of the common decencies of language. We trust something or other will speedily “turn up,” to divert this dirty stream of abuse into some less offensive channel.

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A PUZZLE FOR SURGEONS.—The following paragraph, translated from a clever French publication, printed here, called *Le Caméléon*, will doubtless furnish subject-matter to that lively debating society 'yclept the “College of Surgeons,” for a month to come. It certainly records a natural phenomenon, to match which, all the museums of all the colleges in Europe would be ransacked in vain:—

“A remarkable phenomenon has been exhibited at the Hospital St. Pierre, at Brussels. A youth about fourteen or fifteen years of age died of typhus, presenting an interior conformation completely opposite to that of an ordinary human being. The heart, stomach, and other organs, which, in a natural state, belong to the left side, are with him placed on the right! The liver and intestines are also on the wrong side!”

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“HATS OFF!”—It appears, from Dr. Hogg’s amusing “Visit to Alexandria, &c.,” that hats are held in peculiar abomination in Damascus; insomuch, that Ibrahim Pashaw is reported to have promised, that—

“Before the end of another year, if it remained in his possession, the English consul, who had been formerly refused admission, should be established in peace and security, and hats no longer be considered a rarity.”

By which it appears, that the gates of Damascus are closed to all—even a British consul—who are convicted of the “high crime and misdemeanour” of—wearing a hat! We have heard of a poor fellow, so uniformly unlucky as to confidently aver, “that if his friends had bred him a hatter, he verily believed men would have taken to going without heads.” A shop in the “warranted waterproof” line within the city and liberties of Damascus would have brought him his usual ill luck, without accusing Dame Fortune of being so extensively splenetic, as to commit universal decapitation.

PLYMOUTH ROYAL NAVAL CLUB.—Since writing the note headed "Politics in the Service," we find a long advertisement in most of the London papers, from the Plymouth Naval Club, denying that offence was intended by their mode of toasting "His Majesty's Ministers." It appears that it has never been their custom to "cheer" that toast. All we can add, is—such a custom would be more "honoured in the breach than in the observance."

HER MAJESTY AT OXFORD.—The papers of the last three days have been recording the brilliant reception of the Queen at Oxford. The "town" seems to have decidedly beaten the "gown" in demonstrations of loyalty. Fireworks were let off, whose corruscations would have dazzled the eyes of Radicals the most obdurate; dinners given, enough to open the hearts and mouths of a whole common-council of Harmers and Scales's; and illuminations "flared up," the brilliancy of which was sufficient to "lighten the darkness" of every political cobbler in the empire: while the amusements offered by the University were merely one Latin speech, rehearsed by Field-marshal, Lord-Chancellor Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington; one ditto from the public orator, Dr. Bliss; and the usual complement of *facetie* from the lungs of the under-graduates; a portion of which last we extract from the *Courier*:—

"On the under-gallery being filled, the young gentlemen commenced their accustomed sport by calling for cheers for the ladies; this was received with tremendous applause, as were the names of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Eldon, Lord Lyndhurst, the Bishops, Church and King, and many others. Then came a "Groan for Brougham." "His Majesty's Ministers." (Groan.) "The Ladies again." (Cheers.) "The Ladies' Maids." (Loud laughter.) "Lord Radnor and his fox-hounds." (Cheers.) "The King of the Cannibal Islands." (Laughter.)

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.—We want a new dictionary of definitions sadly. Some words bear a variety of signification, which must be extremely embarrassing to foreigners; the word "gentleman," for example, has a number of meanings almost endless. There are primitive gentlemen in silks and tights—gentlemen's gentlemen in second-hand coats—gentlemen Jews with dirty hands and gold rings—and gentlemen swindlers of "gentlemanly exterior"—all having in some remote degree the shadow of a claim to the title. But, of this extensive species, the *genus* denominated "Gentlemen of the Press" seems to be fast losing the smallest share in the idea usually conveyed by that ambiguous term, "gentleman." In a former note we awarded to the Times pre-eminence in the department of "newspaper abuse;" but have done "The Standard" an injustice which we hasten to correct, by the following extract from a provincial paper:—

By a recent No. of the *Standard*, O'Connell is styled a 'mendicant,' and a 'sordid blood-stained incendiary,' the Glasgow meeting a 'mob,' a 'Helot spectacle,' and 'beastly festival;' all who presumed to attend, 'contemptible in numbers, station, sense, and morals,' 'Ribbonmen,' 'wretches,' 'rabble,' 'animals,' 'beasts,' 'blockheads,' 'animated dirt, quickened into fermentation by the beams of Mr. O'Connell's brazen face!!'

## LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE New Volume of "Friendship's Offering" will appear this season in its usual style of elegant binding, and with such an array of splendid illustrations, as will far exceed any former volume of the series; while its carefully selected Literature will comprise contributions from the most talented writers of the day.

"The Book of Gems," illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a Biography of the Poet.

Miss Landon's new Poem, "The Vow of the Peacock."

A new novel from the pen of Mr. Grattan.

Mr. James, author of "The Gipsy," has nearly ready a work descriptive of the Educational Institutions of Germany.

The Translation of Schlegel's Lectures, "On the Philosophy of History," by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a Life of the Author.

Lieutenant Holman, the celebrated Blind Traveller, will speedily publish the fourth and concluding volume of his "Voyages and Travels round the World."

History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations. By Mrs. Child, Author of "Child's Own Book," "Mother's Book," &c. &c.

"Graphics:" a Manual of Drawing and Writing, for the Use of Schools and Families. By R. Peale.

Tables of Discounts, Net Proceeds, Per Centage, Profits upon the Sale of Goods, on a New Plan of Arrangement: being more comprehensive and more expeditious for consultation than any hitherto published. By David Booth, Author of the Interest Tables, &c. &c. Second Edition.

J. A. St. John, Esq., Author of "Tales of the Ramad'han," "Egypt, and Mohammed Ali," &c. has nearly ready for publication a new Novel, entitled "Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love."

"The Wallsend Miner." By James Everett, Author of the "Village Blacksmith," &c.

"The Family Topographer," Vol. V., containing the Midland Circuit, with Eight Maps. By Samuel Tymms.

The Author of "Old Maids" has a Novel in the press, entitled "Plebeians and Patricians."

"Marco Visconti," the celebrated Historical Romance, recently published in Italy, and extracted there from the Chronicles of the Fourteenth Century, has just been translated from the Italian, by Miss Caroline Ward, and will appear early next month.

A Treatise on Painting, by Leonardo Da Vinci; faithfully translated from the original Italian, and digested under proper heads, by John Francis Rigaud, Esq.

"The Volume of the Affections, or Bridal Offering," by the Editor of "My Daughter's Book," "The Young Gentleman's Book," &c. &c., will be published in time for presentation as a new-year's gift.

## THE EDITOR'S LATEST MOMENTS.

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**THE ANNUALS.**—It affords us infinite pleasure to have it in our power to devote an entire page of the Old Monthly Magazine to the examination of these interesting strangers. In our last number we noticed Messrs. Fisher's—

- I. Drawing-Room Scrap Book for 1836. By L. E. L. Splendidly illustrated.
  - II. The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary for Annual, 1836. Edited by the REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.
  - III. The Historical Keepsake for 1836. Edited by JOHN WATSON DALBY, with Engravings from original designs and from celebrated pictures. Thomas Hurst, St. Paul's Church-Yard.
  - IV. Affection's Keepsake for 1836. By T. A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.
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The Comic Almanac for 1836; with Twelve Illustrations of the Months, by George Cruikshank. C. Tilt, Fleet Street.

A hasty sight of the Comic Almanac enables us to remark that the illustrations are worthy of the etching-needle of that mirth-making son of Momus, George Cruikshank. Of the literary portion we have read one or two verses which seem somewhat jejune.

The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia, &c. By LUKE HERBERT. Kelly & Co. Paternoster Row.

This promises to be a most useful publication. We shall give it our attentive consideration next month.

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A new publication has just been started called the "Literary Times," nearly as large as the largest morning paper, price only two-pence! We beg to suggest to the proprietors an undertaking which would doubtless command a most extensive circulation—a journal to be given away, entitled the *Gratis Gazette!* We fear its conductors would become no richer than their Literary Times promises to make them. How their extreme liberality can be possibly profitable puzzles our arithmetic amazingly!

## PUBLIC OPINION.

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It would appear from all we have seen and heard, that education, and a proper religious sentiment and civilization, render individuals of all countries more alike, and that the difference between communities arising from climate, soil, or language, becomes less. How strikingly exemplified has this self-evident truth been—and under our own eyes, too—as regards France and England, within the last twenty years? But to continue the same reasoning and the same conclusions that have been applied in the foregoing observations, to trace the origin and progress of public opinion in England, hold, with a little variation, when applied to any other country in Europe. On taking a retrospective view of the state of improvement, of information—in short, of civilization, of public opinion, and the extension of the “middle class” of society, we have only to consider the former state of mankind, and then to ascertain their present, *as compared with their past condition*; the difference is apparent; the causes by which it is occasioned are obvious, and accounted for from the principles laid down. That a very great amelioration has taken, and is taking place, in the condition of mankind in general—but especially the MIDDLE CLASSES—is the inevitable conclusion. Some disadvantages may arise from the increase of luxury and abundance of capital; selfishness may be increased, and wealth may be courted by the mass of the people, even more than formerly. That such feelings are injurious to the finest sentiments of human nature, cannot be denied; that other results may arise from an unfavourable tendency is probable: under every circumstance, however, much more is gained than lost by mankind: the religious sentiment, civilization, enjoyment, and happiness of individuals, and of communities, is increased. Formerly, the “industry” of man seems to have been dormant: individuals and communities did not possess those advantages which late improvements have enabled them to obtain. Man, it seems, has the power of obtaining a certain degree of civilization and enjoyment, if his moral and physical energies are properly directed, of which in a savage state he is not able to avail himself: in proportion as the former are

brought into use, the advantages arising from the latter are extended. The requisites for *public opinion* are augmented by these advantages. In proportion, therefore, to the extent of public opinion, seems to be the civilization and happiness of communities. The creation of wealth and the industry of a people, with a middle class of civilization, all extend together. This seems the case in every country throughout the world.

We think that we are fully borne out in our stated opinions by all the eminent writers, who have treated on the question—namely, that the “government” in a civilized community, possessed of the requisites for public opinion, is influenced by the same sentiment. This has been demonstrated in every country, both of maritime and continental Europe. Should we be induced to say more on the subject than may seem necessary, we seek to be excused on the score that we feel—in common with some of our contemporary writers—an anxiety to remove a common mistake, which is to substitute the effect for the cause, in supposing that the form of government in a country gives freedom and security; whereas it is the strength and prevalence of the requisites for public opinion that establish a liberal government and constitution, by which security of person and property are obtained. In this respect England and France little resemble each other—we are bound to confess the fearful truth, however abhorrent and terrible to our political magnanimity—not to say tenderness. A liberal form of government is, unquestionably, most desirable, even when the requisites for public opinion are not spread through the people; but its continuance, and the benefits from it in such a case, must be precarious.

The *sudden* establishment of liberal institutions in a community where the requisites for public opinion were not general, necessarily originated in a few persons only; it cannot therefore rest on a secure foundation, as it may require some time for the necessary requisites to spread through the people.—Such an event, however, is always satisfactory, as evidence that some, at least, are desirous to possess a liberal form of government. That PUBLIC OPINION renders the government liberal, and established freedom seems to follow from the state of every community as a matter of consequence.

Hence we may, as patriot Englishmen and true, safely infer that, in proportion as the requisites for public opinion become prevalent, and civilization is extended, individuals and communities are enabled to obtain and secure institutions that establish freedom, but also to apply the “materials” placed by an indulgent Providence under their control, so

as to promote the mediate—if not immediate, amelioration of their condition. What a difference London, the Augusta of old,—

“The fairest capital in all the world”—

As it now presents itself, and the huts scattered on the same spot at the heptarchy? The same difference, it is probable, exists in the amount of the requisites for public opinion at present possessed by its inhabitants, and those of that period.

Man, in a savage state, albeit little elevated above the brute creation, has the *moral principle*, though inert, inherent in him: the materials afforded by nature, are also quiescent around him. The former are elicited by great and true principles of revealed religion, whence follow, in delightful succession, moral sentiment, and the other requisites for.—PUBLIC OPINION. ED.

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STANZAS.

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AND thou hast left me, too, my plaintive friend,  
 And I with joys gone by must number thee;  
 But though I much lament, I do commend  
 Thy choice, for little could the pleasure be  
 Which I, so lonely and so sad, might lend  
 To such as thee, thou soul of harmony;  
 But though thy lot with gayer be to dwell,  
 Surely they will not love thee half so well.

My soul was even like the troubled sea,  
 When the unkind wind would rob it of its rest,  
 And thought o'er thought roll'd on impetuously:  
 My heart nigh broke, it was so sore distress'd;  
 And thou didst breathe thy syren melody;—  
 The sea was quieted,—my spirit bless'd;  
 Life seem'd almost to hang on thee alone;  
 Would I had never seen thee!—Thou art gone.

Gone!—and again will dreams of madness crowd;  
 What am I now? Desolate—desolate,—  
 I have seen fall the over-charged cloud,  
 When of its tears it could not bear the weight,  
 To the cold ground: I've seen the flow'ret bow'd,  
 Which humbly grew till night's untimely hate  
 Delug'd with dewy grief its youthfulness:  
 Am I like them? Oh, lady, say not yes!

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THE BEST MEANS OF ENLIGHTENING AND IMPROVING  
THE PEOPLE.

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“ The BEST and noblest of the human kind  
Are those endowed with a deep-thinking mind ;  
NOR are *they* useless, who such men obey,  
Submitting still to *wisdom's lawful sway* ;  
But he who, *though unfit* his ways to rule,  
Yet will not to a *wiser* go to school,  
*That man is, sure, A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING FOOL.*”

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THERE is scarcely any thing more mortifying and disheartening to an enlightened patriot, than to see the party to whom he wishes well, throwing away the advantages that lie within their reach, and putting themselves in the wrong when their cause is the right one—thus doing themselves the double wrong of weakening themselves, both physically and morally, both in strength and respectability. That they should be unable of themselves to strike out a right path, however much to be regretted, would yet be only their misfortune, and not their fault ; but that, though incapable themselves, and conscious of that incapacity, they should still shut their ears against advice when offered, is a degree of infatuation that might go far to excuse many a sincere patriot from having any thing more to do with them. However, as it is still our duty to persevere, and neglect no opportunity of doing any good in our power, taking care only that we have done *our* best, and leaving it to the public to profit by our labours or not—I shall point out to them a few of the more glaring errors and absurdities into which they are constantly falling, and which it would be very easy to avoid ; and then subjoin a few words of plain practical ADVICE, which it would be both easy and highly serviceable to them to comply with.

The errors of both parties, but especially of the Liberals, are of two different classes, which must therefore be treated separately and distinctly : those respecting the END they have in view, and the MEANS by which they seek to attain it. These are so distinct from each other, that either of them may be perfectly right.

And perhaps the most essential difference between the two great parties into which England is at present divided, is, that each which is most in the right as to the one, is most in the wrong as to the other ; or, in plainer words, that the one party is right (or, rather, *more* in the right) as to its end, and very wrong in the means it uses to attain it—and *vice versâ*. Which is correct, it is probably needless to say. This would therefore lead us to the painful conclusion, that the worst party is likely to be the strongest, supposing them both to go on as they are doing at present, and both to be, as they are generally considered at present, pretty equally balanced as to their resources. But, on the other hand, in having a better *end* proposed, the better party have an advantage at the outset : so that, if they are only equal, or nearly equal (as they very well might be if they chose it) to their opponents in *tact*—that is, in the management of their means—they would then clearly have the ascendancy, since “ Truth and Justice are in their nature stronger than their



opposites;”\* and therefore, as the writer just quoted reasons, will turn the scale when parties are otherwise equal—nay, sometimes even against superior advantages in other respects: of which the establishment of Christianity, and the Reformation, are signal instances.

The plain truth (and the *whole* truth, too) appears to be as follows:—first, it is from the LIBERAL party alone (or chiefly, which practically amounts to just the same thing) that any good can be expected; and therefore the *first* political object of every good and wise man must be, to strengthen that party in every possible way—of course we mean, in every lawful way; under which designation we do not include threatening a death’s head and cross-bones to whoever shall oppose us—nor making false statements or misrepresentations of any kind—nor “speaking evil of dignities”—nor using coarse and vituperative language on any subject. Happily, too, those means of advancing a cause which are condemned by conscience and propriety, are the very ones that, in the opinion of all sensible people, are the most calculated to injure it.

The above assertion, however, even after this limitation, may appear to some to require both explanation and proof. These shall readily be given if asked for; but as the number of those who need them are probably very few, it is of more importance at present to supply those who are sufficiently convinced of it with such practical advice as they need, and especially to point out to them the errors which they are most concerned to avoid. It may perhaps be well to add this much of explanation—that “strengthening the liberal party” does *not* mean promoting only such persons to places of office and dignity, for it may happen (for reasons to be given afterwards) that such places will sometimes, and even often, be better filled by those of opposite principles, especially in the church and the law: but it means putting actual *power* of effecting measures of good or evil into good and *safe* hands: as, for instance, in choosing members of Parliament, and all who are to be entrusted with irresponsible power. That this much ought to be done, needs no other proof than the unquestionable fact (which even their enemies cannot deny), that the liberal party are the most disinterested and patriotic, the most ready always to sacrifice their private interests to the public good, and to look on the whole of society as one large community or family, of which he has his own private interests and pursuits, yet owes a duty to the whole; and, above all, their system leaves a proper sphere of action and enjoyment for every individual of that community; while the opposite party are in general each thinking only of himself, and looking on all other individuals as mere machines; and their system proceeds on the *principle*, that the injury of the many is necessary to the gain of the few. Thus (a fact deserving notice), the whole tribe of swindlers, gamblers, forgers, robbers, murderers, and other outcasts of society, belong to the latter class, and will always diminish in proportion as right liberal principles have the ascendancy.

Yet even this rule is not without an exception: for it may happen that those who have the best intentions may be disposed to act so absurdly, that it may even be better to transfer power into worse but wiser hands, just as in a dangerous voyage it may be better to give the guidance of a vessel to an utterly selfish and unprincipled person, who

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\* Butler’s Analogy.

would be quite willing to let it be wrecked if he could save himself and his own goods, but who knows better how to manage it, and whose interests may prompt him to save it, than to one who would be willing to sacrifice his own life for it, but who has less ability. I make this comparison, not to render the opposite party odious, but to teach it the necessity of joining wisdom and knowledge to goodness: of having the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove.

Secondly, having decided which of the two great parties (as being decidedly the better of the two, however faulty still) we must fix on the basis of our hope, and the material to work on, in order to the attainment of any substantial and permanent good, let us at once come to the practical part of the question, and inquire (with a view to decide) what we ought to do, including, of course, what we ought to endeavour to persuade others to do. In order to this, we must now separately consider the two different questions above-mentioned,—the END we have, or ought to have, in view, and the MEANS by which we are to attain it, noticing at the same time the popular errors as to both; and taking care to make both as *definite*\* as possible, and also strictly within the bounds of *practicability*—two conditions that are sadly forgotten by political reformers in general.

The one great leading (and misleading) error of the Liberals—the fountain-head from whence all the others proceed, and which therefore must be attacked in the very threshold of our undertaking—is, this very partial and one-sided view of the truth. The WHOLE TRUTH, and the foundation-stone, or rather the vital root of all perfection both in morals and politics, is this: there are two distinct and almost opposite classes of virtues, and therefore of objects to be pursued—the amiable and benevolent, and the respectable and dignified; and neither a character nor a government can be perfect that does not unite *both*.† This is a point, however, which the majority of the liberal party, even after it has been pointed out to them, will perhaps refuse to admit. But let them once be made aware of the *consequences* of denying it, and then, even though they may not themselves admit it, they will see the necessity of acting as if they did, and putting forward as their leaders only such persons as

\* The following opinions of the man who was pre-eminently the “*wavagisus*” of all the philosophers and politicians of our century, may be read with interest and profit.

“Nov. 1, 1830. I see *no* reformer who asks himself the question, “*What* is it that I propose to myself to effect *in the result?*”

“March 20, 1831. I cannot discern a ray of *principle* in the government plan.”

“June 25, 1831. The *duplicity* and *tergiversation* of the Whig newspapers is most *disgusting*.”—*Coleridge's Table-Talk*.

The above passages are important, not at all in themselves, but as revealing the *cause* why the ablest and one of the most zealous defenders and martyrs of liberty in his youth, became the decided enemy of the liberal party (without changing his *principles*) in the latter half of his life. Had the liberals not made themselves *contemptible*, nothing would have bribed him to desert them. The same is true of many other great men—and obscure men, too.

† It is a consideration at once important and gratifying in the highest degree, that the system which combines *both* these qualities in the greatest perfection is, the established religion and constitution of this country; and Addison begins one of his admirable papers in the *Spectator* with the reflection, that he has always considered it a peculiar subject of gratitude, that *if he had the power of choosing* his own religion and government, it would be that of his own country in preference to any other. There is indeed this difference between them, that while the former is definite and

do. For, the consequence of their neglecting the latter of these classes of virtues and objects is, first, that many persons (and some of the most illustrious both for rank, talents, and influence among them) who would otherwise be disposed to prefer them, go over to the opposite side—as, for instance, Burke and Coleridge, who were considered (the latter by no less a person than Mr. Fox) as the two individuals who turned the scale of the destinies of Europe in favour of legitimacy against liberality; and, secondly, that even if physically the strongest, they can have no self-respect or satisfaction in their own system.

The great engine that is wanting, above all others, for this and for all kinds of improvement, whether moral, physical, intellectual, or ornamental, is a respectable and efficient periodical press. And this is the more desirable, as it is not only an engine, but a beautiful and delightful object in itself—at once a means and an end. And never, in the whole history of England, or the world, was there such a noble opportunity for it as now. This is a truth so obvious as to need no proof. And shall this golden opportunity, like so many others, be lost? Especially when, of all the projects in the world, it is at once the most important, and the *easiest* in proportion to its importance—much more so than the establishment of the London University, of which the shares are now selling for a quarter of their original value! So strange is this infatuation of mankind for “spending their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not!”—Nothing more whatever is wanting for this than what has been already done, under infinitely less favourable circumstances, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—pity that the knowledge they have taken so much pains to diffuse has not been a little more useful!—Might not such a design be at least *proposed* to some of the leading literary and political characters of the age.

Surely, the public would rather listen to such guides than to Mr. Roebuck's trash, Lord Brougham's quackery,\* or O'Connell's blarney and blackguardism. Not but that all these men are useful in their way, if they would only take their proper sphere; but not one of them is fit to take the arduous and dignified office of a guide of the public mind; although one of them—whose pardon I beg, for having mentioned (not certainly classed) him in such company, might be a very useful assistant if he would know, and confine himself, to his real qualifications.

M. W.

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perfect, the latter is partly undefined and improvable, and must always remain so, though continually improving. But it were much to be wished that those who, as Burke well observed, occupy themselves with criticising the constitution, *instead of enjoying it*, and consider the discovery of a flaw a sufficient reason for demolishing the whole edifice, would *begin* by trying their own ability to produce a better *entire* system in its place; for assuredly there is no greater waste of labour, than pointing rotten parts in a building without being able to repair them. The observation applies with still more force to cavillers at religion, either natural or revealed; with this advantage, that *there*, at least in the case of the *latter*, the answer is much more complete and satisfactory. And in nothing is the enormous infatuation of the liberals more conspicuous, than in wishing to get rid of that which would, if properly understood and profited by, be to them the greatest “tower of strength,” and source of interest and satisfaction, that is anywhere to be found. We shall perhaps find an opportunity of resuming this most interesting subject, either here or elsewhere.

\* Not fraud, but *self-delusion*, owing to want of impartial examination of his own hobbies.

## POLAND.

ARM of the mighty ! whence art thou ?  
 Thy deeds without a name ?  
 Thy glory and thy brilliant brow,  
 Through fire and flood the same ?  
 Have setting suns illumed thy grave ?—  
 Poland ! not Greece, we swear to save !

The flood of time rides on the wind :  
 The smile of fame sits on the sea :  
 'Twere madness to proclaim him blind  
 Whose glory raised Thermopylæ !  
 Must *we* subscribe Gaul's shameful pass—  
 While dreaming of Leonidas ?

The scorn of Franks be still on those  
 Whose infamy is like their race :  
 Whose coward fraud for ever goes  
 Where guilt abhors its parent trace !  
 And every pang and every throe  
 Adds terror to the tyrant's woe !

Who stood upon the Persians' tomb,  
 Demanding one short moment's pause ?  
 Oh ! that the earth had ope'd to womb,—  
 And thus he had been spared the cause !  
 The *sacred* cause to him—to ALL  
 Who now respond to Poland's call !

Arm of the terrible in fight !  
 Be nerved now for deeds of arms ;  
 A world shall deify thy might—  
 Despite war's fierce and fell alarms !  
 For Poland the angel Pity weeps—  
 Revenge is foul—Revenge, that sleeps.

And is there no one Spartan crest  
 Upborne in earnest of the war ?  
 No swelling, burning, patriot breast  
 From Albion and the Isles afar ?  
 And shall her sun in darkness set,  
 Whose patriots are unconquer'd yet ?

SKETCH OF THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF THE LATE  
SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH;

BY LORD ABINGER.

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AMONGST the numerous answers to Mr. Burke's celebrated 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' was the only one which attracted much public notice at the time, and has maintained its reputation since. The rest were declamatory trash, founded for the most part upon the assumption that democracy was the only lawful form of government, or upon the vulgar principle of hostility to all government as an encroachment on the rights of man. The 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' was an attempt, at once ingenious and profound, to justify the first steps of the French revolution upon the theory of the British constitution, and thus to refute Mr. Burke upon his own principles. The events which verified that illustrious writer's predictions had not then occurred. The prospect of the future was open to the speculations of the enthusiast, as well as of the philosopher. The scene which was passing had not then been deformed by any striking example of deliberate cruelty or injustice. The petty and temporary mischiefs of sedition might well be counted as nothing when compared with the lasting miseries of servitude; but even these mischiefs had been then visible, only as exceptions, in the general progress of the revolution. The chains of tyranny were not broken by tumultuous violence, but appeared to be dissolved by the triumph of reason over authority and prejudice. The most civilized nation in Europe was about to realize the dream of a social contract. A government, dictated by the purest patriotism and the most exalted wisdom, was to be adopted by the public will, and to exhibit a splendid example of the union of perfect liberty with justice, peace, good order, and happiness. It was natural for a very young man, who, like Mr. Mackintosh, combined the genuine spirit of philosophy with a generous enthusiasm for liberty, to oppose his sanguine hopes to the gloomy prognostics of the venerable sage, whose opinions were tempered by long experience and profound observation of mankind. These had taught him that the influence of passion over any assembly of men increases in proportion to their numbers more than the influence of reason; that the worship of liberty in the abstract was a delusive mysticism; that the institutions in which she is embodied must be the growth of time; that they can only flourish after they have taken root in the sentiments and affections of a people; and that it was visionary to expect that an assembly, however formed, should *extempore* make a constitution that would either meet with or merit general approbation. There was, however, a power of reasoning as well as a spirit of candour in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' that did not escape Mr. Burke, who was pleased to cultivate an acquaintance with the author, and to express his admiration of the work. It certainly produced a great impression upon

me. The first time it fell into my hands, I devoted the entire night to the perusal of it, and rose with a strong admiration of the various powers, as well as the learning, it exhibited, and an equal desire to become acquainted with the author.

The opportunity did not present itself till some time afterwards, when Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of Parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous. The nation was then involved in war. The character which the French revolution had by that time exhibited, exposed those, who were suspected to have been its partisans, to a proscription from certain circles. The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work, and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was then employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him. He was soon distinguished by his power and eloquence as a debater, and not less by the sweetness of his temper and the facility of his manners. He became popular even with those who had been most opposed to his entrance. Every one was glad to cultivate his society, and no man was more courted or caressed by those who could appreciate his extensive and accurate knowledge, or could profit by the graces and richness of his conversation. He was the centre of a very extensive literary circle, which embraced the most distinguished, with many other meritorious though less known, proficient in literature. In his house and at his table were enjoyed the most agreeable as well as the most enlightened society in London. It was my happiness to be allowed to cultivate a close intimacy with him which was never interrupted during his life. I mention with mixed sensations of pleasure and regret, the names of those who were our common friends, and who formed the principal figures in our social intercourse—Romilly, Dumont, Tennant, Wishaw, Rogers, Sharp, Robert Smith, and the Rev. Sydney Smith. At a meeting at the house of Mr. Mackintosh, a dinner-club was projected, which lasted for above twenty-five years, under the provisional name of the ‘King of Clubs.’ It comprised many very distinguished and agreeable persons: I am at a loss to know why it ever ceased.

In the more unmixed circles of his society, almost every subject of letters and metaphysics was freely discussed; and in every discussion, Mr. Mackintosh bore an eminent part, not only for knowledge and acuteness, but for a spirit of candour and a love of truth, which were ever in him paramount to the desire of victory. His learning, various and extensive, was not confined to ancient authors, nor those of the English language, in which he was deeply read, but embraced a great portion of foreign literature, more especially German and French. With the latter he was particularly conversant, and enjoyed, amongst the philosophers

and men of letters of France, a distinguished reputation. His facility in the French language was proved by a remarkable instance before he went to India. A cause between two Frenchmen had been referred to arbitration; he was counsel for the plaintiff. The defendant, a noble emigrant, pleaded his own cause in person. When the parties were assembled before the arbitrator, the defendant complained of the hardship to which he was exposed from his imperfect knowledge of English, having to combat a gentleman of such extraordinary talents as he who appeared for his opponent was known to possess. Mr. Mackintosh, to accommodate him, without further preparation, made his speech, and conducted the whole controversy, in French, with a facility and elegance that were applauded by all who heard him. The author, whom he always appeared to me to prefer above all others, was Cicero, with every part of whose writings he was familiar, and retained in his memory most of the passages which he thought distinguished by any peculiar merit. He considered him the greatest master of morals and philosophy, and his works the most universal magazine of wisdom and eloquence; he thought that if Demosthenes equalled him in force and vehemence of passion, he was far from approaching him in variety, grace, urbanity, imagination, or knowledge. The delight he took in this author, if we may trust the judgment of Quintilian, proved the perfection of his taste. *'Multum ille proficisse se sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.'*

He had chosen the Norfolk circuit, which did not offer a very extensive field to his exertions. His progress in the profession of the law at the commencement was not equal to his just pretensions; he was desirous of devoting a portion of his time and his abundant knowledge to giving public lectures on the law of nature and nations. For this purpose, he applied to the society of Lincoln's Inn for the use of their hall. There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples. Whilst the negotiation was pending, however, he composed the preliminary lecture—a sort of prospectus of the whole design, and of the principles of the lecturer. Having submitted the manuscript to some of his most intimate friends, he was advised to publish it without delay, as the best measure he could adopt to secure the approbation of the public, and obtain the consent of the benchers to his application. The effect produced by this publication surpassed our most sanguine hopes. It was received with unmixed applause by all parties, and most highly valued by those who were the best judges. The style was, in simplicity and elegance, a great improvement upon that of the *'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,'* which bore too evident marks that the author had, in his early studies, been captivated by the vigour of Dr. Johnson. His more mature taste had relished the sweetness and delicacy of Addison and the richness of Burke. I am disposed to consider this essay as the most perfect of all his writings. The late Dr. Currie of Liverpool, himself a great example as well as a great critic in the art of composition, in a letter to me on the subject of Mr. Mackintosh's literary attainments, expressed his opinion that this essay

had placed him at the head of the writers of the present age. Everybody became anxious to hear the lectures which were announced with so much elegance, learning, and reverence for truth. The difficulties of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn vanished, and their hall was never more honoured than by the use which they now readily permitted him to make of it. There he delivered a course of lectures to the most learned and polite audience which the metropolis could afford:—not students only, who sought instruction as a duty, but peers, ministers of state, members of parliament, eminent judges, the gravest lawyers, and the most distinguished men of letters, crowded to hear and admire him. Here, with little preparation, and, for the most part, without previous composition, he poured out the abundance of his stores in the most perspicuous and elegant diction, with a facility, and a force of argument and illustration, that could not be surpassed. Maintaining all the principles which induced him to take a liberal view of the theories of government and society, he nevertheless thought it the duty of a teacher of morals and politics to inculcate rules and not exceptions, and to prove that it was not the great business of life to seek out the occasions, and cherish the means of resistance to authority—much less to preach up discontent as a merit, and sedition as a duty. He satisfied his friends, and conciliated his opponents in politics, by aiming his flight above all party questions and temporary topics, and laying the great foundations of society, and government, and law, in the wants and principles of human nature. During this extraordinary display of talent, Mr. Mackintosh maintained as high a reputation as it was possible for a private individual to enjoy. The way was opened to him into every society; his presence was esteemed an honour and a charm in every company. But though these lectures added so greatly to his fame, the popularity they gave him, and the habits of life they produced, were not so favourable to his progress at the bar. To descend from knowledge to rudiments is ever an irksome task, and it was not to be expected that one, who possessed so complete a mastery over the great rules and principles of all legal science, should readily condescend to the daily drudgery necessary to the technical parts of practice in the legal profession, and not very consistent with the allurements offered by a command of society, and a peculiar facility both of receiving and giving pleasure in it. Nevertheless, it is certain that he might have accomplished whatever his taste had led him to desire in the profession of the law. He had become too well known not to be well encouraged, and it seemed to depend upon himself what degree of success he should attain, and in what particular line. He confined his practice chiefly to the business of parliament, as most suitable to his taste and habits, and made rapid advances in that department. During the short peace of Amiens and the administration of Mr. Addington, he was called upon to defend Monsieur Peltier, the editor of a French journal published in London, who was prosecuted by government for a libel upon Buonaparte, then first Consul of France. The defence has been published; considered as a treatise, it is a master-piece of eloquence and reason. Some, however, who most esteemed the author, thought that the manner was too didactic; that the style had borrowed something from the habits of the lecturer, and that it wanted the compression and force that were desirable in forensic performances. Whatever might be its defects



in these particulars, in my judgment, its merit in others surpassed the powers of any other advocate. Monsieur Peltier was convicted; but the war which soon followed, rescued him from punishment.

During the continuance of the peace, Mr. Mackintosh visited Paris. His reception there, and his success in society, was as remarkable as in England. The First Consul expressed a strong desire to see him: he was accordingly introduced; but, by some accident, Buonaparte had mistaken for him Mr. W. Frankland, and had paid that gentlemen many compliments upon his reputation as a writer, and particularly as the author of the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.' Mr. W. Frankland, not being much accustomed to speak French, found it impossible to undeceive him, and was obliged to accept the civilities intended for Mr. Mackintosh, whose conversation with the great captain was confined to such trifling questions as are necessarily current at all courts. One of those questions which I believe was proposed to him, as well as to Mr. Erskine, was, whether he had ever been Lord Mayor of London. The mistake was afterwards a subject of much pleasantry with both the gentlemen who had been the subjects of it.

The administration of Mr. Addington, and the hollow truce, miscalled a peace, which accompanied it, had to a certain extent, and for a certain time, softened the asperity of political parties in England. During this period the office of Recorder at Bombay was proposed to Mr. Mackintosh by the minister in the most flattering terms. Those of his friends who were most attached to him viewed with regret his determination to accept it. They deplored deeply the loss of his society, and entertained a hope that a splendid career awaited him in his own country. They felt it as a reproach to Great Britain that so distinguished a man should be banished from her shores to seek the means of honourable subsistence for himself and his family in any other land. They could not however presume to judge of the circumstances which made this step a measure of prudence on his part, and they fully acknowledged that to accept a judicial station, in which he could only serve his country with integrity and advantage when perfectly impartial and unbiassed by political faction, was perfectly consistent with his honour, and with the allegiance due to that party with whom he was most connected by private attachment and common objects of public pursuit. They thought it highly honourable to the minister to make such an offer to a gentleman who professed no attachment to him or his party, upon the undisputed grounds of fitness for the office, and they were convinced that he could accept it with a conscience equally free from the apprehension of political feeling on the bench and from the reproach of violating any principle of duty. Others who professed a great attachment to him and an equal interest in his reputation, could not pardon him for what they were pleased to insinuate was an apostacy from party. It is the justice of political factions to be more rigorous in exacting sacrifices from their adherents than generous in rewarding them. Mackintosh, however, was not openly attacked. The means taken to wound his reputation were by occasional sneers, and by the circulation of calumnies grounded upon a distorted view of facts. It is needless to specify or allude to these, as he obtained ample amends for the mischief that was aimed at him by the full concession of those who had been most engaged in propagating reports to which they who knew him best had never given the slightest credit.

As I profess only to give such particulars of him as fell within my own knowledge, I pass over the period of his service as Recorder of Bombay. He acquitted himself with honour in that office. He possessed every talent and every acquirement necessary for a judicial station. During the whole period of his service he was the sole judge of his court. The anxiety and labour he bestowed upon the consideration of some important cases were testified by his correspondence with his friends in England. He wrote to me occasionally on such subjects, as well as on others that he thought might attract my attention. I regret that I have not been able to find several of his letters on which I placed a high value.

He returned to this country in 1812, after an absence of eight years, and found his friend Mr. Perceval at the head of public affairs. I had before learned from that minister himself, his wish to have the benefit of Sir James Mackintosh's assistance, and to place him in some eminent office, worthy of his talent and reputation. I expressed my doubt whether he could be induced to accept any political office in the existing state of parties, but I was not fully aware till the day of Mr. Perceval's death, that the proposal had actually been made and rejected. The circumstances will be thought worthy of narration by those who take an interest in the history and character of Sir James Mackintosh.

My excellent and much valued friend, the late Lord Cawdor, made some communication to me on the subject of the representation of the county of Nairn in Scotland, in which his family and connexions had an influence, that would be important at the next general election. I ventured to suggest to him Sir James Mackintosh, as one who would do most honour to his lordship's interest, and who could not fail of being acceptable to that county as the neighbourhood of the seat of his birth and family. Lord Cawdor acquiesced without hesitation in all that I said; he had, however, but a slight personal knowledge of Sir James, and had heard some doubts cast upon his political principles. He was not desirous that the county of Nairn should be represented by any person that would accept office under the existing administration, and at all events would not himself be the instrument of recommending such a candidate. It was impossible I could give him any positive assurance upon this point, upon which I had never conversed with my friend since his return from India, and I could not desire him to act on my opinion in so delicate an affair; especially as I had reason to believe that Sir James would be exposed to the temptation of office. It was therefore arranged that I should endeavour to ascertain from himself whether he persevered in those political sentiments and attachments which he was known to profess before he went to India, and whether they would so far prevail with him as to make him decline office. I proceeded without delay on my mission, and found him at home, in the act of folding up a letter. I stated to him that I had been asked more than once what part he was likely to take if in Parliament, and that I took the liberty of an old and sincere friend in putting the question to himself, that I might be able to answer it on the best authority—that I certainly had my own opinion upon it, but that was not enough to satisfy inquiries that might be made with a serious object. He replied that he was not surprised at such a question being proposed to me, after the insinuations that had been made against his political consistency; that he had thought it not

improbable that some proposal might be made to him on his return from India, and had therefore maturely deliberated, on his passage home, what course it would become him to pursue, with reference to the state in which he might find parties on his arrival; that his family and pecuniary circumstances would not justify him in rejecting any situation which might add to his fortune, if he could accept it with honour and a safe conscience; that there might be circumstances, some of which I was aware of, that might justify him to the world in abandoning the Whig party; but that he was satisfied he could not accept a political office under Mr. Perceval's administration without violating those feelings and principles which had hitherto governed him, and had made up his mind, that he should best consult his own peace and comfort by adhering to the party to which he had always been attached. 'As a proof of my sincerity,' said he, 'allow me to read you this letter, which I am just about to despatch to Mr. Perceval. You are aware how much I have been indebted to his kindness. He has been very marked in his attention to me since my return, and yesterday requested to see me in Downing-street. He, there, after many obliging expressions, stated his wish not only to see me in Parliament, but in some high office, that he was pleased to say might be worthy of me; that with that view he had endeavoured to make an arrangement to place me at the head of the Board of Control; and though he could not accomplish that object immediately, nor perhaps before the dissolution of the present Parliament, he had it in his power to offer me a seat in the House of Commons, if I would now accept it. I was so touched with the frankness of his proposal and with the kindness and earnestness of his manner, that though I required no time for deliberation, I thought there would be something like rudeness in a sudden rejection of it, and I therefore told him, if it were a question of personal feeling and respect for him, I should not hesitate an instant in accepting an offer so flattering to me; that there were, however, other considerations involved in it, which might weigh with me in an opposite direction; but that at all events I thought it due to the friendly sentiments he had expressed towards me, to take some time to deliberate before I made up my mind to give him an answer. Here is my answer, and I am very glad that I have an opportunity of showing it to you before I send it.' He then read the letter, which, in terms highly courteous to Mr. Perceval, contained the substance of what he stated to me. I was too much delighted with this signal proof of the integrity of my friend to conceal either my satisfaction or my secret; nor could I deny myself the gratification of letting him enjoy, at the very moment when he was making so noble a sacrifice to principle, the most appropriate compensation he could receive. I hailed him at once member for Nairnshire, and set before him the honour and fame which he could not fail to acquire by his talents in the House of Commons, as well as the gratitude of the party to whose service he so nobly devoted them. The letter was never received. Whilst I hastened homewards to put into writing the substance of this conversation for Lord Cawdor, I received the intelligence that Mr. Perceval had just been shot by an assassin, as he entered the House of Commons.

Sir James Mackintosh shortly afterwards proceeded to Cawdor Castle, where he passed a portion of the ensuing summer in cultivating the in-

terest which he represented in the next Parliament. From the time of his arrival in this country, he had devoted much labour to the investigation of historical documents and papers, with a view to a great work which was expected from him. His anxiety to search for the truth, and to leave no source of intelligence that came within his reach unexplored, gave him but little leisure for the task of composition. The superadded occupation of Parliament unfortunately contributed to that disappointment which has been experienced by his friends and the public. He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there.

If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the House of Commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. Whatever may be the advantages derived from the division of political men into parties, it is obvious that it must have an important influence upon the character of the debates in that assembly. The result of each discussion, and even the exact numerical division, being, upon most important questions, known beforehand, the speakers do not aim so much at conviction, as to give satisfaction to their respective parties, and to make the strongest case for the public. Hence a talent for exaggeration, for sarcasm, for giving a dexterous turn to the events of a debate, is more popular, and perhaps more useful, than the knowledge which can impart light, or the candour which seeks only for justice and truth. It is the main object of each party to vindicate itself, or to expose the antagonist party to indignation and contempt. Hence the most successful speaker—that is, he who is heard with the greatest pleasure, very often is one who abandons the point of debate altogether, and singles out from the adversary some victim whom he may torture by ridicule or reproach, or lays hold of some popular party topic, either to point the public indignation against his opponents, or to flatter the passions of his adherents. Many of the speeches are not, in effect, addressed to the supposed audience, but to the people; and consequently, like scene-painting, which is to be viewed at a distance, and by unskilful eyes, are more remarkable for the boldness of the figures, and the vivacity of the colouring, than for nature and truth. It is not the *genus deliberativum*,\* but the *genus demonstrativum*, of eloquence, that is most successful in the House of Commons. The highest praise of Sir James Mackintosh is, that he was, by disposition and nature, the advocate of truth. His eloquence and his powers were best fitted for that temperate sort of discussion which, admitting every ornament of diction and illustration that can please the taste or the imagination, still addresses itself to the judgment, and makes the passions themselves captives to reason. He could not, without being easily foiled and surpassed, attempt that strain of invective and vituperation of all manner of things and persons which is sometimes so eminently successful in debate, not by the fascination of its charms, but the force of terror, and which, though it may open the way to station and fortune, never either produces conviction, or leaves a sensation of

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\* "The *genus deliberativum* is for the senate; the *genus demonstrativum* is conversant in praise and blame."—*Cic. de Inventione*.

pleasure behind. The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the House were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the highest order, and elicited the most unqualified applause.

During the period whilst he was most engaged in Parliament, his avocations, as well as my own, in another line, interposed obstacles to our private intercourse, which it was oftener my fate to lament, than within my power to overcome. But as the course of his life was then public, and his pursuits matter of general interest and notoriety, it is needless to dwell upon that part of his history which, from the period of his entering Parliament to the close of his life, must form part of the history of his country.

I cannot, however, omit the mention of the first occasion when he might, without scruple or disparagement to his own honour, have accepted office; I mean the period when Mr. Canning was desired by his late Majesty to form a government.\* It is no part of the present subject to enter into a history of the negotiation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the Whig party at that time. But I can state upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of Sir James Mackintosh was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards His Majesty was pleased to admit him of his Privy Council. Upon the last change of administration,† when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all the different parties in the State, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the Board of Control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants, must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party. To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation, nor long-trying devotion, nor the habits of business, were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a board, at the head of which Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had, in other times, declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which occasionally actuates princes and ministers in the honours they bestow. Those who can have no other claim to success than the pure, independent will of their patrons, are more striking

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\* April, 1827.

† November, 1830.

examples of power, and are bound to them by a gratitude unqualified by any pretensions. Assuredly, those who knew the history of Sir James Mackintosh, and were conscious of his extraordinary acquirements, were as much surprised as Mr. Canning had been, to find that he was not placed in that cabinet, which he was so well fitted to inform by his wisdom, and to moderate by his counsels.

It is not, however, my desire to speak of this illustrious man as a politician—much less as a party man. His merit and his pretensions have placed him, and will maintain him with posterity, in a position far above those who were engaged in the petty strife of party, and the contentions for power. His genius and his talents will shed a lustre over the age in which he lived, when his more fortunate competitors for temporary objects are forgotten. As an elegant writer, a consummate master of metaphysics and moral philosophy; as a profound historian; as an accomplished orator, he will be known to all future times. The charms of his conversation—the pleasure and the instruction which were found in his society, can be appreciated by contemporaries only, who enjoyed the opportunity of intercourse with him. They alone can bear testimony to that urbanity of manner, and that sweetness of temper, which mitigated the awe inspired by the superiority of his mind and the profoundness of his knowledge, and made the approach to him not only safe, but delightful—which conciliated confidence, and softened the emotions of envy. Of that passion he was himself altogether unconscious and incapable. His greatest pleasure was to find cause for encomium in others, and to draw merit from obscurity. He loved truth for its own sake, and exercised his mighty power in dialectics, not for his own reputation, but for the investigation of truth. As a critic, he was inclined more to candour than severity. He was touched by whatever was just, original, or worthy of praise; he sought after it with as much ardour as others feel in the detection of faults. His wit did not require the foil of deformity to give it splendour; its brilliancy was best displayed in illustrating beauty, for which he had the keenest relish. He possessed, in an eminent degree, one of the most amusing faculties of wit, a lively sense of the ridiculous; but he could laugh at folly without exciting anger or fear, could be just without an air of severity, entertaining without satire, and brilliant without sarcasm. No man ever lived more in society, or shone more in conversation; yet it would be difficult—I should say, impossible, to ascribe a sentiment, or even an original sentence to him, the least tinged with envy, malice, or uncharitableness.

But I have been betrayed by the subject further than I intended. The memory of departed excellence, 'like the sound of distant music, is pleasing, though mournful to the soul.' Even this melancholy tribute, in awakening recollections of the past, is not without its charm. One thing only is wanting to make it a source of consolation, and even of pleasure—that *he* could but be conscious of the genuine affection and pious feeling with which it is paid.

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## ZEPHYR AMONG THE FLOWERS.

WHEN the bright-hair'd Morn,  
 With her dropping horn,  
 Blows sweet on the mountain-side,  
 Where the dale-queens lie,  
 With a light foot, I  
 O'er their green tiaras glide.

I waken each flower  
 In her grassy bower,  
 But I do not—dare not stay,  
 For I must be gone  
 To attend the Sun  
 At the eastern gate of the day!

“Fare thee well! farewell!”  
 As I leave her cell,  
 I can hear the young Rose sigh:  
 And the Harebell too  
 Bids me oft adieu!  
 With a tear in her dim blue eye.

As pale as the snow  
 Does the Lilly grow,  
 When my wild feet near her rove,  
 Yet she lets me sip  
 Of her nectarious lip,  
 As long and as deep as I love.

To make me her prize,  
 Pretty Primrose tries,  
 Kissing and clasping my feet;  
 But Violets cling  
 So fast to my wing,  
 That my feathers are full of them yet!

Each flower of the lea  
 Has a bed for me,  
 But I will not—cannot stay,  
 For I must be gone  
 To attend the Sun  
 At the Western gate of the day!

\* \* \*

## AN EPOCH IN THE LIFE OF MULCIBER SMITH.

MULCIBER T. B. Smith was a philosopher, and something of a fatalist. His philosophy had made him a cynic; his fatalism, an idler. Under their influence in combination, his prospects in life had become anything but cheering. No man ever more bitterly inveighed against fortune, for no man, he thought, had ever been more scurvily treated by the goddess. The fact is, however, that Mulciber was more prone to habits of profitless cogitation than to habits of industry; and as moral do not always turn out quite so successfully as mercantile speculations, he was richer in ideas than in gold, so that fortune was not so much to be reproached, after all.

At the age of twenty-seven he had already tried several schemes, and devised many more, whereby to gain for himself a gentlemanly subsistence; for it so happened, most unluckily, that he was not born to a ready-fabricated competency, albeit no one was better qualified to fulfil the office of a patrician in one of its chiefest attributes,—namely, a most contemptuous antipathy to business. Bred to the law, he had become early disgusted with the drudgery of that sordid profession—so he deemed it—and, trusting to the general excellence of his parts, he had resolved to abandon forensic eminence, and to live by the exertion of his versatile talents. But what Mulciber called exertion was, he at length found, insufficient to secure those pecuniary supplies without which the most gentlemanly disposed and highly gifted people are apt to become out at elbows.

Mulciber was a “genius;” his friends told him so, and he had too high a sense of their discernment to doubt the truth or the soundness of their opinion in this respect: besides, his own judgment, modestly avowed, inclined to the same conviction. Nothing is more dangerous to the worldly prosperity of a youth than the consciousness of genius really or imaginarily possessed. It generates a spirit of trustingness in *something or other*—a very ill, or rather not at all, defined hope in some good luck to happen soon—that induces the possessor to frustrate the most laudably-formed progress by delay. Every scheme or measure that prudence from time to time suggests, and reason sanctions, is procrastinated, in the expectation that a better will by-and-bye present itself; and, as nothing usually comes of nothing, the best intentions and cleverest designs, when only thought about, prove in most instances remarkable for their sterility. This was just the case with Mulciber. His happiest conceits and finest devices generally ended just where they began—in imagination; he contented himself with thinking about them, and deferred their execution, in the delusive hope that something more worthy of his energies might emanate soon; or, if he began at all, it was upon so many excellent things at once, that each retarded and defeated the perfect accomplishment of all. This versatility of genius mostly destroys its profitableness to the owner, and a poor genius is very apt to doubt the universal fitness of things; a thousand to one, there-



fore, but in due time he moralizes himself into a misanthrope. Unless activity of the body be proportioned to activity of mind, poverty, by a very harsh, but not less excellent law of nature, is commonly the result; and poverty, for this very reason, had been, was, and promised still to be, the lot of Mulciber T. B. Smith.

Accordingly, at the age of twenty-seven, and after much uphill and very various work—the expected *something or other* being as far distant now as on the first day of hoping—he discovered the startling fact, that after the payment of his just debts and funeral expenses (these, to be sure, were not yet a real burthen upon his estate, but, as they would be to be incurred in the end, they ought in strictness to be honourably estimated now), he would not be possessed of any great pecuniary surplus; in short, he owed his tailor eight pounds and some indifferent shillings, and was six weeks in arrear with his landlord for lodging-rent—to pay which sums he could find, after a rigid examination of his exchequer, little better than two solitary sovereigns. This, if not surprising, was vexatious.

It is undoubtedly true, that for some days past he had been aware of the diminution of his finances, and of the growing increase of the demand which would soon of necessity be made upon them; he was sensible that they must be low, but he did not precisely know they were *so* low. He had been engaged in hoping that *something or other* would turn up immediately to avert the temporary cloud upon his destiny—Mulciber was an excellent hoper—and, as the subject of such an inquiry was not peculiarly tempting, he had continued to postpone it *de die in diem*; but when money is getting low, it is astonishing how easily it becomes calculable. He tried anxiously to remember whether any pecuniary debts were payable to him, but after a severe exercise of his memory in this particular, he failed to recollect any individual who owed him a shilling. His position was unpleasant, but what could he do? This was a question more easily asked than answered; so he trusted to fate, and had recourse to hoping with greater energy than ever. Much of the painfulness of this predicament, however, had been soothed by the contemplation of a novel crotchet, which accident had recently evoked from the mysterious recesses of his cerebral organ. In a gossip between two neighbours upon the subject of a scape-grace son, which during an evening's ramble he partly overheard, something about "the necessity of sticking to one thing in life," fell upon his ear; he pondered over the words, and deemed them good. Now, upon the virtue of this hint, which it was evidently his destiny to receive, he had been ruminating ever since, and trying hard to determine which of his talents he should for the future permanently and exclusively cultivate; but the perplexing part of the affair was to hit upon the best. He possessed—he felt it—abundance of notable resources, any one of which, with a little further training, might be made available; it might be mechanical, and therefore vulgar, but adverse circumstances—fate—made it necessary: the difficulty was to select the one which should hold out the fairest chances of ulterior success. The danger to be dreaded was a mis-choice, and he felt himself in the awkwardness of a many-horned dilemma.

The longer he reflected the more indcisive he became, and day after

day had passed without finding him at all determined in his preference. He possessed a good deal of scientific knowledge—should it be science? He was an accomplished man—should it be fine arts? He had read much, and was a scribbler—should it be literature—light, moral, or political?

Whenever Mulciber was puzzled, it was his custom to “consult nature,” in a vagabond stroll out of doors, with much about the same profit as one looks first at one corner of the ceiling, then at another, for a bright idea difficult to achieve, and not always found when sought. A little meditation might, he imagined, lead to a lucky thought to guide him in his extremity; and so, for the fiftieth time, he had recourse to the old expedient. He donned his hat, and wandered forth from the oppressive dulness of his own den, away to the pastures of Putney. He was very partial to the water, especially in sunny weather. Indolent people generally are. There is an indescribable pleasure in gazing on the rippling river, sparkling with sunbeams, the tide flowing up or down—just as it happens—and the broad bosom of the water dotted with gay wherries and their weary loads, or relieved of its monotony by the passing interlude of a square-built coal-barge or two, heavy and black as a bad man’s conscience. Mulciber made choice of a retired spot close to the water’s edge, and threw himself listlessly down to muse in quiet and repose. Every thing around him appeared beautiful, happy, and serene. The sky was clear, and the clouds bright and downy: the little birds chirruped and sang gleefully about; the insects hummed dreamily through the air; the very earth itself seemed to breathe forth gladness, in the living sheet of incense that glisteningly and quiveringly ascended from its surface; and all things, in short, appeared calm, peaceful, and harmonious, except the perturbed Mulciber, whom destiny delighted so to cross. He took a brief review of his present condition, and of the urgent necessity of at once attempting “something or other,” to give to it a brighter aspect; this, indeed, was a painful and exhausted theme, which he was but too glad to forget. So he picked the grass, looked at the clouds, then upon the water, and flung pebbles into it by way of provoking pleasanter reveries. Still, however, the sickening question would continue to obtrude, of “What shall I do?”

As a fatalist, Mulciber more than half imagined it was scarcely worth trying to do anything, despite the importunities of prudence; and as a philosopher, he was almost prepared to yield passively to whatsoever circumstances might betide him, “let the worst come to the worst.” But neither his philosophy nor his fatalism could repress two images which continually haunted his imagination—namely, the spectres of his tailor and his landlord. In the light of day, or the obscurity of night—in every season of the twenty-four hours, morning, noon, or eventide—they pressed themselves upon his morbid vision. It was vexatious—very; but still there they were: in street or field—in solitude or in the crowd—at home or abroad—Mr. Truefit and Mr. Firstfloor were ever the prominent and pestilential objects of his unwilling contemplation. If he looked at the sky, the clouds seemed to assume the appearance of tailors’ shopboards; the very foliage of the trees arranged itself into enlarged and multiplied profiles of features too well remembered; every passenger who crossed his path appeared a Mr. Truefit, a Mr. Firstfloor,

or some member of their respective families. If he slept, he dreamed of their importunities, and his own eloquent appeals to their sympathies and clemency; in truth, sleeping or waking, he was sorely harrassed by these two-fold torments. "What can I do?" was often asked, but answer there was none; and straightway the phantoms would re-appear, in still more vivid colours, more distinct outline, than before.

Whilst Mulciber was thus wrestling with his memory, the splash of oars struck upon his ear, and a small boat-party of men and women rounded the point, and approached that part of the shore whereon he lay. He looked, and thought he beheld his eternal pursuers in the living flesh before him. It is true, that Mr. Truefit was short, spare, and pallid, and Mr. Firstfloor tall, sturdy, and florid; and, therefore, bore no striking resemblance to each other; but habits of long and anxious speculation upon a subject intimately connected with their persons, had at last so blended and associated their corporeal peculiarities together in the mind's eye of Mulciber, that an artificial identity had been somehow established between them and every other male member of the community who chanced to come within the field of his optics. He had been hourly, daily, and weekly, under this delusion, yet the oft detected mistakes had failed to correct his perverted visuality. But could he be mistaken now? Was it *them*, indeed; was that young woman in the pink bonnet, Miss Amelia, his landlord's daughter; was the other, in the green silk dress, Mrs. Truefit? It was—it must be—it could be no others! Should he rise and run, or turn on his side and sham somnolence? *Cui bono?* He would be recognised by his garb or his gait, in either act. Besides, why flee? Mulciber was a nervous man—that is to say, mental worry had made him a bit of a coward; and though neither of his creditors was actually aware of his pressing difficulties, yet he who knew them so well himself, and had so long dwelt in anticipation of the inevitable explosion, *by and-bye*, had unconsciously deluded himself with the belief that they, too, by some inscrutable and intuitive process, must have acquired a similar information. His heart was in his throat, and burning hot. What should he do? Desperation came to his aid, and he resolved to dare the worst. Sitting bolt upright, he gently averted his head, and tried to look calm, contemplative, and indifferent; it was a bitter effort. The boat approached—the voices grew louder—a laugh from the ladies twanged on his ear: what a stinging mockery is human laughter to those who cannot rejoice! He thought he heard the name of *Smith* pronounced by one of the party; he knew of but one Smith in the living world, replete as it is with Smiths, and that was himself! Again it reached him—he could not be deceived; it was *them* he heard—it was *him* they named! The oars cease to dip again,—the boat stops; he sees it not, but knows it must almost touch him; and, as one who, long watching the progress of the gathering storm, hears at length the confirmatory thunder-clap, so heard Mulciber the ringing cry of "SMITH" close upon his tympanum.

How frequently do our most exquisitely elaborate conjectures prove deceptive! We are prone to build up suppositions upon the most approved principles of logical induction, and one simple fact, out of a myriad of others which might as naturally have occurred, is at once sufficient to subvert what we stupidly imagined to be an inevitable

consequence! The party consisted neither of Mr. T. or Mr. F., or any one member of their several households; but of Mulciber's own pet cirony, Fred. Hetherton, and a little bevy of pleasure-hunters. It was some seconds before Mulciber could extricate with sufficient secrecy the sigh which inflated his pulmonary apparatus, or regain sufficient composure of mind to apprehend with clearness the recognition and the introduction which followed. As the vapours of his brain became dispelled, however, he collected that Mr. Hetherton and his companions, taking advantage of the fineness of the day, were proceeding on an excursion to Isleworth. They intended to "spend one of the pleasantest afternoons in the world;" and, as nothing could afford them greater delight than the presence of Mr. Mulciber Smith, on such an occasion (Hetherton, with a nod and a knowing look, had assured them of his companionable qualifications), he was warmly solicited to join them. Mr. Smith, to this hour, has no distinct recollection of the nature of his preliminary objections to intrude himself upon their pleasures; but, as such objections are commonly considered to be invalid, and untenable, so in this instance, his modest reluctance was only the more vehemently deprecated; and Mulciber, delighted in being able to drown his troubles in the obliviousness of a frolic, at length salaamed and entered. The ladies were in buoyant spirits, the gentlemen hilarious and witty; but a sudden transition from the solitude of careworn, harassed, and unhappy self, into a joyous laughter-loving circle of friends, does not instantaneously eradicate the entirety of our sadness, even when most willingly we would fling it from us; we compare our own sorrows with the gaiety of other hearts, unwearied and uncrushed, and the contrast leaves a melancholy which we cannot instantly subdue. Mulciber was, for the first ten minutes, little better than a silent ruminant; but unrestrained mirth, especially when beaming from the eyes of woman, is an epidemic which persons of a certain temperament cannot long resist, and Mulciber soon became as loquacious as the rest. The ladies were pretty, affable, and young—three excellent qualifications at all times in the fair sex—and gave point and sparkle to the remarks that fell from the gentlemen; the usual complement of water-jokes, and wherry-wit, was of course displayed, as occasion served; and each individual, contributing as he or she could, and as circumstances suggested, the fairest selectable share of good-humoured nonsense-talk, which their several abilities could originate, the time past agreeably enough.

At length, after a safe and delightful trip, they approached the point of their destination; a pretty sylvan retreat was selected, and the company debarked. A provident supply of "refreshments"—sandwiches, stout (cyder being considered unsafe), a currant and raspberry pie, cigars for the gentlemen, bergerac for the special behoof of the ladies (a wine, by the way, which has not yet acquired half its deserved celebrity), and sundries—had been prepared, and were safely landed. The "painter" was firmly and prudently attached to the stump of a tree hard by, and the party proceeded to arrange themselves beneath an elm—was it an elm?—no matter, no body cared—whose spreading branches and luxurious foliage protected them from the garish beams of a July sun. This duty accomplished, they all, with vigorous appetite, addressed themselves to the discussion of the substantial.

The saying of good things was again renewed. Compliments were bandied about, kindly glances exchanged, snatches of love melodies hummed, patch-work pastorals recited, and some terrific puns now and then exploded—such being the appointed and necessary condiments of all water-party expeditions;—every body knows what they are, practically or historically, and further record there needeth none. It will readily be admitted that two ladies among four gentlemen are, numerically estimated, a most unequal distribution; but under existing circumstances, no jealous rivalry, or reproachable distinction, occasioned discontent. Mr. David Daniel Bute was the accredited slave of Miss Fanny Cloves, and Mr. Stephenson Cloves, her brother, was the acknowledged admirer of the admiring Miss Caroline Ogden—(they are now all married, and call each other “darlings” before company)—so that, with this understanding, there arose neither complaint nor dissatisfaction. Thus, for some considerable time, they ate, drank, chatted, and laughed, and the repast at length drew to a conclusion—the best cannot last for ever—and it was proposed to rise and “look about.” A gradual pairing off took place between the ladies and their lovers, an accident that always happens under similar circumstances, which very mercifully leaves the unprovided-for to do as they like. And this was the precise position in which Mulciber and his friend Fred., speedily found themselves: they were together, left to walk, or talk, or grumble, as they listed.

“And now, Fred,” said Mulciber, “we may have a little sober gossip—after all this mad revelry, it will be a relief; and first permit me to ask what ails thee? it is easy to detect that you are, at heart, dispirited. Have you fallen in love, into debt, or a dilemma? out with it all, and make a clean breast. What oppresses you? something has occurred, I am sure. For three mortal weeks, Fred., or better, I have not seen the light of thy countenance. What dire disaster hath befallen thee. Say, and be consoled.”

“You are wrong, Mulcy, my boy” replied Fred, “wrong, most particularly wrong; never was in finer spirits in my life; but—but—the fact is, I have something of moment here,” and he touched his forehead solemnly, with the four fingers of his left hand, “which absorbs every faculty, Mulciber; strange that you and I should have met this day, so unexpectedly on my part.”

“Fate!” said Mulciber, “and on mine, too.”

“It may even be so; but you were the very man I most wanted to encounter. You can render me service, Mulciber; your tact, your discretion, your good counsel, will be to me aids of great price, in an affair of peril. I have counted upon them, and must secure them. It was my intention to have called upon you to-day, but this silly excursion, previously agreed upon, prevented.”

“By the way, Fred, who are these newly found friends of ours? They appear to be mighty presentable sort of people for rampant cocknies.”

“Another time, Mulciber, and I will particularize, if need be; enough be it for the present that the event is the project of my gossip Bute, a somewhat small fellow with large pretensions, whom I cannot afford to lose; he’s a wrung in my ladder of life—do you understand?”

“Ay, well, then! but of thyself. What new scrape, or what new project, engages thy especial regard now?”

"Why, Mulciber, you are to know that the other day I fell in with a singularly strange adventure."

"The old story again; seven a week, and each more extraordinary than the last."

"Hold your tongue, and listen. This is one unparalleled for brightness of promise."

"Of course; woman or wealth, which is in the wind now?"

"Both. Hear me. Last Friday—"

"Friday is a marvellously unlucky day, Fred, but go on."

"Your interruption is an impertinence—last Friday I found myself in the anti-chamber of the Diorama. Some round dozen of visitors, whom curiosity, assignation, or time-killing, had brought thither, were patiently awaiting the stoppage of the round-about, then in motion. My attention was attracted by the appearance of a very comely matron, as I supposed, verging towards her fifth lustre. Her eyes, full, black, beaming, and liquid, were, strange to tell, directed to my unworthy self. Now, to me the fixed gaze of a woman—but I need not sentimentalize with you. She instantly withdrew her regards, but forgot to avert her face; it was a superb one! and certainly the first time ever beheld by me. After a pretty pause she again looked up, and seeing that I still continued my inquisitorial observation, again became discreetly downcast. The tinkle of the bell now announced the completed revolution of the Vat within; the door opened, and the company proceeded to enter. With no very definable object I kept as closely to her sublimity, as politeness warranted. The transition from day-light to obscurity, produced the usual effect, and rendered the descent an exploit of hazard; she seemed sadly bewildered, and prompted by courtesy I,—"

"Impudence, undeniably; yes, go on."

"I touched her wrist with the intention of guiding her down into the arena; a gloved hand, however, on the instant glided snake-like into mine, and it struck me that the pressure was a *leetle* firmer than the fear of a false step—"

"Many have been made there, Fred—"

"Slanderer!—rendered strictly necessary. That she recognised in me the humble instrument of her protection through the dangers of that perilous navigation, I was morally certain, because no other male animal was near her, when we entered. I conducted her into one of the boxes, groped for a chair, and brought it and her dear delightful self into opposition. She gave a faint, quick, premonitory, 'hm!' which—a sudden huskiness unaccountably attacking me—I returned; and then in a half whisper, half murmur, the conventional tone in which dialogue is carried on at this establishment, you know, my paragon exclaimed, 'Really, Mr. G., but for your very polite attention, I must have fallen.' Mr. G.! whom, then, can she mistake me for, thought I? No matter; if a lady may innocently err in such a place, why may not a gentleman? the darkness is an apology for both. I was proceeding to assure her in my most dulcet accents of the happiness I felt—but the pretty speech was cut short by a soft 'sh!'—"

"You of course took the hint and a seat?"

"Be all ear, and tongueless."

“Had I three ears——”

“Two are quite enough, thank you. As the eye became more familiarized with the gloom, we were enabled to discern that no person was sufficiently near to detect the tenor of a conversation discreetly conducted; and satisfied in this respect, the mysterious fair one began it in substance and fashion somewhat as follows:”

“Was—permit me—was her accent Israelitish?”

“Mulciber Smith! there are occasions when the interruptions of our dearest friends are rude and untimely, and this is one of them. Her voice was the voice of music, plaintive and very pleasant, low breathing an unremembered melody.”

“Patience! ye gods; but this is too moving! Fred, Fred, thou art indeed a supreme donkey. But proceed.”

“Be dumb, then: thus she murmured. ‘The illusion of this view is indeed most perfect—in the agitation of last night I scarcely remember what I said to you—and admirably sustained—had it not been for your generous sympathy—the imposing grandeur of the architecture, and the solemn stillness which seems to reign throughout the interior—during that unhappy scene in the crush room I must have sunk under the public outrage my feelings sustained—the deep adoration of the devotees and the pious deportment of the monks conspire to render the subject most impressive—his conduct was most intemperate and unmanly—the drawing is exquisitely correct—though old, he is extremely violent and vindictive—and how true to nature is the colouring—assure me, I implore that no meeting has already taken or will take place between you—or, rather how true to art—I could never forgive myself if on my account you you were to incur danger—the eye is quite deceived by this masterly effort of genius—promise me, then, that no hostile consequence shall ensue—the painting is a superb deceit!—She paused: I took the word, and rambled on vaguely.

“‘This view is a great favourite of mine in consequence of its extreme fidelity—be under no apprehensions on my account; the painful situation in which you were last night placed—it is a noble painting—pained me intensely; but tell me, have you experienced no ill effects from it?—and does great credit—I was incensed to a degree past supporting—credit to the artist—and, though a stranger, could not resist my interference—the artist—I owe a thousand apologies for my presumption—artist (I could not, for my soul, contrive to manage the intercurrent jargon cleverly)—but witnessing what I then saw, it was hard to repress—’

“‘The effect, as you say—say not another word; in this note you will find all I dare communicate—is very admirable—it contains in truth but the expression of my sincerest acknowledgements—it is much to be deplored that such works should be doomed to a perishable celebrity—promise me that you will not needlessly expose yourself to peril, and you will relieve my mind from inexpressible anxiety—so excellent a work of art—that anxiety is my only apology for now meeting you; in promising this interview last night, my agitation was too great to consider the imprudence of such a step—deserves more lasting fame.’”

“‘It does so, indeed—I will promise every thing you ask—you now observe the cold grey light of morning—but tell me when, where shall I have the happiness of making further inquiries—breaking through the

stained casements—or of again seeing you under circumstances of less painful restraint?’

“‘Yes, most skilfully contrived—no, you must not ask it; do not—the darkness is now dissipating—my warmest thanks are yours, but to meet again would be eminently dangerous—the light increases fast—for heaven’s sake, now leave me—should I be discovered—every object is gradually becoming more and more distinct.’

“‘The profound interest you have excited in my bosom provokes my importunities; tell me then, I beseech you, that I may be honoured with another interview, if but one, and I shall leave you now on the instant.’

“‘Speak not in so high a tone—these views, I believe, are the work of a foreign artist—what you ask it is impossible that I can concede—the light is so rapidly increasing—pray, pray, leave me!’

“‘You refuse, then, so to honour me?’

“‘Be satisfied with this, that if I durst—I know not what I say—where would a note reach you?’

“‘At the New Hummums, addressed to Captain Crush; think of last night, and remember the name.’

“I pressed to my lips the tips of her dear delightful fingers, then did as I was bidden.”

“Impudence, mendacity, and folly, in villainous combination! well, and what then became you?” asked Mulciber.

“Anxious to penetrate the mystery,” resumed his friend, “I sped away to the inner circle of the park to consult the precious billet in which I doubt not was to be found a perfect or a partial revelation of this occult affair; and taking from my pocket this pretty, precious, perfumed, document, I read these words—”

“First, to whom is it addressed?”

“Superscription it hath none; consequently, the fracture of the seal violated the right of no man living; and in this respect my conscience—”

“Fred, the less you say about conscience, peradventure, the better; but the contents?”

“You shall hear.—‘It has cost me much to accord this meeting, transient as it must be. I am sensible of its imprudence, but the services rendered by you last night are so gratefully remembered by me, that I cannot forego the opportunity, hazardous as it is, of conveying to you the expression of my sincere and warmest acknowledgements!’”

“Well; go on.”

“There is not another word.”

“Brief, if not explicit—may I ask the signature?”

“You may.”

“What is it?”

“There is none. Not even a lonely initial! You will perceive, therefore, my very excellent friend, that I was as much in the dark now as before. In this plight I tried by synthesis to build up a decent conjecture. A lady’s feelings outraged by something done by somebody in the crush room of an opera-house—an old man violent and vindictive—the interposition of a chivalrous cavalier—an assignation—woman’s gratitude—old man husband to the lady—jealous and distrustful, perhaps right, perhaps wrong—outrage—public and discourteous rebuke; quære—the cavalier vindicates her innocence, throws the gauntlet, and



whispers an assignation—she is true to her tryst, and he being a handsome fellow, imperfectly remembered, mistakes *me* for the valorous defender of her wrongs—(none of your absurdities, Mulciber, I beg)—and I receive the reward of another's knightly devoir. This was no very safe interpretation, I admit, but still the best."

"Enough of idle conjecture, Fred; have you any more facts? May I be so bold as to inquire whether any other epistle was received by Captain Crush of the New Hummums?"

"Can you doubt it? Posted straight to that very respectable establishment, left instructions to match the event, and on the second morning received the anxiously expected treasure. It was evidently the result of very hasty deliberation, and ran thus: 'To-morrow we leave town for ten days. Sir Jaleel insists upon my accompanying him. As soon as we return, I will again write.' Here, then, was a key that would unlock the puzzle; the heels of caution had been tripped up by the sudden contact of surprise—"

"Barbarian! what a figure!"

"—and 'Sir Jaleel' at once released pussy from the sack. For two mortal days was I employed in rummaging the columns of every morning and evening paper from the date to the imprint to discover what 'Sir Jaleel' it might be who was about to leave or had left this teeming town. Don't yawn, Mulciber, I have nearly done. On the morning of the third my eyes were ravished with this announcement in the *Post*: 'Sir Jaleel Sternhold left town, yesterday, for Sternhold Hall, Norfolk; the hon. bart. was accompanied by his daughter, the widow of the late Colonel Hastings.' Mulciber, the perusal of that paragraph set my brain a whirling; a vision of rank and riches burst brightly before me; I received the sudden and delightful assurance that my fortune was made; it was my conviction then, and it is my conviction now."

"Allow me, my dear fellow, to congratulate you upon the brilliant prospect, and at the same time to assure you that, though doubtless it is distinct enough to your own perceptions, I, for my part, have not the faintest apprehension of what it may happen to be. Possibly, you may be pleased to enlighten my understanding."

"That woman, Mulciber, must be my wife."

"We are in the dog days, Fred; and I fear you are not quite sensible of your calamitous condition. You are rabid, my friend; mad, absolutely mad, and no longer a responsible agent. Let me suggest a few weeks' quiet at some asylum; Clapham is a quiet and salubrious region, and——"

"Laugh at me, if you will, Mulciber; you, perhaps, see in all this nothing but frantic romance; but, believe me, it is a more matter of fact affair than it seems. What have you done about your pamphlet on the corn laws; is it yet completed?"

"Mad as a muffin! what has my pamphlet to do with your mountebankism? Upon my soul, Fred, you are seriously ill."

"It has much to do with what you are pleased to term my mountebankism. Is it finished—in type?"

"Yes, and no; done, but not printed."

"That's lucky. Now, listen to me. You well know that Sir Jaleel has of late been very roughly handled in parliament and by the press,

for his whimsical crotchets about agricultural distress. He is sadly in want of an apologist, and you must undertake that honourable office."

"Pardon me, but I decline the glory."

"Be not rash, Mulciber, and hearken to words of wisdom. It will be an easy if not a pleasant task to interpolate a few defensive paragraphs and a sprinkling of admiration at the just, comprehensive, and statesmanlike views of my respected father-in-law (that is to be), Sir Jaleel Sternhold, upon this refreshing question. Use the trowel, Mulciber, and smear with a liberal hand. Tomakawk his revilers with a ferocious spirit, and spare them not. Never think of the multitude, but of the man; if *he* reads, regard not my inestimable public—it cares little enough about anonymous scribblers, depend upon it—but if *he* reads, as read he shall, thy future pathway may lead to fortune."

"The tones of your voice, Fred, during the last five minutes, have alarmingly represented the bark of a dog. Does the sight of the water move you much?"

"Be quiet, or I may bite. In the course of my inquiries I discovered that Sir Jaleel's private secretary was about to give or had given up all interest in mundane politics—Pneumonia, in short, had marked him for her own; you, Mulciber, I have destined to supply his place—so shall I better your fortunes, so shall you better mine."

"Generous, disinterested youth!"

"The rustle of drapery is on the air, and yonder I see symptoms of a gathering; our companions approach. Be still and secret, Mulciber; to-morrow evening we resume the subject in solemn seriousness. Obey my behest; employ the interim in converting your corn-law rubbish into something like a pungent defence; we are secure of our futurum, and it shall be a lever to lift the luck of both of us. It is enough for me to draw the outline; you have judgment—at least, so you think, and we have not time to dispute about it now—and I leave you to fill in the details. You may affect, if you please, to treat what I have said as a very trumpery rigmarole; but mark me, Mulciber—ruminate, and disdain it not.—Ladies! again we rejoice in your gracious presence."

It too soon became apparent, however, that one pair of the interesting wanderers had stumbled upon a quarrel. Mr. Stephenson Cloves and the amiable Miss Ogden were in the dumps—*she* looked dark and tartaric, *he* cool and indignant. The cause of this episode was not, of course, revealed; but it was quite clear that a solution of continuity had happened "to the pleasantest day in the world"—at least, as regarded them. When people have partaken too greedily of social happiness, it is not unfrequently considered that a dose of ill-humour is the only true corrective of the over-treat. The several members of the party, up to this moment, had stood in the most amicable relation to each other; but, somehow, the petty feud began to be regarded with interest. Mr. Bute and his lady, though previously in a state of the most tender cordiality, became all at once taciturn. Mr. Hetherton made two or three abortive attempts to fan the expiring harmony into a flame again; but failing, inwardly consigned their crabbedness to a very repulsive personage, and became himself moody. Mulciber was fast relapsing into melancholy; Mr. Cloves' striped waistcoat had just reminded him of Truefit's last pattern card: the image of that worthy citizen and its associate phan-

tom instantly recurred to his remembrance, and he was now deep in the inquiry whether Fred's foolish prank *might*, by any roundabout possibility, among the chances and changes of this odd world, "somehow or other" help to extricate him from his difficulties. A most unexpected accident—fate, in fact—had wafted him to an unknown district; and here, from the lips of his friend, he had been listening to the story of a silly adventure, and to a mad-brained project which common sense fairly laughed at; but was it good philosophy to despise an agent because it seemed absurd, puerile, and unlikely? Fairly afloat in the regions of speculation, Mulciber speedily forgot the troubles of his companions in the greater fascination of his own, and he sauntered away from the party to indulge in a little lonely meditation.

At how slight a feather will a sinking man catch! Freed from the perplexities of his actual condition, Mulciber would have turned from such a scheme with contempt; but sore pressed by the sickening anxiety which now disturbed his better reason, and unable to devise a means of instant relief, he seriously disposed himself to weigh the probabilities of a scheme, the mere proposal of which, in a healthier state of mind, he would have considered as insulting. Besides, there was, indeed, something paltry and contemptible about the affair, which squared not well with his notions of propriety; yet when poverty and want become objects of one's apprehensions, one's native delicacy of sentiment begins to falter:—this fact does not *read* well, but the truth of it is nevertheless too certain; and those who have had the bitter misery to experience such a measure of adversity, would attest it—if they durst.

Absorbed in these reflections, he unconsciously strolled to a considerable distance from the river, and overcome by the oppressive heat of the afternoon he sate himself down on the shady side of a hedge, intending to rejoin his friends after a little rest! The grass was a verdant cushion, the blue sky a pleasant canopy; he looked into it, not to read the stars, to be sure—for none were there—but to wonder what Fate had in store for him; he mused and dosed, dosed on and slumbered, slumbered and slept—slept like a very top! From four in the afternoon until seven in the evening, three mortal hours, had Mulciber slept the sleep of utter oblivion. He had heard not the shouts of his friends; the name of *Smith* is not good for shouting at any time, or under any circumstances; and they had long since departed: and he awoke now, not from any external disturbances, but simply from having slept long enough. Alas! too long. He rubbed his eyes, as sleepers awakened are wont to do; and wondered where he was, as sleepers in strange places are accustomed to wonder on regaining their consciousness. Mulciber had thrown off his coat and hat previously to assuming his pastoral attitude, for the double purpose of enjoying greater coolness and comfort; he arose and looked for them, but *them* he found not. A coat and a hat were, indeed, there—the one of plush, faded, and much, very much, worse, for wear; the other might have been of felt, but an oilskin covered the original fabric, the shape equivocal, and the aspect villainous. Mulciber looked around him, but could descry no human being; he went from field to field, and called out with a loud cry, but he saw no body, and no body appeared to hear him; he traversed many hedges, and investigated the dried-up ditches, but the search was fruitless. He retraced his steps to

the elm by the river; a few corks and fragments of buttery paper were strewn about, the sole remaining records of the festive party. He wandered about coast-wise, but all alike deserted. Was this a prank—had his friends been “larking,” or was it a dark reality, a bona-fide theft. Time’s progress he inferred from the lengthening shadows; the tide of the river gave assurance of the departure of the company. He returned to the place of his slumbers, and renewed his search; it was unsuccessful as before. He wondered, but wondering was of no assistance; he put himself in a towering passion, but his wrath was idle; and not until much valuable time had been expended in searching and swearing, did he prepare for his dreary walk homewards; to make such inquiries (where and of whom could he inquire?) as might lead to an elucidation. He looked back many times, but no laughing joker followed him to return his lost garments; so, with the others on his arm, he made the best of his way to the London Road; cursing this new freak of Fate with a bitterness by no means philosophical. Fate, however, had other things in store for him, that night.

ALEXIS.

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### A SMILE FROM THEE.

A SMILE from thee were better worth,  
 Than all the sparkling gems of earth,—  
 Though dazzling bright their rays may strike,  
 They pour on all those rays alike:  
 Would I might deem alone for me,  
 That pleasure beams a smile from thee!

The gay sun, too, whose golden light  
 Enrobes the mead in garb so bright,  
 Awak’ning joy in every breast,  
 Of virtue, truth, and love possess’d,  
 Still shines on all; but not for me,  
 That pleasure beams a smile from thee!

Cares may my peace and joy assail,  
 My warmest, brightest hopes may fail;  
 And fickle Fortune’s adverse frown  
 May tumble all my castles down:  
 Yet what will these reverses be,  
 If I can win a smile from thee?

## SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT'S AFFAIR, AT EXETER.

EATING and drinking are the besetting sins of the thoroughly beaten Tories—the falsely-so-called “Tribunes of the Poor.” There is nothing to be done—nothing to be considered—no one popular subject to be entertained, that pertains to the general good—or even a proposition made, without a “glorious meal,”—in the absence of meat and drink; in short, a “crammed stomach and a bottle of wine,” and further, by way of *medicine*, lots of grog, “cold without,” &c. What a pity it is that Sir William, who *feels* very much the loss of his official consequence, *et cetera*, did not turn over a new leaf of his “clap-trappery,” and declare to the constituency of Exeter, that the time had arrived when a “radical change” was called for in the *animal* as well as the political system. “Out upon such a representative,” would have been the instant and vociferous outcry of the parson-ridden voters of Exeter and the imposturised county of Devon. Bishop Phillpotts would have staggered forth from his palace of church pestilent besottedness and political privacy: John Baron Rolle would have galloped on Peter Pindar’s Pegasus to town in the twinkling of Captain Cooke’s staff of office; Mr. Parker, M. P., would speedily have been on the sacred spot of his pestiferous ascendancy; the vulgar and unlettered formularies of Tory corruption and intolerant municipal abuses, at Barnstaple, the degraded borough capital of North Devon, would have flown to the meat and drink Pharos:—in short, “all hands” would be on the *qui vive*, and sooner or later in the arena, to join in the “great denunciation” that would—in such a case—indisputably have been pronounced by the bribing and the bribed, on Sir William Follett. But Sir William Follett, Knight, knows on which side of his bread there is likely to be spread the most butter. He knows, too, that Devonshire butter is not only the sweetest, but likely to *keep*;—Sir William has a *penchant*, too, for clotted cream. Now, we need not say, that it is from this very “clotted cream” that the butter, our trusty Knight so much extols, is made. Captain Cooke will explain the remainder to the entire satisfaction of Sir William and his JUNTA of corruptionists. Thus much by way of preliminary melancholy. Now we shall touch a chord which, to say the least of it, may vibrate upon some ears political, if not touch hearts most true and patriotic. Let us first inquire, Who is Sir William Follett?—politically, we mean. Does he differ from his species in any remarkable degree? Is he not what is—to use an every-day distinction—a *professional man*? Will Sir William Follett himself, who has taken upon him all the fading and dingy honours of out-and-out Toryism—stand before the “PEOPLE,” and disclaim that peculiar distinction? No! it were next to impossible he should do so. Sir Willam Follett, then, is, “to all intents and purposes,”

—provided always, nevertheless, and so on—a professional man. Granted. We next proceed to inquire what are his pretensions as a politician. First, how came he to be the chosen of the degraded bondsmen of Exeter? Ask the wretched muckworms of political corruption—ask the municipal beasts of burden—ask the bribing and the bribed. But, answer make they none. Chopfallen, maddened to vulgar and drunken despair, starvation staring them in the face, ruin at their ragged elbows, they utter the illustrious name of Russell with an imprecation; and stigmatize the venerable father of the Reform Bill with an oath too foul, too slanderous, too malignant, to repeat. They find, at last, poor misguided men! that even the name of Phillpotts will not convey to their empty stomachs, and those of their wives and children, meat and drink. And yet Phillpotts is a feeding and church-and-king name withal. But what are Sir William Follett's pretensions? They tell us, and truly tell us, no doubt, that Sir William is a scholar and a gentleman. Are these, then, the only necessary qualifications of an independent and practically useful member of parliament? It is the more the pity—the more to be lamented, we think, that a man, who is held to be a gentleman, and considered a scholar, should be found in the ranks of the enemies of the people, and a professional advocate of the *Tribunes of the Poor*. We will not even advert to the set “beef-and-pudding” speech of the destitute knight; it is unworthy the head boy at Tiverton school. Mr. Dewdney, the luminous grocer, or his son, who is the very Bombastes Furioso of political somnambulism, and has travelled all over “*Asha Miner and Grace*,” would have beaten Sir William out and out at that sort of *work*. Sir William Follett, let it be remembered, did not omit to inform the *drones* that gathered round him on the late occasion, that “he was beginning his political life.” Perhaps a word in time may be of use to Sir William; at all events, if Sir William be both a scholar and a gentleman, we need not remind him that a word to the wise, in the olden time, and by the philosophers, was thought enough. The present is the eleventh hour, Sir William, and no mistake. Time does not insult the understanding or impose upon the credulity of good men; in that class, let us hope, Sir William, you presume to rank yourself: your political sins will reply to this proposition. Truth is no libel *now*. Even the corrupted voters who sent you to parliament, are about to cast off the works of darkness, and to put upon them, instead thereof, the armour of political honesty, which will bear the constant glare of open and broad daylight.

The semi-official disguise in which you appeared before the political world at Exeter, demands some further explanation of your character, as well as an insight into your impotent and malevolent designs. You have already, Sir William, obtained a popularity, that every advocate of national freedom, and every friend to the sacred cause of civil and religious liberty, cannot but regret. But as you have won the “political bays,” you are justly considered to be deserving of all the odium your prophetic popularity entails. You will now acquit us, Sir William, of consequence, of any want of gentlemanlike or good feeling towards you—we repeat, we should be extremely sorry to see *you* and your party separated; in the name of courage, moral as well as physical, contrive it so as to hang together—we dislike divisions and sub-di-

visions, very much. Besides, you know, Sir William, how true it has often proved, "that a house divided within itself cannot stand;" therefore, do hang—agreeably to our advice—together. It will be the most interesting *spectacle* ever beheld; to see a family so old—so *religious*—so *pure*—so disinterested—so benevolent—so honourable a family, for once united by chords of the strongest affection.

But, Sir William, a word in your ear. We are told you aspire to the honours, the emoluments, and the fame, of the (falsely so called) great Pitt. We invariably shudder at the bare mention of the name of that hydra of political monstrosity, called immortal by the Tory Scandinavians. If such be your ambition, there is some reason for your preferring darkness rather than light. But as you are, in your own person, a "Western Luminary," we will just take leave to write a "Leader," for your next publication. We will suppose, Sir William, that you are Mr. Pitt—in power, and that we are addressing you as the *minister*. Well, then, Sir William, to begin: you may put on your wig and band, and fling your toga over the "left shoulder;" it will indicate something that will interest and follow you through life. "To be considered—and, what is more, to be revered—as a statesman, is to attain the highest pinnacle of human, as well as intellectual, aggrandizement. A man cannot attain it in the absence of the superior mental faculties, which must belong to so exalted a character:—they will *stand out* on all occasions of great moment, and sudden and momentous trials, connected with state policy. The share of felicity, which the just and prompt administration of affairs of a great nation, and a free people, commands, we shall not stay to determine. Sir William may find the affair treated of in some of his old school books. Suffice it to say, the elevation must appear, to all susceptible and thinking men, one of no enviable kind; and few persons are found, during the tedium of one hundred years of time, calculated for the high executive duties and important functions of Prime Minister of England." Sir William knows that the days of your Liverpools, your Percevals, your Castlereaghs, are gone—passed away for ever; and that they have left indelible blots on their escutcheons—blots which an age of oblivious apathy and unconcern would not entirely wipe off the scroll of political perfidy and ministerial misdemeanor! Doubtless, Sir William will express surprise at our inculpation of that profound statesman, Lord Liverpool! for such the "Tribunes of the Poor," and their journeymen ambassadors of corruption and misrule, to this day, call George the Third's minister. Bah! Lord Liverpool a profound statesman! Will the *sailors* believe this? The marines laugh at the joke.

Let not Sir William Follett accuse us of treating with ungenerous levity the memory of Lord Liverpool. Sir William must not suppose us capable of violating the sacredness of respect, either in a palace, or in our own studio. We have taught ourselves to speak as men, having put away childish things. We never can believe that Lord Liverpool was a profound statesman. It may look very fine on paper—just as we have seen the numerical strength of the armies of the Tyrant of all the Russias set forth, at the very time when we had a practical demonstration of not only the lie direct, but abundant proof, that the troops he *really* had, were worse than half-starved, rough-shod bandits—to have it printed

and published, and soon, for the gratification of those on whom his favours were showered, at the expense of the PEOPLE, to have him recorded as a "profound statesman," an exalted character, &c.; but we of the present day *know better*. Lord Liverpool was nothing more than a mediocre man; he was amiable in private life. We forbear to speak of him in his ministerial office.

But to return, Sir William, to yourself, and consequently the subject matter of our present paper. Your political *furor loquendi*, as exhibited at Exeter, that sink of corruption and church-pestilent thimblerriggery, will bring you into notice—and, peradventure, some *briefs*. There is something in that. But you are to be the Pitt of 1836, they insanely tell us, with a forced smile of ridiculous gullibility. That you may not lose the best advice we can give you, we shall proceed, immediately, to the *letter of the law*.

"A statesman, then, Sir William, (such, as we before announced, we would suppose you now to be,) emboldened by the artful applause of his inflated and crafty party, and instructed by experience in all the arts of unpopular delusion, cannot easily perceive the assailable position of every influential party, the numerous enemies they necessarily provoke, the opposite imputations they unavoidably incur. In your past labours—both in and out of parliament—you had not striven to avert the fatal collision of the opposing orders of your country—men which the late important diffusion of extreme principles threatened. You saw (we give you credit for much political sagacity, Sir William—doubt us not) that in all human likelihood, they would be charged by the corrupt with violence, and accused by the violent of insincerity. It was by no means difficult, you know, to paint moderation as the virtue of political coxcombs and hereditary cowards; and compromise, as the undoubted policy of knaves to the stormy and turbulent enthusiasm of faction: and the malignant denuncements of a wicked, slanderous, and corrupt oligarchy, would, it is sufficiently obvious, be forward to brand every honest sentiment, and every mediatorial effort, as symptoms of collusion with the violent, and of treachery to the cause of public order. It scarcely demanded the incentive and the sanction of a solemn public measure from your supposed government, Sir William, to let loose so many corrupt interests and malignant passions on the natural object of their enmity. Nevertheless, such a sanction and incentive might, of a truth, add something to the barefaced activity of these interests, and to the dying virulence of these passions. Such a sanction and incentive you, as it should seem, unhesitatingly gave in your judicial (*judicious*) discourse delivered to the deluded sons of Devon, at Exeter. To brand the uprising and all-conquering spirit of civil and religious liberty as treachery, and a love of national freedom as open hostility; to provoke the violent into fresh indiscretions, and to make these senseless indiscretions the means of aggravating the Toryism of the times, by awakening their alarms; to bury under one black and indiscriminate obloquy of licentiousness the *recollection* of every principle of freedom; to rally round the banners of religious persecution, and of political corruption, every man in his most gracious Majesty's dominions, who dreads anarchy as we dread it,—and who deprecates confusion; to establish on a wide basis oppression and servility—for the present, and to keep up in store all the causes



of anarchy and civil commotion for future times." Such, Sir William, is the malignant procedure—the baleful policy—such are the mischievous tendencies—such are the experienced effects of that demi-official rigmale, that fine tissue of demonstrable absurdities, which constituted your harangue at the “beef and pudding” *feed* you gave the unwashed dolts at Exeter—the very Sodom and Gomorrah of political corruption. It is enough, *for the present*, that it converts the kingdom into one wide camp of vigilant political observers, who had long suspected your political intentions, and denounced the motives of your abettors—your private and public partizans—enlisted, strange to say, through you, Sir William—but under a banner of a very different kind to that under which you fight, and under which you would have them battle;—you, Sir William, would have enlisted them by their alarms to defend your supposed power. Your political speech, as well as your conduct, are indeed calculated to produce other remote and collateral effects, which the short-sighted politics of the speaker had not, it is pretty evident, discerned. It is, moreover, well calculated to blow into a flame those sparks of radicalism which the calm and sincere moderation of Lord Melbourne’s government must have extinguished, but which may, in future *conceivable circumstances*, produce effects, at the suggestion of which good men will shudder, and on which sensible persons will rather meditate than descant. Thus it has been shewn, Sir William, that, instead of forwarding the prostrate and naked cause, you have dared, in the eyes of England, Ireland, and Scotland, to publicly advocate by your flippant, unwise denunciations, and premature political tomfoolery;—we repeat, instead of serving the stinking interests of that wicked and perverse cause, you have done for it what every honest man had long and loudly called for—inflicted the punishment of *death*, and without benefit of clergy; in other words, your harangue has been as effectual in irritating a large body of your countrymen—who read, and write, and think, and talk, quite as well, as smartly, as acutely, and as sensibly as yourself, Sir William Follett, into Radicalism, as Bishop Phillpott’s electioneering pasquinades, (hand-bills) have been in *frightening* others into Toryism.

Your iron rule, thank the good sense of the nation, has not been of long continuance; for now, Sir William, we shall take leave to require your attendance *out of doors*; and of course beg you to consider yourself no longer the Pitt of 1835-6, and in the possession of supposed power. Rise, Sir William Follett, *Knight*.

We have, as it were, seen you, Sir William, *in power*: let us now look upon you a little while apart from your Carlton-confederates, and simply as a young man of moderate pretensions—as you told the industrious swillers of malt liquor at Exeter,—beginning your political life *as a professional man*. This last distinction we hold to be necessary to our purpose. It appears then, to us, quite evident, Sir William, from all we have seen, that the success of such a line of policy as you would pursue—if by the remotest possibility you were called upon to fill the office of his Majesty’s first minister, to-morrow—would certainly demand, in the individual who adopted it, a rare union of talents and acquirements—a combination of dispositions that have seldom been concentrated in one human being. Perhaps, even Sir William Follett, and

his besotted flatterers and pretended supporters in Church and State,—all these,—will have enough political decency to acknowledge that Lord Melbourne is a very remarkable exception to the general rule. But, Sir William, if you persist in driving at *power*, and ultimately succeed, it will be as well we should hint at some of the attributes necessary to be possessed by a minister, pre-determined to pursue a course of policy such as we suppose you would have adopted had you remained in office; but, thank the gods—you are *out*, and therefore we are left to imagine some person very similar to Sir William, but not the said Sir William Follett, who is a professional man. Well, then, we will *suppose* a case. For example, we will suppose the person whom we would fix upon to be cold, stern, crafty, and ambiguous; he must be without those entanglements of friendship, and those restraints of feeling, by which tender and sensitive natures are held back from desperate enterprises. No ingenuousness must betray a glimpse of his designs; no compunction must suspend the stroke of his ambition. He must never be seduced into any honest profession of *precise* public principle which might afterwards arise against him as the *living* record of his damning apostacy; he must be fully prepared for acting every inconsistency, by perpetually veiling his political professions in the *dead-letter* types of lofty generalities. The absence of gracious and popular manners, which can find no place in such a character, will be well compensated by the austere and ostentatious virtues of insensibility. He must possess the *parade* without the restraint of morals; he must unite the most profound dissimulation with all the ardour of oracular and parliamentary prostitution; he must be prepared, by one part of his character, for the violence of a multitude, and by another for the duplicity of a court. If such a man arose at any critical moment in the fortune of a state; if he were unfettered by any extensive political connexion; if his interests were not linked to the stability of public order by any ample property or large possessions; if he could carry with him to any enterprise, no little authority, and splendour of character; that man, indeed, would be an object of more national dread than a thousand radical pamphleteers—than your Humes and your Roebucks, your Bulwers and your O'Connells, and all the host of them.

With this finished portrait, which, Sir William, is at your service, and which you are bound to accept in courtesy at our hands, we take leave of you—*for the present*. O.

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## FROM STATO, THE SARDIAN.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

OH, how I loved! like the gorgeous sun,  
 (Firing the orient with a blaze of light)  
 Thy beauty every lesser star outshone.

Now, o'er that beauty steals the approach of night,  
 Yet—yet, I love, though in the western sea  
 Half sunk, the day-star still is fair to me.

## POSTING IN RUSSIA.

THE origin of posting in Russia is as old, perhaps, as the fourteenth century. At first there were no establishments for conveying travellers from one place to another: and those who undertook journeys were obliged to provide horses of their own, or to hire horses from the peasants in the villages. As travelling became more frequent by the increase of commerce, it gave rise in the villages along the highways to a branch of business so profitable, that many of the peasants made it their principal occupation to supply travellers with horses, and in course of time these peasants gradually began to form themselves into a particular class or society. The villages where such peasants resided were called *yam*, which signifies station; and the people themselves were distinguished by the appellation of *Yamschtshiki*. The period when this society was first formed cannot be determined with certainty, but the term *Yemshtshiki* occurs so early as the fifteenth century.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there existed a tribunal called *Yamskoi Prikas*, to which all the *Yamshtshiki* were subordinate, and from which travelling passes were delivered. Each *Yamshtshiki* or post-boor received an annual salary of thirty rubles, was freed from all taxes, and had permission at the same time to carry on his agricultural labours. On the other hand, the *Yamshtshiki* were bound to be ready in certain villages, with a specified number of horses, for the use of the tzar, and in return they received at each journey a sum under the name of drink-money, which, if we reflect on the period, might be considered as very great. In consequence of these advantages, the number of the *Yamshtshiki* every where increased, and the boors were anxious to obtain admission into this society. Travelling also became so easy, convenient, and expeditious, that this institution is mentioned in terms of approbation by foreigners who at that time travelled in Russia.

This institution, however, was not entirely of a public nature, as it was destined chiefly for the tzar's court, or for persons in his service. Private individuals might make use of it; but as no regular price was fixed, they were obliged to enter into a new bargain with the peasants at each station. In the year 1713 it first assumed the character of a public establishment; for at that period Peter the Great gave orders that every traveller provided with a pass should be furnished with *Yamshtshiki* horses, and settled the price, which was a copec per verst for one horse from Petersburg to Novogorod, and half a copec for every other part in the kingdom. On all the highways *Yams* were established, at each of which a certain number of horses were maintained. The post-boors retained their common dress; but when on service, they were obliged to suspend before their breast an imperial eagle of brass. Instead of the *Yamskoi-Prikas*, a *Yamskoi Chancery* was formed with an office at Moskva, and the annual salaries of the *Yamshtshiki* were

abolished, as they were now allowed to receive hire from the persons who employed them.

In the year 1781 the Yamskoi Chancery was abolished, and the post-hire, which in 1762 had been raised to two copecs from St. Petersburg, to Novgorod, and to one copec in every other part of the kingdom, was in 1783 placed on the same footing,—namely, two copecs per verst throughout all Russia in Europe, except on the first stages from St. Petersburg and Moskva, for which two copecs were to be paid. In Siberia, the old hire was retained. Under the reign of Paul I., the Yamshtshiki post was restored nearly to the original form given to it by Peter the Great, and the hire was raised one copec per verst—an impost which travellers must pay in advance to government for the whole journey. The sum arising from this additional hire was assigned to the directors of the highways, and is destined for the repairs of the roads.

In Russia there are no public carriages which set out at stated periods to convey travellers from one place to another. Those who intend to travel post in that country must provide themselves with a pass,\* which if they mean to leave the kingdom, cannot be obtained till their names have been announced three times in the gazettes. To travel with convenience, they must also have carriages of their own, for at the different stations they can get only *kibitkas*. Formerly there was a great difference in the length of the stages, which sometimes contained forty verses, but at present they must not exceed thirty; and the number of horses which a traveller obtains is determined by the quantity of his baggage, the state of the roads, and the period of the year. The postilions have no horns, wear common clothes, and are no longer obliged to have a double eagle suspended before their breast.

The Russian horses are strong and hardy, accustomed to great exertion, and often travel a whole stage on a full gallop. According to an established regulation, the postilions, from the 1st of December to the 15th of March, and from the middle of May to the middle of September, are obliged to drive ten versts in an hour, and the rest of the year only eight. It is therefore very common for them to perform a journey of more than 250 versts, or 166 English miles, in twenty-four hours. In the month of February, 1744, a traveller went from St. Petersburg to Moskva, the distance between which at that time measured on the road was 748 versts, or about 500 English miles, in seventy-two hours.†

At most of the stations nothing can be obtained but horses, which are got ready with wonderful expedition. As inns are seldom to be found, travellers must provide themselves with every necessary article of accommodation; for though the boors are exceedingly hospitable, this national virtue does not exempt travellers from the necessity of carrying with them bedding and provisions. This, however, is not the case in all the provinces. On the principal roads between Petersburg and Moskva, between the former and Riga, in White Russia, and in some other places, there are commodious inns; and orders have lately been issued for improving the post-houses erected at the different stages, and rendering them better suited to their destination. The post hire called in

\* Podoroshnaia.

† Busching's Magazine, vol. 10, p. 316.

Russia *pragon*, is paid in advance at each station. In all the post villages of Russia there are boors besides the Yamshtshiki, who hire their horses to travellers, and who on this account are called *Oshatiki*,—that is to say, volunteers. These boors not only assist the post when short of horses, but maintain a correspondence with each other on the most frequented roads, and have escorts in the different towns. Those who apply to them may perform a whole journey by means of their assistance, and in this manner can travel as expeditiously and somewhat cheaper than by post-horses.

Before 1663 all letters in Russia were conveyed by special messengers ; but in that year a regular post was established at Moskva, by the same person to whom this empire was indebted for its first manufactory of cloth. This post set out from Moskva twice every week from Riga and Vilna, and brought back the letters from different parts of Europe. As soon as the post arrived at Moskva the mails were carried to the Potzolkoi-Prikas, or post-office in the castle, and there opened, to prevent private persons from obtaining information, sooner than the court, of the state of public affairs both in the kingdom and in foreign countries, but in particular to detect suspicious correspondence. The post brought also the Dutch, Hamburgh, Konigsberg, and other gazettes, which the czar caused to be translated or read to him in the Russian language.\*

Those, therefore, are wrong who ascribe to Peter the Great the introduction of the post into Russia, as this prince only improved and rendered it more generally useful. For the speedy conveyance of ukases and letters, he caused posts to be established in the year 1720 in all the large towns situated on the high roads. According to a writer who resided at that time in St. Petersburg, the order for this purpose was issued so early as the year 1718. "In this year," says he, "the riding post was established on the same footing as in Germany. The postilions were obliged to blow horns, and to wear a grey frock, having a post-horn cut out of red cloth sewed on their back."† It is, however, probable that this writer alludes only to the alteration which Peter made in regard to the foreign post, for the establishment of the internal post could not be earlier than 1720.

At present the business of the post-office is entrusted to the management of directors, who reside at St. Petersburg, and whose chief is director-general of this department throughout the kingdom. Three post-offices, each of which has a director—namely, those of Petersburg, Moskva, and Lesser Russia, are subordinate to them, and these three have under their inspection all the post offices in the towns, the affairs of which are conducted by postmasters.

The post-office at St. Petersburg is the centre of all the foreign and internal correspondence, and consequently the most important. The posts which arrive at and set out from this office are,—

1st. That of Moskva, which comes and goes twice every week ; and each time an extra-post, a light and a heavy, is dispatched also. This extra-post conveys private letters, which are paid for according to weight ; small packets, which do not weigh more than five pounds, and

\* Kilburger, in Busching's Magazine, vol. iii. p. 319.

† Weber's Verändert Russland, vol. i. p. 126.

packets belonging to government, go free of any expence; and heavy packets, either belonging to government or to individuals, are paid for at the rate of two rubles per pood, or two copecs per pound.

2d. That of Mittau, which brings the letters from most parts of Europe twice a week.

3d. That of Riga, which comes and goes twice a week, and takes all the letters dispatched to foreign countries.

4th. That of White and Lesser Russia, which arrives and sets out twice a week.

5th. That of Viborg, the arrival and departure of which is the same; but it carries out and brings back Swedish letters only once every week.

6th. That of Archangel, which comes and goes once a week.

7th. That of Yaroslavl, which comes and goes twice a week.

8th. That of Jassy, Constantinople, &c., which arrives and sets out the 1st and the 16th of each month.

9th. The post of Cronstadt, which in summer comes and goes every day, but in winter only once a week.

The post-office at Moskva has the greatest share of business, as its district extends to the remotest parts of Siberia. It therefore employs a much greater number of clerks than that of St. Petersburg; and before the last partition of Poland, it had under it 108 offices in various parts of the empire. It dispatches seven different posts, but none of them, that of St. Petersburg excepted, sets out or arrives more than once a week. Between the smaller towns there are by-posts established by the magistrates, and maintained by the revenue arising from the carriage of letters.

The post-tax, which formerly was very different in different places, has, since the year 1783, been uniform throughout the whole kingdom. Letters are charged by the weight, and packets by the pound. Money, whether in gold, silver, or bank-notes, may be transmitted also by the post; but one-half per cent. of the value must be paid as postage, and the post-office is security for its safe arrival. The post-office in most countries of Europe is a productive source of revenue; but this is not the case in Russia, as the expenses of that establishment exceed what it brings in.

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## THE WANING MOON.

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AND like a dying lady—lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber; led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain—  
 The moon arose up in the murky earth,  
 A white and shapeless mass.

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## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A RAT,

TOGETHER WITH HIS ADVENTURES AT LEEDS, HARROWGATE, ILKLEY &amp; HULL.

HAVING read with a great deal of pleasure and admiration, the recital of the interesting adventures of the Rev. J. Winterbotham, on his journey from Haworth to Harrowgate, and being at the same time convinced, that the majority of your readers have done the same; allow me, though but a Poor Rat, yet still having the amusement and instruction of my race (as well as of the nobler race of animals, called human) at heart, to detail to you, and by your permission, to your readers, my adventures, and the interesting incidents which happened to me, *a Poor Rat*, on journeying to the very same place (Harrowgate); rich, it is said, in "health-giving water," and rich in fine air; but, in the opinion of the "poor rat" who now presumes to address you, rich in barren heaths, rich in chill cold air, and rich in the most abominable water that was ever offered a "Poor Rat," with which to satisfy "the calls of nature, with needful gratification."

It may be necessary, in the first instance, to mention in what manner I became acquainted with the history of Mr. Winterbotham's journey from Haworth to Harrowgate, and of the interesting incidents which therein befell him; — as "to how" he set out to walk to Keighley, to go by coach, but being delayed past his time, by the sleepy god he with manful resolution determined "to pad the hoof" the whole way; and as "to how" he had the unprecedented good luck "to fall in" with a cart, and the way in which he got a lift on his journey; and as "to how" busy the town of Keighley was, the morning he entered, with the folks going from their manufactories to their breakfasts; and all the rest of the interesting, amusing, and instructing, particulars of his journey, from its commencement to its conclusion, from its "Oriental ascension to its Occidental declination;" unlike the mad-scamp tricks of that foolish man, Don Quixotte, and the outlandish incidents which befell him, but conducted in that steady, sober manner, in which the journeys of the Rev. J. Winterbotham ought to be.

Having always been from my youth — I had almost said from the time when I first crept out of my nest, fond of hearing the news, and knowing what was going on in the world, and being particularly in my element, whenever I could hear the two-legged animals, who claim superiority in every thing, discussing the politics of the day, and other matters novel to rats, and always interesting because novel; I was invariably an attentive listener to every discussion, and frequently in the habit of going to the different news-rooms in the town, purposely to hear the events of the day, "mark, learn, and inwardly digest them." Why may not rats hear the news as well as other people? By this means I began to be looked upon as of some consequence in the world, by my fellow-rats, and was often a referee in their disputes; and whenever I gave a decision, it was always final, because, as they justly said, from my extensive knowledge, I must be right. It was then, in Hellier's Coffee-House, in the Market-place, Hull, that I became acquainted with the amusing history of the

Rev. J. Winterbotham's travels. How I came there, and in what manner Mr. Winterbotham's amusing adventures got there also, I will, with your permission, proceed to state. But let me tell you, Mr. Editor, in the first place, that had I not been fired by the glowing colours in which Mr. Winterbotham paints the marvellous events, which happened to him in his renowned journey (for I can assure you it is much talked about), the idea would never have entered into my head of publishing the true history I am about to relate, and my valuable lucubrations would thus have been lost to the world.

I was born in a hay-loft, over some livery-stables in Trinity St. Leeds, and with nine brothers and sisters my young ideas there first "learnt to shoot." I shall not weary your readers with a detail of the various perils I ran, and of the numberless "hair breadth 'scapes" I had, before I arrived at "the years of discretion;" nor the ridiculous adventures which befell me owing to my inexperience. I write this with a different motive; to instruct the minds of my fellow rats, as well as to afford amusement to the human animals, if they should condescend to read my narrative.

Having been out one night on a foraging party, and having been pretty successful, I, and three or four other "choice spirits," were trotting homewards as the morning's gray and flickering beam just began to appear; and all being jovial and ready for a lark, we determined not to go soberly to bed, without some frolic at least. Journeying on, undetermined what to do, we arrived opposite Trinity Church. Having often been struck with the magnificent height of the spire, which appeared to me to touch the clouds, and being moreover of an adventurous disposition, I thought now was the time to satisfy my curiosity—now was the time to explore this lofty pile, raised in honour of our common Maker. I imparted my thoughts to my companions, and it was immediately agreed upon, and we forthwith entered the church. After playing our gambols in the middle isle some time, we took a comfortable rest on the pulpit cushion, and held a consultation what was next to be done. I proposed to ascend the spire, and off we all scampered up-stairs, until our legs were quite weary. At length, however, we arrived at the top, and here I must pause to describe the delight and wonder I then felt at the scene before me. Having never explored further than the neighbouring streets to where I was born, I had acquired the idea that Leeds was the whole world, and that I knew the greatest part of it: conceive my astonishment at now beholding around and beneath me, houses and streets innumerable, spires, domes, and magnificent buildings of all descriptions, of which being utterly ignorant until that time, I could by no means have credited; and extending my view further, I saw, as far as the eye could reach, the most beautiful scenery imaginable. The sun was just rising in its Phœbean splendour, giving brilliancy and light to all around; and the air had a delightful freshness that was quite enchanting; at a distance the landscape looked lovely, and never having seen anything like it before, it possessed, to me, an additional charm. Long I remained silently gazing, until at last the loud and deep tone of the bell aroused me from my reverie, and made me think that the crash which will heap us into our original chaos was come. I however soon recovered from my fright; and, retracing my steps, I passed one of my



companions, who, trembling at the noise, had hid himself. My presence soon, however, brought him round, and we returned together; the remainder of our companions, not being of the same contemplative mood, had long before departed. On relating our ideas to each other, and "comparing notes," I found he was equally charmed and astonished with the prospect as myself. We continued relating to each other our delight, and picturing in glowing colours the magnificent prospect we had seen, until at last nothing would serve us, but that, like other accomplished gentlemen of the age, we must set out on our travels, to explore and enjoy the beauties we had seen but at a distance.

Our minds thus made up, we were not long in putting our plan into execution. Having prepared ourselves for our journey, we, next morning early, wended our way into the coach-office of the White Horse, and snugly depositing ourselves in a basket of game, in a little time we were safely hoisted to the top of a coach, which we soon learnt, from the conversation of the passengers, was going to Harrowgate. Having often heard Harrowgate talked about by gentlemen who came to our stables, my companion and I were well pleased that that was to be our destination, that we might add to the numerous visitors of this celebrated place of resort, where noblemen and their tailors, rich M.P.'s and poor M. T.'s (empty's?) rub shoulders one with another, and useless vegetators, who go there to restore their fancied decrepitude, and poor sharp-witted seekers after young ladies whose kind pa's have "laid up something in store,"—where rats of both high and low degree "mingle in the same promiscuous group," and drink from the same "health-restoring well."

On we journeyed in a most comfortable bed of hay; but the motion was so unusual that, I confess, notwithstanding my habitual courage and presence of mind, I felt a little of that nervousness which the Rev. gentleman in his incidental journey has so well described. But habit soon gives confidence in the most dangerous undertakings; can it be wondered at, then, that we should soon regain that "ferocious boldness" for which our race is noted, and be led to "contemplate foolish feats of valour." We sat enjoying the prospect with our noses just out of the hamper lid, and snuffing the breeze with keen satisfaction, until we arrived at the top of Harewood bank, when some of the passengers determined to alight and go through the park. Whilst the coach stopped, we thought we could not do better than follow their example; so down we jumped amongst the rest of the passengers. We created a little sensation, and one great rough fellow had the unmanliness to throw his hat at us—but we escaped unhurt, and were soon out of danger. We proceeded very comfortably together, through the park, until we arrived at Harewood Castle, where, attracted by the picturesque ruin, we entered; and, ascending to the top, enjoyed one of the most lovely prospects. Around and beneath us was a most luxuriant valley, the clear-streamed wharf meandering through the midst. A little to the right stands Harewood Bridge and its beautifully situated Inn, which I had so often heard amateur fishers talk about who came to our stables. On the left stands the noble mansion of the present Earl, with its spacious fish-pond beneath. The whole of the uplands displayed the greatest richness; the green verdure, intermingled with the autumnal coloured woods and the

yellow stubble, made a most varied and enchanting picture; and to us, who had never before seen anything like it, it appeared like fairy-land. Whilst we gazed on this beautiful scene we felt our hearts imbued with the stillness, the peace, and the beauty of the place; and felt almost constrained to forget all the turmoils and strifes to which rats are continually subject, and a disposition to be at peace with all our race, with mankind, and all the world. I could not but forcibly feel the folly of men who could live in such a peaceful, quiet scene, leaving it, and congregating in masses together, to accumulate useless wealth, in noisy, unhealthy, filthy towns: each contributing his mite of cunning, of deceit, and of vice, to render his race execrable—and by their abominable congregated ingenuity rendering the lives of all *loyal* rats anything but to be depended upon.

We now hastily descended and quickened our pace through the park, in order to regain our conveyance for Harrowgate, but saw it, to our consternation, at a turn of the road, bowling away a mile before us. Being thus disappointed of our conveyance, for it was vain trying to overtake it, for the present we determined (especially as we began to feel the cravings of nature) to stop at the first habitable abode we should meet with, and proceed to Harrowgate at our leisure, and by easy stages, or by the first conveyance. We soon came up to Mr. Sturdy's famed house, at Harewood Bridge, where we found great numbers of our brethren; and were induced by their hospitality to stay a short time with them, that we might enjoy the lovely scenery the country afforded. At length, notwithstanding its rural delights, growing weary of its sameness, my friend and I began to think of prosecuting our journey; so next day mounted a hay cart, going to the Queen, at High Harrowgate, where we were safely deposited, after a comfortable nap of two hours.

Though no one can impeach my loyalty, and say that I would not give the Queen the preference to any other house, fit for the reception of gentlemen, and though Mr. D.—, its jovial host, kept a most excellent table, and I enjoyed, during my short stay, some of the greatest rarities, washed down with prime old port, yet I soon got weary of its monotony, and its bleak situation on the top of a hill, exposed to the chill blasts which swept across the Moor, whistling their mournful dirge on its unprotected front, subjected me to continual attacks of the quinsey, (it is well known that our race cannot bear cold, and cannot possibly exist, according to Buffon, further north than Norway). I therefore determined to leave, and find a more genial place of residence. My companion, however, seemed to like his birth, and would not leave his quarters, liking the venison inside, and careless of the cold blasts out; so we parted, and one fine moonlight night, I wandered out alone to find a new lodging.

After passing a great number of large buildings, many of which seemed capable of affording me very comfortable accommodation, I arrived at last at a large dome supported by pillars, and the stench which proceeded from under it soon convinced me that I must have approached the celebrated mineral springs for which this place is so noted. I forthwith proceeded to the wells, but on arriving within the dome, the stench almost took away my breath; but conceiving that there must be something very tempting in the water, notwithstanding its unpleasant odour—else why, I reasoned, should it induce the human

race to travel so far to taste it?—I resolutely stopped my nostrils, and approaching the well-side, dabbled my whiskers in it, and being thirsty, took, or attempted to take, “a long pull,”—but oh, horror of horrors! I found its smell genteel to its taste, and its effect made me quite poorly; so much so, that it was some time before I recovered sufficient strength to crawl up the gentle ascent, at the top of which stands the famous inn called the Crown. Here I took up my quarters, intending to stop and see the gaieties of this noted place, conceiving rightly, that being so near the springs, I should there see most of the company. I here also found many of my brethren, and soon got a good introduction amongst them. Next morning I went again down to the well, accompanied by an old rat, who proffered to show me all the lions, and describe to me the folks assembled. I was highly amused at the wry faces some made in tipping the water, whilst others appeared to swallow it with the greatest apparent *gout*. I was particularly struck with the manner in which the attentive nurses strove to induce the little masters and misses to drink the “nauseous draught,” given them by the equally unprepossessing old women who take it out of the trough or well, and should it prove too cold for their stomachs, mixed a little smoking hot out of a jug, which had been previously boiled: the mixture in this state I can liken to nothing so much as to a broth made of boiled rotten eggs, and drunk warm. In order to induce these young hopefuls to swallow the water, the nurses throw an almond, a mint drop, or some other sweet delicacy, which has such irresistible charms for youth, into the glass; the young martyr to Harrowgate water then holding the glass to his lips, and viewing with longing eyes the treasure at the bottom, after “screwing his courage to the sticking point,” resolutely gulps down the contents, and obtains his reward. This reminded me of diving for pearls, which I have heard of somewhere in my travels. During my residence at the Crown, I lived most royally. It was my habit to go into the ordinary every day, and secreting myself behind the screen until “the tug of war” commenced, I scrambled up the sideboard, and there dipped my whiskers in whatever most took my fancy; sometimes, however, I used to be a good deal annoyed at the impertinent agility of the waiters, who would remove the dishes so quickly that I could not half satisfy myself with their several contents. I resolved, one day, though to have my fill of a dainty which very much took my fancy, *malgré* the waiters; and, insinuating myself gently under the cover, absolutely rolled myself in the rich *ragout*. Soon, however, the waiters hoisted me up, but, nothing daunted, I sipped away. I was not, however, a little disconcerted at one of the fellows, whilst I was being carried down stairs, lifting off the dish cover, in order, perhaps, to help himself, and was obliged to leap in his face to make the best escape I could. The poor devil in his fright let fall the dish, smashing the crockery, and had his wages stopped for three weeks afterwards, besides having abundance of cayenne compliments on his awkwardness, from the good landlady. Sometimes I rather exceeded the allowance which a member of the Temperance Society would say was prudent—I found so many glasses of champagne on the side table, and was punished for my sins by a hearty headache next morning; but I invariably found that a morning’s walk to the chalybeate spring (which I found not near so disagreeable as the celebrated water,) set me

to rights again. In this way for some time I lived, until at last I became weary of the place, and of the vapid conversation of the generality of its visitors, and determined to accompany a scrofulous old brown rat who was going to Ilkley, for the benefit of the bathing, on the first opportunity. An opportunity was not long wanting; a party being made to go and see its beauties, and in the boot under the seat of a donkey carriage we jolted away. The party, which consisted of a young man, his mother, and his maiden aunt, had not been unmindful of "creature comforts," and had placed in the boot a large basket amply provisioned for the day, consisting of a large pie and various other condiments, not forgetting a bottle of sherry, which by a clever manœuvre my companion and I contrived to break: we there enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and did not scruple to make free with the bounties placed before us. My friend got so elevated with taking too much of the sherry, that on our arrival, he flew right into the face of John the hostler, for presuming, as he said, to disturb him at meals by taking his dinner from him. I am afraid, however, he paid dearly for his freak, for a sharp little terrier seeing him, gave chase, and how he came off I was never able to learn; I, acting more prudently, crept into one of the lady's bags, not liking to trust myself even to the "tender mercies" of the terrier I had just seen. I was then taken into the house, and heard orders given for donkeys to ride up to the well; so, thinking I was likely to get to the far-famed well by remaining where I was, I composed myself very comfortably, and soon after was swung on the arm of the maiden aunt, and together with the remainder of the party, having mounted our donkeys, off we set, to climb the hill with the "beasts." On our journey up I was highly amused with the timid fears of Aunty about the safety of what the Scotch call a beast, the ass she rode. It has often struck me as a singular fact, that they on whose lives the least depends, and who are comparatively worthless in creation, are often ten times the most timorous lest anything should happen to them. I have no doubt, though, if Aunty had known of the gallant gentleman she had swung on her arm, who in case of emergency might act as protector, she would not have been so fearful. After much toiling of the animals which the Scotch call beasts, we at length attained the summit; on entering the building where the well is, I ventured to take a peep and look around me, and, growing tired of my confined situation, jumped out, when Aunty, catching a glimpse of me, uttered a most unlady-like shriek, and *sans ceremonie* fainted away. A little application of the icy cold stream to her temples soon, however, brought her round, and, in the confusion, I easily contrived to find a place for myself, where I could be the unobserved "observer of all observers;" seeing, however, nothing here to admire but the beautiful clearness of the water, I watched my opportunity, and bolted out of the door. Here again my powers of description fail me to depict the splendid landscape which lay before me. I found myself midway up a considerable hill, with Ilkley at my feet; at a little distance to the right stood the town of Otley; immediately before me lay the most beautiful landscape which Wharfedale boasts;—the Wharf meandering through the valley—the various seats of the gentry in their solitary beauty, surrounded by all the comforts which bounteous Providence gives with unsparring hand to ungrateful and thankless man.

The beautiful green fields, divided into innumerable shapes by luxuriant hedges, formed a prospect which enchanted me: on my left, and behind me, hill overtopped hill, further than "mine" eye could reach, and were lost in the blue mists. At length, however, I thought of proceeding; and it was here, in getting down to Ilkley, that I first learnt "the principles of descent" (dissent?) now so much talked about in the various circles in which I have moved; and ere I had reached Ilkley I became a thorough convert, and a most accomplished dissenter,—(descender). On arriving at Ilkley, at the head inn, (a place I will not recommend) I had scarcely time to satisfy the calls of nature (which had grown rather clamorous by reason of the sharp air from the hills) with "needful gratification," when a coach arrived, which I learnt was going to Leeds. At once I determined to avail myself of the opportunity, and insinuating myself into the travelling-coat pocket of a stout old gentleman, I journeyed very comfortably to the White Horse, in Boar-lane, Leeds, from whence I had first set out, and opposite that very church the rambling up whose steeple had first induced me to travel. You may be sure I was not long in finding out my old domicile, where I appeared to my wondering relatives, who had given me up as lost, quite an accomplished gentleman; and I did not fail to give myself all the airs of "the monkey who had seen the world." I did not, however, remain long contented at home: a restless spirit of enterprisie continually urged me on some excursion; and the Leeds and Selby railway being opened since my return, I resolved to take another trip, and try how I liked steam travelling. Early, therefore, one fine morning, I wended my way into March-lane, from whence the carriages start, and after having many marvellous escapes, in running through the company's warehouse, of being crushed to death by the unmannerly crowd, who kept continually running to and fro in every direction, I made choice of the Juno, first-class carriage, and snugly deposited myself under one of the seats. Soon, however, we began to move, and, I confess, I was under a little trepidation lest we should get off the rails, or the engine boiler should burst, or some other dreadful catastrophe should happen to us, and put an end to my valuable existence; but I soon got up my spirits. For a long time the passengers along with me said nothing—they seemed lost in wonder, but on entering the tunnel, where all was pitchy darkness, a lady with a lovely looking countenance uttered an exclamation of fright, but was restored to calmness by the encouragement of a portly old gentleman, dressed in black, who I understood was a dissenting minister, and who assured her there was no danger whatever—that he had often been before. This was very consoling to me, also, who began to be alarmed at the dreadful clattering the carriage made in running down the inclined plane through the tunnel, superadded to which was the pitchy darkness. It reminded me of an old song, I have heard our stable boy sing, of "Jarvey driving to the devil." On emerging into the light, our party began expressing themselves on the wonderful invention of steam carriages, and wondering what the ingenuity of man would devise next. Our party soon became quite conversational, and the remarks of the stout old gentleman were particularly interesting. He had been a great traveller—and described the manners and customs of other countries; and the dinners he liked best in one nation, and what suited him best in another. And though the

young lady looked squeamish when he talked about friccasseed frogs, he made my mouth water when he mentioned Guava jelly,—and I longed to dabble my whiskers in the luxuries of Kangaroo soup and Opossum gravy ; in all which dainties our ministerial friend appeared quite *savant*. In the course of our conversation I heard that there was a steam packet from Selby to Hull ; and, being fired by the talk about foreign parts, I resolved to take my passage in it, in the hopes that, when I arrived in Hull, I should find some vessel bound for those places about which my spiritual friend talked so much ; and I already pictured to myself the full enjoyment of the luxuries he had described. So, on the stopping of the carriage at Selby, with an agile spring, I bounded into the muff of the young lady I have before mentioned, and was, by her, safely carried on board the steamer—she being on her way to Hull. I could have wished to have made a call on “a poor lone widow of my acquaintance, and afford her creature consolation ;” but was unable, from want of time, so to do—and I am afraid it would “add to her burden” to “know” that I passed her door without calling to say how do you do, and tasting her home-made wine. I must here be pardoned a slight digression, and complain of the shortness of the time allowed to passengers by the Selby carriages. It is utterly impossible even to run to the post-office with a letter, after the carriages arrive, before the steamer starts : in my humble opinion it would be much better if the public had a quarter of an hour allowed to transact any business they might have, or to make a call, which might be easily managed, by the train leaving Leeds a quarter of an hour sooner. For instance, I was unable to call upon my poor friend, “the lone widow,” owing to the shortness of the time and the confusion there was with the passengers’ luggage. To return from my digression : off at length we went, down the Ouse. I soon emerged from my comfortable berth in the young lady’s muff, and bolted into the steward’s pantry, which I soon found out by the unerring intelligence of my nostrils, where concealing myself in a drawer containing ship biscuits, I very comfortably satisfied the cravings of hunger. The unusual thumping of the engine and the unaccustomed motion began to make me a little squeamish, but I completely restored myself with a draught of Mr. Stubb’s O. D. V., after which, I made an excellent repast on potted shrimps, and enjoyed my passage exceedingly, which was unmarked by any particular incident but that of running aground opposite to Goole, to the great annoyance of many of the passengers, as we were delayed five hours thereby. I very pleasantly occupied my time, making love to a beautiful sleek-skinned-black haired little rat, who had resided some time on board, under the protection of her father, a sturdy jealous old native of Spain, who, thinking my attentions too particular to his daughter, made his *congé* to me, and asked me what were my intentions with regard to his daughter ; “because,” said he, “if you don’t mean anything particular, I, sir, on the part of my family, wish you good morning.” Not having any intention “to be particular,” I was obliged to say good morning to “old Cerberus,” and spent the last half-hour of my journey in a rather dull mood. At length we arrived in Hull, and in the confusion of landing, I adopted my old mode of creeping into a coat-pocket, which laid tumbling on the deck, and which belonged to a ruddy-faced blithe middle-aged man, who came from Bradford to buy wools ; and by him I was

safely landed, and set down at Mr. H——'s coffee-house, where having solaced myself with a "hearty meal," he pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, which proved to be the "Leeds Mercury," and was silently drawing deep quaffs of knowledge and useful information from its pages, when one or two others, who had gone there with the same intention as himself, requested that, "*pro bono publico*," he would read aloud; when, after one or two preparatory hems, he proceeded to do so, choosing for his subject the Revd. I. Winterbotham's Journey from Haworth to Harrogate. I pricked up my ears immediately, and as he proceeded, my attention became intense, and the applause which followed the detail of each amusing incident, filled me with the ambition of obtaining it for myself, and "*my works*," by a simple recital of my travels and adventures. The following afternoon proving very rainy, I sat down and penned what I now, Mr. Editor, send you, in accordance with my previously stated ambitious design, and, labouring pretty hard (as to-morrow, I hear, a vessel is going out for Rotterdam, by which I intend taking my passage,) I have sent you a full and true account of my travels, which, if they succeed in amusing you, or through you, your readers, one half as much as they have done me in the detail, I shall be amply repaid. I nay at another time, if your readers think my travels worth perusing, furnish you with another sketch of my adventures abroad. Adieu, Mr. Editor, and may the Monthly be universally read, is the prayer of an ill-used and vilified animal,

A POOR RAT,

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### DEAR GIRL, THOSE TEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARLAND," &C.

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DEAR girl, those tears of anguish dry,  
 I would not idly give thee pain;  
 Say only thou art true, and I  
 Will take thee to these arms again.  
 I cannot love, as erst, and see  
 Those orbs of blue suffused with tears;  
 Canst thou have wrong'd thyself and me,  
 The memory wrong'd of other years?

They tell me some one, distant now,  
 Has won thy heart—thy red lips press'd;  
 They hint that he has kiss'd thy brow,  
 And, loving, with thy love been bless'd,  
 Still, if thou wilt but smile and say,  
 As erst, so wilt thou love again,  
 Once more I'll own the magic swa  
 Of Beauty and her silken chain.

H. B.

## WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE FOR THE CHURCH?

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THE time is at hand when, in the apprehension of all parties, some changes will be introduced into the church establishment of this country. Turn right or left, or whatever way we will, every one we meet admits this—in different phraseology, to be sure, yet it is the same thing that is meant, whether expressed in the wailing accents of some, who tell us the church is in the act of being overthrown, or in the less fearful manner of those who hope and believe that alterations are likely to be effected which will prove salutary reforms, and alike required for her own sake and for the interests of Christianity. All, we say, are agreed in this, that she will not be allowed to remain much longer in her present state.

During the last few years, a numberless variety of publications, sent forth both by churchmen and dissenters, have treated of ecclesiastical reform; these are noticed here chiefly for the purpose of observing that their pages have been mostly defective in one or two particulars, of much importance to the right understanding of what ought to be done—where changes are imperiously demanded, and where a firm stand should be taken, in any attempts for the settlement of church matters at the present moment. The defect alluded to more especially is, a seeming non-acquaintance, on the part of writers, with the particular feeling of the members of the establishment individually, and also of the sects in a state of separation from her; consequently, the relation which they hold towards each other, and the bearing their different opinions have upon the common faith, have neither been clearly defined, nor have the discrepancies between them been ascertained and rendered prominent in connexion with proposals for such modifications or reforms as existing circumstances are supposed to require. The same oversight has appeared in our legislators: hence, when measures, well-intentioned, and designed for good purposes, have been introduced into parliament, no sooner have they been explained, than they have been discovered to be quite beside their object—alike undesired by the people, and inapplicable to the removal of the grievances complained of; and the party having charge of the matter in either house, has been obliged to withdraw it, greatly to his own mortification.

We almost invariably rejoice when any proposed new law for the church is compelled to be given up, from whatever cause we hardly care, so that the attempt to heap another statute upon her burthened shoulders proves a failure; and for the same reason we are glad when an old church law is abolished—indeed, if our will could have effect, we would burn nearly all the ecclesiastical statutes in existence, for the sake of the church herself, believing, as we do, that an act of this description would be more conducive to her prosperity, and that she would be better protected thereby, than by the thousand wished-for enactments, in her behalf, which now float in the heads of my Lords Winchelsea, Roden, and a number of other high churchmen who are frightened out of their wits at dissent.



It is a most extraordinary fact, that with all the legislative precautions adopted in her favour, and intended to secure to her exclusive privileges, the Church of England at this day is more restricted and crippled in her efforts to do good than any other denomination of Christians whatsoever. Under the pretence, and perhaps with the intention, of protecting her, she has absolutely been tied hand and foot, and put into prison! where nobody can get at her, except through bolts, and bars, and doors of iron; and from whence she cannot come forth to convey the gospel, unless by asking leave of so many, and giving such large securities for the non-commission of irregularities, that nearly all attempts of the kind are relinquished as hopeless. The church, to be made prosperous, needs nothing so much as to be released from her present thralldom; she would then display her strength and develope her sufficiency for all the purposes of human salvation.

But lest these should be thought to be merely figurative expressions, we will be more explicit. The machinery of the established religion in this country, and the safeguards—as we suppose they must be called, though they afford her no safety at all—which are placed around her, was the work of a former age, when other sects being either unknown, or existing only in small numbers in connexion with civil disabilities, which necessarily prevented them from being formidable competitors, she could bear to be limited. There was, too, at that time, political danger, which had to be provided against, and which occasioned the duties of her functionaries to be rigidly defined, and put into force. But what changes have taken place, within the last half-century, in the intelligence of the great body of the people! in their capability and habits of thinking, and in the concessions made to the claims of liberty of conscience by altering the laws affecting both catholics and dissenters? The church has now only one prerogative over other religious bodies, and that is her connexion with the state, which gives her the right of having her clergy provided for out of the revenues set apart for the maintenance of Christianity in Great Britain. But if dissent should continue to gain upon the establishment, as it has recently done, it may be doubted whether claims will not be set up by it, ere long, of sharing with her the province which she has hitherto enjoyed alone. A conviction of this nature has recently forced itself upon the minds of Churchmen, and has stirred them up to devise what can be done for the Establishment. The subject is indeed deserving of the greatest consideration.

We have just observed, that the church has only one privilege left to her over the Dissenters; but as a counterbalance to this, how great are the number of disadvantages that she has to contend with, which dissent has not; and it is from them that she needs emancipating, and from which she must be emancipated, in order to prosper.

We do not think the people of this country generally disapprove of a state religion, nor that they prefer the dissenting principle for its own sake; our opinion is that the church has in her the power either of increasing tenfold the number of them who separate from her, or of recovering nearly all who have left her, and of extinguishing every rival interest. All depends upon herself and upon her friends. She has piety, and learning, and wealth, and public feeling on her side; and, in the name of every thing sacred, we ask, why may she not prosper?

There are two classes of character, each of which has its own plan to securing the welfare of the Establishment. The first is composed of persons holding what are erroneously, we feel assured, called high church principles; these are chiefly Tories in politics, and they would have the same rule of government acted upon in religion as in the state; that is, to grant a monopoly of privileges and favour to their own party, and keep down the rest by trampling upon their rights as Christian men and fellow subjects, merely because they happen to hold opinions different from their own. Nay, we fear, if this had not the effect of rendering the number small, some of these patented zealots would go even further, and employ the terrible arguments of outlawry and persecution for the purpose of showing their fellow creatures how much they are in the wrong. We have in our mind two slight reasons for not joining these gentlemen—churchmen as we all are—in their plans for maintaining the ascendancy principle. First, they are impracticable according to the state of things at the present; secondly, if it were possible to carry them into effect, they are unjust and cruel, and therefore unchristian. We are not required by our religion to attempt in its defence that which in the nature of things cannot be done, or that which, being wicked, ought not to be done. Now, as all the high-church-tory schemes for maintaining the power of the church are based on either the one or the other of these principles, they cannot be practically observed, and will not be entertained by sober-minded men, who would exalt her by other means, alike within their reach, and compatible with her character.

We have been largely treated, of late, with protestant expositions and remarks on Dens' Theology; and, on the other side, contradictions have been given to some of the explanations and inferences of the M'Ghins and O'Sullivans, at their great meeting. We have also heard much of the destructive intentions of the Dissenters, respecting the Church. Well! admitting popery and dissent to be worthy of all the condemnation which has been pronounced upon them, by the most exclusive and red-hot churchmen—what then? we repeat the inquiry—what then? The polemic may conclude his argument most satisfactorily against all who differ from the church; but the politician feels it a more difficult matter to put them down; and it is from want of considering this distinction, that we find so many projects thrown out, and spoken of, as if it were the easiest thing in the world for government to protect the church, and secure to her every kind of support and prerogative, over all the rest of the sects in the kingdom. No dream can be more fanciful, or stuffed with greater absurdities, than are the heads of the high-flown, self-styled friends of the church; and if their suggestions and wishes, respecting her, were to be attempted to be acted upon, by the legislature, in seven years there would be no such thing as an ecclesiastical establishment, in England or Ireland. There may be no difficulty in conducting her into the field; but if she once appear there in the militant character of an extirpator of all other religious parties, neither the Orange duke, nor the Waterloo duke, would be able to bring her out again in safety.

We have the greatest confidence imaginable in the ability of the church, not only to maintain her present position, but to extend her influence, if a few changes were made, to adapt her more effectually to

the present state of things; and if these alterations be not effected, neither the abolition of tithes and church-rates, nor the extension of pluralities and non-residence—all of which we hope to see accomplished—will alone render her prosperous. Emancipations of different kinds, we rejoice to observe, have lately been the order of the day, and we trust the principle will soon be applied to the church; and then a bright morning of glory will dawn upon her, such as she has not seen since the time of reformation from popery.

Amongst the things requisite to be done for the benefit of the establishment, nothing is half so much needed, nor half so essential to her welfare, as the freeing her from a number of restrictions which are now upon her. One attempt of this kind, and only one, has recently been made; and we grieve to say, the effort was unsuccessful. We allude to the bill brought in by Mr. Hardy, the member for Bradford, the session before last, to do away with the registration of places of worship. The law, as it now stands, is thus:—if twenty persons assemble for divine worship in a place which is not licensed for that purpose, each individual so present, and the proprietor of the room, or whatever the place of meeting may be, is liable to a fine. This would not be of much consequence, as a licence could be obtained, were it not that such licence can only be procured, on the parties applying for it professing themselves to be *dissenters*. Now, the effect of this is, dissenters can get these licences without difficulty; but a churchman cannot, *because he is a churchman*, and unable to profess himself to be a dissenter, and therefore he is prevented from applying in the form required. Let us now mark how the system works in respect to this particular.

Here is a place containing—say two, three, or five hundred, or even a thousand inhabitants, and the parish church is two, three, or five miles off; and there can be found many such cases. Here too one, or perhaps a few wealthy churchmen reside, to whom it is no particular inconvenience to attend the establishment, though at so great a distance, because a carriage is kept, but with the bulk of the people it is otherwise: some are old, others are infirm, and so far as regards these, the church might as well be in India, as five miles away, for any spiritual advantage they can derive from it. By great efforts they visit it, once in two or three years, at a funeral, or sometimes at a christening—that is all. So ignorant are these of the church, that they hardly know that it exists for any other purpose than to sprinkle infants in, and read a form of words over the dead! Now, suppose a wealthy resident churchman considers the case of the religious destitution of his poor, old, and sickly neighbours; and that he proposes to the clergyman, as there is no service in the church, later than prayers at two o'clock, to take a seat in his carriage, and after tea to instruct, for an hour or so, a number of parishioners who may be assembled in his servants' hall. Would there be any harm or heresy in this? or would it tend to the overthrowing of the church? Yet it cannot be done as the law now stands, because the house must either be licensed as a *dissenting meeting-house*, or a penalty is incurred, and the poor persons present, not being able to pay it, might be sent to prison, in England; and for what? why, for "worshipping God according to the forms of the established church of England." This is literally the state in which our church lawgivers have left her, in the nineteenth century.

while they have been besides busily granting catholic emancipation, abolishing the test and corporation acts, creating bishoprics in our colonies abroad, and displaying besides liberality and zeal for religion in a thousand other ways. If the two houses of parliament had been composed of Roman catholics and dissenters, we might have looked for such things as the liberation of their own sects, and the continuance in bondage of the church ; but when we consider that nearly all the peers, and a large majority of the commons, are churchmen, such shortsightedness and inattention to the true interests of their own religion, are unaccountable. Nay, we venture to affirm that, had the legislative power been in the hands of the church's enemies, she would have fared better than she has done, for they could not, for shame, have conceded so much to other sects, and have left herself in the state she is in.

We have seen, in the instance just cited, how the church is prevented by the licencing system from instituting her worship in places situated at a distance from the parish steeple ; let us now mark how the same regulation operates with regard to Dissent. And here we may take the liberty of stating, that we do not speak without book—for the facts can be proved, if necessary ; when we say that the very persons who have found it impossible to introduce the service of the establishment to their poor ignorant neighbours, have felt it a duty in some cases, rather than allow them to live and die without the ordinances of religion, to countenance, and even to encourage, the Dissenters to come amongst them. And is not this justifiable ?—for though sectarianism may be objectionable in itself, yet the evils resulting from the want of opportunities for divine worship, are infinitely more to be deprecated. So thoroughly are we convinced of this, that while our council is—worship with the church of England if you possibly can, yet, rather than live without public worship, perform it, we say, any where and with any party. And such feeling is becoming more and more diffused, and we tell those whose province it is more especially to look after the interests of the church, if they do not provide greater facilities than there are at present for giving her access to all the people, and all the people access to her : they will turn dissenters ; and nothing can, or indeed ought to hinder them. If the church continue to allow a great portion of the population of the country to be placed in the dilemma of either listening to sectarian teachers, or to none at all—whatever may be said of them for so doing, they will choose the former. One of the first things which ought to be done for the benefit of the establishment, clearly, is to pass some such bill as the one introduced by Mr. Hardy, for abolishing the necessity of licensing places of worship. The church would then have the opportunity of getting at the people in a way that she cannot have while the law stands as it now is.

It has been charged upon the clergy, as a class—and we fear, with too much truth, though there are some enlightened exceptions, that, of all men, they are the slowest to observe, and the last to acquire wisdom from, what is transpiring around them. While they inculcate a teachable spirit upon their audiences, and impress upon them the duty of becoming wiser by every day's experience, they are themselves too often inaccessible to the plainest lessons of instruction, furnished by what they are seeing and hearing continually. Another peculiarity in too

many of those who hold the sacred office, is, the confounding religion itself with its forms and circumstances; and because the truth of God is unchangeable and eternal, they regard all its appendages, and the mode of teaching it, as bearing the same high and immutable character. Hence, when any change is spoken of in services or circumstantials of the church, these men take the alarm, and speak as if the church herself—i.e. her doctrines, or the essential parts of her constitution, were about to be removed or impaired; and their notions evidently are, that we must either take the church as she is, with every incumbrance and imperfection, or not at all—that to touch her even with a view to remove the dust from her walls, or the damp from her floors, is a sacrilegious attempt to effect her ruin. Now let the reader judge whether these individuals, who are constantly trumpeting forth their own praise, and the praise of each other, as being the only true churchmen, are indeed her friends; or whether that title does not, in justice, belong to those who are equally attached to her doctrines and the fundamental parts of her constitution; but who, from the purpose of increasing her usefulness and her influence, would remove abuses from her; and, in order to adapt her more fully to the wants and habits of the present generation, would give a more popular character to her services, which must afford her great advantages over dissent with the general population, who, we reiterate, are not disposed, of themselves, to forsake the church, but are driven from her, partly because many live at a great distance, and partly because her worship is so formal and uninteresting, as to be both tiresome and unprofitable.

In reference to the proposed change in the law requiring a licence, and by that means the facilitating the establishment of subordinate religious assemblies, in neighbourhoods situated a few miles from a church, we are aware that a difficulty will present itself to the minds of many, as to the impossibility of obtaining clergymen to officiate on such occasions, should the number be greatly increased, as it would be, if the plan were once adopted. We may remark in reply, that the difficulty of supplying these places would not, in all probability, be so great as at first it may appear. It should be remembered, that there are in the church of England, at the least, from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand regularly ordained clergymen, and it is not unreasonable to believe, that amongst such a number, many would be found ready to perform a little extra duty, if it could be done, in the assurance that it would promote the salvation of man and the interests of the establishment. We are aware that some of the clergy regard their talents merely as marketable, and not to be exercised except at a stipulated price: but we have too high an opinion of the whole body to think this is their general character, and we feel confident that, as they are the first to contribute liberally, according to their means, to the religious and benevolent institutions in the kingdom, so they would come forward gratuitously, if necessary, to aid in a plan which should have for its object a compliance with the divine command, which is to go into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in and partake the blessings of the gospel. Are not our clergy the foremost to support missionary societies, for the sending of christianity abroad, and would they be less disposed, if the opportunity was given, to spread it amongst their fellow subjects at home? we are strongly persuaded those

who represent them as unwilling to co-operate in any way which might least promote the spiritual welfare of mankind, do them an injustice.

But further, it may be added, the service required to be performed on these occasions would not need to be altogether without reward ; in some cases it might be free, but in others a limited remuneration to the officiating party could be afforded ; and, indeed, would be given most readily ; and that which was humble in its beginning would probably, in many instances, grow into importance, and be able to make provision for the maintenance of a clergyman, as well as to erect a church in which to perform divine service for the accommodation of the public. Why may not the Established accomplish what has often been achieved by other sects ?—who have been known to begin to worship in a small room, in a populous village ; and, starting at this point, have preached until at length a neat, or even an elegant, meeting-house, with a resident preacher and a numerous congregation, have been raised, and the whole of the inhabitants alienated from the church. Now, had the church been unfettered, as we would have it, her friends might in such places have done all that the Dissenters have effected, and instead of a chapel, there would have been a church, a clergyman, and a people worshipping the Almighty in union with the venerable establishment of this country.

We cannot help repeating that the church is not equitably dealt with—she is tied up just as she was a century ago, when the Dissenters and Catholics laboured under so many restrictions, all of which have been removed ; and they can now go every where, and do every thing they choose, in behalf of their party. But if the legislature will make no changes for the benefit of the church, we cannot but indulge the hope that her bishops, in the plenitude of their authority, might assist her in some degree, by granting dispensation. We are not much conversant with ecclesiastical law, but it strikes us, as highly probable, that those invested with episcopal power must have a discretionary licence, respecting some things, which might be advantageously exercised under present circumstances. We are not the advocates of irregularity and disorder ; at the same time we cannot be insensible that there are, also, consequences which follow a stiff antiquated deportment, which are, perhaps, equally undesirable. The present is an age of enterprise in regard to religion, as well as in other matters, the spirit of which must either be partaken of by the church, or her influence will be abolished and her numbers diminished, notwithstanding the excellencies of her constitution and liturgy. There is a feeling abroad that the inhabitants of the whole nation ought to be instructed, especially in religion : and the people themselves are becoming of that opinion ; and, unless the establishment stir up herself, the busy intrusive spirit which pervades the Dissenters will lead them into every corner of the land, and the population naturally falling into the hands which first take hold of it, will, of course, be transferred into the ranks of those who have left the church. Churchmen may speak against this, and write against it too, but the effect will be the same ; for the people will, as soon as they begin to think, contrast the merit of them by the church, with the attention of the sects to their interest, and, comparing the conduct of both with the example of him who “ went about doing good,” it is easy to say in whom they will

perceive, in this respect, the strongest marks of resemblance to that perfect pattern of benevolence, which should be imitated by us all.

The Church has made one experiment, chiefly in large towns, in conformity with modern habits, the success of which has been so complete, that one would have expected it would have led to others—some of them bearing upon the rural parts of the kingdom.—We allude to the institution of Sunday evening service, and, in some places, a week-night service also. What occasioned this alteration in, and in some cases an addition, to the usual times of worship? Why, it was observed how numerous Dissenting meetings were attended at those hours! and the wish naturally was that the church should have the benefit of a prevailing disposition to engage in devotional exercises at a later period of the sabbath day. The result has proved the expediency of making the change; and the marvel is that the same faculty which discovered the propriety of the church having service on Sunday evenings, has not, also, seen the necessity of other modifications which might be equally favourable to her interest. It was a new thing, and as some contended an irregularity, to open the church on a Sunday night—but the advantages of the innovation have justified its adoption. And so, we contend, would the good which must result therefrom justify other arrangements; and amongst, if not above, all the rest, would the appointment of occasional auxiliary worship in vilages or neighbourhoods inconveniently situated for attending the usual parish church, be beneficial to our establishment: and we leave those, who say the thing ought not to be done, because it would be irregular, to determine whether it were best for the church, that these people should worship in communion with her, nearer than our places of abode; or whether they should so worship—for they will, after all, worship at home in connexion with Dissenters. This is the real, indeed the only, question to be decided,—will the church relinquish her claim to a great portion of the population, or adapt herself to their circumstances and convenience?

In conclusion, we submit the foregoing observations to every sincere, sober-minded friend of the establishment; and more especially to those who have influence in ecclesiastical matters, under the profoundest conviction that the wisest policy, being most agreeable to the genius of our holy religion, would be, to free the church from some of the restraints which are at present upon her—to afford her every facility for conveying the gospel to every locality in the kingdom, and to let her have full liberty to increase her strength and influence in every possible way, for the spiritual benefit of the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland,

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## THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrâsse leoni :  
 At lupus, et turpes instant morientibus ursi ;  
 Et quemque minor nobilitate fera est. OVID.

It is an odd thing for a man who is a bachelor, not merely by profession, but in point of fact, to think of deciding on the kind and quantity of influence which is exercised on the part of females over men. "If the question were reversed," cries a love-sick youth of eighteen, "and a bachelor, instead of writing on the influence of females over males, had to speak of the influence of males over females, his own ugly face or some other natural defect would sufficiently testify, that he had exercised the influence of fear over all the spinsters of his parish ; for few men of good report, and tolerable proportions, are allowed to remain in a state of single blessedness."—The *fit* having taken me, however, (by the way, I must acknowledge the exactness of the other fit in regard to the ugliness of my phiz), I will not be discouraged by any inuendoes from pursuing my original plan. When I commenced this paper, my intention was to inform you of something which may illustrate the question already started, and I now proceed to the task.

Returning the other evening rather earlier than usual, from the club of bachelors to which I have the honour to belong, I was led to follow up the conversation of my friends, by my own solitary meditations. It is a curious fact, that, whenever I arrive at my lodgings before the "witching time of night," I grow exceedingly wise and moral in my reflections ; and what is not always the case with my poor head, am able to remember, with distinctness, the most trivial occurrence, and to distinguish with accuracy every object of the sight. Whereas, if "the clock strikes one" while I am out, "I take no note of time," and am never able to hear it, either on account of some peculiarity in the atmosphere at that particular juncture, or in my ears, or both. And as to seeing, I can see nothing at all, nor am I able to determine whether this myopy arises from the excessive darkness of the midnight hour, or from some periodical defect in my organs of vision. But I am only wandering from the point.

On the evening to which I have alluded, I was the more inclined to moralize, because I had not only retained a *mens sana in corpore sano*,—having neither received the salutations of the charlie's bludgeon, nor passed my *meridian*, but had also, on account of the tremendous *lagomachy* of my boon companions, refrained from expressing my own opinion concerning the Influence of Women. I was, therefore, left to chew my cud over the question, and digest it at my leisure.—Well, thought I, as I arranged my person in the easy chair, and wheeled round to the fire, without any faith in astrology, the Influence of Women is equally various with that of the *stars* ; and God knows—with a sigh—they are equally numerous. Numerous, however, as they are, I think one might abbre-



viate their history by dividing them into a certain number of classes; and as I have begun my comparisons in *astronomy*, let me see how they will fit to the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

Some are like *Sagittarius*, and from eyes of blue, black, or hazel, delight in aiming at the hearts of men, the sure and sharp arrows of their almost inexhaustible quivers. Others may come under the denomination of *Librarians*, not because they are *learned*, but on account of their propensity to *weigh* the matter on both sides, and by long deliberation, and long faces, to induce their captives to make more *liberal* settlements. *Gemini* will include those who, by their astonishing *fecundity*, so powerfully urge on their husbands the necessity of making suitable provisions for an increasing family, and influence them in redoubling their exertions for that purpose. By *Cancer* one may understand a respectable body of females, who as they *recede* from the stage of human existence by slow and regular gradations, have considerable influence in suppressing, with their snappishness and ill-humour, the gallantry of those who would otherwise most willingly take them by the hand. The *Pisces* are another odd kind of *fish*, which, though they do not multiply among themselves, are yet, I fear, increasingly numerous. They live out of water, it is true; like owls, they only venture forth in the night-time, and contribute, by their meretricious arts, to excite the bad, while they destroy the worthier passions of youth. *Virgo* is a title to which a numerous band of females lay claim so resolutely and vehemently, that one had better substitute *virago*, or even *Taurus* (*malgre* the gender), as applying to a much more extensive class of *Amazons*, who engross among themselves the singular faculty of *bullying* and intimidating all little men with squinting eyes, crooked backs, and bandy legs. The *Scorpions* are a very terrible and deceitful race, and the man who is about to consummate his earthly bliss, must "take heed to his ways that he offend not with his tongue," or he will find to his sorrow, if he marry a person of this stamp, "it is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top, than with a bawling woman in a wide house." Those whom I would distinguish by the name of *Capricornus*, are a very considerate class of creatures. Not wishing to be over burdensome to any *single* man, they allow *one* the privilege of calling himself *husband*, and reserve the *other* to sustain the character of *lover*. This sort of ladies are noted for cutting rather curious *capers*; and they take considerable pleasure in ranking their submissive spouses with *horned* cattle. The *Aries* are women who never condescend to argue a point but at the sword's point, and are accustomed to thrash all their opponents, until the chaff is separated from the wheat, and they gain them over to their own opinions. The followers of *Aquarius* are the least in number and repute of any in the Zodiac. These are they who go with a clean face and neat attire, are as innocent as doves, and have every thing very comfortable; but they *sail* down the *stream* of time as though they were the only inhabitants of earth, without taking notice of either men or things, and have no further influence on the minds of mankind, than as they sometimes induce poets to compare them with the noiseless *water-brooks*, which

— lose them at vessel length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.

I scarcely knew what to do with *Leo*, and had entered so extensively in the way of research on the subject, as to wander even to "the land of Nod;" where having satisfied myself that Cain's wife was the *lion* of the place (being the mother of the first poet, forsooth,) I suddenly returned by reason of the terror which I felt on an imaginary sight of the murderer's bloody hand. On recovering my self-possession, I remarked that she alone is a lion among women, who is of a noble and passionate, but yet forgiving nature;—she whose love for him that is worthy of her remains

"Unqueched by floods, and unconsumed by fire;"

She who is a lover of her country and her children—she who is just and merciful—she who is chaste and honourable—she who is righteous in anger, but easily restrained, and of whom it might be said,

Tempore pœnorum compescitur ira *leonum*,  
Nec feritas animo, quæ fuit antè, manet.

She, in fine, who, in whatever sphere she is placed, acts with a manly resolution, and who, without divesting herself of any the least of those peculiar charms which concentrate in British females, carries every thing before her.\*

Æ.

\* "The following epigram," says Bayle, "was in every body's hands about the year 1561, having been occasioned by the greatest part of the kingdoms of Europe being then governed by women, or at least under their administration." It may not unsuitably follow the above article.

Vulva regit Scotos,(a) hæres(b) tenet illa Britannos,  
Flandros et Batavos nunc notha vulva(c) regit.  
Vulva regit populos quos signat Gallia portu,(d)  
Et fortes Gallos Itala vulva regit.(e)  
His furiam furiis, vulvam conjungite vulvis,  
Sic natura capax omnia regna capit.  
Ad Medicam artem insertam, Gallia saucia tendis.  
Non uti Medicis est medicina tibi.  
Non credas Medicis, vena qui sanguinis hausta,  
Conantur vires debilitare tuas.  
Ut regi, matrique suæ, sis fida Deoque,  
Utere concilio Gallia docta meo.  
Et pacem tu inter proceres non ponito bellum,  
Hospita(f) lis. Artus rodit agitque tuos.

(a) Mary Stuart.

(b) Queen Elizabeth.

(c) Margaret, Duchess of Parma, natural daughter of Charles V.

(d) Catherine of Austria, sister to Charles V. widow of John III. King of Portugal, and Regent during the minority of Sebastian, her son

(e) Catherine de Medicis.

(f) An allusion is here meant to the name of the Chancellor De l'Hospital, to whom Catherine de Medicis chiefly owed the Regency.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Encyclopædia Britannica, No. LXVII., edited by PROFESSOR NAPIER.

THE mode of imparting instruction through the medium of an Encyclopædia, is well calculated for those persons who are anxious to attain knowledge, but whose indispensable avocations in life leave them insufficient leisure for the study of the minutiae and more elaborate details of science and art. This species of publication, therefore, on their first introduction to general notice, experienced a rapid and extensive sale : and, in consequence of the eagerness manifested by the public to purchase, a considerable quantity of ill-digested surreptitious trash crept into the market. However, such has been the attention paid to this eminently useful description of literature by men of profound erudition and extensive attainment, and the improvement resulting from their persevering and highly important labours, that an Encyclopædia of the present day may be said to constitute a complete library. Of this description the work before us forms an excellent, and indeed a splendid specimen, equally distinguished for sound judgment and consummate ability. It contains, amongst a great variety of important articles, a highly interesting account of Iceland ; which, it seems, though one of the largest islands in Europe, being in length, from east to west, 280 miles ; and in breadth, from north to south, varying from 180 to 200 ; enumerates a population of only 53,000. Ireland, about the same extent, numbers human beings nearly in the proportion of twenty to one. We give the following extract :

“ There are about 194 parishes or livings in the island ; but the clergy number at least 300, as many of the parishes have two churches, the great distance and the danger of travelling, particularly in winter, when the rugged fields of lava are covered with snow, making it frequently impossible for all the peasantry of the same parish to attend at the same church. The clergy are partly supported by a species of tithes, which are mostly paid in kind. These stipends, however, are extremely miserable ; the largest in the island not exceeding 185 dollars ; and the average little above them, 35 dollars, or £6 sterling per annum. Nothing is therefore more common than to find the parish priest in a coarse woollen jacket and trowsers, or skin boots, digging peat, mowing grass, and assisting in all the operations of haymaking. They are all blacksmiths from necessity, and the best shoers of horses on the island. The feet of an Iceland horse would be cut to pieces, over the sharp rock and lava, if not well shod. The great resort of the peasantry is the church ; and should any of the numerous horses have lost a shoe, or be likely to do so, the priest puts on his apron, lights his little charcoal fire in his smithy, and sets the animal on his legs again.”

Boiling springs and volcanos are numerous in Iceland, and are described in a very scientific and highly interesting manner. On the subject of Zoology, we are told that “ Amongst the birds of the island, are the sea eagle or erne, a very destructive creature among the eider ducks ; the falcon, which used formerly to be a valuable item in the exports of the island ; and the raven, a large and more powerful bird than those of Britain, frequently pouncing upon and carrying off young lambs, and destroying poultry ; it is met with in great numbers, particularly on the cliffs near the sea-coast. The ptarmigan snipe, golden plover, wag-tail, and curlew, are well known. Water fowl of every description common to northern latitudes, are met with on the coasts and in the lakes. Of these, the most valuable to the inhabitants is the eider duck, which is strictly preserved, a penalty of half a dollar being exigible for shooting one of these birds. From this circumstance, they become so remarkably tame, especially in the breeding season, that

they frequently make their nests close to the houses, and in spots which have been prepared by ridges of stones artificially built up for them; and, in such places, during the process of incubation, it is not unusual for the female to remain on the nest, and suffer herself to be fondled. The lining of their nest, being the downy substance plucked off their own breasts, is taken away, even a second and a third time, until the poor bird has plucked herself nearly naked. Their eggs, too, are removed once or twice, and are eaten in the same manner as plover's eggs. Swans are very numerous on some of the lakes in the central part of the island, where they remain immolated till the ice sets in, when they betake themselves to the sea-shore. The eggs, the feathers, and the down of this fine bird, like those of the eiderduck, supply the peasantry with an article of food, and also of commerce."

The interesting subject of Ichthyology forms a brief, but well-elucidated history, in which new and important matter is introduced; arranged with sound and scientific judgment, and written in a vigorous and expressive style:—"The form and structure of fishes are as admirably adapted for rapid movement through the water, as are those of birds for that aerial motion called flight, suspended in a liquid element of almost equal specific gravity with themselves. External organs resembling those of birds in size would have been disproportioned and unnecessary; but the air bladder (the functions of which, by no means entirely understood, have never been satisfactorily explained in all their bearings) is known to possess the power of contraction and dilatation, the exercise of which is followed by a corresponding descent or ascent of the animal's body. Thus, a small, central, and inconspicuous organ effects, in the easiest and most simple manner, the same object which even the soaring eagle or giant condor can only attain by great exertion of the wings, and after laborious and frequently repeated gyrations. We shall ere long, however, have occasion to observe, that the air bladder, although essential to the economy of such species as possess it, is by no means indispensable to the class of fishes, as in many tribes it is entirely wanting."

The graphic illustrations of Ichthyology are not only well executed, as far as the burine is concerned, but present all the characteristic truth so essential to the correct elucidation of the subject.

Again, we have a very interesting summary of the History of Illyria, condensed with judgment and industry.

Finally, we have to observe, that we have perused this number of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with more than ordinary satisfaction; nor have we the least doubt the work will continue to experience that extensive patronage to which its pre-eminent merit so justly entitles it.

The Loseley Manuscripts. By ALFRED JOHN KEMPE, Esq., F.S.A.  
1 vol. 8vo. Murray.

MR. KEMPE is well known to the literary and antiquarian world, as a contributor to the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries," and "the Gentleman's Magazine," &c., and is, we believe, the author of the letter-press of "Stothard's Monumental Effigies," and a small volume on the sanctuary and Collegiate Church, "St. Martin's Le Grand."

As antiquaries, we are, in good truth, but sorry ones, for though we do know the value of old wine and old friends, we freely confess our ignorance as to antiquities commonly so called. Show us a coin bearing the head of Boadicea or of Augustus, and we gaze on it with interest—not, however, as antiquaries, but historians. We think of that period when a British Queen died for her country,—we call to mind the patron of Roman literature. It is with this historical rather than antiquarian feeling, that we commenced the perusal of the Loseley Manuscripts, and we have seldom, if ever, derived more amusement combined with knowledge from any collection than from the present.

It consists of rare documents (some unique,) from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of James I. These documents contain so many curious and minute accounts of the life, dress, food, amusements, &c., of our ancestors of that period, that we

actually, for the time being, seem to live among them. We converse with them about the *new religion*; we dine with them, off “multons” at 8s.; “capons, at 1s. 4 d. a pece;” and “conyes” at 3s. the dozen; and drink with them from earthen pots of Dutch manufacture; or, if the liquor be Canary, Leres Sec, or Hock, we drain a cup of the one, and a long-handled glass of the other, to “the destruction of the Invincible Armada and long life to the Queen!”

Anon we deck ourselves out in “doublets and long hose of black taffeta, cut upon tinsel, with two embroidered laces,” and, in a few minutes, behold us at “the Globe,” alternately laughing and crying, as it pleases Will Shakspeare to make us. In short, we join in their revels, their sports, and their wiles; and—*but hold!* who have we here? truly, the “Lord of Misfule” and his masque; with “Venus in a chaire triumfall;” Mars with “a target of his armes” in one hand and “a naket sworde” in the other, and Cupid, “a letell boye, with a bow and arrows, blinfelde.”

There is an exceedingly curious, and probably unique, printed pamphlet containing the Ordinances of War, promulgated by Henry VIII., on occasion of his expedition to Boulogne, A. D. 1513, and are the ordinances upon which are founded the Articles of War of the present day. It is from the press of *Richard Pynson*. We have, also, various original documents, relating to the Lady Jane Grey—the ill-fated Queen of a few days; original documents, some under the sign manual of Queen Mary, relating to Wyatt’s Rebellion; notices of the Palace of None-such, &c.

Some Parochial Accounts, A. D. 1552, are so curious, that we cannot refrain from giving an extract or two; the more so in consequence of the remark of the Editor, that “this paper bears evidence of the unsettled state of religion in the sixteenth century, when the new-born reformed church and the old papal hierarchy were striving, as it were, for the mastery.” There are payments “For setting up rood-lofte, 10d.,”—“For poolyng doune the roode, 14d.,”—“For pluckyng the alters, plastering the walles, and mending of div’sse places, 7 shillings.”

The Editor has given an engraving of a Lottery Chart for 1567, containing the different prizes, such as money, silver spoons, cups, beakers, &c. The original is 5 feet in length by 19 inches in breadth, and is very probably unique. We give a few of the “Posies,” or “Poesies,” of the different adventures, extracted from a book intituled “Prizes drawn in the Lottery.”

“My pose is small,

But a good lot may fall.

Per John Burnell, Whitston, 81, 763,—1s. 3d.

What is a tree of cherries worth to foure in a company,

Per Thomas Laurence, Lond. 123, 487,—1s. 2d.

If a very rich prise arise should to our lot,

All that would be employed on our decayed port,

Tho. Spikernell, of Maulden, in Essex, 331, 597,—2s. 1d.

Armouth for a haven is a fit place,

And a haven it may be if it please the Queene’s grace:

Per Willia’ Mallocke, of Armouth, 85, 573,—3s. 4d.

Best hop have the ring.

Per Bosham Parish, Sussex, 236, 933,—5s. 10d.

God send the Queen good issue.

William Walshe, of Yoghul, 204, 673,—1s. 3d.

Hope helpeth.

Tho. Lord Howard, Vicount Byndon, 5, 927,—2s. 1d.

Of many people it hath been said,

That Tenterden steeple, Sandwhich haven hath decayed.

Per Ed. Hales, Tenterden, Kent, 40, 884,—1s. 2d.

I looked for no more.

William More, Lowsley, Surrey, 276, 013.—1s. 3d.

Fortune Amy, Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, 345, 471,—1s. 2d.

Priestes love pretie wenches. Per Rich. Enecke, Sibforde, 13, 569,—1s. 2d.'

There are many others equally curious, as illustrating the manners, feelings, and quaint devices of the period, but for which we cannot afford space.

Several royal visits to Loseley are mentioned in different papers, with an account of the precautionary measures taken against the Armada.

We have, among others, original letters of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, with curious ones of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and original documents relating to Sir Walter Raleigh, from which it appears that Count Gondemar knew the real object King James had in view when he allowed him to proceed to Guinea for the purpose of discovering gold mines there. Interesting, however, as many of these are, the most interesting, and, we conceive, the most valuable, are four original Autograph and Confidential Letters of King James to Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower, in which he wishes him to advise the Earl of Somerset "to confess his guilt as to the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and thus leave his Majesty some place for his *mercy to work upon*;" "if he will yet confess before his trial, the king will perform what he *has promised* towards him and his wife;" "if he would send him any message concerning the *poisoning*, it need not be private;" "if the Earl appear to be *distracted in his wits*, his trial may be adjourned."

From an envelope, in the handwriting of the time, it would seem that it was the Countess alone, and not the Earl, who was the guilty party. The envelope concludes with, "but the truth is, King James wase wearye of him; Buckingham had supplied his place." We have perused, with much pleasure, several other letters, more particularly those respecting Sir Thomas Monson, as concerned in the above murder;—of Chancellor Egerton to Sir George More;—of the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. of Spain, to the King;—of Sir William Chaworth, as ambassador to the Infanta, containing various details of court manners, costume, and etiquette, as well as the "intention, abstract, sum, and end" of his journey.

Upon the whole, we consider "the Loseley Manuscripts" to be among the most valuable, in every point of view, of any that have been as yet published, and we feel confident that such will be the opinion of the public. We had well nigh forgotten to state that clever Fac-simile, are given of the autographs of some of the most distinguished individuals by whom the letters were written.

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The Intellectual Calculator, and Key. By J. T. CROSSLEY and WILLIAM MARTIN. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is the arithmetic of the British and Foreign School Society, and about which Lord Brougham spoke so highly in his speech on national education. We never saw so much matter in so small a space in a school book, nor so many practical examples in arithmetic. The complete system of mental arithmetic is a novelty, and ought to be known by every schoolmaster, as it will save himself and pupil many a head-ache. A Royal Road to Fractions is also appended; all of which tend to make the work, what it is called, Every Boy's Arithmetic.

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Every Lady her own Housekeeper. By a LADY. T. Tisdale, Strand.

"WHAT is a housekeeper's book?" asks the authoress, in her "hints to young housekeepers." To have this question properly solved, our readers should purchase the very useful work under consideration. All upon whom the duties of housekeeping devolve, will find the work invaluable.

Butler's Atlas of Modern Geography. Coloured Plates, &c.  
Longman & Co.

It would be useless to apply any additional praise to this work, so well known and so universally adopted by academicians. The present new and revised edition, like the one we have noticed above, exhibits a fine specimen of the arts connected with the work, such as mapping, map-engraving, colouring, &c., &c. Dr. Butler's Atlases have no competitors; there have been some poor, and, indeed, contemptible imitations of them thrust upon the public, but without the desired success of their parents.

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A Sketch of Modern and Ancient History, for the use of Schools. By SAMUEL BUTLER, D.D. F.R.S. &c. 12th Edition. Longman & Co. pp. 364, demy 8vo.

THIS is an enlarged and handsome edition of a work, already so reputable, that it would be mere idleness to do more than give publicity to the fact. Spotiswood was the printer. This is a very handsome book.

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The Popular Cyclopaedia, being an Original Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy, &c. &c. with Dissertations on the Rise and Progress of Literature, by Sir D. F. SANDFORD, D.C.L. & M.P.; on the Progress of Science, by THOMAS THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Vol. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Glasgow: Blackie & Son, G.R.S., H.U., N.S.

THIS valuable utilitarian and inexpensive work proceeds with all possible celerity, and, we are glad to learn, abundant success. The influential name of Sir D. F. Sandford and Professor Thompson are, it will be allowed, a host in themselves, and cannot fail to attain the support of the literary and scientific. "THE POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA," when finished, will form the most complete library for the middle classes ever yet published. We therefore feel deeply interested in its success.

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Mahmoud, in 3 vols. Edward Churton, Public Library, Holles Street.

MR. CHURTON is certainly a most enterprising publisher. We have perused with infinite pleasure, another "smart novel" which has just issued from the teeming press. The author's name is not set down in the title-page. Is the absence of it an indication of modesty or a proof of confidence? No, Churton's lips are sealed. "Silence" becomes the religion of bookselling, when the author of a promising work, such as we verily take "Mahmoud" to be, happens to be *in nubibus*. Well: it is no use to ask Churton any thing concerning the author—let that pass. It must be recollected too, that Mr. Churton has become exceedingly aristocratic of late, and has been elected a member of the conservative publishers. There is something in that, as they proceed. But what of Mahmoud? A great deal in few words. It is a very sensible and well-written work; full of spirit, and containing a narrative or combination of curious and deeply interesting facts, which cannot fail to amuse in the highest degree. In short, the events detailed in these volumes, so far from being improbable, constitute the every-day pictures of eastern life. From beginning to end of the work the style is preserved; it is after this manner:—

"Stamboul gave me birth; Stamati Morozi, a Greek merchant, was my sire, and Constantine the name by which I was known in early life—my apostacy gave me the title which I carried to my grave."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol 72.—Natural History. Longman, & Co.

THIS is a very excellent volume, in continuation of that which preceded it. It is wholly occupied by a classification of quadrupeds by W. Swainson, Esq. The wood-engravings are of the most finished kind; and the naturalist has executed his task with ability and taste. We would direct the attention of the reader to the fine delineation of the horse, at page 184, to the elephant at page 193—two of the most powerful things we ever met with. The letter-press in Mr. Spottiswood's best style.

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The Poetical Works of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq. Illustrated by 128 Vignettes, from Designs by Stothard & Turner. Part 9.

WE scarcely know what to say of this elegant work, after our repeated eulogiums. If any thing, we think this part, as a whole, an improvement on the last. Part 8 was, indeed, surpassing in beauty of illustration.

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Dr. Butler's Atlas of Ancient Geography. Coloured Plates. Longman, & Co.

WE hail, with delight and satisfaction, this new and revised edition of Dr. Samuel Butler, which, to say the least of it, should be placed in the hands of every scholar.

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The Martyr of Verulam and other Poems. By THOMAS RAGG, Author of "The Deity." Second edition, revised. Longman & Co.

MR. RAGG has sent forth a second edition of his last poem, bearing the above title. It is useless, at this time of day, to attempt to add to the praise so generally bestowed upon this last of the productions of Mr. Ragg's muse. If Mr. Southey may be trusted, as an authority upon which to found an opinion of our author's merits, we cannot do better than repeat his words—"what Mr. Ragg has accomplished is surprising; an age ago it would have been thought wonderful." It may not be thought improper to remark, in this place, that, as Mr. Ragg is of Nottingham, and as at Nottingham there are other poets of fame and nature, we would have both Mr. Southey and Mr. Moore pay their personal respects to Thomas Miller, a basket maker—and what is more, a true poet. We do not believe there exists any congeniality of feeling betwixt the poets of Nottingham—between Mr. Ragg and Mr. Miller, none we believe betwixt Mr. Priestcraft Howitt and *them*. They are opposing brothers of the trade.

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Manual of Entomology, Nos 13 and 14.

THIS work proceeds with considerable spirit.

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History of British Fishes, by Wm. FARRELL, F.R.S., Part 9. John Van Vorst.

THIS is a smart number. The wood engravings are admirable. The talents of Mr. Bonner, the wood-engraver, are employed upon this interesting history.

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Winkle's Cathedrals. Illustrations of the Cathedral Church of Wells. By THOMAS MOULE, Author of an Essay on Roman Villas, No. II.

THIS richly illustrated work continues to merit the patronage so justly awarded to it. The present is a most interesting number.



The Rambler in North America, in 1832-33. By CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE, author of "The Alpenstock," &c. 2 vols. pp. 336, post 8vo. R. B. Seely & W. Burnside, Fleet Street.

THIS is a work of considerable importance to our winter nights' readers. It is one, indeed, of no less merit than interest, a series of "rambles" (and voyages) in North America, a land of beauty and sublimity, where nature, in all her grandeur, laughs wildly beneath the flood-gates of the golden sun of daylight and liberty.

Our author has dedicated his work to the Phœbus of American and modern literature—namely, Washington Irving, which, by the way, was in good taste. The style is easy and persuasive, because it is natural; and the narrative continues to interest as well as instruct the reader as *he travels* over the pages of the Rambler. The interest is well kept up throughout the work. At page 41, vol. 1, we have the following:

"Well may America be proud of such scenes. All bear the impress of sublimity. The feelings which they convey to the human mind may be less pleasing and less definite, but they are more durable."—"One scene yet remains, which, though you have gazed upon the Alps in all their splendid attractions of high sublimity, and acknowledge the presence of the same feeling while floating on the bosom of the Ocean in calm or tempest—still stands forward among these, the world's wonders, and vies with them in claiming its degree of this attribute—and that is Niagara: the huge step between the waters of an upper and lower world whence the thunder of nature has echoed through the forests, and the vapour of the great cataract has ascended for ages, like smoke from an altar of the great Creator of All."

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The Engineer's and Mechanic's Encyclopedia. By LUKE HERBERT.  
Part I. Thomas Kelly.

THIS is a new, and, from what we have been able to discover, a very promising utilitarian undertaking—a work of prodigious labour and infinite research. The editor, who is well known as the author of "The History and Progress of the Steam Engine," "Register of Arts and Journal of Patent Inventions," &c., may feel assured we shall follow him through his "Practical Illustrations of the Machinery and Process employed in every description of Manufacture of the British Empire," with sincere pleasure; and most happy shall we be to add our modicum of praise in recommendation of this ably conducted publication. The work is well printed by Mr. Clay; the illustrations in the best style, both wood and copper. We really congratulate Mr. Kelly upon his enterprising and admired spirit, which we have no doubt will be amply rewarded by the reading and scientific public. This is really a cheap, and, at the same time, a utilitarian work, of undoubted merit and utility.

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A Supplement to Captain Sir John Ross's Narrative of the Second Voyage in the Victory, in search of a North-West Passage; containing the *Suppressed Facts* necessary to a proper Understanding of the Causes of the Failure of the Steam Machinery of the Victory, &c. &c. By JOHN BRAITHWAITE. Chapman & Hall, 186, Strand.

THIS is a "full and particular account," as it would seem, of the cause or causes of the failure of the machinery supplied to Captain Sir John Ross's steamship, the Victory, written by the engineer, who manufactured and supplied the same. We are bound to say Mr. Braithwaite's statement carries conviction with its undoubted veracity. It is well written, and commands the attention of all parties concerned or interested. Sir John should not fail to reply to this statement as soon as possible.

## PAMPHLETS.—By Ridgway and Sons.

THE considerations on the political state of the intermediate countries between Persia and India, by Sterling, is a small geographical compendium, pointing out the different passes for European armies consequent on the conquest of India. Imperfect as the work seems to be, it may still become of some utility to active leaders of troops.

There are hardly any remarks for the speculating politicians of Europe; still, in the two, and only two, worthy of any notice, the author seems to flatter his hopes rather than to show any argument for their support: man too easily believes what his heart wishes to see realised. Thus, speaking of Persia, he remarks (pages 1 and 2), that Persia is accessible to the English as well as the Russian nation. But what is the spirit of the accessibility? Russia has conquered and taken possession of Eriwan, and, indeed, of the most fertile provinces of Persia, while the influence of England is confined to a friendly intercourse of a few insignificant agents of the Company with the Arab hordes of the adjoining countries.

The second remark is couched in the words of advice. "To stifle the jealous feelings between Russia and England on the subject of the eastern dominions," Mr. Sterling advises that each state should define the boundaries; the Calmuc tribes, being the rightful inheritors of Russia, and the south of the river Sihon should be left free and uncontrolled. This line of demarcation should remain sacred, and the responsibility for the observance of the compact should never be violated by any party without being called to account. It would be a fair argument and a judicious advice did Persia care for the promises she gives in the treaties, and had we not so many instances that all remonstrances against her faithlessness have proved like the evanescent voice to the winds.

As to the Khans of Khiva, Bokhara, Andegan, &c. (pp. 75 to 78), the English Government ought to seek their friendship and alliance, according to Mr. Sterling's advice.

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A STATEMENT of Facts, by a Resident at Constantinople, is a very excellent pamphlet, and deserves to be read with attention, and remembered in all arguments on the subject. The beginning and end are written with a particular spirit, and every word seems happily applied to the soundness of argument. Still he has moved merely upon the path which was pointed out by the article of which I will speak in my next observations.

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THE author of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," must have had the best authorities for his opinions; and they are valuable, strong, and correct in themselves. His knowledge of facts, and the experience drawn from the past, render him capable to prognosticate of future events; yet his ideas ought to be rendered more intelligible by making them more simple. His arrangements might be also improved upon, and the repetition of one and the same argument would be thus avoided. As a whole, however, it is very good, and ought to be translated into French, as it may serve to give new ideas to your transmarine allies respecting their political position in the east.

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A few Observations on Religion and Education in Ireland. By the Rev. EDWARD STANLEY, A.M., Rector of Alderley. Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly; J. Swinnerton, Macclesfield.

THIS is not only a well-written, but a well-intentioned, pamphlet. The rev. author says, very properly and truly, no doubt, at the beginning of his disquisition, that he also laboured for peace, but when he spoke to them (alluding to the Irish Catholics, *en masse*, we opine) thereof, they made them ready to battle. The rev. author, it appears, has been an eye-witness of the reported distress existing in Cunnemana, and the islands of the coast of the county of Mayo. The gross pomps and absurd farcicalities of what is called the Catholic religion, are "shown up" in a way calculated to impress the educated, and enlighten the com-

paratively ignorant. We really desire (although, as we have been informed, the "Monthly" has the reputation of Conservative Whig politics) to hear that this candid and well-meant appeal to the highmindedness of Protestants of all ranks and denominations, should be generally circulated, and universally read. We cannot help saying a word or two respecting the printing of this sensible publication, which is really excellent, and goes a long way to demonstrate how that "sublime art" has progressed towards perfection in the provinces as well as in the metropolis, within a few years.

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### ANNUALS.

**The Forget Me Not.** A Christmas, New Year's, and Birth-day Present. Edited by F. Shoberl. Ackerman & Co., 111, Strand.

THIS is a delightful visitant; and one too which will live in the memory of many a youth of both sexes. Those of the literati who have contributed to its enriched pages, are all of the higher walks of literature, save the Howitts' of Nottingham; and we could wish they had been—sent to Coventry, instead of—the press. It is consoling, however, to find, that Mr. Priestcraft Howitt's name does not appear in this chaste and beautiful work: no; only Mary Howitt, and Richard. The latter is a very amiable man. The contributions of Miss Laudon and Leman Blanchard are the most attractive; whilst those of Delta and Montgomery are delightfully pleasing.

**Jennings's Landscape Annual, or Tourist in Spain, for 1836—Andalusia.**  
Dedicated to His Majesty Louis Charles, King of Bavaria, &c. &c.

THIS illustrious stranger, by far the most brilliant of the annuals we have yet seen, comes upon us in all the majesty of new-born publication, redolent with beauty of design, lovely delineations, splendid pictorial landscape, and other engravings, graphic descriptions, *etcetera*. It is by far the most interesting; and, at this period of Spanish history, cannot fail, we think, of attracting all eyes to its brilliant pages. The "Bull Ring," at Saville, is a most delightful picture; indeed, above our praise. The Rock of Gibraltar is a fine engraving; the heights and the downs are admirably managed, so as to produce admirable effect. There are many others equally attractive.

We were not a little surprised to hear from the best authority, that the capital employed in the bringing out this elegant specimen of the arts of drawing, engraving, printing, &c., exceeded 5000*l*; and that the "Landscape Annual," which comes properly under the denomination of a stock book—unlike its ephemeral fraternity—*sells* throughout the year. We might say more, it was scarcely possible to say less. We most heartily recommend it to both ladies and gentlemen of condition and taste.

**The Musical Keepsake:** consisting of Selections, Vocal and Instrumental, including the Overtures and all the favourite Pieces from Auber's Opera of Gustavus; Donizetti's Anna Bolena; Auber's Massaniello; and Rossini's Il Barbiere di Siviglia; to which are prefixed Five Songs, by John Barnett, composed expressly for the Work. The whole adapted for the Piano-Forte, Harp, &c., by Herz and John Barnett. T. Hurst, St. Paul's Churchyard.

"THE MUSICAL KEEPSAKE," will, no doubt, be well received by the lovers of vocal and instrumental music. The name of John Barnett will have the effect of securing the publishers a long list of purchasers. The work is elegantly bound, with a handsome frontispiece, and cannot fail of proving an acquisition to the musical world.

## NOTES AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE COMET.—Little is accurately known of comets, save that they are very eccentric bodies ; and, truly, MR. HALLEY'S (so called) has been a practical confirmation of the fact—and nothing more ! Half Europe has been kept in a state of hot water, for the last twelve months, about the coming comet, yet people might have saved themselves their trouble and trepidation ; for surely no disappointment could ever be greater, more general, or more ridiculous than that which hath been just experienced. From the seventh of last August to the seventh of next February the great comet was to have been visible :—that was something. On the fifth of October it was to have been seen, beneath the paws of the great bear, blazing away with a super-celestial splendour, perfectly terrific :—that was grand. On the fifteenth, it would arrive at the point of its shortest distance from this planet of ours, when, being only ninety millions of miles or so removed, nothing short of a gentle flick of its tail, or haply a slight scorching, was to be expected :—that was sublimely terrible. It was then gradually to lessen the exuberance of its brightness, getting—

“Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”

up to the first Sunday evening after next Candlemas :—that, if we all survived, was cheering. And at this period it was, with a graceful quiver of its tail, to bid the world good bye, till somewhere about Midsummer of 1911 :—that was a blessing—so “hurrah for the comet !” Such were the predictions of M. DAMOISEAU and other astronomical ready-reckoners. What have been the facts ? August came, but no comet ; September followed, and where was the comet ? October succeeded—has any body seen the comet ? Anxious inquirers were told to turn their eyes eastward to Kensington, and look to SOUTH ; South pointed to North ; and, after much hunting, an obscure star-like something was at length discovered in the ‘far west’—but if *that* was the great comet, it had, evidently, not yet (to use the words of a journeyman carpenter, which we one evening overheard) “turned its gas on.” It was to have pursued its course between the feet of Ursa Major—it took a nearer path, and that right a-head ! it was to have had a tail : it had none (except the tale that had been told of it) for a long time ; and when, indeed, it did sprout out, the tail was on the top, a double one to boot, and both marvellously indistinct !—instead of the expected singeing, we have had nothing but cold, clammy, cloudy, rainy weather, ever since its *appearance*, (to make a figure of speech) and every living comet-hunter has been ludicrously disappointed. In short, a more lamentable prognostication, of an indifferent reality, it were hard to conceive.

So much for penny almanacs ; cheap and cheating. O ! Francis Moore, Francis Moore, how wast thou maligned ! hadst thou been with us, this sorry deception had scarcely been !

**QUALIFICATION TEST.**—From a schedule published in a Macclesfield paper, of the houses in that borough, it appears that there are rated

at from £10 upwards . . . . .	417 houses
from £5 to £10 . . . . .	422 ———
at £5 and under . . . . .	4385 ———

so that out of a population of 5224 householders, a little better than one thirteenth only has the privilege of voting for members of parliament. Now, if property be the test of a man's eligibility, i. e. moral fitness, to choose such honest, wise, and worthy representatives, as shall be the best guarantee of the safety and welfare of the kingdom, it follows that the Macclesfield people have been wilfully or accidentally cheated out of a great right:—namely, the benefit of a voice which is now mute. Assuming the standard of a £10 qualification to be the soundest that could be established, it seems that, as 4385 times £5 make £21925—multiply the houses by the rent in round terms—we have here, at Macclesfield, (waiving the middle item) property equivalent to 2192 good and independent votes, which are totally unembodied!—and as it is in Macclesfield, so also may it be in other towns. What a loss to the common weal, then, is this! what an appalling oversight, or what an abominable fraud!

We are perfectly sensible of the extreme difficulty of discovering a safe qualification test, but if property be to be the criterion, let it! but let it at least be fully and unequivocally so. The plan by which we should be disposed to rectify the blunder, or the worse than blunder, just made manifest, is, that wherever property exists, in no matter how many hands, two, or any given number of persons who can club together the requisite qualification, should be allowed to vote as one person; providing, of course, they all unanimously concur in opinion. By this means the actual advantage of all property will become apparent, and be made available for the universal good. This notable crotchet would have been long ago propounded by the Conservatives had they thought it would have served their turn.

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**THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.**—We understand, upon authority which may not be disputed, that, whenever a dissolution of parliament comes to pass, it is the resolute determination of the master spirit of “the Age” to oppose that indefatigable pamphleteer, and member for all England, Mr. Junius Roebuck. Why Mr. ———, standing as he does in society, should, in his efforts to become an “honourable gentleman,” have chosen a Bath for his first plunge; or why, of all men and members, he should have fixed on the unhappy Junius for victimization, is more than we have learned—but the fact is as we have stated it. The scribe in question had better prepare for the coming contest in time; for were he to lose his present seat for that ancient and independent borough, he might, possibly, indite three-ha’penny tracts from July to eternity, ere he secured his return for another.

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**LIBERALITY OF THE CLERGY.**—The Bishop of St. Asaph, at his late audit, had the generosity to deduct 10 per cent. from the amount of

tithes, receivable by him; and, as this reduction was unsolicited and unexpected by the tithe-payers, the liberal conduct of his Lordship has been much vaunted by the church-in-danger people. But, without making any detracting insinuation, we would desire to know whether the clergy have any right to make such gratuitous deductions. Tithes, we are told, are an imposition upon the laity, intended not only for the support of the clergy, but for providing that body with a fund from which donative distributions might be made among the necessitous brethren of the several churches, at the discretion of the dispensers. So that these liberal deductions (handsome as they appear in print) are, in reality, either a positive loss to the needy of the flock, or a proof that the clergy are in receipt of a greater share of the wages of unrighteousness than they actually require for the support of their calling: and it does really seem to us that, if tithes be of the divine ordinance, and appointed for the purposes which the dignitaries of the church would fain teach us to believe, the clergy have no more right to abridge, modify, or release the payment of tithes, in part, or in whole, than the tithe debtors would have in refusing its payment altogether. The "liberality" in question already originates a wrong; by whom is it done, and who is the sufferer?

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**INDEPENDENCE OF THE BAR.**—The conflicts which occasionally take place between the Bench and Counsel, at some of the minor metropolitan courts, are sorely disgusting; the parties not only disgrace themselves in the estimation of all right-thinking persons, but bring into contempt the seat of justice itself. It may appear, to a barrister, vastly independent to bully and defy a high civil functionary to his face; but the temerity bespeaks very bad taste, and great native vulgarity: it may appear, also, to the court a very dignified leniency to sit quiescent under virulent attacks; but such patience, though estimable enough in the private character of a conscientious man, comports not with the respect which is publicly due to his office. We blame both parties: first, and particularly, the advocate, whose insolence gets the better of his discretion; and, secondly, the court, for submitting to an insult, gratuitously offered to the King's Majesty, whose presence, by a fiction of law, is at all times supposed. If a judge be incompetent, partial, or unjust, a personal insult is not the fitting rebuke, neither is it a means of repairing a wrong done to the public service; a simple representation of the fact, to a superior tribunal, would rectify *that* error. Or should his manners be haughty, discourteous, or revolting, public opinion would soon impart a better tone to them, without the intervention of open contempt on the part of a hot-headed barrister. A white horse-hair wig, and a black silk gown, are no justification to a person for behaviour within the walls of a law-court, which would insure his expulsion from private society: and, whilst we despise the advocate who could so misdemean himself, we cannot chuse but blame the court (or rather its personal representative), who can passively endure the indignity without taking instant measures to redress such an outrage, by inflicting, on the malapert, summary punishment.

These exhibitions, indeed, are most common at the sessional courts: and when they do occur, the chief performers are not many. Fortunate

it is that such is the case, for half-a-dozen more of these 'Bully Bottoms' would convert a hall of justice into a tennis-court—judge, jury, tipstaves, prisoners, and witnesses, all in high melee together. As it is, indeed, the moral decencies are sometimes sadly at discount, for when the Bench is bearded, with as little ceremony as the culprit in the dock would be, both by insulting language and gestures more insulting still, it is not very likely that those who happen to be present can entertain any great reverence for the court, or be impressed with the solemnity with which it ought to be invested.

In the superior courts, such scenes are very rare; and if it *has* happened that a great sweeping authority, more eminent as a politician than as an expounder of the statutes, was made the peg whereon a disappointed unit or two hung their peccant humours, the ill-feeling was expressed, nevertheless, in a manner which any *gentleman*, in the sullens, might be generously forgiven for. Either he was brought to his senses by the learned friends about him; or, if his peevishness was very grievous, he selected some other court for practice: but there was nothing of that bow-wow barking impudence, and swaggering vulgarity, which certain members of the profession are somewhat overmuch fond of displaying, on slight occasions, elsewhere.

Barristers do sometimes take censurable licences—admitted, but we believe that the bar, generally considered, is distinguished for great earning, correct feeling, and a high sense of honour; it is the uniformly dignified bearing of the majority, which places the unseemly conduct of the few in such striking and disgraceful contrast. As an illustration of the effect produced by the mistermed independence of the bar, alluded to, we may mention the retort of an angry mother, who was cuffing her daughter for insolence—"Sa'cy, Mrs. Simson, lord bless 'e! the hussy's as sa'cy as a Hole-Bailey Couns'lor."

These remarks are founded upon a scene which occurred not many days ago, at one of the Criminal Courts, where the "sa'ciness," as Mrs. Simson's gossip calls it, was remarkably caustic. But fame such as this is, surely, not glory.

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POLITICAL ORATORY.—The dinner speeches at the Bristol festival in honour of Lord John Russell were "expressed" to town at the rate of *fifteen miles an hour*, and the *Times* felt itself called upon to express its thanks to the various postmasters on the road for the unparalleled celerity which, by their efforts, was afforded to the dispatches. Very creditable to the postmaster's horse-flesh, and to the gratitude of the once leading journal of Europe. After all the contemptuousness shown towards "little Lord John" by the hireling press, does it not seem strange that any extraordinary means should have been used to publish an account of "the feed," or that the words spoken by so puerile a being, as the Tories affect to consider him, should be of any supposed value to the public? But the anxiety shown to furnish a supply, pretty clearly infers the urgency of the demand. Any speech of Lord John Russell's is looked for and listened to by the people of England with deep anxiety, and the Conservative newsmongers know it full well; so well, indeed, that arrangements are made at any cost to secure even a *fractional* report of the proceedings with an expedition exceeding the

rate of posting of any potentate's courier in Europe! And in the same breath that these simple, spluttering bodies give vent to their gratitude for the mighty achievement, they seek to throw odium on his Lordship for the crime of being personally little! O'Connell is abused for being big; Lord John for being little; the other leading liberals for being neither—good taste, sound argument, and irrefragable proofs of the political incompetency of the Whigs!

Lord John Russell makes no pretensions to oratory, but there is, nevertheless, an eloquence in all his speeches more commanding, and every way more influential, than all the Tamworth flourishes put together; it is the eloquence of practical common sense, addressed to a reasoning and matter-of-fact people, who want not their ears tickled, but their minds rationally satisfied; and this his Lordship accomplishes without the aid of florid fustian, or a tissue of jingling, carefully-cropped, words meaning this, that, or any thing, according to the listener's construction. His speeches are unmistakeable, plain, straightforward, English declarations, which every body can understand and every body likes—except the corruptionists, of course. Let any impartial man read over the speech of Sir William Follett at Exeter, and contrast with it that of Lord John Russell at Clifton: in the one he shall have an able, well-digested, subtle, and lawyer-like piece of declamation, generally condemnatory of the shocking Whigs; in the other, a masterly exposition of the plans of government for the welfare of the people, and a calm denial of dishonesty which carries conviction to every unperverted mind. Apart from the speakers as individuals, which address do the people care most about—that which gave another “lift” to a rising *orator*, or that which gave confidence to the country?

**RAPHAEL'S CARTOON.**—The grand painting in *distemper* (not by our ancient friend *Urbino*, but by a redoubtable namesake of his) has excited the liveliest attention of the political critics, who, ever since its first exhibition, have been canvassing its design, grouping, colouring, general composition, and effect, with an avidity proportioned to the interest and a skilfulness equal to both. Any work on such a subject could provoke no less at any time; but at the present, sated as the public mind is with full-lengths, half-lengths, kit-cats, caricatures, portraits, and limnings of the trite studies which have so long engaged the genius of our politico-literary artists, the subject of the new cartoon, were it only for its novelty, was sure to command a large measure of speculation and some gratitude.

The picture has been criticised, of course, according to the peculiar bias which elementary education has imparted:—those of the Whig school of painting seeing little in it to challenge particular investigation, whilst those of the Tory school, on the contrary, profess to discover in the work, its details, handling, tone, perspective, and distribution of shade, much to engage a rigorous and elaborate notice. The artist has certainly treated his subject with some skill. The event portrayed is apocryphal, and he has therefore judiciously sketched in the principal figure with an indistinctness of outline that leaves much to the imagination of the beholder. Though it occupies, necessarily, the foreground, yet the light thrown upon it is subdued and misty to a fault; the circumjacent accessories, to be sure, are so arranged as to give a truculent



character to the attitude and contour of his hero (manifestly designed to supply the defect of outline); and the background and mid-distance are thoroughly enveloped in darkness. In this contrivance we discover the chief point which tells in the work; a Rembrandt-like effect is produced—a spot of light amidst a mass of blackness—which helps the interest and deepens the charm of mystery. Nevertheless, we do not think that the production will either become a lasting favourite with the public, or contribute to the painter's reputation. The drawing is harsh, and singularly unequal, the handling unsteady, and the colouring, though designedly dark, is cloudy, muddled, and infelicitously laid on—as though the artist had employed a dirty brush; indeed, the greenish\* tint which prevails throughout the composition detracts from the imposing effect which grandeur of guilt, whenever well delineated, is sure to convey. There is, in truth, nothing *Vigor-ous* in the whole composition; but a general and ludicrously apparent flatness every where predominates. Our own opinion is that the painter is unequal to the task he has undertaken, and we are borne out in this suspicion by the general glazing and redundancy of varnish he has had recourse to by way of concealing certain conscious defects of drawing and colouring. The work, we believe, was painted on commission, but it is doubtful if ever he will be repaid for the loss of trouble and *materiel* that have been expended.

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**JUSTICE'S JUSTICE.**—The chairman of the Middlesex Sessions has made another "mistake." Not long ago the worshipful Bench, under that learned person's presidentship, appointed a whole calendar of delinquents to various exercises for the benefit of their health and morals, when it was suddenly and just in time discovered, that a little juridicial precipitancy nullified the whole of the sentences; in other words, that those expounders of the law had been expounding with illegal celerity. That was a sad enough blunder of "judgment" in very truth, and not a little humiliating. One might have reasonably supposed [that, made cautiously wise by unpleasant experience, and with the remembrance of such a mishap staring them in the face, nothing supereminently rash would have speedily occurred again; but, 'Las-a-day! a second blunder has just been perpetrated, more fatally hurtful to their reputation than the first. The learned chairman (in his own name, some say, though, strictly speaking, in the name of his worshipful colleagues—for, judicially considered, he was nobody if he were not their organ) has been appending his name to reports highly derogatory to the character of His Majesty's goal of Newgate! which gaol being specially under the supervision of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the good city of London, some of that excellent body took occasion to repel the alleged slander, with befitting promptitude and indignation. What was the consequence? The worshipful chairman before mentioned, taking immediate umbrage, thereat, and considering that the impugned Bench ought to require gentlemanly satisfaction, at the hands of the impugning Bench; and furthermore considering that a passage of arms between all the civic

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\* There may be some extenuation in this particular; the subject is essentially unpalatable, and he should have exclusively confined himself to *chalks*.

magistrates on the one side, and all the sessional *Solons* on the other, might be attended with inconveniences, deemed it his duty, as the commander-in-chief of his own troops, to send off a gauntlet of defiance to the commander-in-chief of the other forces, and invite him to mortal combat—just as two mighty men of valour were wont, in the days of chivalry, to call off their respective troops, and determine the issue by a single tilt! The unknown result, so far as it goes, is matter of history.

Now, was not this a very droll attempt at jousting? Had you and we, dear reader, come to a misunderstanding, and been blockheads enough to meditate a fracture of the king's peace, the worshipful challenger in question would, as a magistrate, have had no compunctious visitings of honour, or of conscience, to hold us both to bail, as attempting violations of the laws. Knowing the law, and admitting it to be just and sacred, by dispensing the law as it exists, he would fix upon us, by his judgment, the aspersion of a planned infraction of it; and have put us, moreover, to the expense and trouble of breaking the peace of his most Christian Majesty King Louis Phillippe, or of Leopold I. of Belgium, because we could not break King William's. But here we find a justice of the peace, declaring in his own person, and by his own acts, that the law is unjust, and unfit to be recognised by any gentleman of sensitive feelings! What an authority for the King's lieges! If a person in the commission of the peace may engage himself in the commission of war, surely you and we, gentle reader, ought to be allowed a game of bullets with impunity. Or is it to be inferred that men of law may be lawless in their right? expounders to others of laws which themselves may condemn, break, abuse, and throw to the winds for dogs to bark at. We believe Mr. Rotch to be a high-minded and most honourable man, and do not doubt that he will crave permission to withdraw his name from the roll of magistrates and vacate his seat as chairman—for what an absurd thing would it be in the eyes of the public, and how perplexing to his own feelings, were he called upon, after this affair, to sentence some cuffing, gamesome, street brawler to the tread-wheel, as a punishment, for breaking the king's peace!

IS THE DUELLO LAWFUL?—After all, it seems that Mr. Rotch may be right. At the sittings in Banco at Westminster, the Lord Chief Justice (Denman) lately pronounced the opinion of the court, upon a case, which leaves the question of law as uncertain as ever. The Attorney-general had obtained a rule calling on the defendant to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against him, for having endeavoured to incite the prosecutor to fight a duel; and Sir William Follett having, on the part of the defendant, shewn cause, by a detail of severe provocations, the court were of opinion that “the rule ought to be made absolute; for, however great the provocation, the door of a public court of Law [the offensive words had been used to the prosecutor while standing at the door of the *Nisi Prius* court at Exeter] was not the place where it should be resented, or an explanation demanded in a tone of defiance. *There were other places where such a step should be taken!*” Thus it would appear, from the dictum of a Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, giving voice to the concurrent opinion of the other judges, in conclave assembled that it is competent to any person to provoke another to a duel,

he can, provided the provocation be not offered within the precincts of a Law Court ; which (and which only ?) renders him liable to a criminal action at law. Here again, then, we have the Judges versus the Law. Really, this is too provoking. Is law law ? is it to be abided by ? may it be infringed ? in what cases ? by whom ? are there places of sanctuary, where timid people may receive insults without losing *caste*, by resenting them in a certain way ? is it penal for a man to be a man of honour ? is it legal to break the laws ? which of them ? when ? how ? and to what extent ? Surely, it is not too much to require this necessary information : and we pause for an opinion from the twelve Judges.

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**ALIMENT FOR THE POOR.**—There has been a great deal of talk, lately, by and about one of the metropolitan vestries, upon the subject of pauper provender. It appears from a very nicely digested estimate, that the able-bodied poor may be maintained by a parish, at the rate of fifteen-penceh-a-penny *per stomach per day*—no, not per day, we beg pardon, per week—which of course reduces the diurnal expenditure to twopence half-farthing ; the number in ounces of fluid and solid nutriment—bread and broth in several luxurious varieties—being carefully stated, so as to enable other figurative overseers, in other parishes, to check the total summation if they will. It also appears, that the poor-law commissioners, upon becoming acquainted with this fact, felt themselves scandalously outraged by such a piece of wilful and flagrant extravagance, against which, moved by a proper spirit of economy, they determined resolutely to set their faces. Whereupon the incensed overseers of the parish alluded to, took it upon themselves to declare before their rate-paying constituents in solemn vestry assembled, the sore wound which their own humanity had sustained by the stinting interdiction of the said commissioners, and appealed to the meeting, whether, as men and free-born Britons, as fathers, husbands, and brothers, they would countenance such shocking illiberality as that contemplated by the board ? Loud and indignant cries of shame and other vocal missiles, were launched against this spirit of parsimony ; and the meeting, much to its own honour, testified alike its detestation of short commons and its approbation of the Samaritan-like sympathy displayed by their fifteen-penny overseers—who, accordingly, came off with flying colours.

It is not our intention, as it never could be our desire, to bring into contempt the efforts of the Poor-law Board ; and we expect nothing less than the most kindly and liberal construction will be placed on our observations. But we do think that, forasmuch as the object of the legislature, in appointing it, was avowedly to save parochial expenses, it would be more manly and straightforward, more strictly in accordance with the spirit of the act—not to approach in these slow degrees the actual starving point ; but at once, and by a bold practice (as the doctors call it) to reach the goal of intention by mercifully starving the wretched creatures out of hand. This would spare them the miseries of suspense, and effect an entire saving to every parish in a surprisingly short time ; all parties—paupers, rate-payers, and commissioners, would speedily attain the common object ; the sufferings of the poor would be promptly determined, parishioners would save their money, the central board its

labours, and government will then have solved one of the most troublesome problems which have puzzled the heads of many dozens of political *economists*.

But, alas ! there exists in this country (especially among the Conservatives) a very extensive and a very inveterate dislike to all change in regularly established institutions ; and, perhaps, it is rather too much to expect, that so abrupt a conclusion to official labours as the one just hinted at would be suffered. Well, then, as it is the attribute of great minds not to create difficulties, but to overcome them, we have advice to tender, even under the slow and sure system. It is well known that leather contains a large portion of nutriment—either of *farina* or *gelatine*, or both, we forget—which might be made easily and cheaply available as food for the support of our pauper population. Now when we consider the myriads of half-worn-out shoes (soles as well as upper leathers) that are cast away by improvident people in the course of one year, it must be instantly plain that a very shameful waste is permitted in an article applicable to one of the grandest objects which can engage the labour of man, namely—the extrication of human food from surrounding substances ! Need we say another word ? We are not writing an essay, and are content, therefore, to leave the suggestion to keen-witted and intelligent overseers—with this simple declaration, however : that we will undertake to demonstrate the fact that there will be found as much, if not more, of nutritive matter in “ thirteen ounces,” (the official modicum) of shoe-soup, as in many of those usually prepared for similar purposes. Let no one be startled at the novelty of the aliment and thence doubt its aptitude—gas was doubted on its first introduction ! The digestive apparatus of paupers, be it remembered, is proverbially in good condition, and a decoction of shoes, boots, &c., would make very excellent chyle—that is to say, quite good enough for the ordinary wants of such persons. A little attention should of course be paid to the removal of dirt and other impurities from the raw material before submitting it to the culinary process ; but on no account ought hob or other nails to be withdrawn. Most preparations of iron are strengthening, and the diet in such cases would thus exert not only a tonic and sedative influence upon the stomach, but be at the same time its own condiment. Gloves, saddle-seats, buckskin smalls, &c. are equally appropriate, of course. We desire to arrogate no undue degree of credit for this suggestion. We once heard of a respectable person (Scotch or Irish, we forget which) who out of six shillings a week supported himself, a wife, and five healthy children—and *saved money* ! Shoe-soup was the favourite diet of the family !

These remarks, we trust, will not be misconstrued ; we desire to stand well with all parties. We concur with the commissioners in deeming the purvey of the fifteen-penny overseers highly objectionable ; we concur with the overseers in deprecating an insufficient allowance of food to the poor. We blame nobody, and heartily pity the necessitous.

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**IMMORALITY OF MUSIC.**—It is a pleasant thing to behold the pious alarms which move the magistracy of this happy (but alas! sinful) land, in their zeal to discourage the abominations which encompass us round about. Praise and honour to them, according to their deserts! for verily their disinterestedness equalleth their sagacity. It is known to those whom most it concerns, that a certain period in the year is set apart for granting, renewing, or withholding, the claims and petitions of sundry loyal lieges, cognominated Tavern-keepers, who, instigated by a generous spirit to cater for the public amusement, or by some other motive, seek permission to make the public heart glad, by means of music, miming, and other pleasantries. This period—vernacularly called Licensing-day—has just passed, and if the prayers of many have been denied, yet, surely, the hearty anxiety displayed by their Worships, the licensing magistrates, to preserve unscathed the morals of thoughtless cockneys, must soothe the asperities of the disappointed, and be a voucher to the pure in spirit, of righteous intentions, on the part of the (lesser) powers that be.

Among many of these worthy rulers it is the well-assured conviction that music hath that in it which leadeth to the road whose goal is destruction—and that it is the guileful charm of the charmer who tempteth that he may devour—the serpent, in short, of Adam's day, which, now embodied in harmonic sounds, wriggleth guilt into the heart of man, through the unfast gate of his auricular organs—that is to say, of the *poor* man, for riches have a neutralizing power and a resisting, which the needy know not of. Tuneful sounds, so it is deemed, by tickling the ear, conduce to a herding together of men and women in unseemly community; for wheresoever such sounds be rife, thither gathereth the multitude, and evil must of needs be where the many are congregated—clearly proving that sinfulness hath a sharp ear for music, and delighteth in melody with an exceeding great delight. This is a mournful acknowledgment of a fact, which the vulgar comprehended never before—that so it is, we have the testimony of a worshipful Bench, whom to doubt were to wrong grievously.

Long time, and assiduously, have these magistrates striven to interpose a shield of protection between melody and the multitude, but as yet their success hath not corresponded with the effort; and it is very greatly to be feared, that in this age of innovation, the barrier will ere long be broken down with the strong arm of a benighted generation. Time was—a time of golden days!—when honest citizens were wont to be content with the solemn grindings of a street organ, from whose groanings and squeakings, in dreadful diapason, no alacrity of sinful imaginings was to be feared. But now, alas! our streets are infested with gangs of minstrels, singing men and singing women, players on harp and oboe, trumpet, timbrel, flute, and sackbut, viol, clarion, and bugle—wanderers, cunning in their craft, the chosen of Satan, by whose instrumentation he designeth to cajole the virtuous into iniquity, concerting his attacks in concertos, making overtures in overtures, and triumphing by the score! Now and anon, indeed, an old, rusty, distempered, flatulent organ may be heard growling forth hideous sounds (which bear some remote analogy to the old hundreth, possibly, or if not *that*, to nothing else), making more miserable the miserable

being behind it: it is, however, a rare occurrence, because of the intolerance of deluded ears, which abide not its outpourings gratefully—so hath the race become well nigh extinct! Yea, even the little, lazy, vagabond Savoyard boys, abandoning their whirring hurdy-gurdies, have now betaken themselves to upright cabinets, French-polished, bedizened with brass scrolls, and puckered taffety; and, grinning white-teethed smiles, to their wild and pleasant measures, the while, set the hearts a-dancing of all who heed them—the very police, (new no longer) charmed out of their strict orders to put music down by taking the machines up! These are fearful truths, that make pious hearts bleed,—as well they may. Yet, amid this besetting depravity of our times, it is consolatory and comfortable to ponder upon the exertions of philanthropy, and to think how perfect the world would become were our moralists of the Bench, on the one hand, and those precious servitors and chosen vessels in the Lord, on the other, (of whom Saint Andrew, in the Senate, is the living voice, at once, and ornament) to have it all their own way, in the guidance of the public body and soul.

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## I DRINK TO THEE!

ANACREONTIC, No. 2.

By Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

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I DRINK to thee! belov'd and dear,  
 Girl of my heart! I drink to thee!  
 While cups are brimm'd to beauty, here  
 I pledge thee deep—in memory!  
 When friends are met—and round the board  
 Quaff wishes kind, mid mirth and glee,  
 Safe treasur'd, like the miser's hoard,  
 My silent heart shall drink to thee!

Thou art a gem, too pure *to name*  
 Mid the wild revel's boist'rous throng!  
 I would not have thy maiden fame  
 Echo'd, the festal board along!  
 I drink to thee, belov'd and dear!  
 And long and deep the draught shall be;  
 But, guarded from mirth's sullyng sneer,  
 Within my heart the pledge shall be!

*There*, thou shalt have a fitter shrine  
 Than mid the banquet's noisy din;—  
 Nor be the worshipp'd saint, where wine  
 Blushes the circling cup within!  
 Let others pledge to beauty here,  
*Thy name*, they'll ask in vain from me;  
 Too sacred 'tis for mirth's rude ear—  
 My heart *alone* shall drink to thee!

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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I AM of opinion that nothing can be more remote from the truth, nothing more ridiculous, than to talk of the Commercial Prosperity of the country at a moment when the Agricultural Interest labours under unparalleled depression; the latter may be regarded as the basis of the former; and therefore, when the one is very sickly, the other cannot enjoy genuine health. It is true, much bustle may be observed in the commercial world, and much business may be transacted also; but, since the circulating medium of the country was not merely crippled, but reduced to comparative nothingness, by Peel's Bill, the profits arising from commercial transactions have become reduced far below the fair remunerating average. The same cause has operated in the same way in the manufacturing districts; where we perceive the smaller manufacturers swept away, the business thrown into the hands of the greater capitalists, and the wages of the workman reduced to so scanty a pittance as scarcely to afford him the means of a miserable existence.

The enormous demands made upon the resources of the country by the late war, produced a factitious state of things: the necessaries of life rose in price beyond all precedent, beyond the utmost stretch of all anticipation: the landholders, therefore, raised their rents, and the cultivators of the soil cheerfully submitted to the increased demand, conscious of their capacity to discharge the obligation. While the progress of the late war raised the price of the productions of the ground beyond all calculation, commerce was monopolized, to a very great extent, by this country, and, on the whole, a degree of seeming prosperity pervaded every ramification of trade and commerce, which has since been followed by the most disastrous consequences.—Peace and Prosperity ought to go hand in hand; but, no sooner was the sword returned to its scabbard, than the industry of this country was energetically met by foreigners, and our commercial monopoly, which had been cemented with rivers of blood, crumbled to pieces. A decline in business became perceptible immediately; yet, things might have been let down to their natural level without incurring that terrific havoc which has marked the retrocession caused by the ruinous monetary measure above mentioned. Extensive circulating medium, and extensive credit, the one the natural consequence of the other, were indispensable in order to support the declining business of the country, which the violent outrage committed by Peel on the currency contracted most ruinously.

From this period, the agricultural interest, which had been on the wane ever since the conclusion of the war, declined with fearful rapidity; and from that factitious state of things, which raised the price of the bushel of wheat to thirty shillings, we have arrived at a period when the average price of this indispensable article of human existence scarcely reaches five shillings, or one sixth of the maximum just mentioned! Of what avail, therefore, is it to the agriculturist to talk of the promising appearance of his crops, since no crop which it is possible for the ground to produce, can afford him a subsisting remuneration.

While such is the state of things in this country, we find that the late harvest proved abundant all over Europe: the price of corn, therefore, is lower in the markets of our continental neighbours even than that which rules in this country. However, as regards the prospect of the newly-sown wheat, generally speaking, the weather has been propitious; and though some raw harsh frosty winds occurred towards the middle of last month, the young wheats were not in a state to sustain injury from their chilling influence or operation. Corn was brought to the sickle at an earlier period than usual; and therefore the seed was got into the ground accordingly, and had time to take a firm hold on those friable lands found in some parts of Oxfordshire and other places, before the commencement of the

equinoctial gales, which frequently make such havoc under other circumstances ; that is, when seed-time has happened so late that the tender sprouts were not sufficiently rooted in the earth.

An early harvest can scarcely fail to produce a good seed-time for wheat, because it enables the husbandman to take advantage of the weather ; but, although an early sowing-time is suitable for most parts of the kingdom, for the midland and southern counties in particular, it is not found to answer so well in Lancashire. If wheat be sown unusually early in the Palatinate just mentioned, it gets too forward prior to the winter, and suffers very much if that season happen to be severe. It is a common observation amongst the laborious farmers of Lancashire, that they do "not like two summers upon their wheat," alluding to the fine weather which frequently occurs at the latter end of the month of October and the beginning of November : if the wheat be well up before Christmas, they are satisfied : the land is principally a light sandy black soil. On the stiff clays of the county of Chester, on those of Yorkshire, Leicestershire, &c., wheat can scarcely be sown too soon.

The potatoe crops in Lancashire (where this highly useful vegetable is cultivated more extensively, and attains much greater perfection, than in any part of the kingdom,) failed very much in the years 1833 and 1834, owing, beyond all question, to keeping the same ground too long under the plough and the potatoe fork : the present year has scarcely produced a fair average crop ; but abundantly sufficient to supply the market, as the price would scarcely average eighteen pence per bushel of 85 or 90 lbs. The war price was seldom under three shillings, and occasionally reached seven. The farms in Lancashire are small, the cultivators of the ground are a very hard-working industrious race ; and as, owing to the very numerous population of this county, and the many large towns which it contains, a ready sale is experienced for the minor productions of the garden, the farmers are enabled to meet the pecuniary demands made upon them more easily than the same class of persons in other parts of the kingdom.

The Grazier and the Dairyman have not suffered in the same proportion as the Agriculturist, as beef and mutton, as well as cheese and butter, have not experienced so great a depression of price as every kind of grain without exception.

The heat and uncommon dryness of the weather which characterized the summer of the present year, and particularly the latter end of it, proved injurious to the turnip crops ; more so than to mangel wurtzel ; while the aftermath was unable to make its appearance till a period too late to render that essential utility which is generally derived from it. All that fine grazing country on the north western side of Northamptonshire, as well as the grass lands from this county to the banks of the Trent in Derbyshire, suffered severely from the excessive drought which occurred at the latter end of the summer.

The grazier may perhaps be enabled to procure the means of existence by the present price of his produce ; but I must honestly confess I can discern no prospect of bettering the condition of the agriculturist, unless the expenses of government, and the interest of the national debt, were reduced in some degree of proportion to the descent which has been experienced in the various ramifications of busy life. Peel's bill, while it reduced the cultivator of the soil to beggary, nearly tripled the property of the fundholder ; and, consequently, enhanced the enormous sum bequeathed to the originator of this baneful measure by his father, precisely in the same manner ! Is this consistent with reason and justice ?

I well recollect observing, some years ago, the persevering efforts made to cultivate many of the moorlands of the north, even half way up the dreary hills ; I well recollect their return to moorlands on the decline in the price of grain. Of the policy of the corn laws, I was always inclined to doubt, and at length we have arrived at such a state, that, notwithstanding the most ample legal restrictions, the price of agricultural produce will scarcely pay for the cultivation of the land, to leave rent altogether out of the question. No legal enactment, however, of this description, can reach the source of the disease, and consequently no permanent cure can be expected : indeed, temporary excitement cannot be thus produced. The *commercial prosperity of the country* is frequently rung in our ears ; yet the



paradox is presented to our eyes, of bread being offered at a price immeasurably low, and the labouring classes of the community, the busy instruments of the *commercial prosperity*, unable to purchase sufficient to supply the cravings of nature!

The price of wheat may be regarded as a criterion of every other grain: thus, if we take the price of wheat at five shillings, barley may be quoted a trifle more than 3s. 6d.; while oats are under 3s. Beans have, for many months, supported the best comparative prices of agricultural produce, and may be quoted at the present moment, at 4s. 6d. or 4s. 9d. per bushel. Hay and straw are low in price, and experience a dull sale. In the London markets, coarse meadow hay finds a sluggish sale, at from 56s. to 65s. per load of 36 trusses. Good average qualities from 70s. to 75s.

The Butter Market is brisk; good fresh butter experiences a ready sale at 12s. per 12lbs.—Inferior quality in proportion.

Inferior Beef (in the London markets) fetches from 2s. to 2s. 2d. per stone of 8lb. by the carcass: prime do. 2s. 6d. to 2s. 10d.

Inferior Mutton from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d.: Prime do. from 3s. to 3s. 4d.

Veal 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.

Large Pork 2s. 6d. to 3s.: Small do. from 3s. 10d. to 4s. 4d.

The Woollen Trade has been in a favourable state for some time back; but, we are sorry to observe, has exhibited a trifling decline of late.

ENGLISH.—The attention of the trade has been almost entirely absorbed by the heavy sales by auction which have taken place in London during the early part of last month. Prices being understood to have been well supported, holders calculate upon being able to maintain their quotations. The amount of business lately has been limited.—Per lb.—Combing fleeces, 17d to 17½d; Down ewes and wethers, 15½d to 17½d; ditto tegs, 19d to 20d; super. skin, 15½d to 16½d; head ditto, 13½d to 14½d.

SCOTCH.—We have to report a steady business in most descriptions of Scotch Wool. Perhaps not quite so much done in Laid Highland, as some weeks ago. Without any advance, prices continue quite firm, and there is a general feeling, that if prices continue steady, a good and permanent business may be expected.

	per stone of 24 lbs
Laid Highland Wool, from .....	10s 0d to 10s 6d
White do. do. ....	13s 9d 14s 6d
Laid Crossed do. ....	13s 0d 14s 0d
Washed do. do. ....	14s 6d 16s 0d
Laid Cheviots do. ....	14s 0d 16s 0d
Washed do. do. ....	18s 6d 30s 6d
White do. do. ....	28s 0d 20s 0d

IRISH.—Prices have improved, but there is little doing.—Per lb.—Irish fleeces, mixed lots, 15½d to 16½d; ditto wethers, 14½d to 15½d; ditto hogs, 17½d to 18d; ditto combing skin, 14½d to 15½d; ditto short skin, 14d to 15½d.

FOREIGN.—There has been little doing in foreign wools.—Pr lb.—Odessa, fine, 2s to 3s 6d; Portugal R, 16d to 18d; Portugal, low marks, 12d to 14d; Spanish R, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; Spanish F S, 2s 2d to 2s 4d; German fleeces, 2s 2d to 2s 6d; German assorted, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; German lambs, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; New South Wales, 2s 3d to 2s 10d; Russian wool, 8d to 9d; Buenos Ayres, 4d to 5d; Mogadore and Barbary, 4¼d to 6d.

## LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE are happy to learn that a work, in 2 vols., entitled "Fame, with other Sketches, to which are added Gleanings from the Portfolio of a Poet," from the pen of Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, is in the press, and will appear early in the ensuing month.

The Volume of the Affections, or Bridal Offering, by the editor of My Daughter's, and Young Gentleman's Books, will be ready for publication on the 28th of December.

In the press, and shortly will be published, "The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Colebridge," vols. I and II. edited (with the permission of Mr. Coleridge's executor) by Henry Nelson Coleridge.

Preparing.—A new and complete edition of Juvenal's Satires, linearly translated, with notes, &c., by Dr. P. A. Nuttal, translator of Horace and Virgil.

The Landscape Gardener, by the Rev. Prebendary Dennis, which has been so long announced, may now be shortly expected, the Plates to illustrate it being nearly finished.

The Florist Cultivator, on a plan different from any work hitherto published, by Thomas Willat, Esq. (Amateur Cultivator), is nearly ready.

The Fourth Part of Dr. Lindley's Genera and Species of Orchidious Plants, containing part of the *Orphrydeæ*, is ready for publication.

A Second Edition of Ladies' Botany, by Dr. Lindley, is also ready.

Mr. Grahame has just completed, in four 8vo. volumes, "The History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the British Colonies, till their Revolt and Declaration of Independence, in 1776."

A very interesting History of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, its Establishment, Subversion, and Present State, has just been completed by John P. Lawson, M.A., Author of the Life of Archbishop Laud.

A Member of the Aristocracy has a work in the press, founded on facts, entitled, "The Bar Sinister; or, Memoirs of an Illegitimate," to be published about Christmas, in two vols. post 8vo.

The Rev. John Aiton has now ready for publication, "The Life and Times of the Rev. Alexander Henderson," giving a complete History of the Second Reformation of the Church of Scotland, and of the Covenanters during the reign of Charles the First.

Those interested in the Trade with China, will be pleased to hear that a British Merchant, resident in Canton, has a work nearly ready, entitled "An Address to the People of Great Britain," explanatory of our Commercial Relations with the Empire of China, and of the means by which they may with facility be extended.

The Editor of "My Daughter's Book," "The Young Gentleman's Book," "The Volume of the Affections," &c., announces the following:—

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The Author of Sketches of Corfu has a work in the press, under the title of "Evenings Abroad," being Sketches of Manners and Scenery gleaned during a Continental Tour; with Historical Notices, Tales, and Legends of the places visited.

The narrative of Captain Back's overland expedition to the North Pole, will be brought out in a cheaper form, and with greater expedition, than any of the previous arctic journals.

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These, with many others, most delightful and refreshing publications, shall be included in the space devoted to that interesting department in our number for January, 1836. We hear, from several well-informed quarters, that Southey's edition of Cowper has proved an utter failure: and that the publishers will, eventually, sustain a heavy loss. It is quite clear, moreover, that Southey's *name* no longer satisfies the public discernment.

The "political intrigues" at Brighton, and elsewhere, proceed without abatement; nevertheless, we hold Lord Melbourne himself to be immovable, as first minister of state.

Russia has partly succeeded in persuading America to *war* with France! In the West of Europe, all is enthusiasm: the Queen's cause is that of justice. Spain will soon be pre-eminently free. Sir Francis Burdett, we regret to write, is more than politically—defunct.



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